

WELL DEFIES SKILL OF MAN

Engineers Unable to Confine Marvelous Flow of Gas in Transylvania, Hungary.

There are wells of many kinds: those which gush out of petroleum, those which furnish water to surrounding populations, wells that are scarcely damp, and wells that periodically inundate the neighborhood in which they are found.

This well is situated in Transylvania, and the peculiarity of it is that it is not seen but heard. The gas escapes by means of an iron tube with such dreadful force as to produce a noise which makes it impossible to hear the human voice within a considerable radius.

Many and diverse attempts have been made to regulate and utilize the output of gas, but so far the only device which has succeeded has been to put an iron tube of 25 centimeters in diameter into the earth. Through this the gas has been escaping now for nearly three years.

The gas comes through the iron tube with the velocity of a cannon ball and it is estimated that there is a daily loss of a million of cubic meters, the value of which amounts to \$6,000.—Harper's Weekly.

LONG USEFULNESS AT AN END

Some Would Have Thought Vase Had Done Good Service, but Not So Mrs. Spicer.

When Miss Ann Pickett dropped in on her neighbor, Mrs. Spicer, and found her moping over the fragments of a gilt vase, Miss Ann sympathized generously.

"No, it only cost six bits," Mrs. Spicer acknowledged. "Tain't that I feel so bad about."

"Maybe it was a gift that you prized because of associations," Mrs. Spicer shook her head. "Jim and I bought it over in Tompkinsville a long time ago; I prized it because it was such a saving to the family.

"The next spring all the kinkfoks got up a birthday party for old Aunt Sallie Spicer, and we took her the vase; after she'd kep' it a good bit, she gave it to Jim's sister Jane for a wedding present, and afterwards Jane gave it to me and Jim when we had our china wedding."

"I tell you, Miss Ann, it most makes me cry to think of losing such a useful family article—so near Jim's birthday, too!"—Youth's Companion.

Varieties of Honey.

A sore throat and a rasping cough led the writer to call in at the stores with a view to the purchase of honey. Lemon and honey are extremely soothing, and the overplus of the latter can be used on the breakfast table.

Tracing the "Barber Shop Chord."

Barbers in the old days might well charge heavily, for their trade must have been a nerve-racking existence. Zithers were provided instead of newspapers, and customers used to strum on these while waiting for a vacant chair.

Protect.

"The boys seem discouraged about makin' garden," said Mrs. Cornstossel. "Yep," replied her husband. "They turned up a few square feet of dirt an' then held a meetin' an' passed resolutions to the effect that it was a shame to spoil such a fine fishin' worm pasture by plantin' it full of potatoes an' sweet corns."

MORE OF ART THAN NATURE

Matron's Beautiful Figure, Admired by All, Suffered Sad Collapse at Inopportune Time.

At a dinner party given lately in Paris one lady was remarked above all others for the elegance of her figure and the perfection of her toilet.

During the mauvais quart d'heure before dinner she was surrounded by a fore of admirers, and one less bashful than the rest ventured to offer her the flower from his buttonhole. It was accepted, but as the "princess" was worn by the graceful creature was laced behind, it was necessary to fasten the flower to the front of her dress with a pin.

The operation was successfully performed, and the fair lady was led in to dinner, by the donor of the flower. They were hardly seated when he heard a curious sound like the gentle sighing of the wind, and on turning toward his partner he saw with horror that the lovely figure was getting small by degrees and beautifully less.

HOW EXPERTS FORM OPINIONS

Distinguishing Marks May Be Forged, but the Man Who Knows Cannot Be Deceived.

A dealer in antiques was talking about art experts. "Take, for instance," he said, "an expert in old pewter. You think, perhaps, he distinguishes old pewter by the marks—the Tudor roses, the maker's name, and so forth? Bless your heart, those marks are continually forged.

"It is like the china expert. He, with his eyes closed, will distinguish hard and soft paste china. It's the feel again—his fingers trained by years and years of study till each one has a brain in it."

"Oriental rug experts have a very subtle sense of rug differences. Sometimes they distinguish a rug, by its smell—the smell of the wool and the dyes. This seems incredible till you think of the Harris tweed, that imported cloth that you yourself can distinguish by its smell—the smell, which never leaves it, of the peat smoke of the cottage wherein it was woven on a hand loom."

