

### BILL NYE'S CYCLONE.

#### He Was Badly Injured, but His Humor Bared the Pain.

Fifteen years ago a cyclone came out of the depths of St. Croix Lake, swept over New Richmond and Clear Lake, Wis., in the blistering heat of an afternoon, and after it had passed the searchers found Bill Nye in the wind-fall of a pine forest suffering from a broken leg. He was conveyed to his home in Hudson, where his humor served to lighten the weary days of waiting for the leg to heal.

When the storm came Nye was driving through the forest with his brother, a resident of Clear Lake, and had a very narrow escape from death. In a path of some eighty miles in length, and ending with a cloudburst that flooded the towns of Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls, the cyclone sacrificed nearly 100 lives and removed one village temporarily from the face of the map. I found at Turtle Lake, eleven miles from Clear Lake, a portion of the church of the latter town, writes H. I. Cleveland in the Chicago Times-Herald. Between New Richmond and Clear Lake at a farmhouse in a pine clearing I saw the body of a little girl through which had been driven by electrical force a pine splinter as long as a blade of grass and as attenuated.

The first work that I did upon the storm was to secure an interview from Nye, and the extracts given herewith are what he had to say of his experience. He subsequently redressed the interview and incorporated it in his permanent work. At the time of the cyclone it was copied far and wide, and was regarded as one of the choice bits of humor of the genial wit.

"I never did anything," he said, "to a cyclone. There is no reason why a cyclone should attack me. I never said anything mean of a cyclone, never criticised any of its relatives, never made fun of its mother-in-law; in fact, I always minded my own business in regard to cyclones, and was the victim of a base assault.

"Why should a cyclone single me out? Why should a cyclone make me a target for its low wit? If I had ever given a cyclone reason for its attack there would be some explanation for my present condition, but I am an innocent man. This shows that the cyclone possesses many of the characteristics of an Indian. It is not to be trusted. I wouldn't take the word of a cyclone after my recent experience under any circumstances."

He said further:

"I have lost faith in cyclones. No man can continue to believe in a cyclone after he has been betrayed. Had the cyclone given me proper warning, had it said that at such and such a time it intended to make a visit to where I was inspecting the luxuriant timber growth of beautiful Wisconsin I would have known what to do. I would have gone somewhere else and engaged in other pursuit while the cyclone was attending to its business engagement. I am no rival of the cy-

clone to be treated in this manner. I didn't even bear it a grudge. Nothing that I have done in my past life could be construed as having warranted a cyclone in taking umbrage at my presence when it came along. Had I been consulted in the matter I might have been willing to even have gone into business with the cyclone and given it pointers which would have been of advantage to both of us.

"But," he said, "no fairness was shown me. I was struck from behind, maliciously approached, defenselessly hurled to the ground, trod and spat upon, and left to consider the futility of any effort on my part to be upright and square in my dealings with cyclones."

One of the last things Nye said of the storm was:

"If I had wished to I might have struck back at the cyclone. I might have made myself disagreeable and caused a change in its plans. But I refrained. I am not of a revengeful spirit, and then I know when I have had enough of a good thing. I wouldn't ride a free horse to death under any circumstances. I just accepted things as they were and made up my mind that hereafter the cyclone could not travel in the same social set that I did. If it attempted to I intended to cut it dead."

Bill Nye speedily recovered from his injury, and in a few years all traces of the great Clear Lake storm were effaced, but there are probably some old residents of the region still living who will remember the humor of the man who refused to take even his own narrow escape from death seriously.

#### A Country With One Policeman.

There is one country in the world, and probably only one, which gets along with a single policeman; that is Iceland. Iceland is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law-abiding that they have no need of policemen. The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one. This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and handsomely uniformed.—The Green Bag.

#### The Mistake of His Life.

"I shall not marry," he declared, "because if I were to be shipwrecked a wife would be right in the way!"

But he never was shipwrecked. Instead, he was pursued by wolves in Russia.

Now at once, he became aware of the unwisdom of his choice.

"Alas!" he cried. "If I had a wife I might throw her out to the wolves and make my escape while they were devouring her!"

It is very difficult to anticipate exigencies.—Detroit Journal.

### THE FIRST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

#### Dire Necessity Was Its Mother in Korea in 1592.

The first suspension-bridge that can be dignified by that name was thrown across the Im-jin River in Korea in 1592. Here again dire necessity dictated the terms. The Japanese in P'yongyang, learning of the defeat of the army of reinforcement, determined to withdraw. China had begun to bestir herself in favor of Korea, and the Japanese, driven from P'yongyang by the combined Chinese and Korean armies, hastened southward toward Seoul. When the pursuers arrived at the Im-jin River, the Chinese general refused to cross and continue the pursuit unless the Koreans would build a bridge sufficiently large and strong to insure the passage of his 120,000 men in safety. The Koreans were famishing for revenge upon the Japanese, and would be stopped by no obstacle that human ingenuity could surmount. Sending parties of men in all directions, they collected enormous quantities of chik; a tough, fibrous vine that often attains a length of 100 yards. From this eight huge hawsers were woven. Attaching them to trees or heavy timbers let into the ground, the bridge-builders carried the other ends across the stream by boats, and anchored them there in the same way. Of course the hawsers dragged in the water in mid stream, but the Koreans were equal to the occasion. Stout oaken bars were inserted between the strands in mid-stream, and then the hawsers were twisted until the torsion brought them a good ten feet above the surface. Brushwood was then piled on the eight parallel hawsers, and upon the brushwood clay and gravel were laid. When the road-bed had been packed down firmly and the bridge had been tested, the Chinese could no longer refuse to advance, and so upon this first suspension bridge, 150 yards long, that army of 120,000 Chinamen, with all their Korean allies, camp equipage, and impedimenta crossed in safety. This bridge, like the tortoise-boat, having served its purpose, was left to fall of its own weight.—Harper's Magazine.

#### Carrying His Coffin Plate.

Captain D. F. Penington, quartermaster of the Fourth Regiment, Maryland National Guard, will have a simple, scarcely visible, plate on the casket in which he is to be buried. The plate will be a Russian coin, size of the old-fashioned "cartwheel" copper pennies so numerous years ago.

Captain Penington has had the face of the coin made smooth and inscribed as follows: "D. F. Penington. Born Septemtr 8, 1847. Died —."

This plate forms the captain's pocket-piece, and ever serves as a reminder of death. This popular Guardsman gives his friends a genuine case of "cold shivers" every time he exhibits the coin.—Baltimore Sun.

### THIS BEATS

#### Apple Trees While You Wait

According to the Department taken steps to use a recent microscope camera of picture-making hitherto.

For example, up in front of sprouting, and at every hour of the day, the Department takes pictures by a peculiarly constructed apparatus. Subsequently these pictures are placed in a magic lantern, and a series of thirty or more spectators in front of the screen of a of the earth, developing tassel ripened ears and

Anchor this in an open space, it will make a hours from the the year. The of the seasons, spectators seat an opportunity exceeding phenon first the ground with snow, which first vegetation The trees will visible rapidly, and when the landscape dreary aspect Jack Frost will the land.

One of the photographs in novel apparatus tree, which is so to display its buds and bloss. Equally notable flower, snap sh en, every minut of a day. What at the rate of one sees the steadily, always ward the solar tioned, by the not jump about annoyingly fast stationary, owl "snap" register preceding and

and Fond Mother fight.

Willie—We're ma. and Tom and jes' keeps I'm tryin' to tw elers' Weekly.

The fraternal States contain 70,000 lodges a