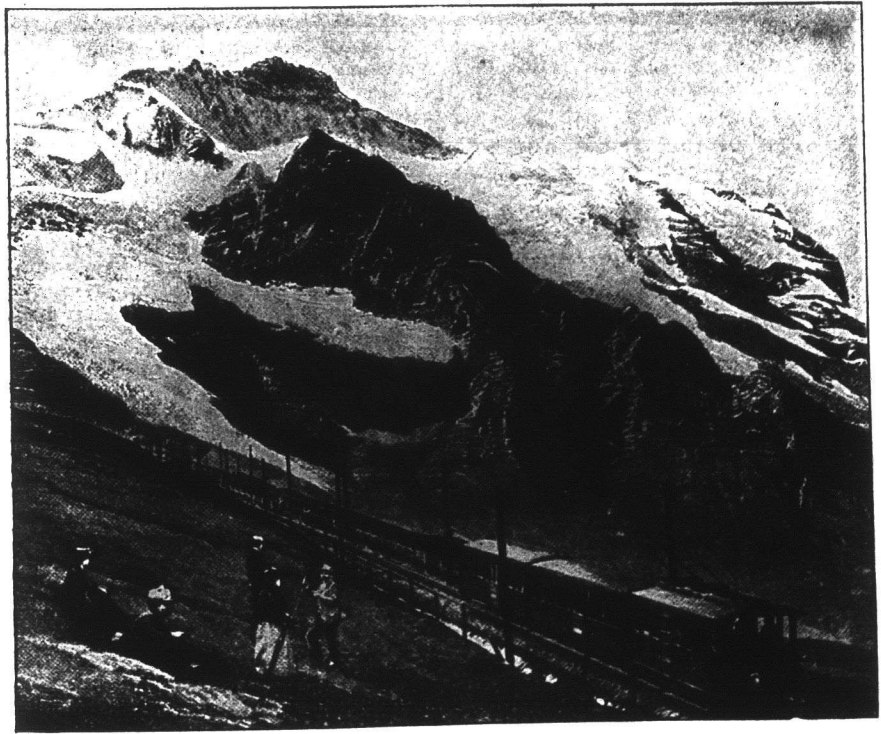


is the Glion cable line in Switzerland, where a car loaded with water coming down drags up another filled with passengers. At Lauterbrunnen, one of those idyllic Swiss villages, is a stretch of steel that from the base looks as if you would have to do the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk act to get up. Out in Hong Kong there is a peak up two thousand feet of which goes a car at such an angle that the passengers almost sit on top of one another. Just outside of Calcutta, in India, is the wonderful Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, considered by old travellers to be one of the modern wonders of the world. There is a spot on the line known as "Agony Point," where a sharp whistle from the engine is blown as a warning for people to keep their seats. If they should all happen to crowd to one side of the car to view the scenery at this place, the whole concern would topple over and dash down several thousand feet into the wild valley below. Difficulty in breathing, or mountain sickness, is commonly experienced on this trip. But the splendid vision that is secured from the summit is worth all the dangers, for the mighty Himalayas, the giants of the world, tower there before you in all their glittering whiteness and magnitude and awesome grandeur.

A Band of Mercy Boy.

The other day a horse was trying to get a very small quantity of oats from the depths of a very small nose bag. In vain the poor fellow tossed his head and did his best to gain his dinner. But at last, just as he was settling down to dumb and despairing patience, a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten or twelve years of age happened along. Seeing the dilemma of the horse the little fellow stopped and said: "Hello, can't get your oats, can you? Never mind, I'll fix you!" And straightway he shortened up the straps that held the bag in place, and with a kindly pat and a cheery word which the grateful horse seemed to appreciate, went his way. I would like to be the mother or the aunt, or even the first cousin of that boy. I would rather that he should belong to me than own a Paganini violin or a first water diamond the size of a Concord grape. Bless his heart, wherever he is, and may he long continue to live in a world that needs him. Kindness of heart, and tenderness, consideration for the needs of the helpless and the weak, and the courage that dares to be true to a merciful impulse, are traits that go far toward the make-up of angels. We need tender-hearted boys more than we need a new tariff to bring up and develop the resources of the country.



View of the Jungfrau, Switzerland, and the Railway that will connect with the Elevator shaft to the summit.



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Heaviest Rails in the World.

The rails on the Belt Line Road around Philadelphia are the heaviest rails used on any railroad in the world. They weigh 142 pounds to the yard, and are 17 pounds heavier than any rails ever before used. They are ballasted in concrete, and 9-inch girders were used to bind them. All the curves and spurs were made of the same heavy rails, and the tracks are considered superior to any railroad section ever undertaken. The rails were made especially for the Pennsylvania Railroad by the Pennsylvania Steel Company. An officer of the railroad company states that this section of roadbed will last for twenty-five years without repairs.

Going to the Theatre in Venice.

Going to the theatre in Venice is like a fantastic overture to the play, and sets one's mood properly in tune. You step into the gondola, which darts at once across a space of half-lighted water, and turns down a narrow canal between walls which seem to reach more than half-way to the stars. The tiny lantern in the prow sheds no light, is indeed no more than a signal of approach, and you seem to be sliding straight into

the darkness. Here and there a lamp shines from a bridge or at the watergate of a house, but with no more than enough light to make the darkness seen. The gondola sways, swerves, and is round a sharp corner, and the water rushes against the oar as it swings the keel straight for another plunge forward. You see in flashes.

A Bright Boy.

A telegraph messenger boy, Chas. F. Fielding, living at Newport, R. I., recently rigged up a wireless telegraph instrument of his own, in his father's attic, with an old automobile coil, a cut-off electric light lamp, some acid and a Morse sending key. With this simple contrivance he was able to send messages which completely interfered with the working of elaborate apparatus of the United States Government, and made it impossible to send messages from a distance at the torpedo station. The boy attracted the attention of the commandant of the station and has been enlisted in government service as third class electrician, which will enable him to take a thorough course in electricity at the government school, while he draws \$35 a month besides his board. Before that he was getting \$14 a month and board at home. 'Rah for the boy!