

SOME FAMED ECHOES.

Buildings and Out-of-Door Spots That Furnish Them.

Remarkable Phenomena That Have Attracted Curious Seekers from All Parts of the World to This Capital.

In this country there are many well-known buildings noted for their echoes, and of these perhaps none is more remarkable than the tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

A better known, but really less wonderful, example of audibility within a building is found in the national hall of statutory in the capital at Washington.

The guides certainly make the most of their opportunities for impressing visitors—but when a guide retreats to a distance to whisper you may observe on approaching him with due caution that his whisper is of the nature of a soft and calculated murmur.

Natural echoes unsurpassed in wonderful effect are not far to seek in America. Probably Irish Killarney itself does not hide away more striking echoes than lurk within the famous Colorado canyons, and it would be rash to assert that these are quite the most wonderful to be found among the rocky retreats of the far west.

Deep ravines being the recognized haunt of echoes, it may be taken for granted that many exist in the great gorge of Niagara, and anyone journeying to the falls by this approach will be well rewarded by stopping at Inspiration point, walking forward to the edge of the cliff, and here waiting till the first train, on nearing the level crossing, blows its whistle. All the deep gles take up and carries on the warring shriek.

The musical chord blown so constantly by railway engines often meets with a beautiful response from the surrounding country. This is very noticeable round the lake of Geneva, Wis., when the listener is standing on high ground and trains are threading their way through the woodland below.

Many who visited Wadesboro, N. C., to observe the total eclipse of the sun from the observation station there last year noticed that the organ-like piping of the trains, when two miles distant in the broad, wooded valley below, would give place, without sensible break, to an echoing reply, which slowly and softly died away like the wild notes of some gigantic harp.

DON'T BE A PORCHER.

Name for Women and Girls Who Constantly Frequent the Hotel or Cottage Porch.

At every summer hotel there is to be seen an army of women and girls who have been named "porchers." Don't be a "porcher," even though you have to spend your holidays at a hotel. The "porcher" well, she sits on the porch. That's all, says Ada C. Sweet, in Women's Home Companion.

With the Ball Juggler. His was Charlie's first game of golf. His patient friend had taken him sadly around the 18 holes and watched him hack the ball into small bits and cut up the green as though it had been plowed by shrapnel.

Charley brightened up and flushed happily, while the young women looked at him admiringly. "Which one?" he asked, eagerly. "Why," said the patient friend, "the time you hit the ball." Chicago Tribune.

Particulars Wanted. She—Hogan has had another addition to his family. Ryan—Odd or even?—Puck.

STRANGE TRAGEDY IN TURKEY

Striking Example of the Evil That Is Wrought by Growing Intemperance.

Orthodox Mohammedans are horrified at the rapid spread of intemperance in Turkey, and they point to a recent tragedy as a striking example of the evil that is wrought by indulgence in strong drink, says the New York Herald.

Rassim Bey, a captain of police at Phanaraki, on the Sea of Marmora, invited his friend and colleague Tahsin Effendi to take supper with him some days ago. The invitation was accepted, and the two friends enjoyed a hearty meal, after which they began to drink brandy.

With a smile, Tahsin Effendi thrust away the brimring goblet which his host held out to him, whereupon Rasm Bey became furious and vowed that if he did not drink it at once he would shoot him like a dog. To his guest this seemed a good joke, and he laughed heartily, but still he persisted in his refusal to take the proffered goblet, saying bluntly that he had drunk quite enough, and that he did not see any sense in drinking more than was good for him.

Tahsin Effendi rolled under the table corpse, and at the ghastly sight his host's senses returned and he fled for his life. In Phanaraki he had one very intimate friend, his artillery officer, and he took refuge with him and told him the whole story. The officer promised to harbor him as long as he could, but he advised him to surrender to the authorities, and this advice Rasm Bey took. What the result of this trial will be cannot be foretold, but it is believed that in view of his voluntary surrender and of the fact that the murder was certainly not premeditated, only a light sentence will be imposed on him.

