

HE DANCES ON A WIRE

WONDERFUL FEATS OF CAICEDO, THE WIRE-WALKER.

With High Boot-Heels and Spurs He Bounces About on the Tight Wire with Ease—Some of His Astonishing Performances.

THE ONE ESPECIALLY thing in his line seems to be most pleasing vaudeville audiences in London just now is the remarkable performance of Caicedo, the tight wire dancer. Tight rope and slack wire performers there are galore, and clever enough are their achievements, but of tight wire performers there are none save Caicedo. Even on the tight rope and slack wire, which Caicedo smiles at as well enough for amateurs, his feats are hardly duplicated. His wire is a mere thread, invisible when stationary, except from very near the stage, and wholly so even to Caicedo, when vibrating, as it is most of the time. It is stretched tightly as a fiddle string some ten feet above the stage. On this he performs all the ordinary feats of the ordinary performer. Dressed in tights and carrying a balancing pole he walks backward and forward, dances, leaps, and turns somersaults. But all this is preliminary. Later he dons a military uniform and heavy riding boots, with high heels and immense spurs, does all the feats over again, and adds others that are simply astounding.

He marches across the wire with giant strides, bounding in the air three or four feet at a step. He jumps away up in the air, coming down first on one foot and then on the other. Then he makes prodigious leaps—seven, eight feet and more—into the air, and lands lightly with both feet on the wire. A peculiar thing is that as soon as he lands on the wire it stops dead, he stands as firmly and steadily on it as though poised on a granite pedestal. He makes a great bound, assisted by the spring of the wire six or seven feet

post, thought Jeff had been knocked down. Taking a long breath and squaring his shoulders he rushed at the silent offender, but losing his balance as he closed with him, he threw out his arms, and seizing him around the neck, fell to the sidewalk, grasping firmly the wooden Indian, for such it was, that lay on top of him.—Exchange.

one of his leaps. Into the air and comes down sitting sideways on the wire. Then comes his greatest feat. Bounding up from the sitting posture still higher skyward, he turns a somersault high in the air and comes down with his feet firmly planted on the slender thread of wire easily and with more grace than many an acrobat lands on a mattress. All this with clumsy, thick-soled, high-heeled, spurred riding boots on his feet. The boots have been investigated and found to be just the ordinary kind.

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

Caicedo is a South American, born in Popayan, Colombia. He has spent all his life in the circus ring, and was an expert fancy rider and acrobat before he tried the tight wire. He practiced four hours a day for nine years before he could do his feats, and all the time folks said he would never succeed. After three years' practice he continually fell from the wire, and after five he could just walk and dance with a balancing pole. He does not know now how he preserves his balance, or manages to come down just where the wire is. He does so unconsciously. He says, and truly, he cannot see the wire. No one can, for it vibrates like a harp string. He says he sees with his feet. Just now he is making \$200

A LONE MANIKIN

Encounters a Drunken Man and Comes Out First Best.

Their was a hapless case, and as they reeled along East Broadway in New York city one night singing something about "We-hic—six magnific—hic—cent bricks," the mild, diligent club swinger slid around a corner and disappeared in the labyrinth of byways of the Seventh Ward. In time they arrived in front of Justice Luber's cigar store in Grand Street, when Pete suggested to Jeff that he ask that big fellow with the cigar in his mouth what time it was.

Jeff did so, but the man's silence aggravated him, and he said: "You look—hic—like a—hic—gentleman—hic—but dam if don't—hic—think yer a skin!"

The man deigned no reply. "Why in—hic—blazes don't yer say—hic—suthin' yer too—hic—proud!" Failing to receive a reply, Jeff lost all patience, and aimed a terrific blow at the offender, missed him, struck the corner of the show window with his head, dropped to the ground in a heap and succumbed to the influence of the occasion. Pete, who had been intently watching the flight of the houses, carts and ash boxes circling around him while he held fast to a telegraph

post, thought Jeff had been knocked down. Taking a long breath and squaring his shoulders he rushed at the silent offender, but losing his balance as he closed with him, he threw out his arms, and seizing him around the neck, fell to the sidewalk, grasping firmly the wooden Indian, for such it was, that lay on top of him.—Exchange.

post, thought Jeff had been knocked down. Taking a long breath and squaring his shoulders he rushed at the silent offender, but losing his balance as he closed with him, he threw out his arms, and seizing him around the neck, fell to the sidewalk, grasping firmly the wooden Indian, for such it was, that lay on top of him.—Exchange.

