## WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

**Some Queer Facts About the Great White Shaft.**

The distance at which the Washington Monument is visible has always been a matter of debatable interest with interest with Washington people, says the Star of that city. Not a train approaches the city, nor a boat speeds up or down the Potomac, but carries a group of people anxious to see at just what point they can last see the white marble against the sky as they depart or first find it as they come.

Probably the greatest distance at which the monument is seen is from the summit of the Blue Ridge, at Snicker's Gap, about forty-three miles in air line. The elevation there is two thousand feet above the Potomac. The mountaineers years ago, with their keen eyes trained to long and sharp sight in the mountains, detected the white spot gleaming on the horizon, and they can always quickly determine its place on the horizon line. But to city folks the location of the white shaft is not an easy matter. Thousands of Washington people every summer invade that region as summer boarders, to subsist on fresh milk and fried chicken, and incidentally in their excursions up on the mountain to get a sight of the monument. On clear days it is distinctly visible, especially to those who are familiar with its precise location. It is more easily seen at sunset than at any other hour, as the sharp reflection of the sun's rays brings out the white surface of the marble. The point from which the monument was first seen from the Blue Ridge is the mountain farm of Mr. Louis P. Shoemaker of this city, and the place is called "Monument View."

There are hundreds of ladies in Washington who wear upon their hats the plumage of birds which have lost their lives by flying against the tall mass of marble in the dimness of twilight or daybreak. Every morning one of the watchman who spends the night in the monument finds about its base quite a number of dead birds. This mortality includes nearly all the birds known in this region. Strange to say, few English sparrows lose their lives by flying against the monument, but the beautiful golden finches, cedar birds, starlings, tangers, grosbeaks, and many others of bright plumage and great rarity, have been found. The watchman takes these birds up town to a taxidermist, who stuffs and mounts the rare specimens, and they are sold for a good round price to collectors, and the skins of those less rare are prepared for the milliner.

Another queer thing to know about the monument is that its height and width vary. It is taller in summer than in winter, and in the latter season its width on the south side is about an inch greater than on the north, east or west side. This is due to expansion under the heat of the sun's rays. This phenomenon was determined by Capt. Greene during the erection of the shaft. Plumb lines were hung at each corner of the marble wall, and the plumb "bobs," or plummets, were suspended in pots of glycerine or molasses. Across the top of each pot was laid a finely graduated steel bar, and three times a day an army engineer "took off" the registration thus made of the expansion of the walls. It was held that the plummets moved precisely with the points at which the plumb lines were attached to the top of the shaft, and the glycerine held them firmly without vibration or oscillation, so that the officer could note any change of position. All these registrations, twice a day every day of the year, were recorded in a book during the seven years that were occupied it finishing the monument.

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

**Supposed Burglar in a Neighbor's House Makes Trouble for a Man.**

After Slims had scanned his morning paper closely as if looking for something of great personal interest, he threw it aside with a sigh of relief and turned to his partner. "Great excitement up in our neighborhood last night. Wanson, who lives next door to me, went away early in the summer and left the key of the house with me in order that I might look after it. I took a ride on my wheel last evening, and was so tired when I got back that I dropped off to sleep early. After midnight a few punches in the side awakened me to find my wife sitting up in bed, pale-faced and talking to me in a whisper. 'There are burglars in Wanson's place,' she insisted with chattering teeth. 'I saw a light moving about there, and heard voices.' I tried to have her lie down and give her imagination a rest, but she routed me out by sheer persistence. Sure enough there was a light, and I had soon donned the necessary amount of clothing.

"I routed out some of the neighbors and people passing along the street joined us. One of them, who had stayed out not wisely, but too long, wanted to break through a window and round up the robbers. I had a private patrol service called, but it expressed a delicacy about entering, because Wanson was not one of its subscribers. While I was creeping along the side of the house to see if any of the cellar gratings were removed, the pugnacious rounder was coming the other way in search of an opening by which he might get to the invaders. When we collided he let go at me with a scantling he had picked up, but it was a glancing blow. You can see where it removed a piece of scalp. I yelled for help the women screamed and the officer rushed to seize my assailant, who was still bent on rendering me harmless. As we struggled into the light and were recognized, Mrs. Wanson appeared in an old-fashioned night cap at the upper window and shouted: 'How do you do, Mr. Sims? We just reached home to-night. How are your folks?' Everybody else laughed, but I routed Wanson out, surrendered the key and curtly told him to hire a private watchman or else agree to telegraph when he was going to steal in during the night."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Gift Cigar.**

"Were the sanitary police in your house this afternoon?"

