

PLUCKY DEEDS OF MODERN HEROINES.



NOT A COLD PLANET.

THE MOON IS, IN FACT, EXACTLY THE CONTRARY.

Scientists Claim Its Climate Is Too Sultry for Human Being—Our Satellite Is Also Subject to Great Extremes of Cold.

Astronomers and scientists now tell us that the old popular idea of the moon being a frigid body is a mistake. On the contrary, they declare that the earth's satellite is an intensely hot body; so hot, in fact, that life as it is known on the earth could not exist there. "The moon is so hot," says an official of the United States naval observatory, "that no creature known to us could endure contact with her surface and live. Nor is this fact difficult to realize when we have reflected a little while. For instance, we know that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun fully as hot as that which gives us our daily heat. With no atmosphere to temper the action of these rays—not by impeding their passage, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans to form a protecting canopy for us—the surface of the moon must necessarily become intensely hot even before the middle of the lunar day.

It is true that the absence of an atmosphere must cause the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which retains our heat and acts in regulating our temperature. Thus at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, notwithstanding the intense heat of midday, so rapidly does this heat pass away that snow forever crowns the mountain heights. Yet, although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the actual surface of that satellite any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveler from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icy cold.

"Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar midday—or, rather, at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about 2 o'clock in our afternoon—to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

"Not alone does the moon itself possess this extreme heat, but it reflects a certain amount thereof on the earth. And this is not all; the moon gives out heat by which it has itself been warmed. Nor must these two effects of reflected and radiated heat be confounded. The distinction between them may be illustrated in the following manner: If on a bright summer day we take a piece of smooth, but not too well-polished metal, and by means of it reflected the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced which is reflected sun heat; but if we wait, while still holding the metal as described, until it has become quite hot under the solar rays, we feel a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when it is held so as not to reflect sun heat. There can be produced by this experiment—first, reflected heat alone before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun heat and also (being held near the face) to give out a perceptible quantity of its own warmth. It is the last stage of the experiment which produces the same effect as the reflected and radiated heat of the moon upon the earth's surface.

"But we must not think that the moon adds materially to the heat of the summer weather. The actual increase of temperature derived from the silvery orb can be easily realized when we consider that if the moon were exactly as hot as boiling water we should receive from it just as much heat as would be derived from a small globe as hot as boiling water, so placed as to preserve the same ratio of size and distance as the moon does to the earth."

TROGLODYTES OF AFRICA.

Manners and Customs Unchanged for Several Centuries.

If you want to be introduced to the slowest people in the world you must visit North Africa and make your way across the scorching desert that separates from the rest of the inhabitants of Africa the race known to the ancients as the Troglodytes, from the Greek "troglota," a hole. They were given this name on account of the habit of living in holes in the ground—a habit that probably owes its origin to the fact that old Sol in that quarter is a very merciless old tyrant, and life above ground is scarcely bearable except when the sun has retired for the night.

The Troglodytes are in the line of caravan travel, and are visited by these freight trains of the African desert. No outside influence has been able, however, to wean them from their ancient habits, their antique garb, and their peculiar manner of living. So far as is known, the manners and customs of the Troglodytes have not changed since Bible times, and any one coming upon a group of these people in the present day, and comparing their appearance with descriptions extant that some historians have regarded as fabulous, will see that they are precisely the same now as they were many centuries ago.

A Troglodyte city is the most curious dwelling place in the world. From the exterior it presents the aspect of a Roman circus. The habitations are

buft in layers one above the other, and form a circular wall with a single entrance from the outside. All the doors of the houses open on the interior of the circular city. Each habitation has the circular city. To get to them you climb a flight of steps cut in the wall, which brings you to the lower layer of houses. If you wish to go higher you climb another pair of steps to the houses above, and from here to the third row, if you are visiting some one living on the top of the pile. The doors are all fastened with the most primitive lock, which is turned by means of a wooden key.

Besides providing protection from their enemy, the sun, the circular habitations with the dead walls outside form a strong fortress to guard the inhabitants from the attacks of neighboring tribes. In these more peaceful days, however, they have no such fear before them, and so they use the walled city mostly for storing of crops, while they live in holes dug in the ground within the walls, and frequently change their position in search of pasture for the animals.

The age of the cities is immense. The exact date when they were built is unknown, but it is believed that they antedate the birth of Christ. The people are peaceably disposed, in which phase of character they are superior to most other natives of Northern Africa. They are intelligent and hard-working, tending their flocks and farming their land with patient energy. The approach to their country is so difficult and dangerous, on account of the frightful gorges it is necessary to traverse, and the risk of being overcome by the deadly alarico, that the interesting people have been disturbed but little by Europeans. Now that archeologists are turning their attention to the ancient people, something more is being learned of them than was known heretofore.

