THE LIMIT REACHED.

CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO CALL A HALT ON SKYSCRAPERS.

. Why the Tallest of the Modern Brustures Are In Many Respects Undegrable Cost of a Shyseraper Quick work In Chicago,

New York appears to be away behind is the matter of skyscraping buildings. of the ground is held. indeed it always has been. It is true tal The Tribune's "tall tower" was



dinous structures the result was a lot of buildings that reached enough nearer the clouds than "tall tower" to make it almost insignifi-After awhile, it is true, New York braced up and within the last few years tall buildings that need not doff the hat even to Chicago's tallest,

and New Yorkers

but

gastlattan Life Build-are now brag-BO. NEW YORK. ging, as Chicagoges used to brag, of the tallest office bildings in the world.

Is the meantime Chicago has learned lesson or two about big buildings that s time will probably also be taken to best by New York. In consequence of bese lessons the aldermen of Chicago here passed an ordinance limiting the hight of buildings. San Francisco, too. he adopted a similar rule, the argusents in favor of restriction being the me in both cases. Prominent among ume in both cases. Prominent among sees arguments was advanced the ob-tions contention that buildings of 15 ad 20 stories, especially when placed a narrow streets, shut out altogether to much light and air from the street and from the lower three or four stories. I is necessary only to call attention to Namen street, New York, to show the nader how obviously correct this con-ention is. Nassau street is so narrow a heroughfare that it would pass for sthing more pretentions than an alley a Chicago or indeed any other western sty, yet it is one of the most important streets of the Knickerbocker town. It is gowded and jammed full of tracks and bot passengers during every business my, and some of the highest structures have York are located along its sides. These buildings, of which the Amerkan Tract society's new home is the allest, are so high as almost to make wilight at noonday in the parts of the treet on which they border, and in more the necessary to keep the electric lights gas jets going from morning to night, matter how gloriously the sun may gid the tops of the brick and stone cliffs that line the street. Worse yet, there is dampness when the weather noist at the bottom of this artificial sayon that cannot be otherwise than is finential to the health of those who he to endure it. When it is cloudy ad rainy, it is of course much worse. Bea the gloom in Nassau street and be humidity of the atmosphere are both pettively appalling.

Dampness and darkness, however, are the only serious disadvantages unwith extravagantly high buildings have to labor. In case of fire—and it has been und that fire does sometimes work band that fire does sometimes "fire-large in even the most vaunted of "fire-



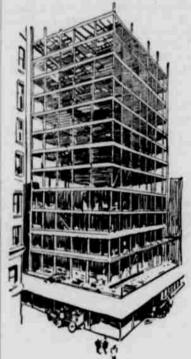
WEREAN TRACT SOCIETY RULLDING, NEW

bof" buildings—the danger is many bld as great in altitudinous buildings as great in altitudinous buildings in those of more moderate propor-ions. It is impossible for the ordinary the engine to throw water to the tops of the modern skyscrapers, and if walls of the modern skyscrapers and if walls of ham 150 to 250 feet and higher fall on frow streets the thoroughfare is sure to entirely blocked and loss of life is alat as certain to follow. In Chicago as certain to follow. in New York, and so there is not surly so much reason for limiting the light of buildings there. In fact, the serious reasons for restriction do set serious reasons for restriction do set exist to any extent in Chicago at

all, while they must be plain to the most casual observer in New York. At the present time, however, there seems to be no indication that New York is likely soon to sdopt height restrictions as to business buildings, and it seems altogether probable that the real estate owners in the down town districts will oppose any serious movement in that direction with even greater vehemence than they did in Chicago or San Francisco, since it cannot but tend to reduce the gilt edge valuation at which some

It will seem somewhat of a pity, how ever, from one point of view, when all the hig towns of this continent shall prohibit skyscrapers. For a number of years now builders and inventors of new forms of building material and structural iron and steel makers have been striving to simplify and cheapen the building of skyscrapers, and at the present time it is almost as easy and cheap to put up a 20 story block as it was to put up one of 10 stories as many years ago. Nowadays men build high buildings in the same way as they build iron bridges, making use of the truss principle and practically setting upon end a truss bridge as the frame of the building they desire to erect. Of course there are differences in the details of construction of bridge and building trusses, but not enough to invalidate the comparison, and had it not been for the discovery that the truss principle is applicable to buildings it would not have been possible to put up the modern skyscrapers at all.

