

A PILOT HOUSE MANSION.

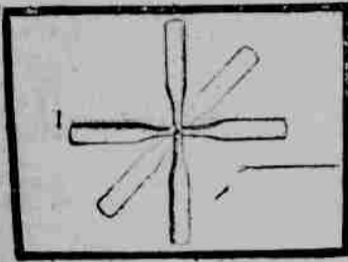


Odd though the habitation which is shown in the picture, it is not, as might be supposed, part of a wrecked vessel. The staunch Puget Sound tug Richard Holyoke still busily picks up off Cape Flattery the big British ships that come with increasing frequency to take cargoes of Northwestern wheat to the ports of the United Kingdom. A few years ago the tug was overhauled at Fort Townsend and her deckhouse rearranged. The old pilot-house was

lifted off bodily and left on the beach. It quickly caught the notice of Charlie Walters, an old longshoreman and fisherman. With the aid of a few cronies he hauled it up beyond high water mark, installed a second-hand stove, and with fragments of driftwood, fitted up a dwelling that is far from uncomfortable. Old Charlie himself is shown in the picture, seated on the bow of an abandoned small boat, another gift from the beach.

BOOMERANG FOR BOYS.

Novel among toys is a boomerang, and the principle on which it is constructed is highly ingenious. Three or more vanes, which are so formed that they can be readily grasped by the



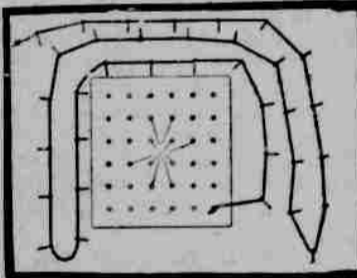
hand, radiate from a common center, and in order that they may cleave the air while they are rotating they are beveled on one side.

Furthermore, with the object of increasing their impetus the rear edges of the vanes are thicker than those in front. At the ends of the vanes are weights, which are of greater specific gravity than the material of which the vanes are made.

A boy, it is claimed, can soon learn to become an expert marksman with this toy. Another merit which it possesses is that it admirably illustrates the manner in which its prototype, the deadly boomerang, should be handled and thrown—a subject about which European and American boys know very little.

PEG AND ROPE PUZZLE.

Several small blocks and a cord divided into a number of parts form the new puzzle which is shown in the accompanying picture. The blocks are arranged in equidistant parallel rows, and the various parts of the cord correspond in number with the blocks.



and are distant from them the length of a diagonal line of a rectangle which is formed by six or more of the blocks. Finally, in the blocks are holes, and secured to the various parts of the cord are pins, which are designed for the purpose of remaining fast in the holes when they are in proper position.

The puzzle consists in so manipulating the various parts of the cord that each part will be brought in contact with its corresponding block. A novice may fancy that it is easy to fasten the pins in the holes, but a trial will soon convince him that it is quite a difficult undertaking.

FLOWERS MADE BY FROST.

During very cold weather King Frost never fails to leave proofs of his artistic skill on the windows of rooms which are not heated, and wonderfully delicate and chaste are the crystalline figures which are traced by him on the smooth panes of glass. A notable specimen of his work in this line is shown in the



accompanying picture, which represents a portion of a frost-covered window in a country house in Germany. The Germans call the fantastic designs which appear on the windows in winter "ice flowers," and those who saw the window shown in the picture say that King Frost excelled himself on this occasion. So beautiful indeed was his work that an artist promptly made an exact copy of it.

The tiny crystals on the window were arranged symmetrically and in such a manner as they represented either a bush with many offshoots or a mass of coral with branches in all directions.

The Russian government has appointed a commission to investigate the conditions of the coal mines in Russia, with a view to

WHEN CATS BEGIN TO BITE.

When cats begin to bite, Lor' me,
Way down the sleepy bend,
Where blackbirds chatter merrily
And sky and treetops blend;
It sort of leads a man with dreams
Of bayous cool as night
And spirits washed in sparkling streams,
When cats begin to bite.

When cats, those chuck-head cats, begin
To dart amid the deeps,
And with dilated gill and fin
Arise the drift which sleeps,
A fellow breaks the Sabbath and
Most any day or night
To tread the river's crunching sand
When cats begin to bite.
—Will Chamberlain in the Elk Point, S. D. Leader.

The Mysterious Box.

BY HON. W. H. (BUCK) HINRICHSSEN.

