

POOR COPY

"For Tea You Can't Beat Lipton's"

It Has Stood the Test of Time While Others
Have Been Buried in the Ashes of Inferiority
It's the Recognized World's Standard

LIPTON'S TEA

Over 2 Million Packages Sold Weekly.

AERONAUTS OF LONG AGO

MORE ACCIDENTS IN THOSE
DAYS THAN IN THESE.

Experiments Made by Dominican
Monks—Studies in Air
Navigation.

The Middle Ages, just because so
full of childlike wonderment, often
essayed a "conquest of the air." Al-
bert the Great and Friar Bacon, in
no few places had something to say
on sailing in the air which looks
for all the world like prophecy.

In the sixteenth century we read
of an Italian who came to Scotland
with the purpose of making a flight
from Stirling Castle to France,
with the aid of wings. His inglori-
ous failure, which cost him his
legs, furnished the Scotch poet Dun-
bar with a theme for one of his most
arduous satires. In 1825 Eytzen,
a stately German professor from
Tubingen, published a lecture on
aerial flight which inspired an am-
bitious monk with the desire to re-
duce the theory to practice; and he
too broke both his legs. And so of
many others.

Albert of Saxony, an Augustinian
monk, in his commentaries on Aris-
totle maintained, says the Rev. M.
T. Schwertner, in the Dominican
Year Book, that since fire is lighter
than air it would be possible to be
carried upward if a sufficient quan-
tity of this ethereal substance could
be

ENCLOSED IN A GLOBE.

And Francis Mendoza, a Portuguese
Jesuit, in 1522 embraced this theory
as did also his German confrere,
Caspar Schott; both, however, ad-
ded some original observations of
their own which are not without
worth, at least for the history of
science. But it was only in 1670 that
the first real scientific approach to a
solution of the problem was given
to the world in the "Prodromus deli"
Arte Maestra" of the Jesuit Francis
Lana, which was published at
Brescia.

The principles here outlined are
both original and sound, though
their application is impracticable.
Lana suggested that four copper
globes of the lightest possible
weight and thickness be constructed
from which all air should be dis-
placed. These balls should mea-
sure twenty-five feet in diameter
and one hundred and twenty-
five feet in circumference, and
thus their ascensional force would
be twelve thousand pounds. This
would amply suffice to lift the four
balls in the air, and with them a
boat and sails, which latter would
serve as propellers.

Of course it was soon pointed out
that a globe of the desired size
and thickness could be constructed
sufficiently strong to support the
weight, nor yet to sustain the enor-
mous pressure of the atmosphere
from without. And so the theory
was rejected. It is only in our
day that Lana has received the
full meed of praise to which he is
entitled for his sound principles
and

STARTLING ORIGINALITY.

No other written discussion on
aeronautics worth mentioning fol-
lowed upon that of Lana until 1783,
when Joseph Gallien published an
anonymous brochure of eighty-sev-
en pages on this subject at Avignon.
By some curious fate Gallien has
been set down as a Jesuit by so
sharp a bibliographer as Charles
Sommervogel, the continuer of the
writers of the Society of Jesus.

Gallien was born in 1589 at St.
Paulien, in southern France. He
entered the Dominican Order at Le
Puy, not far from his home, and
studied philosophy and theology at
Avignon with such success that as
early as 1726 we find him professor
of the former in the convent of
Bordeaux. For two years he taught
the same subject in the University
of Avignon, and later on was pro-
fessor of theology for four years in
the same place.

He published some learned works
on philosophical subjects, and also
a brochure on electricity which de-
serves to be studied at this day as
one of the first and ablest discus-
sions of the question. In 1755 he
published anonymously a work on
meteors, hailstorms and aerial na-
vigation, which work he himself
styled an "amusement physique et
geometrique." But he was taken

quite seriously by his contemporar-
ies, so much so that two years later
he re-edited this work over his
own name, under the caption "The
Art of Sailing in the Air."

He must have possessed an illimit-
able fund of humor, for this second
edition did not pretend to be any-
thing else than a mere

FANCIFUL SPECULATION.

In the preface of this work he gives
us a dissertation on hailstorms
which contains some shrewd obser-
vations. Then he treats of his air-
ship. This should be a large, cube
shaped vessel, constructed of strong
canvas of double thickness. Wax
and tar was to be plastered over
this and then covered with leather.

