

It Makes 30 Miles an Hour and Shows the Leaves Off the Trees.

A wind wagon is what G. H. Curtis, of Hammond, N. Y., calls a wind looking vehicle in which he occasionally takes a spin.

The frame is of wood and the wheels are of ordinary bicycle type. It is a three-wheeler, steering being accomplished by the forward wheel.

The motor is a two-cylinder, four-cylinder gas engine of the V type, such as has been generally used in airplane motors. It is placed below the propeller shaft and as near to it as possible.

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"This machine," says Mr. Curtis in Popular Mechanics, "although of no commercial value, is thoroughly practical and will easily run 30 miles per hour. The propeller is six feet in diameter and has a pitch of about 75 degrees."

It is needless to say that the rig is a great haul searer, and blows up dust and dirt in a cloud of dust along the road, and will even pull the leaves from the trees where the leaves are loose.

The machine completely weighs 300 pounds. There is no patent on the idea and anyone with his small gas engine can build it. The inventor, an amateur, can also be driven in the same manner.

The idea has just been utilized in France, where Mr. Archdeacon of Arles applied the propeller to a motorcycle. In his case the propeller was on the front wheel which had the effect of pulling instead of pushing.

The propeller shaft is supported by a pair of rollers and has a speed of 494 miles per hour over short distances.

Bachelor British Officers. An interesting discussion is going on in the Indian press on the subject of the growing dissimulation of young bachelors to undertake the responsibilities of matrimony and in accordance with the question as to whether the married or the bachelor officer is more efficient. On one side it is urged that a young married man is steeper and more reliable than his less fortunate unmarried comrades, but many commanding officers have a strong objection to their subalterns marrying, their contention being that a married man is less efficient as a result of many junior officers are married.

Typhoon Swallowed Up Fortune. An incident of the great typhoon at Cebu, which destroyed the steamer San Cheung, Capt. McIntyre, was lying at her wharf, when the full force of the typhoon struck her. She was entirely at the mercy of the bumping junks alongside. Her port and starboard booms were stove in before the gale, and she floated beam on and the wharf. It was not long before she filled with water and after rolling about helplessly turned over to port and sank. It was not until she had been 12:30 p.m. there was but little more than her funnel and the deckhouse visible above the water. Capt. McIntyre was on board and stood by till the last moment, but when she broke her back and there was nothing further to be done, he went ashore to get his papers and with the aid of a rope and a bamboo he managed to get ashore. His papers were lost, but some of his papers which he was hoarding to narrate "Fifty thousand dollars gone for one hour's storm!" And then he fainted.

Only Two Continents. An Englishman, smoking a pipe, sat in a club on a western train. There were several traveling men near by. They were discussing themselves and talking of how good they were. "I suppose," said one, "that I have about as long a trip as anyone in the world has. It goes from London to San Francisco two days."

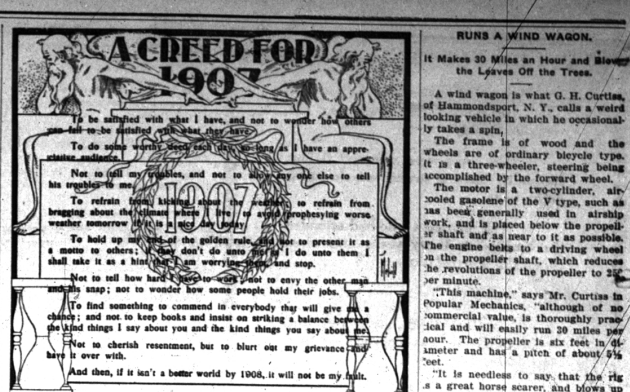
"Oh, said another, 'I can beat that. I crossed the continent twice every year and go to Canada.' The Englishman listened intently. He was interested. 'By the way,' said one of the drummers to him, 'I suppose your business is...'

"What is your line?" "Carpets." "Have they got much territory?" "Oh, not much," the Englishman replied modestly. "Only North America and Africa." -Exchange.

In the World's Labor Unions. In New York one out of every 19 persons is a member of a labor union. In England it is 1 in 20. In France it is 1 in 21. In Germany it is 1 in 21. In France it is 1 in 20. In Italy it is 1 in 125, and in Spain one in every 125.

London Street Walk. In spite of all the compassion legitimately evoked by the sight of the London street child seldom looks on himself as an object of pity. He has an unfeeling pride of good spirit, a willingness to see his fellow-creatures in the soundness of their feet, and a willingness to see their feet in the soundness of their feet.