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Were at Forest Lake for a six weeks' outing, Mattie and I, and I was really enjoying myself, though there were some unpleasant conditions. You see, Mattie and I were reared in the same village. Our people were respectable, though not rich, and we went to Chicago to make our living soon after graduating from the high school. Mattie was a stenographer, I a bookkeeper. We had positions together. We had admirers, of course, for we were by no means ill looking. Many people thought I was the prettiest. Most of our callers were young men in no position to marry, so there could be nothing serious in their intentions. One, however, was different from the others. He was a plumber, past 50, and not very well preserved. His name was Hiram Mason.

I can assure his calls were at first intended for me, but I did not encourage him, so he turned to Mattie. He proposed to her in a week, was accepted, and in another month they were married. How I pitied her, but I said nothing. They went to housekeeping in a pretty cottage which Mr. Mason owned, and appeared very happy. In a year Mr. Mason died and Mattie was left a widow, and a rich widow at that, for her husband was wealthy, a fact which she had kept concealed from me.

She wore mourning for a year and then began to go into society. Not in the circle she desired, but such society as she could command. I called on her at her cottage frequently, and one day she proposed that I should accompany her for a six weeks' vacation at Forest Lake.

"I will pay expenses, Julia," she said, "and we will call me your chaperone." I was delighted, of course, and accepted this kind invitation. We had a nice room at a little hotel, or rather boarding house. Mattie posed as my chaperone, but in speaking of our relations always mentioned that I was older than she. This white lie was not pleasant, and was wholly unnecessary.

There were about 20 guests of both sexes at our boarding place. Among them was Mr. Whitcomb, a newspaper man, about 30 years old, very handsome and entertaining. He was very polite to Mattie and me, but she declared she disliked him, and said repeatedly that she wished he would keep away from us.

Mattie had more curiosity than any person I ever knew, and her dislike for Mr. Whitcomb was, I thought, due to his refusal to gratify this curiosity in regard to a certain matter. He was frequently seen carrying a box of light colored wood, highly polished, and bound in brass, and the first time Mattie saw it she wondered what it contained. She asked him and he parried the question in a way to still further excite her curiosity.

"What can the box be for, I wonder," she said to me a dozen times. I laughed and told her it was of no consequence, but she said she would never be contented till she found out.

Mr. Whitcomb's room was in the same hall with ours, and in passing his open door one day we glanced in, and there lay the box on a chair. It was innocent looking and about the size of an ordinary dress suit case.

"I'll steal it," and examine it some time when he is away," she muttered, spitefully.

She bored me about the box until I grew impatient, and I finally told her that it was of no interest to me.

Well, we had been there several weeks when, one Saturday, after we had gone to bed, Mattie began talking about that everlasting box. I groaned and said: "Please let me sleep."

"Now, Julia," said she, "you old dear, wake up long enough to listen to me, just this time."

"Go ahead," I replied sleepily. "I am going to find out about that box tonight."

"You know Mr. Whitcomb went to the city this evening to stay till Monday. He did not take the box along, I know. As I came through the hall I tried his door and found it unlocked, and just as soon as everyone is asleep we can slip in and examine it at our leisure."

"Pshaw," I replied, "I won't go." "I'll go alone, then."

"As you like." "Won't you go with me?" she asked. "No," I muttered.

I saw her step out into the hall in her nightdress, and then I went to sleep. When I woke it was coming daylight. Mattie was by my side and she was trembling.

"What's the matter?" I asked, for she felt chilly as if she had just come to bed.

"Nothing, dear," she replied. "I went to sleep again and was aroused by the breakfast bell. Mattie was already up and had gone downstairs."

I dressed and went to the dining-room. Mattie was there. So was Mr.

Philippines as Gamblers.

In gambling the Philippines are the most persistent race on earth. As soon as a servant or day laborer gets a small stake he stops work and gambles to get rich quick. Monte and cock-fighting are the choice methods. If successful at play the Filipino never works more; if he loses everything he will do anything to regain his losses.

An Eye for Harmony.

Mr. Simpson—is your musical director a man of ability?
Miss Jenkins—Oh, yes; at our concert he placed all the prettiest girls in the front row.—Detroit Free Press.

There are eight printing offices in

Whitcomb. She blushed scarlet when I entered the room.

"So the railroad accident prevented your going to town last night," said one of the gentlemen.

Whitcomb nodded and looked slightly confused.

A horrible suspicion assailed me. As soon as breakfast was over I took Mattie up to our room, though she seemed unwilling to go.

"My dear," I said, "Mr. Whitcomb was in his room when you went in there last night," and I looked severe.

She blushed, and, catching me in her arms, said:

"We are engaged, and are to be married this week."

"Is it not rather sudden?"

"Perhaps, but I was in no position to refuse when he asked me."

"But I thought you disliked him."

"I thought so too, but I know now that I love him dearly."

"But about the box?"

