WEATHER BUREAU KITES

Unique Equipment of the Observatory at Arlington, Va.

VALUABLE RESULTS BELIEVED POSSIBLE

How the Kites Are Operated and Observations Made—The Meteorograph and Its Work—Mysteries of the Atmosphere.

Just outside the city of Washington, about a mile from the old Lee house at Arlington, Va., the Weather bureau has established a kite farm and is making experiments in the use of kites for weather observations. This aerial observation station is one of sixteen under the direction of the bureau. Others are located at Cincinnati, Omaha, Topeka, Knoxville, Pierre, S. D., Duluth, Cleveland, Cairo, Ill., Sault de St. Marie and Little Rock. Prof. C. F. Marvin, who is in charge of this work, believes that valuable results can be obtained by the kite observation system and has invented a number of devices for handling and managing the immense kites used at the Arlington station. One drawback to the use of kites has been the difficulty of controlling the big seven-foot affairs employed to carry the observing and recording instruments used in meteorological work. To cope with this difficulty Prof. Marvin has built a new kite controlling machine which makes it possible for one person standing before the reel to have within reach all the controlling handles and to read the dials showing the amount of line run out, the pulling power of the kite, its elevation, distance and electrical connections.

As a further convenience the kite is provided with a Shipman four-horse automobile, oil-burning engine to furnish power for pulling in the kite. The throttle of the engine is also within easy reach of the operator, so that the steam power can be applied instantly, and in case of an emergency the kite can be brought down rapidly.

The improved Hargrave kite is used almost

NEW STEAM-POWER KITE-FLYING APPARATUS.

exclusively for the regular observations, although experiments with new forms are still being made, many having curious shaped cells, some with divergent ends, wings, tails and other queer appendages. The average kite is seven feet long, six feet wide and three feet high, the forward cell having a central horizontal division or intermediate supporting plane. Steel piano wire, 30-100ths of an inch in diameter, weighing fifteen pounds to the mile and capable of sustaining a tension of 300 pounds, is used for kitestring. This is none too heavy, as in strong winds the pulling power of these kites frequently reaches 120 pounds or more. To have a kite fly away with the expensive instruments which it carries would mean a considerable loss and the operators do not run the risk of sending the kites up in very heavy winds. The reel carries 20,000 feet, or nearly four miles of wire.

Operating the Kites.

The ease with which Mr. Potter, who is in charge of the Arlington station, is able to handle the kites is at once apparent to the visitor to his kite farm. Only a slight breeze is required to make an ascent. The kite is released and allowed to float some distance by unloosening the strap friction brake which controls the reel. By applying the steam power the kite is rapidly drawn in a considerable distance and soars skyward instantly. By repeating this operation several times the engine enables the meteorologist to send up a kite rapidly and without exertion.

As the wire unwinds from the reel it passes down and around a pulley wheel, thence up again, over a swivel pulley wheel to the kite. The swivel wheel turns on ball-bearings and adjusts itself to the direction of the kite, while the pulley-wheel below rests on springs or scales, registering in pounds the pulling power of the kite on a revolving drum or dynamometer before the operator. Mr. Potter has before him on the machine two indicators to show how much wire is released. One counting dial is attached to the swivel-wheel, and the other is operated by the revolution of the reel, so that the calculation is quite accurate. By means of a radius rod and arc the inclination of the wire at the reel is determined. The radius rod is clamped upon the axel of the swivel-wheel, and by turning it around to meet the kite-line the angle may be read on the arc. By reference to a tabulated chart, the observer can tell the exact height of the kite from the ground, knowing both the angle and the amount of line out. A theodolite and a nephoscope are also kept for determining accurately the height of ascents. The machine is even fitted with a guide to prevent the wire from being wound irregularly on the reel. This guide is automatically moved from side to side, and winds the wire with perfect regularity. The entire apparatus, with the engine and gasoline tanks, rests on a solid platform, and when not in use is protected by a wooden covering.

Aerial Observations.

