

How Trees Cool the Air.

We think of a tree as a cooling agent because its shade protects us from the heat of the sun, but it cools the air in another way that is not generally known; in fact, it cools the air around it as a lump of ice cools a vessel of water.

The tree has a body temperature of about 45 degrees, just as we have a body temperature of 98 degrees, which is not affected by outside influences. It is the tree's blood heat, so to speak. So that the air around it is cooled by the tree itself as well as by the shade it makes.

When a tree in full leaf is struck by a strong wind we wonder that it is not torn all to pieces. And so it would be but for the way the limbs and twigs are arranged by nature. That arrangement is such that the effect of the wind is broken, for the limbs sway and move in a hundred directions instead of one, and the force of the blast is so scattered that it is comparatively harmless.

If the limbs all moved at once in the same direction no tree could escape being torn apart.

Willie Collins Writes a Title.

Church Hill Cottage, Broadstairs, Aug. 15, 1889.

My Dear Willie—I send you inclosed (and registered—for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number. Please let me have duplicate proofs as soon as possible, for I want to see something in connection with the story which is not a mass of confusion. It is an awfully long number—between eight and nine pages; but I must stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan't drop a number when I begin if I can help it.

I have hit on a new title in the course of a night walk to the North Foreland, which seems to me weird and striking—"The Woman in White."

My love to Dickens. How does he do? When will he write? Have you a house to let? I am at mortal enmity with my London landlord and am resolved to leave him. Where I am to go next "God, he knows."—Tata.

W. C.
—Chambers' Journal.

A Dangerous Innovation.

Deacon Carter could remember the days when the minister lined out the hymn and the congregation sang it. Although he had long been too feeble to go to church, his opinions still found their way to the people.

"We shall have some good organ playing this summer," an unwary visitor remarked to the deacon's daughter in the old man's hearing. "That teacher from Boston is going to play every Sunday while Annie Trumbull is off taking a vacation."

The deacon raised his stick and his quavering voice at the same time.

"You send for the minister to come here and see me, daughter Mary," he said as clearly as he could. "I won't have such goings on! A musician playing on that organ! Let 'em go without till Annie Trumbull gets home again."

A Helping Hand.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the stranger in the west. "What a cruel country this is!"

"How's that, stranger?" asked the tough citizen.

"Why, I just heard that a fellow was shot down here yesterday for lending a helping hand to a fellow mortal!"

"Lending a helping hand, did yeh say?" queried the cowboy. "Why, I remember the case."

"How was it?"

"Alhall Ike was a playin' a poker game and he slipped three nuts 't his partner under th' table. Of course, somebody shot 'im fr leudin' that sort of a helpin' hand"—Baltimore Herald.

The Canary's Claws.

If you have a canary or other cage bird look to its claws from time to time, for in a state of captivity the bird's nails grow so long that they need cutting. If this be neglected the bird is in danger of getting its nails caught in the cage and hanging there till it dies. Use a sharp pair of nail scissors and take care not to cut more than just the tips of the nails. If you hold the bird in a good light you will see a little red "thread" in each nail. If you must avoid or you will draw blood and hurt your little pet.

Inherited.

"And now?" said Professor Longhunter as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent. "He inherits it from his mother."—Schoolmaster.

Spafled His Romance.

George—I see nothing for us but to elope. Do you think your father would forgive us?

Ethel—I'm sure he would.

George—How can you be sure?
Ethel—I felt a little nervous on that
An Insinuation.
Bess—Young Milkins is daffy on the subject of matrimony. He asks every girl he meets to marry him.
Nell—Well, why don't you get some one to introduce you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Time Tipping.

The tipping habit is bad enough everywhere, and is worse in Europe than here. In the eighteenth century it was a greater evil than it is now. A writer in the Cornhill Magazine tells some stories to illustrate the old condition of things.

In Edinburgh in 1790 the Society of Clerks enacted that all servants should be forbidden to take tips and members be forbidden to give them. This example was followed by other clubs and societies. Today there is the rule in most clubs against feeling the servants.

