

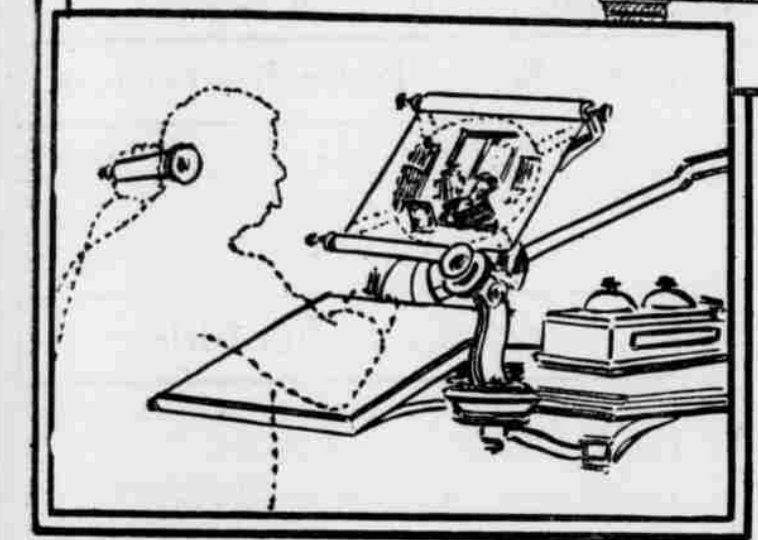
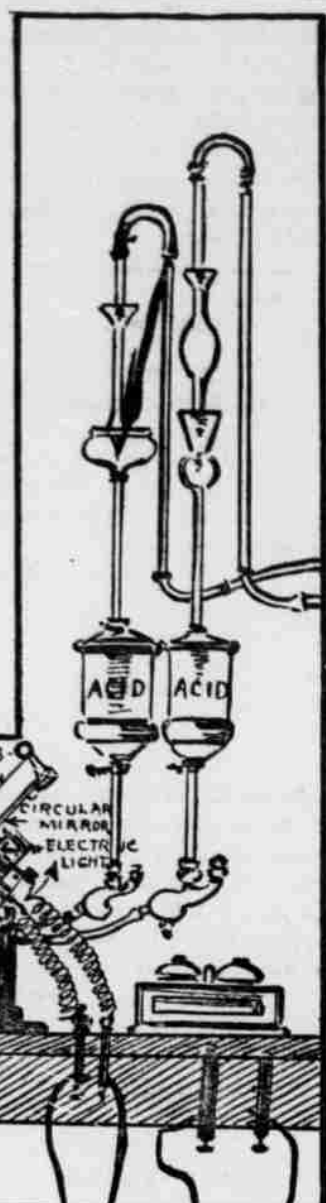
THIS IS HOW YOU SEE A MAN AT THE 'PHONE.

Dr. Sylvestre, whose name has flashed around the world as the inventor of a wonderful device by which you cannot only hear by telephone, but see as yet show its working fully, because he says to see it is so simple that a man could go away and make himself. So until the machine is bought by the French government for \$100,000, the price he wants, the doctor will not exhibit the device.

The illustrations show the different parts of the invention, and something of its workings. It consists of a small circular mirror, with a hole in the center, to which is screwed a tiny electric light of a little more than one candle power. The mirror is fixed to the microphonic plate of the telephone

and a pair of little brass pencils connects the current and the apparatus. In a mysterious looking hood two acids mix drop by drop, and out of a spout comes a phosphorescent vapor, falling on the mirror. If, when telephoning, a sheet of white paper is placed in front of the mirror, the room from where the person is telephoning may plainly be seen, and also the person.

Dr. Sylvestre was sitting in his laboratory in the dark one night some weeks ago, awaiting the slow working of some chemical process. He was in his laboratory a theater 'phone. He was listening to the opera, when suddenly on the white wall of his laboratory he saw the stage scene from the theater, colors and all. Investigation revealed to him the secret. He has made half a dozen tests that have con-



DR. SYLVESTRE'S METHOD OF PICTORIAL TRANSMISSION.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence—Prudence—is her name,
How it does belle her!
For in foolish madcap pranks
No girl can outvie her.

