SCENT BOTTLE OF SYDNEY

Skyscraping Sewer Vent in an Australian Town.

QUEEREST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD

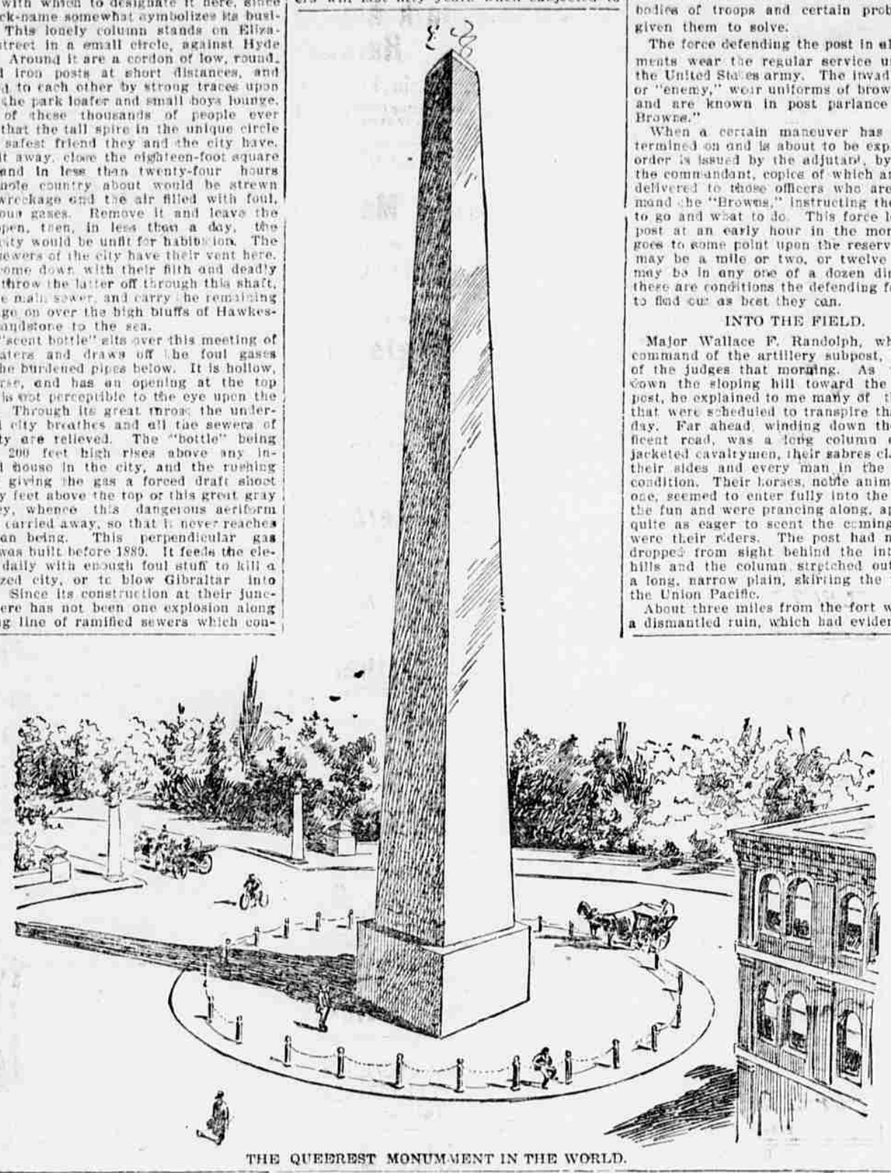
Noxious Gases of the Town Carried High Above the Houses—Novel Methods of Municipal Sanitation.

The strangest monument in the world exists in Sydney, Australia. The shaft itself is not of an unusual sort, but while it is a unique ornament to the community in the midst of which it stands, it is also the most precious and the least understood of all structures in the great southern city.

This odd spire has no inscription upon it. It is as plain as a monolith, with a plinth and a slightly elevated pedestal. Facetious people, who are not versed in sewerage, and sewer gas, call it the "Scent bottle." Strangers scan it, strain at its unlettered faces, carry their vision up its plain sides to the pinnacle, which stands about 180 feet above the street level, and wonder what notable person or event it commemorates. Three-fourths of the residents of Sydney have not the remotest idea of what this modified Cleopatra's needle represents. This "scent bottle" commemorates sewer gas, and it stands as a monument to the people who are not killed by that vile subterranean agency.