An eccentric Irish gentleman, Lord Tanfife, used to attend his guests to the door, and if they offered any money to the servants who were lined up with the guests' baggage, the host would say, "If you give, give it me, for it was I that did buy the dinner."

A well known colonel while sitting at dinner inquired the names of the host's servants. "For," said he, "I cannot pay them for such a good dinner, but I should like to remember them in my will."

Another eccentric gentleman, after patiently redeeming his hat, sword, cane and cloak, to the very bottom of his purse, turned to the two remaining servants who were waiting obsequiously, each with a glove, and said affably: "Keep those. I will not trouble to buy them back. They are old and not worth a shilling."

Power of a Swan's Wing.
"Swans," said an official of the zoo, "have great strength of wing. It is said that with a blow of its wing a swan can break a man's leg, and I have no doubt this is so. A doctor told me one day, as we stood together by the zoo lake, that one of his first cases had been that of a man whose arm a swan had broken with its wing."

"The accident occurred in Arkansas, on Swan lake, a body of water where these birds abound. A huntsman was 'fire hunting' when a swan, making for the light, flew straight at his head. He put up his arm to shield his face, and the powerful wing of the big white bird struck him like a club. Both bones in the forearm were broken; it was a compound fracture.

"If a swan accidentally can break in this way a man's arm, there is, in my opinion, no room to doubt that it could, if it desired, break with a well directed blow a man's leg."—Philadelphia Record.

What a Toad Enjoys.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change. His eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment.

Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

The Band Played.

General Custer believed in having martial music on all possible occasions. He would have the band out at 5 o'clock in the morning and the last thing in the evening. One day when a regiment had just come into camp General Custer ordered the band out. The men were tired and reported that they had lost the mouthpieces of their instruments.

"Very well," said the general, "you may take pickaxes and shovels and help repair the roads. You may find the missing mouthpieces while you are working." It is unnecessary to state that the band played soon after.

Through the Cracks.

When the celebrated divine, Edward Irving, was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other: "Well, Willie, what do you think?"
"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man cracked!"
The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.
"Will," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

Rather Gave Him Away.

Fond Father (showing off his offspring's intelligence)—Now, Elsie dear, what is a cat?
Elsie—Dunno.
Fond Father—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when ebery one's in bed?
Elsie (promptly)—Papa.

The Omar of Bogusville.

I sometimes think, when by the stove I toast
My heels an' git to thinkin' of the host
Of friends I know, that them that match
Can't sing a-tail's the ones that sing the most!
—Indianapolis Sun.

She Proved It.

"I cannot sing the old songs!"
She warbled; all were moved.
And one rude person rose and yelled
"Sit down! Your case is proved!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, wife of the head of the Vanderbilt family, who was wed recently in London, was twice before a bride. She was married in 1890 to Mr. L. M. Rutherford, the nuptials being a leading event of the time. She was then the widow of Samuel S.



Sands, Jr., a wealthy New Yorker. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who is the daughter of Oliver H. Harriman, Sr., of New York, has two children by her marriage with Mr. Sands. She is a perfect blond, with an oval face, regular features, bright blue eyes and golden hair.

Wasted Time.

"You want that book bound, sir? Yes, sir. It will cost 3 marks. But there are pictures in it. That will make it 5 marks, sir."

"But why is it more with pictures?"
"Oh, you see, sir, my helper will waste so much time looking at them!"
—Fliegende Blätter.

Forgotten Father-in-law.

"I've had another quarrel with my son-in-law, Count Fuscada," said Mr. Cumrox gloomily.
"Have you refused him money?"
"Certainly not. But I forgot to take my hat off and address him by his title when I handed him the check."—Washington Star.

His Experience.

"Pa," said the boy, looking up from his book, "what does a man's 'better half' mean?"
"Usually, my son," replied his father from behind the evening paper, "she means exactly what she says."—Philadelphia Press.

