



BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!" He whispered while beside her chair he stood...

The Fairy Bird and the Princess.

The Princess Anarant had a dove, which she kept in a golden cage and fed and tended always herself...

The Parrot's Joke.

There is a parrot in Philadelphia and his name is Jim. He is right up to date so far as the grasping of opportunities is concerned...

Wisdom From the Nursery.

"Papa!" cried little Willie, as the clock indicated 3 in the morning. No answer. "Papa!" cried Willie again...

into rows of mirrors and columns, and the beams over their heads grew into noble arches, and the floor became marble...

So the princess' wisdom was proven to the king, her father, who, since he has seen the thousand elephants laden with treasure...

Liberty or Death.

A few miles from the banks of the Alabama river, about fifty miles above the Gulf coast, in a lovely wooded country, is a beautiful army post...

A railroad runs immediately by the post, of which it is one of the stations. Travelers on this road find objects of peculiar interest in seeing there the famous Indian chief, Geronimo...

A pathetic incident, showing the Indian's undying love for liberty, recently occurred at Mount Vernon.

James R. Smith was the first speaker. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will first call your attention to the subject of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one..."

"I was kindly treated," he said, "and well cared for. I had everything I needed or desired, except liberty. That I could not live without..."

"No. They will certainly imprison me, with all its hardships. Perhaps they will shoot me. But I don't care to live without liberty."

Adjoining the house where Jim rules supreme is a coal yard. There are trestles in it on which the hump-back iron horses push cars laden with black diamonds...

Then he waited for his chance. It came the following day. The window where his cage was placed had been put up in order to air the room.

"That is our home," said the knight; and, fastening his horse, he began to chop the wood to get the supper...

"How now?" asked the dove. "Have you no regrets for the twelve castles, the ivory chariot and the velvet dresses?"

"No!" said the princess, stoutly; "I have something that all of them cannot bring, and that is love!"

Hardly had she spoken the words, when the low, smoky walls shot up

A RURAL CAMPAIGN

HOW IT IS CONDUCTED IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK.

The Fight for the Office of Sheriff Leads to Highly Sensational Results—Journalism at Smith City—Current Humor.



THE HON. JAMES R. SMITH, mayor of the city of Smith, and candidate for the office of sheriff...

ver question so that a child of 10 can comprehend it. Mr. Smith is too well known in this county to make it necessary to detail his numerous qualifications...

The above notice, tastefully displayed, occupied all the space on the first page of the Senator, the local paper.

Saturday noon found Smith, Jerky and myself in the town of Red Rock. The first things to attract our attention were a number of flaming posters...

The stand had been erected in the center of the town, and within easy distance of a large saloon. A big crowd had gathered to hear the discussion...

James R. Smith was the first speaker. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will first call your attention to the subject of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one..."

"Allow me to ask the gentleman what he understands by free coinage," interrupted Mr. Holt.

"What do I understand by free coinage? I understand that free coinage is—free coinage. Apaches and half-breeds; what do you understand by it?" roared Smith.

"My platform is to do good to the people, by the people and for the people," began Mr. Holt, rising from his seat with both hands extended above his head.

"My platform is free silver and free whisky. Every mother's son of you have some at my expense while he explains free coinage to the moon. Come on!" yelled the mayor, leading the way to the saloon.

Riley Holt stood with uplifted hands and open mouth, as if turned to stone, as he saw the crowd leave, until I was the only man left for him to speak to.

"Done up! By the Kilkenny cats! Caught like a dod-dotter sucker! I am a pilgrim, I am," exclaimed Mr. Holt.

"Never mind, Riley, I have a plan that will fix him to-morrow night," said a voice from behind the stand.

"Is that you, Dave?" asked Riley. "You bet, and if I do not even up with that crowd to-morrow night my name isn't anything," he replied.

"All right, Dave, my boy! Here is with you! Now let's go over and make it cost him all we can."

Cries of "Vote for Smith! He is our man!" "Smith and his free coinage forever," were some of the confused howls that could be heard above the din in the saloon.

I went to the hotel, which was as quiet as a church, and secured lodgings. Some time toward morning I thought I heard the mayor's voice clamoring for free coinage...

In the morning I learned that the meeting had ended in a row, and an old-timer at that. Guns had been barrelled, with all weapons, except bare knuckles. The mayor and Holt had met in personal combat, and both sides took a hand.

"You ought ter see Jerky swipes Dirty Dave and his crowd. It was just beautiful!" exclaimed an eye-witness.

I informed the mayor of what I had overheard at the stand, but he said Dave would not be likely to show up that night.

The two leaders of the respective parties kept their rooms until dusk, and then quietly stole out, made their way to the meeting-place, and mounted the stand.

The mayor had one eye that looked half-way decent, but the other was of no use except for ornament. His nose and lips were swollen, and his face was badly discolored.

Mr. Holt had both eyes partially closed, and his mouth was twisted to one side. He had to tip back his head to look at the audience.

Mr. Smith arose, and spoke as follows: "Fellow-citizens: The candidates for sheriff do not loom up much for beauty, especially my friend here, who is bucking me for the office. In fact, neither of us is in very good shape to have our pictures taken..."

