

Not According to Plans

Famous Monuments That Have Never Been Properly Constructed.

We live in a half-made world. So it ever has been since the Tower of Babel was left uncompleted, and so it will be, no doubt, to the end of time. In our hurry to begin things we forget to finish them, and all over the world today the Great Unfinished stares us in the face—some big thing waiting its completion, says a writer in New York Press.

There is the Washington monument, that giant obelisk rising up from the low flats back of the white house. Every one is familiar with its present appearance, but few people remember how it was originally designed to look. This tribute of a grateful nation to the father of his country was begun in 1848, and has never been completed according to the original designs. Probably it never will be. It is hard work to get it as near completion as it is. When the monument was started all the rulers of the world sent blocks of marble to be placed in the interior

ago. Nobody seems to care now whether it is ever completed or not. After the lapse of half a century patriotism is not easily transmuted into money. The Iron Duke, however, no doubt sleeps very soundly without his equestrian statue perched above him.

London is in a much more half-made state than New York any way, and evidences of incompleteness meet one on every hand, although your true Briton is never tired of talking about British "thoroughness." An empty pedestal in Trafalgar square stands proclaiming daily to a wondering world that England has now no hero to stand with Nelson, Gordon, Napier, Havelock and George IV. Save the mark! And will somebody put a clock in St. Paul's tower, which was evidently designed for one, and place the statues on the pedestals along Blackfriars Bridge, as was originally intended? Then there is Westminster Abbey, which was meant to have a

confine himself to St. Paul's and works of a kindred character; most assuredly he was profoundly ignorant of the character and merits of the productions to which he presumptuously applied the epithet of "Gothic crinkle-crinkle."

The first church was built on the site of the present abbey in 184 A. D., and so, with rebuilding, tearing down and adding to, the work of the making of Westminster Abbey has been going on for 1,717 years and the edifice is still incomplete. So it will, in all probability, always remain, chief among the world's Great Unfinished.

Within the inclosure of the Alhambra at Granada stands the unfinished palace of Charles I. of Spain, a structure which the monarch fondly imagined would outvie the palace of the Moorish kings to which it stands adjacent. Charles died before the building was completed, and there it stands to-day after the centuries have swept by, still incomplete.

Near London stands a modern example of unfinished things. It is the so-called Wembley tower, which its projector designed to be 150 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It was to cost \$1,000,000. The lower platform is all that has ever been built of the structure. This lower platform occupies the same space as St. Paul's Cathedral. So the list might be stretched out. Nearly every one will remember something to add to it. But these few examples cited show what a half-made world this is after all.

Seattle Cemetery.

Seattle has secured ownership of a tract of 100 acres, with a view to conducting a municipal cemetery, in imitation of a project successfully carried out in Cleveland. There a level, finely situated tract of land has been acquired by the municipality, and burial plots are sold without regard to location at the uniform price of 75 cents per square foot. This price includes the actual maintenance of the lot at the expense of the city in perpetuity. The maintenance includes grass seed, sowing, moving and general caretaking. Flowers and shrubs, when required, are, of course, charged additionally. The purpose is to defeat speculation in land for burial places, and to insure perpetual care of the graves. In Cleveland the enterprise is self-supporting, although the charges are very low.

Indian's Salvation Is Work.

The attitude of our government toward the Indian in allowing him in idleness to follow his own untrammelled will on the reservation, is a relic of the old French and Spanish original discoverers. Are these wards of the government never to have homes, but be always condemned to tribal relations? Are they to never know the mental uplifting of a wife's hands, but be always fated to burden-bearing swain life? Some day a statesman will arise and point the way for these aboriginal Americans to become men and women among us, and truly citizens of our states. Until that time—until Indians are alienated from their savage surroundings—their treatment is a proposition not reached by any pink-tea standard of ethics.—National Magazine.

As Good as a Corkscrew.

No doubt you have found yourself in the predicament of having forgotten the corkscrew, and you are out in the fields trying to get a draught from a cold bottle. Here is a new and simple way to overcome the difficulty, the invention of which is to be accredited to a convivial young scientist. Hold the neck of the bottle firmly in your right hand and with your left hold a handkerchief against the trunk of a tree. Now with a quick blow hit the side of the tree covered with the handkerchief. The cork will immediately fly out. Then turn the bottle upward so the fluid will not flow out after the cork.