The great advance that has taken place in the aerial observations of the Weather bureau is shown by the wonderful development of the recording instruments. Formerly a separate instrument was made for recording each of the conditions of the weather. Now an instrument has been adopted which performs the work of four separate machines, and is lighter than any one of the former instruments. The meteorograph, as it is called, records, automatically, the humidity, barometric pressure, the temperature of the air, and the wind velocity. A record sheet, printed in four divisions for the varying degrees of humidity, barometric pressure, temperature and wind velocity, and divided up for the twelve hours of the day, is fastened around a drum, which, operated by clock-work, makes one revolution in twelve hours. It is upon this moving sheet that the meteorological changes are indicated by the action of four delicate inking pens.

In preparing the instrument for use the thermograph pen, which is operated by a special quicksilver tube, is adjusted to the line on the sheet to correspond with the surface temperature—that is, the pen point is heightened or shortened to the point of the correct temperature mark. The hemidyte pen is then adjusted to agree with the percentage of humidity as determined from the readings of the sling psychrometer by extending the pen to the proper point. In the same manner the pressure pen, recording barometric pressure, is set to the right point on the record sheet to agree with the reading of the barometer. The wind pressure indicator, of course, starts at the zero point. Each of the indicating mechanisms are made as simple and as light as possible.

With all the indicators set exactly, the meteorograph is put inside a tin covering, which is attached to the kite in such a position as to allow the air to pass through an open cylinder, in which it acts upon the recorders and the pens mark out the changes. As the kite ascends the clock-work slowly turns the record sheet and the pens leave wavy lines, which indicate precisely the conditions in the surrounding atmosphere as long as the observation lasts.

It is noticeable that all four records correspond with each other somewhat in movement. For instance, as the velocity is greater the temperature rises simultaneously and a corresponding change takes place in humidity and barometric pressure.

Making Records.

At the sixteen stations these records are made daily when the weather is favorable and the record sheets are forwarded to the weather bureau, where they are studied, new facts regarding aerial conditions are learned and the records kept for reference. One of the most interesting results is the forecasting of cold and warm waves. Such changes in the weather are found to be apparent at a greater height long before they reach the earth and kite records have shown the approach of a change twenty-four hours in advance of its first symptoms at the surface.

The dangers of the use of wire in flying kites to great heights can readily be understood. There is always more or less electricity on the wire and the large amount of steel used in the new operating machine makes it dangerous to touch the reel at all. A ground connection is made to carry the current from the wire some distance away from the point of operation. Mr. Potter has a switchboard on his instrument, so that he can also direct the current from the wire to his kite house for the purpose of making experiments with the atmospheric electricity produced. A spark three-fourths of an inch in length is often produced. In a number of cases a storm coming up while a kite was up has done considerable damage. Recently at one of the stations 11,000 feet of wire burned by lightning and all the operator saw was a line of smoke extending up to the kite. Mr. Potter has two large kite sheds, in which are kept the newest designs of experimental kites used in the work.

The landing of a large kite is sometimes a difficult matter, when the wind is gusty and erratic near the surface. What is known as a landing line is generally used. When the kite is about 100 feet distant an aluminum landing pulley attached to a line is slipped over the kite-line, an assistant follows the direction of the kite, drawing the line down until he is directly under the kite. He moves from side to side with the action of the kite, drawing the line nearer, until, when the darting motion of the kite has eased up, he draws it quickly to the ground.

The Arlington kite farm being near Washington is easy of access for the members of the Weather bureau, who are at the head of the observatory system, so that the work of this station is being developed rapidly. Printed instructions and reports of the experiments and achievements throughout the country are sent from time to time to all the stations. The professors are deeply interested in the results of the study, but they realize that as yet comparatively little is known of the conditions of the upper atmosphere, and are confident that the researches being conducted by the bureau will be productive of valuable results.

MAN'S ODD NIGHT HABIT.

What We Unconsciously Do to Insure the Quick Visit of Sleep.

"What is the first thing you do after the lights are out and you have retired for the night?" asked the physician who is fond of psychological investigation, according to the New York Herald.

"Try to sleep of course," I replied. "Is it a riddle?"