When the lamps were lighted, the mayor was gone.



"FELLOW CITIZENS: THE CANDIDATES FOR SHERIFF DO NOT LOOM UP MUCH FOR BEAUTY, ESPECIALLY MY FRIEND HERE, WHO IS BUCKING ME FOR THE OFFICE."

"Kidnaped! by the eternal!" shouted Jerky.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "They have stolen our candidate," repeated Jerky, "and we will have to pay a good round price to get him back, or we will get left on the election. Hurry home, and run off 1,000 hand-bills, offering \$100 reward for information of his whereabouts. Head it 'Lost!' so that it will attract attention..."

While delivering a telling speech at Red Rock, last night, the mayor of this city was actually abducted from the stand where he was making the effort of his life. The lights were put out, and the mayor was taken away on a horse. That sneaking reptile, Riley Holt, who is his political opponent, and one Dirty Dave, who was run out of this city for not changing his clothes since the town site was located, and who is a fit companion for Riley, are known to be responsible for the mayor's disappearance...

This city offers a reward of \$100 for any information that will lead to the discovery of the mayor, and if the town of Red Rock had not been dead for the past decade she would be likewise. In all probability the editor of the sheet published in Red Rock will not know of the rascally abduction until he receives this paper. He is a Holt man, and is some years behind the present progressive era. His skull is thick, and consequently there is very little room for brain. He is in the first edition of Darwin, and his correct name is Monkey. If he can get some one to read him and his bird Riley, they may get something of an idea of its meaning during the next month, and then you will see some charging.

The Senator's people are always at home, and would drink a quart of mountain sage-tea for the pleasure of a business call from either or both of the vermin.

We are informed that the red-headed lawyer, who, on the Fourth of July, got drunk and fell out of the stand and broke his arm, and threatened to sue the city for damages, is going to take the stump for Riley. He is a good sample of Red Rock's lawyers, and his stop will show the height of his aspirations.

If our mayor is not set at liberty within forty-eight hours after this publication, there will be several new holes dug, and some of them will be filled with dead politicians. We mean business.

The mayor's wife kicked the bark off all the trees in the front yard, then took her gun, mounted her horse, and started for Red Rock. The town is liable to be aroused to activity in the near future. When villainy is so rampant that a community will steal a candidate for office, and that, too, while delivering a speech, the line should be drawn and stealing punished by hanging.

W. W. GARTNER.

FOR HUMAN ANGELS.

A FLYING MACHINE AT LAST WELL PERFECTED.

Otto Lillenthal, A German Inventor, Comes to the Front With Wings for Everybody—Its Rudder Is Like a Bird's Tail.



THE PROBLEM OF flying has been solved, it is claimed, by a rich scientist in Berlin, Otto Lillenthal, who, undismayed by the failures of the hundreds who have preceded him in the same line of effort, has experimented until he can now claim, apparently with some reason, to have achieved success.

The Lillenthal theory is that birds do not exercise great power in flying, but keep aloft in the air by the particular way in which they manipulate their wings. Reasoning upon these lines, a flying machine has been constructed upon a variety of angles, designed to catch the air in whatever direction it may come, or from whatever quarter.

The affair is built in almost exact imitation of the wings of a bat; the delicate ribs and body are made of willow wood, which is tough but light; the wings are covered with light sheeting, and when spread they have a circumference of twenty square yards. The entire apparatus weighs forty pounds.

Lillenthal began his trials with the new flying machine from the summit of a turret which rises forty feet from the ground. Adjusting the wings as shown in the accompanying illustration, and seating himself upon the skeleton body of the mechanism, which, unfortunately, must be imagined in the drawing, as the artist has considered it so exceedingly frail as to make it indistinguishable, the inventor pushed himself off from the tower top into space, as one would push away a boat from the bank. Working the wings with little effort, the man fluttered through the air, finally reaching a height of 200 feet above the surface, and then descended safely.

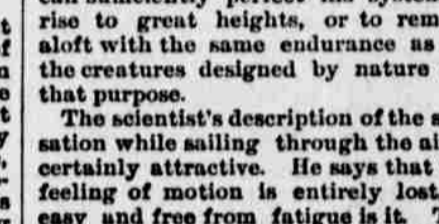
After this experiment, which satisfied him of the practicability of his theory, Mr. Lillenthal resolved to gradually increase the altitude, and for this purpose he went to the steep hill of Rhinover, near Rathenow, which rises to an abrupt height of 330 feet, its side being a stony cliff almost perpendicular. On the top of this hill he built a small tower, making the entire distance from the level 350 feet.

Then he adjusted his flying apparatus and leaped off. Upon his first trial he sank perhaps fifty feet, and then commenced to rise again until he had reached 1,000 feet, and then gradually floated down, alighting gently upon the road.

Repeating his experiments for several days, he eventually reached such perfection that he was able to stand still in the air without moving the wings. He also traveled in circles, steering himself by the appliance which will be noticed in the sketch as a semi-circular attachment, doing the same duty as a rudder as that done by the tail of a bird.

