

HOT WATER HEATING.

MOST ADAPTABLE SYSTEM FOR THE HOME OF TO-DAY.

Supersedes the Radiator and Steam Heater - New Houses Should Be Planned with This Great Comfort in View - Points to Consider.

(Copyright 1896.)

Scarcely a day goes by that does not witness some new application of electricity to the needs of mankind. By common consent the present is called the "Age of Electricity" and so it may not be too much to expect that very shortly this most powerful, but still least understood of natural forces will be utilized to heat our houses as well as to light them.

With the above exceptions in mind, what may be called the latest of heating apparatus is that which makes use of hot water or a combination of hot water and hot air. The use of hot water in one form or another to raise the temperature of a room is by no means new.

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Those rooms that can easily be reached by a direct current of hot air, are heated by registers, while those further away from the furnace are equipped with radiators.

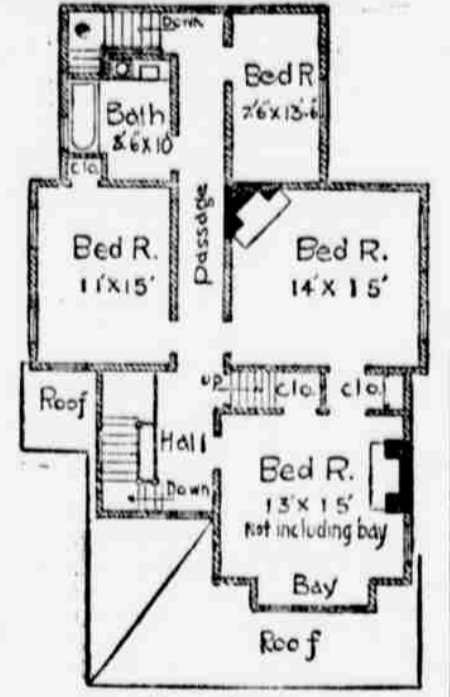
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heated by hot air alone. In so far as the consumption of fuel is concerned, the combination system is as economical as any other; perhaps, indeed, a greater amount of heat can be obtained from a fire of the same size.

ures. The design presented with this is arranged for the use of the combination system (hot air and hot water). A brief description we make as follows: General Dimensions: Width, through library and dining-room, 31 ft. 10 ins.; depth, including veranda, 52 ft. 10 ins.

Interior Finish: Hard white plaster; cellar ceiling plastered one heavy coat. Soft wood flooring throughout.



Colors: All claspboards and sashes, buff. Trim, including water-table, corner boards casings, bands, rain conductors, also front and rear outside doors and outside blinds, Tuscan yellow.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor.

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WHY THE MAN WAS MAD.

He came aboard at 84th street. His lips quivered, his eyes blazed, his breast heaved and it was clear that there was murder in his heart, says the New York Mail and Express.

"Go away, go away. I shall go mad if you do not." He looked it, too. "To think," he remarked after a pause, "to think that my hopes should be ruined thus. Lawyers are dogs and the courts are their kennels. I shall leave that to my heirs that they may take warning. Oh, the brutes!"

KICKING TREES.

Lumbermen Must Know Them and Know How to Keep from Being Kicked. Very few who have ever witnessed the method of lumbering in the Maine forests realize the danger, with its accompanying fascination, the hard, rugged work with its health-giving results or the enjoyments to be found in camp life in the solitary woods, miles from civilization.

The danger from flying limbs or a "kicking" tree as it falls, lodges, or strikes upon a stump or across a log, and swings around or flies back with terrific force, is not noticed by the lumbermen if they are lucky enough to dodge successfully. Another danger that people little realize is that of the teamsters who haul the logs from the stump to the main road.

OVER THE RAPIDS.

A Mighty Perilous Trip Made by a Boatman at Niagara.

Niagara Falls special to a Chicago paper: "There he goes," cried hundreds of people in one accord along the bank of the upper river as Fred C. Heine, a German boatman, shot out into the river just above the American rapids and falls to make the perilous trip across the swiftly-running stream to the head of Goat Island.

"Mustard and Cress."

A charming young hostess, whose residence is on 81st street, has started a pleasant little fad that is growing rapidly in favor among the younger housekeepers of the uptown set. The fad is nothing less than to have fresh and crisp "mustard and cress" served in puris naturalibus, as it grows, on the breakfast table.

Warning from the Grave.

On an ancient gravestone in the Georgetown, Md., cemetery is found the following admonitory epitaph: Stop, traveler; one moment wait, While I my solemn tale relate. With strong ambition, youth and health The world I followed, grasped at wealth Madly despised my Maker's frown And broke my constitution down.

The Colonel's Definition.