"Wool sorters, a less highly paid class of experts, can take up a handful of wool, and by its color tell you whether it came from Texas, from the territories, from England or from Canada. The soil, you see, gives its own color to the wool."

About a Pair of "Pants."

A Detroit man, who had contributed a bundle of his cast-off clothing for the relief of the victims of a fire, received from one of the sufferers the following note: "The committee man giv me amungst other things wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to ware 'em. I found your name and where you live on one of the pokets. My wife laffed so when I shode 'em to her that I thot she woud have a conispash fit. She wants to no if here lives and besthes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was he orter be taken up for vagrancy for havin' no visble means of support. I couldnt get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you hav another pare to spare, my wife woud like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fireplace to keep the tongs in."

My Rest Cure.

Commit it to memory or paste it up where your eye will often rest upon it. Apply it daily as often as practicable; make it a part of your daily thought, and, my word for it, that tired feeling will vanish and you will know it no more forever. Your heart, your home, your life will be full of sunshine.

Relax mind and body. Ease up on every nerve and muscle. Shut out all unpleasantness. Throw care to the winds.

If you become tired when reading, writing or in the pursuance of anything requiring mental effort; if the mind seems to lose its activity for a time, its quickness of perception, its power of concentration, it, too, needs a rest or change of activity. The brain not being a muscular organ, must rely upon bodily activity to draw away the blood that has been used and make room for new.—Los Angeles Times.

Inexhaustible Supply of Iron.

One of the most wonderful sources of iron in the world is at Lac a la Tortue, Quebec, near to where a iron has been smelted since 1723. Organic acids dissolve the iron rust in the sandy bottom of the rivers running into the lake, where the exposure of its surface to the air turns the composition into a persalt, forming in a film upon the surface. This sinks in the lake forming "cake ore," which is smelted at the Radnor forges into the finest charcoal iron. The supply is always being replenished, and the lake furnishes one of the few "iron mines" in the world which will probably never be exhausted.

NOT HER FIRST APPEARANCE

Well Meaning Church Woman Unfortunately in Extending Welcome, as Pastor Had Counseled.

It is embarrassing sometimes, this thing of sudden religious zeal; that is, if you haven't made it a regular business. Witness the mistake made some time ago by a good woman who was a regular attendant at a church down on Chestnut street, says the Louisville Times.

One Sunday morning her pastor preached an inspiring sermon on the subject of welcoming the "Stranger Within Thy Gates." He urged upon his membership the duty of giving a cordial greeting to strangers who happened in at that church.

This good woman was much impressed with his remarks. As she turned around to leave the church, she discovered an unfamiliar face in the pew immediately behind her. With a radiant smile she extended her hand. "I'm glad to see you out this morning," she said.

"Thank you," replied the stranger with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Do you come often?" sweetly asked the good woman.

The stranger smiled. "I have been occupying this pew for the past seven years," she said.

There was an embarrassed silence, and then the good woman turned and started out. It was noticeable that she made no further attempt to greet any stranger that morning.

WORLD'S MOST NOTED ECHOES

Some Reproduce Sound in Melodious Manner, Others With an Effect That is Terrifying.

Probably the finest echo which the world knows is in the cathedral at Pisa, where is the Leaning Tower is. Sing two notes and there is no reverberation; sing three and they are at once taken up by the walls of the edifice, swelled, prolonged and varied, till they seem as a divine harmony from some majestic organ.

There is a cavern in Finland in which, if you test your lungs to the top of their capacity, there will answer you such horrible roarings, moanings and mutterings that you will be glad to rush out in absolute terror.

The cutting down of trees in a certain locality on the Hudson river spoilt a splendid echo. A word shouted there was repeated 42 times. Undoubtedly the most extraordinary natural echo in the world is to be heard by the side of a small lake in Bavaria. On one hand rises a perpendicular cliff several thousand feet high, while on the other side is a dense forest. If a pistol is fired on the lake the woods send back a faint echo that gradually dies away, but presently it is heard from the cliff, continually increasing in power, till it bursts over one's head like a deafening peal of thunder.

"Papa" and "Mamma."

The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costumes, pretty clearly.

All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventh century, says the London Chronicle. At first they were courtesy expressions, and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth the middle classes took them up, originally regarding them as genteel; in our own time one of the faults of the hero of "E dunno were e' are," after coming into "a little bit o' aplosh," was that he "ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'is ma." The usual result followed. Everybody's words adopted as genteel became vulgar, and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out, even among children.

