

New Life-Saving Projectile



Apparatus intended for life-saving stations along the coast recently tested by the government; a stout rope is attached to the anchor-like projectile which is shot over the wrecked vessel and the people on board are then carried ashore.

OWNS UNIQUE STATUE

HARLEM TOBACCO DEALER HAS FIGURE OF WASHINGTON.

Colossal Wooden Likeness of First President Is, It Is Claimed by the Owner, One Hundred Years Old.

New York.—Every now and then a relic of revolutionary times of which little has been heard comes to the public notice. In the possession of a Harlem tobacco dealer is a colossal wooden statue of George Washington.

In the colonial days there was a statue of King George in Bowling Green park. After the struggle for independence this statue was replaced by one of George Washington. It was of heroic size, and according to the information obtained by Mr. Liebman it was the first statue of George Washington erected in this country.

The statue is nine feet five inches from the base to the top and weighs 500 pounds. Gen. Washington is wearing the continental uniform—long blue coat with brass buttons, buff breeches and riding boots. The right arm is extended and the left, carrying his hat, is resting on his hip. On the right side is a fob and watchchain.

Mr. Liebman has looked up the history of the statue, and he says that it was put up in 1792. It stood for 43 years when it was decided to make some improvements in the park. The city officials looked over the statue and decided that it was too old-fashioned and not dignified enough for the city because it was of wood. As a result it was sold at auction to Mr. Jacques, a collector of things of the revolutionary period. He paid \$250 for it and sent it to South Norwalk, Conn., where it remained until he died, in 1860, when it was sold again. The purchaser this time was Antonio Deogato, who lived in this city, but eventually it fell into the hands of Frank Theobald, the tobacco dealer.

Mr. Theobald sold his business to Mr. Liebman, and with it went the statue. Its present owner puts a high value on it. He says it is worth \$5,000—at least he has been told that by persons who profess to have some knowledge of the subject. Mr. Liebman says he has been advised by Dr. Kelley of the City History club to hold on to the statue, as it is sure not to depreciate in value from the collector's standpoint.

During the centennial of 1889 it had a place on the temporary arch at Washington square. It is a fine piece of work and it was admired by thousands. It would have gone to the Chicago world's fair had those in charge of the arrangements here known of its existence in time to send it. At the time Senator Depew sent a letter saying that he did not find out about the statue until too late to have it shipped.

Mr. Liebman has made many inquiries from the Sons of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames about the statue. He is not rich, he says, and he finds that the competition in his trade is pretty stiff, but he intends to hold on to the statue.

Finds \$48,000 Long Lost.

Pittsburg, Pa.—After knocking about in the letter box of a hotel for nearly seven years, an envelope containing two certified checks aggregating \$48,000 has been restored to a Cleveland merchant, who has had \$30,000 on deposit as security for the missing package.

November 26, 1900, A. E. Masten & Co., brokers, closed a transaction for a Cleveland client, who received two certified checks, one for \$40,000 and the other for \$8,000.

Both checks were lost, and payment was stopped. By accident the checks were recovered. The clerk of a downtown hotel found an old yellow envelope in an old desk. The Cleveland man had addressed the envelope to himself, dropped it in the letter box, and forgot all about it.

SPEEDING UP THE BEES.

One Keeper Who Has Brought Modern Methods to Bear.

"Ye kin speed up a bee the same as a man," said the graybeard, chuckling cruelly. "Whr, I git twice as much agin out o' them thar 60 hives o' mine as I would if I didn't speed 'em."

"One way to speed yer bee is to bring the flowers close to the hives. My flowers, ye see, surrounds th' hives, crowds 'em in. Sech a sight gives the bee a fever. Before sech plenty he can't work hard enough. Nothin' must be lost, an' he gathers the honey, by gosh, till he fair drops. I'm speedin' him unbeknownst."

"The young bee likes to stay home, an' make comb instead o' goin' out after the honey. Well, I speed the young bee by puttin' artificial comb in the hives. Thar leaves him nothin' to do—an' he'll never loaf—but go out honeygatherin', an' so, with a sigh, out he goes."

"Another way to speed yer bee is to keep the combs always nearly empty. That worries him. He sees winter comin' on, an' doubles his efforts to prepare for it."

"I've heard o' speedin' a bee by keepin' electric lights burnin' about the hive, so that the little critter would think it was still daylight, an' would work on 20 or 21 hours a day instead o' the usual 17. Electric speedin', though, I don't believe in. It damages the health of the bee. It burns the candle at both ends."