The whole ship was to be reinforc-
ed with ropes and riggings thirty
feet long. Its edge was to be 6,500
feet and each surface about 42,-
250,000 feet in area. We must not
forget that Gallien had in mind a
ship large enough to transport an
army with accessories and supplies
from Avignon to Africa.

This ship, if it was to rise at all,
would have to ascend to the alti-
tude of the hailstorm atmospheric
strata, since, he shrewdly observes,
the air in that belt is higher than
water. The top of the colossus
would have to penetrate the strata
above the hail belt, where the at-
mosphere, as he rightly says, is one
thousand times lighter.

This booklet of the Avignon pro-
fessor contains many shrewd hints.
Gallien shows in many places that
he knows whereof he speaks. But
he must certainly have been joking
when he suggested the building of
an airship larger than the city of
Avignon. Perhaps he was only try-
ing to make ridiculous the sci-
entific self-sufficiency of his contempor-
aries. That seems to me the best
explanation of the book. He is
simply poking fun at the men who
think that there is nothing in na-
ture which cannot be mastered and
fathomed; and yet he does not
speak as one who disbelieves the
possibility of the aerial feat. Hence
we need not be surprised that
Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier,
who invented the balloon a few
years later, borrowed ideas from
Gallien, as they did from Priestley's
"Experiments Relating to Differ-
ent Kinds of Air." The Montgol-
fier brothers were neighbors of Gal-
lien's and must have consulted him.
Probably they learned from him
not to trust themselves to the
mighty chariot, for Stephen never
left terra firma, just as Gallien and
Joseph only made one ascent.

In our own day Padre Blanca,
a Spanish Dominican, has discovered
some new things in aeronautics and
has secured patents for at least
two of his inventions.

EXECUTED A YOUNG GIRL.

Trembling and Sobbing She Was
Carried to the Scaffold.

A terribly brutal scene occurred
recently at the Insberg (Prussia)
prison, where a young girl, con-
victed of poisoning, was executed.
Trembling and sobbing bitterly,
the unfortunate girl was practi-
cally carried to the scaffold, where she
had to listen to the formal reading
of the judgment. The condemned
girl was seized with a fit of almost
madness when the executioner's as-
sistants tried to induce her to lay
her head on the block, and hurling
herself to the ground, she struck
wildly at the block with her two
hands, giving vent, at the same
time, to frightful cries. All efforts
to calm her were, for a long time,
futile, but eventually force prevail-
ed, and she became weaker, and
her hands were tied behind her
back and her head forced on the
block. The executioner was attired
in frock coat, silk hat and white
gloves.

WHITTLED WISDOM.

Opportunity is another name for
action.
Few of us ever get old enough to
know better.

It is the gentle mind that makes
the gentleman.
Always try to succeed, even if
your plans are laughed at.

Your best friend, indeed, is the
one who is never in need.

The gentle girl can hurt more
than her sister of the cutting ways.

Every man feels sorry for the vic-
tim of some other man's injustice.

There is always room at the top,
but few can pay the rent. Success
generally demands for quarters
there.

TALE OF PLUCK AND DARING

FEARFUL ORDEAL OF AN EN-
GLISH GOVERNESS.

How She Faced and Shot Two Mad-
dened Convicts in a Texas
Town.

"You refused me a chance of re-
forming. You laughed at me in
'stir' (prison). Now I'll give you a
run for your money, see if I don't."
Such was the message received
one day by the Governor of Texas
from Bill Kelly, known throughout
the country as "Big Bill"—a des-
perado feared by everybody, the
police especially, as he took the
keenest delight in shooting down
an officer without the slightest com-
punction—who had escaped from
the State Penitentiary, and on
whose head a price of \$500 had been
set. Kelly had escaped with twen-
ty other convicts, but one by one
they were recaptured, until only he
and two companions remained at
large.

"BIG BILL'S" MISTAKE.

The sheriff and his men were hot
on their trail; but "Big Bill" had
vowed vengeance on the Governor
because the latter had refused to
intercede for him when he was sen-
tenced to twenty years' penal serv-
itude for "holding up" a train. That
is why he made his way to the Gov-
ernor's house, intent on killing
him. The Governor, however, was
away from home, and "Big Bill,"
mistaking the house of the Lieuten-
ant-Governor, Colonel Newman,
which was separated from that of
the Governor only by about fifty
yards of garden, nearly wreaked
his vengeance on little Elsie New-
man, a beautiful child of eight
years of age.