"They were."

"What was the matter?"

"I was smoking the cigar you gave me."









**A Perfect Fraud.**

A beggar accosted a gentleman and whined: "I am paralyzed in both me 'ands mister, an' can't work, fer I can't grasp anything with 'em. Could ye spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman. "You'd better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e?" thought the beggar. "Then he didn't 'ear about the paralysis."

So he wrote down:

"I've got a wife an' six children starvin' at home, mister. I've been out o' wurk fer six months, an' ham in a dreffel state of destertushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it, and said:

"I thought you said you were paralyzed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything; and yet you can write."

"Did—didn't yer say yer was deaf," stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralyzed.

"Yes, just to find out if you were an imposter, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the bloomin' frauds, yer the biggest exclaimed the beggar. "The hidea of yer sayin' yer was deaf an' tryin' to impose on a pore feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.—Tit-Bits.





**Why She Darned His Socks.**

A well-known statesman, who has represented his district in Illinois for a number of years, had the support of his wife in a manner which won for him the reputation of being a plain and simple man of the people, whom flattery could not divert from his patriarchal customs.

A school friend of the wife, who had not seen her since girlhood, visited her at her country home one summer.

"How industrious you are!" exclaimed the visitor.

"In what way?"

"With fancy work, I guess. I know you used to have a great aversion to plain sewing; but you must be very diligent now to have your work-basket right here in the parlor."

"Would you like to know what I am doing?"

"Certainly."

"You shall see." The Congressman's wife took from her basket a half-knit sock of old-fashioned blue yarn.

"You don't mean to say that your husband wears things like that?"

"Oh, no; he wouldn't think of such a thing. I have a whole lot that I will be glad to give to anybody who will wear them."

"Do you do this for pleasure or charity?"

"No; for business, and I never occupy myself in this way unless it is absolutely necessary. But I have to keep the work handy, and when the old-fashioned rural voters of my husband's district come to call upon him—and you have no idea how many honor us with that attention—I get it out and knit away for dear life. It is a good deal of bother, but it's worth a good many votes every two years."

**A Life for Every Billiard Ball.**

It is said that for every ivory billiard ball in the world a human life has been lost. The ivory for their manufacture comes from the densest jungles of Central Africa. As described by a correspondent there, the hot and damp atmosphere reeks with a hundred deadly diseases. In the dark and tangled vegetation also hide fierce, wild animals, poisonous snakes and loathsome insects, whose bites are as fatal as those of the most fearsome serpents. In addition, there is the common chance of meeting with the vengeful natives, who do not hesitate to make way with all intruders, and the always present danger of being lost in the wilderness of tangled forest, pathless mountains and unpassable morasses. Thus nature conjures to shield the big but almost helpless elephant, and they only can engage in the trade of supplying the material for ivory billiard balls who take their lives into their own hands.

**A Bargain.**

Husband—But why did you buy two hallstands?

Wife—They were such a bargain, dear. They had been marked down from $5 to $4.98. Don't you see I save twice as much by purchasing two as if I had only bought one? You didn't know your little wifey had such a head for business, did you?

## THE CURLS WERE MISSING.

**Mean Advantage Doris Took When the Satchels Were Exchanged.**

"How did you enjoy the Suburban Club ball?" asked the girl in the picture hat.

"Not at all," replied the girl in the empire jacket; "it was perfectly horrid."

"Why, I heard that the decorations, music and supper were perfectly lovely and—"

"O, yes, they were nice enough. But my faith in human nature had just received such a shock that I couldn't enjoy anything. You know Doris and I went out in the afternoon together; we were to stop at Mrs. Brownsmith's, and go to the ball under her chaperonage, you know."

"Why, I didn't know that you needed a chaperon, dear."

"I don't. I—I have always known how to behave properly in society without any advice. Of course if I was like——"

"Of course; that was what I meant," said the girl in the picture hat, hastily. "Well, were Doris' cheeks as pink as ever at the ball?"

"Pinker. We took our evening gowns out with us and, oddly enough, our satchels were just alike. In taking them up to our rooms they were exchanged, and as soon as I opened the one sent up to me I knew it belonged to Doris!"

"Oh, pshaw, you need only ring for a servant and get your own."

"I know. But I determined then and there to do Doris a real, unselfish service. I hate to see her with those unnatural pink cheeks, so I decided, while I had a chance, to go through her satchel, find her box of rouge and hide it; then, as she could get no more out there in the country, she must appear without it, and it might be the means of causing her to give up its use!"

