

TO BUILD A BIG FISHPOND.

American Millionaire Must Outdo All Traditions So His Fertile Mind Hits on This.

London.—James Van Alen, the American millionaire, who, like Mr. Astor, prefers England to America, is bent on acquiring something that shall surpass anything of its kind in Europe. He has decided that it shall be a fishpond. For some time he has had one under construction at Rushon hall, the fine old English estate in Northamptonshire, which he is bringing up to date. He has several times enlarged the boundaries which he had originally set to it, but it is now approaching completion. To mark it as something unique, apart from its size, it will be inclosed by a wall of specially prepared mosaic. An Italian artist named Nadali, from Milan, is now at Rushon hall working up the design for it. When it is erected anybody who sets eyes on it will know that it cost a mint of money. Nature unaided may provide a fishpond and stock it and set up trees and pretty scenery around it. But nature doesn't deal in walls of Italian mosaic. That is where Mr. Alen finds a chance to make his wealth count.

The pond is to be stocked with both English and American fish, so that Mr. Van Alen's English friends will be able to angle for American fish during the close season for native species. A man wise in the ways of fish has been engaged to attend to stocking of the pond. Later on another piscatorial expert will be permanently retained whose sole duty it will be to see to it that the fish are maintained in good condition. Meanwhile, the transformation of the historic hall proceeds apace and the grounds are being laid out in a fashion which proclaims a lofty disregard for such a trivial detail as expense.

SHE LOSES HER LOVE AT 96

Woman Nearly a Century Old Who Was to Marry Youngster of 86 Is Disappointed with Marriage.

London.—Within four years of her hundredth birthday Annie Harvey, who lives in the charming village of Ludgvan, near Penzance, has suffered a grievous disappointment in love.

She was to have been married recently to Francis Russell Vincent, a sturdy youngster of 86, but at the last moment the distressing news was given out that the marriage had been "indefinitely postponed."

The story of this love dream is distinctly romantic. For 47 years Vincent was employed in the Bristol gas works. He had been married twice. A month ago he received a comfortable pension, and decided to visit his eight children who lived in Ludgvan village.

One evening he met an old woman nearly six feet in height, walking briskly along the road. It was a case of love at first sight, and Vincent lost no time in making her acquaintance. He found that she was Annie Harvey, a respected inhabitant of the village. She reciprocated his affections, and confessed that she was 96 years of age, and thought nothing of walking several miles. She, too, had been twice married. A few days afterward the banns were published. Vincent furnished a nice little home and the marriage day was fixed.

But the villagers, for some unaccountable reason, became very indignant. Armed with tin cans and pans and brooms, they held a demonstration outside Vincent's house, and so vigorously hissed him that he seems to have lost nerve.

At any rate, the crowd that gathered outside Penzance registry office in anticipation of the wedding were sorely disappointed when neither bride nor bridegroom appeared.

"VOODOO MAN" ONLY HOPE

Girl Believes She Is Bewitched, and Father Seeks for Aid—See Face All the Time.

Royal Oak, Mich.—Leonard Vroom, a prosperous and well-educated farmer, living a mile north of here, believes that his daughter, Edith, aged 20, is "bewitched," and that the "witch" is slowly torturing her to death. Edith and her mother share the belief of the father. Vroom has been in Detroit several times searching for a "witch doctor," and left recently for Cleveland and Cincinnati for the same purpose.

The girl has been lying on a couch for weeks. She believes she sees the frowning and wrinkled faces of a woman 70 years of age before her eyes day and night, threatening her life. Mr. Vroom said the old woman's son wanted to pay attention to the girl, but Edith repulsed him. Therefore, they think the old woman is avenging the fancied slight cast upon her son. The father had covered the girl's eyes with a thick bandage to shut out the face.

The suffering girl does not see the witch when she wears the bandage or when the bed clothes are pulled over her head. Physicians cannot relieve her, and she is slowly dying.

His Lucky Escape.

Jack—Congratulations, old man. Tom—What's up? Are you engaged?

"No, Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment."—Chicago Daily News.

A Chieftainess.

The White Woman—Are you a good cook?

The Colored Lady—Is it? Waal, 'm, I has de reputation of cookin' such a salubrious meal dat de folks has to be drug away fum de table to get 'em to run to a fish.—Puck.