—St. Paul Dispatch.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Signature to a paper by mark made by a person for the purpose of identifying himself as a party thereto is held, in *Finley vs. Prescott* (Wis.), 47 L. R. A. 635, sufficient to constitute a good signature at common law without any attestation thereof by a subscribing witness.

An assessment of an annual charge for the use of common sewer under a statute is held, in *Carson vs. Sewage Commissioners of Brockton* (Mass.), 48 L. R. A. 277, to be lawful, although the person assessed therefor had previously been assessed for part of the cost of building the sewer.

Probate of a will by a court having jurisdiction of the matter is held, in *Chicago Title and Trust Company vs. Brown* (Ill.), 47 L. R. A. 708, not to be subject to collateral attack years afterward by a proceeding to annul it, merely because of the incompetency of one of the witnesses who attested it.

Sale of goods received on consignment, when made on the same day the goods were received, as part of the sale of the entire stock, fixtures, goodwill and business, is held, in *Romeo vs. Martucci* (Conn.), 47 L. R. A. 601, to be outside the scope of the consignee's authority, and insufficient to pass title, even to an innocent purchaser.

A charitable gift to a foreign city is upheld in succession of *Meunier* (La.), 48 L. R. A. 77, under a treaty provision authorizing such gifts to citizens of a foreign country, and notwithstanding the fact that when the will took effect the city had not obtained a necessary permit to take the gift, and its capacity to take it was suspended until the permit was obtained.

A girl 17 years of age, who enters a convent for the purpose of becoming a nun without having obtained her parents' consent, is held, in *Prieto vs. St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy* (La.), 47 L. R. A. 656, to be subject to the claims of her parents, although she had been received in the convent on the supposition that she had obtained such consent. Under such circumstances it was held that she could be released by writ of habeas corpus, even if the girl was willing and anxious to remain in the convent and was under no actual restraint.

Murphy's Intelligent Pup.

Murphy, when he lived in the bush, always shared his blanket with the pup, but when he shifted to town he had to break the pup of his old habit. First time he caught it in bed he kicked it out. Next time Toby heard him coming, and jumped up quickly, but Murphy was suspicious, put his hand on the bed and found it warm. Then there was trouble for one small dog. That day the pup earnestly watched Murphy cooling his dinner by blowing on it. Following day Murphy came home at usual time, sneaked quietly upstairs, and observed the pup blowing on the bed for all he was worth. That pup is now in a circus, and Murphy is a gentleman—the dog earns enough to keep 'em both.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Fed by Ants.

It is certain that ants intentionally sanction the residence of certain insects in their nests. This is the case, for instance, with the curious blind beetle, *Claviger*, which is absolutely dependent upon ants, as Mulley first pointed out. It seems to have even lost the power of feeding itself, at any rate it is habitually fed by the ants, who supply it with nourishment as they do one another.

Barriers Well Looked After.

"Pauline Biff is very exclusive, isn't she?" "Oh, yes; she never, never introduces an eligible man to any other girl."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

People almost universally have contempt for a girl who is "boy struck."

BARONESS VON SWARTZENSTEIN

Wife of Germany's Minister to China—Was An American Girl. Maud Roosevelt La Vinson, now Baroness von Swartzenstein, whose hand has been recently appointed minister to the German legation in Peking, was the belle of Washington three years ago. She is an American woman of the highest type—beautiful, well educated and well born. She is a blonde whose blue eyes are the glory of a face that is delicate of feature. Her husband is slender and graceful. Her family is the Roosevelt family, and a second cousin of Governor Roosevelt, she was after her debut in New York City, a conspicuous beauty in the most exclusive sets, but she was truly "a princess in a long pedigree," and her face was her fortune. She spent her winters with her mother's cousin, Mrs. Mumm of Orendorf, in Washington, with whom she frequently was abroad. The acquaintance with Baroness von Swartzenstein began in Washington, when the diplomat was



BARONESS VON SWARTZENSTEIN.

launched to the German legation. The Baroness was also principal of an international school of languages, for Germany do not think it beneath them to use their talents and accomplishments to account, even though they may be assessed of wealth. The handsome young Baron was 35 years old when he met the beautiful American girl. They fell in love at first sight. When Baroness von Orendorf took her husband abroad, the baron followed, and their little romance had for a background many European countries. There was a wedding by and by in Germany, and the bride said to her friends: "I would have married my dear German husband if he had been plain Tom Smith, with out a coat to his back."

ABLE TO SKATE ON WATER.

How a German Sea Captain Makes Shoes Thirteen Feet Long.

Capt. Grossmann, a German sailor, the inventor of a pair of shoes for walking on water. He recently gave an exhibition on the Rhine at Worms near the new and imposing bridge across the stream named. The shoes are made of tin, weigh twenty-two pounds each, and together are capable of sustaining a



GROSSMANN ON WATER SKATES.

weight of more than 220 pounds. They are about thirteen feet long and are provided with three-hinged metal flukes, which admit of easy movement forward, but retard movement backward in the water. Capt. Grossmann uses a paddle to assist him in his watery promenade, and finds it especially useful in turning. It is said he has saved twenty lives by the use of these shoes.

