

THEY MAY BE LOST.

Nothing Heard from the Alaska Census Enumerators.

Should Have Reported at St. Michael's June 15-Their Perilous Trip Down the Yukon May Have Ended in Death.

There is considerable alarm at the census office over the fate of William G. Pine Coffin and Charles M. Robbins and wife, enumerators, on their way down the Yukon to St. Michael's.

Director Merriam has received a letter from supervisor Dunham, of Alaska, saying the two men had finished their work and started from Rampart City down the Yukon river for St. Michael's on June 7.

The census for the part of Alaska in which these two men had to work was obtained under the greatest possible difficulty and hardships on account of the almost untraveled country and the snow and ice which in many places rendered their work extremely difficult.

As a complete census of Alaska has never been taken, the work was considered of great value to the country, and especially as much of the territory of these two enumerators lay through the gold districts and the most promising part of Alaska.

MOTOR BOATS ON DEAD SEA.

The Forsaken Solitude of the Palestinian Desert Is to Become a Busy Scene.

"The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, on whose waves no rudder has been seen for centuries," says United States Consul Winters at Annaberg, in a recent dispatch to the state department, "is to have a line of motor boats in the future.

Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab.

"The first little steamer, built at one of the Hamburg docks, is about 100 feet long and has already begun the voyage to Palestine. An order already has been given for the building of a second steamer. The one built and on the way is named Promodromos—that is 'Forerunner,' and will carry 34 persons, together with freight of all kinds.

STARTLES THE USHERS.

Italian Inventor Appears at White House to Present a Deadly Projectile to President.

Ushers at the white house were frightened out of their wits the other day by the appearance of an Italian who could not speak English, accompanied by a negro carrying a satchel. The Italian soon made his mission known by presenting a card on which was written in English: "Prof. Figuaccia presents this projectile to the president of the United States."

The professor opened his satchel and took out a large projectile, and began telling the ushers in his native tongue how it operated. At one end of the projectile was a small hole. The Italian also took from his satchel a long wire, and demonstrated how the thing could be exploded by the use of the wire. The thing was harmless, however, as it was not loaded, and the Italian proved to be Prof. Figuaccia, of Feluccia, Italy, an inventor. He was not a crank, as was at first supposed. The ushers would not permit him to leave the projectile at the white house, but referred him to the Italian legation.

CHINESE NAMES FOR NATIONS.

In view of the present relations existing between China and the civilized powers it is of interest to know what names have been used in China to designate these nations, says the New York Press. England is known as Ying Kwo, meaning "the flourishing country." France as Fa Kwo, meaning the "flower-abiding country."

OLD PEOPLE MAKING HAY.

Venerable Men and Women at Work on an Oregon Farm—Have Merry Times.

A. Mann, who has just come in from eastern Oregon over the Barlow road, ran across a party of old boys and girls the other day out at Lusted's place on the pipe line road on top of the Sandy bluff, who can double discount the billiard players for age.

As he was driving by the farm, he heard a great sound of merriment and laughter in a meadow and stopped to see what was going on. He found Mr. Radford, the lessee of the farm, aged 85, spinning a mowing machine around the meadow at a lively gait, while Mr. Lusted, aged 75; Mrs. Lusted 73; Mr. Lusted's brother, aged 70; a brother-in-law of the Lusteds, aged 72, and his wife, aged 69, were at work in the field, some racking and ricking the hay mowed the day before, and others tending the new-mown hay, and all laughing, joking, calling to one another, and occasionally burying each other under the hay—in fact, "cutting up" like a lot of boys and girls, never dreaming that a "chiel," or, more properly, a "deil," was taking notes and that they would be printed.

Mr. Mann took steps to ascertain the ages of the old boys and girls and found that in years the six aggregated 444, an average of 74 years each. How is this for the Oregon climate, and who can produce a crowd of jolly hay-makers to match them? The farmers in that region are all busy haying and the weather suits them to a T, for the hay harvest is immense and the ricks are so "thick" on the ground that one farmer said he did not know how he was going to get his team around among them.