A PLUNGE IN OIL.

How Mr. Rockefeller Got Into the Business Soberly as Well as Financially.

There is a story told of Mr. Rockefeller's first venture in the oil business. Indeed, he has been known to tell the story himself, with an evident appreciation of its humor. It was away back in the early sixties, when he was engaged in the grain business in Cleveland, O., says Youth's Companion.

One of his customers, a Mr. Breed, was the owner of an oil well at Titusville. Mr. Rockefeller became interested in the account of the well, and consented to go to see it with a prospect of purchasing. The next week he appeared. Mr. Breed tells of this visit: "The well was about eight miles below Titusville on Oil creek. The roads were very bad, and we rode horseback. We left the horses tied to a tree, and went the last half-mile on foot. The path led over a sort of bayou, six feet across. The oil men threw the sediment from the oil-tanks into the bayou, and the mixture of oily mud and water was inky black.

"To cross the bayou we had to walk plog, which was slippery from the snow of the previous night. I crossed safely, and was about to offer Mr. Rockefeller a helping hand when he slipped and fell into the bayou.

"He sank into the tarry mud nearly to his hips, ruining his clothes, which happened to be new and light-colored. It took us half an hour, working with barrel-staves, to scrape off the tar, so that he could walk. His first remark after he was out of the bayou was: "Breed, you've got me into the oil business head and ears."

"He bought the oil and a new suit of clothes before he left Titusville. Mr. Rockefeller and I rarely meet, but when we do we always have a laugh over his 'first plunge into the oil business.'

Cave Dwellers in Dieppe. People who only know the gayer side of the Dieppe would be surprised to hear of the existence of the cave dwellers there. One is apt to connect such people with the gnawed bones and flint instruments of prehistoric times; but here they are Dieppe, within a stone's throw of the casino; and they may be seen any day about the town, selling the shellfish from the rocks outside their habitations. They have certain marked characteristics, one being a peculiar complexion of their own that can be traced largely to a disinclination on the part of the cave dweller to avail himself of the water that washes so close to his door.

Let the Old Man Settle. Dr. Curran: But I don't see why you will not pay my bill. You said I had made a new man of you.

Mr. Gooch: That's just it, doctor. It was the old man who ordered the work done, and he ought to pay for it.—Baltimore American.

An Easy Thing. It is easy for a rich man to impress a poor neighbor.—Atchison Globe.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

British public expenses are running nearly \$2,000,000 per week beyond last year.

The French tax on street signs varies with the size of the town. Last year it added over \$700,000 to the public treasury.

Germany are still prejudiced against corn as an article of food, except for cattle and swine; but efforts are being made to overcome this prejudice.

The Prussian city of Cassel will be a thousand years old in 1913, while the French city of Marseilles was founded more than 2,500 years ago, and Rome is 2,654 years old.

Experts believe that the recent financial crisis in Japan will help to repeal the old law which forbids the holding of land by aliens and discouraging the inflow of foreign capital.

The British empire, as a whole, still leads in gold mining, and that without counting the Transvaal. Including the latter its output is \$40,000,000 out of \$60,000,000 for the whole world.

"London likes the London boy!" That is the motto of a British company which has been formed to sell paper ices, guaranteed pure and of wholesome manufacture. Every ice will be served in a paper cup with a metal spoon, both intended to be thrown away when once used, so that the propagation of disease by repeated washings of ice glasses in water that is far from reputable may be avoided.

AS AESOP MIGHT HAVE TOLD IT

Story from Alaska of a Clever Trick Played by Two Ravens on a Pup.

A Jerseyman, writing home from southern Alaska, says the New York Sun, tells the following: "I happened to see with my own eyes the other day a clever trick played by a pair of ravens, which carried me back to old Aesop and his fables, for here as I gazed was one of the venerable tales noted out in real life.