Gen. Gordon's Bible.

In the corridors at Windsor stands a little ebony pedestal, and on it a splendid casket of seventeenth century Italian work, with sides of engraved rock crystal. Within this gorgeous setting lies wide open, on a satin cushion, a little well-worn book. It is Gen. Gordon's Bible, and is open at the gospel according to St. John. Below a little plate bears an inscription recording the fact that the Bible was presented to her majesty by the sister of Gen. Gordon after his death. This was one of the most prized possessions of Queen Victoria, and she never failed to point it out to visitors.

New Swiss Revolver.

Swiss military papers speak in high terms of the new revolver which has been adopted for the mounted troops of the Swiss army, and which is the invention of two Berlin engineers. The recoil on firing brings a fresh cartridge from the magazine into the barrel. The pistol weighs 11 pounds 13 ounces, and its center of gravity lies immediately over the hand of the firer. The magazine carries eight cartridges, and practiced shots can fire 48 rounds in from 28 to 30 seconds. The caliber of the weapon is .32 inches, and its range is given at 2,000 yards.

In the last forty years Great Britain has produced 40,000,000 tons of steel, or about one-third of the world's total products.

A CYCLONE IN MARITIUS.

Nine-Foot Walls Knocked Down Like a Pack of Cards.

The blasts reached a velocity of 121 miles an hour, or a pressure of sixty-seven pounds to the square inch. If the mind dwells on the significance of these figures it is absolutely impossible to conceive anything able to resist such a force. Indeed, nothing did. A column of granite was cut in two. The stoutest iron works were twisted out of shape, and walls nine feet thick were knocked down like a pack of cards, but dove-cotes in the yards of houses, mere boxes propped up on bamboo stakes which a child could have upset, were preserved. Housed pigeons huddled in comfort and were saved where housed human beings were maimed, smashed, killed. Going through the trees on the morning of the disaster it was everywhere the same. Houses with their sides rent open showing still a lamp or inkstand upon a rickety table that had not fallen when all else had been destroyed. Churches literally leveled to the ground but for a side chapel over which a fragile stucco statue of some saint had escaped the general ruin. People having lost their all, except some useless bauble which had persistently stuck to them throughout the awful day as a fetish of misfortune. But the most ridiculous feature of the storm was its attack upon clothing. The heroic clergyman of the Church of England cathedral at Port Louis was struck by the fact which he recorded "that nearly all who were rescued on the night of April 29, 1892, had been denuded of clothing. This," he wrote, "was specially the case with women. Whether lying dead or whether they succeeded in gaining shelter, it was always the same; they had scarcely a rag left upon them." Approaching a corner of a street which had been particularly ill-treated, in company with my private secretary, we perceived behind a hurricane shutter, which had been wrenched from its window, and was lying half on the ground and half propped against a crumbling wall, some three or four disheveled heads bobbing up and down in an anxious manner. A discreet inquiry proved the heads to belong to a family of respectable Creole ladies, whose sufferings had proved small in presence of the agonies they were then undergoing, seeing that for twenty-four hours they had had no food, and were so painfully conscious of their nudity that even to satisfy the pangs of hunger modestly forbade their utilizing the only article of clothing left to them, viz., their boots, and make a run to the nearest standing house.—The Empire Review.

ABOUT THE WILD ASS.

High-Spirited and Untamable. They Fly from Man's Presence.

The wild ass may almost be said to be the antithesis of the domestic species. The one is high-spirited and untamable, the other the meekest and most submissive of quadrupeds; the one is as remarkable for its speed as the other for its slowness; and while the wild specimen ranks among the most graceful animals of creation, its every movement typical of the untrammelled freedom of the desert over which it loves to roam, and of the unfettered breath of heaven, which seems to lend it wings, its subjugated congener is awkward and ungainly. In color the roulan, or wild ass, is a creamy white, shading to fawn on the back, with a handsome darker stripe running from wither to tail, and a corresponding marking on each forearm; the head and muzzle are finely molded, the ears less long and pointed than those in the tame donkey and eyes large and prominent and as bright as those of the gazelle, and the legs resemble in length and lightness those of the deer. Wild asses congregate in herds of from sixty to seventy; and it is said by the natives that there is generally but one male in every herd. It is even rare to find a male among the young ones captured. No ettier sight can be seen than one of these herds careering over the plain sending up the salt spray like a shower of crystal in their flight. Theirs is the very poetry of motion, but the sight is too transient, their fleetness of foot carrying them out of the range of vision long before the enjoyment that their beauty gives is satiated.—Chambers' Journal.