SCHOLARS HARVEST WHEAT

Kansas Crop Bips and Scores of Students Take Up Work in the Grain Fields.

Topeka, Kan.—The Kansas wheat harvest has already started in the state. The harvest is coming much earlier than was anticipated on account of the exceptionally warm weather. The wheat is ripening very rapidly, and the harvest hands are being sent to the fields in readiness for the time when they will be wanted.

The railroads of the state had agreed on special rates for harvest hands, beginning with June 20, but the rapidly ripening wheat induced them to change their plans, and the cheap rates are already in effect.

The usual number of college men are here from the east, and others have indicated their intention of being here during the harvest. College men are always welcomed by the Kansas farmers, as during the past three years they have been here they have shown a capacity for work which delights the farmer, who is anxious to get his crop harvested as rapidly as possible. Large numbers of Kansas students also will take part in the harvest. Many of them make enough in the harvest fields during the summer to pay a large part of their college expenses during the ensuing school year.

A plan of cooperation has been made between the employment agencies of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakota. When the harvest hands are through in Kansas they will be sent on to Nebraska, and from there in turn to Dakota. In this way the wheat growers in all the states will have the advantage of getting experienced men for their work just at the time they are needed.

ASKS IN TRANCE FOR BODY

Acquitted of Crime Woman Visits Police Station in Nightgown and Returns Home.

New York.—Mrs. Josephine Leighton Noble, who was acquitted six weeks ago by a jury in Long Island City on the charge of murdering her young husband, entered the Fourth street police station, in Long Island City, shortly after three o'clock the other morning. She was clothed only in her night dress, with a loose robe thrown over it. Her hair was hanging in braids.

"I want to see the body of my husband," she said to the desk sergeant. When he did not answer the woman exclaimed:

"They are going to bury him tomorrow, and they will not let me look at him. Won't you let me see him, just for a moment?"

A policeman entered at this moment. Sergeant Miller whispered to him to run to the Leighton home and call some member of the family. Mrs. Noble was at length persuaded to return home and she started out. A policeman followed her at some distance. When she reached her doorway she stopped and called to him:

"Won't you please intercede for me? I know they will not let me see him before they bury him."

The police are inclined to look upon the occurrence as a case of somnambulism.

RISE IN WAGES BEATS FOOD.

Kansas Labor Contradicts Makes Report That Contradicts the General Belief.

Topeka, Kan.—Labor Commissioner Johnson, of Kansas, in his report just out, compares retail prices of food from 1900 to 1904 with the rate of wages paid various kinds of labor. The report has a surprise, as the general supposition is that the price of living—that is, the prices of necessary articles of food—has increased more than the rate of wages. The contrary is true.

In an exhaustive recapitulation Commissioner Johnson gives these figures: Average per cent. increase retail prices of 1901 with 1900, 5.36 per cent.; net decrease of labor rates for same period, 53 per cent. Increase of prices, 1902 with 1901, 4.33 per cent.; increase of rates of labor for same time, 7.82 per cent.

Increase in prices in 1903 compared with 1902, 4.73 per cent.; increase in rates of labor in same time, 10.91 per cent. Increase in prices in 1904 compared with 1903, 12.73 per cent.; increase in the rates of labor in same period, 14.98 per cent.

WOMAN HELD OFF WOLVES.

Defends Herself and Two Children with Buggy Whip—Help Comes at Last.

Refugio, Tex.—Mrs. Marie Panches and two little children were on their way from the Lucas ranch to Blosiana recently when a pack of lobo wolves made an attack upon the horse, and soon had the animal down. Mrs. Panches used the butt end of the buggy whip to defend herself and two children. Every time a wolf sprang at her or the little ones it was driven back by a well-directed blow. There were probably 30 wolves in the pack.

The fight soon became an unequal one, and at the end of an hour Mrs. Panches was in an almost exhausted condition.

Just at that moment, when weakness was about to overcome her, Hank Hendrix, who carries the United States mail, drove up, and a few well-directed shots scattered the blood-thirsty pack. The woman had a piece of fresh meat in the buggy, and it is supposed that the smell of it attracted the wolves and caused the attack to be made upon her.

Words of Brass.

Silence is golden—and some remarks are very brassy.—Chicago Daily News.

