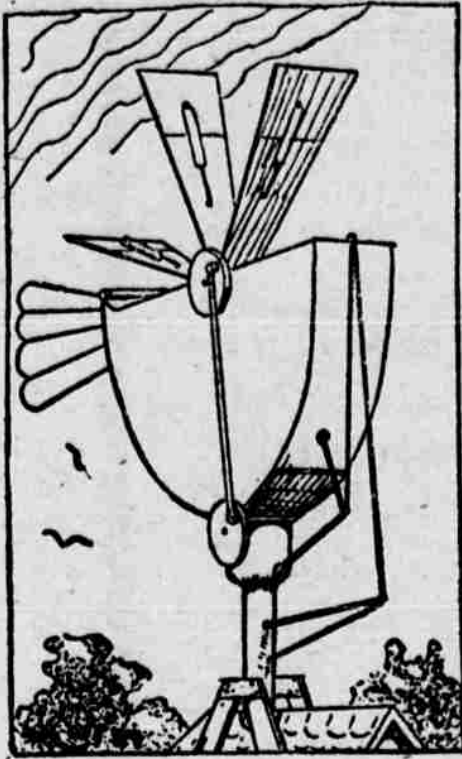


HAS SOLVED GREAT PROBLEM.

Inventor's Idea Revolutionizes Present Windmill Machinery.

The great problem of windmill makers in all time has been to overcome the resistance of the wind as the fans of the wheels return from their forward movement. It is quite clear to every one that as each fan goes against the wind in making its revolution, it must, to a great extent, act as a drag to the wheel. It is for this reason that the ordinary fans or blades are set at an angle. An inventor has conceived the idea of in-



The New Windmill.

closing the half of the wheel in which the blades made their return trips, and in addition so managing valve-like doors in each blade as to allow the air free course through them. It is said this machine is a most powerful affair and will do much to revolutionize the present windmill machinery.

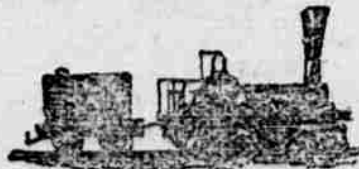
Briec Girl.



The women of Saint-Brieuc, Brittany, are celebrated for the beauty and the fine texture of their caps.

Small English Railway.

In the lake district of England there is a tiny railway which has only one train, run by two officials, one of whom is managing director, ticket collector, guard and porter, and the other chief engineer, engine driver and stoker. The train stops anywhere. It frequently goes off the line, but crowbars are carried, with which the train is persuaded to return to its proper position. When a friend of either official is observed the train is brought to a



standstill. At one time, when the managing director was courting the daughter of a farmer through whose lands the line ran, the young lady would take her stand at a certain gate every evening, the train would be stopped and the young man would kiss her good night.

OLDEST CLOCK IN ENGLAND.

Erected in 1320 in One of the Towers of Peterborough Cathedral.

Peterborough cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320 and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about 12 feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable, about 300 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of 3 cwt., which has to be wound up daily.

The clock is said to be of much more primitive construction than that made by Henry de Nick for Charles V. of France in 1370. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle.

The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs 32 cwt., and it is struck hourly by an 80 pound hammer. The going and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.

Cured by Bolt From Sky.

During a thunderstorm lightning struck the chimney and descended into a room at the home of Mrs. W. T. Leopold at Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Leopold and two of her children felt the shock, Mrs. Leopold getting much of its force. She had been suffering greatly with inflammatory rheumatism for seven years. Immediately after the shock she found that her rheumatism had disappeared. Her physician thinks it may have disappeared permanently.

Helmet for Motor Cyclists.



In France the motor cyclists have received so many broken heads that resort has been had to a pneumatic helmet to soften the blow when the rider alights on the wrong end. It consists of a hollow leather cap which is inflated just like a bicycle tire.

Light-Giving Insects.

The cucujo is the firefly of the tropics, and it is the most brilliant of the whole tribe of light-giving insects or animals. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle-power. Photographs have been printed by two-minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark to serve as a guide to the path. Ladies use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

Cannot Trap Gray Wolves.

The gray wolf is very destructive to cattle in Montana, and sometimes overpowers and devours the strongest steers. No trap yet made has been able to capture one; the animal seems to shun all traps instinctively.

Girl Had Her Way

She was in love with a young doctor.

"He's quite impossible!" cried her mother when informed of it.

"Out of the question," asserted her father.

"He has fine prospects," insisted the girl.

"You can't live on prospects," said the father.

The next day she was ill.

"I can see nothing wrong," said the physician who was called to attend her.

Nevertheless he left a prescription, but it seemed to be no good. The symptoms she described were conflicting and confusing.

"It's very strange," said the physician.

"If you do not understand the case, we must get someone who does," said the mother.

So, after a week or more of experimenting another physician was called in.