"A silly little pup was playing about when he came upon a nice, tasty bone. I was watching him worry the bone and was enjoying the pleasure. He seemed to get out of it, when down dropped two ravens. They wanted that bone. It struck out over them, their desire and their eyes alone with the just of conquest.

"They fluttered about for some time, but Jo, the pup, paid no attention. He wouldn't be fooled, and I could scarcely keep from laughing to see how adroit the ravens were and how stubborn the pup was.

"Finally one raven sneaked behind Jo and enticed quietly up until he was perhaps two feet from the pup's tail. The other raven remained in front, snatching here and there, just enough to keep the dog's attention on him. When the raven in the rear had gained a proper position—that is, had crept close enough—the wily old bird in front began to jump up and down. I was bewildered at first. I couldn't make out what the birds were up to for the longest while, and when the jumping process began I was more mystified than ever, until the dog, distracted by the jumping process, stopped worrying the bone and looked up. Then I realized with an awesome feeling that those ravens were up to something pretty close to human. I confess it soared me a bit; it made the birds seem diabolical, and I found analogies of Poe's verses on the immortal birds of this feather running through my head.

"Gradually the jumping bird drew nearer and nearer to Jo. Alas, for the pup's intelligence! I held my breath as the agile charmer flopped closer and closer to Jo's smutty nose. Suddenly Jo's jaws clicked. Almost at the same instant there was a flutter, a plunge from the rear, and the bird behind the pup had the bone.

"It was done so quickly that my eyes could scarcely follow it. When the raven in front got too near Jo raised his head from the bone and snapped at the bird. He missed the raven, and, forgetting the bone and everything else, made a plunge for the bird. Then the raven in the rear got in his work.

"Of course, the moment the rear maneuver had succeeded the light cavalry that had been demonstrating in front flew off. The noises those birds made were weird. As the bird in the rear grabbed the bone he let out a hoarse yell, precisely like laughter, jeering, taunting laughter. I could hear them, as they flew across the bay from Ketchikan, laughing and laughing as they went.

"Poor Jo! It took him an instant to realize what had happened, and when he did you never saw a pup look more sheepish. It was a mean trick, but a rare joke on Jo, just the same."

One of Nature's Laboratories.

Mr. McAdie, of the weather bureau, has been studying the formation of fogs in the vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco, which is famous for its earth-hugging clouds. He shows that the remarkable topography of this region makes of it a natural laboratory, in which daily experiments in the cloudy condensation of water vapor are conducted. The peculiar juxtaposition of ocean, bay, mountain, foothill and level valley and the arrangement of bluffs and ridges forcing the prevailing westerly current with increased velocity through the Golden Gate, are the main causes of the phenomenal fogs.—Youth's Companion.

Sleep Resolvo for Hot Weather.

Here is the recipe of a naval officer for keeping cool while in bed: Go to a carpet dealer and have him cut pieces of straw matting just the size of your bed. Sew them together and then place the straw blanket between the mattress and the sheet. The coarser the matting the better, as it will allow more ventilation. If you have been suffering from insomnia on account of the heat, try it.—N. Y. Letter.

CHIEF TRAIN DISPATCHER.

In Immediate Charge of Communications Details and Responsibility in Heavy.

Charles De Lano Hine, soldier and railroad man, tells in Century what the chief dispatchers on a railroad have to do.

The chief train dispatcher "handles the power," distributes the cars to the various stations, decides what freight trains shall be run and is in immediate charge of the countless details that arise in the operation of trains. The duties of the superintendent and the trainmaster keep them away from the office about half the time, traveling up and down the line, stopping over night at important stations and terminals.

The chief dispatcher is always at headquarters, and is the man of details. He is assisted by a "trick dispatcher" for each dispatching district. Like the sentinels at Gibraltar, the three trick dispatchers never leave their posts unguarded. It may happen for a few minutes some Sunday night that there is not a train running, "not a wheel a-turin' on the division," as the men say; but there sits the dispatcher, the ever-ready representative of the official staff, the incarnation of alert administration. Where business is heavy and the management is progressive, there is a night chief also, who thus renders the position of chief dispatcher uninterupted. These chiefs work 12 hours each, as the nervous tension is less than that of a trick dispatcher, who is "gled to the train wire" his entire tour. In the absence of a night chief the details at night are looked after by the trick dispatcher, whose work becomes much more responsible.