It would be too much to say perhaps that the brick and stone in the walls of most modern buildings form simply a dead weight and instead of strengthening actually weaken the completed structure, but it is certain that every one of the very late buildings would stand quite as firmly if the walls were removed, and, further, that while a building of the old type, built of brick and stone, might easily be shaken down by what in earthquake countries would be termed a moderate shock one of the new type would withstand such a shock almost as well as the famous light wooden frame buildings of Japan. Men say that buildings like that occupied by the Manhattan Life Insurance company New York would remain intact, so far as the frame goes, even if complete-



AFTER THREE WEEKS' WORK IN CHICAGO. which is mostly hollow and hence of nnusual lightness, would undoubtedly fall out of place, but the riveted steel frames would hang together even if subjected to the severest imaginable strain. According to all accounts, Chicago

has never witnessed any livelier hustling than was proceeded with during the month of October at the corner of Dearborn and Van Buren streets. It will not be long after these words meet the eye of the reader before the "Fisher building" that now stands on that corper is entirely completed. But on Oct. 12 little had been done, save to dig the big hole for the cellar and subcellars and put down the heavy concrete foundations, although a permit for an 18 story building 225 feet high had been obtained before the passage of the restrictive ordinance. On Oct. 12 there was visible a great hole in the earth on the street corner, with here and there an iron beam sticking up. On Nov. 2, just 21 days thereafter, the hole had disappeared, and in its place rose a towering framework of iron. Persons who had not visited the location of the new building for a few days were aghast at the change, and the Chicago newspapers were quite justified in crowing over it. Before a full month had elapsed after the beginning of the frame's erection the whole frame was in place and roofed

The value of some of the high buildings of today is very inadequately understood by most persons, although almost every one is familiar with the statements that such a building cost \$1,000,000, another \$1,500,000, etc. At the corner of Duane street and Broadway, New York, stands a \$1,000,000 structure, though only 14 stories, 125 feet high and 75 by 125 feet on the ground. Yet the money and material laid out in the construction of this building would amply serve for the beginning of a country town and would build a town hall, 15 dwellings, two churches, a hotel, harness shop, market, bookstore, plumber's shop, clothing store and a very respectable office building.

A Shepherd Horse. A shepherd at Chambery, Savoy, employs a horse instead of a dog to keep the herd together. The horse under stands the orders given him and carries them out as intelligently as the best trained dog.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden. In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

ROUMANIA'S WOMEN.

THE QUEEN'S TRIBUTE TO HER COUN-TRY'S WIVES AND MOTHERS.

They Are Beautiful, Courageous, Passion ate and Emotional To Them Is Due the Credit That Their Nation Still Exists In Spite of Many Fearful Invasions.

A strange, wonderful being is woman! But one must not forget the extraordi-pary admixture of vices from which she

The Dack the Romans, the Goths, the Keltai, Slavs and Greeks inhabited Roumania, one nation following in the wake of the other and all leaving popular im-pressions behind them. Thus we have among us the Roman matron, with her eagle eyes, her severe, classical features at the side of the Slavie woman, graceful as a kitten and always ready to undergo any test as to loyalty to her lord. Again, we have the woman of Itelias, pure and inno-cent, living next door to a Tartar descend-ant, renowned for her courage and feared for her vindictive qualities. The wife of the Keltal is full of poetry and supersti-Finally there is the offspring the Indian pariah outcasts also in Eu rope, the lying and ragged gypsy woman, beautiful as a statue or horrible as a witch, but always picturesque.

The beauty of Roumanian women has been the subject of discussion and admiration for many years, but who knows any thing of her energy, her courage, her faith fulness? The history of my country is almost a sealed book.