Draw the Crowd.

It was the ambition of the proprietor of the moving picture show to get a record house that week. The first two nights he failed to get it. On the third night his unparalleled attractions were advertised thus through a megaphone at the hall door:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Every picture I shall show you tonight has cost the life of a film actor. In the bridge wrecking scene two men were drowned, in the railroad collision one man was crushed to death, and the jungle scene three men were fearfully mangled by wild beasts.

"Reprehensible tactics to mention those harrowing details," said the proprietors of other shows; nevertheless they achieved the manager's purpose, for the next day the house was packed at every performance.

Texas.

The area of Europe is about 3,700,000 square miles, while that of Texas is 265,000 square miles. But the Lone Star State is not to be "sneezed" at as an empire. It is bigger than France, bigger than the whole German Empire, bigger than Austro-Hungary, bigger twice over than the United Kingdom. It is rich in natural resources, and if settled as thickly as little Belgium it would have a population of 265,000,000, or nearly three times the present population of the entire United States.

Valiant Soldier.

Penam—Col. Bloodymann's old war traits still cling to him. Nick—How so? Penam—I dined with him last night and he gave the waiter no quarter.

FUSSY MAN MAKES PROTEST

Almost Universal Trick of City Salesmen Makes No Sort of Appeal to Him.

"Of course it is generally understood that we can always run the other fellow's business better than he can," said the fussy Philadelphian, "which is all the more reason for surprise that our advice is so seldom regarded. I could tell the haberdasher, for instance, what sort of salesmen he should have behind his counters.

"I have never yet met one of these fellows who could resist the temptation to tell me what I should wear. And that isn't the worst of it. They tell me I should wear certain things because they do, not realizing that that is the very reason why I should not wear them."

"I rather pride myself upon the nicety of my attire, and to have one of these young whippersnappers say, 'Here is the collar for you; I wear those myself,' as though that would influence me favorably, certainly does go on my nerves. And they all do it. It seems to be considered by their employers as an asset in their favor.

"If I wanted to look like a \$15 a week counterjumper I might consider their taste and follow their advice. But I don't."

DOGS BECOME A NUISANCE

Staten Island Made a Dumping Ground by Its Big Neighbor, New York City.

Staten Island, N. Y., is notorious as a refuge for stray dogs. The borough across the bay is overrun with homeless curs of all sizes, ages and descriptions, and the policemen are kept busy shooting them up to appease the fears of the nervous inhabitants.

"Most of them come across on the boats," explained a cop stationed at the ferry house at St. George. "No, they aren't stowaways, neither do they work their passage over. They are brought over by people who don't want them, who have grown tired of their pets, or want to get rid of them for some reason, and instead of taking them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals they bring them over here and turn them loose, knowing they will never find their way back.

"Once here they have to forage for their food, and become wild and dangerous. Often they form in packs like wolves, and then they realize the strength of numbers, and are absolutely fearless. I dare say there are more dogs on Staten Island than in all the rest of the boroughs put together."

Trying It On the Girl.

"Oh, it's the grand girl I've got now," said a bumsy Irish girl to her companion in the subway. "My principal duty is to sit in the parlor twirling my thumbs and listening to my lady play the piano. It seems her man likes music, but she gets so fussed every time she plays in front of people that she is after having a crying spell every time. So one day she says to me: 'Mary, I wish you to leave your work and come in and listen to me practice. I want to get used to playing in front of folks.' I dried my hands and slicked back my hair and went to the parlor and there I sat one hour listening to my lady play the piano and if the work is behind she never says a word. Next week she says she is going to ask in the janitor so as to make more of a crowd, and I have a secret hope that she's going to ask my gentleman friend to join us some evening when the boss is out and he is calling on me. It's the finest job I've had in my seven years' experience in America."—New York Times.

Sell Enough.

Vincent Astor, at a luncheon in New York, praised the neatness of the American man's dress. "In the past, I have been told," he said, "the American was careless—a little careless as to shaving, polishing his boots, and brushing his clothes. But he is now as neat as his English brother, who is acknowledged to be the neatest man on earth. "Appropos of the unbrushed clothes of the past, there was an actor of the old school type who appeared one morning on the Rialto with a red rose in his dingy coat. "Where do you suppose I got this?" he asked another actor, lifting his lapel proudly. "Oh, dear knows! the other answered, determined to escape a mash tale. 'Dear knows—unless it grew there.'"

