

MEANT ENDING OF LONG SUIT.

After to Party of Complaint, He Followed Instructions.

About the middle of the last century the late Luther Chapman was a conspicuous member of the Cheshire (Mass.) county bar, and, although not regarded by many of his associates as a very brilliant lawyer, was considered one of the "best read" lawyers in the Granite state. The following anecdote is related of him: "It is said that at one time he was defendant in a suit brought against him by Cyrus Merrifield, which, though very small in magnitude, maintained its place upon the court docket through many successive terms and afforded much amusement among his professional brethren. Whenever a term of court commenced, and he appeared, their first inquiry would be concerning the progress of the Merrifield suit.

SEAT CRANK AWAY IN TRANCE.

Quick Wit of Lawyer Got Rid of Objectionable Caller.

Gov. Outhit, of Massachusetts, had a visit from a crank with a "message from God." His experience reminded a Boston lawyer of an incident in Fall River years ago, when a clergyman named Alley was on trial for the murder of a parishioner. "He was defeated successfully," said the lawyer, "by the late Jeremiah Mason, the greatest American pleader who ever faced a jury. Mr. Mason had finished his examination and was to make his plea in the morning. He was about to retire, when a crank was ushered in. 'I have a message from the Angel Gabriel declaring that Brother Alley is not guilty of this awful crime, and—' he got no further. 'Mason beamed upon him and said: 'My dear sir, this is most timely. Go at once to Gabriel and have a subpoena served upon him directing his appearance in court in the morning.' The crank departed in a trance, and the door closed before he recovered."

Novel Papering for "Den."

In the bachelor quarters of an attaché of the British embassy in Washington is a "den" decidedly odd in arrangement. The walls are papered with playing cards. That, in itself, is no new idea, but these playing cards are of every land that has such things. They have been put topsy-turvy on the wall and varnished. The effect is striking. This Britisher has spent in many lands. Almost all nations, he says, have playing cards, or substitutes. Turkish cards are thick and exquisitely tinted, and some of the far eastern countries have cards that deserve to be framed in gold leaf. The dado in the attaché "den" is made entirely of face-cards, arranged symmetrically, with a deep red molding separating it from the burlybruy below. Swords, sticks and guns are hung on the walls. The furniture is conventional, but the walls and ceiling give a distinctive look to the room.

"Pastor" Wagner's Advice.

Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," has little sympathy with women who go about saying: "If I were a man I would do this and so!" "If I were a man I would not permit this one or that one to do this or that injustice." "Ill-balanced," he calls them in his articles on "The Destiny of Woman," in Harper's Bazar, and he adds: "Does the wren sing at night? No! She is a wren and sings in the daytime and at her very best. Do likewise, young ladies. Do not waste your time in regretting that you are not a man, but show us what may be done by a real woman, a woman after God's own heart."

Change.

"When old Uncle Weatherby was a poor farmer he used to go up to town and eat pie with a carving fork. The people smiled."

Jersey's "Punk" Parties.

"Punk parties are quite fashionable on the Jersey coast," said the commuter. "Each guest carries a lighted stick of punk and holds it carefully until the party is over. This is an account of the mosquitoes."

Unsuitable Bathing Suit.

"Will this bathing suit shrink?" asked Tottie Skiptons.

Worse Plight.

"He's been talking golf so much here lately he seems to be actually going crazy."

In Chicago.

Mrs. Dearborn—June is the favorite month for weddings.

STORE OF FAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

Hibernating Animals Exist on Their Reserve of Adipose Tissue.

Some animals which hibernate, or retire to winter quarters, lay up a supply of food in the autumn and pass the cold season in a state of torpor, but little from ordinary sleep, from which they occasionally awake and satisfy their hunger, but others are dormant during the whole period, taking no food. These retire to their winter quarters provided with a due supply of fatty matter, a consequence of the abundant supply of food they have been able to procure during the preceding months. This serves as a reservoir of nourishment, and as a source of the small expenditure that takes place during their torpid state. On the return of spring they are aroused from their lethargy, their fat being greatly diminished. In animals thus circumstanced, voluntary motion is altogether suspended, so also is the process of digestion; several of the secretions are suppressed, the senses are dulled, and the circulation greatly diminished in rapidity. The hamster, the pulse of which beats 150 per minute in a state of activity, has it reduced to 15 in its torpid condition. The dormouse, whose pulse is so rapid as scarcely to be counted when in its normal state, has it reduced to the same low standard when torpid.