MRS. ZERALDA WALLACE.

She is a Confirmed Advocate of Temperance and Woman's Rights.

Although Mrs. Zeralda Wallace has always been a strong advocate of temperance principles she did not at first understand as she did later how desirable it is that the temperance movement and woman's suffrage should go hand in hand. In 1875 she went before the State Legislature of Indiana bearing a petition signed by thousands of women asking for the enactment of a certain temperance measure. She had prepared her speech in the full belief that it was to be delivered to thoughtful, intelligent, well-bred gentlemen. It opened with a modest disclaimer of any wish to usurp man's "rightful place" in government or to be mixed up in the issues of politics.

and begged that the Assembly would consider the cause she presented as being especially a woman's cause, etc. It was easy to discern the spirit of the honorable body on that occasion. The women were received on sufferance, and Mrs. Wallace was impressed with a hitherto unknown feeling of humiliation because of her sex. As she concluded, a venerable townsman of hers, a Senator, a good, temperate and highly esteemed citizen arose and said, in effect, that representatives were not there to express their own convictions, but to represent their constituents; and his constituency wanted liquor license. It hit her mind. "Why am not one of this constituency which Marion County's representative must vote to please?" She for the first time recognized the power of the ballot, and realized the helplessness of disfranchised women. Not long after Mrs. Wallace avowed her belief in equal suffrage, and from that time on has labored for the removal of women's political disabilities. "It is a part of my religion," she is wont to say in reference to woman suffrage. No other words could better express the strength of her convictions and the depth of her devotion.

Beauregard's sword. The sword of Gen. Beauregard bequeathed to Charleston is an unusually ornate saber, with a fine Damascus blade and an elaborate hilt wrought in gold. The scabbard, which is of gold, is very handsomely ornamented in low relief, and on it is engraved the inscription: "Brig. Gen. G. T. Beauregard, from the ladies of New Orleans, May, 1861." The sword was sent to Gen. Beauregard just after the fall of Fort Sumter, and was given to commemorate that event.

Room for Romance. A woman with two children, after dinner in a Texas restaurant, discovered that she had lost her pocketbook. The proprietor was in the act of having her arrested and offered to pay the bill. Both looked at each other as though they were acquainted, but neither spoke. Once they had been man and wife but had been divorced about ten years ago.

Elephant Courage. An elephant gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage to be seen in the animal world. They will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril and far too great for a man to trick them into a belief that it is nonexistent. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding.

A POSTOFFICE STORY.

INTERESTING PHASES OF LIFE IN A GREAT SERVICE.

What It Costs to Deliver the Mail of a Big Country—A Boy of Pretty Postmistresses—Some Old-Time Servants—Free Delivery and Money Orders.

THE STORY OF our postoffice is interesting. The domestic money order system went into operation in 1864 in 141 postoffices. One hundred thousand dollars was appropriated from the public treasury to defray the expense. Of this amount the sum of \$7,047.97 only was expended.

The free delivery of mail matter by carriers took effect July 1, 1863, and was put in operation at forty-nine offices with about four hundred and fifty carriers at an aggregate annual compensation of about \$300,000.

In the city of New York for the first quarter there were delivered by carriers 2,069,118 letters and 1,810,717 collectibles or an increase of about 25 per cent over the preceding quarter. But the growth of the service was slow until 1887 and 1888, when the number of offices was nearly doubled. Previous to Jan. 3, 1887, the requirement for the service was that a city should have a population of 30,000 within the delivery of its postoffice. The law of Jan. 3, 1887, made any place eligible that had a population of 10,000 or a revenue from its postoffice for the preceding fiscal year of \$10,000.

There are over 600 free delivery offices in the country, and the letter carriers attached to this service deliver and collect mail from 20,000,000 people. The annual expense is between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000. A law has been repeatedly proposed to Congress to extend the service to towns of 5,000 population or of \$5,000 postal receipts for the last fiscal year. This would add 175 places or more to the number served with the free delivery, and 1,500,000 people would be accommodated. The annual cost would be perhaps \$400,000.