Extent of the Florist Business.

The florist business in the United States is by no means an unimportant industry. It is estimated that the retail value of flowers sold annually is \$25,000,000 and of potted plants \$10,000,000. There are no less than 10,000 establishments in the United States devoted to the growing of plants under glass.

Well Preserved.

What is believed to be a Viking corpse has been dug up in a peat bog at Damendorf, in Schleswig, and placed in the Kiel Museum. It was well preserved, had red hair, and was clothed in coarse woolen clothing, with sandals on the feet. Kiel experts think that it was buried fifteen hundred years ago.

Vacant Land in South Dakota.

South Dakota has an aggregate of 11,500,000 acres of vacant government land which is now subject to entry by qualified applicants.

Every man should be on the best of terms with his daughters for the reason that when they reach 16 they will run the house.

Real heroines are not as scarce as the story books would have the public believe. Scarcely a metropolitan newspaper is printed which somewhere does not contain the doings of a heroine, young, middle aged or old. But unlike the heroines of the story books, the real heroine may be as homely as ginger cake and not nearly as piquant. In a string of emergencies chronicled in the daily papers during ten days the reader will be able to class the heroism of women.

Nora O'Neill, daughter of a small farmer near Aspen, Colo., saved a Rio Grande passenger train from destruction after the most stilted conventionalism. The train was coming thundering down the mountain when Nora saw in the dusk a big bowlder lying between the rails. She dashed some kerosene over a bunch of kindling wood, laid it on the rock, and set fire to it. The engineer saw the signal and stopped the train.

A SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

The mountains from my window lie unrolled  
Their solemn peaks with coronals of snow  
O'er which the fires of dawn and sunset glow,  
And keen, high ridges by fierce winds patrolled.

With evening comes a mighty shadow cold  
Across my doorway as the sun sinks low,  
And, high above, the loftier summits show  
Faint, as the twilight tames their outlines bold.

Then from the heights the spirit of repose  
Steals earthward, with the peace that long has lain  
Secure amid the deep untrodden snow—  
A shadow stream, for which my soul is fain,  
That from the towering peak of silence flows,  
And pours its balm upon the tolling plain.  
—Century.

THE TALISMAN.

VIOLA LEIGH was sweet enough to fascinate any man who was a judge of beauty. It is not singular, therefore, that Bert Dalton and Carl Devereaux were in love with her. Bert was the more manly of the two. He had no very exalted opinion of Carl and warned Viola against his attentions.

So, after a summer's flirtation with her, Mr. Carl Devereaux was going away to Boston to be married, and Bert Dalton—

But Viola was not discouraged. She went home and opened a little glass-lined box, where, in a fragrant nest of dried rose leaves, half a golden heart lay shrouded with a narrow pink ribbon passed through it. Bert Dalton had the other half; he had broken it in two places in the days before Carl Devereaux had come, like a serpent, into their Eden.

"You shall keep one, Viola," he had said, "and I the other, and if I am at the world's end, Viola, it will bring me back to your side."

The years crept by, and the people began to talk of Viola Leigh as an old maid. And yet she was not unhappy in her quiet way, and so Viola lived serenely on.

She was sitting at work at her fire in the November afternoon, when Mrs. Deacon Spriggs knocked at her door.

five feet long began to coil around her arm, which was bare above the elbow. Without moving a muscle or raising her voice Mrs. Kleintop called her husband's attention to the snake. He, with a corn knife, severed its head from the body. Then, womanlike, Mrs. Kleintop fainted.

Benjamin Arkwright, a farmer near Muskegon, Mich., was attacked by a vicious bull. He defended himself with a pitchfork, but was finally tossed in the air. Still keeping the animal at a distance with the fork, he shouted to his wife for help. Mrs. Arkwright seized a shotgun, and under her husband's directions fired a charge of birdshot into the animal's flank. This routed the beast. The man suffered a dislocated shoulder and was badly cut and bruised.

Nellie Bullock, 13-year-old daughter of George B. Bullock, farmer, in Spencer County, Ind., sat playing an organ in the parlor when she heard screams from a brother of 3 and a sister of 5, coming from the front porch. She ran out and was confronted by an immense wolf. The child had no weapon, but she sprang at the creature and seized it by the throat,

ALONE, EH?

"Alone, eh?" said Mrs. Spriggs. "Well I'm dreadful glad to find you at home. The fact is we're getting up a gift box for the St. Miles mission in New York, and I've come to get a contribution from you."

"I shall be glad to give all I can," said gentle Viola.