Always in some mischief new,
Seek some new folly,
Often to be mourned next day
In deepest melancholy.

Always thoughtless when she acts,
Never once malicious,
Forever getting into scrapes—
To me she is delicious!

Prudence! What a name for her!
How it does belle her!
Yet in witching charm—for me—
No girl can outvie her!
—Somerville Journal.

THE STRAWS OF DEATH.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting. The Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness in front, the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional zeu! attested.

"There go the typewriters," cried a young private. "Firing at breeches, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth Regulars, because the popping of their magazine guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of type.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," advised the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings, so that you can spot around them if the ball comes up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Snack on about two hundred yards," ordered the officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack, try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and men detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerves. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently the two nervous men, being between two fires, were ridiculed with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different mettle. "Mecurial te salutamus, colonel," said one, with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the

top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men," observed the colonel.

The two men tiptoed across the dry rice paddies, each holding his rifle at the ready. There was no sound except the occasional hiss of a random bullet or the faint and distant pop of a rifle.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men, at length; "here is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench. The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

"It's a queer freak of fate that we two should be detailed on this together," observed the shorter of the two, "after avoiding each other so successfully."

"It's very queer, Osbourne," returned the other, "but we'll have to stand it."

"It is not that I would want a better man for a tight place, Wade," said Osbourne; "but there is that one thing."

"Yes, I know," wearily; "that's the trouble. If you were not as good or a better man than I, there would be no danger of Helen Bartlett caring for you."

"We were friends in the old days, Billy," said Osbourne, huskily; "if one of us only loved her a little less."

"No go, Tom," replied the other. "It is either her or hell for me. Our friendship was a holy thing, but she is above that. Would you—"

"No, you are right. It's no thoroughfare. My God! I wish it were ended, one way or the other."

"What can we do?" queried Wade, with studied composure. "We can't gorge each other with bayonets out here, and Springfields at two yards is a bit too unique."

Osbourne laughed harshly. "We might draw straws, the loser speedily to meet an accidental death."

"No, thanks," replied Wade. "I am willing to take my bullet if it comes, but not that way. One of us might get it decently at any time."

"You're right, Wade," said Osbourne. "You're a good fellow."

"Same to you," returned Wade. "Let's quit chattering and attend to our work."

For some time they lay silent, staring into the darkness for things they could not see, even had they been there. Only the intermittent popping of musketry and the occasional zeu! of a Mauser bullet broke the silence. Now and then they could see through the blackness a faint, momentary red flare.

"Confound them," observed Osbourne, "the Filipinos can smoke, anyhow. I'm dying for a cigarette."

"If you light a match here," said Wade, "we'll be targets for about four thousand rifles."

"That's true enough," agreed Osbourne, with a soft chuckle; "cigarettes are rather expensive out here." Another period of silence followed.

"Wade," inquired Osbourne, suddenly, "are you willing to try a wild scheme for settling this matter forever?"

"Anything fair and reasonable," replied the other. "What's your plan?"

"Draw straws," said Osbourne, brief-

ly, "the man who gets the short one to stand up and light a match, and—go to his fathers."

Wade caught his breath and remained mute for some time, considering. "Not so bad," he observed, after a time; "but we are on duty now."

"Oh, the devil!" said Osbourne, lightly; "the Filipinos wouldn't attack for all the loot of Manila. An outpost here is merely a matter of form. Besides, one of us will be left."

"That's so," returned Wade, "and I see no objection."

"You fix the straws, then," said Osbourne, quickly. "I'll draw." He began to whistle softly in a nervous fashion, as men do when they are close to death. Wade fumbled silently with some fragments of rice straw. His movements were slow and mechanical. Some men are constituted that way.

"Here, Tom," he said, stretching out his right fist. "May the better man get it."

