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A PIONEER AERONAUT

The Brave and Daring French-
man Pilatre de Rozier.

TRAGIC END OF HIS CAREER.

He Was the First Aeronaut to Lose
His Life From a Balloon, and He
Was Dashed to Death With a Com-
panion From a Height of 1,700 Feet.

Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who
was born at Metz in 1750 and who was
killed, a martyr to his zeal, by a fall
from his balloon at Boulogne, France,
June 15, 1783, was the first aeronaut
to lose his life in the dangerous work
of mastering the air.

Pilatre de Rozier, who had made
ascents in the Montgolfier balloon, de-
termined to solve the question of bal-
loons as mediums for carrying passen-
gers and could think and dream of
nothing but how he could fashion a
machine that would carry him on an
aerial voyage. When his balloon was
finished he made some twenty-three
ascents, nearly always alone, but oc-
casional accompanied by the Marquis
d'Arlandes, a brave soldier and one
who had faith in Pilatre's ideas. The
balloon was always held captive by
strong cords.

Whenever he went up there was a
crowd to watch him. One day there
was a thrilling moment. The balloon
drifted toward some high trees, and it
seemed inevitable that the tangles
would be torn by the branches and
Pilatre dashed to the ground. They
saw the young man calmly throw a
tangle of straw on his fire and quickly
pour over it two small bottles of oil.
Instantly the fierce heat sent the bal-
loon up safely, and it swept beyond
the danger line of the trees. A mighty
shout went up from the crowd, and
when he came down Pilatre had an
ovation.

He now felt ready to make his
grand experimental trip, but the
king would not allow him to go, as he
feared to lose so brave and scientific
a man. Pilatre was in despair, and at
length the king said that he would
give him the opportunity to test the
safety of his balloon in the following
way: He would give full pardon to any
two criminals who were willing to go
up in it, provided Pilatre did not him-
self go.

The scientist was very angry. He
said: "What! Shall vile criminals, foul
murderers, men rejected from the bo-
som of society, have the glory of being
the first to navigate the air? Never
while Pilatre de Rozier draws breath!"

After repeated prayers for permis-
sion to make his experiment he ap-
pealed to the influence of the Duchesse
de Polignac, the governess of the royal
children. To her petitions the Mar-
quis d'Arlandes added his and asked
to be allowed to accompany Pilatre.
At length consent was obtained.

On Nov. 21, 1783, Pilatre and the
marquis made an ascent from the gar-
dens of the Chateau de la Muette, in
the Bois. They sailed safely across the
Seine, over the Hospital for Old Sol-
diers, over the Military school and
landed about five miles from Paris.
Their return was greeted with wild
enthusiasm.

The marquis rode back, but Pilatre
had to go first to his home and get a
coat, for some one had stolen his in
the midst of their coming down, when
the balloon, of course, collapsed.

Pilatre now announced that he would
cross the channel from Boulogne to
England. A wealthy Frenchman ad-
vanced the money to construct an im-
proved machine that he was certain
could stay in the air as long as neces-
sary. This new invention was a bal-
loon filled with hydrogen gas. Under
it was a cylinder by which he expected
to raise the air contained in it so that
he could either ascend or descend eas-
ily and so reach currents of air that
would take him in any desired direc-
tion.

It was five months before there came
a day suitable for making the aerial
trip. A physician who loved adventure
and believed in the success of the ex-
periment went with him from Bou-
logne.

They cut the cords that held the bal-
loon at 7 o'clock in the morning. The
ascent was majestic, and when at a
height of 300 feet the balloon swept
into a current of air that took it to-
ward the channel. Suddenly a cross
current swept it back.

Pilatre hastened to let some cold air
into the cylinder and in some way
made a rent in the balloon. They were
1,700 feet high, and instantly they
were dashed to the earth, mangled and
crushed frightfully.

France still remembers his enthusi-
astic faith in his scientific efforts, and
in many places are memorials and in-
scriptions that perpetuate his fame.—
Boston Globe.

The Dental Ornaments.
Visitor (passing through dining room
with little Tommy, discovers mince pie
on sideboard)—Hello, but that's a fine
pie! Who made it?

Tommy—Gran'ma; she always makes
the pies.

Visitor—Does she, indeed? Well, I'd
like to get my teeth into that one.

Tommy—You would, eh? Well, gran-
ma's got ahead of you. Don't you see
the prints of her's all around the edge?

—Boston Courier.

Trespassing.
"You accuse this aviator of trespass-
ing in your garden?"
"Yes, judge. I caught him among
my air currents."—New York Herald.

Mistake in the Bill.

A gentleman, says Modern Women,
who recently returned from a tour in
Spain tells this story:

I left Seville on foot after a stay of
a week and was twenty miles away
when I was overtaken by the landlord
of the hotel in which I had stayed.
The innkeeper rode beside me for
nearly an hour before he found cour-
age to make known his business.

"If the señor and God please," he
began apologetically, "I made a mis-
take in his bill yesterday."

"How?" I inquired.

"I forgot to make a charge for his
candle to light him to bed."

"But it was moonlight, and I had no
candle."

"Then, señor, with the help of God,
I forgot to charge you with the moon-
light."

The charge amounted to 2 cents in
American money, and he had hired an
ass and ridden twenty miles to collect
it. I was amused and astonished.
Then I accused him of being a robber
and offered him a cent to settle the
bill. He worked up a beautiful smile
and held out his hand.

"I will take it, with thanks, señor,"
he said. "God will bless you for an
honest man!"

First Mortgage Bonds.