"Well, but that——"

"I couldn't find it anywhere, and then I remembered the little bag hanging from her belt, and I knew it was there. I had just gotten her things put back when one of the maids fetched me my satchel and took hers away."

"Oh, well, she will never know that you hunted——"

"No. I had to dress in a great hurry then, for I was late, and what do you think? Those lovely short curls that I twist in my back hair, and which everybody admires so much, were missing, though I knew I had packed them myself!"

"My goodness, you don't think that Doris had——"

"I don't think; I know it. She returned them to me the next morning, saying they must have slipped out of my satchel as the maid carried it to me. Did you think there was a girl living who would do such a mean thing?"

## EDITOR M'CULLAGH OUTWITTED.

**How the St. Louis Globe-Democrat Was Ridiculous.**

When David D. Francis, now Secretary of the Interior, was a candidate for Governor of Missouri, his friends succeeded in using the "Globe-Democrat" to further his chances of election. Editor McCullagh had turned on "Our Dave," as the Secretary is known in St. Louis, with his short paragraphs with telling effect, and Francis' friends got together and concocted a scheme to offset the editorial work of the paper. They wrote out a display advertisement and at a late hour of the Saturday morning immediately preceding the election of 1888 took it to the counting room of the "Globe-Democrat." The clerk on duty gave the copy a casual looking over and without a word accepted it. It occupied a full page and at length and in glowing terms set forth the "great business capacity and eminent qualifications of Mr. Francis to occupy the Gubernational chair of Missouri," says a St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago "Record."

That advertisement caused the biggest row ever witnessed in a newspaper office in St. Louis. When Editor McCullagh found what had been done he raged and stormed for a week. The fast mail had distributed the paper all over Missouri before McCullagh had his attention called to it. He left his quarters at the Southern Hotel on a trot. Reaching the corner of Fourth and Pine streets he found the streets and the office of the "Globe-Democrat" jammed with people, who were clamoring to stop their subscriptions. McCullagh had filled a column on the editorial page with "squibs" strongly opposing Francis, and advocating the Republican nominee, but the big display of Francis' friends was the first thing seen on opening the paper.

Mr. McCullagh at once issued an extra, in which he deprecated the oversight by which the advertisement had found its way into the paper, but it was some time before the "Globe-Democrat" office recovered its equilibrium.

THEY ALL ASKED THAT.

Claude (earnestly)—Am I the first man you ever loved?

Maude—Why, Certainly! How very strange men are; they all ask me that.

**A Trick of the Trade.**

A small advertisement in one of the daily papers a short time ago attracted a great deal of attention from the curio collectors and relic hunters of this city, and the shrewd merchant who inserted it secured a great deal of advertising for himself by drawing a number of prominent persons to his store. The ad. stated in an unostentatious way that the merchant had a number of articles of furniture, such as tables, chairs, cradles and beds out of the White House for sale. Early the next day a number of prospective purchasers went to look at the furniture made valuable through association and one of the first callers was a lady who drove up to the door of the rather obscure establishment in a stylishly appointed rig drawn by a spanking team of bays. The proprietor met her with an indifferent air and inquired what he could do for her.

"I would like to see some of the furniture out of the White house," she said.

"Just look around and see if anything strikes your fancy."

The lady looked around her at the rather common-place looking stuff and said:

"I desired to see the furniture out of the White House advertised by you yesterday."

"And, madam, that is what I am trying to show you. Just look about you and I will price it to you."

"But surely all this stuff is not out of the White House?"

"It is not in it at any rate, and consequently must be out of it," was the quiet rejoinder.

A look of disgust swept over the lady's face ,and with a haughty air she swept out of the place. And there were others.—Washington Post.

**Fidelity.**

"You have such a faithful wife, to," said the intimate friend, reproachfully. "She stays right by you, no matter how low down you get."

"I know it," tearfully replied the penitent Jagway. "There are two things that will never desert me—Mrs. Jagway and my appetite for liquor."



**Nye's Joke.**

When Nye was a boy, he and his brother once had a great time searching after a calf that had got lost in a piece of woods. The search was kept up for days. Finally it had to be abandoned. Everybody but the humorist forgot all about it, and he said nothing of it to any one for more than twenty years. One day his brother—the same who had helped in the search—got a letter from "Bill," in which a pending long trip to Europe was described. The letter wound up something like this: "You see, I'm going a long ways, and shall be away some time. While I'm gone I shall keep a sharp lookout everywhere. Maybe I'll find that darn calf. I've looked for it everywhere in the United States without success and now I'm going to try the Old World."