To a moderate degree Mr. Lillenthal appears now to have accomplished the aerial movements of the bird, and it only remains to be seen whether he can sufficiently perfect his system to rise to great heights, or to remain aloft with the same endurance as do the creatures designed by nature for that purpose.

The scientist's description of the sensation while sailing through the air is certainly attractive. He says that the feeling of motion is entirely lost, so easy and free from fatigue is it. The absence also of any stationary objects, which would indicate movement in the



THE FLYING MACHINE. human being, gives the sensation that the earth, instead of the man himself, is in motion.

Electro-Chemical Effects on Magnetizing Iron.

In the proceedings of the Royal society, Mr. T. Andrews calls attention to the electro-chemical effects on magnetizing iron. From a long, finely polished rod two steel bars were cut adjacently, so that they were practically alike in general composition and structure. These bars were both weighed, and then immersed in equal quantities of cupric chloride solution, one of them having previously been magnetized. After a certain time (six to twenty-four hours) they were taken out of the solution, freed from deposited copper and carbonaceous matter, then dried, and again weighed. It was found in every case that the magnetized bar had lost more in weight than the unmagnetized bar. For instance, an average of twenty-nine experiments showed an increase of corrosion in the steel due to magnetic influence of about 3 per cent under the conditions of experiment. It may be mentioned that the bars were not highly magnetized.

The oldest railway in France runs between Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

CASHIER MAY.

His Signature Is the Best Known in the World.

The office of chief cashier of the Bank of England dates from the commencement of the bank's business, in July, 1694, and Mr. F. May, latterly so prominently before the public, is the thirteenth in order of succession, but he is already the sixth in order of length of occupancy of the position.

Of his predecessors the shortest reign was that of Thomas Kenrick, the first chief cashier, who for some reason not now known—perhaps overwhelmed by his responsibilities—retired after only twelve days' service! The longest reigns were those of Thomas Madoxes, forty-one and three-fourths years, and of Abraham Newland, twenty-nine and three-fourths years.

The chief cashier may be regarded almost as a head permanent official of a state department, upon whom falls the duty of perpetuating the traditions of a great and historical institution. Mr. May has been instrumental in introducing many reforms, and is well known to be a strong supporter of the policy of adapting, as far as is consistent with safety, the procedure of the Bank of England to the requirements of modern methods of business.

His name is known, most widely, outside the bank and the city, in connection with the issue of Bank of England notes, and an American puts in



his record of a visit to the bank the following note: "A well-known New York banker had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. F. May, cashier of the bank, whose signature, by the way, is better known than that of any other person in the world, for on every Bank of England note is printed a facsimile of his name in his own handwriting; and I may say here, furthermore, that a Bank of England note is the safest piece of paper in the world. Mr. May received me courteously. He is rather a good-looking Englishman, with a high forehead, clear eyes, short, thin, curly hair, a firm mouth and somewhat of the appearance of a student, although he was a famous oarsman in his day and a good all-round cricketer."

Wanted to Be Unmarried. A young Polish woman, whose maiden name is as unpronounceable as her married name, which is Katerowake, appeared at the Camden city hall this morning and asked City Clerk Varney for a divorce. She declared that her husband had basely deceived her and that further union with him was a marital impossibility.

"How long have you been married, madam?" inquired the clerk. "Since yesterday," came the answer. "What has occurred to disturb your nuptial joy?"

"Why my husband told me he had \$1,000 in bank, owned any quantity of real estate and was going to let me live in clover. I found on getting home that if there was any clover pasture for me I'd have to find it myself. His stories of bank accounts are fables, pure and simple, while the real estate yarn is a hollow mockery."

Mrs. Katerowake was very indignant when told she could not get a divorce outside the chancery court, which would not grant such a document for the reasons detailed by her.

"Humph!" she ejaculated as she left the hall, "it's very funny that the man that married me can't unmarry me."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Scientific Training. Prof. Von Helmholtz, in a recent address to the students of Columbia college in this city, said that the recognized method of scientific work now was collection of knowledge, retention of that knowledge and its communication to mankind. There has been more accomplished by science during the last two centuries than during 2,000 years previously.

Careful observation makes the artist and makes the brilliant scientist. Trace the connection between events and the laws that govern that connection until doing so becomes instinctual. Train the mind so that the strongest impressions will be made by the most important events until this also becomes instinctual. Following the advice of scientists of the last two centuries and go on by careful, accurate, complete observations to great discoveries and great successes.—Scientific American.

Whistling Fireworks. One of the features at the Crystal Palace (London) fireworks display recently was whistling pieces, which in burning give a wild, screaming noise. There is some mystery about how this noise is produced. Messrs. Brock themselves are unable to say, and do not know anybody who can tell them. The firework consists of a stout paper tube 2 1/2 inches in length, and with a bore of about 1/8 inch. About 2 inches of this little tube are stuffed with pierate of potash, leaving 1/4 inch or so empty. When lighted by means of a fuse it does not explode, but burns away with great violence, and with the uncanny shriek which gives the thing its interest. Pyrotechnists have tried many other compositions and many other kinds and forms of tubes, but pierate of potash is the only thing that will give anything but the faintest trace of a whistle.