

# LANDMARK IS FALLING

## The World-Famous "Bridge of Sighs" is in Danger of Collapse.

The most fascinating structure in the world, "The Bridge of Sighs" of Venice, is in danger of collapse.

Unless the slow-moving Italian government officials take some quick steps to save it, the stone arch which poets and novelists have immortalized for centuries may fall and disappear in the dark waters of the canal which it spans.

The walls of the Palace of the Doges, on which one end of it rests, are crumbling. So are those of its other foundation, the walls of the adjoining prison.

The Bridge of Sighs spans the Rio della Paglia and connects the ducal palace with the career or prisons. The bridge dates from 1597. It is a graceful arch, 32 feet above the water, enclosed at the sides and arched overhead. It contains two separate passages, through which persons were led for trial or judgment. It is in the rear of the palace and hangs over the dark waters of the narrow canal.

The poetic sentiment attached to the bridge, which gave it the famous name it still bears, arose from the belief that many a political prisoner, innocent of wrong-doing, was led over this span and down into the dungeons below, whence there was no escape. So damp and foul are these cells that they are called "wells." Travelers in search of the hideous always visit them. Their gloom and horror have been painted in words in Dickens' "Pictures from Italy." Standing on the Bridge of Sighs, Byron wrote his splendid poem on the rise and fall of Venice.

That the stability of the foundations of any great building in Venice should cause anxiety is by no means remarkable. It is known, of course, that the mediaeval architects of Northern Italy were men of extraordinary ability; but their skill exhibited itself more in the artistic than in the engineering side of their profession.

In the latter branch they may almost be looked upon as experimentalists, and in view of the nature of the soil of Venice the wonder is that their structures have lasted five or six hundred years, especially when it is remembered that they did not scruple to add great weight in the way of superstructures to buildings which had been erected for centuries without strengthening the foundations.

This is probably the origin of the mischief at the Ducal Palace, where the beautiful thirteenth and fourteenth century arcades have been crowned in later times by a heavy, solid upper story, which detracts from both the artistic beauty and the stability of the edifice.

The Venetian architects take the most optimistic views, and there is always a local belief that what has gone on for a long time will go on a little longer. But the Superior Council of the Fine Arts in Rome has repudiated further responsibility of the building, and the alarmed government has telegraphed to Signor Bolto at Milan to proceed at once to Venice and report.

Another notable construction of Italy that is reported endangered by impending plans of improvement was the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. Ponte Vecchio is the most picturesque of Florentine bridges and was built by Taddeo Gaddi in the fourteenth century. Here the goldsmiths and their shops. Here Cosimo I. saw and loved his



BRIDGE OF SIGHES, VENICE.

the unfortunate Camilla Martelli, a jeweler's daughter. In the middle of the bridge an open loggia gives views up and down the river, "as in a frame," says Dickens. Should both of these famous landmarks be destroyed the loss could never be repaired.

### IS PARIS IMPREGNABLE?

New Fortifications Constructed Since 1870.

The French have been taught wisdom by past experience, and as a result have planned, and a few years ago finished, a system of fortifications round Paris which are probably unequalled for the purposes for which they are intended by any similar fortifications in the world. A well-informed military writer, a member of the general staff of the German army, has given it as his opinion that a suc-

cessful siege of Paris would be, under present conditions, an impossible undertaking. The new fortifications that surround the French capital, says Pearson's, are some fifteen or twenty miles from the city, and are connected with Paris and with each other by a railway system which would enable the French commander to quickly mass at one point a very large body of men, while the general of the besieging army, if he wished to prevent the city from obtaining supplies and thus shut in the people and the army that was defending it, would have to occupy a line extending more than 100 miles, and hence could not by any possibility collect a large number of his force at any one point to resist with even a shadow of hope an attack of the enemy. It required a German army of, approximately, 500,000 men to lay siege to Paris from September 19, 1870, to January 20, 1871; but the authority we refer to is of the opinion that to repeat the same operation a German besieging army would have to number more than 2,000,000 men, and the work of maintaining such a force and properly handling its parts would be something which few governments would care to undertake and few military commanders would be able to efficiently perform.