Indeed, it was only the pluck and
daring of an English governess,
Miss Lucy M. Willard—the name is
honored throughout Texas to-day—
which baffled the desperado in his
revenge and resulted in his death.
But so fearful was the ordeal that
for six weeks after the event Miss
Willard was quite delirious. By de-
grees her reason returned, and then
the whole thing returned to her
in all its terror. She had been
with the Newman family for several
months when one Sunday, three
weeks after the escape of Kelly,
Colonel Newman drove with his
wife and mother some miles out in-
to the country to his farm. Most
of the servants had gone with those
of the Governor into town to
church, leaving Miss Willard with
her pupil, Elsie, and two negro
servants—man and wife—to look
after the house.

THE PLUCKY NEGRO.

"I had taken a book from the
table in the sitting-room," she
said, when relating the terrible
happening, "and was just stepping
through the window into the veran-
dah to join Elsie, my charge, when
I heard a shot fired somewhere be-
hind the house. 'Look de do,'
Miss Willard, 'robbers!' shouted
Sam, the black.
"Another shot followed, then a
scream. I grasped the little girl by
the arm, pulled her into the house,
and slammed the window, hardly
knowing what I was doing. Another
shot rang out, and then Sam ran
from behind the house, loading his
rifle. In my terror I ran to the
next floor with Elsie, and, looking
down the door of the library behind me,
I shrank into the farthest corner.
This room was on the left of the
house, and from its window I could
see two men—one standing, the
other kneeling—beside the fence
nearest the barn.

"One of the men was very tall
and thin. He was without a hat,
wore a blue blouse, and his trou-
sers were tucked into his boots. The
other, who knelt, was the most ter-
rible-looking creature I have ever
seen—red-haired, with a long scar
across his face, and his nose, al-
most from ear to ear. His rifle lay
on the top rail of the fence, as
though aiming, while the taller man
was reloading. Suddenly, crack
went Sam's gun again, and simul-
taneously the kneeling man fired.
Then he got up and laughed—he
had hit our noble defender.

"Then came a tramping on the
veranda, and with a crash a win-
dow was knocked in. Two men
came to the stairway, and just as
the first started to ascend Elsie
screamed out in terror. 'Papa!
Papa!' There was a hurried move-
ment, and a shot was fired at the
ceiling. Turning suddenly, my
eye caught sight of a brace of cav-
alry pistols hanging in their hol-
sters over the roll-top desk. I took
them down, as much afraid of the
things, perhaps, as I was of the men
below. But they seemed to give me
courage.

THOSE AWFUL FOOTSTEPS.

"Elsie was crouched under the
desk between the two sides. I stood
in front of it, and was just begin-
ning to hope that perhaps the men
would not come up after all when
I heard the stairs creak and knew
they were ascending. The library
was the second door on the left of
the staircase, and I heard stealthy
footsteps approaching from the top
of the stairs. A moment's stillness,
then the nearest door was sudden-

ly pushed open. Then came an
ejaculation: 'Keep down there and
watch the back door.' Then those
awful footsteps came nearer. The
knob of my door turned, but I had
locked it. Elsie, poor-child, moan-
ed aloud in her terror, and the man
outside heard her.

"Women folk, eh! Well, the
main guy ain't here, so we'll talk
to you. Open the door!" I stood
almost frozen stiff. "Open the
door, dy's heart! Oh, you won't,
eh? There was a mighty heave,
but the door did not give. I in-
voluntarily raised the pistol in my
right hand, which shook very
much, and pointed it toward the
door. Another heave against the
door, and still it did not give; then
there was a muttered curse, and
with a crash the door flew open and
the tall man almost fell in.

THE CONVICTS' FATE.

"I thought of the man's fearful
recoil, and knew that he would
show us no mercy. Then I pulled
the trigger of the pistol—once,
twice, thrice. Each time it spoke
and the man fell, almost against
my extended arm, so close was he
when I fired. I was dizzy with my
unnatural effort and grasped the
desk for support, but the ordeal was
not yet over. Two steps at a time
the other ruffian came rushing up;
and, just as his figure appeared in
the frame of the doorway, I fired
both pistols point-blank at him. He
fell against the wall on the other
side of the hall, then rebounded
and fell on his face across the open
doorway. I turned to look for the
child, but my limbs would not sup-
port me, and although I did not
faint, I sank to the floor. Poor
Elsie! She had fainted.