DANISH TRADE-MARK LAW.

Consul Explains Some of Its Odd Features for the Benefit of American Manufacturers.

"I deem it of importance to American exporters to Denmark to direct their attention to the trade-mark laws of this country," writes Consul Ingersoll from Copenhagen. "Under the Danish law a trade-mark is granted four months from the date of filing the application, but any person having already registered a similar trade-mark in another country may apply here and the mark will be registered in the name of the person to whom such trade-mark has been granted, the registration on behalf of the Danish applicant being refused.

"The American manufacturer whose trade-mark has not been registered here runs the risk of having it taken away from him by any unscrupulous person who intends to put an imitation of American goods upon the market. A large firm of English pickle makers lately had been compelled by reason of neglect in the matter of trade-mark registration materially to modify its old trade-mark of St. George and the dragon, because that saint and that dragon had been appropriated by a Danish firm making a liquid dentifrice.

"The popularity of American goods in this country grows daily, and American manufacturers will avoid much trouble and expense by registering without delay."

QUITS PULPIT TO TRAMP.

A Boston Pastor Travels the Country to Gain New Impressions of Working People.

Rev. Charles Merriam, of Highland Congregational church of Lowell, Mass., a Yale graduate and a former editor of the Yale News, in an odd suit of clothes and a fannel shirt, with his belongings strapped in a blanket, left his home on May 11 and roughed it for three months, going from Boston to Portland, Me., and from there to Colorado. He has just returned to his pulpit. He mingled with the laboring folk, working as a deck hand on a canal boat and resorting to conventional travel only when he had to. His aim was to study the people. One of his most interesting experiences was on the canal of New York state. At Troy he shipped on an old-fashioned mule power canal boat and went 352 miles. He lived in the crew's quarters, took a hand in all the work and learned locking and steering. He says of his associates: "Strange men I found these poor fellows—these outcastings of the earth. Coarse, profane, even evil, yet under this rough exterior I found often a marvelous amount of mental capacity. Poor fellows. They all wanted to get away from the life, but they never do."

JUDGE IN SHIRT WAIST.

On a Hot Morning Justice Garrison, of New Jersey Supreme Court, Wears One on the Bench.

Supreme Court Justice Garrison has set the pace for shirt-waist men of dignity in New Jersey. He appeared the other morning on the judicial bench attired in a light buff shirt waist with white collar and long blue tie. His trousers were of immaculate duck, with the waist line of demarcation artistically designated by a white enameled belt. His shoes were of russet and he wore no coat. He was coolness personified and seemed to enjoy the breeze which his radical departure in dress created. One lawyer said to him: "Judge, isn't that somewhat radical?" "Ah, yes," he answered, "I'm a shirt-waist man to-day, sure."

"The Clover club would do a thing to him next fall," suggested a prominent member of the bar.

St. Patrick New an English Saint. St. Patrick was voted into the calendar of saints in the English prayer book recently by the convocation of York.

BRIDAL GIFTS TO ROYALTY.

English People Are Loyal in Sending Costly Jewels to Their Rulers.

When Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, now the duke of Argyll, she received some curious presents. The queen gave her the customary set of opals and diamonds bestowed on English royal brides, and also a couple of emerald and diamond centers for bracelet or necklace. The bridegroom's parents gave an emerald and diamond tiara, says the New York Sun.

Clan Campbell sent as a gift to the wife of their future chief a lovely diamond and pearl necklace, with a pearl and sapphire locket, while a most curious bracelet of barbaric appearance came from the tenantry and peasants of the loch of Mull, made of pieces of the odd green serpentine of Iona mounted on a gold band, says Cassell's Magazine.

Princess Beatrice, on her marriage, was the recipient of various pieces of handsome jewelry from her own family. As the queen's favorite daughter, she had many friends. No English princess ever had so many books given her or so many small artistic presents. She had always been interested in the artists on the Isle of Wight and they sent her a white morocco-bound album containing a water-color sketch from each. The women of Bristol gave her an elaborately carved linen chest.

