

### GASOLINE'S EARLY USE.

Ravel First Applied it as a Motive Power in 1869.

The first attempt to apply gasoline as a motive power was made by a Frenchman, Pierre Joseph Ravel, who patented in the year 1868 "a steam generator heated by mineral oils, to be applied to steam locomotion on ordinary roads." Ravel's engine was fitted to a small carriage and developed three horsepower.

The Franco-German war put an end to Ravel's experiments for a time, but years later he built a motorcar in which petroleum was used for the direct generation of motive power. In 1876 Lentz invented a burner by which a mixture of gasoline and other naphthas, called maseut, was used as fuel on steamships. About the same time gasoline was used as an illuminant in street lamps, and later a new use was found for it in the manufacture of varnish and oilcloth.

Gasoline, amounting to 8 per cent of the distilled product of the crude petroleum, continued to be a drug on the market until the invention of the gasoline motor and its application to the automobile, boats, aeroplanes and hundreds of industrial uses. Several inventors helped to inaugurate the "age of gasoline," but the chief of them was George B. Selden of Rochester, N. Y., the father of the automobile.

### Move the Carpet.

Every now and then, instead of allowing the stair carpet to remain in exactly the same position as first placed, the tread of the carpet should be moved a couple of inches or so either up or down. This has the effect of keeping the pile of the carpet in a uniform condition, and, besides retaining the fresh appearance of the carpet, it helps it to last much longer than it would if left exactly as laid. It costs nothing to do this, but saves much.

### Bewildering France.

There are in France two Bordeaux, the one in the Gironde and a tiny place in the Loiret. There are two Toulouses, the old town in the Haute-Garonne and Toulouse du Jura, a village with 600 inhabitants, near Lons-le-Saunier. There is Tours in Touraine. Balsac's Tours in the Indre-et-Loire and Tours, a village in Savoy, near Albertville. There are seven St. Cyrs, simple St. Cyrs, that is, and twenty-four with something tacked on to them; seven St. Denises and forty-seven with some addition, fourteen St. Germaines and 114 with something tacked on.

### Council Proceedings

Council met in regular session, last Monday evening, with all the officers present except Grier, Hopkins and Tooze.

Action on the apportionment and assessment of cost in the sidewalk improvement matter was postponed until Feb. 16.

Petition for Montgomery street improvement was tabled until next council meeting, and the mayor was suggested as a committee of one to get more signatures to the petition.

Action on the petition for arc light at 7th and Mitchell street was postponed until the meeting on Feb. 16.

Petition for a log house in Mill street at the south end of Boundary street, for the Boy Scouts, was read. Council agreed that ground at the northeast corner of the city park could be used, but that the use of a street for such purposes would not be good public policy.

Teal, for the water board, reported that the survey for the proposed additional water supply had been completed, and that rights of way had been offered by John B. Teal at \$200; by Otto Teal, for use of enough water to operate a small ram; and by Fred Dueltgen, for domestic water supply. Further proceeding in this matter was delegated to the water board.

Irving Matthews sent the council a letter bristling with gems of advice. The council were so highly pleased with this letter that they decided to find another location for the reading room, and ordered Mr. Matthews' letters framed and hung in the council chamber.

The health and police committee was ordered to investigate certain places reported to be in an unsanitary condition.

Council ordered the "school house steps" (from Pine and Third to K street) repaired.

The marshal made a report on the electric light matter.

The council decided to purchase or take over by law, a strip of

land 10 feet wide along present location of footbridge, for use as a public passage way.

Teal, Sampson and Meyer were appointed as a committee to consult with the county court on the rock crusher matter.

Current bills were approved. Council adjourned, to meet again Feb. 16.

### A Curious Memorial.

Projecting from the wall of a house overhanging the Lake of Thun, in Switzerland, may be seen the bow of a small rowing boat with the name Petronella painted upon it. The wife of the owner of the house was drowned from this boat while rowing on the lake. Her husband determined, as a memorial to his wife, to build the boat into his house. The room destined to contain it, however, proved too short for the whole length of the boat, and the bow projects from the wall, just beneath the balcony. The house is close by one of the steamboat piers, and the unaccountable appearance of this strange memorial excites much curiosity among the passengers on the steamers.—Strand Magazine.

### Bonfire Originally "Bone-Fire."

It is doubtful, however, whether any bonfires contain even a proportion of the matter whereof bonfires were primarily constituted, to wit, bones; for originally "bonfire" was "bone-fire," signifying "a fire of bones," and the older method of spelling the word was common down to near the end of the eighteenth century. The real, old fashioned meaning of the "bone-fire" (or "bone-fire," as it was there called), survived longer in Scotland, and we learn that old bones were regularly stored up for the annual conflagration in the burgh of Hawick till about the year 1800.—Liverpool Courier.