FIRST OCEAN RACER.

SMALL YACHT NAMED "ALICE" CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

Voyage of the Little Sloop Served as an Example for Yachts of Greater Dimensions.

The recent international yacht race recalls a voyage across the Atlantic, made 39 years ago, says the Boston Globe.

The vessel making a voyage was a small racing and cruising sloop, the Alice, owned by Thomas Gold Appleton, of Boston, the famous wit, story teller and art critic, who was a brother-in-law of the poet, Longfellow.

The Alice was 48 feet long on the water line, and 54 feet on deck, but she made the passage of the western ocean safely, while carrying the same main-sail and jib in which she was raced in home waters, and a mainboom as long as herself. Up to her time she was the only small sloop yacht that had crossed the Atlantic, and she still holds the record of being the only sloop to cross without reducing her rig.

Her voyage was so successful that it served as an example to the owners of large yachts in the New York Yacht club, and after the return of the amateur yachting men who sailed in her, data regarding her voyage and advice from her sailing master were eagerly sought by the owners of the three large schooners that subsequently made the famous ocean race of 1866—the Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vestal.

The Alice was built at Portsmouth, N. H., for Mr. Appleton, and was launched in the spring of 1866. She was intended for use in Massachusetts bay, with headquarters at Nahant, and for cruises along the eastern coast. She was not primarily intended for deep-water sailing, but being of generous beam—17 feet 6 inches—ample height of side above the water, and a generally seaworthy model, she was fit for cruising anywhere.

About the time the yacht was completed Mr. Appleton, who was a great traveler, changed his plans for the summer and booked for Europe. He regretted leaving his new yacht unused for the season, but fully expected to do so, until one day, while walking on Tremont street, he met a young seafaring friend, Capt. Arthur H. Clark, who was then about starting for China, after a winter in Boston, to resume command in the eastern sea, where, before reaching the age of 25, he made a considerable fortune as captain of a square rigger.

Mr. Appleton told Mr. Clark of his plans and Capt. Clark suggested that the new yacht be sent across to England and used there for the summer. The idea pleased Mr. Appleton and he accepted an offer made by Capt. Clark to take the boat across.

Capt. Clark chose as a companion for the trip, "Charlie" Longfellow, son of the poet, who was his close friend, and Mr. Longfellow invited a friend, Henry Stanfield, of New York. Three sailors and a Chinese cook were shipped in Boston. The preparations for the voyage had been simple.

On the morning of July 11 the Alice sailed from Nahant. The voyage from Nahant to the Needles was made in 19 days, eight hours and 50 minutes, which is two days better than the time of the America in 1851 from New York to Havre. In the first week of the voyage strong westerly winds were encountered for three days off the banks of Newfoundland. The remainder of the passage was more moderate, with two days of calm weather, and the prevailing winds from southwest around to northwest.

Various vessels were spoken and several, going the same way, were passed and sailed hull down in a few hours. Only one vessel outalled the Alice on the voyage. This was an East Indianan bound into the English channel.

The yacht was invariably hailed as if in distress and in need of provisions. This amused the enthusiastic yachtsmen, who declined all proffered aid with thanks, saying they were very comfortable. Until well to the eastward of the Grand Banks vessels hailing seemed to think the yacht had been blown off the American coast and obliged to "run for it."

As the English coast was neared the answer to the question: How many days out? was received with unmistakable evidence of disbelief. No self-respecting sailor was ready to believe such a cockle shell had made the "yazge" from Boston bay to the longitude of the Lizard in 17 days.

The Alice sent up her long topmast while still at sea and entered Cowes roads with all her summer canvas on as if she had just dropped in from a neighboring port. British yachtsmen took the deepest interest in her and her arrival was a sort of nine days' wonder. At a dinner given by the Royal Yacht Squadron, Mr. Appleton, who joined the yacht at Cowes, and his young friends were guests of honor.

The message of Capt. Clark announcing the arrival of the Alice was the first commercial message filed at the west end cable office in London for transmission by the Atlantic cable, which had just been laid.

The Alice cruised the remainder of the summer in channel waters and was brought back to the United States in the spring. She was used for many years in Massachusetts bay, and in 1888 was sold to go "down east." So far as known she is still afloat on the Maine coast.

The Only Way.

