

TALKING ON THE AIR

RECORD FOR LONG DISTANCE CONVERSATION WITHOUT A WIRE.

How Carlotta Got an Amateur Balloonist Out of a Fix a Mile Up in the Air—Her Voice Reached Over Four Miles—Gasbags Acted as Receivers.

There are plenty of long distances over which men's voices have been conveyed by the medium of phlegm water. An Adirondack guide tells of having talked in ordinary tones, on a very still day, with a companion 1 1/2 miles distant at the other end of a lake, and another guide caps this story with one of yards which were heard and returned near a water extent of three miles. These tales are quite outdone by a well authenticated story told by Carlotta, once the most famous woman balloonist in the world. In her story air, instead of water, was the medium, and the distance of the conversation was four miles. It took place above the outskirts of St. Louis some years ago.

"It was an aeronautic exhibition," says Carlotta in telling the story, "and a young man named White, who was inexperienced in ballooning, had agreed to make an ascension. I had already gone up and was quietly drifting east on an easy air current when he started out. He had had enough experience to know how to handle the valves and sandbags, and he intended to go up a mile or so and then descend easily. Now, the upper air is full of varying currents. You may be going due west at a half a mile altitude, and when you get up a few hundred yards farther you may strike a current that carries you due east. Mr. White checked his upward career in a west bound draft, so that when he finally drifted out of that current into mine we were a good long distance apart.

"I always have a powerful glass with me when I make an ascension. When I turned this on him, I saw that he was in trouble. His balloon had twisted a little in such a way that I judged it was likely to twist more, and he was clambering around the ropes trying to right it, but without much apparent conception of what was best to do. I was frightened for him, for when the bag of a balloon turns too much the gas begins to escape rapidly, and the results are likely to be serious. I knew that voices could be heard a long way in the air, for I had often heard people a mile below me shouting, so without knowing how far the two balloons were apart I decided to hail the other one. I gathered all my breath and shouted:

"Hello, hello, hello!" "Then I turned my glass on the other balloon again. Up where the air is so clear as it is a mile above the earth one can see at great distances with wonderful distinctness. Through my glass I could see Mr. White start and look all around him. That was quite awhile after I had shouted. He didn't seem to understand where the voice came from, but finally I saw him put his hands to his mouth, evidently making a speaking trumpet of them. I waited and waited and was just about to shout again when the huge gasbag above me began to thrill with sounds. They seemed to buzz along its sides and diffuse the air, only to collect and come whirling and rumbling down the funnel to be poured into my ears, and they formed in a tone that seemed made up of a million other tones:

"Hello! Where—are—you?" "It was the most peculiar sound I had ever heard. When it had scattered itself into silence, I took out my watch, and timing myself shouted:

"Throw out one sandbag. I'll come to you!"

"Forty seconds later my balloon began to vibrate again, finally forming the words:

"All right. In trouble!" "There was method in my telling him to throw out the sandbag, as it was afterward of use. I threw out a number myself, for I reckoned that a little above me I would find a current to carry me toward Mr. White. This I did and was soon within a short distance of him, aerially considered. The trouble with his balloon was a slight derangement of the ropes, which I had myself experienced, so I told him what to do, and he was soon all right. As I explained to him when we reached the earth, we had been talking over an aerial telephone, the gasbags being the only material objects up there collecting all the sounds and acting as huge receivers."

"Well," said he, "you got me out of a very bad scrape, but I never was so scared in my life as when that voice surrounded me. I thought the balloon was talking, and that I had gone crazy."

"It was a pretty long talk," said I, "for, allowing the voice to travel five seconds to a mile by my timing, we must have been close to four miles apart."

"That's simply impossible," said he. "Very well," I said. "That's why I told you to drop that sandbag. I threw some out, too, and we can find out how far they landed apart."

"It wasn't much trouble to find people who had found the bags and knew just where they were. Fortunately they had landed near a railroad track, so the distance estimating was made easy for us. It was 4 1/4 miles. I guess that is the record up to date for long distance talking without a wire."

His Names. A pair of twins was born in the Back Bay district. A bright boy set about to try to name them. He said, "Will they be called Peter and Repeater?" But no. His mother would not listen to the name Peter. Then he said, "Let them be called Max and Climax."

"No," she said. "They are both little girls, so we cannot name one of them Max."

Then he said after much thought "Let them be called Kate and Dupli- cate." After that his head was bandaged, and he was sent out to play.—Union Signal.

GRANDMOTHER'S DOLLARS.

What Her Descendants Might Have Had in Interest From Them.