Thumb Rings in Queen Anne's Time.

In the days of Queen Anne the feminine thumb ring was the badge of widowhood, and women tired of single blessedness were wont to don it and as "jolly widows" achieve conquests denied to them as spinsters.

Our First Locomotive.

The first locomotive built in this country was placed on the South Carolina railroad in 1830. The use of locomotives, however, was not firmly established until 1832.

Natural Icehouses.

The cold in a cavern in France is so great, no matter how warm the external atmosphere may be, the visitor cannot prolong his stay without inconvenience unless wrapped in winter clothing. There are not less than a score of these natural icehouses in France and probably half as many in Italy.

Grotesque Charms.

People's fingers, cut from the hands of the dead, are sometimes carried as amulets by the ignorant and superstitious. Dried lizards sewed up in leather serve the same purpose.

Prevention of Corns.

There are suggestions without number for the cure of corns. Any reputable chiropodist and some who are not reputable can furnish an unerring remedy. But there is one sure way to prevent them. Don't wear the same pair of shoes two days in succession. Corns are caused by friction on the toes, and the most expert bootmaker cannot make two pairs of shoes which will rub the feet in the same place. The change of shoes gives the feet a chance to rest. It is also good for the shoes, and footwear which is treated in this fashion will last much longer than if put to daily use.

The Crocodile.

Pliny said the crocodile's skin "will abide any injury and not be pierced." That may have been true in his day, but it is not true now. The bullet of a heavy modern rifle will pierce the skin anywhere unless it strikes in a slanting direction. The crocodile is not as a rule hard to kill, provided one can get a good shot at it, but that is just the trouble. It has not the marvelous vitality of the shark, which will sometimes struggle furiously for an hour, although covered with apparently mortal wounds.—Chicago News.

Poor Stelle.

"I never saw any one so timid as Henpeck is," remarked Wigger. "Why, he's like a mouse in his own house."
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Wigger. "His wife isn't the least bit afraid of him."
—Stray Stories.

Mark Twain In a Fog.

Mark Twain's former lecture manager told this story of an entertainment given by the humorist in London during a heavy fog: "One night the queen's concert rooms were like a smokehouse, and I saw from my chair in the royal box a shadowy dress coat, supported by a pair of shadowy trousers, girdled by the faint halo of the ineffectual footlights. A voice was in the air, but it was difficult to locate it with any degree of certainty. The apparently headless trunk of the lecturer told what he knew of our fellow savages, the Sandwich Islanders, and at intervals out of the depths ascended the muffled murmur of an audience invisible to the naked eye. Mark began his lecture on this occasion with a delicate allusion to the weather and said, 'Perhaps you can't see me, but I am here.'"

Improving on Horse Power.

In Venezuela many years ago a wealthy agriculturist was appointed minister of marine. Being a hard worker, he asked at once for particulars of the fleet. The secretary brought him particulars about the only war ship. The details gave length, tonnage and horse power. At this last the minister stopped the secretary and begged him write down quickly an order to the chief of customs, "Take out these 120 horses at once, and I will send you good mules in their places," explaining that mules were much more economical, both as regards food and ability to withstand fatigue.

Cossack Customs.

Many queer customs and usages are prevalent among the Cossacks. No man changes his clothes on a Monday. On Thursday no fat or flesh meat must be pickled or corned. Wool is not spun on a holiday. A hen is always given an uneven number of eggs to hatch, never an even number. Bones left from a dinner at a funeral are thrown into the river, and at the same meal no one dare cut bread; it must always be broken.

Apollo's Favorite Instrument.