It is supposed no English princess ever received so much jewelry on her marriage as Princess Louise of Wales when she married the duke of Fife, for its value was estimated at \$750,000. She had a ruby horseshoe pin from her brothers, a diamond bracelet from 112 girl friends and seven diamond stars from a number of men friends.

When the duke of York married Princess May, who had been engaged to his brother, the duke of Clarence, who died before the wedding, it seemed that the people of Great Britain tied in pouring jewels at her feet. The queen gave a necklace and tiara of diamonds, the women of England a diamond and pearl necklace and earrings, 1,000 people gave a pearl necklace, while the girls of Ireland and England gave a superb diamond and pearl tiara. Innumerable smaller, but no less lovely, gems were included in the list.

MAN MUSCLE AND COAL.

An Interesting Computation of Energy and Its Remarkable Results.

The fact that the new steamer Deutschland developed power at the rate of one-horse power for each 1 1/2 pounds of coal consumed has been said to be the greatest development of marine boilers and engines. Static power producers have done better than this, says a scientific exchange. At the Edison power plant power has been developed at the rate of one horse power for each pound of coal consumed. Here is an achievement worthy of driving a stake or planting a monument in the highway of civilization. A few easy equations from this starting point will lead us to:

One pound coal equals one horse power hour. Two thousand pounds of coal equals 2,000 horse power hours. Two thousand pounds coal equals 200 horse power days of ten hours each. One horse power hour equals 14 man power hours. Two thousand pounds of coal equals 2,800 man power days of ten hours each. Two thousand pounds coal equals nine man power years of 31 days each. Value of 2,800 pounds coal, excluding transportation, one dollar. Annual production of coal in the United States, 240,000,000 net tons. Potentiality in man power years of 240,000,000 tons of coal, 2,160,000,000 years. Estimated number of male producers in the United States, 20,000,000. Ratio between 20,000,000 male workers and the potentiality of 240,000,000 tons of coal, 1 to 108. That is to say, 20,000,000 workers, without the aid of coal, would have to labor 108 years to develop a force equal to the potential energy of the present annual production of coal in the United States.

A Glacier in the Alleghenies.

At one time glaciers were known to have extended to the Arctic ocean and to have covered much of the United States to the Ohio river. Traces of the action of these glaciers may still be found in what is known as glacial drift or stones, and big boulders that were brought down on these rivers of ice. There is said to be the remains of one in a high valley of North Mountain, near Wilkesbarre, Pa. It begins just where the forest ends. A sort of soil of sand and decayed forest leaves covers it for a few inches in depth below which there is water for several feet and then solid ice to the earth bottom of the valley. In a few years at most the ice will have melted and the water run away to the sea and then the bed of this spur of a glacier may be traced by the geologist, before ever it be made the sleeping place of bird or flower, or harbor an acorn in a soil that for perhaps a million years has not awakened to the kiss of the sun.—Little Chronicle.

An Indian Summer Girl.

"What has come upon my daughter?" grunted the great chief. "She is like a goose-feather blown by the wind. One day she smiles upon the love of Foxtail, the soothsayer, and the next she frowns like the thunder cloud. How? Is he not great medicine?" "Yes, father," replied the willful maiden, whose education among the eastern pale-faces had been most complete. "Therefore he should be well shaken before taking"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Matches That Light. A true love match makes two hearts light.—Chicago Daily News.

STARVING BY INCHES.

Porto Ricans Apparently Helpless with Rich Soil, Before Them.

Have Lived So Long Under Bad Laws That in Their Extreme Poverty and Ignorance They Know Not How to Help Themselves.

Maj. George J. Graff, acting commissioner of education for Porto Rico, has contributed to the current issue of the Independent an article entitled, "After Two Years' Work in Porto Rico." The major, after reviewing the improvements in sanitation which have resulted in the extinction of smallpox, by which the island is cursed, details other improvements made by the Americans. He tells of the establishment of new schools, and says "standing armies are not needed with such a force" as that of the insular police.