Transplanting Large Trees.

Paris has learned the art of transplanting large trees successfully, so that at the earliest signs of decay a street tree may be removed and the symmetry of the vista not spoiled by its successor. For these trees alone the expenses of Paris amount to about \$60,000 a year. The municipal nurseries include a "hospital," or "cure," for the tired trees, where they are restored, if possible, to health and strength in soil that is richer than the city's. In spring and fall these trees on their way to and from the hospital are no uncommon feature in the street scenes of Paris.

Bark and Stone as Food.

In a very unusual season like that through which the province of Paiputana, India, recently passed, it is not uncommon for the people to grind the bark of trees and even stones to mix with their scanty supply of meal or flour in order to increase the bulk and thereby stay the pangs of hunger for a longer period. A small quantity of well-ground bark, or of a soft stone found there, does not seem to be injurious. If used to excess, however, the diseases incident to starvation become apparent.

Needless is Worry

It is An Easy Matter to Drop It.

"What is worry?" Annie Besant in the Theosophical Review asks this question and then dilates upon it somewhat as follows: "It is the process of repeating the same train of thought over and over again, with small alterations, coming to no result and not even aiming at the reaching of a result." He who is given to worry has dwelt on a puzzling painful subject, wishing, but failing to find the solution of some problem until, held in this anxious and uncertain condition, he becomes dominated by the fear of the anticipated trouble. His thought current has made for itself a channel and his mental energies flow along this track as it is the line of least resistance. Held as it were in this brain-track by the fascination of fear, his mental vitality is sapping itself away and poisoning the blood cells in his brain. As Elmer T. Gates has proved by his chemical analysis of perspiration of the man who is depressed, low-spirited and despairing, he is actually producing a ptomaine of a certain kind which enters into the circulation of his blood, and often physical disease follows. Now how can we get rid of this worry channel? By digging another of an exactly opposite character, made by definite persistent regular thought of the kind opposed to worry. Let a man who is given to worry give a few minutes every day to some noble and encouraging thought. Let him picture the Divine Self within as a fountain of strength and peace from which he may drink refreshment at any moment of need. Let him turn and listen to the message of his innermost Divine nature, and he will find himself enfolded in peace that swallows up fear. If he will persist in this with regularity the thought will dig a new channel and the old one will disappear. Ere long he will find that whenever his mind is free from labor, his thoughts will flow unbidden into the channel of peace and power which will shed a restful atmosphere around him, felt though perhaps not seen by all who are near him. Mental energy will flow into healthy nourishing channels. Increasing not sapping his vitality and

worry is a thing of the past. Thus may we learn the secret of rising above troubles and pain until they silently steal away.

Georgia's Giant Sycamore.

Dougherty county now lays claim to the champion big tree of Georgia. It was discovered several weeks ago by employes of the Red Cypress Lumber company who were engaged in cutting timber. It rears its head from amid a thick swamp where hardwood trees abound, and to this is due the fact that it was not discovered sooner. The giant of the swamp is a sycamore. It is on a little knoll, and except in seasons when a great deal of rain has fallen its trunk is not reached by water. A foot from the ground its trunk is forty-four feet in circumference. For twenty feet above the ground the body of the great tree is round and symmetrical, but at that point it branches into four sections, any one of which would make a giant tree if standing alone. The four arms of the big sycamore do not spread out as would seem natural, but reach skyward, almost perpendicularly. The tree is pronounced by all who have seen it a curiosity, and places "In the shade" all the known trees in Georgia.—Atlanta Constitution.

Washington Swore at the Senate.