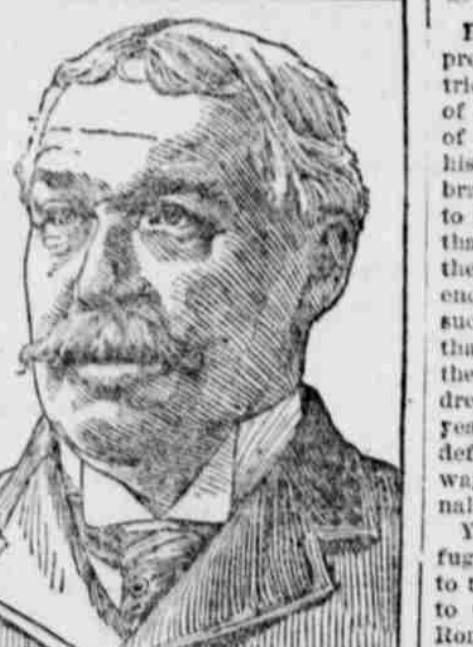
Apollo was the old god of music, and his favorite instrument, the lyre, was invented by Mercury. When the latter was four hours old he found the shell of a tortoise and made it into a lyre with nine strings in honor of the nine muses. This instrument Mercury gave to Apollo, who became a wonderful player upon it. The lyre was used by the Greeks in olden times, and from it was fashioned the harp.

Matrimonial Dyspepsia.

"Well, how do you like married life?" inquired the friend.
"Not at all," replied the man who had married money and was suffering for it. "I'm a case of matrimonial dyspepsia."
"Matrimonial dyspepsia?"
"Yes. She never agrees with me; she's too rich."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Head of General Staff of the Army.

Major General Samuel B. M. Young, head of the new general staff of the United States army, who by virtue of his office becomes chief of staff to the president and adviser to the secretary



of war, is also head of the recently created war college. General Young has a brilliant record as a soldier. He entered the service as a private in a Pennsylvania regiment during the civil war. He reached the grade of major general in 1901.

The Solar Plexus Blow.

The pugilist speaks of knockout blows over the solar plexus, but it is the stomach that receives the shock, and from it the nervous disturbance originates.

Wild Horses.

The wild horses of Arabia will not admit a tame horse among them, while the wild horses of South America endeavor to decoy domesticated horses from their masters and seem eager to welcome them.

Sage Tea.

It is said that good old ordinary sage tea is the very best thing yet discovered to prevent the falling out of the hair. It should be rubbed into the roots three or four times a week.

Carrying One's Own Outfit.

Before the revolution in France it was customary when a gentleman had been invited out to dinner to send his servant in advance with his knife, fork and spoon. If he had no servant he carried them with him in his pocket.

Wrought Iron.

The British museum possesses what is probably the oldest known piece of wrought iron. It was found in the pyramid of Cheops and must be 4,900 years old.

Speed of Ducks.

Ducks fly at an average rate of ninety miles an hour. With a fair wind it is believed that they can make 150 miles in the same time.

The Chinese and Stone Floors.

In China the dining rooms are usually floored with tiles or stone slabs. This is because the household animals, dogs and cats, are allowed in the room at mealtime to receive whatever food the diners do not wish.

A Disengaged Club.

In Berlin a club of the "disengaged" has been formed by young men who, having broken with their sweethearts, regard marriage as fated to be a failure.

Two Towns.

Hammerfest, in Norway, is the most northern town of any importance in the world and Pantas Arenas, in Patagonia, the farthest south.

A Remarkable Echo.

At the castle of Simonetta, Italy, there is an angle in the building which re-echoes a pistol shot sixty-one times. The echoed reports from twenty-one to thirty-three are always louder than the report of the shot itself.

Meerschaum Pipes.

The practice sometimes indulged in by smokers of soaking a meerschaum in hot water, milk or steaming it is altogether wrong. It spoils the meerschaum and ruins the color.

A Snake's Gullet.

A snake's gullet is so distensible that one scarcely twenty inches long can swallow a hen's egg without difficulty.

Scott's Method of Exercising.

Sir Walter Scott's chief pursuits were riding and coursing. His dogs and he appear in the same pieces of sculpture, testifying to his habits. Later in life he patronized gardening.

Title Pages.

