

CURIOSITY OF BIRDS.

Some Amusing Experiences of Scientific Kite Fliers.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. According to the Chicago News, large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air, and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity, they hover around the floating kites and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth. No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites, a couple of years ago, a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle flew, visiting first one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them, he flew off and was lost to view. Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

The young electrician strung his wire and waited.

The policeman on the beat stopped at the basement entrance just to "get a bite" and see that no one had run away with the cook.

The young electrician became tired waiting and began experimenting with his wire and the battery.

The old gentleman came home from the club in a cab a little before midnight.

The cabman had "been there before" and he solicitously inquired if he should find the keyhole for the old gentleman.

The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

As the cabman turned a back somersault over the railing of the front porch he kicked the old gentleman in the stomach and knocked him down on the steps.

He also gave a yell that could be heard eight blocks and landed on the neck of the policeman, who was just backing away from the basement door with a piece of pie in his mouth.

It spoiled the pie.—Chicago Post.

WHY IT DIDN'T WORK.

Scheme of the Brilliant Young Amateur Electrician.

The brilliant young amateur electrician had a great scheme.

It so happened that there had been a large number of burglaries in the neighborhood, and the young electrician thought it would be a great thing for him if he could catch the perpetrators.

The father of the young electrician had great confidence in his boy, and in consequence he entered heartily into the plan.

"Late to-night, when you come in," explained the young electrician, "you must leave your key in the door. That will be the bait."

The old gentleman nodded.

"I will have a wire strung so that the key may be charged with electricity," went on the young electrician. "That will be the hook."

The old gentleman rubbed his hand and nodded again.

"Between the bait and the hook we will land some of these prowlers to-night," asserted the young electrician.

"Well, I rather guess," returned the old gentleman, enthusiastically.

That night the old gentleman went to his club.

The young electrician strung his wire and waited.

The policeman on the beat stopped at the basement entrance just to "get a bite" and see that no one had run away with the cook.

The young electrician became tired waiting and began experimenting with his wire and the battery.

The old gentleman came home from the club in a cab a little before midnight.

The cabman had "been there before" and he solicitously inquired if he should find the keyhole for the old gentleman.

The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

As the cabman turned a back somersault over the railing of the front porch he kicked the old gentleman in the stomach and knocked him down on the steps.

He also gave a yell that could be heard eight blocks and landed on the neck of the policeman, who was just backing away from the basement door with a piece of pie in his mouth.

It spoiled the pie.—Chicago Post.

BIRD AND MOUSE FIGHT.

Sparrow Comes Off Victorious in a Novel Encounter.

While waiting for a train at a country station at a very early hour in the morning I became witness of a novel encounter, which ended in a tragedy.

A small bit of cheese lay on the ground not far from the platform, and quite a large mouse emerged from the board under the sidewalk, first to nibble at the toothsome morsel, and then to lug it into its hole, probably for the family breakfast.

Just as the mouse was on the point of securing its morning meal beyond peradventure a gray old sparrow which had perched on a tree over the way and was keenly observing the efforts of the rodent, resolving to have a share in the good things of the world, swooped down from his perch and seized the bit of cheese before the astonished mouse could realize that its claim was disputed.

Nevertheless, the mouse held fast to the bit of cheese, and the sparrow, finding that he would be obliged to drag rodent and all out of the hole if he were to have a square meal did so in great shape, for an English sparrow is as strong as he is ferocious.

The feathered pirate having succeeded in pulling his antagonist and the prize out to the open, then let go, and rising many feet in the air descended upon the mouse with force, striking it on the head with his beak and on the sides with his wings.

The mouse was evidently no fool. Knowing that if the rising and falling tactics of his adversary were continued it would be worsted, it dropped the cheese and managed to seize one of the bird's legs and hold it fast.

But the powerful wing had full play, and in less than two minutes the sparrow had killed his rival, and taking his cheese in its mouth, flew away with it. He left a few drops of blood behind him, however, and he may have a lame leg to the end of his days.—Washington Star.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

It Came to the Operator Via the Gas Pipe.

"On the night of the occurrence," said the telegraph operator who had been requested to tell the story, "I had been reading one of those newspaper yarns which narrate in lurid language the trying experience of some poor cuss who is buried in the ruins or in prison or some other impossible situation and who saves himself by tickling a message on the wall or on a gas pipe or any old way that leads out to daylight and freedom, and my mind was considerably wrought up, for the story was strong and very well told. It was about midnight when I finished it, and I at once began to get ready for bed, thinking meanwhile what I would do if caught in such a box. As I was knocking around the room undressing, my attention was suddenly called to a queer knocking that didn't seem to be located anywhere at first, but shortly I thought it was from the gas pipe, and I went over and listened. I was right in my guess, and in a second more I detected a message in the peculiar ticking. 'Help! help!' it said: 'come quick, whoever you are!'

"There wasn't any going back on a warning like that, and forgetting in the excitement of the moment that I was about to become a character in the very kind of a story I had been reading, and, I may say, doubting, I broke in on the gas pipe with a metal-backed hair brush for a sounder and asked the party for particulars. Immediately there came to me briefly the information that the sender was held a prisoner at No. 27 Verona place, not far from my flat, by some persons who would not stop at any crime to accomplish their purpose. In fact, they had informed the sender that if certain moneys were not forthcoming by noon the next day the sender would never be forthcoming again, or words to that effect. Also, in the name of heaven, I was begged to come at once with a strong force of police to the number given, as the persons were desperate characters.