"All the great damage done to the roads by the hurricane of August 5, 1899, has been repaired, with the exception of replacing costly iron bridges," writes Maj. Graff, who then draws a darker picture. He says: "The effects of the hurricane are still felt in the continued scarcity of food, and there is still great suffering and sickness among the poor because of lack of nutrition. At the present moment the city of Ponce is suffering more than any other point. A report just made to the superior board of health shows that the death rate is now about 100 per 1,000 per annum, and while the deaths are all recorded in the official reports as due to gastro-enteritis, the inspector of the board reports that these deaths are due almost wholly to starvation.

"The condition facing us in Porto Rico, is this: The island sells its sugar, coffee and tobacco, and buys nearly all its food. The great storm and progressive financial difficulties have ruined the planters so that they are unable to employ the laborers. These persons, who receive never more than 30 cents gold per day, having no work, do not turn to raising food for themselves, but dig roots and slowly starve to death.

"Gardens are practically unknown in the island. The poor live upon rice, codfish, beans and wild fruits and roots. The whole mass of the population is in a chronic state of starvation. From lack of food the laborers are unable to work more than three days each week. They are willing to work, but have not the strength to do so. Yet certainly one-tenth of the land is in cultivation. Here are a million people, with a very rich soil uncultivated, a genial climate, slowly starving to death. And why? The only explanation is that they have so long lived under bad laws and unfavorable economic conditions that now, in their extreme poverty and ignorance, they do not know enough to draw their food from the earth."

BAPTIZED IN A COFFIN.

The Strange Ceremony Performed at Bedside of an Aged Woman.

Virginia Channels, a former slave, about 80 years of age, was the other morning the principal in the most unique baptismal ceremony that has ever taken place at Springfield, O. A few days ago, realizing that she was near death's door, she requested to be baptized before the final summons, and specified that the immersion should be made in a coffin. A local company furnished a metallic casket and Rev. Mr. Green, of St. John's Baptist church, tendered his services as the officiating minister. On the morning in question, in the presence of as many as could crowd into the little frame building on East Euclid avenue, where the old colored woman made her home, the ceremony was performed.

The coffin had been previously filled with clear well water and allowed to come to a fair temperature. The old woman, who is bedfast, was carried over to it, her head held a fraction of a second beneath the water, and then placed in bed to await the last call.

LEEDS' GIFTS TO HIS BRIDE.

Presents to the Value of \$500,000, Including a Yacht, Given Her.

Everything about the marriage of William Bateman Leeds, the millionaire who is prominent in a number of trusts, and Mrs. Nonnie May Stewart Worthington, divorced wife of George Ely Worthington, who is now thought to be living in Chicago, was so secret that the details are just getting out. It is learned that the millionaire's presents to his bride were worth \$500,000. Among them was a string of pearls that hung below the bride's waist and was worth \$65,000, a \$5,000 ruby necklace, a diamond-buttoned ermine coat that cost \$10,000 and four \$3,000 oil paintings. The engagement ring was a \$1,000 solitaire. Besides these there were a yacht and a stable complete.

The English Vocabulary. The English language—according to a German statistician who has made a study of the comparative wealth of languages—heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 260,000 words. German comes next with 80,000 words; then Italian, with 75,000; French, with 30,000; Turkish, with 22,500, and Spanish, with 20,000.

Marked Down.

A man who spent a couple of hours the other day waiting for his wife at a bargain sale was asked by his better half after they had escaped what he thought was the cheapest thing he saw, and says the St. Paul Globe, he was not far from the right in saying that he was.

THE ANCIENT TOAD TALE.

An Old Settler of Chicago Says the Buried Alive Theory is a Hoax.