When a town becomes entitled to the free delivery service, either by reason of population or revenue and it is deemed advisable favorably to consider its claims, the postmaster is informed that before the service can be established the sidewalks must be paved, streets lighted, houses numbered and names of streets placed at intersections. When this is done an inspector is sent to look over the field, lay off the carrier's districts, locate the street letter boxes and instruct the postmaster as to details. Letter carriers are appointed by the department on the recommendation of the postmaster, except at civil service offices, of which there are forty-five. At these offices they have to pass a competitive examination and are selected from the list of eligibles in their order. At these offices they are appointed as substitutes first and promoted when their turn is reached.

At cities of 75,000 or more carriers are paid \$600, \$800 and \$1,000. In free delivery cities having populations smaller than that, carriers are paid \$600 and \$850 per year.

The Dead Letter Office is the busiest bureau of the entire department. No more earnest and faithful body of employes can be found in the public service than the 107 clerks of this office. Three have been connected with it more than thirty years—Mrs. A. K. Evans, the first woman appointed in this bureau; Mr. A. F. Moulden, for many years in charge of the inquiry branch, and "Brother" S. D. Christie, a veritable father in Israel.

The total number of errors in the transmission of mail matters in the United States is very small compared with the correct deliveries (for letters alone in the ratio of about 1 to 325); yet so large is the blundering public make voluntary contributions daily to this office of over 20,000 letters and packages, just so long will it be necessary for the government to "exercise paternal functions" in the correction of those blunders, nine-tenths of which are made by the people themselves. If those who use the mails would only be careful to observe a few simple requirements, trifles in their selves, but in the aggregate of vast importance, the work of the Dead Letter Office would soon be greatly reduced. If all letter writers would take the simple pains to place their names and addresses upon the envelopes, there

Faculty of Weeping. It would be a mistake to suppose that the "faculty of weeping" is monopolized by the children of Adam. The reindeer, the chamois and several species of antelopes shed visible tears, and the East India rhesus monkey, in a fit of rage, will flush crimson and use the back of his hand to rub the water out of his eyes. Laughter is a more specific human function, for the grin of our Darwinian cousins is rather a menace, analogous to the snarl of a dog showing his teeth.

Unpopular Fads in Education. The doom of another educational fad is sealed, writes a Paris correspondent. The French Association of Volapukists has dissolved. The most energetic apostle of the language which was expected to set right the confusion caused by the affair at Babel has recently taken the post of professor of German in a provincial college. There has been other setbacks, and the great object of reforming the linguistic evils of the world has been abandoned, so far as Paris is concerned.

Children's Farm Colony. The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has met with gratifying success in its farm colonies for pauper and incorrigible children, and a bill is now before the Legislature conferring on the society the official custody of the children committed to it by the courts.

years old, and has served as postmaster continuously for sixty-four years. He was appointed during the administration of President John Quincy Adams. He was appointed to office upon the urgent recommendation of William H. Seward, then a young politician and a partner of Mr. Beardsley's brother, Nelson. During all these years Mr. Beardsley has conducted his office to the entire satisfaction of the public and he has never been reprimanded for failure to perform his duties. He gives the postoffice his personal attention every day, as well as his little store. His patrons all love him and hope his life may be spared many years. Nobody ever sought to get the office away from Mr. Beardsley. His health is good and he eats three good meals every day with perfect regularity. He is a Democrat in politics, but is not offensive. He lets his neighbors believe and practice any sort or quality of religious belief that suits them and he does the same. He has never been in Washington. The postoffice over which Mr. Beardsley presides pays him an annual compensation of \$170. The first year he held it the pay was \$19.53. Mr. Beardsley has never failed to make out his quarterly report with his own hand.

Men in the government employ earn all the way from \$900 to \$1,800 annually, and now and then one becomes a chief of division at \$2,000 or \$2,200, or

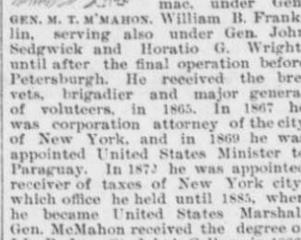


GROUP OF WESTERN POSTMISTRESSES. A chief clerk at \$2,500. He is not disgraced by the advent of either Democratic or Republican Presidents—nor much for incompetency, either. The women earn nearly as much as the men. They fill places where skill, diligence and tact are required, as well as the men do; but they have not been put in places of command much yet, and many appointing officers who want clerks, and especially stenographers and typewriters, prefer men, and call for them from the Civil Service Commission, because it is not so easy to ask a woman to work after hours, or to go to another room of an errand, or, indeed, to smoke in the same room with them. The records of the Civil Service Commission show that about a sixth as many women as men are called for for appointments.