Osbourne extended a hand that trembled slightly and fingered the disclosed ends of straw for a brief time. Suddenly he clutched one and pulled it out. At the same instant there was a strange, soft thud, and Wade fell upon his face. His limbs moved convulsively for a moment; then he lay motionless.

"For God's sake, Billy, what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy."

A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy!" he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"What would you have done?" he asked, in the same strain. "By God!" suddenly, "you were a good man. I would have kept the compact. I lost fairly. Bear witness, Billy, I am as good a man as you."

He laid his hand for an instant on the dead man's forehead. Then he rose slowly and fumbled in his pocket. At length he found a match. For a moment he stood irresolute, inhaling strong breaths of air. Already he had begun to feel the horror of being shut out from it forever. It was hard to give the signal for his own death. His teeth came together with a click, and, scratching the match on his shoe, he held the flame before his breast.—The Argonaut.

Suggestive.

"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa! And mother says if you give us each sixpence we mustn't lose it!"

Contradictory.

It is said that men in a savage state never have toothache. It is also said that there was never a man with toothache who was not in a savage state.

Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.

Georgia Builds Lighthouses.

The big lantern to be used in the government lighthouse at Scotch Cape, Alaska, has just been finished by an Atlanta, Ga., manufacturing plant.

Good Use for the Money.

The Baron de Hirsch school fund in Galicia maintains fifty schools. The number of teachers amounts to 247, and there are 5,634 pupils.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The owner of land on which surface water has collected in a pond is held, in *Brandenburg vs. Zeigler* (S. C.), 53 L. R. A. 414, to have no right, by cutting the natural rim of the basin, to drain the water upon a neighbor's property to his injury.

An action for libel against a corporation, which abates by the expiration of the corporate charter, is held, in *Shayne vs. Evening Post Pub. Co.* (N. Y.), 53 L. R. A. 777, to be properly revived against the trustees of the dissolved corporation in office at the time of dissolution.

No liability in favor of a bona fide purchaser of a negotiable paper is held, in *Salley vs. Terrill* (Me.), 53 L. R. A. 730, to attach to the maker, where it was drawn and signed but not delivered or intended to be delivered, but was obtained by the payee by theft, without gross carelessness or recklessness on the part of the maker.

A simple contract creditor, who has no lien on the property, is held, in *Flournoy vs. Champion* (N. M.), 53 L. R. A. 745, to have no right to intervene in a suit in equity for the appointment of a receiver of partnership property and secure a judgment against the partnership and one of its members, but is relegated to an action at law, the defendants being entitled to a trial by jury.

That an assault committed by a dog in jumping upon a stranger and injuring him resulted merely from its mischievous or playful propensity is held, in *Crowley vs. Grounell* (Vt.), 53 L. R. A. 876, not to absolve the owner from liability, if he knew of its disposition to commit such injuries, or knew enough of its habits to convince a man of ordinary prudence of its inclination to commit them.

A peace officer attempting to make an arrest for unlawfully carrying arms is held, in *Montgomery vs. State* (Tex. Civ. App.), 53 L. R. A. 806, to be bound to make known to accused under what authority the arrest is made, although by statute he has power to make the arrest without warrant, where he is by statute required in executing warrants to make known his authority.

Land within the boundaries of a street as shown on a plat filed in the clerk's office under the provisions of the law incorporating a town, which declares that the plat shall be conclusive evidence of the street boundaries in all future suits and contests that may arise concerning them, is held, in *McClellan vs. Weston* (W. Va.), 53 L. R. A. 898, not to be subject to adverse possession as against the town.

A judgment for alimony in favor of a wife, the right to which becomes vested by force of statute upon a decree of divorce for the fault of the husband, is held, in *Coffman vs. Finney* (Ohio), 53 L. R. A. 794, to be a debt against the husband, subject only to variation in amount in case of appeal, which, upon the death of both parties pending appeal, will survive in favor of the personal representative of the wife, and against the personal representative of the husband.