Mamma—Tommy, dear, you mustn't be so naughty. When mamma tells you not to touch the jam, you should obey her. What would you do if your mamma should be taken away from you?

Tommy—Die?

"Yes, dear."

"I'd eat that jam, you bet!"—Cleveland Leader.

In a Puritan Village.

"I'm afraid your children don't have much pleasure."

"Well, I don't know. They are allowed to walk in the graveyard every Sunday."—Life.

COURTSHIP FOR HEALTH.

The Outdoor Exercise and Air During the Love-Making Period Is Good.

An old physician recommended what he humorously termed the "courtship cure," relates Cassell's Monthly.

Many married folk, he pointed out, look back regretfully to their bright, active and buoyant feelings when they were young lovers. They do not realize that their robust health in those days was not merely a question of youth, but was due in great measure to their daily walks and pastimes in each other's company, and to the fact that they had then sympathies and interests in common.

After marriage many couples abandon their healthy outdoor pursuits, and neglect to entertain and cheer each other up, as they did in courtship days, and this has a prejudicial effect upon the health.

The benefits of courting were so thoroughly realized by a certain young health seeker that, it is said, he indulged in no fewer than seven courtships, in order to have the advantage of female companionship on his walks. When the young ladies eventually found out the real motive of his attentions they dropped him, the damsel, in one case, sarcastically remarking that she wished to qualify for a wife and not a nurse!

THE BRIGANDS OF ITALY.

Are Not Quite So Bad as Some Estimable Tourists Try to Make Them Appear.

A German gentleman was one evening riding along the public highway near Imola, when his horse threw him and bolted, says a Rome letter to a Pall Mall Gazette. He picked himself up and lighted a match to see what time it was, but found that his watch had stopped. Just at that moment two bicyclists hove in sight, and he went forward, making signs for them to stop, but the men pedaled furiously out of sight. About two months after the gentleman was reading an account of travel in Italy, when he came across the following passage:

"One evening we had an adventure with a brigand. We were bicycling near Imola. When an individual in a long dusty cloak suddenly sprang from the ground and with a small lighted torch, which he flourished with furious gestures, demanded our watches. We with great agility, but by the skin of our teeth, avoided the ill-intentioned fellow, and shouting that we had no watches made off as fast as we could, whether followed or not we did not wait to see."

STINGY WITH DOLLAR SIGN

Mutilated Character Finds Favor with Some Writers, But Is Wrong.

"I was reading a magazine article the other day in which the cost of certain staple commodities was quoted in every other line," said the man of experience, relates the New York Press. "As soon as I began to read I was struck with some peculiarity in the type that made me feel uncomfortable, but I worried through half a dozen pages before I found out what it was. Finally I discovered that somebody had been experimenting with the dollar mark. Instead of using the two vertical lines that constituted the framework of the dollar mark I had been accustomed to, that magazine had grown stingy and had limited the sign to only one line.

"Since then I have seen our most precious symbol thus mutilated in several publications. I wonder if it is going to be the style to write it so hereafter? I hope not. I don't like it. Typographical eccentricities of any kind are seldom welcome; a dollar mark minus one of its familiar propp would be least popular of all."

A CROCODILE SUPERSTITION

Washing of Mosquito Net in Borneo River Followed by One or More Deaths.

The superstition that deaths by crocodiles are the inevitable result immediately after a curtain has been washed in the river has been constantly confirmed, says the North Borneo Herald.

A curious note upon this superstition appears in the monthly report of W. B. Smith, district officer at Timbang Batu, North Borneo. He says: "Two crocodile fatalities have been reported, and there have been several narrow escapes. Toward the end of December the enlightened authorities at Pangkalan Bandau sent up an aged Chinaman to Timbang Batu under arrest for having washed his mosquito net in the river. A woman was taken in the same place by a crocodile a few hours later, a coincidence which greatly enhanced his 'guilt,' while adding, I am afraid, fresh authority to the superstition."

The Difference.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle?

Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me for five dollars and I'd lend it to you, it would be a wonder.

Woodland—That's so.

Lorain—And if you returned it, that would be a miracle.—Boston Herald.

Bright and Timely.

The Senior—I'm due to turn in a thesis subject this week, and I simply can't decide on one.

Her Sophomore Sister—How would the molecular energy of fudge do?—Puck.