New Breakfast Food

Representative Mann of Chicago recently stopped to inspect some street construction work in the Windy City. His attention seemed to be particularly drawn to a large iron cylinder that was being constantly turned over a fire for the purpose of heating gravel. "What do you make of that, Mann?" asked a friend who chanced along just then. "I think they must be rolled pebbles," answered Mr. Mann. "Some new kind of breakfast food adapted for those Italian immigrants."

An Easier Job.

"An easy job will suit me, senator." "How about winding the clocks every week?" "I might make that do. But what's the matter with my tearing the leaves off the calendar every month?"

SENATOR VANCE'S READY WIT

Records Show That Very Rarely Did Carolina Statesman Fail to Rise to the Occasion.

The late Senator Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Settle ran against him. They stumped the state in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and all the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion, Vance was informed that some young ladies desired to testify their devotion to the Democratic party by kissing the Democratic candidate for governor. Nothing loth, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties, and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor, and shout: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now kiss yours!"

When he married the second time, he said to his wife on their wedding day: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate me favorably, certainly does go on my nerves. And they all do it. It seems to be considered by their employers as an asset in their favor.

"If I wanted to look like a \$15 a week counterjumper I might consider their taste and follow their advice. But I don't."

"That's better than nothing," said the newspaper man. "I don't know—I don't know," the senator answered, in a dubious tone; "I've tried both."

PRINTING ONCE IN DISFAVOR

Followers of the Art Have Been Known to Expiate Their "Crimes" on the Gallows.

On the 15th of July, 1569, Martin Lhomme, one of two who were hanged in the Place-Maubert by the decree of the parliament, suffered because he had published a writing entitled "Epistre envoyee au tigre de la France" (A letter directed against the Tiger of France), a satire directed against the cardinal of Lorraine, then all powerful, which had probably been printed at Basle in Switzerland, or Strasburg, Germany. The culprit, according to the historian De Thou, was a poor little bookseller, a native of Rouen. While he was waiting at the gibbet, says Charles Winslow Hall in the National Magazine, one of his fellow countrymen, coming into Paris on business, saw him on his way and recognized him. "Then," says Regnier de la Planche, "not knowing why he was condemned to death, he sighted from his horse at a neighboring hostelry, and seeing the people very angry against the unfortunate man, cried to them, 'Eh, what, my friends, is it not enough that he dies? Leave him to the executioner. Would you like to torment him more than his sentence demands?' They considered the Norman's pity misplaced. He was forthwith arrested, judged and hanged four days later without any form of process in the same fatal Place-Maubert."

Promoters of Spirituality.

The old adage in regard to the way to a man's heart is regarded by some persons as a libel on masculine humanity, but Deacon Sampson of Cranston evidently did not regard it in that light. He went much farther than the adage, and was willing to express his opinion at any time when it seemed best. When the members of the Central church were discussing the best way to interest the young people of the town and bring them into touch with church affairs, Deacon Sampson spoke his words. "I believe in meetings," he said firmly; "nobody believes 'em more, and nobody attends 'em more than I do, but along with the meetings I don't know of anything that promotes spiritual growth more'n strawberry socials and oyster suppers, each according to its season."—Youth's Companion.

Meteor's Rings.

In the entrance to the American Museum of Natural History in New York stands a large meteor brought to that city and presented to the museum by the Peary Expedition company. To handle the immense mass of metal and stone large iron hooks and rings were made fast at several places. "The other day," said a museum guard, "a young New Yorker about seven years old stood with his mother admiring the exhibit. The mother read the description, saying that this came from another planet and was hurled through space, finally landing in the arctic regions. "Mamma," asked the little Knickerbocker, "was that stone hung to the other planet by those rings?"

Policeman's Novel Excuse.

Policemen on trial at headquarters are apt at excuses, says the New York Sun. Former inspector Williams used to tell of an officer who was charged with having lost his whistle. When asked to explain he said: "You see, I went home last night and put my whistle on the table. I turned round and, bless me, one of my kids was choking and nearly black in the face. You see commissioner, he'd swallowed the whistle!" "Is he dead?" asked the sympathetic commissioner. "No, sir," was the reply. "He isn't dead, but he's got the whooping cough, and now every time he coughs the whistle blows and the cop on the post comes a-running."