GEN. McMAHON.

He Has Been Mentioned as Secretary of the United States Senate.

Gen. Martin Thomas McMahon, who has been mentioned as a candidate for Secretary of the United States Senate, is an old soldier and has always been a sterling Democrat and a warm supporter of the President. In 1885, Mr. Cleveland appointed him United States Marshal for the southern district of New York. He was born in Canada, in 1838. He graduated at St. John's College in 1855, and subsequently studied law. For a time he was special office agent for the Pacific coast, and also served as Indian agent, but at the beginning of the civil war he volunteered and was made captain. becoming aide-de-camp to Gen. George B. McClellan. In 1862 he was appointed adjutant general and chief of staff of the sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. John Sedgwick and Horatio G. Wright, until after the final operation before Petersburg. He received the brevets, brigadier and major general of volunteers, in 1863. In 1867 he was corporation attorney of the city of New York, and in 1869 he was appointed United States Minister to Paraguay. In 1872 he was appointed receiver of taxes of New York city, which office he held until 1883, when he became United States Marshal. Gen. McMahon received the degree of LL. D. from St. John's College in 1866. During 1866-7 he was president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. He lost two brothers in the battle of Cold Harbor in 1864. Gen. McMahon was grand marshal of the Cleveland inaugural parade.



GEN. M. T. McMAHON. William B. Franklin, serving also under Gen. John Sedgwick and Horatio G. Wright, until after the final operation before Petersburg. He received the brevets, brigadier and major general of volunteers, in 1863. In 1867 he was corporation attorney of the city of New York, and in 1869 he was appointed United States Minister to Paraguay. In 1872 he was appointed receiver of taxes of New York city, which office he held until 1883, when he became United States Marshal. Gen. McMahon received the degree of LL. D. from St. John's College in 1866. During 1866-7 he was president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. He lost two brothers in the battle of Cold Harbor in 1864. Gen. McMahon was grand marshal of the Cleveland inaugural parade.

Faculty of Weeping. It would be a mistake to suppose that the "faculty of weeping" is monopolized by the children of Adam. The reindeer, the chamois and several species of antelopes shed visible tears, and the East India rhesus monkey, in a fit of rage, will flush crimson and use the back of his hand to rub the water out of his eyes. Laughter is a more specific human function, for the grin of our Darwinian cousins is rather a menace, analogous to the snarl of a dog showing his teeth.

Unpopular Fads in Education. The doom of another educational fad is sealed, writes a Paris correspondent. The French Association of Volapukists has dissolved. The most energetic apostle of the language which was expected to set right the confusion caused by the affair at Babel has recently taken the post of professor of German in a provincial college. There has been other setbacks, and the great object of reforming the linguistic evils of the world has been abandoned, so far as Paris is concerned.

Children's Farm Colony. The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has met with gratifying success in its farm colonies for pauper and incorrigible children, and a bill is now before the Legislature conferring on the society the official custody of the children committed to it by the courts.

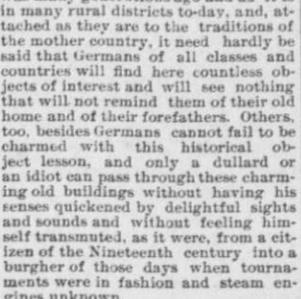
GERMANY AT CHICAGO

PEN PICTURES OF THE DEAR FATHERLAND.

A Typical Teutonic Village With Castles and Town Hall—A Picture From the Middle Ages—Ancient Costumes and Weapons.

THE WORLD'S Fair in Chicago there will be many attractions, but it may be questioned if any one of them will have the power to evoke such deep admiration, such tender recollections and such profound patriotism as will be awakened by the model of an old time German village, with its picturesque buildings and many quaint surroundings. Here will be found a faithful picture of life in the Fatherland as it was many generations ago and as it is in many rural districts to-day, and, attached as they are to the traditions of the mother country, it need hardly be said that Germans of all classes and countries will find here countless objects of interest and will see nothing that will not remind them of their old home and of their forefathers. Others, too, besides Germans cannot fail to be charmed with this historical object lesson, and only a dullard or an idiot can pass through these charming old buildings without having his senses quickened by delightful sights and sounds and without feeling himself transmuted, as it were, from a citizen of the Nineteenth century into a burgher of those days when tournaments were in fashion and steam engines unknown.