John Quincy Adams under date of November 10, 1824, wrote in his diary: "Mr. Crawford (secretary of the treasury) told twice over the story of President Washington having, at an early period of his administration, gone to the Senate with a project of a treaty to be negotiated and being present at the deliberations upon it. They debated it and proposed alterations, so that when Washington left the Senate chamber he said he 'would be damned if ever he went there again.'" There has never been a President present at such deliberations since, and this incident probably largely determined the dignified forms of communication now existing between President and Senate.—National Magazine.

The Care of Gloves.

Nothing looks worse than soiled gloves, and as they are an expensive item in dress they require careful management. A first-class glove outwears half a dozen pairs of cheap ones, and at the same time looks well until it is finally discarded. Cheap gloves, however, have their uses; expensive ones should never be worn in wet weather or in hot rooms or in theatres, where the heat will cause the hands to perspire, for when a glove is once stained by perspiration no amount of cleaning will make it look well again. For such occasions cheap gloves are far more serviceable. To clean chamois gloves put the gloves on your hands, and wash them as if you were washing your hands, in warm water and white castile soap; wash until they are quite clean; then take them off and hang them in a warm place to dry. Kid gloves may be cleaned in the following manner: Put a little fresh milk in a dish, and a piece of white castile soap in another, and have convenient a clean cloth folded three or four times, and a small piece of flannel. Place the soiled glove smooth and neat upon the cloth, and dip the flannel into the milk; then rub off a good quantity of the soap on the wet flannel and commence to rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks a dingy yellow; if colored, until it looks dark and spotted. Then lay it aside to dry, without rinsing out the soap, and the glove will, when dry,

look nearly new. It will be soft, glossy, smooth and elastic.

The Horse Is Still Useful.

The application of electricity to municipal transit everywhere released from one form of service a myriad of horses, and it looked at one time as if the price of that useful quadruped were going down almost to zero. But the Boer war created a new demand for horses and mules, no less than 125,000 having been shipped from this country alone, the export still continuing. With all the forces of competition, urban and extra urban, arrayed against him, there is always something left for him to do, and he is a live asset in the world's market, at least till further notice.—New York Tribune.

Graduates of American Colleges.

"The graduating lists of the American colleges this year show an increase of 25 per cent," says a well-known Philadelphia educator, "and it seems probable that the institutions of learning will have more than their usual quota of students next fall. Education is beginning to make itself felt in the commercial world. In other words, it is now on a practical, everyday basis. The demand for college men in all branches of business, as well as professions, is gradually increasing. The notion that college education unfits men for business is no longer seriously considered by the up-to-date man of business."

Water Keeps Men Alive

It is no secret to medical men and physiologists that there is a great deal of nourishment in water. Even that which is sterilized contains enough of solids to keep a human being from death for a long time. During a prolonged fast the loss of weight is unusually rapid at first and decreases as time goes on. Death ensues when a certain percentage of the loss has been reached, and this percentage varies according to the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths, a man or woman of rather spare build, weighing 143 pounds, might, therefore, lose about fifty-five pounds before succumbing. Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted fifty days when water has been taken. A German physician reports the case of a woman aged 47 years, who fasted for forty-three days, taking water freely. She lost forty-four pounds of 143 pounds and died from exhaustion.

A Sigh for the Old Inkeeper.

There are times when the frequenter of the great caravansaries would, for a little, step out from the glare and bustle and take his ease in the old way, in some place where there would be no crowd, no obsequious servants, no extravagance in dress, no gilded furniture, no office encumbered with bags and trunks and choking with cigar smoke, no gaudy bar no arc lights, no clanking steam pipes or grassy furnaces, no dining-room where one is supposed to eat in state, and,

at the whim of a terrifying head waiter, to be company for people one does not care for; and especially where the bill at the end of a week would not take away one's income or his breath. There is, in fact, a chance, especially at our summer resorts, for a new inkeeper, who shall be the old inkeeper in a modern and friendly guise.—Saturday Evening Post.