"The horse of plenty" repeated the Colonel, pressing his hand to his brow. "That would be difficult to define for any and all circumstances but I should say that five fingers was a good, average figure."

EVIDENCE TO ORDER.

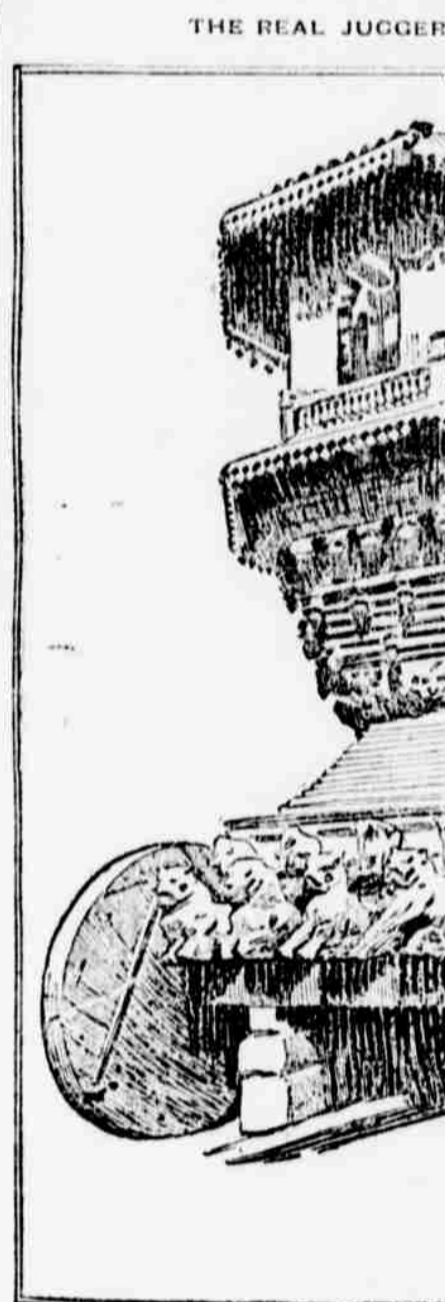
NEFARIOUS TRADE PRACTICED BY SOME DETECTIVES.

Hired to Get Damaging Testimony - If It Cannot Be Found They Manufacture It Out of Fiction - Disastrous Results and Many Victims.



HER appearance indicated clearly that she was not a woman's woman, and yet she was strikingly handsome, says the New York Sun. She was above the medium height, with large, dark eyes, and reddish-brown hair.

THE REAL JUGGERNAUT OF INDIA.



All the world has heard the word Juggernaut. Not half the world knows its vast and ancient significance. To the average New Yorker this day it calls to mind only a death dealing trolley car. But to the East Indian, reared in the faith of his fathers, Juggernaut implies all the religious mysteries, all power and perpetuity.

A correspondent has sent to the Journal an interesting photograph of the great car of Juggernaut before which the Hindoo devotees used to cast themselves, thinking that, so sacrificing their lives, their souls passed at once to Heaven.

Juggernaut (which is Sanserit for Lord of the World) is a name given to the Indian god Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. The temple is in Puri, a town on the Bay of Bengal. The image is a rude one, of wood. The body is red, the face black, the arms gilt. The face is hideously daubed with color. The deity is supposed to be shut up within the cavity of the idol's heart.

The husband came to New York and hired a private detective to shadow his wife. In his anxiety to learn just exactly what his wife did, he like an idiot, told the detective he'd pay him handsomely if he found anything wrong. When her shopping was finished the woman returned home. She hadn't looked twice at a man during the week she was here. That didn't matter to the detective. He reported to the husband that the wife had been guilty of all manner of high crimes and misdemeanors. He gave names and dates and hotels, backed up by affidavits.

It was a pack of lies from beginning to end.

"Was the detective permitted to live? Didn't she have some one who was willing to draw and quarter him?" "Humph!" replied the detective. "He's bobbing up serenely, and is doing the same kind of work for others. That's the way he lives, and there are plenty more just like him."

"Oh, we're not all like that. You see the private detectives here are divided into two classes. In one class are those who do a strictly criminal and corporation business. That is, they run down crooks, forgers, burglars, sneak thieves, and the like, attending at the same time to any detective work that railroad and other corporations have. This class of work is done almost entirely by detective agencies. In comparison with the number of private detectives, there are few of these agencies. They are conducted by men of character and men who have made reputations in their business. They have established places of business, and they number among their patrons some of the best known people in the city.