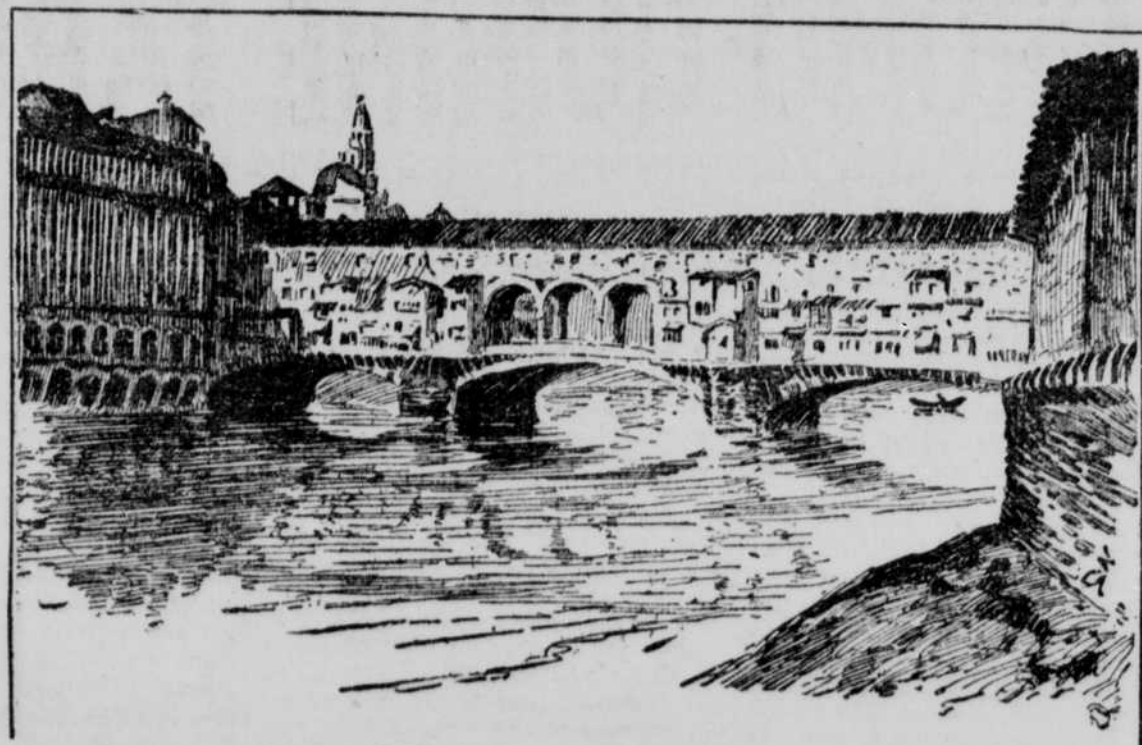
The French have spent upon these new fortifications an amount variously estimated at from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000, and hence can well afford to sell the land occupied by some of the now obsolete fortifications of a generation ago.

### To Strengthen the Hair.

Take an egg, well beaten, and rub in scalp well, wash out with warm water, use no soap, except tar soap once in a while. This keeps the head free from dandruff, while the eggs stimulate the roots of the hair and make it grow. It is not necessary to use the soap when using the eggs.

If we are judged by our company that may be why some men dislike being alone.

Don't look upon the wine list that can't be read.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

### HARD-WORKED LIVERS.

An Organ That Performs Many Functions.

The liver is the jack-of-all-trades of the body. Most organs are satisfied with doing their own particular business, "one man one job," but there would seem to be quite four or five distinct functions for this important organ. In the first place, each one of its millions of minute cells acts as a filter, guarding the portals of the blood from intrusion. Our food may have undergone the ordeal of digestion, but before it is allowed to circulate and nourish the body it must be carried to the liver, which examines and promptly eliminates any particle likely to be injurious to the health. Then again, as a tonic manufacturer the liver is without a rival. It prepares a special medicine, and every now and again sends a dose to the stomach to induce it to work properly. Whenever the liver has a little time to spare from its other duties it manufactures a stock of this medicine (the bile) and saves it up in the gall-bladder until required. Moreover, the liver selects all the insoluble fats of our food, and by dividing them into very tiny globules and making a soap of them with an alkali, so liquefies them that they can be absorbed in the ordinary way. The super-fatted livers of the Strasburg geese (used in making the famous pate de foie gras) have been so overworked that they have entirely lost this soap-making power. One of the most curious things done by the liver is to deal with any starchy substances that are insoluble, and gradually transforming them into a strange material that is found nowhere else in nature—namely,

animal sugar. This sugar (glycogen) cannot be imitated by the most clever chemist, and it is carefully saved in the body so as to compensate for any deficiency in the supply of the ordinary kind. Whether we consider the liver as a filter or a soap-boiler, or an apothecary or a sugar-maker, we find it doing each kind of work as though that one were its sole care.