A Flat Note. Have the notes of your new shoes the same as the notes of your old shoes? They are longer and less imperious to weather.



### Possibilities of the Future

By Rev. Nevill Dwight Hillis

Memory gives us the past, and works in the present, but our real life is in the future. Three hundred and sixty-five golden days lying before us.

For the youth the great duty is to grow. Growth means planning, planning means determining definite goals.

Every day next year read one page or more every day. It is a small matter, but it will mean more to you than you can realize.

Good night, Bishop, and thank you for being kind to me! The Church Poet called me the Lute of the Holy Ghost, but I feel tonight that I must be another Lute of the Lord's God.

Some Inner Mysteries Are Expounded. The apostle Paul was forced to tarry for the Israel he had been forced to tarry for.

Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, let these things abide.

Entertaining New Year Greetings. The game of the five senses, commonly called 'wink-wink' is an excellent one with which to entertain grown people or children, or both.

Exchanging blows. The result of observation. "I hope not," answered young Mrs. Tomkins. I have about come to the conclusion that I can make myself more or less mercifully free of the man's conscience and make him irritable without doing any real good.

New Year's Resolution. He had loved and lost. "Never again," he sighed. "I shall never love again." "Oh, yes, you will," rejoined the heartless beauty.

Why "Grammar" Schools. English educational authorities fear an away from the "grammar school" as an exclusive term.

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When the last officer had been performed, the prayer said, a palm sash, and the choir sang a hymn. He was raised by him in sympathy. His feelings was that he had done a monstrous thing; that the mother he had known as his mother, had been slain. He stood a moment, so watching the sun sink below the far rim of the prairie, while the white mounds swung into sight in the east.

He talked long with the Bishop when the women had climbed into their wagon for the night. He amazed that good man by asking him if the Lord would not be pleased to have them, now, as they were, go back to Nauvoo and descend upon the Gentiles to smite them.

"But we are Israel, and surely Israel's God!" "The Lord had his chance the other day if he'd wanted it, when they took the town. No, Joel, he means us to get out and become strong enough to beat 'em in our own right."

He repeated the words without hesitation, with fervor in his voice, and the light of a holy and implacable zeal in his face.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and by the authority of Holy Priesthood, the first President, Patriarch, and High Priest of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, representing the first, second, and third Gods in Heaven, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I do hereby anoint you with holy consecrated oil, and by the imposition of my hands do ordain and set you apart for the holy work of the ministry, to wit: to preach the gospel, and to execute the decrees of Heaven without fear of what man can do to you."

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Sandy's Eleventh Commandment. "There is no Eleventh Commandment," said the imperturbable Scotchman.

Quiet Missionary Work. Literary critic (laying down a new book) with every maid, wife and mother in the country could read that book. Able Editor-Well, run in a line to the effect that that work is one which should be allowed to see a N. Y. Weekly.



### A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

CHAPTER V.—Continued. When they were all on their hands and knees, he called again to him in the wagon.

"Brother Keaton, my father went across, did he?" Several of the men on shore answered him.

"Yes"—"Old white-whiskered death"—"had went over the river"—"over here"—"A snaky old corder he was"—"He got his meedings, good"—"Got his meedings." "They cast off the line and the oars began to dip."

"The confusion of landing and the preparations for an immediate start drove for the time all other thoughts from his mind. It had been determined to get the 'little' band at once out of the marshy spot where the camp had been made, the teams were soon hitched, the wagon loaded, and the train ready to move.

"Near the head of the train were his two wagons. One was a team and the other a horse. He walked Seth Wright and Keaton, in low earnest converse. As he came up to them the bishop spoke.

"You ought to thank me, Brother Keaton, for telling you on the other side, when you asked me to let me try. Because, why? Because I knew you'd try off the handle and get yourself into a hot place, and you'd be all alone, that's why, now—and prob'ly they'd a' waded up by dumping the whole package of us back and bounce into the stream. And it was my use, your father bent and gone."

"The Bishop took up the burden, slipping him cordially on the back. "Come—hearten—yourself. Your pa's been made a martyr—he's beautified his inheritance in Zion—'til he got no good."

CHAPTER VI. The Lute of the Holy Ghost is Further Chastened. In a craze of rage and grief he turned toward the river, when he heard the sharp voice of the Bishop on his back.

CHAPTER VII. Some Inner Mysteries Are Expounded. The apostle Paul was forced to tarry for the Israel he had been forced to tarry for.

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