"No," said he, "but I want you to tell me what little trick you resort to—what particular disposition of your anatomy you make in order to woo the dream god."

I failed to answer satisfactorily, so, with a gratified smile, the physician continued: "I scarcely expected you would know. In fact, there are few persons who can tell off-hand just what positions they assume to invite sleep, and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some favorite, esoteric little plan—some trick of distributing limbs and trunk—to insure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a night habit, as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons.

"No sooner are we really off for the land of Nod than the night habit asserts its dominion. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy; our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable relaxation, as commanded by unconscious will. It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find tonight on going to bed if you remember my words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the inclinations of your mysterious instincts you will be surprised at the disposition of the various members involuntarily made.

"If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body and limbs you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but ever before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender and permit the all-masterful night habit to reinstate those little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort."

To Be Content and Happy
Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

FROM MISSOURI TO OMAHA

Notes of a Journey Across Country to the Exposition.

WAYSIDE SCENES AND JOYOUS INCIDENTS

Moral, Educational and Elevating Influences of the Exposition—Pictures of Progress and Future Possibilities.

ROCKPORT, Mo., Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: After having lived a brief country amid country scenes, nature's charms can never be forgotten. The boy or girl, country born and bred, will never fail to remember with wildest delight the woods and the brook where in earliest years so much rollicking fun was had. These sweet memories, in after years, become a constant inspiration, filling the soul into communion with the infinite. But more gifted pens than mine have held the world spellbound with word pictures which hang like jewels on the walls of time. Therefore I will attempt only the outlines of a drive, with wife, in a private conveyance, across the country from Rockport, Mo., visiting friends and the Transmississippi Exposition.

On the evening of July 17 we started on our journey, cheered by bright anticipations and the benedictions of friends. After a drive of ten miles we stopped with acquaintances for the night whose home stands retired, like so many in Missouri, amid fruit and noble wood trees, having for a background an elegant patch of walnut and oak. While here the venerable, gray-haired pioneer related the story of his coming to this spot in '46 and the subsequent experiences of his pioneer life while very like many others who came at an early day. One winter in particular, when the snow was from four to twenty feet deep, his family subsisted for several months on cracked corn alone, not being able to get to the nearest mill, which was many miles away. It was here, amid the storms, the sunshine and shadow of life he had reared his two daughters, who now delight to honor and bless their father as none but loving daughters can do.

Stops by the Way.

On the morning following we resumed our journey via Hamburg to Nebraska City, where we arrived in time for dinner. At 1 o'clock we started out for Nehawka, a small town seventeen miles northwest, where we arrived about sunset, and remained until the morning of the 22nd. During our stay at Nehawka we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, Mrs. K. being a cousin of Mrs. Otis. Our stay here was prolonged beyond our expectations by the absence of Mrs. K., who had been unexpectedly called to Council Bluffs to attend the funeral of a cousin. This was my first meeting with the Kirkpatricks and I trust it may not be my last. A more kindly and heart-felt hospitality was never dispensed than theirs, both of whom are ever ready and willing to engage in any work which has really for its object the uplifting of humanity. We found their home filled with a high order of literature, and an air of culture and refinement pervaded its every precinct. With their two elder sons filling important positions of responsibility and trust, the two youngest are expected soon to grade others equally important. And would to God more homes of this character could be found everywhere throughout our land, for from such only do we find our highest citizenship, the nation's bulwark.

Our next stop was at Mrs. Black's at Plattsmouth, an aunt of Mrs. Otis and widow of the late Dr. Black of that city. Although somewhat inferm with the weight of more than three score years and ten, Aunt Black made our sojourn of three days more than pleasant and left the impression upon my heart that she had faithfully fulfilled all the functions of a true womanhood both in precept and example. For having done this so ably I shall accord her a bright place in the book of remembrance, and the good Father, I know, will crown her as she deserves when He calls her home.

At Plattsmouth we also spent a happy day with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ruffner. Mrs. Ruffner, another cousin, is a daughter of the late Dr. Black and sister of Mrs. Kirkpatrick above mentioned.