As it has no other name "scent bottle" will serve with which to designate it here, since the nick-name somewhat symbolizes its business. This lonely column stands on Elizabeth street in a small circle, against Hyde Park. Around it are a cordon of low, round, headed iron posts at short distances, and chained to each other by strong traces upon which the park loafer and small boys lounge. None of these thousands of people ever think that the tall spire in the unique circle is the safest friend they and the city have. Take it away, close the eighteen-foot square hole, and in less than twenty-four hours the whole country about would be strewn with wreckage and the air filled with foul, poisonous gases. Remove it and leave the hole open, then, in less than a day, the lower city would be unfit for habitation. The great sewers of the city have their vent here. They come down with their filth and deadly gases, throw the latter off through this shaft, join the main sewer, and carry the remaining sewerage on over the high bluffs of Hawkesbury sandstone to the sea.

The "scent bottle" sits over this meeting of the waters and draws off the foul gases from the burdened pipes below. It is hollow, of course, and has an opening at the top which is not perceptible to the eye upon the street. Through its great throat the underground city breathes and all the sewers of the city are relieved. The "bottle" being nearly 200 feet high rises above any inhabited house in the city, and the rushing sewers giving the gas a forced draft shoot it many feet above the top of this great gray chimney, whence this dangerous aeriform fluid is carried away, so that it never reaches a human being. This perpendicular gas sewer was built before 1889. It feeds the elements daily with enough foul stuff to kill a good-sized city, or to blow Gibraltar into atoms. Since its construction at their junction there has not been one explosion along the long line of ramified sewers which converge toward this point. The "scent bottle" is not an eyesore. Its business is so disguised that it is an object of beauty, and it is readily mistaken for a real monument. Indeed, it is the biggest, most conspicuous and picturesque of all the notable monuments in New South Wales, of which colony Sydney is the capital. Hyde park is in the lovellest portion of the heart of this beautiful city of 600,000 people, and thus huge ful city of 600,000 people, and this huge keeping with the other extravagance with which wealth and prodigate government have encircled and adorned this superb park. The Sydney "scent bottle" is not an expensive structure. It is suggested to other cities in other parts of the world as vertical lungs for the safety of sewers and the nervous populace who tramp thereon in the pursuit of other things.



THE QUEEREST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD.

LAUNCHING THE KASAGI.

A Bird to Be Freed Instead of the Customary Spilling of Wine.

The first Japanese war ship ever built in the United States will glide into the peaceful waters of the Delaware, from her stocks in Cramps' ship yards, Philadelphia, today. It will be baptized Kasagi.

The Japanese minister, Mr. Hoshi Toru, has, with tactful courtesy, invited one of the daughters of the secretary of the navy to christen the vessel. His request was worded in phrases replete with Japanese good will, and, with her father's permission, Miss Long accepted delightedly.

Many a noble vessel has glided down her ways at Cramps' with the propelling influence of a tap on the nose from a champagne bottle, awakened into life amid the effervescing spray of the wine. "A large, cold bottle and a small, hot bird"—you know the old saying. Well, instead of a bottle, a bird will symbolize the sponsorship when the Kasagi is launched, after the sentimental custom of Japan.

It won't be a small, hot bird, either. That will be reserved for the luncheon in the mould aloft after it is all over, together with the large, cold bottle; or, perhaps, bottles a-plenty.

The bird used in the ceremony will be a live pigeon. Christian folk of temperance tendencies may rejoice to learn that, according to the agreed plan, Miss Long will, as the Kasagi glides into the river, loose the silken cords of a silken bag, which will contain a snow white pigeon. As she pronounces the word "Kasagi," she will open the bag wide and give freedom to the bird held sacred in such ceremonies by these Orientals.

Highly suggestive as this is of the dove and the ark, it gives delightful promise of olive branches and peace between the two nations. It is safe to say no one could more gracefully carry out the picturesque program than the dainty daugher of the secretary of the navy.

It will be a great day, for a special train will convey a number of the cabinet, diplomatic corps, judiciary and congress over for the occasion. There will be champagne, too; champagne so good everybody will rejoice that none was wasted baptismally, and, just to give the affair the proper tone, gallons of sake!

Miss Helen Long, who will be the central figure in this ceremony, is one of the most generally known girls of the cabinet circle. Owing to the fact that the wife of the secretary of the navy has been something of an invalid, Miss Long has taken her place at all functions requiring her "official" presence until very lately. In the spring she received on certain days as head of her father's household and made a charming impression by her gentleness and cordiality.