Dr. Ulrich Jahn of Charlottenburg, a pupil of Virchow and a zealous scientist, seems to have been the first to think of exhibiting a German village at the World's Fair, and the direction of the work is now in his hands. Equally interested in the work are two prominent financial institutions—the German Bank of Berlin, the guiding spirit of which is Herr Siemens, and the National Bank, which is managed by Herr Magnus. Thanks to their efforts a responsible company with limited liability was formed, and to Herr Bernhard Drenburg, Director of the German-American Truhen Company, and Herr Schmidt of Omaha, was assigned the task of making the "German Ethnological Exhibition" a success.



THEIR first work was to obtain sufficient space for the exhibition, and in this they soon succeeded, an area of 145,000 square feet being assigned to it. Their next work was to select an architect, and their choice fell on Herr Karl Hoffacker, one of the Presidents of the Society of Berlin Artists and a high authority on architecture and decorative paintings. The contract for erecting the buildings was awarded to a firm of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and it was expressly stipulated that all the wood-work used on the work should be cut and fashioned in Germany. Thus it will be seen that the work is not only of German but also of German material.

At the entrance to the village is a high square tower with a moatway, and over the arched portal is the inscription, "To the Golden Tankards." Within the entrance is a large space, in the center of which is a music pavilion, built in the form of a tent. To the right towers the castle and to the left extend halls dedicated to conviviality and refreshment. These halls are noted for their Upper Bavarian style of architecture, with its green woodwork and white interstices. In the covered hall a place of honor has been given to two charming female busts, modelled by the sculptor Brutt of Berlin. Adjacent to the halls are two music pavilions, so that enthusiastic Teutons can at the same time quench their thirst at the buffets and drink in the music of the great German composers.

But out to the castle, which is a real moated stronghold, such as used to be built in old times on plains where they could be protected by water. The entrance tower is accessible by a bridge, and has the time-honored terrace and sloping roof. On both sides are covered moatways, one of which leads to the palace, while the other leads to a group of buildings, in which the stewardess spends her time roasting juicy sirloins for the expected guests. Architecturally carved eschutheons ornament the parapet of the balcony over the gate, and the date "1564" shows that the building was restored in that year. To the left of the gate are decorated apartments in which food and drink are served, and to the right is a priceless collection of weapons, armor, works of art, costumes of German races and other Northern relics of the days of old. Here we see, modelled in wax, a long procession of the most powerful emperors and national

HESSIAN TOWN HALL.

Their first work was to obtain sufficient space for the exhibition, and in this they soon succeeded, an area of 145,000 square feet being assigned to it. Their next work was to select an architect, and their choice fell on Herr Karl Hoffacker, one of the Presidents of the Society of Berlin Artists and a high authority on architecture and decorative paintings. The contract for erecting the buildings was awarded to a firm of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and it was expressly stipulated that all the wood-work used on the work should be cut and fashioned in Germany. Thus it will be seen that the work is not only of German but also of German material.

At the entrance to the village is a high square tower with a moatway, and over the arched portal is the inscription, "To the Golden Tankards." Within the entrance is a large space, in the center of which is a music pavilion, built in the form of a tent. To the right towers the castle and to the left extend halls dedicated to conviviality and refreshment. These halls are noted for their Upper Bavarian style of architecture, with its green woodwork and white interstices. In the covered hall a place of honor has been given to two charming female busts, modelled by the sculptor Brutt of Berlin. Adjacent to the halls are two music pavilions, so that enthusiastic Teutons can at the same time quench their thirst at the buffets and drink in the music of the great German composers.

But out to the castle, which is a real moated stronghold, such as used to be built in old times on plains where they could be protected by water. The entrance tower is accessible by a bridge, and has the time-honored terrace and sloping roof. On both sides are covered moatways, one of which leads to the palace, while the other leads to a group of buildings, in which the stewardess spends her time roasting juicy sirloins for the expected guests. Architecturally carved eschutheons ornament the parapet of the balcony over the gate, and the date "1564" shows that the building was restored in that year. To the left of the gate are decorated apartments in which food and drink are served, and to the right is a priceless collection of weapons, armor, works of art, costumes of German races and other Northern relics of the days of old. Here we see, modelled in wax, a long procession of the most powerful emperors and national



BLACK FOREST COTTAGE.