Monday, July 25, found us on our way to friends near the Bluffs via Pacific Junction, across and up "The Bottoms," through luxurious corn and wheat fields. Some of our friends here by whom we were so kindly entertained, have been compelled, by encroachments of the "Big Muddy," which Richardson characterized as being "too thick to swim in and not quite thick enough to walk on," to move their buildings twice since residing on the "Bottoms."

Doing the Exposition.

Our next point was the exposition, where we spent three days (not consecutive) viewing and interviewing masterpieces from art and nature's storehouses. Having attended to three score years, I could not resist the feeling that it was the most great intellectual treat of my life. And never before have I seen so much moral excellence characterize an undertaking as can be seen and felt at this great exposition. For it is not bulk that constitutes greatness, but quality. Scales do not measure moral worth in man, animals or things. Diamonds are always outweighed by brickbats and genius by the vagabond. The tiniest flower often exhibits the richest perfume, and smallest pebbles bespeak the handiwork of the infinite as much as do the tallest mountains. It is then from an artistic and moral standpoint that I speak, more particularly, when I say none can afford to stay away. And for the reason that for one to travel our country over to see the many rich and beautiful things on exhibition at Omaha would necessitate a vast outlay of time and money. In fact, it would simply be an impossibility to do, which has been made possible by the philanthropic projectors and contributors to the exposition. And, doubtless, it will be a long time before the people of this country, and especially of the west, will have another opportunity of seeing what can now be seen for a few paltry dollars. And no man, woman or child will ever have occasion to regret having gone to Omaha, no matter what the exigencies of this life may bring. Nor is it possible for any to come away without the conviction that every true and noble impulse of their being has been deepened and broadened by the associations of the exposition. To see all this is but to be forced to realize the progress of the race and its future possibilities. It is but a foreshadowing of what is to come, that the measure of life is nowhere near full, but still contains too much of the "bitter."

The Old and the New.

A comparison of the old with the new in things and methods kills pessimism and gives birth to optimism. The pulsations of the heart are made warmer and quicker by a contemplation of the progress in invention and the masteries in art. Who can view the "Butcher's Drawer" without a feeling of doubt as to where nature leaves off and art begins? Or gaze at the "Mayflower" without imbibing the spirit which impelled our forefathers to cross the sea in quest of liberty? Who can stand upon the platform of Lincoln's old car without being thrilled with the fact that the feet of America's greatest and best man had pressed the same? And, finally, who can, after having visited all the departments and seen the matchless handiwork displayed therein, the immense expenditure of time, capital and labor necessary to its creation, and the rich treasures from nature and art, to be seen almost everywhere, no largely gathered from the west, deplore the expedition as empty time and effort, or regret that it "does it pay?" A world pleased him with

"This is one of a numerous host
Who neither care nor know nor take
Delight for grace or love or use,
Or even the praise which comes with these."

It was with these and kindred reflections that we bade farewell to what will ever be an inspiration and a joy.

Influence of the Exposition.

From an educational standpoint the influence of the Transmississippi Exposition will be felt for a generation to come.

"The stars of earth and life we see,
The fuller out the sky will be."

From Omaha to Neola, Ia., was the next link in our chain of travel, where we met a kind and many warm friends. Here as almost everywhere throughout the west, found push and energy characterizing the people. Our drive from Neola to Riverton was through a section rich and prosperous, as was that also from Nebraska City to Plattsmouth. It is here "time honored" reigns supreme, before whom a liberty-loving people delight to bow, in fact, ours is the only land who feeds the world and rules because it feeds.

Notwithstanding all this we as a people are in our infancy. The development of our almost limitless resources will surely keep pace with our intellectual, which stands without a parallel in all the annals of time. But the picture of tomorrow cannot be here today; therefore cannot be described. Our people are patient and will wait, and their loyalty to truth and righteousness will be commensurate to every duty under the sun. S. S. OTIS.

IRISH BULLS IN NEW PASTURES.

Some Rib-Tickling Breaks from the Land of Sir Boyle Roche.