The chief, in such a case, usually comes down after supper and maps out the night work, and sometimes breaks in later with instructions on the train wire, which is "out" at his room. The railroad man is seldom entirely out of touch with his work. The telegraph sounder lulls the tired chief to rest and wakes him in the morning. So trained is his ear that, if wanted at night, the dispatcher has to "sound" the private call on the wire only a few times to elicit a response from the sleeping chief. On Sundays the chief is on hand most of the day, in obedience to the timetable—railroad commandment.

"Six days shall thou labor, and the seventh come down to the office and catch up." In most occupations "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but in railroading it makes him a bright boy, so stimulating and fascinating is the excitement of the work.

DEPTH WITHOUT SOUNDING.

How River Men Gauge the Streams by Observation of Surface Conditions.

"River men have but little trouble in telling how deep the water is if they know the stream and its habits," said an old steamboat captain, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "and if conditions are normal they can tell it by the surface disturbance, by the ripple of the waves. Streams, of course, have their erratic moods, just as men do, and when they are in this condition the river man would be at a disadvantage in estimating the depth of the water at a given point. The course of the currents may for some reason be violently diverted, or the wind may be up, or some other condition may prevail that would tend to throw a fellow off.

"But under ordinary circumstances it is an easy matter for the river man to tell just how deep the water is, and he does it by watching the play on the surface. The waves do the measuring for him. The shallow water wave flattens somewhat, but it is more violent, more erratic in its movements than the wave you find playing on the deep water surface. The deep water wave is heavier and more sluggish, for the plain reason that the force, which causes the wave scatters more rapidly passing on to a further depth. This fact means a great deal to the pilot who finds himself in a stream that is new to him. If there is a good, stiff current it is an easy matter, of course, to keep in the channel. But the boat passing up stream does not move so rapidly if put against the current, so dead water becomes desirable. Dead water may be shallow, or it may be deep, or at least deep enough for the purposes, and in this event the man who is steering the boat will seek to throw the vessel out of the current and give her smoother sailing.

"Here is where the value of close observation of waves will come in. If the pilot can judge with sufficient accuracy the depth of the dead water by surface indications from his watch tower he will enjoy a big advantage. Hence the waves frequently stand him in good stead by serving as a sort of yardstick with which he may measure the depth of the water, and thus save much time and much fuel, and still plow around the bars and the shallow places in perfect safety."

Living Trees for Telegraph Poles.

On the telegraph line that is being constructed through eastern Africa from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope living trees, instead of cut poles, have been used over long distances in order to escape the ravages of white ants, which attack the poles but not the trees. The latter are planted along the line, with their branches cut off. They readily take root, and only need to have their branches trimmed from time to time. The wires are affixed by means of tarred cords of femp, which serve in place of insulators. It is the intention to eventually replace the trees with iron poles, which have already been substituted on a part of the line.—Youth's Companion.

Only One in Fifty.

For every love affair that has public sympathy there are 49 that receive general ridicule.—Atchison Globe.

BROWN THRASHER FAMILIES.

Interesting Particulars of the Nest Building, Rearing of Young and General Habits.

The books on birds say that the brown thrasher shuns man in the nesting season, and never sings near the nest. The first of these assertions is hardly true except in the sense that these birds are unlikely to build very near the habitations of men, and as to the second, the brown thrasher seems to do little or no singing once he has young to guard. He does not hesitate, however, to build in the shrubbery of suburban homes, and he certainly sings not very far from his nest when his paternal duties do not occupy all his time. Dangers of one kind or another have cured the brown thrasher of the nest-building habit that earned him one of his half-dozen aliases—the ground thrush. He is now one of the most cautious of builders, selecting the depths of a shrubbery thicket, or the inner side of a dense thorn hedge. Only a keen and practiced eye is likely to detect his house of woven twigs, and when once the searcher has found it he is likely to repent his own enterprise, so keen is the bird's concern, says the New York Sun.