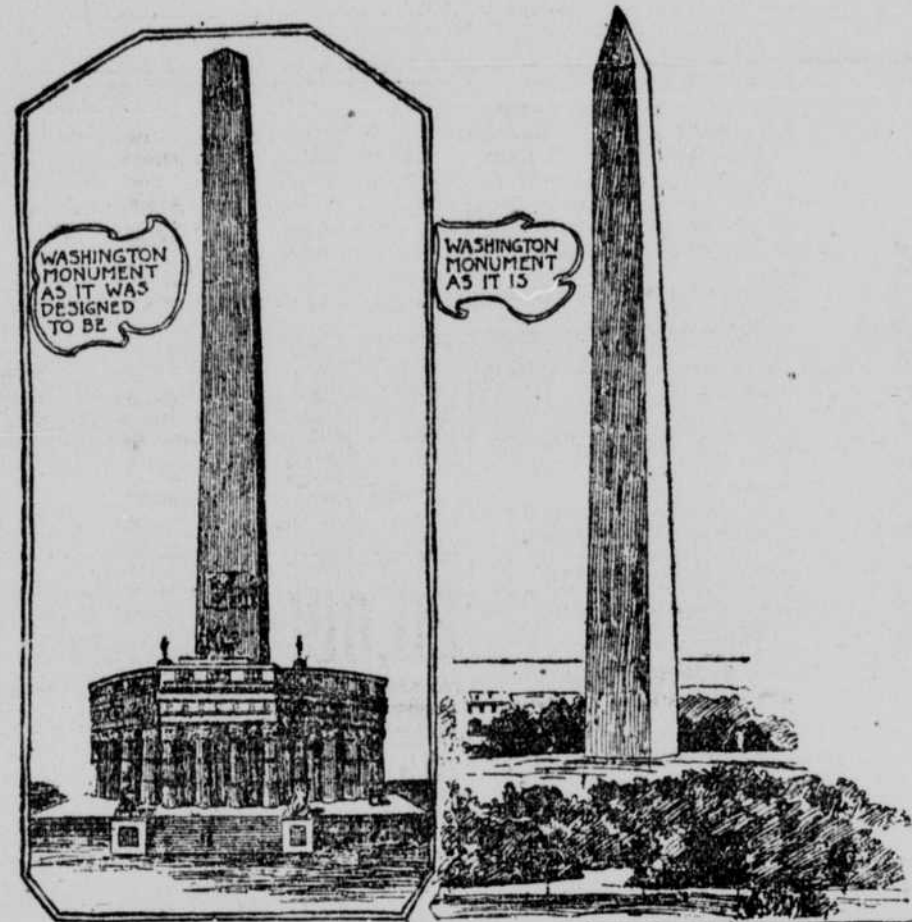
Almost Married to Wrong Man.

What would have been a rather serious complication was averted by the presence of mind of a bride at Towson a night or two ago. To the best man was given the honor of escorting the bride to the altar, while the groom followed with the bridesmaid. Whether the groom and his best man forgot their positions or both went into a trance is not known. They did not exchange places, but stood, the best man with the bride and the groom with the bridesmaid, as the clergyman began the ceremony. Then the bride realized that she was about to be married to "the other man" and objected. In a moment or two she got things straightened out and the ceremony proceeded. It was a narrow escape.—Baltimore Sun.

Forest Lands of America.

For nearly three centuries an increasing army has been chopping away at our forests. Yet more than one-third of the area of the United States is classed as woodland—over 1,000,000 square miles.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.



of the ornate, columnated structure which was to surround the lower part of the great shaft. The work of building went on briskly at first, then languished, and finally stopped entirely. It was not until 1876 that work was resumed upon the monument, and not until 1884 that the shaft was finished. All intention of completing the monument according to the original designs seems to have been abandoned, and there it stands, towering aloft 555 feet above the unfinished world.