### BLASTING WITH STEAM.

To Be Generated in a Cartridge by Electricity.

H. Schaw, an English engineer, suggests high pressure steam instead of inflammable explosives to blow out coal or ore in mines. Briefly the suggestion is that a cartridge of pure water lodged in a shot-hole should be converted into steam at a pressure of about 150 pounds per square inch by means of electricity of low tension, the cartridge or boiler to be made of such strength that it would burst at about this pressure, when the force set at liberty would break down the coal. Mr. Schaw made an experiment to ascertain whether it would be possible to boil water by the heat produced by a current of electricity passing through a platinum wire similar to that used for firing mines immersed in water, and found that it was successful. Mr. Schaw is of opinion that at the moment when the boiler bursts the wire will fuse, and the electric circuit will be broken, and no risk of ignition of fire-damp or coal dust will remain from the heated wire. But the main question is, Would this force be sufficient? It is, of course, very much in-

ferior to the expansive force of gunpowder, or other explosive. Mr. Schaw continues: "Under the supposition, however, that the force so developed would be sufficient to break down the undercut coal in a mine, the writer thinks that the practical working of the proposed method would present no great difficulties, and that it would be perfectly safe in any coal mine; and this is its only recommendation, for it certainly would be more expensive and troublesome than the usual methods of blasting. As an approximation, the writer would observe that a water cartridge 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 3 1/2 inches in length, to be used in a two-inch blast hole, would hold about 8.4 cubic inches of water. It would be converted into high pressure steam and burst the cartridge in about 1 1/2 minutes with the electric power the writer suggests, and would thus exert a sudden force of about one and one-third tons.

Consumption of Quinine. The people of the United States consume one-third of the total quinine output of the world. The average consumption per head is 20 grains annually. The cinchona tree, which furnishes quinine, Peruvian bark, and calisaya bark, is a native of the western South American coast countries, more particularly Peru; yet but a comparatively small portion of the world's product now comes from that region. Cinchona trees have been transplanted in Java and British India, and the bulk of the quinine used now comes from these countries. Don't send for a physician if you are love-sick.

## IN FAR-AWAY TAHITI

### PLACE WHERE MONEY IS NOT A NECESSITY.

#### Luxury, Ease and Idleness in the Sunny South Sea Islands—People Are Satisfied with What Nature Has Given Them.

From the New York Times: The earth is God's footstool—so wise men wrote. If it is, then the little island of Tahiti is the golden tassel on the footstool. On this favored paradise in the far Pacific landscape and life merge into a delicious dream, and both are impressionist. Neither will submit to photography or the pen. Years of study cannot itemize the picture. To those who have visited the coral-reefed spot there lingers forever in the memory a soft haze of shifting light and shade—a wilderness of happy silence and everlasting ease. Think of a generous reef-bound expanse of clear, transparent water, in whose limpid depths swim myriads of funny dwarfs dazling the changing colors of the dying dolphin. Below them a garden of coral—the roses of the sea—blossoming in a thousand tints. A long, low stretch of beach, bordered by tall cocoanut trees, palms and ever-blooming bushes. Long rows of cheerful cottages almost hidden by the spreading branches of the bread fruit trees. Tall mountain peaks, rising until they are lost in a lacework of clouds. Brawny men darting here and there in fruit-laden canoes, and beves of dark-eyed girls strolling idly along the sward. That is Tahiti as seen from the side of the incoming ship—the most exquisite, fascinating and gorgeous spot on the face of the earth. No one ever went to Tahiti without leaving with a pang of regret, and I can join in the score of writers, from Charles Warren Stoddard to Robert Louis Stevenson, who have visited its shores, and say a few months spent in its sunshine and in the hospitality of its people can never, never be forgotten. Tahiti lies somewhere in that mysterious part of the south Pacific where two days are rolled into one in order to set aright the conventional calendar; where tomorrow becomes today with a subtle charm that is almost overwhelming. You go there by a little white brig from San Francisco, which skims over the waters of the west, taking up the best part of a month before landing you in this world of idleness and peace.

Life in Tahiti is the nearest approach to the ideal in all the world. Outside of its principal city, Papeete, which is the commercial center of all the islands in the Society group, of which Tahiti is one, the natives pass their days in a listless dreaminess, at peace with themselves and all the world. Fancy being in a land where money is spurned. I once had the audacity to offer a Tahitian a dozen dollars for staying at his home, eating his food and talking him nearly to death, revealing to his untutored mind the wonders of the United States, and to my surprise he threw it to the ground, having been greatly insulted. The only payment that a Tahitian wants for his hospitality is for the person to whom it is offered to accept it.