"He keeps his laundry in it."

They were married that week, and it broke up our outing, but Mattie always was a little selfish.

I was consoled by Mr. Whitcomb, who said he would bring some nice fellows to see me, and he did. His people were in society, and Mattie's money enabled her to cut quite a figure in their circle, so she is happy. Mr. Whitcomb gave up his position and devoted himself to the management of his wife's property. I spend a great deal of time with them, and am to be married from their home as soon as the proper man can be found to officiate as bridegroom.

CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Spoken and the Written Are Entirely Different.

Leslie's Weekly: It has been the popular impression that the Chinese language, like the Chinese people themselves, was a curious compound, and almost beyond the comprehension of an Occidentalist. But it is a matter of interest to know what some of its peculiar difficulties are, as they were stated by Prof. Herbert Allen Giles, the English Orientalist, in a recent lecture before Columbia university. It seems, according to this authority, that there are really two distinct Chinese languages, the spoken and the written. The former may be easily acquired, but the latter, the "book language," is a study of a lifetime. Few people can read a Chinese book or write a Chinese letter, and women in particular seem to fall in this.

The Chinese never possessed a grammar. The language is beyond rules. It is always spoken in monosyllables, root ideas, which are adapted to surrounding circumstances and suffer no change. There is no gender, no inflection. Sounds to the number of 429 represent 42,000 words. They are distinguished by subtle modulations of tone. The Chinese written language is uniformly understood all over China, and is practically the same today as it was 2,500 years ago. It looks like a mass of signs, dots, and dashes, but is really intelligible. To express the words "factory" and "treacherous" the Chinese employ the character meaning "woman" with other characters. "Friendship" is indicated by two hands, "greatness" by the sun and moon, and so on. Originally drawings, the characters are now words.

SUSPECTS HIS RECTOR.

And He Has Good Grounds, Indeed, for His Suspicion.

New York Telegram: "I may be mistaken, but I can never get any inspiration from the rector of our church again," the pious man remarked as he ordered lemon and seltzer in a cafe near Herald square, just to show that he was not a slave to the drink demon. "Do you see that half dollar? Yes, it's lead, and a rank counterfeit. If it were not I could still get light from the clergyman I have mentioned. As it is now I have—well, I am suspicious, to say the least."

"What am I talking about? Well, I put that veritable half dollar in the collection plate last Sunday morning. No, there cannot be any doubt about it. Just look at that mark some doubting Thomas has put on it. That mark was there when it came into my possession. Wait a moment now and I will tell you what all that has got to do with the clergyman. Sunday I put the coin in the plate. The next day I strolled into a place—somewhat against my will, I must confess—and bought a glass of ginger ale. I gave a dollar bill to the man and received the change. This half dollar was in that change, and, as the church treasurer happens to be away and the clergyman is handling the funds, it struck me as a strange coincidence."

"Perhaps it was sinful in me to put such a coin in the plate, but I believe the Bible says somewhere that one sin discovers another, and the men who handle the Bible knew what they were talking about."

Substitute for Sleep.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican: A London paper says that the health of people in fashionable society is being dangerously threatened by a new drug which is properly regarded as a substitute for sleep. Very discreetly it declines to name this dangerous substance. When tea was first introduced in Europe it was commended for the same virtues, and it was believed that it would no longer be necessary to waste seven or eight hours in sleep. But extended experience has shown the disastrous results of cutting short the period of natural rest, and keeping awake by the help of tea, and there is no reason to suppose that chemists will ever be able to devise any substitute for sleep which will not in the long run bring nervous breakdown.

Comparison.

"Would you like to trade your mule for this automobile?" asked the inattentive tourist.
"No, sir," answered Mr. Ernest Pinkley. "Ef a mule gits contrary, you kin always depend on him to move when he gits hungry. But, when a automobile balks, de case is hopeless."—Washington Star.

Every Little Helps.

"We've got a little more room in our flat now."
"That so?"
"Yes, we've just scraped the paper off the walls."—Philadelphia Press.

PICTURES DRAWN IN SMOKE.



Could anyone looking at the pictures here reproduced, ever think that they were literally made out of smoke? Yet they were, and several persons in Europe are now spending much of their time at work of this kind.

The only materials necessary for such an artist are a lighted wax taper or candle, two or three delicate brushes and a plate made of porcelain, china or any similar substance, the only indispensable condition being that its surface must be level and uniform. This plate should be carefully cleaned, as the least trace of grease or moisture would spoil the work.

The first step is to cover the surface

of the plate with black smoke by means of the lighted taper, and the picture is then made by removing the black from certain parts of the plate. This may be done with brushes or with the point of one's fingers. If too much black happens to be taken away from any spot through a blunder, it can easily be replaced by the lighted candle.