FAILS TO WED; LOSES WEALTH

Charles F. Corbin Refused to Marry Within Year and Loses Big Share of Father's Estate.

Meriden, Conn.—Given the preference between single-blessedness and marriage with a large financial reward, Charles F. Corbin, son of the late Phillip Corbin, president of the American Hardware Corporation, chose the former state and sacrificed \$75,000. The last opportunity for Mr. Corbin to decide whether he would marry to a clause in his father's will and take \$150,000 in cash, or remain single and worry along on half that amount came when the executors met in the New Britain probate court to distribute the elder Mr. Corbin's estate, estimated at \$1,650,000.

A year ago, when Mr. Corbin died, his will was found to contain this clause: "If within one year from my death Charles Corbin, my son, shall be legally married he shall receive \$150,000 in cash. If he is not legally married he shall receive \$75,000."

This clause held up the distribution of the estate and directed much public attention to young Mr. Corbin. The fact that a divorce had been obtained from him by Mrs. Lillian Blakeslee Corbin in 1908 was commented upon, and rumors were started that a reconciliation might take place and that before the expiration of the year a second marriage ceremony might be performed. Many assurances were conveyed to Mr. Corbin that if he had other matrimonial plans he would not have difficulty in finding a life partner among Connecticut's fair daughters.

But Mr. Corbin dashed many budding hopes when he announced flatly that the financial inducements were not sufficient to make him take another chance at matrimony.

Up to the last moment friends of Mr. Corbin were hopeful that he would marry within the time limit. When the executors met they learned that Mr. Corbin had failed to win the additional \$75,000 and they added this amount to the total, which was distributed among the other beneficiaries.

WILD FOWL RACE WITH TRAIN

Flock of Geese and Ducks Show Their Speed for Ten Miles, Then Return to Starting Point.

Clarksville, Tenn.—A flock of wild geese and ducks raced ten miles with a fast passenger train on the Louisville & Nashville railroad west of this city, being easy winners in the contest.

The geese rose from the backwater at the head of Palmyra island and started with the train. A few miles further on they were joined by the ducks. Mile after mile they chased the train, holding their own with ease, apparently pausing when the train stopped at Hematite and Steel's Springs.

The passengers and train crew were most interested in the race, watching the feathered racers as they winged their way at 25 miles an hour. The race was not given up by them until the train neared the Cumberland river bridge. When in sight of the city they paused, then turned and started back.

LYNCH LAW THEIR PROTEST

Missouri Judge Calls Courts Only a Place to Win the Game—Justices Are Merely Umpires.

Columbia, Mo.—Speaking to a mass meeting of students, Judge John D. Lawson, who announced his retirement as dean of the law school of the University of Missouri, said that lynch law had become our national disgrace, but that it is "the protest of a people ordinarily law abiding against a condition that, because of lax enforcement of the criminal laws, has become intolerable.

"In America we still cling to technicalities," he said, "and court procedure has become not a place to secure justice but a place to win the game. Our judges become mere umpires, who cannot search independently for truth and justice. The same conservatism, if you please to call it that, in other practical affairs, would mean that we should be using the sedan chair instead of the automobile."

BODY IN COFFIN NOT WIFE'S

Last Look at Dead Brings Joy to Maiden (Mass.) Home—Similarity of Names Caused Mistake.

Malden, Mass.—Abraham Levine and his three children were weeping over the coffin bought for Mrs. Levine, the wife and mother, when Abraham, opening the coffin for one last look at his wife, discovered that the body was not hers. Mrs. Levine had been a patient at the Tewksbury hospital and Abraham had received word that she was dead. Investigation showed that his wife is alive, and that the mistake had been due to the fact that the name of the dead woman was somewhat similar.

Town Owns His Wooden Leg.

Manchester, Conn.—The selectmen of this town after much discussion, have purchased a wooden leg for William Armstrong, a pauper, and on it have placed this inscription: "This leg is the property of the town of Manchester, loaned to William Armstrong, and is not to be hocked, sold or exchanged without a majority vote of the board of selectmen." The selectmen say that they have had a great deal of trouble from paupers who owned their artificial limbs.