"I crawled to her and tried to
drag her from under the desk, but
somehow I had absolutely no
strength. Of a sudden I heard
shouting and the galloping of
horses. Then came quick orders,
and in another minute the house
was full of men.

"The two robbers were 'Big
Bill' Kelly and one of his confeder-
ates named Mollyson. They had
escaped a posse, which was close at
their heels, and had evidently come
to wreak their vengeance on the
Governor and his family, but had
mistaken the house. The poor
black, Sam, was killed—shot
through the head. His wife, who
had first seen the men, was also
wounded, but not fatally. I was
brought before a magistrate, ac-
cording to law, and was charged
with killing the two men, but ac-
quitted within five minutes of the
clock."

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

How Two Scotchmen Settled the
Abilities of Their Daughters.

Not all examinations in Scotland
are for the civil service. In his
"Memories Grave and Gay," Mr.
John Kerr reports one held at a
village tavern to decide a wager,
and, incidentally, to determine the
relative scholarship of two school
girls. Their respective fathers had
started the discussion over the
table.

"Och, yes," said Norman, "we
must give more education to the
lassies than to the lads."

"Faith, Norman," said Duncan,
"I dare say you're very right there,
and I'm sure there's not a man in
all Sutherland can throw a stone at
me for that. Our Mary is the cle-
verest lassie in all Sutherland;
there's not a lassie in the Reay
country like her. She's a grand
scholar, our Mary."

"Your Mary," said Norman.

"Yes, our Mary."

"I'll wager you my Jessie is as
clever a lassie as your Mary."

"Your Jessie?"

"Aye, just my Jessie."

"Done," says Duncan.

"But who will examine the las-
sies?" says Norman.

"Well," said Duncan, "I think
you should let me examine them.
You see, I have just been down at
the examination of Kinlochbervie
school to-day, and the ministers
were there, and the parents was
asking them questions, and the chil-
dren would be answering them. It
was a grand sight, noble, and I was
there, and as I'll be just first off
the irons, I think you should let
me examine the lassies."

"Very well, Duncan, you'll ex-
amine them."

The girls meanwhile were amus-
ing themselves outside. Norman
rang the bell and asked the servant
to send in Jessie. When she ap-
peared Duncan began:

"Jessie, your father says you're
a grand scholar, and as clever a
lassie as our Mary. Now just tell
me this, do you know the meaning
of a verrub (verb)?"

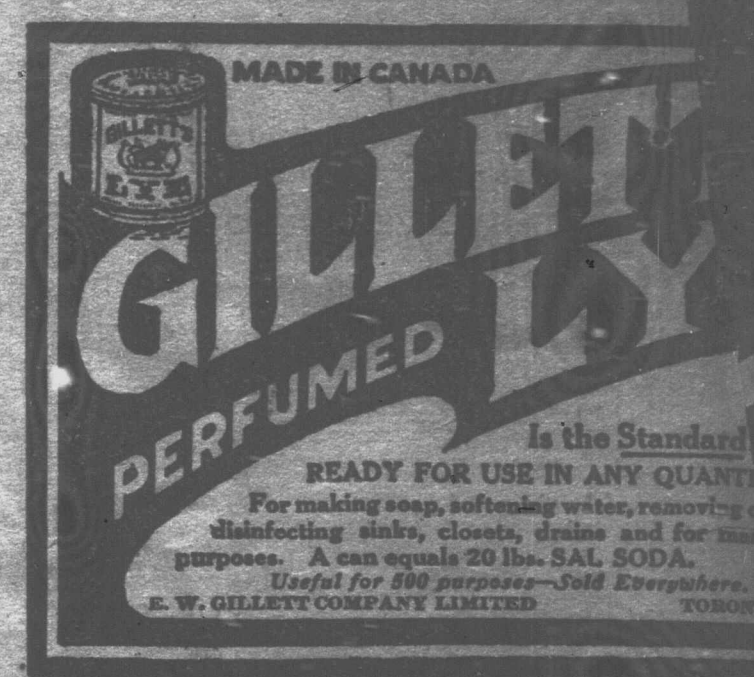
"No, I do not," said Jessie.

"That will do for you. Jist go
away and send in our Mary."