People who are interested in knowing what the temperature of their feet was after traveling over street car tracks and other places where salt was used to melt the snow during the past winter should remember that a mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one of common salt will reduce the temperature of a body surrounded by it from 50 degrees to zero.

heroes that Germany has ever possessed, from Hermann the Cherusker, Charles the Great and Barbaros, down to William I, who after a long period of dissension united Germany once more. Near them and doing them honor stand peasants from every province in Germany, forming in their picturesque holiday attire a richly colored procession, for German peasants are of gay colors, sparkling tinsel and embroideries glistening with gold and silver threads.

Near the town hall, and peeping out from green trees and bushes, are farmhouses from the Spree Forest, Upper Bavaria, the Black Forest and Westphalia. The Westphalian farm house belongs to the Friesland-Saxonia type, the chief characteristic of which is that not only the living rooms but also all the other necessary buildings connected with a farmhouse, such as stalls, stables, piggeries and fowl houses, are united under one roof. The union necessitates an immense building, which in



COTTAGE IN THE SPREE FOREST.

its outlines resembles a cathedral with three naves. Stately the house certainly is. Its straw roof is more than twice the height of the side walls and above the gable horses' heads, the ancient Saxon sign, are displayed rudely carved in wood at the end of both the cantilevers. In addition to the date of the building there are engraved the names of those who have lived in it, and on the long crossbeam is the Scriptural sentence, "The Lord bless my going out and my coming in," and also the I. H. S. Against the gate posts immense stones are placed to protect them from collision with vehicles. To the left stands the dog kennel, in which the watchdog lies on the alert, and from the leather collar around his neck hangs a bar of wood about a hand long. Leaning against the wall is a hook for catching geese and near by is a ladder, which leads up to the poultry loft. Behind the gate is a large thrashing floor and beside it are the stables and the stalls for the pigs and oxen. At one end of the thrashing floor is the fireplace, behind which are the dwelling room and the bed room. In the latter is an alcove for chests, in which may be stored the family's stock of silver and other precious things, including the gold embroidered hoods and the large amber necklaces of the women.

The Black Forest farm house is a comfortable building. Its characteristics are the ground floor, executed in cut stone and plaster, the dark brown timberwork overhead, the arbors with their wooden breast walls, the small paned windows which slide sideways and above all the immense straw roof projecting far over the walls and reaching on the left side almost to the ground. It may also be noticed that a house of this type slopes backward, so that vehicles can drive slantingly over the elevated barn floor. The living rooms and bedrooms are on the first story, and on the ground floor are the stalls



WESTPHALIAN FARMHOUSE.

and stables. Above the first story is the barn floor, with its hay loft, and to the left, where the roof hangs low down, are placed the pig sty and manure heap, the latter being carefully covered over. At the gable the roof extends far enough to provide a substantial cover for the upper arbor. Against the warmest side wall generally stands a large hive of bees. In winter, when the Black Forest lies deep in snow and the brooks are frozen over, such a house is right warm and comfortable.

The Upper Bavarian farm house somewhat resembles a Swiss cottage. The walls are of white plaster, the window frames are ornamented with colored scrolls, the shutters are painted green, the balustrades of the arbor are ingeniously carved, the beamheads are faced with frontal boards, decorated with tufts, and the doors are ornamented with star shaped borders in profile. The roof, which is rather flat, is constructed of shingles, and is weighted with heavy rocks to protect it against storms. The gable faces the road and is surmounted by a cross. In the upper part of the boarding also is generally engraved a picture of Christ's martyrdom, for in Catholic Bavaria the population is very religious.

The Ninth Day of the Moon.

Mr. Glashier, the aeronaut, asserts, after long and patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and that in the first and last weeks of the month's age the rainfall is less than the average. The records kept by Mr. Glashier also indicate 4 o'clock in the afternoon as the rainiest hour in the day.

Salt and Ice.

People who are interested in knowing what the temperature of their feet was after traveling over street car tracks and other places where salt was used to melt the snow during the past winter should remember that a mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one of common salt will reduce the temperature of a body surrounded by it from 50 degrees to zero.