The relations between the wife of the great landowner and the peasant women are often exceptionally good. They go to her whenever they please, embrace her like a sister, ask for a red flower in the garden, few drops of oil for their hair, for a peo ny to color cheeks and chin for the Sunday dance. It is the hardest thing in the world for them to go into service. They think it demeaning. Hungarians and gyp-

des are good enough for slavery.

A poor soldier boy, whose wounds I had nursed for four months, died in his moth-er's arms as I was leaving the room. The poor woman cried. She was very noisy in her grief. A lady laid her hand soothingly upon her shoulder and said: "Stop you wallings. Let us try to keep the terrible news of your son's death from the queen for a few hours."

The woman subsided at once. I have seen some women follow their husbands into the trenches before Plevna, amid a haif of builets, to bring them a handful of fruits, a little laundry. When one heard that her husband had been wounded, they went searching from laza retto to lazaretto until they found him. often after days and weeks. Then I have seen them standing before the bed, too much afraid to take a seat, though their knees trembled,

I can give you but a birdseye view of the Roumanian woman. I can lift but part of the curtain that hides her history, unknown and yet so interesting. She has played a marked role in the development

of our country.

This woman seldom laughs. Her beauty soon fades in consequence of hard work and the great number of children she bears. There is something imposing in her earnestness, something emotional. touching. Let a poor family have too many young ones, the women not blessed with children will come forward and adopt

the superfluous. They call them their children—children of their beart. That this country still exists in spite of the many fearful invasions is due to its women alone. The women preserved our language, our religion, our traditions. Do not be deceived if you see her dance the polonaise or hear her prattle like a Parisienne. Foreign culture has not influenced her. As of old, she is the emotional, joalous wife, the passionate mother.

The Roumanian woman never prates of the sacrifices she makes. She thinks them natural. During the war of 1877 all of the foreign physicians looked upon her in astonishment. In peaceful times she robs herself, starves, wears shabby clothes to give her children an education. She fa careless and apprehensive, her husband's best friend, but once provoked and injured his relentless enemy.

A proud Roumanian mother always reminds me of a princess crowned. They all followed their sons and husbands into the teeth of war. None staid at home. Al bearing the honored title of mother and wife marched in the wake of the army. Prudery? Perish the thought! We forgot our weaknesses, hesitation. All worker for the fatherland.

Forty years ago one was astonished if the women in a Roumanian salon were not all perfect beauties. At that time life was so simple. It is a bard life now. Girls of 10 participate in the cares of their par-ents. They know full well that roses are

scarce in this world.

The morrow belongs to Roumania's mothers. - Carmen Sylva.

Meaning of Popular Names.

Some significance should be attached to one's name, and a badly named child is very apt to be influenced as much by its signification as by the stars under which it is born, says the seer. And so here are a few favorite names and their origin and meaning: Anna, from the Hobrew, meaning a prophetess; Annette, from the French, sweet but sorrowful; Caroline, Latin, noble spirited; Dorothy, Celtic, fruitful; Edith and Edna, Saxon, happi ness; Frances, German, free; Grace, Lat-in, favor; Helen, Greek, a very beautiful woman; Ida, Greek, a lofty mountain; Josephine, French, a saver of life; Lucy, Latin, shining; Louisa, French, defender of her people; Leonora, Polish, victorious; Margaret, German, a pearl; Madeline, French, favored; Marie and Maria, from French and Spanish, and Mary, from He brow, a salt tear or a drop of water.

Only a Milkmaid. Mme. Th. Bentzon, in her account of Woman In the United States," says that the first statue raised to a woman in the United States was that of a certain Mar garet Haughery, in New Orleans. This woman began life as a milk seller, to which came a baker on a very large scale. She made a considerable fortune, which she devoted to the poor and was popularly known as "The Orphan's Friend." Nothshe added the sale of bread and finally being more profoundly touched Mme. Bent-zon than this homage paid by the aristo-cratic town of New Orleans to a woman who did not know how to read or write.

English Feminine Beauty.