Miss Long, who has been out several seasons, is of average height, with fair hair, blue eyes and slender figure. She rather affects blossom tints in her evening gowns and the trimming of her waist at neck and wrists, which shows artistic appreciation of the porcelain tints of her complexion. Her golden hair is dressed plainly, without the flippant tendencies of the up-to-date coiffure, and her straightforward glance is that of the typical New England maiden whose comprehension of everything really worth being aware of has been earnestly cultivated.

Miss Long takes genuine pleasure in the honor conferred on her in being the first American girl to baptize a Japanese ship, and the novelty of the situation appeals to her strongly.

PAPER RAILROAD TIES.

An Invention Which May Help to Save Our Forests.

A new elastic metal sleeper is soon to replace the old wooden ties on the New Jersey Central railroad if experiments now being made on a branch of the line prove successful. The new sleeper is really a metal-incased core of wood pulp, says the Globe-Democrat, hardened and compressed so as to make it tough enough to resist the shock of the heavy wheels of the express trains passing over it and yet sufficiently resilient to break the rough, pounding sensation that is communicated to the cars from hollow metal sleepers. The core of wood pulp is first cast into a mold of the proper size, and then hydraulicly pressed, after which it is incased in its metal covering. This metal sheath is in reality only a chemical composition, which helps to preserve the sleeper for an indefinite period. The sleeper is thrown into a large tank of this liquid composition and left there for two hours, after which it is allowed to dry and harden. The composition of zinc, copper and other ingredients dries into the sleeper, and makes an air and water proof covering.

It is estimated that the new railroad sleepers will last fifty years when subjected to the hardest kind of wear and tear on the railroads, unless injured by some sharp tool. The life of ordinary wooden sleepers is about seven years. They begin to decay after the third year, and by the sixth and seventh they are so rotten that they are of little service. The injury to them comes through the action of the rains, snows and heat and cold. Various preservatives have been painted over the wooden ties to make them enduring. On the Pennsylvania road wooden sleepers have been soaked for days in crude petroleum oil to see if their life could not be prolonged. The New York Central has tried various other compounds to solve the question, even going to the extent of painting the sleepers on a short branch with white lead. But it has been generally proved that this work would not pay, unless the ties could be painted fresh every second or third year, and this could not be done unless the sleepers were taken up and the underside painted as well as the top. The cost of the paint and labor was almost enough to buy and replace the old ties with new ones.

Metal ties have been experimented with time and again. General Lew Wallace was reported to have invented a metal tie some ten years ago that would revolutionize modern railroading, and bring in a fortune to the inventor that would dwarf in comparison the receipts for his novels. But, judging from the later developments, it would seem that writing was more remunerative than inventing railroad ties. The trouble with the metal and stone sleepers is that they are not elastic enough. There is no give to them, and besides making travel over them very uncomfortable, they wear out the rolling stock at a fearful rate. A few of the railroads have stone sleepers on their lines running through large cities, where the rate of speed would of necessity be slow, such as the New York Central on its Fourth avenue tunnel, but where a high rate of speed is demanded nothing yet has been discovered to answer the purpose of the old-fashioned wooden tie.

The new invention will be of the utmost importance to the country at large, for the item of railroad ties is one of the most prominent in our forest products. There are over 500,000,000 ties in use today on all the railroad lines of the country, and the annual average requirement for renewals reaches upward of 85,000,000 ties. It is estimated that about 417 ties, or 15 per cent of the whole, are required for renewals on each mile of track. Thus the railroads use about 20 per cent of the total consumption of lumber in this country for ties. The different roads have their preferences for different kinds of wood, and the relative importance of the trees is shown in the following figures: Of the 85,000,000 ties used for renewal each year 45,000,000 are of oak, 12,500,000 of pine, 3,500,000 of chestnut, 5,000,000 of cedar, 2,500,000 of hemlock and tamarack, 2,500,000 of red wood, 1,500,000 of cypress and the balance of various woods.

Will Punish Kellett's Assailants.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—The special correspondent of the Associated Press at Bangkok, Siam, writes under date of November 15, 1897: The long-awaited decision of the arbitrators in the matter of the assault upon E. W. Kellett, vice consul, by Siamese soldiers at Chiengmai, November 19, 1896, was published yesterday in the government Gazette. It was agreed that the Siamese government should apologize and pledge itself to punish the offenders. The officers are to be publicly reprimanded and degraded in rank and the subordinates are to be deprived of their pay for three months.