A woman recently died in a neighboring town, and besides a granddaughter and her cynical husband she left a few relatives and \$80 in gold, with other things. The woman was over 95 when she died, and the \$80 included her wedding presents. Like many persons in those days, she held fast to the shining eagles and had them for nearly 77 years. When she died, of course the birds were distributed among the heirs. The cynical husband, who was married to the old lady's favorite granddaughter, muscled upon the \$80 in gold and stripped his thoughts of all sentiment as he speculated in his mind what might have been. He is not quite through figuring yet, and his constant query is, "Grandmother had only put that \$80 in the bank when she first got it, what a clutch of golden eagles we would have now! He muscled on this as he got ready on cold mornings to go to work, and his favorite topic of thought was suggested as he jingled a nickel and a bunch of keys looking for his car fare. Then he began to figure that money at 6 per cent double in about 11 years, and he lost sleep as he thought how many times 11 years went into 77 years. When the cynical husband finally referred the question of his losses to a bank man, he learned that in 50 years the \$80 in gold would have amounted to \$1,473.60. Without figuring any further on the problem, the bank man said he would easily consider that \$10,000 was lost by saving the \$80.

It is not an unusual thing in some of the old banks to have an account doubled many times over and over again. One day last week in the Worcester county institution for savings an account was reckoned at \$214.03 which originally was but \$10.65. Nothing has ever been added to or taken from the bank account, and it was left to accumulate. It took about 50 years for the original sum to gather all that moss. There was another instance in the same bank where thirty-one times the original sum was paid to a depositor. No one would think that somebody discovered and what money makes money.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

BULWER'S ODDITIES.

The Fight That He Made Against A Sign of Old Age.

Bulwer's appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by "aristocratic," or what the French call "distingue." Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilet, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table where he liked to speak, and, if possible, to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental, with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of Bath. There was a certain naive, strange as that word may seem when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachments of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilet. His expressions of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it. He would point with a sigh to a rosy cheeked American apple and say, "To think that there are people who can eat that!"

One of his physical infirmities—his deafness—proved a bar to his ambition. He was sorely disappointed when Lord Beaconsfield, instead of including him in his last cabinet, "kicked him up stairs" into the house of lords, principally because he could not follow the debate.—Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

Mrs. Hearst Gives a Library to a Town.

The free use of perhaps the finest and best appointed library and reading rooms in the whole northwest was presented, with appropriate ceremonies, to the citizens of the town of Lead, S. D., on Christmas night by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California. The library and reading rooms occupy the third floor of a new hall recently erected by the Miners' union at a cost of \$100,000 and contain in addition to a well selected stock of literature, embracing the leading periodicals of Europe and America, all of the paraphernalia necessary to play the popular games now in vogue. Once a fortnight a free musical recital will be given in the main reading room, Mrs. Hearst having employed a librarian with exceptional musical talent and sent, with the furniture, a magnificent piano for that purpose.—Chicago Tribune.

Moisture and Temperature.

A cubic foot of air at the temperature of zero (Fahrenheit) can contain only .5 of a grain of water vapor; at 33 degrees it can hold 2.13 grains; at 65 it can contain 6.8 grains, and at 95 it can hold 18.96 grains of moisture in suspension. These figures go to show that summer air can hold at least nine times the quantity of dampness that air can when reduced to the temperature of freezing.—St. Louis Republic.

India rubber is recovered from shoes by treating with diluted sulphuric acid and afterward steaming the finely ground product under a pressure of six atmospheres. The steaming process seems to effect a devolcanization by oxidation.

NEW FIELDS FOR NOVELISTS.

Why Does Not Some Writer Use an Eskimo as Heroine?

The division of the earth among contemporary novelists has not as yet included Greenland, where some new writer can lay the scene of a story in which the heroine will wear seal-skin trousers and calm her troubled heart with mighty drafts of train oil. Neither has any novelist seized upon China, where great things may yet be done by a story teller who really knows something of that modern and multitudinous sphinx, the Chinaman.

But with these exceptions there is very little desirable territory which is not pre-empted. This of course greatly hampers new novelists who are compelled to write novels dealing only with English men and women at home.

England is the common possession of everybody, and even the American writer who does not wish to imitate either Mr. Harle or Mr. Howells is compelled to lay the scene of his stories in London or in some one of the many little English colonies to be found in continental cities.

The English novelist who wishes to write a story characterized by some little novelty is reduced to inventing Dodos or other fabulous creatures, an attempt which fails more frequently than it succeeds.

This state of things is so plain to every writer that I wonder that no one has rushed in to occupy the Greenland or the Chinese field.

A Greenland story would at once attract attention because of its novelty, and we who have never been to Greenland could warmly recognize the truth of its local color, and the profound knowledge of Eskimo character shown by the writer.

An advanced Eskimo maiden with a wild desire to wear petticoats instead of trousers and to drink tea instead of train oil could hardly fail to charm the reader.

I am afraid, however, that the advanced Eskimo maid would not survive beyond the first four or five chapters, for I understand that whenever an Eskimo woman exhibits symptoms of advanced thinking she is immediately set adrift on an ice floe.—W. L. Alden in Idler.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

An Easy Matter to Float on the Surface of the Thick Water.