### Women Oyster Gatherers.

The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men. Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to their knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums. The work is well paid, as, indeed, it ought to be, while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large, and small fortunes are quickly amassed

## Mistaken Identity

By ADDIE F. MITCHELL.

Mrs. Vaughn put down the letter she had been reading, with a troubled little sigh. Her daughter Madge looked up from the step.

"What's the matter, mother? You look as if you had been reading your death warrant."

"I have—the death warrant of our peace. Aunt Mary North writes to ask if we won't keep her Tom while she and Mr. North go abroad."

"Who's her Tom?" asked Madge succinctly.

"Her stepson. I've not seen Aunt Mary since she married Mr. North, and I know next to nothing of the North family. But Mrs. Wilson knew Mr. North when they were living in Chicago (that was in the time of the first Mrs. North), and she said there were two girls and a boy. The boy was in kilts then, and that was five years ago, so he must be about eight or nine years old. Aunt Mary says he has been ill with typhoid and that she remembers with hope for his health that the air at Pinecroft is healing."

"But we can't have him, mother. Think of having an eight-year-old boy on our hands the whole summer! We can never get enough cooked for him to eat, and he'll be drowned regularly once a week and break all his arms and legs on the other days. And I wanted a quiet, heavenly rest this summer before I have to go back to that awful office."

"But, Madge, I can't refuse Aunt Mary. She was your father's favorite aunt and always so good to him. No, Tommy will have to come, whether we want him or not."

"Well, then, when?"

"The letter says next Tuesday unless they hear from us that it is not convenient."

"Tell Aunt Mary I have the smallpox or that I died suddenly at the news—anything. Please, mother!"

"I was wondering," said her mother, "whether an eight-year-old boy would be afraid to sleep in a room by himself. Shall we put a bed in the alcove off my room or fix up the south chamber?"

Still grumbling, Madge helped her mother get ready the south chamber. As she worked she grew interested and even took from the walls of her own room some interesting prints which she thought would be suitable for a boy's room.

"I can't see, though, why Aunt Mary didn't take the little wretch abroad with her—the sea air would do him good. Take out all the fancy things, mother, as you value them."

"If you only understood big boys as well as you seem to understand the small ones you would not be twenty-four and still single," teased her mother.

"I do, mother," said Madge vehemently. "I understand them altogether too well, and that's the very reason I am still single."

There was no immediate reply to this, and Mrs. Vaughn turned her attention to the room.

"Get all your old picture books and put them on that shelf, Madge, and I think I'll bring Jim's old hobbyhorse down from the attic. He may despise it, but you never can tell."

Arrangements were finally completed, and Madge rather looked forward to the coming of the little boy, so that when Tuesday came she willingly drove to the station for him, though she protested that St. Lawrence and his gridiron were as nothing to the torment she was undergoing. She took along a bag of cookies, "just to stop up his mouth so he can't ask questions," she explained.

The train was late, and Madge got a little cross as she waited in the open trap with the hot sun beating down upon her. The pony was restless, and she dared not leave him to go inside of the station. When the train finally steamed in, however, she gave the reins to a porter and went to find her young charge. She watched the few who came out of the coaches nervously, with one eye on the dancing pony, but as far as she could see no small boy was on the train.

"Well," she thought, "I suppose I should be glad of it," and was going back to the trap, when it occurred to her that he might some

way have got past her into the station and might be waiting for her there. She looked in. No one was there but a very tall young man, who was leaning back rather limply against the seat, pale as from a recent illness. Madge gave him more than a passing glance because she wondered who he might be. Young men at Pinecroft at this season were a rarity.

"Looks sick," she muttered, "or a little daffy." She was getting into the cart when a quiet "I beg your pardon" caused her to wheel around. The strange young man, hat in hand, was certainly speaking to her. She merely looked her surprise.

"Are you not Miss Vaughn, and weren't you expecting me?" Her blue eyes widened into a positive stare of amazement.

"I—I am Madge Vaughn, but you—you must be mistaken," she said.

"I am Dr. North—Tom North, my mother wrote." He was blushing a little at the queerness of her reception.

"You—you are little Tommy? Why?" She began to laugh merrily, and the young man laughed, too, a bit stiffly, for he did not understand the joke. "You have the advantage of me," he said.

Madge sobered at his tone and realized that she was not displaying any marked hospitality. She held out a repentant hand, which the young man took eagerly. "We're sort of cousins, I guess," she said. "Anyway, if you are Tommy North we've been looking for you, so get in, and we'll start."

"I can go away if it is not convenient," protested the man.

"Convenient! After I've worked for three days getting picture books and kites and little blue overalls ready for you! No, sir, you will have to use all those things."

"You see," she explained as she drove along, "we got the impression from some one that you were about eight years old. Your mother never mentioned your age or height, and so we got ready for a small boy, and—here are some cookies I brought along so that you would not ask questions on the way home." She thrust a paper bag into his hands.