KITTENS WITH GREEN HAIR.

Baltimore Woman Proud Owner of a Litter of Franks.

It may all sound like a fairy tale or an echo of the nature faker discussions, but the fact is that Mrs. Rachel Carter, of 1834 McHenry street, Baltimore, is the proud possessor of five eight-day-old green kittens, not yellow, nor brown, nor tortoise shell—these kittens are really green, of such a shade as the inside of a half-ripe cantaloupe or the plumage of many canary birds when, instead of yellow, their coats take on a delicate tint of green.

That the cats are purely a freak of nature seems certain, as the mother of the litter of five kittens is coal black, and there is nothing apparently in the environment to account scientifically for the variation from type. The kittens have black hair on their backs, extending down the sides, while underneath the green hair begins to extend over the whole under surface, exactly as many animals possess white hair shading from a coat of black.—Detroit Free Press.

The Woman of the Period.

Hurry and excitement are the dominant features that characterize the woman of the period.

She rarely has time for anything—little duties are forgotten, little brothers and sisters overlooked, while her family is worried to death by her nervous, irritable temper.

She cannot take life quietly, but rushes up and down stairs as if pursued by a legion of horrors, and knocks at the door and pulls at the bell with force enough to arouse the dead.

Everything belonging to her is chaotic, and her memory is so treacherous that her friends have learned by experience never to depend upon it. It is the fever of unrest, in the train of which is the demon of discontent that has entered into many homes, rendering it a prison to the woman of the period.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mystery of Shoe Laces.

Probably no trade secrets are more jealously guarded than the modus operandi employed by manufacturers of shoe laces. The braiding process is the main bone of contention, being the most intricate end of the work. Lest counterfeiters should attempt to duplicate sections, there are no automatic shoe lace making machines placed on the market, either in this country or abroad. In order to insure protection against possible spies about the plant, different parts of the machine are wrought or cast at various distant points, whence they are shipped to headquarters and there put together. In the assembling of the divisional members the utmost care is exercised that so prying eyes are around the factory. In some instances the artisans are sworn to secrecy.

Bushy Brows a Nuisance.

Beauty doctors are now required to perform a new stunt. "We are called upon," said one of these artists in real life, "to thin out eyebrows. That peculiar call for help comes from men, mostly from South American countries. Some of these chaps have eyebrows so heavy that they really look like a pair of mustaches shadowing the eyes. The owners of these extraordinary brows consider them a serious blemish, and they are willing to undergo torture to be relieved of eyebrows that many another person would undergo equal torture to possess."

The Simple Truth.

Tess—Miss Woodley tells me her grandfather was a real estate conveyancer. Jess—Ha! ha! Tess—Why do you laugh? Isn't it true? Jess—Oh, yes, it's true. You see, the dump cart her grandfather drove was a conveyance for transporting real estate.

OLDEST BANK IN THE WORLD.

One at Nineveh Seems to Be Entitled to the Distinction.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts and agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh. Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may, therefore, claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world, at least, of which we have any record, or are likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous, and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son. The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period, during which they attained great wealth; for they had succeeded in securing from the king the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the east always leads to fortune. They afterwards framed the revenue for several of the Assyrian provinces, with very great gain to the firm.

HAND GRENADES OF 1812.

Old Time Ordnance Found at Fort McHenry—How They Were Used.

While examining the contents of the ordnance storehouse at Fort McHenry Lieut. J. L. Holcombe, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth coast artillery discovered several boxes of old hand grenades which are supposed to be more than a hundred years old, says the Baltimore American. The missiles are of the earliest make used by the United States government, and were probably placed at the historic old fort when it was first erected in 1812. Owing to the way in which they were packed the grenades had only the slightest trace of rust upon them.

The discovery of the weapons recalls a bit of the ancient history of the country. In explaining their use Lieut. Holcombe said that the grenades were handled only by the grenadiers of the ship, who, walking out upon the yard-arms of the old fashioned fighting vessels threw them into the ranks of the enemy. An explosion followed which created havoc. They weigh about four pounds and are shaped after the fashion of the bombs used by anarchists, and are iron and loaded with gunpowder.

A Great City is a Great Solitude.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extends; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth it a little; magna civitas, magna solitudo; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighborhoods; but we may go further and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whatsoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the least and not from humanity.—From Bacon's "Essay on Seeing Wise."

A Hopping Match.