"Well, we calculated you would," said Mrs. Spriggs, drawing out a crumpled sheet of paper and a paper of pins and a pencil. "And we thought, dear Miss Leigh, if you could spare us some of your cranberries—"

"With pleasure," said Viola. "I will send a box down in the morning."

And after the box was gone Viola came into the sitting-room with a troubled face.

"Hannah," said she to her maid, "I have dropped a pink ribbon from my neck—a pink ribbon with half of a golden heart attached to it. See if you can find it when you sweep the carpet."

"Sure, miss, it's bad luck to lose the like o' that," said Hannah.

She looked with falcon eyes for it, but never found it.

THE PATRON OF ST. MILES

The patron of St. Miles was unpacking the Lyndedale box when the rector came in.

"Good!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Another box, eh? Well, we need it, for I've an idea our poor little people won't have any too much good cheer this winter."

"It's a box, to be sure," said she; "but there's not much in it."

"Charity in good earnest," said the rector, with a good-humored grimace. "But here's a box of cranberries. That looks something like it!"

"Yes, sir, and sugar to cook 'em in," said Mrs. Worth. "That's what people don't often think of."

And she turned to the reinspection of Mrs. Nuttonton's mildewed "comfortables" just as the rector started at the sight of something like gold through the berries—half of a golden heart, with a pink ribbon passed through it.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "it is Viola's token. I should know that bit of gold in Patagonia. And how comes it here? Yes—" glancing at the lid of the package, "the box is from Lyndedale. It means—it must mean—"

And the staid, 30-years-old rector blushed like a schoolgirl as he stood looking down at the golden talisman.

Alone—all alone!

Viola Leigh was sitting down to her solitary dinner, with the snow clicking softly against the window panes outside, and the Maltese cat purring on the hearth within.

"I don't feel like eating," Viola said, as the door bell sounded. "Who should come here, just at dinner time, of all hours in the world?"

hanging on with such grim persistency that the animal finally broke away and fled, and Nellie was not injured.

A Massachusetts grandmother weighing 200 pounds climbed fifteen feet down a well and rescued a neighbor's child, who had tumbled into three feet of water at the bottom. Mrs. Philip Turner of Newton Center did this. She saw the child fall in and no other help was near. She seized a ladder and went down it, though the well was only two and one-half feet in diameter.

Mrs. C. W. Hewitt, alone and friendless in Alaska, built a raft and floated for 750 miles down the icy current of the Koryukuk river on her road back to the civilization of San Francisco. Her food was from the body of a moose which she shot near the river's edge and tumbled aboard the float.

Miss Darda Polyot of South Brewer, Me., was offered \$5 if she would go up a spidery iron ladder 126 feet to the top of a new chimney. She put on short skirts and went up like a monkey. She got the \$5 and the cheers of all the men in town—and some of the women.

Viola started to her feet with glowing cheeks and eyes that shone with fitful fevered fire, and sprang forward.

"Bert!" she cried, holding out both her hands, "it is Bert Dalton!"

The rector advanced smiling.

"Viola, are you glad to see me?"

"Oh, so glad. But how did you chance to come?"

"You sent for me, Viola, and I came."

"I sent for you, Bert?"

He drew from his pocket the little gold talisman.

"Look, love; it was in the box of berries you sent to the mission. And although you did not know who the rector of St. Miles—"

"No, indeed, I did not," protested blushing Viola.

"God knew, dearest," in a low and reverential tone, "and He has brought us together after all these years."

"Miss Viola," whispered Hannah, who had been endeavoring to attract her mistress' attention for some time, behind the kitchen door, "shall I set on another plate?"

"Of course, Hannah," said Viola, radiantly.

"But, Viola"—the rector had come close to her now—"is it to be with us as in the days of the golden token?"

"If you think I am worthy of it, Bert."

And so the old love became new again, and Viola and the rector of St. Miles live happily together in the little village of Lyndedale, where they spent all those happy days of the little gold talisman.

Bathing in Caracas.

Bathing in Caracas is generally done in the open air—that is, the bathroom in the house is almost an unknown luxury. In the first place, a bathroom indoors would be too close for comfort, and, in the second place, the plumber's art is not practiced to any extent.

In every court—and almost all the houses in the Venezuelan capital are provided with them—there is the inevitable fountain, whence is derived the water supply of the house. Attached to the fountain is a large and deep bowl, generally about four feet deep and as many broad. Into this the water runs continuously and, by stopping up the escape in the bottom, you may quickly provide a full bowl of clean, sparkling, but not cold water. Into this you plunge, with no other covering than the sky and enjoy yourself to the full, caring nothing for the world or the neighbor who is watching you from the roof of the adjoining house, where he is smoking away the mosquitoes and other insects of the tropics.

It is the general opinion that an old woman's life has been useless if she can't make bread, and fire.