Ossian Guthrie looked up over his glasses and smiled after reading the latest "buried for centuries" toad story that appeared in the papers a few days ago, says the Chicago Chronicle. Dispatches from Boston stated that while making excavations in connection with the widening of a square at West Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, a workman digging at the depth of eight or nine feet had noticed a peculiar ball of dirt. The workman, so runs the story, picked up the sphere of earth and broke it open, when he was astounded to discover in the interior of the crust of clay a live toad.

The workmen called the attention of the boss to the find, and as they were examining it the toad began to expand. It then began to extend its legs, opened its eyes and in a minute jumped from the laborer's hand. The boss said that the toad at that point had not to his knowledge been opened in 15 years, and how the toad had lived in its comatose condition all these years was the matter of the greatest wonder to all who witnessed its revival.

"These stories about animals being buried alive for long periods in layers of clay, stone or in howlers are continually bobbing up in the papers, but they are almost too absurd to deserve the least attention or discussion," said Mr. Guthrie. "I am sure that there are many people who are too intelligent to believe such yarns. Still, one of these ridiculous tales once, in some way or other, managed to get into the Illinois state geological reports. The story was to the effect that a toad—those poor entombed animals are nearly always toads—had been discovered in the Joliet mound deep down below the surface, among the crushed and broken limestone, which had not been disturbed for ages. I understand that there were many people who believed this senseless bit of fiction. A moment's consideration should have shown how preposterous it was. Where the toad was said to have been found there was at least a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch. If the toad had been there he would have, indeed, been unfortunate, for the great pressure would have flattened him out as thin as a worn-out silver dime.

"Some time after this mound story first came out I went down to the place and asked the foreman about the toad find. He said that all the toad excavations had been completed before he had gone on the job. But it seems that for some time previous the toad which was alleged to have been found in the stone had been kept on exhibition. In this case some one was probably perpetrating a joke. Very likely the toad had been carried to the place where the work was being done and there dropped among the broken stones by a workman who wanted to have a little fun with the credulous.

"This Joliet mound case was rather an exception to the rule in regard to having the toad to exhibit, for generally, in fact almost always, the curiosity escapes. After you hear about the wonderful find and go to investigate you are informed that the toad managed to escape, but before he escaped he was seen by many others besides the man who found it. One of the best ones or one of the worst ones, whichever you want to call it, of this kind which I ever heard was on the finding of a trilobite fossil. A man found the little petrified animal and tossed it into a bucket of water. In the water the trilobite came to life, climbed over the edge of the bucket and escaped before he could be put in a cage or behind the bars. I suppose the man who got up that story had an idea that people would think the trilobite had just been stiffened up a little by being encased in stone for a few thousand years.

"The Boston legend is unusually easy on the toad, for it only had him encased in clay. As a rule the stories have the little animal buried either in the middle of a great strata of stone or in the center of a tremendous rock or boulder weighing several tons. A blast of dynamite smashes the rock and old Mr. Toad, rivaling Father Time in age, hops out of the middle of the debris or a niche in the rock, which fitted him like a glove, and after winking at the workmen who let him out he often begins to swell until he is twice the size of the pocket he occupied in the rock.

"Perhaps, if people would remember that animal life cannot be supported without food and air they would see how foolish all of these 'buried for centuries in solid rock and still live' stories are. Such yarns allege things that are absolute impossibilities. When the drainage canal was being constructed a find was made which some people thought was most remarkable. Far below the surface was found an old-fashioned flint-lock pistol. Probably the people who believe the toad stories would insist that the finding of this pistol proved that the inventor of this firearm lived many centuries ago, but it did not prove anything of the kind. Natural forces had turned, twisted, broken and upheaved the layers of rock and clay and doubtless in this way the old flint lock had found its way so far below the surface of the earth.

"Despite the fact that these toad stories are often shown to be absurd it is more than likely that they will continue to be told and that the toads will continue to be 'discovered' just as long as there are people sufficiently credulous to make the tales marketable.

THE IRISH ACTOR.

Always a Popular Figure on the American Stage and Still in Demand.