BLOODLESS BATTLE SCENES

Drilling United States Troopers in the Knack of Fighting.

ARMY MANEUVERS AT FORT RILEY

Terrific Charge on a Belching Battery Loaded with Blank Cartridges—Practical School for Bravery.

There has been a scene of strife and warfare in Kansas during a period of almost three months, in which battle after battle has been fought and in which every condition of actual warfare has prevailed, save one—the use of ball cartridges.

Every fall, relates a correspondent of the New York Times, the forces of cavalry and artillery stationed at Fort Riley, constituting the artillery and cavalry schools of the army, receive problems in warfare to solve in the field. The maneuvers, as they are termed, have just ended and have proved not only the most perfect from a military standpoint of any yet held, but also the most hotly contested and exciting.

Nothing theoretical enters into the campaign as it is mapped out at Fort Riley. No detail of knowledge which a soldier should know is omitted. The post commandant and officers in charge of the cavalry and artillery schools, each of which, by the way, constitutes a subpost, decide upon the plan of campaign. Subordinate officers from the garrison are placed in charge of certain bodies of troops and certain problems are given them to solve.

The force defending the post in all engagements wear the regular service uniform of the United States army. The invading force, or "enemy," wear uniforms of brown canvas, and are known in post parlance as "The Browns."

When a certain maneuver has been determined on and is about to be exploited, an order is issued by the adjutant, by order of the commandant, copies of which are in turn delivered to those officers who are to command the "Browns," instructing them where to go and what to do. This force leaves the post at an early hour in the morning and goes to some point upon the reservation. It may be a mile or two, or twelve miles—it may be in any one of a dozen directions—these are conditions the defending force have to find out as best they can.

INTO THE FIELD.

Major Wallace F. Randolph, who is in command of the artillery subpost, was one of the judges that morning. As we rode down the sloping hill toward the artillery post, he explained to me many of the events that were scheduled to transpire that bright day. Far ahead, winding down the magnificent road, was a long column of blue-jacketed cavalrymen, their sabres clanking at their sides and every man in the pink of condition. Their horses, noble animals every one, seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the fun and were prancing along, apparently quite as eager to scent the coming fray as were their riders. The post had now been dropped from sight behind the intervening hills and the column stretched out across a long, narrow plain, skirting the tracks of the Union Pacific.

About three miles from the fort we passed a dismantled ruin, which had evidently once been a structure of some importance. The major informed me that in that building assembled the first legislature of the state of Kansas.

Beyond the old stone mansion the road turned abruptly up the bluff and headed in the direction of a ranch house, distant about four or five miles from the post. The "Blues" had now thrown out a patrol, and were proceeding cautiously, not knowing at what moment the enemy might discover them or be discovered. Scouts were in the timber on either side of the ravine, and a long stretch of rolling upland lay before us, over which, it seemed to my untrained eyes, not even a coyote could pass without discovery, much less a squadron of cavalry.

"I think we will be in a pretty good position," said the major, "if we ride to the top of that hill over yonder. Major Rafferty is over there somewhere, unless I am mistaken. That looks like Captain Sibley away off there toward the west. You can see him there on his horse, just rising above that swell, about a mile away.

RECONNOITERING.

I didn't. I looked with all my eyes for the officer, but certainly did not see him. I knew from hearsay that Captain Sibley and his troop of the Second were off there somewhere, but for all I could see there wasn't a cavalryman within 100 miles. We rode slowly up the ridge to gain a better view. I had a handkerchief tied about my arm to indicate that I was a non-combatant, hence was in no danger of being captured, as I "didn't count." My horse, evidently not delighted with his unusual work, wanted to be with his troop in action—and he got there a little later. I had no voice in the matter of his going, but he went all the same, and took me with him.

"There's a battery off toward the north," said the major, as he swept the field with his eye. "Do you make it out?" Away down in one of the little valleys, almost hidden by the stunted undergrowth, I saw it. How diminutive the men and horses looked, and how insignificant the guns. They were in marching order, but evidently not going into action just at that place. Suddenly a puff of smoke arose from the bushes several hundred yards up the hill above the battery, and the sharp crack of a rifle rang out. The patrol of the "Browns" had found the battery, and a rattling fire that followed instantly showed that matters were getting warm down there. A cloud of dust arose, and the battery was gone. I never saw anything done so quickly in my life. Away it went, swirling up the side of the slope, the horses on a dead run. As soon as a point beyond range was reached, and it required but a minute to get there, the horses swung around to the left, the pieces were unlimbered, the battery was in position, and there leaped from the muzzles of those big rifles such a storm of fire as would have annihilated any such force as the "Browns" presented.