In a recent annual report of a benevolent society having its headquarters in Dublin the following delightful sentence occurs: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid to the society for medical attendance and medicine, very few deaths occurred during the year." A Cork newspaper published a report of an open-air political meeting, in which this paragraph appeared: "Mr. M. A. Bretnach next spoke at much length in the usual taper style, but from the distance we were wholly unable to catch the purport of his remarks."

In a parliamentary blue book containing the annual report of the commissioners of national education and signed by three eminent personages the following gem may be found: "The female teachers were instructed in plain cooking. They had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in turn."

A countrywoman walking through the streets of Limerick caught sight of a small coffin displayed as a grewsome show sight in an undertaker's shop window. "O, glory be to God," she exclaimed, "is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

The owner of a valuable horse was very indignant with his stable boy for having allowed the animal, which he had taken out for a morning trot, to take head. "The devil a bit of me could stop him, sir, for I had no spurs," was the boy's strange excuse.

An amusing story was told me by a friend who is a dispensary doctor in a district in the south of Ireland. One night he was awakened by a ringing at the front door of his residence, and, going to the window saw a laboring man below. "What's the matter, my good fellow," he said. "The new child mother that's took bad, doctor," replied the man. "Have you been long here?" asked the doctor. "I have that, yer honor." "And why on earth didn't you ring the bell?" "Sure, I was afraid I'd disturb yer honor," was the man's perfectly sincere reply.

"Bulls" often originate in a misunderstanding of the meaning of words or terms. A lady asked a widow whether her son was still in the orphanage in Dublin. "Och no, me lady," was the reply. "Sure he's an orphan no longer. He's now working at a throade outside." At an inquest held recently in Galway concerning the death of a child under rather suspicious circumstances, a quack doctor, who attended the child, stated in the course of his evidence that he had given him ipecacuanha. "You might as well have given the unborn babe," said the coroner. The quack doctor returned the prompt reply: "And sure, yer honor, that was the very thing I was going to give him, only it he hadn't died just then!"

The light in which domestic service is regarded by some servants in Ireland is illustrated by an amusing anecdote which was told by a lady in a letter written to a Dublin newspaper some time ago. A young country girl called on her in answer to an advertisement for a general servant. "Have you a reference?" asked the lady. "A reference!" exclaimed the girl in injured tones. "What do I want that for? Sure, 'tis I've got to live with you and not you with me!" That letter led to the relation by a second mistress of the story of another laughable "bull." One day her servant answered a knock at the hall door. "Who was it that called?" she asked the maid subsequently. "It was a gentleman, Ma'am, lookin' for the wrong house," was the reply. There is a story told in journalistic circles in Dublin of a delightful display of "cheek" by a farmer who called at one of the newspaper offices to have an advertisement inserted. He was informed that the charges were 6 shillings for the first insertion and 3 shillings 6 pence for the second. "Faith, then," said he, "I'll have it in the second time."

Here are two nominal "bulls" due to the Celt's inherent rapidity of thought. "Is it a son of a daughter your father, Mrs. Healy, has got?" asked a gentleman of one of his tenants whom he met on the road. "The curse of the crows to me, but I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt," was the immediate reply. I was once present at a review of a militia regiment in the south of Ireland when the sergeant major came up and reported to the colonel that all the ammunition was exhausted. "Then sound 'Cease firing,'" roared the commanding officer. A number of boatmen who were quarreling about the distance of "trips" bridged at the top of their voices in a good deal of profane language, which the marvelous echo repeated verbatim. "Arrah, look at that now for a echandal," said one of the party who was of a pious turn. "Tackin' the poor, harmless echo to curse and swear."

Convention of Stationary Engineers.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 6.—The seventeenth annual convention of the National Association of Stationary Engineers began at Carnegie hall at noon today. Nearly 300 delegates from all parts of the country are in attendance. The opening session was devoted to addresses of welcome by Mayors Ford and Grier of Pittsburg and Allegheny respectively and responses by James Henry Harris of Chicago and Herbert A. Stone of Boston.

REMINISCENCES IN POLITICS

Ex-South Dakotan Recalls Stirring Incidents of Territorial Conventions.