The Irish actor or the actor who plays Irish roles, for the two are sometimes separated by a generation or more, has nearly always held a place on the stage in this country, and there has rarely been a time when two or three stars in that particular line were not before the public, says the New York Sun. Dion Boucicault down to Joseph Murphy, William Scanlon, Chauncey Olcott and Andrew Mack are familiar names, although Mr. Boucicault should more properly be named among an earlier generation. Joseph Murphy has passed a long career in the profession, appearing during the greater part of that time in a repertoire of only a few plays and as he has accumulated a fortune, his retirement may soon be expected. William Scanlon's career was cut short by his death and for awhile his successor, Chauncey Olcott, had the field practically to himself, with various attempts on the part of the Irish actors to gain some of the prosperity that went in such liberal measure to Mr. Olcott. None of these succeeded excepting Andrew Mack who after three years as a star may rightly be called a rival to the actor who had the start on him in this particular line of profession. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Olcott's prosperity has been affected by Mr. Mack's success. The public that enjoys the Irish drama is evidently large enough to support both of its exponents. And this is the more remarkable in view of the similarity of the plays in which they are seen.

Managers have almost come to the conclusion that the old-fashioned Irish play with its excessive sentimentality is singing here and all the features of these dramas which have been set for the past 15 years in such a rigid and monotonous formula are beginning to lose their hold even on the special public to which they appeal so strongly, and they are looking about them for some new variety of play in which the Irish actor may be presented. They have not lost confidence in him as a stage figure. He is too well established for that. But they believe that their prosperity might be greater for him and them in the years to come if there was some novelty in his style of play. So the ruined castle in the moonlight, the white-haired old woman and the great distress do not seem likely to supply for many years more the surroundings in which the Irish actor appeals to his public. Still what the succeeding style of play will be has not yet been decided.

The stage Irishman is not so conspicuous a feature of theatrical life in England as he is in this country. He is an incidental figure in melodrama and the music halls, but there are no stars devoting their time to exploiting the Irishman as a heroic and attractive character. In England he is very likely to be made just the reverse. This tradition of the Irishman on the stage is as old in England as the type itself in the drama. The first prominent appearance of the Irishman as a character in an English comedy dates from Sir Robert Howard's comedy "The Committee," and Teague, who was represented in that play as a stupid, blundering if good-natured fellow, was drawn from a servant in the employ of the writer. It was this character—a favorite with a succession of well-known actors—that kept the old play in use until the end of the eighteenth century, although it was acted first in 1665. After that it was used as the basis of another play built about the character of the Irishman, which in its turn enjoyed great popularity. The Irishman did not make his appearance in the English drama until 1740, when the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan put him into a farce called "Capt. O'Blunder," which was founded on the plot of one of the Moliere's comedies. He was presented in a much more agreeable light in this farce. This phase of the character suited English audiences so well that "Love a la Mode," with its famous Sir Callaghan O'Brallagan, followed soon after and served to put the Irishman on the stage more as he is commonly found there to-day. It was in 1772, with "The Irish Widow," produced by Garrick, that the Irish woman appeared in the English drama. But she was not destined to stay there long. On the other hand, the stage Irishman was soon popular, and there is scarcely a comedy of the late eighteenth or early seventeenth centuries which does not introduce him more or less conspicuously. But it remained for him to take a place on the American stage more prominently than he has ever held in any other country. Here no German comedian has ever shared his popularity. "Fritz" Emmet was unique in his field and had no successors.

Why He Advertised. Prospective Guest—Where are the golf links? Proprietor of the "One Horse Hotel"—What are golf links, young man? "What are golf links? Doesn't your advertisement say 'boating, fishing and golf'? And you don't know what golf links are?" "Well, I put in the advertisement because I thought some folks'd like to play golf, and I had no objection to 'em doing' it, but I thought they'd bring along whatever they needed for playin' the game."—Brooklyn Life.

Summer Reasons. Miss Gabby—I think Radie Gooph is such an unconventional girl. Miss Wunder—in what way? "Why, she is engaged to three of the same men she landed last summer."—Baltimore American.