By reason of the insistence of many
investors that their bonds be of "first"
mortgage it may be said that the im-
portance of the word "first" is de-
pendent upon the circumstances, says
Moody's Magazine. A bond may be
first in fact. It may be so only in a
relative sense in that it indicates the
order in which the bond was put out
by the issuing company or the use of
the term "first" in the name of a bond,
undesirable and loose though it be in
such instances, may be upon the slight
ground that the mortgage is indeed
first on some part of the property.
While on other parts it may have but
a third or fourth claim. It is there-
fore obvious that the mere presence
of this term in a title does not neces-
sarily make the bond an absolutely
prior lien. It has been estimated that
95 per cent in number and 95 per cent
in value of steam railroad "firsts" are
first liens in name only.

The First Sleeping Car.

The first real sleeping car was built
in 1864. It was called the Pioneer,
and the builder further designated it
by the letter "A," not dreaming that
he would soon exhaust the letters of
the alphabet. The Pioneer was built
in a Chicago and Alton shop and cost
the almost fabulous sum of \$18,000.
That was reckless extravagance in a
year when the best of railroad coaches
could be built at a cost not exceeding
\$4,000. But the Pioneer was blazing
a new path in luxury. Without it was
rugged in paint and varnish, in gay
stripes and lettering. It was a giant
compared with its fellows, for it was
a foot wider and two and a half high-
er than any car ever built before. It
had the hinged berths that are the dis-
tinctive feature of the American sleep-
ing car today, and the porter and the
passengers no longer had to drag the
bedding from closets at the far end of
the car.—Outing.

Cape of Good Hope.

In 1487 Bartholomew Dias sailed far
enough south along the western coast
of Africa not only to discover but to
double the Cape of Storms, as it was
then called, and as the coast was as
certainly to run toward the northeast
the prospect of success in the direc-
tion of India seemed now so clear that
the Portuguese monarch renamed the
cape "Cabo de Boa Esperanza," or
Cape of Good Hope. The "good hope"
was realized in 1498 by Vasco da
Gama, who, doubling the southernmost
point of Africa, sailed on to Calicut,
thus opening up the long dreamed of
route to India.

He Wasn't Glad.

Steve Long is noted for attending to
his own business and saying very little
about it. One morning an inquisitive
neighbor met him returning from the
woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve! Where has he been—
a-shootin'?"

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Ter dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't look so danged well
pleased."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Blind Leading the Blind.

Neither Mabel nor Willie has quite
mastered the intricacies of English
pronunciation, but each delights in
correcting the other's mistakes. Last
Sunday, while the family was at din-
ner, Mabel said:

"Please pass the dravy."

Willie saw his chance and quickly
exclaimed:

"Well, Mabel! If I couldn't say
dravy I'd say drasee."—Woman's
Home Companion.

A Double Job.

"Toll me—ah—are you a—ah—a
good, careful, excellent cook and a—
a—very superior laundress?"

"Ah-h-h! Not d'ye take me for
twins?"—Harper's Weekly.

Inconsistent.

"Your pictures are inconsistent."
"Why?"

"You illustrate this hobo joke with a
wash drawing."—Kansas City Times.

Easy Money.

How the street urchin spots a "easy
mark" and gets the coin was shown
recently at Third and Chestnut streets.
An excellently dressed young man
with a setter dog which he held by a
strap was standing on the corner.

One of the newsboys stood beside
the dog and when its master was not
looking reached down and gave its tail
a sharp pull. With a yelp of pain the
dog turned quickly and jumped for its
tormentor, but missed him by several
inches.

The fact that the dog did not bite
him was no obstacle to the boy, who
grabbed his left arm with his right
hand and began to scream furiously.
"It bit me; it bit me. Take me to a
hospital!"

The owner of the dog became alarm-
ed and ran to the boy. "Here, son,"
he said, "take this five dollar bill and
keep quiet. It'll be all right," and he
hurried away.

"Easy money," said the newsboy as
he joined his companions.—Philadelphia
Times.

Bloodshed Averted.

Opie Read, the novelist, once told of
his experiences as a journalist in Ken-
tucky many years ago.

"There was a good deal of news," he
said, "such as shootings and killings,
but this news was not regarded as im-
portant, and little attention was paid
to it. I remember once, when a local
feud broke out afresh, when members
of the opposing sides met at the county
seat. There were hot words, a blow
was struck, and weapons were
drawn, when the sheriff intervened.
He loudly announced that he would
not tolerate any violence, ordered the
parties to separate, and when his or-
ders were not obeyed he began shoot-
ing. I forget whether he killed eight
or nine, but I know that in describing
the incident in my paper I commended
the sheriff for his prompt action
and bravery and added the paragraph:
'There is no doubt but for the prompt
action of the sheriff there would have
been bloodshed.'"

A Turn Down.

Snaggy—Beg pardon, mister; I'm a
stranger in these parts. Farmer Har-
row—Well, I dunno of anybody that
wants to get acquainted with ye.
(Turns away.)—Boston Transcript.

Thanksgiving is approaching and
you should make a point of calling
at the Monarch Mercantile company
before making your purchases for the
big dinner on that festive occasion.
Remember they have everything and
anything you may want.

Don't wear out your back, broom
and carpets when you can get the
work done so quickly, thoroughly and
cheaply by Mongold's vacuum cleaner.

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plete. We have everything necessary
to build a house including rustic two-
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tical grain fir flooring. Will have in a
few days slash grain fir finishing
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25c each.

24 c.-p. carbon globes, 30c each.

50 w. Meridian globes, 40c each.

100 w. Meridian globes, 50c each.

20 c.-p. Tungsten globes, 65c each.

22 c.-p. Tungsten globes, 75c each.

40 c.-p. Tungsten globes, \$1.10.

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