All of this goes to show the importance of the little brown thrashers, at least in the eyes of their parents. And once you have made acquaintance with the young thrasher you are likely to understand if you do not fully share the opinion of the parents, for hardly a handsomer youngster wears feathers.

The young are amazingly like their parents, the speckled breast a bit paler, the warm sandy red back a thought cruder in color, and the fine long tail, which is the special distinction of the full-grown bird, as yet a mere rudimentary stump, though long enough to form the complete steering gear of most birds. The tail of the brown thrasher, however, is vastly more than mere steering gear; it is the medium of expression for half his emotions, and the brown thrasher is a bird of manifold emotions, conveyed by means of many cries, calls and gestures, to say nothing of his wonderful song, which expresses all that can be said by most speech and much that only lyric forms of expression can convey.

If you would learn how great a variety of tones the brown thrasher has you should intrude upon him in the midst of his family cares. He receives such visits with the utmost distress, now warning his young with sharp calls to keep out of harm's way, now giving forth a something infinitely sweet between a croon and a coo, that may be a cry of affection and encouragement to the young or a prayer for mercy addressed to the intruder. Taken as the latter, it is likely to be effective with any but the most hardened sinner, for it is the softest, sweetest, most imploring, low wistful flute note that throat of bird can utter.

Long after the ambitious young wood thrushes are essaying in shrill falsetto to imitate the warbled soprano of their elders, the young brown thrashers are discreetly silent. How could a six-weeks' fledgeling be expected to imitate the long dramatic lyrics of the parent bird, especially since the young so seldom hear them? Mere instinct can hardly go so far. So the brown thrasher family gives its whole energies to making ready for the fall migration, and October finds old and young prepared for the long flight that is to end in the Carolinas or southern Alabama.

WATER-COOLING IN NICARAGUA

Marvelous Endurance Displayed by the Native Women in the Queer Process.

When a native woman of one of the boiling hot little villages of interior Nicaragua wants to cool some water she sets about it in a way little calculated to cool herself. The average native woman looks frail and listless, but there is no suspicion of listlessness about her process of water-cooling. She fills a half-gallon earthenware jar about two-thirds full. The jar is made of baked clay, and not being glazed is partially porous, so that it soon becomes moist on the outside, says Youth's Companion.

By means of two leathern straps, firmly attached to the neck of the jar, the woman causes the same to rotate swiftly in the air. The mouth is wide open, but centrifugal action keeps the water from flying out. The endurance exhibited by the women in this sort of calisthenics is marvelous.

When the operator thinks the water is sufficiently cooled she stops the movement by a dexterous twist of her wrist, and hands the jar to the man who has been waiting to quench his thirst.

Usually he takes a mouthful, gulps it down and grows, "Moocha olorea," which is a native patois for "wretchedly hot," and she patiently resumes her task of describing pinwheels. It is said that by this process tepid water can be reduced to the temperature of a very cool mountain spring.

Simple Enough.

Boys of about 15 are very cordial to newcomers, and when a crowd of them recently observed that a new "teller" was watching them play ball immediately asked him to join them, inquiring his name.

"Oh," said he, "my name is Smith, and guess how I spell it."

After they had guessed S-m-y-t-h-e, and S-o-b-m-d-t, and a few more impossible ways, he said:

"No, you're all wrong—S-m-i-t-h."

And then he was decided to be "all right."—N. Y. Times.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The moon moves round the earth at 2,373 miles an hour.

During the year ended June 30 last there were 4,200 cases of smallpox in Tennessee.

London public libraries have over 6,000,000 volumes. Their joint issue is 27,000,000 volumes.