SUGGESTIONS FROM SAMMIS' FATE

As in the State Convention of Iowa Last Week There Were Numerous Surprises for Pioneer Politicians of Western Sections.

The experience of J. V. Sammis of Lemars, Ia., who lost the nomination for railway commissioner at the Dubuque convention last week, while he believed he had landed it, is the subject of general chat among western politicians. Some of them were discussing it and during the conversation an ex-resident of South Dakota was reminded of an incident in the politics of territorial days which he related as follows:

"In 1884 the republican convention for nomination of a delegate to congress was held at Pierre in the freight house of the Northwestern Railway company—a long, narrow building, with openings at the sides, which made it difficult for delegates in the rear to know what was going on about the platform. J. B. Raymond of Faulk was a candidate for renomination, but during his first term he had done some things which had disgruntled Alec McKenzie of Bismarck, who was determined to defeat him, notwithstanding he was from northern Dakota. McKenzie had marshaled about thirty-five votes over on the Missouri slope, ostensibly for Dr. W. A. Bentley of Bismarck, but really to be used in the defeat of Raymond by any other candidate should opportunity offer.

"There was an understanding between McKenzie and Pettigrew, notwithstanding the strife between them in other campaigns, that the forces of the former should come to some understanding from southern Dakota at any time they would nominate him. On the twelfth ballot I think it was, the word was passed around that McKenzie's thirty-five votes would nominate Judge C. S. Gifford of Custer and they commenced changing from Bentley to him. Among others the two votes of Kidder county were changed over to Gifford by Colonel Wilson F. Steele. But when the changes were all done with it was found that Gifford was still two votes short of enough to nominate. There was a little snowstorm and the terms nominate can be imagined. Alec McKenzie's face will not be whiter in any coffin than it was for a few moments when it seemed that after all his scheming to defeat Raymond with votes from North Dakota he might still be nominated. Just then Colonel Steele rushed up the aisle shouting:

"Mr. Chairman, Kidder county has finally concluded to also change her two votes to Judge Gifford.

"For the moment it was not recalled that Kidder county's votes had already been changed and the two were called to that Gifford was nominated. Some other counties in the rear of the hall then changed to him and before the ballot was counted the leader of the Raymond forces moved that the nomination of Gifford be made unanimous. The cunning nerve of Colonel Steele had slaughtered Raymond and many a hearty handshake was be accorded by the friends of Pettigrew and McKenzie in congratulation upon his adroitness."

More "Smart" Politics.

The ex-South Dakotan being in a reminiscent mood, he commented further upon experiences up there where it is said there has been raised a large crop of smart politicos.

"I notice," said he, "there has been some sarcastic comment by the populist papers about the fact that at the republican league meeting held at Mitchell the other evening, just before the state convention, the audience joined in repeating the Lord's prayer. That reminds me of another territorial convention held in Dakota in 1886—the one at which delegates were selected to the national convention.

"It was held in the Methodist church at Huron, and lasted all night and was perhaps the hottest contest in the history of the territory—always excepting the convention of 1887 at Grand Forks, which never will be equaled by any political gathering in history.

"It was a tossup as to whether the Pettigrew or anti-Pettigrew forces would win. Pettigrew was ultimately defeated by about half a dozen votes, but it was because one of the delegates from the Red River valley, who had been instructed to act with him, and who had the six votes of his county in proxy, was seated by Alec McKenzie, George Walsh, Jud Lamoure and other anti-Pettigrew leaders just transferring the proxies to them, and he left town.

"Well, the convention being so evenly divided, it was felt by both sides that great advantage would lie with whichever might secure the temporary organization. The chairman of the central committee could not attend and the question was as to who should call the convention to order and take the vote for temporary chairman. I was vice chairman for that portion of the committee in southern Dakota, the territory being so large that the committee work had to be thus divided, and by virtue of the position it was demanded by the Pettigrew forces that I had the right to represent the committee. But the chairman had designated Major A. W. Edwards of Fargo, who was not a member of the committee, to act for him in calling the convention to order. A conflict between us for possession of the platform was felt to be certain.

Some Guns in Evidence.