The Dead sea, or more properly the Salt sea, is also called in Scripture the sea of the Arabah; in the Apocrypha, the Sodomitic sea; in the Talmudic books, sea of Salt and sea of Sodom. The name Dead sea seems to have been first used in Greek, and the Arabic name is Bar Lut, or the sea of Lot. It has a length varying from 49 to 46 miles and is only about three miles across at its broadest part.

From the analysis of the United States expedition it appears that each gallon of the water, weighing 12 1/4 pounds, contains nearly 3 1/2 pounds (3.313) of matter in solution, an immense quantity in view of the fact that sea water, weighing 10 1/4 pounds per gallon, contains less than one-half pound. Of this 3 1/2 pounds nearly a pound is common salt (chloride of sodium), about two pounds chloride of magnesium and less than one half pound chloride of calcium (muriate of lime). There does not appear to be anything about it inimical to life, and the story of a recent tourist confirms this. He says:

"As for the Dead sea, it will, in contradiction of the name, forever preserve a green and living memory in my mind. No fish can survive in it, we all know, but for a place for a swim, or, above all, for a float, commend me to it beyond all the Winnepeaukee in the world. How it boars you up in arms! How it annihilates the too somnolence and dignity of the laws of gravitation! How it introduces you into the inner consciousness of dainty ariel and thistle-down and all other airy, fairy creatures! The more you weigh the less you weigh. There is the real hydrostatic paradox. An elephant in the Dead sea would feel himself a gazelle. Then what a mirror its steely surface was that morning, and how beautiful its reflections of the mountains of Palestine on the one hand and of Moab on the other!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Electric Lights.

A Vienna professor gives it as his opinion, after much research on the subject, that all delicate persons and those who suffer from nervousness should never remain long in a room lighted by electric lights, its effect on the nervous system being such that after awhile they generally become uneasy and depressed and find it impossible to concentrate the attention for any length of time. Young persons, on the contrary, and those with strong nerves find the influence of the light extremely beneficial, especially when the brain is overworked and tired, the effect being much the same as that of strong coffee—i. e., increased activity of the nervous system.

Through Algerian Spectacles. In a delightful paper before a club recently Mrs. Fannie C. Barbour, the writer and traveler, gave a description of her visit to some Algerian ladies. Through the interpreting friend who accompanied her the hostesses conveyed their polite pity at her extraordinary costume. "Where," they asked in plaintive pity for the unfortunate American, "are her Turkish trousers?" When told that she came from America, they asked where that was, and on hearing that it was across a great sea complacently remarked: "Not so great as our Mediterranean. There is no sea like that."

Food For Man and Beast. "We read sometimes," said Mr. Bill-top, "of people 'eagerly devouring' a newspaper, but horses sometimes do that literally. Twice lately I have seen horses eating newspapers. Perhaps this might come under the head of 'taking in every word.'"—New York Sun.

'T WAS WINTER TIME.

A rose, a rose, a rich red rose Upon my lady's breast, Its petals large, its calyx deep, Its stem with green leaves dressed. 'Tis rich with beauty, in color rare— Oh, what a combination!— The same as she whose smile on me I see in adoration. But the rose, the rose, the rich red rose Which glows on her gown of gray Is very scarce this time of year— It cost my last week's pay.—St. Louis Republic.

No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville of the violinist of the "Berry Corners" orchestra, "which had been discoursing ear piercing strains at a lawn party."

"Niver a note do I play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Niver an ear helps me, yer honor," rejoined Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers," said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plucked his ancient instrument into its green bag. "An it's mighty dry wrirk, an that's thruth, sorr."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Saving.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay \$5 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous, and I won't pay it.

The Astute Salesman—You forgot, madam, that the price has been reduced to \$4.99.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well then. I'll take it.—Chicago Record.

Knew His Business.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of 'Tribby.'"

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."—Washington Star.



Advertisement for Avert's Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for J. S. Morrow, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes, Fresh Groceries, Flour and Feed, located in Reynoldsville, Pa.

Advertisement for Karl's Root, a medicine for blood purification and skin ailments, featuring a portrait of a woman.

Advertisement for Grocery Boomers, offering a wide variety of goods including flour, salt meats, smoked meats, canned goods, teas, coffees, and country produce.

Advertisement for Hotel McConnell, located in Reynoldsville, Pa., offering comfortable accommodations.

Advertisement for Hotel Belnap, located in Reynoldsville, Pa., offering first-class service and facilities.

Advertisement for Moore's Windsor Hotel, located in Philadelphia, Pa., offering elegant rooms and services.

Advertisement for Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills, a medicine for women's health, featuring a portrait of a woman.

Advertisement for Get an Education, offering educational opportunities and information for students.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Buffalo, Rochester & Pitts-Burgh Railway, listing routes and schedules.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Pennsylvania Railroad, listing routes and schedules.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Johnsonburg Railroad, listing routes and schedules.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Ridgway & Clearfield R. R., listing routes and schedules.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Allegheny Valley Railway Company, listing routes and schedules.

Table of Railroad Time Tables for Private - Hospital, listing services and contact information.

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