Under a statute providing that all wills shall be in writing and be signed by the testator, which signature shall be made by the testator, or the making thereof acknowledged by him and the writing declared to be his last will, in the presence of two witnesses present at the same time, who shall subscribe their names thereto as witnesses in the presence of the testator, it is held, in *Lacey vs. Dobbs* (N. J.), 53 L. R. A. 580, that it is essential to validity that everything required to be done by the testator shall precede in point of time the subscription of the witnesses.

The insertion in a statute the obvious intent of which is to tax every interest, present or future, passing by will to persons not exempt, of provisions that the tax shall be due and payable within two years after the executor's qualification and that suit shall be brought in six months after it is due, is held in *Howe vs. Howe* (Mass.), 53 L. R. A. 626, not to prevent the taxation of future contingent interests which do not vest within such time, where the statute also provides that the Probate Court may extend the time when the tax is payable, whenever the circumstances of the case may require.

Allen and the Stranger.

"Private" John Allen was strolling down Pennsylvania avenue the other day, when he passed a lamp post to which was attached a person who had imbibed not wisely but too well. The man was bowed over and holding on with both hands. If he had stepped a little nearer he could have leaned his body against it, but apparently he did not dare make the step for fear of losing his balance. As Mr. Allen approached, the stranger mistily made him out and hailed him. Mr. Allen stopped.

"M' fren," said the afflicted one, with difficulty, "c'n you tell—hic—poor—invalid where B. & O. depot is?"

"It is right over in that direction," said Mr. Allen, pointing, "about ten minutes' walk."

"Tennints walk?" repeated the sufferer.

"Yes."

"D'you mean," inquired the man, "for—hic—for you or for me?"—Washington Times.

Hot weather is a breeder of suicides.

More people takes their lives when the mercury is high in the thermometer than they do when the heat of the sun is tempered by frigid conditions. Heat is a disturber of the human vitality, and causes despondency and a form of melancholy which temporarily deprives them of reason.

It takes only one vote to pass a good resolution.

OLD FAVORITES

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As you deal with your neggers, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble!
There simmer first unfaded her robes,
And there the longest tarry!
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, plodding aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moun'd'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
—Robert Burns.

TRAINING COLLEGE CREWS.

"A fellow doesn't care to do much but lie around and rest when he rows sixteen miles every day," said the oarsman. "You see, the 'varsity' rows eight miles in the morning and eight miles in the afternoon. It's pretty hard work. When the morning work is over we are glad to loaf a while, and after the row at night we are ready to sleep."

Nevertheless, every precaution was taken that there be no violation of discipline. After "taps" the captain regularly made the rounds of the bedrooms to see that all his men were there. It was well understood that if a man broke training he would be taken from the crew, reduced from a position which he had worked hard to attain, be forever disgraced, and another man put in his place. But the college pride of the men, their loyalty to their friends, their determination to win, were stronger forces than all the threats in the world in urging them to do their best.

"I give them all they want to eat," said Ellis Ward, the famous old coach of Pennsylvania. "They get plain, substantial food—meat three times a day if they want it—chops, steak, roast beef, and plenty of good vegetables, but no pastry, pies, or the like, and not too much sweet stuff. We aren't troubled with sickness. Last year one of our boys had a sprained ankle. He was in too much of a hurry, and jumped out of the wagon before it stopped when we reached training quarters. But he rowed in the race just the same, and did his work. The best way to keep them from breaking training is to give them plenty to do."—Leslie's Weekly.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES DECLINE.

Trade Victories of Americans Due to Slowness of the English.

It is shown by Col. M. R. Jeffers in the London Financial News that from 1870 to 1890 the New York Central Railroad reduced its working expenses per ton mile by more than 52 per cent, while wages were increasing, and since 1890 by 40 per cent, while the English companies have made practically no reduction in the thirty years.

The cost, for instance, of moving a ton of freight one mile on the London and Northwestern Road is 1.38 cents as against .235 of a cent on the New York Central, and only .485 of a cent on the Great Northern Road, which runs through the thinly settled Northwest. The New York Central freight charge per ton mile in 1870 was 1.88 cents, and in 1900 only .76 of a cent. In other words, the rate to the public on the New York Central is only about

half the cost to the English company moving a ton one mile. The rate charged on the London and Northwestern in 1900 was 2.34 cents per ton per mile.