The chief characteristics of English fe cale beauty are regularity of features, the thin, short nose predominating, blue, gray and hazel eyes, light and dark flaxen hair, a well developed bust and a figure of the average height of women and more in-olined to stoutness than the delicate, swaying leanness so popular with certain

DYING

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light,
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight,
Laying saide the burden,
This weary mortal coil,
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil,
Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep,
Bendy to hid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep,
Passing out of the shadow,
Into eternal day—
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

THE BEECH TREE.

There stood in the forest an old beech tree. Her top was shattered by lightning, her sides were hollow, and pieces of fungus grew on her bark. She was the oldest of a numerous family, but she had seen her children, as soon as they had grown up, fall under the wood man's ax, and only one daughter re mained to her. This daughter was young beech tree, with smooth bark and heaven aspiring crest and only 80 years That is the best year for a forest

The old tree still thrust out her twigs and leaves in the spring, but she felt that her life was drawing to a close, for it cost her great suffering to hold herself upright. And because she knew that she must die she felt her love increase for her beautiful daughter.

Spring was approaching. The branches were still covered with the glikering frost, but the roots began to uncurl, and the warm wind melted the snow. The rivers and brooks were swelling with melted ice. In the meadows the silvery catkins burst from their wrappings, and the snowdrops peeped timidly up through the white carpet of the forest ground.

The old tree spoke to the young: "To night comes the violent thaw wind. It will throw me down upon my bed of leaves that I have scattered in the course of time, and I shall go back into the bosom of the mother from whom I Yet before I go home I will became. queath to you a gift that the gentle lord of the forest bestowed upon me when long ago be stopped to rest under my branches. You shall understand men's words and deeds and share alike in their joys and sorrows. That is the greatest happiness that can fall to our lot, but be prepared to behold more serrow than So spoke the old tree and blessed her daughter.

In the night the thaw wind came from the west. It buried ships in the waves of the sea; it rolled great masse of snow from the mountains that destroyed the homes of men in their progress; it roared through the forest, and everything that was old and weak perished. But the strong trees resisted it. It struck the old beech tree to the earth and shook her strong daughter as she wisely bent her head before the blast, and the great wind swept on.

Three days the daughter wept sparkling dew for her mother; then the sun came out and dried her tears. Then began everywhere such stir and commo tion that the beech tree had no time to grieve. Her buds swelled and burst and one morning a hundred thousand trembling, tender green leaves sprang into the sunshine. That was joy! Golden yellow primroses climbed from the ground. They pushed their silken leaves out into the broad sunlight. Red and blue blossoms grew up around the primroses, and the sweet woodruff uncurled its delicate whirled leaves. That was

And in the midst of all this bloom and fragrance the young beech tree stood like a queen. A finch built her nest in her branches and a redheaded wood pecker paid her a visit. Once cuckoo came and once a distinguished squirrel with his bushy tail over his head ran up and down to see if he might not find an acorn. But men she had not yet seen this year, and they would have been the most welcome guests of all, since she possessed the power to understand their words and deeds. After all, one morning came a slender young girl with her long brown braids, who walked through the woods straight to the tree. However, her visit did not seem to be for the beech alone. She glanced at the decay ing trees on the ground and said, "Here is the spot." Then she sat down her basket filled with May flowers and leaned back against the beech tree without a glance at its green loveliness.

The tree held her breath to hear what the maiden would say, but the pretty one was silent. Presently from the op posite side appeared a strong young man. He wore a little round hat with a carling feather like a huntsman. He crept up cautiously-so cautiously that hardly a leaf rustled under his feet. softly as he stepped the quick ear of the maiden perceived his coming. She turned her head toward him, and the tree thought, "Now she will fly." But the girl did not fly. Instead she sprang toward the youth and threw both arms around his brown neck. "My Hans!" 'My Eva!" they cried together. Then they kissed each other passionately, called each other pet names, embraced again, and the beech tree found it all very tedious

Later they sat under the tree and spoke of their love. It was an old story they told, but it was all new to the beech tree, and she listened like a child to a fairy tale. It was a wonderful sur-prise to her. The youth arose from the ground, drew out his knife and began to carve in the bark of the tree. caused the beech great pain, but she held as still as a wall.