THE GARDENER COULD TELL

Phenomenon That Puzzled Scientists Was Easily Explained by Him.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, said at a dinner in Washington: "The simplest causes sometimes produce the most puzzling effects."

"Some years ago I spent the month of August at a friend's villa at Long Branch. My host, with six or seven of us, was walking through the garden one day after luncheon, when we came to a great glass globe, set half in the shade and half in the sun.

"Here's a strange thing," some one said. "The half of the globe that is in the shade is warmer than the half that is in the sun."

"Impossible!" we chorused. "But we touched the globe, and found that the glass actually was warmer in the shade than in the sun."

"Then everybody tried to explain this phenomenon, and the most remarkable theories for it were advanced."

"One said it was an effect of reflection, another that it was an effect of refraction, another that the exhalatory law—and so forth and so on."

"But I had spied the gardener cutting roses, and I called him over to us."

"Perhaps you," I said, "can tell us why the half of this glass bowl that is in the sun is cooler than the half that is in the shade?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the gardener; "I think I can. You see, just before you came out, I turned the bowl around for fear of its cracking in the great heat."

SPORTSMEN FOR OFFICERS

Their Outdoor Life and Horsemanship Fits Them for Good Cavalry Service.

What we want in our cavalry are sportsmen, says the Nineteenth Century. Why was it the Boers were so good at scouting? Not because they were scientific soldiers, or were particularly well educated. They were neither. But because of the outdoor and sporting life they led. The cavalryman who can afford to hunt and play polo is, other things being equal, a more useful man in the country than the man who only plays cricket and lawn tennis, and never gets on a horse except on parade. He is a better horseman, and what is even more important on service, he is a better horse master. He develops an eye for country, and is accustomed to making up his mind in a hurry. Some of the best scouting work in South Africa was done by the fox-hunting officers of the first contingent of yeomanry. We have the authority of the late commander-in-chief that these sports are the best training for cavalry officers, and this view is so strongly held in America that, instead of prohibiting polo, 40 ponies are kept at the public expense at West Point for the use of the students. Now, it is only men who are fairly well off who can afford to indulge in these pastimes, and, instead of driving them out of the cavalry, it seems to me it would be wiser to try and keep them, at any rate until we have something to put in their places.

BECAUSE HE COULDN'T RUN

That Was Why Uncle Ned Thought "Marse Tom" Was Unfit for Soldiering.

There was some discussion at the dinner table as to the advisability of the army as a career for one of the younger members of the family, just coming to manhood, relates Youth's Companion.

Uncle Ned preserved his usual impassive silence as he stood behind the table and passed the dishes. But when the meal was finished he hastened out to overtake the young man whose career was to be determined, as he was making his way to the stables.

Uncle Ned had never unlearned the vocabulary of his youth. "Now, see here, Marse Tom," he impudently, "doan' yo' do no such a ting as dat—doan' yo' do it!"

"Why not?" laughed the other, good-naturedly.

"Kase, Marse Tom," and here the old man lowered his voice considerably, "yo's got a tech o' sumpin' dat's mighty like de rheumatiz, an' rheumatiz is death on runnin'. Marse Tom, an' what show's a sojer got what can't run when de time comes?"

Jersey Farmer's Thrift.

A thrifty Jersey farmer across the Hudson from New York has started a new industry. This farmer, who owns a large field not far from Fort Lee, and which abounds in dandelions, sits at the sole entrance to the field on Sunday and exacts a fee of five cents for each person who enters to pick dandelions. His sons and daughters keep a close watch for small boys who may seek to clamber over the fence. An alarm is at once raised and the intruder summarily ejected. One of his neighbors estimated that the field would yield a revenue of at least \$10 a Sunday during the dandelion season.

Land of the Creeks.

The valley lying between the Verdigris and Grand rivers in Indian territory, embracing a tract of land from 5 to 20 miles wide and 70 miles long, is one of the oldest inhabited portions of Indian territory, the Creeks having settled there 75 years ago. This valley has been entered lately by a railroad, the Missouri, Kansas & Oklahoma.—Kansas City Times.

An Unselfish Maid.

He—I admire Miss Stillwell because of her unselfishness.

She—So do I. She is one of the most admirable listeners I ever talked to.