Much more than has been written has been heard about the lovely Tahiti girl. Tall, languorous, with the modesty of a Castilian, walking like a queen in her Mother Hubbard gown and her flower-wreathed hat (with these two articles the attire of the Tahiti girl ends), with her long, black hair, glistening with cocoanut oil, hanging to her waist, she is one of the most attractive of her sex. Besides many personal charms that might turn the head of an anchorite, she possesses the most attractive gifts. Her eyes are black, her countenance is expressive, and, though the warm sun has tinged her cheeks with a hue of brown, her complexion is as clear as the sky above her. Best of all, she owns her own little home, where roses always bloom and the bread fruit tree and taro plant grow in profusion. A certain acreage of land surrounding it is hers also, and she is absolutely independent and can do exactly as she likes—and she does. Every night in Papeete scores of girls and men come down the byways leading to the market-place, where they congregate to sell their strings of flowers and shells and to join in the daily festivities. Finished with their evening meal, they come to gossip, dance and make merry. Around the great fountain, throwing its silver bubbles to the big red stars, they chant their soulful music to the wailing strains of an accordion. Bursts of hissing hilarity come from the Spanish-like edifices that surround the market-place. Shy damsels promenade with the visiting Europeans, the officers of the French men-of-war, the array of municipal officials, and their own brawny lovers, exchanging the same old secrets that have been handed down through the mystery of ages. So the evening passes in melody and love. Then the curfew on the little white Catholic church tells that the hour of 10 has come and the great mass of merry-makers suddenly stop their buzzing pleasures and silently file down the long lanes along the beach and through the cocoanut groves to the rows of thatched cottages. Red and radiant, the mellow moon fills the air with a magic light. The dead silence filled with heavy perfume is broken only by the unceasing pounding of old ocean against the barrier of coral, sending a hollow, rolling boom over the pallid sea. One by one the lamps go out, the mosquito nets are

spread around the bedsteads, and Tahiti is asleep.

The American who visits Tahiti for the first time will find himself in a land entirely unlike any other place in the world. The conventionality of introduction there is barred. In Papeete, of course, where the seat of government is situated, and where the foreign consuls reside, a certain form of society and dress is kept up which somewhat resembles American forms. But out in the districts, out in the deep valleys by the rivers, where the cocoanuts grow, and vanilla and coffee plantations thrive in the sun, there is where the visitor banishes his foreign customs and becomes a native. It is not customary to wait for an invitation before visiting a Tahitian. Just go. Walk into his plantation and up to his door. You will find it open, and you will not be greeted by a dog that loves to show his teeth or a servant with a salver. You will be greeted by the host himself—brawny, muscular and smiling—with outstretched hands. He will call all his family and all his neighbors to see how he has been honored. He will give you the best chair, and tell his boy to stand by and fan away the robust mosquito. He will get you young cocoanuts to drink, and grapes that would pale those of Hamburg hothouse fame, and when you have been refreshed he will show you to your room, and tell you to lay your American clothes aside, and to dress in Tahiti fashion. This consists of a sugar cane hat, a white shirt, and a pareu—a piece of colored print about four feet square, which is wound around the waist.