"Long before the hour for the convention to begin business, the delegates were all in their seats and every inch of space available in the church occupied. It seemed remarkable that such a crowd on such a hot afternoon could be so silent. The tension was increased by the way in which every person's interest centered around the point where the battle was to be fought between Major Edwards and myself for possession of the gavel. An instance of the feeling in the church is afforded by a remark made by Colonel Pat Donan, a newspaper man well known throughout the country, who whispered to John Pew of Bismarck:

"'For heaven's sake let's get out of here. Both of those fellows carry guns.'

"In order that there might be no charge of irregularity, neither side would move until the clock on the church wall should strike 2. For some minutes there was scarcely a movement in the building, but just as the clock started with the preliminary whirr of its wheels announcing its intention to strike I jumped to the platform and grabbed the emblem of authority. Major Edwards weighed nearly 400 pounds and so couldn't be quick enough. Never-

USE FOR ROSE LEAVES.

How Favorite Perfumes Were Prepared in Grandmother's Day.

Our grandmothers considered gentleness in every detail to be the great secret of a gentlewoman's life, save the Lenten Mary. Their delicacy of taste was never shown more effectively but more decidedly than in their selection of scents. Every part of the parlor was as much in keeping with their favorite perfume and from one over old-fashioned grandmother I have learned how she preferred the odors of the dried rose which grows so plentifully in country gardens, placed them in dainty, flower-painted bags, sprinkled over them a few drops of some attractive liquid or other and then scattered the finely dried leaves over.

She has two entire parlors in the house now, but preferred all varieties save in the morning room, which, lighted by an early east window, was redolent with the odor of violet. Before those days of the Civil war I remember with all possible pride the fragrance of the violet and I gave him the palm.

Other flowers were then ready for infusing, as a watchword of defiance to the yankees, who I viewed in Major Edwards' person just over the river. But to have a taste of the rose's perfume in addition to the violet's was to be treated to a delicacy of odor indescribable. Grandmother would gather the roses and do so as before the rainbow's promise after midnight and morning. In the dew, as she explained, and Major Edwards turned to him and whispered above the din: "Mr. Thompson will you please lend us a prayer?"

And the prayer commenced and I have always had a suspicion that it was addressed solely to the two gentlemen, for only a few in whole of their three score and ten years in securing the temporary grandeur which was rendered feasible for a time majority after a hard battle all afternoon and all night, had passed the convention to the national convention and we weren't in it. Since that time none of them has been heard to disturb the power of prayer.

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TYPICAL AMERICAN MECHANIC.

Walter Wyckoff's Experience with a Genuine Specimen.

Among the workingmen on the grounds whom I have come to know, whom Walter Wyckoff in Scribner's, once has discussed the more as a type than an American carpenter with whom I sometimes spend an evening. The man is lonely and uncomfortable in his new surroundings. The novel conditions which here beset him as a workingman are quite as disturbing to him as the unfamiliar setting of his daily life. No college commencement to his individuality and the new order of things which confronts him here highly makes strange havoc of all that.

We had not been talking many minutes on the embankment, where one day after dinner we first met, when the man's name came out as Ray. He is a master carpenter from a village home in Ohio and the demands of steady work for many months at $3 a day was tempting enough to induce him to leave his family behind and come here. He had arrived a few days before and had found instant employment.

Seeing the man at a dull, lay-looking, self-respecting American mechanic, and hearing the hum about and hurrying over the hills of his history, we had direct vision of his past. You could assume was a comfortable wooden country in his own building, with a garden plot about it and flower-beds in front, standing on a well shaded village street. He owns the cottage and the plot of land and the chances were born there and he is at all events in the village church and has been justice of the peace and more than once served as village trustee. So now unexpectedly as adventure to himself, it is a new idea and it gave him a hitherto unexperienced sense of self-consciousness. In his native village his family moves the farmers of all the neighborhood on the same footing that they recognize in the minister and the doctor and the village lawyer and the schoolmaster a distinction which attaches to special education. His children study and play at school with the children of all the neighbors and mingle freely with them at church and in their other social relations.

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