A match, 20 hops for ten guineas, took place at Loughborough, Leicestershire, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and a person named Moore, of Leicester. It was very closely contested, so much so that bets of four to one were laid and taken on each side. The match, however, was won by Shipley. On measuring the distance it appeared that Shipley had hopped 75 yards nine or ten inches and Moore something more than 75 yards. The latter was to have run against Shipley on the same day, 140 yards for 40 guineas, but declined, and in consequence forfeited his deposit.—From an English Sporting Magazine of 1907.

Stanley's Cat.

It is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent." He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and one day, after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who found it near the fire, with Stanley's cat on it asleep. He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said: "Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up." The cat slumbered on, and not until she rose did the famous explorer reach for his map.

Wit.

A witty man is a dramatic performer. In process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens and is extinguished. The applause of the theater on which he performs is so essential to him that he must obtain it at the expense of decency, friendship and good feeling.—Sydney Smith.

Effect and Cause.

"He has an apprehensive look about the eyes." "Yes, his wife has just entered the room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOY WINS NOVEL SUIT.

Members of Court Maybe Marked Back to Their Own Youth.

According to a recent decision in the Mississippi courts, electric light companies must insulate trees as well as poles, particularly those trees which invite the small boy climber. In a Mississippi town recently a small boy climbed a tree and coming in contact with the uninsulated wires of a lighting company, which passed through the branches, received a shock which caused him to fall. As a result the young climber was badly injured and his father brought suit against the lighting company. The tree in question was a small oak, having numerous branches which came close to the ground. The court handed down the novel decision that as the lighting company had knowledge of the tree and what kind of tree it was, it also ought to have seen that it was just the kind of tree into which children were likely to climb. Therefore, said the court, the immemorial habit of small boys to climb trees filled with abundant branches is one of which corporations stretching wires through such trees must take notice. It was held that small boys had a right to climb such trees and a verdict was given in favor of the father.

WHEN TO WIND A WATCH.

The Morning, Not the Evening, the Best Time, the Watchmaker Says.

"Most people," said the watchmaker, "wind their watches at night, but it would be better to wind them in the morning. You see, we are liable to go to bed at different hours, and so wind our watch at irregular intervals; and it is better to wind it regularly. Then we are more liable to forget to wind our watch at night than in the morning and so may let it run down. But we are pretty sure to get up in the morning at our regular hour, whatever the hour at which we went to bed, and so by winding it then we may insure regularity of winding; and the watch is brought to mind then, when we put it on for use, and we are less likely to forget to wind it. So morning is the best time to wind a watch, if you can get yourself into the habit of winding it then."

Men Shun Cow-Guano.

"There is one thing that no real man will stand for," said the tall girl. "He positively will not carry an umbrella all trimmed up with knots of ribbon. Several times I have been obliged to lend an umbrella to men who got caught in the rain. Each of those umbrellas was ornamented with tufts of ribbon when the man left the house; when he brought it back the ribbon was gone. He had been ashamed to be seen walking along the street carrying an umbrella whose handle was trimmed with ribbon rosettes and had taken them off as soon as he left the house and had forgot to put them on again. Now, days in order to save trouble for both of us, I take the ribbon off myself before offering a man an umbrella."

He Got the Job.

A traveler just returned from Japan tells the following story: A merchant firm in Tokio, having extensive commercial relations with the United States, was desirous of engaging the services of a translator. Many applicants replied to the firm's advertisement, but one of the necessary qualifications was the ability to speak the English tongue in the vernacular, which qualification proved to be a stumbling block to most of the applicants for the position. Finally one appeared who had received his education in the United States, and on being asked if he was well versed in the vernacular, he replied: "Sure, Mike!" He secured the position.

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

"If you want to bring flowers from town to the country," said the girl who goes out occasionally, "don't bring them in your hand. If it takes you two hours to come in they will never revive, no matter how much water you put on them after you get here. Take a pasteboard shoe box, lay wet paper in it, put the flowers in, sprinkle them well, and put another layer of paper over them. Just bring them home with you and they'll keep fresh and sweet in your flat or studio for the longest kind of a time."

The Locksmith's Chance.

On the park bench sat two lovers. The passing locksmith dropped his kit and laughed long and uproariously. "Why do you laugh?" asked the park policeman. "Oh, just to get even," confided the locksmith. "You know love always laughs at locksmiths, so I thought it would be a good chance for the locksmith to laugh at love." And then the old man laughed himself out of sight.

Brilliant Display.

The Romeo of 1910 gently steered his air yacht to the vine-covered balcony. "Darling," he whispered, romantically, "I can see a dozen stars." "Do be careful, Romeo," cautioned the fair Juliet, as she picked a rose from her Marcel wave. "If pa comes out you will see a thousand stars." And even then the old gentleman could be heard hunting for his cane.