"Ticking back word that I would go at once to the rescue, and telling the prisoner to keep up courage, I went for the police telegraph operator and an officer to verify what I had heard, and a party of five of us went in a hurry to No. 27. Placing the police front and back of the house, which showed faintly a light from the third-story window, I went with the lieutenant of the squad to the door and rang the bell. It was evident the house was not asleep, for in a minute or two footsteps were heard hurrying along the halls and up and downstairs, and then, after a moment's stillness, the front door was cautiously opened and inquiry made as to what was wanted. In an instant the lieutenant had thrust his knee in the crack of the door and before the man inside knew what had happened he was in the hall and the officer had him by the neck.

"A minute later a friend of mine, living on the floor above in the same flat with me, rose from a corner and gave me a huge laugh, and then the whole house came down, and kept coming until the officer threatened to arrest the entire business for disorderly conduct. Quiet was restored on this threat, and the crowd informed me that the thrilling message had been sent to me from the room above my own by the occupant thereof, who had skipped and got around to 27 as soon as he could when he saw what a success his scheme was likely to be. The gang was waiting for me, and when we got into the house, of course, I was given a reception worthy of the occasion. It also cost me the drinks, numerous, and many good cigars for all the people concerned in it, though the lieutenant assured me that he would arrest the entire lot for obtaining drinks without pretenses if I said so."—Washington Star.

Prefer Homely Girls.

It is pretty generally known that the big candy stores and drug stores which employ girls to attend the soda fountains in some of the large cities now seek girls who are not distinguished for beauty, and that in many typewriting agencies preference is given to girls not called handsome, but little or nothing has been heard of any effort on the part of telephone companies in the same direction.

The sheriff of Augusta county, Va., however, is manager of the telephone exchange at Staunton, has advertised for homely girls as telephone operators. His reasons have been mainly asked, and the puzzle deepens with the promulgation of the news that the girls employed in the exchange marry soon after going there. What their voices are like is not told, and it is said that their photographs have been refused to curious correspondents time and again. It is to be noted that, according to the Gazetteer, Staunton, with a population of less than 7,000, supports four institutions for women and girls and a lunatic asylum.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. According to the Chicago News, large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air, and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity, they hover around the floating kites and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth. No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites, a couple of years ago, a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle flew, visiting first one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them, he flew off and was lost to view. Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

The young electrician strung his wire and waited.

The policeman on the beat stopped at the basement entrance just to "get a bite" and see that no one had run away with the cook.

The young electrician became tired waiting and began experimenting with his wire and the battery.

The old gentleman came home from the club in a cab a little before midnight.

The cabman had "been there before" and he solicitously inquired if he should find the keyhole for the old gentleman.

The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

As the cabman turned a back somersault over the railing of the front porch he kicked the old gentleman in the stomach and knocked him down on the steps.

He also gave a yell that could be heard eight blocks and landed on the neck of the policeman, who was just backing away from the basement door with a piece of pie in his mouth.

It spoiled the pie.—Chicago Post.

Several different towns in the United States claim the unique distinction of having erected the first American cotton mill, but from the best information that can be obtained, it seems that the credit properly belongs to the town of Beverly, Mass.

The circumstances leading up to this discovery may be of interest to our readers. Some two or three years ago Mayor Rantoul, of Salem, Mass., was invited to Pawtucket, R. I., to attend the centennial exercises held at that place in commemoration of the opening of the famous Slater mill. In sending out invitations to this centennial event the owners of the mill claimed it to be the first establishment of its kind ever erected in the United States. For some reason Mayor Rantoul was unable to be present at the exercises, but being deeply interested in historical researches, he decided at his leisure to investigate the claims of the Pawtucket mill owners. This investigation led to the discovery that the old cotton mill at Beverly, Mass., which was burned down in 1838, had been in operation for several years prior to the establishment of the mill at Pawtucket, and that no less a witness than Gen. Washington himself could be cited in confirmation of the fact. It seems that Gen. Washington while on a tour of the New England states in 1789 made a visit to the old Beverly cotton mill, and was so impressed with the novelty of the spectacle that he devoted several pages of his diary to its description. This old diary is still to be found among Gen. Washington's papers.

As the researches of Major Rantoul seemed to settle the matter beyond all controversy, the residents of Beverly, Mass., have recently caused a handsome tablet to be erected on the site of the old mill, commemorating the establishment of the first enterprise of its kind ever inaugurated in the United States. —Atlanta Constitution.

The Value of a Rubbish Heap.

Keep all sorts of trees well cleared of grass and weeds about the trunk, and well supplied with coal ash or other mulch. It is well to have a compost heap always forming to use for mulch. This is one of the most important points about a horticultural home. I have these compost heaps in different places. Into them are flung all weeds, all leaves, all sorts of manure and all rotting fruit.

All ashes and coal ashes and brine are added. These composts are used not only for mulch but to cover strawberies. You cannot too strongly emphasize the value of this sort of property. It is a sin to burn leaves.—Independent.

Undutiful.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.

Steam Power.

Mother—You are an undutiful daughter if you refuse to marry him.

Daughter—Well, I should develop into an undutiful wife if I did marry him.—Town Topics.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

We cannot understand how anybody gets along without a pocketknife.—Washington Democrat.