As soon as the picture is made the plate should be slightly warmed and over its surface should then be poured some transparent varnish. In a few hours this varnish will be dry and the picture will be permanently preserved.

CAT HAS GOLD TOOTH.

Here is a handsome young Maltese cat which boasts of a gold tooth. She is the pet and, although Dainty—that is the name to which she responds when summoned to the milk saucer—is only 6 or 7 months old, she is probably the only kitten in America with a mouth so ornamented. Hence she is duly proud of her unique and distinguished position in aristocratic cat circles, and is proud of exposing her gold tooth for the admiration of human beholders.

Several weeks ago Dainty's master noticed that one of her incisors was not as strong as it should be for the mastication of fish and other delicacies highly esteemed by feline epicures, so he resolved upon the gold tooth.

Accordingly, Dainty was elevated to the throne of misery commonly known as the dentist's chair, carefully secured



to prevent her good teeth and better claws from interfering with the work in hand or the dentist's cuffs, and within an hour or so, lo! there was Dainty with a sword-like incisor of the purest gold.

Dainty took kindly to the new tooth immediately and purred her gratitude. Indeed, she was quite set up about it, and went among the doctor's assistants and servants, soliciting their attention. Now she is a regular show feature of the establishment. Every time a visiting—beg pardon, patient—enters Dainty makes for him or her, yawns widely and ostentatiously reveals the glittering tooth.

Dainty is remarkable for many other things. She is extraordinarily intelligent and has been taught a score or more of tricks, which she performs readily when requested. She can make a standing jump of six feet ten inches and pass through a small hoop. She can also leap from the floor to her master's shoulder, but after the performance of this feat Dainty insists that the doctor shall brush her soft coat with a whisk broom.

Every morning she is served with an egg, medium boiled. This she eats from an ordinary egg cup, using her paw to convey the contents to her mouth. Should the cook prove so remiss as to boil the egg a trifle hard, presto! away go cup, egg and all, angrily flung about by the indignant puss, who will then quarrel and scratch until an egg of the proper consistency is set before her.

Dr. George A. Barton, professor of Biblical literature and Semitic languages at Byrn Mawr college, will go to Palestine in June to take charge of the school of oriental research, with headquarters in Jerusalem, an institution supported by 21 schools and colleges in the United States. Each year a director for the school is selected from the faculty of one of the institutions interested. This year the choice fell to Dr. Barton, and he has been granted a year's leave of absence from Byrn Mawr college to assume charge of the work.

A TRUMPET VIOLIN.

Remarkably extraordinary is a musical instrument which has just been invented. It can best be described as a violin which has a trumpet in place of the ordinary sounding board. This trumpet is made of aluminum and is firmly secured to the violin. The vibrations of the strings are produced by



means of a diaphragm, which is connected with the trumpet.

Miss Ethel Lynd played on this instrument in London recently and attracted much attention, not only from professional musicians, but also from members of the Royal Institute. The latter examined the instrument carefully and were highly pleased with the sounds which it produced.

The music of a trumpet differs widely from that of a violin, yet it is said that when the two are played together, as they virtually are on this instrument, most melodious sounds are the result.

HOOKS FOR BABIES.

It seems incredible that the twentieth century women living in a civilized country should treat their infants in the manner in which they do in certain districts of France.

When they are obliged to leave their infants alone for an hour or so they never fail to place them out of farm's way by hanging them either from the ceiling or from one of the walls of the room. They have a rope with a loop for this purpose, and all they have to do is to fasten the rope to the cradle or clothes of the child and then place the loop over a hook, which is always fixed at a considerable distance from the ground.

That infants in such a cramped position are not comfortable can readily be seen; indeed, it is said that many of these unfortunate little creatures are seriously injured through such treatment. Happily this barbarous custom is not as much in vogue now as it was some years ago.

Will Not Work in Rain.

"There's a queer thing about Italian laborers," said a contractor who employs a great many of them, "and that is that they absolutely refuse to work in the rain. Stop a minute and think. Did you ever see a gang of them working in the streets, digging trenches or doing any other manual labor, in the rain? Well, you never did, and probably never will. Just as soon as a shower sets in no matter how slight, they will scramble for cover. If the rain continues they will soon complain of feeling sick, and knock off for the day. One fellow will have a sore throat, another will be doubled up with pains in his stomach, and others will suddenly acquire equally severe ailments of all sorts. It is useless to attempt to do anything with them, and pretty soon they will all go tramping home. Why is it? I suppose it's their natural antipathy to water."—Philadelphia Record.