They were both laughing like children as they drove in at the gate, and by the time explanations were made to Mrs. Vaughn the young man was thankful that the surprise had happened. He felt that it had been a good thing to take Madge by surprise, for when two people have laughed together they have rapidly progressed in their acquaintance.

On the very first day Mrs. Vaughn had looked at the two with comprehension in her eyes, and as the weeks grew into months she felt reasonably sure that Madge would never go back to the office.

The day before he was scheduled to go back to the city, a new man by reason of Pinecroft air and agreeable companionship, they took the big red and blue kite to the top of a nearby hill to fly it. It soared clear above the trees as the man slowly unwound the long yellow string. The girl watched it rather sadly, for as yet there had been no word of love between them, and she realized that she had grown to care so much that it was hard not to let him see it. The tears had come into her eyes, and now they splashed over. The young man looked up just in time to catch sight of them, and, letting the string go, he turned and caught her in his arms.

"Dear," he whispered, "what is it?" She did not speak, but she did not try to get away either, and after a moment he said:

"Is it because I am going away—is it, Madge?" She shook her head.

"Why, then," he urged, "tell me." Suddenly she began to laugh—a soft little laugh that made the man hold her closer.

"I was only wondering," she said, "whether or not there was a girl?" "You bet there is," he interrupted, "and I've got her right where I want her." Which sentence, slangy as it was, seemed to be wholly satisfactory to Madge.

### Apples Made Studying Easier.

Apples make a better "feed" while you are studying than a box of chocolates.

A bright girl who took her four year high school course in three years, graduating with honors, was asked how she did it.

"Just ate apples," was her answer. "Seemed to me I could get almost any lesson if I had an apple to eat while I was at it."

It wasn't merely "something to munch on." Apples have just the medicinal properties that are needed for the "prevention." No need, then, for a "cure."—Kansas Industrialist.

### IDENTIFYING A CRIMINAL.

Picking a Face Out of the Crowd by the Scientific Process.

"For the first time in its history the New York detective force found itself with a real, scientific criminal hunter as its chief when Detective Captain Joseph A. Faurot was made acting inspector during the graft revelations which came on the heels of the murder of the gambler Rosenthal," says a writer in the American Magazine.

"In days gone by the detective arm of the city's police system depended on such men as W. P. Sheridan, the 'man with the camera eye,' as he was called, to identify crooks. Sheridan had a wonderful eye and a freak memory for faces, but there are few men with such unusual qualifications, and the underworld has a tremendous population that seems to grow with each generation."

"Faurot, a handsome, soft spoken man, is the American Bertillon. He has taught New York's 700 and more detectives how to pick a face out of the crowd by modern, scientific methods."

"The 'bull,' as the New York detective is known to the crooks, does not depend upon a photograph. If the crook he is after has ever been in the hands of Faurot's headquarters men his Bertillon record will show that he has one of three kinds of human nose, 'veve, rect or cave,' as Bertillon classified them. If he has a concave nose, say, then his search is confined to faces showing that particular form of feature. All the others are eliminated."

"Then there are only four kinds of human ears, the triangular, oval, square and round. Say his crook has an oval ear. This eliminates all those who have ears of the other sort and brings his field down to those who have concave noses and oval ears. By this weeding out process the Bertillon detective has put aside the thousands who have any of the combinations of ear and nose that might be made with these seven types of features save the one combination of concave nose and oval ear."

"If one of Faurot's scientifically taught men lands a suspect he can check up on him surely. The human face is divided into twenty-seven sections and in each section the Bertillon chart will show its peculiarities. The process of elimination will gradually exclude every human being but this one man, using the calculus of probabilities."

"Finally nature herself comes to the aid of the detective with the finger prints, for she has given to each of us one certain individual stamp that never changes and that cannot be changed—the rings, 'islands,' whorls and parabolas to be found on the inner cuticle of the digits."

### A Bit of Blue Sky.

Professor John Tyndall, who, with many great gifts, possessed a singular skill in devising and conducting beautiful experimental illustrations, actually produced in 1869 a bit of blue sky in the lecture room. In a glass tube three feet in length and three inches in diameter he exhausted the air until it was less than one-tenth the density of the atmosphere we breathe and represented the rarer air high overhead. Into this exhausted air he introduced nitrate of butyle vapor, which is extremely volatile. Then a strong beam of light in a room otherwise dark was passed through the mixture, and in the glass tube there glowed a beautiful blue cloud, rivaling in color the finest Italian sky. Here was blue sky brought down to earth.

### A Patient Judge.

A western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked, "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done, "That act has been repealed."—Argonaut.

### Picturesque Mexico.

The Mexicans have a turn for the picturesque which displays itself in the street names of the capital. There are Sad Indian street, Street of the Wood Owls, Lost Child street, and a cautionary Pass if You Can street. Shop names, too, in Mexico are out of the common. A drug store calls itself Gate of Heaven, and a drinking saloon describes itself frankly as the Bait of the Devil!

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