"There is another class of detectives, though, that includes the choicest collection of blacklegs and scoundrels in the city. Some of them work through agencies, but most of them have their offices in their hats. They style themselves 'social detectives' and 'family watchdogs.' Their business consists almost entirely of shadowing. They cut prominent figures in divorce courts and in getting evidence for shyster lawyers. They find out what kind of evidence is wanted by the persons who employ them, and they make it their business to get it. The notion of hanging evidence on facts never occurs to them. Of course, if they find facts to

these detectives are always served faithfully. There may be honor among thieves, but not among some detectives. They manufacture a case against somebody, and they find out whether that somebody has more money than their employer. If he has, then the skill of the detective as a blackmailer is displayed. He approaches the person against whom he has been employed to get evidence. The sleuth tells his victim something of the nature of the case that has been made out against him, and then suggests that, for a consideration, the evidence may be suppressed. In about five cases out of ten terms are agreed upon and the evidence is suppressed."

CONFESSED THROUGH FEAR.

Murderer Terrified by His Wife's Skele-ton.

Up in New Hampshire the officers of the law have just used with effect that very ancient test by which one accused of murder is suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with some horrible proof of his crime, says the New York World. The oldest form of this test was to take the accused into the presence of the corpse of the murdered human being. The superstition was that if the accused was the murderer the wounds would open and blood flow out of them. The latest example was in the court room at Woodsville, N. H., where Milo Gray was on trial for the murder of his wife. This man Gray, a farmer of absolute life, married a widow, Mrs. Drew. As he was unfaithful to her she took her baby and fled from him. In September, 1891, she decided to go to California and on her way came to East Haverhill, where he lived, to talk to him about the child. Late in the afternoon Gray borrowed a buggy from a man named Jeremiah Barry to take her over to the station and put her on the train. He came back alone toward midnight. Mrs. Gray's relatives wondered why she never wrote to them. Inquiries were made. Gray was suspected. But there was no proof and the matter was forgotten. Oct. 18 last George Brill, a farmer living on the road between East Haverhill and Bath, found the skeleton of a woman under a heap of rubbish in the cellar of his house. With the skeleton were the buttons of a dress, with bits of decayed cloth hanging to them and an abundance of dark-brown hair. At once the dead suspicion leaped to life. It was remembered that the Brill house was empty in 1891, when Gray drove his wife to the station. Barry positively identified the buttons as being like those on her dress and soon a complete chain of evidence was wrapped around Gray. He pleaded not guilty and the trial came on. At the proper time the prosecuting officer snatched a dark cloth from a mysterious, statue-like object that stood within a few feet of the prisoner. Gray leaped back with a shout of fear and horror. It was the skeleton of his wife, its fleshless sockets staring at him, its fleshless jaws opening savagely at him. He shouted out that he would tell the whole story. The story he told was believed by the court and he got only twelve years in the penitentiary instead of the hanging he would surely have got had he not confessed under just those circumstances.

British Critics and Criticism.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in a recent article entitled "Thoughts on Criticism," does not agree with Lord Cockburn in the dictum that Jeffrey is "the first of English critics." "If," asks Mr. Lang, "Jeffrey, with his very limited knowledge, with his yet more limited taste, with the blank places in his perceptions, the numbness, as it were, of many of his sensory nerves—if he, the assaillant of Scott, the carper of Wordsworth, the enthusiast for 'The Paradise of Coquettes'—if he be the first of British critics, is it worth while to be a British critic at all or to read British criticism?"

As to Dr. Johnson, Mr. Lang calls up against him his treatment of "Lycidas" and his general usage of Gray. Against Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lang raises the point that he thought "Enoch Arden" the greatest of all Tennyson's poems, and that Shelley's letters "outshone his songs." Mr. Lang adds: "Really, when we reflect on it, one wonders that we have the courage to do—a bad novel or a minor poet."—New York Tribune.

The House of God.

In the house of God, God, not man, speaks. He gives a divine message through His servant, the pastor of His church, which is inspired by the Holy Spirit, and is merely giving utterance in the medium of language by the man of God. The church is a holy place, for where God is specially appointed to speak to His people nothing should be introduced of a nature to defile.—Rev. G. Hoyme.

A Free Translation.

Pupil rendering into English—And, sir, how dost thou fare to-day? Teacher—Technically correct; but don't you think the translation is a little stiff? Couldn't you give something a little more colloquial? Now, under similar circumstances, what would you say? Pupil (after a moment's reflection)—Say, old man, how's your liver?—Washington Evening Times.

Progression.

The sneers about the monkey ancestry of evolution need not trouble us. It is more encouraging to be a progressive ape who has climbed to what we are, than a fallen angel going the other way. We are not a fallen race, but a family of God's children taking our first lesson in life.—Rev. H. L. Squires.