When Mary appeared, Duncan
said, "Now, Mary, I have been tell-
ing Norman that you're the best
scholar in Sutherland. Jist show
him how-clever you are. Do you
know the meaning of a verrub
(verb)?"

"Yes," in quite a triumphant
tone, "it's a noun."

Duncan looks defiantly at Nor-
man and says, "There, now, my
friend, what do you think of that?
Didn't I tell you she was the cle-
verest lassie in the Reay country?"



AN UNRECOGNIZED HEROINE.

What Would These Indolent Sisters
Do Without Dorcas?

Ethel—very tall, very slender,
with beautiful blue eyes—sighed
wearily. She leaned her head
against the back of the most com-
fortable chair in the room, raised
her arms and rested her hands on
her head, and crossed her pretty
slender feet on the hassock. There
can be no doubt she was comfort-
able—very comfortable.

Ethel liked to be comfortable.
With her aged Bess, who had the
loveliest brown eyes in the world,
Beth liked to be comfortable—so
did their brother Harold, who
noted for a certain immaculate
in the details of his apparel.

"A cup of tea would be refin-
ing right now," remarked Ethel,
with a note of languor in her tone.
"I haven't been doing a blessed
thing but look over my ribbons and
laces. But just the same, I'm tired
as can be."

Then Bess, with the loveliest
brown eyes, nodded approvingly,
and said:

"Wouldn't it go to the right
spot? I'm sure Dorcas won't mind
brewing a pot—she brews such de-
licious tea."

"Would you mind, Dorcas?"

Ethel asked languidly.

Dorcas, which is not the true
name of the other girl, but which
becomes her plain and honest little
face, rose, and tossed a pair of
Harold's cuffs she had been re-
pairing on the table.

"No, I don't mind," she replied.
"Will you have the tea served
here? And will you have crackers
or cake?"

The restful pair quickly made the
unanimous decision that the tea
should be served "here" in the
cozy library—it was much less trou-
ble for them to have a small table
jostled up beside them than to ga-
ther up their skirts, spoil their at-
titude of repose, and take a walk
into the dining-room.

As soon as Dorcas was out of the
room, Bess said, "What should we
do without Dorcas?"

"Do without Dorcas?" echoed
Ethel, in mimic tragedy tones. "I
shudder to think. Without Dorcas
you and I would have to wait on
ourselves."

"Imagine it!" said Bess.

"I can't," Ethel frankly replied.

"Probably we are lazy, you and I.
Somehow, doing things doesn't
seem to trouble Dorcas. She doesn't
mind. It seems perfectly natu-
ral to her."

"Well, I'm not built that way,"
said Bess, laughing lightly. "I've
got to be waited upon. If I do
things for myself, I'm frazzled out
and don't enjoy them."

"Me, too!" said Ethel.

Then both comfortably waited
for Dorcas's appearance with the
tray of refreshments.

Of course the tall, slim girl and
the other one with the lovely brown
eyes had their refreshing tea, and
Dorcas, a smile on her plain, honest
face, joined her sisters over the
teacups.

One wonders if this little inci-
dent is not typical of what is hap-
pening in many other households,
where a Dorcas with a "plain" hon-
est face, gives patient service to
her more beautiful sisters and her
exacting brother; a Dorcas who is
supposed "not to mind" services
for every member of the family.

Undoubtedly she says she "does-
n't mind"—which is very pleasant
for her sisters and brothers, since
they "mind" very much when there
is any service to be done.

The general opinion of her kind-
red is that this gentle servant never
experiences a sense of aversion,
never feels faint with the monotony
of responding to calls, never yearns
for relief in the turn of the lane
that fetches up at being "tended"
instead of "tending upon."

But it is true that to the good and
true Dorcas "nothing at all mat-
ters" that savors of work and care.
That she yearns to be the pack-
horse of the family?

FROGS ARE FUNNY THINGS.

So are Tadpoles, which Turn Into
Frogs if They Get the Chance.

If a tadpole cannot get to the top
of the water when it is at the time
of life when it is breathing by means
of its gills, like a fish, it will not
become a frog. It will then always
be a tadpole.

Keep a tadpole in cold water and

in the dark or away
from a frog. I'll tell
you, says Browning,
the tadpole becomes
six to eight weeks
have been two years
chance to change its
frog.

The tadpole
that it would
a pinhead
jaws and
three rows
jaw. A
closes
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