### WHY HE TOOK SALLY BAKER, Jim Didn't See \$2 Difference in Any Two Girls.

"One of the most practical-minded negroes that I ever knew," said Mr. C. R. Nutt of Maryland to the Washington Post man, "was a colored boy who waited on me years ago on a plantation down in Mississippi. This Jim was as black as Erebus, but his heart was gold. He saddled my horse, blackened my boots, went to the town for mail and, in short, was a general utility man. About a year after I joined the ranks of the benedicts Jim came to me one morning with a serious face and said he wanted to consult me on a very important subject. I told him to state his business, which he did in a few words. He said: 'Mars Cal, I notice you is doing much better since you done got yoreself a wife, and I tuk it in my head dat I jes' foller along after you. I wants to marry a gal what I think will make me a good wife and have come to ax you to git a pair of licenses, 'case all de niggers what amounts to anything buys demselves licenses. You knows de gal dat I am intendin' fur to marry. She lives over on de Russell plantation, and her name is Ella Johnson. I used to think I liked Sally Baker de best, but uv late I come to de conclusion I'd ruther take Ella. So, ef you is goid' up to town today, please don't forgit dem licenses, and I've done brought you de money to pay for 'em. At this stage Jim pulled out the necessary funds and I promised to get the document for him that day. On the day following I sent for him to hand over the paper that I had procured from the county clerk. He begged me to read it for him, as he was unlettered, and the African minister he had bargained with was rather uncertain also. I read it over, and Jim broke out in an excited way: 'Hold on, marster, you shurely have made a big mistake. I told you dat Ella Johnson was de girl I 'spected to marry, and you jes now said Sally Baker.' True as gospel I had made a mistake and had given in the name of the wrong woman. The situation was comical, for there stood poor Jim, the picture of despair, and appealing to me to know what to do. Thinking to have a little more fun out of the matter I told him it would necessitate a change in the license, which could be made easy enough, but that it would cost him \$2 extra. 'No, indeed, it won't cost me no \$2 more 'an I done already paid. I ain't gwine to bother 'bout gittin' any new license, fur, Mars Cal, dere ain't \$2 difference between any two nigger girls in dis whole county. You done heard me, and I'm through talkin'.' Inside of a week the nuptials of Jim and Sally Baker were duly solemnized, and I never heard that he regretted my mistake."

### Light from Sugar.

A phenomenon, the cause of which has not yet been satisfactory explained, was described at the last meeting of the British Association. Disks of loaf sugar were mounted on a lathe and rapidly rotated while a hammer played lightly against them. An almost continuous radiation of light was thus produced from the sugar. It was shown that the light did not arise from heating of the sugar, and it is believed to be caused by some change taking place in the sugar crystals. The act of crystallization is known to be sometimes accompanied by flashes of light. The practical bearing of these experiments is on the question of the possibility of obtaining artificial light by methods as yet untried.

### About Times.

The husband comes to talk shop when his wife begins to talk shopping.

### Worn-Out Army Uniforms.

England gets \$150,000 a year from the worn-out uniforms of its army.

There never was a man in the world as great as a small boy thinks his Uncle Dick is.

No man can correctly estimate the true value of a woman or a gold mine; but thousands of men have gone broke trying to find out.

### Wild Rush of Diamond Miners.

A wild rush of miners is reported at Nullagine, Australia, where diamonds have been discovered, and it is feared that many will lose their lives in the struggle. In this country the rush for gain is causing men to break down in health. Nervousness and general debility are the symptoms which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure.

President McKinley's signature is, next to that of John Adams and Tyler, the plainest of any of our chief executives. Van Buren's was the hardest to decipher, though Jefferson, Taylor, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison and Garfield never lifted their pen in signing their names. J. Q. Adams' is small, cramped and the only "back hand" in the lot. Polk's is the most ornate; Jackson's the longest, four inches, and Pierce's the largest.

## PEACE VERSUS PAIN

We have peace, and those who are sorely afflicted with NEURALGIA will have peace from pain and a perfect cure by using ST. JACOBS OIL.

### "BIG FOUR"

## "THE SEA LEVEL ROUTE" TO NEW YORK.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. WAGNER SLEEPING CARS. DINING CARS.

M. E. INGALLS, President. E. O. MCCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. WARREN J. LYNCH, Asst. Genl. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Saddle Coat. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

NORTHERN CROWN SEEDS. Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. Salzer's Seed Co., 127 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c. 10 lbs of rare farm seeds, Salt Bush, Rape for Sheep, etc. Catalogue free. No. W. 1014.

### A GOOD GARDEN

In a pleasure and a profit. Gregory's seed book directs a right beginning. Gregory's Seed Insure the most successful ending. Get the book now! Free. JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

There's Only One Standard of Quality in Athletic Goods—'Spalding.' Accept no substitute. Handsome Catalogue Free. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Chicago, Denver.

BRIGHT DISEASE CURED. It is not this statement worth investigating, if you have a friend suffering from any kidney disease? Not a patent medicine, neither is patient obliged to come to New York for treatment. Interested, send for further information, naming this paper, to Tomkins-Corbin Co., 1300 Broadway, New York City.

CANDY CATHARTIC. REGULATE THE LIVER.

### DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

Shew how quick relief and cures were given. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. ORRIS'S Ointment, 105 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

### PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Washington, D. C. Specially Prepared Claims. 100% Satisfaction. 100% Success. 100% Pensions. 100% Satisfaction. 100% Success. 100% Pensions.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-A will cure. Send 3 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

PILSENER BEER. Pure and Refreshing. Consumption.