"What is that to be?" asked the maiden.

"A heart with your name and mine answered Hans as he continued to carve When the work was finished, they both looked at it, well pleased, and the tree was as happy as if a king had hung n golden chain upon ber.

Truly, men are splendid people, thought she. Now the hunter began to sing The tree had listened many times to the song of the finch and thrush, but she heard now for the first time something very different from bird songs.

Listen, Hans," said the girl when the hunter pansed in his song. "Your song reminds me of something. I know -people say-that in the autumn you go secretly into the woods for game. Let the poaching go. The forester is your enemy. You know why, and if he should meet you poaching in the woods, then-heavens! my Hans! if you should be brought to me with a bullet through your breast,"

The young man bent over the girl, who leaned caressingly on his shoulder and kissed her lips.

"People talk too much. Don't believe everything they say, sweetheart." And putting his arm around her they went inging through the forest,

When the couple disappeared among the trees, a man in hunter's dress crept from the bushes. He carried his gun on his back and a knife in his belt. His face was white and distorted. He went up to the beech tree and beheld the heart that Hans had carved. He laughed wildly and drew out his knife to destroy the writing then, changing his mind, he thrust the blade again in its sheath. Shaking his fist threateningly in the direction where the couple had disappeared, he mattered, grinding his teeth, If I meet you, you poscher, only once on forbidden ground, you will have heard the cuckoo sing for the last time." With these words he went into the

And the tree shook her head sadly.

The beech tree got many a sight of the faces of the children of men in the course of the summer-the poor women gathering leaves or dry bark, the berry pickers, foresters and pilgrims. But the most cherished amid the guests who gathered under her leafy roof were the youth and brown baired maid. made weekly visits to her, spoke of their love, embraced each other, and day by day the beech tree came to love them more.

One morning before sunrise, when the mountains were just casting off their gray mist caps, Hans came alone. He carried a gun on his shoulder and stepped as lightly through the underbrush as if he would take his sweetheart by surprise. This time his coming had nothing to do with lovely Eva-but the stag comes this way to drink!

At the foot of the tree the hunter pansed and stood as motionless as the beech herself. The cool morning wind blew, and the mist disappeared in heavy clouds. The gay birds fluttered and sang about the stream. The underbrush rus-tled. Hans raised his gun. A shot rang out on the clear air. Hans dropped his gun, sprang convulsively into the air and fell to the ground. A man strode hastily from the thicket with a smoking gun in his left hand. The beech tree knew him well. The huntsman bent over the murdered man. "It is all over with him." he said, and taking his gun he vanished into the bushes.

The bright sun rose and shone upon a still form with set white face. Sorrowfully the tree bent over and wept bitter tears, and the little robins flew up and covered the dead face and staring eyes with leaves and twigs. In the afternoon some woodentters came that way and found the body.

He has been shot while poaching, they said, and taking him gently up they bore him to the distant valley. An old man linguard by the tree. He drew his knife and carved a cross over the heart that Hans had made. Then he took off his hat and breathed a prayer. The leaves of the green crest rustled, for the

For many summers on the anniversary of the death of the murdered man, the maiden came to the seat, knelt down and wept and prayed, and every time she was paler, more fragile. One day sage of his body. They prevent the russhe was paler, more fragile. One day she did not come, and the tree murmured. "She is dead!" and so it was.

Years passed. The beech had become a mighty tree. Her bark was covered with brown moss. The wild vines clustered about her trunk, and heart and cross were both nearly covered. A man came one day and made a third mark on the bark, and the tree knew her time had come. She bore the sign of her destruction-she must soon fall. Farewell, thou green and sunny forest! She had not long to wait for the woodmen, who came, and with cruel axes cut into her

A gloomy, glowering man in hunter's dress, with long gray hair and beard, directed their movements. The beech knew him right well, and he appeared to recognize the tree. He came close to her and tearing away both moss and vine he saw that heart and cross were safe. 'Here it was,' he muttered, and horror shook his very frame. "Back, Herr Forester! Back!" cried the men. "The tree is falling!'

