

A ROAD OF BRIDGES.

Wonderful Boulevard That Has Been Built in the Philippines.

The Benguet boulevard in the Philippines is a road of 200 bridges. Here it starts into the canyon on a fourteen foot shelf cut from the solid rock and never gets out till after traversing seventeen miles of ever winding course, now hundreds of feet above the river, now at the water's edge, it comes to Camp Colgan, the foot of the zigzag, where in a supreme effort it struggles up and out, rising thousands of feet above the river in a two mile stretch.

The view from the top back and down is a wonder. On the one hand one gets glimpses of the road in thirteen places, while on the other stretch the interesting rice terraces made by the hill tribes of Igorrotes. The first white man who went to Baguio told his friends on his return of gold in the rocks, but, better yet, of the cool place he had found.

No more men went, and now there is this road, a \$2,000,000 boulevard built by Uncle Sam for his boys in the far east, every kilometer of which is carefully guarded and maintained by a campomero, or caretaker. It is a road to be compared to the famous passes of the Alps and Norway or the government road to Darjeeling.

The men who made "Taft's Benguet boulevard" built a monument to be proud of, says a writer in Travel and Exploration. They dug it out of the mountain side or built it up from the river. They swung it across the yawning gorges on grapevine bridges made of wire cable, which never fail to bring squeals of terror from the New England schoolma'am as the cars slowly crawl out and swing 200 feet above the rushing torrent.

The Charge at Marengo.

As an instance of magnificent blundering, sung by poets and treasured in story, no record is ever likely to come up to that of the Light brigade in the Crimean war. But perhaps most remarkable was Kellerman's charge at Marengo. From daybreak until late afternoon the Austrians had the best of it. Desaix said to Napoleon, "The battle is completely lost," adding: "But it is only 4 o'clock. There is time to gain another one." A little later Kellerman with 400 mounted sabers—carefully hidden by a vineyard till the fateful moment arrived—dashed out upon the flank of the Hungarian infantry. The onset was irresistible. Two thousand imperial soldiers surrendered with their general, and the French, inspired to a final effort, wrested a brilliant victory—unique, even in Napoleon's career—from their opponents.

Her Ultimatum.

"I should like to chat with you awhile, Mrs. Duggan," the young lady says who has taken up settlement work. "I want to talk with you about"—

"Are ye one of them uplifters?" Mrs. Duggan interrupts, without taking her hands from the wash-tub.

"Well, in a sense, that is my hope."

"Well, I've just this to say. I was one day behind with my washin's last week because of helpful visitin' committee ladies, an' from now on them that wants to improve my condition in life will either have to do the washin' while I sit an' listen or pay me 50 cents an hour f'r hearin' them through with an interested an' inspirin' expression."—Judge.

Atmospheric Concussion.

The man who was hurrying up the stairway leading to the elevated railway station trod on the skirt of the middle aged dame who was proceeding more leisurely, whereupon he indulged himself in a bit of muffled profanity.

"What did you say, sir?" she demanded.

"I was—er—trying to make a noise like an apology, ma'am."

"Thanks," she rejoined with a frosty smile. "Now will you—er—kindly make a noise like an ill-mannered person falling down a stairway?"

Then the procession moved on again in silence.—Chicago Tribune.

Fires in Japan.

Cool and capable in war, the Japanese, despite centuries of familiarity, appear to lose their heads when fire starts. Confusion reigns supreme. Connected with each fire station are large numbers of what may be termed auxiliaries, who have really nothing to do with the actual task of extinguishing the flames, but whose duties consist in appearing on the scene at the earliest possible moment armed with lanterns and in thereafter helping to remove goods and chattels from the buildings within the danger zone.

UNITS OF POWER.

Comparison of Capacity of Man, Horse, Steam and Electricity.

My scientific friend and I were regarding with admiration one of the great engines and generators in the metropolitan power station.

"How many horsepower?" I asked, voicing the question that comes naturally to every one at sight of an engine.

"I should say 5,000," he replied, "but we can get a better idea of it from the capacity of the generator. Just glance at that brass plate near you on the frame of the dynamo."

"Eighteen hundred amperes; two thousand volts," I read, wondering what that had to do with horsepower.

"The capacity of a dynamo," continued my friend, almost reading my thoughts, "is given by the product of the amperes and the volts and is measured in terms of a unit called a watt, or more generally in terms of a unit a thousand times larger, or the kilowatt. The capacity of the machine is 3,600,000 watts, then, or 3,600 kilowatts. Or, as the kilowatt is one and one-third times as large as the horsepower, this would make some 4,800 horsepower. Since the engine that drives it is generally a little larger than absolutely necessary, its horsepower in this case will probably run between 5,000 and 6,000."

"What is a horsepower, anyway?" I asked. "I have used the term often enough, but have never known just what it meant."

"This unit of power," he obligingly went on to explain, "is, as its name indicates, about the power that can be steadily furnished by a good sized horse. More exactly, it is defined as a rate of doing work equal to 33,000 foot pounds a minute or 550 a second. A foot pound is the work done in lifting a pound one foot high, so a horsepower engine could, for example, lift one pound 550 feet high in one second, or fifty-five pounds ten feet high."

"What would be the power of a man, then?" I asked.

"It is difficult to say. For steady work it might not average much more than a tenth of a horsepower, but, strange as it may seem, for short spurts a man can do more than a horsepower. Thus, a 150 pound man can run upstairs for a few seconds at a rate of four feet vertically a second, or even more, and this would mean 600 foot pounds a second, or well over a horsepower. If he was able at the same time to make use of his arms he could probably increase this by half."

"But this must not be interpreted," he went on to say, "as meaning that a man is as strong as a horse, for, just as a man can exceed his normal power for short spurts, so a horse could generate several horsepower for a few minutes at a time. So it is probable that an excited runaway team is nearly if not quite the equal in power to a fair sized automobile with its twenty odd rated horsepower."—L. I. Rose in Chicago Record-Herald.

She's Sorry She Didn't.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that you said once that unless I promised to be yours the sun would cease to shine?"

"I don't remember now, but I suppose I may have said something of the kind."

"And have you forgotten that you assured me that unless I permitted you to claim me as your own the moon would fall from her place in the heavens?"

"Oh, well, what if I did say so? Why do you want to bring that up now?"

"I merely wished to assure you that I'm sorry I didn't shut my eyes and let her fall."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Better Way.

"If you marry a poor man you must expect to know how to prepare the dinner and attend to all the little details of household economy."

"Yes," replied the worldly young woman, "but instead of getting married mightn't it be better to register at an employment agency?"—Washington Star.

Had the Habit.

"Did you read about that American magnate who was shipwrecked in the south Pacific and spent two years among savages?"

"No. What happened to him?"

"When he was rescued he had accumulated 3,000,000 clam shells."—Pittsburg Post.

A Wrong Impression.

Fair Critic—Oh, Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simply perfect! You should never paint anything else but birds.

Artist (sadly)—Those are not ostriches, madam. They are angels.—London Opinion.

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