Those artillerymen fretted my every nerve. Almost before the smoke had left the muzzles of their pieces the breech blocks were opened, new cartridges were inserted in the chambers, and more imaginary shrapnel was sent hurling into the ranks of the discomfited "Browns." I also took part in something that was not down on the bills. Captain Sibley's troop, while this engagement had been in progress, had executed a flank movement, and came dashing up the swell immediately in our rear. They were upon us before either the major or myself had time to think.

The major thought more quickly than I possibly could, and embodied his thoughts in one word: "Git!"

The major "got," and I tried to do likewise, but my horse had made up his mind to do a little charging on his own account. He recognized his troop, and, although I was not consulted in the matter, I went along. In fact, there was no alternative. I have an indistinct recollection of having seen Captain Sibley go by me like a shot out of a gun. Then there was a general mix-up of horses, soldiers, flashing sabers and cracking revolvers that made my brain whirl.

Down that hill we went like a tornado. Up the other slope we fairly flew, and before the battery could train its guns in our direction it was counted out of action.

A squadron of cavalry in brown uniforms had picked up a patrol of the "blues" and captured it entire. The main force of the federals was coming up as fast as troops could move. Field officers were seen hurrying in every direction, and we were just about in the center of what promised to be the scene of a very lively battle. We started toward the right, to take position on another hill top, only to confront a cavalry force coming like the wind from over the hills; we turned back, and found a battery wheeling into action behind us. Off toward the left a strong force of "Browns" appeared just as we started that way, and when we finally headed toward the ravine, in which I had just captured the battery, we found Captain Sibley's force plunging through the bushes there. Our white handkerchiefs served to save us from capture, and we eventually found a way out between the opposing lines.

A GRAND SIGHT.

It must not be understood from this description that the contending forces were so close together as to be visible to each other. The rolling nature of the ground was such as to prevent this, but each separate force had its scouts out, and upon their information acted. When they acted at all they acted like lightning, and, while we rode over a good deal of ground trying to get out, we found it difficult in the extreme to get away from the line of fire that at any instant might break forth. And there are pleasanter things than riding up in front of a battery that suddenly bursts into action, even if nothing but powder is used.

We gained the top of another swell and from there I saw the grandest military sight I ever witnessed. Every move was plain; all the troops could be seen by us, but not by each other. We could see the moves, and, with the trained eye of an expert, the major described to me what would be sure to occur, as fast as each move was made. It was like a game of chess, played with living men, upon a gigantic board. A false move meant severe loss, a brilliant move a glorious gain. And every officer, every man, every horse, performed deeds of valor upon that field that day, which, when the time comes, can be and will be performed in the defense of our glorious country.

The judges, who had witnessed the fight from various portions of the field, met and conferred together. Their final report was made and copies of it were sent to each officer who had been concerned in the day's engagement.

POSSIBLE CARNAGE.

Had the contest been in earnest, and had ball cartridges been used, the fight would have been the hottest in the history of our army. The list of casualties would have been total, so far as the captured battery was concerned, and the patrol of the "Browns" that attacked the battery at the outset would have been obliterated and exterminated at the first round of shrapnel.

Officers and men alike learned much by this day's work. Those who had met defeat were shown wherein their calculations had been wrong, and it is a foregone conclusion that none of them will get caught in the same sort of a trap again. The men who were victorious knew all the movements that had been necessary to their success and they remembered them. The horses, too, learned much in equine tactics and became so perfect in their work that they were almost a part of the rider, comprising with them a veritable army of centaurs, armed with the most deadly weapons known to moderns, and equipped with a knowledge of actual field service that could be gleaned in no other school on earth.

All in all, Fort Riley is one of the most interesting posts in the army. Its garrison consists of two troops of the First cavalry, six troops of the Second cavalry and three batteries of artillery. It is headquarters for the First cavalry.

Talented Musician Becomes Blind.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Milada Czerny, the Chicago pianist, has lost her eyesight. Trouble she has had with her eyes since her birth took a turn for the worse a few days ago and the talented girl, who is not yet 5 years old, can see nothing. As a result she has been compelled to cease developing her musical talent and has given up concert engagements in New York and Boston. Milada is the child of A. V. Czerny, violincellist in the Grand opera house orchestra.