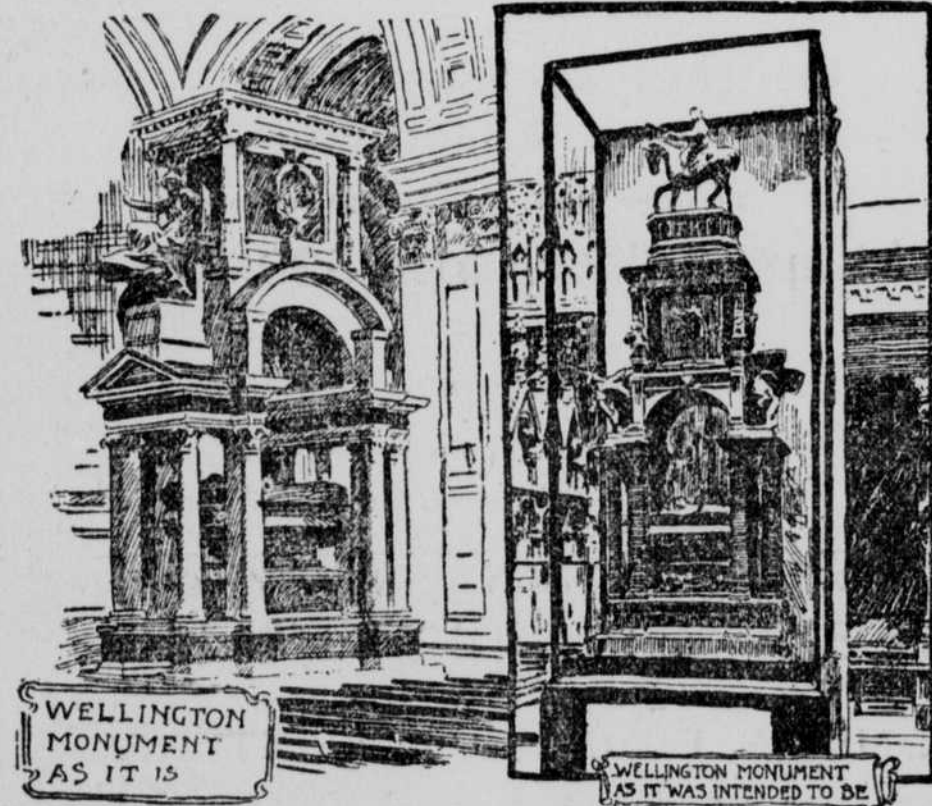
The Grant monument as designed by Mr. Duncan had imposing approaches, with great flights of stairs leading down to the river and many other accessories of which it is now bare. As it is, the monument has an unfinished look, and a glance at the original designs will show how far from completion this memorial to the great general is and is probably destined to remain.

Wellington's Tomb Unfinished. England was exceedingly grateful, too, over Waterloo, and when Well-

spire, and the much-discussed marble arch, which was designed to have a statue on top of it.

And Westminster Abbey Also.

The abbey is perhaps the most widely known specimen of an uncompleted edifice in the world. Wherever the English tongue is spoken "the abbey makes us we;" yet it never has been finished and probably never will be. The disastrous attempt at completing it made by Sir Christopher Wren when he put up the two incongruous square towers on the west front is a well-known architectural crime, the results of which are enough to frighten off any other architect from trying his hand on the ancient edifice. The existing abbey is, in a great degree, the building erected by Henry III, after he had pulled down most of the Confessor's building. It was Henry who erected the chapel of the Confessor which forms the rounded end of the choir, or the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory that extend around the choir, a considera-



ington died decreed him a public funeral and laid him away in St. Paul's Cathedral to the "noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." But she never finished his tomb. The equestrian statue which was to have surmounted the tomb stands headless in the crypt of the cathedral, propped up by some old lumber and tied about with ropes. Where the head is no one knows—if it was ever made—and the pedestal which was to support the statue was never completed. The house of lords surprised itself into a discussion of the subject a year ago, and all that could be said officially was that the money appropriated for the tomb ran short and the work had been arrested. "In its present stage of development," Yet \$100,000 was appropriated for this tomb fifty years

ago. Nobody seems to care now whether it is ever completed or not. After the lapse of half a century patriotism is not easily transmuted into money. The Iron Duke, however, no doubt sleeps very soundly without his equestrian statue perched above him. The monument as designed by Mr. Duncan had imposing approaches, with great flights of stairs leading down to the river and many other accessories of which it is now bare. As it is, the monument has an unfinished look, and a glance at the original designs will show how far from completion this memorial to the great general is and is probably destined to remain.