It was not until 1470 that a title page was introduced to books and in England not till shortly before 1490, when W. De Machline issued one to his little book on the pestilence. Caxton never used them, but Wynkyn De Worde employed them in nearly all his books.

Holy Trinity Bridge.

The bridge of the Holy Trinity, Florence, was built in 1569. It is 322 feet long, of white marble and is even now reckoned as being without a rival as a specimen of the bridge building art.

The Fate of Hannibal.

Hannibal's life and fate were supremely great and sad. He was a patriot who had only the best interests of his country at heart. In the wars of Carthage against Rome he carried his armies across the strait of Gibraltar, over the Alps and into Italy to the very gates of Rome. For more than a score of years he remained there, supporting his forces upon the enemy and proving himself to be such a literal and lasting scourge that the Roman mothers would quiet their children with the sound of his dreaded name. Finally, when old in years and he was driven forth and defeated, he had made a record in Italy unparalleled throughout the annals of ancient warfare.

Yet in his old age he became a fugitive, wandering from one country to the other and finding no rest, owing to the vindictive persecutions of the Romans, who were then all powerful. At last, discovering no spot on earth open to him as a refuge, deserted by his former friends, his country enslaved and his once imperial native city in ruins, he gave way to despair and ended his life with poison.

Crafty M. Blanc.

Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them. He never carried any money, which fact he announced so frequently and publicly that it was known, everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blanc never had a penny on his person. But he carried in a pocketbook a draft on red paper for several hundred thousand francs, payable to the indorsee. He feared kidnaping as much as robbery, and in case of abduction he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from him ordering it to be done.

Expert in Electricity.

Professor Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical expert at the works of the General Electric company at Schenectady, who has just been appointed one of a commission to consider the establishment of an electrical laboratory for the state of New York, ranks as one of the three ablest electricians in the



world. Professor Steinmetz came to this country fourteen years ago and began work at \$12 a week. He readily learned the English language and advanced rapidly in fame and position until he now receives \$40,000 a year.

ROYAL ROBES.

The queen of Portugal scents her hair, and her beauty is greatly set off by this act. She uses carnation pink, and her hair is brilliantly lovely with gloss and attractive with scent.

The King of Siam apparently possesses a sense of diplomatic humor. "I know," he said, "that I shall be one day eaten with English or French sauce. The latter is too tasteless. I prefer the English sauce, mixed with the famous Japanese sauce."

A few days ago King Otto of Bavaria completed his fifty-fifth year. As a young man he served in the wars of 1806 and 1870, and it was very soon after the latter that his mind gave way. His elder brother, King Ludwig II, had to be put under restraint, and the present regent was appointed on June 10, 1886. Three days later King Ludwig managed to drown himself and his medical attendant and the empty reign of Otto began.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Artemley, a Russian electrician, has invented a pliable coat of mail which effectively protects against currents of 150,000 volts.

An electric search light of 100,000 candlepower will render point visible at a distance of twenty miles. The experiment has been tried from the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire.

A transmission system invented by Professor Bedell furnishes electricity for both light and power simultaneously over the same wire in spite of the fact that lighting requires a high and power a low frequency of vibrations. For the one the system is single and for the other polyphase.

Revenge.

"That fat man," complained the scales, "simply knocked me all out of kilter."

"Well," replied the candy machine near by, "now you can lie in weight for the next one that comes along."—Philadelphia Press.

Love.

When a man ceases to love he is lost. Love implies a hope of higher, more reverend things. Baseness despises love; for love is good and is incompatible with grossness.

The way of the transgressor is soft,

but the destination is hard.—Schoolmaster.

Discoverer of Smallpox germ.

Dr. William C. Councilman of Boston, whose discovery of the germ of smallpox is considered one of the most important in the history of medicine, has been engaged for two years in the



search for the cause of the dread disease. Dr. Councilman is about forty-five years old and is already well known in his profession through his treatises on pathology. He is Shattuck professor of pathological anatomy in the Harvard Medical school in Boston.