A Harsh Reminder.

"Of course," said the serene statesman, "I am the logical candidate." "Perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum. "But you want to remember that when it comes to tallying up votes, it's mathematics and not logic that counts."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

But One of the Mourners for Great Man Had Solace.

The great man lay dead. The newspapers rang with his praises and men passed them from mouth to mouth; a gloom hung over the community, and the child, his friend, wept bitterly. The busy man said, "I saw him on the street not long ago, and he looked ill and downhearted. I wish I'd crossed over to speak to him, but I was just hurrying for my train. He was a good friend of mine, and I might have cheered him up a bit and told him how we missed him everywhere. It's too bad, too bad!" The thoughtless man said, "I can never forgive myself. I knew he was sick for a week, but I had this great meeting to arrange for, and it just slipped my mind. He stood by me nobly when I was in trouble years ago. I can never forgive myself." The child pressed a tear-stained face against the window. "Why did you want so much to take him that flower last Sunday?" asked her mother. "Because I loved him," said the child, simply. She was watching the wonderful array of flowers, which men had sent, as they were carried into the church. "O, mother, see how beautiful they are! I wish I could go with you to the church, but I suppose I might disturb people by crying. And anyway," she added, "I don't mind so much, you see, for I've given him my flower. He had that to enjoy."—Youth's Companion.

THE DIET OF CONSUMPTIVES.

Overfeeding Recommended, But Proper Digestion Must Be Assured.

Herbert C. Clapp, of Boston, writing in the Medical Record, says that diet is a most important factor in the treatment of tuberculosis. A consumptive is much more likely to eat too little than too much. Systematic overfeeding with proper digestion of the food are the accepted remedies. The food must be palatable and well served and the amount must vary with the patient and his circumstances. The outdoor air will enable him to assimilate large amounts. Milk and eggs are the best foods to produce fats, which are most necessary to the patient. The author advocates three solid meals a day, with lunches between of milk and eggs, about three quarts of milk and six eggs a day being taken. Fresh meats are especially necessary for these patients, but a mixed diet is undoubtedly the best. Meat juice is valuable. Pastry, candy, fried foods and cabbage should be let alone. Alcohol is not advisable, but coffee, tea and chocolate may be taken moderately.

Value of the Thumb.

"Solomon says thumbs up," because the thumb is said to be worth fully one-third the entire value of the hand. The different fingers are far from having all the same value before the eyes of the law. Much the most important among them is the thumb, for without it the hand no longer is a pliers, but merely a claw. The French court allows in damages 15 to 35 per cent. value for the right and 10 to 15 per cent. for the left thumb. The Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent. for the left to 35 per cent. for the right. In Germany 20 to 25 per cent. and even as high as 33 1/3 per cent. has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total value of the hand, industriously speaking, before the accident.

Worship of Snakes.

Snakes, the objects of terror to most Europeans in eastern lands, are worshipped in many parts of India. In some districts there are from 15,000 to 20,000 shrines dedicated exclusively to the worship of snakes. These shrines, which are invariably in honor of one of the minor divinities of the country, possess, in some instances valuable properties for their maintenance and for the cost of the numerous ceremonies which their keepers have to perform. In these shrines the Hindus set up fantastic idols of serpents. The devotees of this strange religion make perilous offerings of dough and milk and cooked rice to the serpents living in the shrine in order to receive their favor.—Detroit News-Tribune.

A "Too Fat" Hint.

If you have afternoon tea with a friend and she serves only one lump of sugar to a cup pretend it's all the same to you; that is, unless you want her to know that you see she is hinting that you are taking on that arch enemy of womankind—flesh. King Edward took that way of showing the duchess of Roxburgh, the once stylish-like Miss Goulet, that she was guilty of acquiring too many pounds, and that the libelous term "fat" soon might be applied to her if she did not accept advice concerning her diet.

Winded.

"Good morning, Mrs. Migins, I was just coming to see you. We want an organ blower at the church and I thought the post might suit your son, John." "Lord, bless yer, sir, I wouldn't do for it, I know, cos his lungs ain't strong enough. He ain't got no more puff than a broken bellows."—Ailly Sloper.

A Hopeful Future.

"Our boy Josh don't seem to be satisfied with anything around the place," said Mrs. Corntassel regretfully. "Let him alone," answered her husband. "Mebbe it's a good sign. You can't tell but what he'll grow up to be one o' these reformers that cause a sensation in politics."