

Exceedingly Interesting and Striking Experiments May be Tried With Them.

The boys of Washington Heights have invented a new and fascinating kite game. Not long ago they saw a balloon ascend which was followed up a daring drop with a parachute. This put an idea into their heads. Why not make a parachute and have it drop from one of their kites?

The very next day the experiment was tried. A large vacant lot where there were no entangling wires or tall buildings was selected and a large kite was let up with about a quarter of a mile of heavy cord. Near the middle of the kitestring was attached a second string falling to the ground, by means of which the kite string might be lowered at pleasure. Near the boy who operated this second string the parachute boy was stationed. A piece of light cloth had been cut in the form and size of a lady's umbrella cover, having strings attached to the angles and to the center, the center, where they were attached to small weights, usually a washer or a nut weighing about half a pound. At the top of the parachute there was a bent pin which was hooked to the kite string when it was drawn down, and the parachute was then easily carried aloft upon the release of the string. As soon as the kite string attained its ordinary slant it was jerked sufficiently to release the pin. The falling parachute opened beautifully and sailed downward amid the cheering of an appreciative audience.

Parachutes have been dropped from kites before now, but the advantage of the Washington Heights invention is that any number of descents can be made in a single afternoon without withdrawing the kite.

A great number of exceedingly interesting and striking experiments may be tried with kite parachutes. A small dummy boy or a doll can be attached to the parachute and the descent will so nearly resemble that of a real aeronaut that it will be most startling. In the evening a small lantern may be used, this furnishing a counterpart of a falling star. Even better than this is the use of a coal-oil ball. For this purpose a small wad of cotton batting may be tightly bound about the weight at the bottom of the parachute and then soaked in kerosene. Just before the parachute is sent up the ball may be lighted. When the parachute drops the light display, especially at night, is really striking. The hot air rising from the burning oil and filling the cloth dome will also tend to prolong the descent. In case a coal-oil ball is used the parachute will have to be held together with very fine wire ribs instead of strings or else the burning ball will have to be hung well below the meeting place of the strings by means of a wire. If this is not done the parachute is likely to furnish fuel for the flames below.

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Beginnings of Fame.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus, Archibishop, who saw the fall, prophesied that he would make the man for an emergency, and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her, but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that no one could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indacient sometimes as to make his fellow patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brush, eat out of a stool, and said: "That boy will beat me, some day!" And so he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

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How He Was Gtaught.

He looked so happy, this smooth-coated bay horse, rolling and running about the great meadow. Somebody had forgotten to fasten him in the stable, and he, like a boy tired of school, decided he would please himself now that he had the opportunity. In a moment after discovering that his halter was loose he was out-of-doors and running and jumping about the meadow. He amused himself, and his horse was out of the stable and, even out to get him. He called and called. The horse would stop and listen, shake his head, throw up his heels, and run to the further corner of the meadow, saying plainly, "No, no. I know how to have a good time!" The owner was in despair. Some one said, "Try a pan of oats." The oats were brought, and the horse immediately came toward them. He looked suspicious, but the owner shook the pan of oats—that was a delicious sound to the horse's ears, and he came closer. They did look at it. They would taste very good. He took a step still nearer, put his nose in the pan, and then, before he knew how to explain it, he was in the stable, and the halter securely tied. He said he thought it over, he could explain it. It was the oats that caught him.

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A Musical Pig.

Four-year-old Robbie ran breathlessly into the house, just as the sound of bagpipes was heard coming up the street.

"Oh, mamma!" he said, "there's a man out here with a dead pig that sings: come quick!"