UNCLE SAM AND THE KHEDIVE.

The Reception of the American Consul General in Egypt.

From out the shadows of the Pyramids comes an entertaining account of the formal exchange of greetings between the American consul general and the khedive, which occurred during holiday week. The function is thus described by the Sphinx, published at Cairo:

The streets of Cairo, always remarkable for the profusion and variety of color displayed therein, were on Thursday rendered even more brilliant than is customary by the display made on the occasion of the visit of the diplomatic agent and consul general for the United States of America to the Abdeen palace, and his reception by H. H., the khedive. Under a brilliant sun and a sapphire sky contrasting vividly with the emerald of the palms and acacias in a color scheme which gave a forcible reminder of a picture by the English academician, Waterhouse, were crowds of gaily costumed, turbaned and tarboushed natives in raiment that emulated all the colors of the rainbow. Strolling amongst these were Europeans in the customary suit of solemn black, whilst carriages containing members of the diplomatic body in levee dress, some wearing decorations and attended by canvasses, gorgeous in color, gold and embroidery, whirled past on their way to the Abdeen palace, and watched with interest by the throngs of people. There was an accession of interest when the state carriage of the khedive rolled solemnly past on its way to the residence of the American diplomatic agent, attended by a detachment of Egyptian cavalry, in the blue uniforms designed by Caton Woodville, their sabres flashing in the brilliant sunshine. After an interval the gorgeous vehicle, a blaze of gold, albeit a ponderous article beside which the English lord mayor's coach is a marvel of simplicity, returned to the Opera Square past the statue of Ibrahim Pasha on its way to the palace with Hon. Thomas Skelton Harrison, a soldierly looking figure with a keen pair of eyes. To many the impressive figure of the coachman in his dazzling livery of scarlet and gold was as irresistible and as striking as a blast from a trumpet and this impassive automedon was a distinct exposure.

The vast square, of which the Abdeen palace forms one side, having been reached, a guard was in readiness to salute the visitor.

The mode of the ceremony is, perhaps, a little trying to unbraced nerves. The visitor is in the first instance met by high officials of the palace and is ushered up the grand staircase, which is lined on either side by the palace officials and guards in costumes the most brilliant that human imagination can devise. During the ceremony the cannon of the citadel boomed out a salute of twenty-one guns.

Mr. Harrison having been ushered into the presence of H. H., the khedive, the following address was read:

"Monsieur, the president has directed me to convey to you assurances of his sincere friendship and to express to you his wish that the cordial relations that have therefore so happily existed between your government and that of the United States may long continue. I take especial pleasure in conveying these expressions of esteem from the fact that he has selected one who has already been honored by your friendship and who was twice before enjoyed the hospitality of your land.

"As I have said, I am no stranger here: Two winters passed in Egypt's unexampled climate, at an interval of several years, have given me an opportunity to study the condition of the country and its people, and to contrast the existing status with the past, only to recognize the improvement apparent on all sides and to enable me to proclaim it in no uncertain manner.

"The wise and beneficent rule of your highness, justly directed to increase the happiness and add to the welfare of your subjects, excites the attention and admiration of the civilized world.

"I sincerely pray that you may enjoy long life, with health and strength, that you may continue, as you are today, the beloved of a happy and contented people."

His highness in response said that he hoped that the relations between Egypt and the United States would continue to be on the same footing of cordiality as heretofore, and trusted that the same amicable relations would be maintained in respect to Mr. Harrison as had been the case in reference to his predecessor, the late diplomatic agent and consul general.

Pipes and coffee having been produced and handed round, the last named being contained in exquisitely chased cups encrusted with jewels, the audience and reception ended.

The splendid gala coach was again in requisition and surrounded by the guard of its occupant in what Whistler might call a blue and scarlet symphony, returned to the agency.

In the evening of Thursday a dinner was given by Hon. Thomas Skelton Harrison in the reserved apartments of Shepheard's hotel to the members of the diplomatic body and the high state officials.

The rooms in which the dinner was given were decorated with a profusion of the choicest flowers and plants. Tiny, colored electric lights were generously mingled with the floral decorations. The dinner itself was worthy of a gourmet and was not only excellent in a gastronomic sense, but reflected great credit on the chef for the really artistic manner in which the dishes were decorated and served.