The warned man stepped back, but it was too late. With a deafening crash the beech fell to the ground and buried the forester under her corpse. When they picked him up, he was dead. The beech had crushed his head. And the men stood in a circle roundabout and prayed for his soul -From the German.

Manna is the concentrated juice of several plants which grow in great abundance in many parts of south Europe, Asia and Africa. The tree which most generously produces it is a sort of ash. The juice exudes from the stem during the summer months, as a consequence of the punctures of an insect that infests the tree, but the better kinds of manna, known as "flake manna," are obtained from incisions made in the bark. The poorer qualities come from the bark near the roots of the tree. The manna of commerce is obtained chiefly from Sicily and Calabria. A variety is collected by the Arabian Bedouins from a species of tamarix, which is used on bread like honey. The word is believed to be derived from the Syriac mano, a gift, though there is little evidence that the medical substance now known by that name has anything in common with the manna mentioned in the travels of the Israelites.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PAPA'S TWO JOYS.

When haby opens his blue eyes At morningtide, first thing He cries and coss to see papa. In vain his crib we swing.

He wants his slippers and wee socks, Then sister gots his dress, But he's not satisfied to start Down stairs with her unless



She carries him his favored way. So down the steps they run, He clasping tight behind her back, Delighted with the fun.

The breakfast room becomes more bright. New hope illumes the day. When in they come, papa's two joys, And morning greetings say.

A small girl who has an extraordinary fondness for pets and is allowed to have a considerable number of them has recently been sick, and her letter to a friend after recovery tells how her pets fared while she could not take care of them.

"I have lost two of my goldfish," she says, "and one of my cats has died since I have been sick. I miss her, and I think her children do. She has two sons and one daughter, cats, and there is a grand-son, but his name is Belle, even if he is a son. All the other male children have female names, but fortunately the daughter has a name to suit her-that is, Sno ball—but I guess that would do for either kind of cat. The other two children's names are Mollie Gray and Dorothy. The cat that died was named Snowball, but cat that died was named Snowball, but when she did become grandmother I called her Granny. Now, I suppose you know all about my pets except my dog, whose name is Penelope—I call him Penny—and six turtles, and of course they are all named, and as I had a good deal of trouble to find names for all of them, why, some of their names don't fit them either. A friend maye me my baby turtle, and I A friend gave me my baby turtle, and I had to go a long way to get it. I put it in a basket with a cover to it and put the basket on the floor of the car. When I was almost home, a man in the car said to me, 'Little girl, your turtle is going to get off the car.' I jumped up, and there he was just crawling off the back platform. Every one laughed, but I picked him up and held the basket on my lap after that, but he tried to get out again. I like them all."—New York Times. A friend gave me my baby turtle, and I

A Cat's Whiskers.

Nature is an economical dame and never indulges in useless gifts. If she gives an animal or plant an appendage of any kind, we may be sure that it serves some wise

purpose.

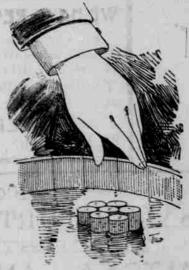
Take a cat's whiskers, for instance, which may seem to you to be merely ornamental. They are organs of touch, attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the bales themselves are insensible.

hairs themselves are insensible.

They stand out on each side of the lion as well as the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of w in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate tling of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush, and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads, the claws never coming in contact with the ground, they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness equal to that of a snake.

A Pretty Experiment.

A cork that is longer than it is broad floats upon its stomach, so to speak. How can we make it float upon its head? Place one on end upon a table and around it place six others. Seize them ali



together and plunge them under water so as to moisten them completely. Then re-move your hand and let them take their own position in the water, when you will find that they will stand upright, as if

supporting one another.

This is because the water that pene trates the corks by capillarity will make

That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English pa-

A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength. He began talking to her and suggested that

the baby was heavy.
"Why," said she in astonishment, "he's
not heavy; he's my brother."