"A trifling indisposition," said the second physician. "I'll have her right in a day or so."

But in a day or so she had him rattled. Her lover had told her how to do it.

"Every time I see her," said the

second physician, "there seems to be some new complication. I can't find anything radically wrong, but her statements certainly show that she is not all right."

By this time the father and mother were worried and they sent for a specialist. The latter looked wise, but he met with no greater success than the two who had preceded him, although his bill was considerably larger.

The father had just seen the bill when the girl called to him.

"I fear," she said, wearily, "that this trouble is going to continue indefinitely. Don't you think it would be wise to have a physician in the family?"

The father looked at her suspiciously.

"Perhaps it would," he admitted.

"And it's so easy to have one," she persisted.

"Arrange it to suit yourself," he said, resignedly, for he was a man who knew when he was beaten.

The next day she was able to sit up, and the day after she had entirely recovered. But the father continued to look at her reproachfully, even up to the day of the wedding.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Halsted Street Pastoral

"Little Barefoot," of Bubbly Creek.

Her father twists the lever on a Halsted trolley train.

At noon she brings his dinner pail, drenched in the pelting rain.

She has a piquant rose-leaf face, a roguish head of hair;

She is the mascot of the car, the passengers declare.

And when her father eats his lunch, she grasps the trolley bar—

"Now, Daddy, you just lemme be, and I will run the car—

Of course I've got 'em beat a block; you see the coast is clear.

Say, Daddy, how do you like to see me play the engineer?"

REFRAIN.

"Now, all aboard, get ready; say, Miss Rosey, hold her steady,

I can run the trolley car, because my daddy's near.

Don't you hear that whistle blowing, to old Bubbly Creek we're going—

Say, daddy, don't you like to see me play the engineer?"

She holds the lever like her dad, and guides the trolley true;

O'er prairies wide they swiftly glide by roses drenched in dew;

O'er bridges high they panting fly, and breast the shrieking gale;

The little lassie's still on deck and guides them o'er the rail.

You watch the headstrong beauty's face, and her frank, delicious stare, Her violet eyes in arch surprise, and her wind-swept tawny hair. She wears the union button, and her voice rings frank and clear— "Say, Daddy, how do you like your 'little dirl to play the engineer?"

Old Halsted's lights are gleaming and Miss Rosey's eyes are beaming; The spice of danger suits the madcap maiden to a tee;

She guides the sizzling trolley, and they banish melancholy;

She never cringes any kids a-playing frank and free.

She sasses burly teamsters who are blocking up the way;

The sizzling automobile yields her the path to stray.

"Say, Rooney, you are sleeping; your lazy nag is creeping;

I will take a wheel off Clarence when he scorches up this way."

CHORUS.

"Jiggers, there, get busy; this yere trolley makes me dizzy—

Of course, I'll bring them through on time, because the coast is clear.

I will make a mile a minute; I guess 'little Barefoot' isn't in it—

Say, daddy, how do you like your 'little dirl to play the engineer?"

JAMES E. KINSELLA.

Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

At the Inside Inn

The visitor to the World's Fair walked timidly up to the clerk at the hotel desk and asked:

"Excuse me, sir; is this the Inside Inn? And, if so, is the proprietor of the Inside Inn in?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, with a far-away look in his eyes, "this is the Inside Inn, and you will find the proprietor of the Inside Inn outside by the inn's side. He has been keeping the Inside Inn for several weeks. He tells me that once when he took an ocean trip he couldn't keep his inside in, but that was inside information and he didn't intend it to get outside."

"All right," said the guest, "if this is the Inside Inn, we want to see its inside as well as its outside before we look inside of any of the outside inns. If we like the Inside Inn's inside and outside better than we like the outside

inns' outside and inside we may bring our things from outside in side and stop inside the Inside Inn. Because we won't have to go from the inside outside or come back from the outside inside when we're seeing the fair, but can remain inside or outside the Inside Inn, it being the only inn inside the grounds. The other ones are on the outside and furnish no more comforts for the guests' inside or outside than does the Inside Inn with exhibits close outside at the inn's side—that is, the Inside Inn's side. In—"

But the clerk had fainted and fallen inside the Inside Inn's desk and bell-boys were hurrying with water for his outside and brandy for his inside, though in their excitement they got that which was meant for his inside outside and that which was for his outside inside.—Baltimore American.

Sell Genuine for Imitation.

Prof. Ray Lankester, the British scientist, has brought to light a curious trick practiced by London dealers in osprey plumes. Some time ago the princess of Wales placed herself at the head of a movement to discourage the use of real osprey plumes in order to

save the birds from slaughter. The result was an immediate decline in the sale, since fashion could not fly in the face of the princess of Wales. But recently facts have come to the notice of Prof. Lankester showing that among certain fashionable milliners it has become a practice to sell genuine plumes as imitations.