The Chinese, in their theater in San Francisco, have adopted the system of pelting bad actors with stale eggs.

An English cycling policeman has had the satisfaction of capturing his man at Exmouth, after a ride of 60 miles.

Canada has the largest forest in the world. It is in the Labrador and Hudson Bay district, and is, roughly, 1,000 by 1,700 miles.

There are five rivers in the world which drain over 1,000,000 square miles. They are the Amazon, La Plata, Obi, Congo and Mississippi.

Exports of horses and mules in Missouri last year brought a return of \$9,000,000, and a great deal of the money came from foreign countries.

There is no other exercise that can be indulged in at so relatively little cost that can compare with swimming for giving general healthful exercise.

A successful Kansas farmer declares that he feeds nothing to his fattening hogs but ear corn and cold water, and that he cleans the feeding floor after every meal.

A Magdalen in pink and white robes kneeling in prayer in a cavern was sold for \$2,000 at Chryslia's, in London. It is a large Murillo, five feet by four. Three Cupids playing musical instruments hover above the head of the penitent.

It is a rather curious fact that while we all know what "life" is, still the term in philosophy lacks a strict and adequate definition. It is said to be difficult to find for it a definition that does not include more than is necessary, or exclude something that should be taken in.

LATEST THING IN FRUIT.

Remember a Siamese Twin Peach Flavored with Pineapple and Macaroni Story.

Most New Yorkers at least have heard of "dummbell tomatoes," but probably no one in America has yet seen the newest product of scientific gardening—the dummbell fruit, says the Herald of this city.

The new fruit resembles a Siamese-twin peach and tastes like a peach flavored with pineapple. It is said to be delicious—far surpassing any known fruit in the delicacy of its flavor.

There is a romance connected with the story of its cultivation, and although the fruit comes from an island in the Indian ocean, on the opposite side of the world, the hero of the story was an American.

It seems that in the year 1886 an American scientist named Jeffreys, embittered by an unfortunate love affair, turned his back on civilization and with a Cingalese servant made his home on a small island 1,800 miles south of Ceylon.

Here he remained (living a Robinson Crusoe life) until his death in 1898, occupying himself with scientific studies and the cultivation of fruit trees. By grafting and other methods he produced several curious varieties—his most astonishing success being the dummbell fruit.

After the death of Mr. Jeffreys the native servant took a few samples of the new fruit and set sail in a trading vessel for Bombay. The merchants to whom he showed his specimens at once formed a syndicate and have since been diligently cultivating the plantations left by the American scientist.

Several shiploads have been sent in the seaport cities of Australia and India, and the syndicate is making preparations to meet an enormous demand next season.

In London, where the dummbell fruit has appeared this season in small quantities, it has met with much favor from those fortunate enough to obtain it. A suburban innkeeper, who concocted a new drink with the juices of the fruit, did a thriving business.

English as She Is Fervored. The boast of Americans has been that, no matter where you may go in any part of the United States, there is very little difficulty in understanding the dialect.

Oregon may talk with Florida, or Maine with Arizona, without the confusion that arises in the various counties of England. But if a New York woman is to be believed, a new language is springing up in the metropolis which promises to develop the worst phases of Anglomani.

When she answered a summons to the front door, she encountered a small boy who briefly remarked that he had come for "de foynidsh."

"The what?"

"De foynidsh."

"Well," she said, in desperation, "I don't know what you want, but I am quite sure I haven't got it. Who sent you?"

"De flogst. De flogst sent me fur de foynidsh."

This did not mend matters, and the boy was going down the steps when a light suddenly burst upon the woman's mind, and she remembered that she had asked the florist to send her fern dish. The boy was recalled, the dish was brought, and the amenities were restored.—Youth's Companion.

Considerate. Hobb—I was out all last night, and now I can't think of a single excuse to give my wife.

Nobb—Why don't you tell her the truth? "But I hate to disappoint her."—Judge.