Inasmuch as the wages are much higher on the American roads, the comparative charges and expenses are a significant commentary on the difference in effectiveness of management. This condition is duplicated to greater or less extent in a very large number of English manufacturing industries.

There are many morals to a tale of this kind, says *Gunton's Magazine*, but the present purpose is to suggest only one. It becomes English manufacturers and theoretical economists to charge upon trade unions a decline which is so obviously the result of antiquated industrial management. The trade union movement is almost as thoroughly established in the United States as in England, yet we are outstripping them at nearly every point. The trouble is in the failure of English manufacturers and industrial managers to keep up with the march of economic progress. No sympathy need be wasted on their complaints of trade-union hampering until British capitalists can do something better to justify their own economic function in the community.

ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Common Sense Gives Immunity from Heat Exhaustion.

With the summer comes the annually recurring warning from health boards, cold-blooded scientific societies and independent order of never-sweats against the folly of courting heat prostration. Reduced to its elements, the advice of these wise men as to the conduct of life during the heated term is simple and intelligible. Keep cool; don't get excited; don't eat anything that is heating; don't drink anything that is cooling; wear chiefly a broad smile and a wet sponge on the head; don't move nor breathe except when absolutely necessary—such are a few of the minor maxims of hot air philosophy dished up from year to year for the consumption of sweltering masses in the great cities. Of all cautions that are cauted during the silly season, surely the cant of keeping cool is the most aggravating.

There is really no mystery in the matter, little occasion for promulgation of wise saws and modern instances, no consuming public desire for dependence upon anything but native horse sense for immunity from heat exhaustion and sunstroke. A reasonable degree of precaution, such as would occur naturally to every citizen oppressed by undue excess of temperature, may be depended upon to tide over the brief emergency without intermission of accustomed physical nourishment and solace. The life-giving sun is humanity's greatest boon and most faithful sustainer, even when pouring a superabundance of heat rays from the zenith.

Dealing with estival temperature is, after all, largely an affair of temperament and locality, to be adjusted from day to day in accordance with ever-changing and rarely repeated conditions. A simple and sane philosophy of common sense is the surest refuge when the mercury mounts into the nineties, no less than in graver exigencies on this mundane sphere.—Philadelphia Record.

She Knew Better.

"Here is a man," said the defendant's counsel, with a tremulous voice, "here is a man handicapped at the very beginning of his life. From the time he lay a helpless infant in the cradle to this day, when he sits helpless under the pressure of years and affliction, he has labored under the name of Ishmael Ahnabadab Watts."

He was about to say more when the plaintiff rose from her seat and shook a work-worn finger in his direction.

"I expected I was going to hear strange things in this courtroom," she cried, with shrill indignation, "but I didn't cal'late on sech foolish talk as that! There never's been a day in his life that Ahnabadab's labored, nor thought of laborin'. He's the most shifless, lazy—"

But here she resumed her seat, owing to sudden pressure from her relatives in the rear, and the counsel, a little flushed, went on in a somewhat different strain.—Youth's Companion.

Ruined by Aeronautics.

Count Von Zeppelin, who has the distinction of having built the largest of all airships, has been financially ruined by his aeronautical experiments. Unable to obtain means for carrying out his new projects, he is now breaking up the old framework of his airships in order to sell the aluminum of which they are composed. Zeppelin is 67 years of age. He was a military attaché of the German embassy in the United States during the civil war, and made several balloon ascensions from battlefields of the South in 1863. He was the leader of the famous cavalry raid in France in 1870 which marked the commencement of hostilities of the great Franco-Prussian war.

The Sexton's Retort.

The village sexton, in addition to being grave-digger, acted as a stone-cutter, house-repairer, and furniture-re-mover. The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal. When it came to settling up accounts, the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture—"If this was steady, it would pay much better than grave-digging?" The sexton replied: "Indade, O! wud be glad ave a steady job; grave-diggin' is very slack since you left!"