TACT AND DIPLOMACY NEEDED.

Bridget's Threatened Defection to Be Stopped at Any Cost.

"What's the matter here?" asked Brown, as he came home the other evening, and found his wife getting dinner. "S-s-s-h!" she replied, as she raised a finger in caution. "Who is that playing on the piano in the parlor?" "S-s-s-h!" "Who have you been serving chocolate and cake?" "S-s-s-h!" "Heavens! S-s-s-h! and tell me what's going on around this house?" demanded the husband. "You know, don't you, that the longshoremen in Australia have gone on a strike?" "I saw something of it in the papers."

Didn't Like Talk of Courts.

Talking about courts, Mrs. Bonaparte, wife of the secretary of the navy, has been receiving the confidences of an old colored woman who is part of her household in Washington. This old woman once worked for Mrs. Roosevelt, and she takes great interest in "the doings of Miss Alice." She is not entirely pleased with the reports that reach her. She told Mrs. Bonaparte the other day that she thought it was scandalous, all this talk about taking Miss Alice to court, and she didn't know what Mr. Longworth was dreaming of. "I tell you, Missis, I don't want nothing to do with co'ts," said she. "A lady she asked me to go and live with a friend of hers, a fine lady, with a general for a husband, and she said she lived in Stoneleigh's Co't. When I hear that I thank her kindly and say that I might be pore and in need of a place, but all my life I'd lived with fust-class people, and I wasn't goin' to live in no kind of co't at my time of life."

The Old Days.

A good old time are an illusion and a snare, and the man who sighs for them has little conception of what they were. Return to them, would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, put on a pair of rawhide boots that rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woollen shirt over your back, and sit down to a bare meal with your three-legged stool dancing around on a split-slab floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor 14 hours out of 24. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquito bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp, gee-haw your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Parch corn and peas for coffee and sassafras for tea, and see how you like it. —San Antonio Light.

Galveston Police Know a Man Who Knows All About It.

Galveston, Tex.—The police department here has located a man believed to be Joseph L. Douglas, one of the abductors of Charlie Ross in July, 1874. This man has been a resident of this city for many years. He is known as Joseph Likens, but he admits that it is not his real name. It has never been proven that Douglas was dead, although it was claimed he was wounded at the time his comrade in the abduction, William Moshier, was killed while robbing a house in Brooklyn.

Quits After 52 Years' Work.

Altoona, Pa.—Herman L. Dolo, who has just passed his seventieth birthday, has retired from the service of the Pennsylvania railroad and was placed upon the pension list. He entered the service of the company in 1854, at the same time that Andrew Carnegie and Robert Pitcairn did. He has completed 52 years and three months' service, with the unusual record of never having missed a day from the pay roll.

INCREASE IOWA RAILROAD TAX.

Total Taxable Value for Year 1906 is \$42,289,775.

Des Moines, Ia.—The executive council, which filed its report the other day, has increased the assessment of railroad property in Iowa \$4,099,586, making the total taxable value for 1906 \$42,289,775, as compared with \$58,190,189 in 1905 and \$47,071,258 in 1907, the last year of the administration of Gov. Shaw. During the administration of Gov. Cummins the executive council has found the railroads of Iowa to have increased in actual value \$50,864,068. The increase in taxable value by the sum of \$4,099,586 means an increased annual tax payment of \$143,485. Most of the increase falls on the big trunk lines which reported enormous growth in gross and net earnings for 1905 as compared with 1904. The chief increase in the taxable value assessment falls on the Burlington and Northwestern and Milwaukee, whose assessment is about \$1,000,000 per road greater. Other roads' assessments are increased from \$100,000 to \$500,000. The increases are based on increased assessment per mile, mileage this year being the same as last. The Minneapolis & St. Louis assessment was decreased about \$99,832, but this was the only decrease of importance. The interurban lines were assessed \$38,536 higher than last year, making their total taxable value \$457,299.

HORSE IS AN OLD HAND.

Stole a Watch, Chain, and Medal, but Its Restitution Was Forced.

HAMILTON, Ont.—The following is Gospel truth. Three fellows were walking down Jackson street the other day when a horse, which was standing at the sidewalk, did a most curious thing. When the three were opposite, the beast leaned over and snatched a watch chain out of the near man's pocket and apparently ate it. They made a spring for the horse's bit and managed after a struggle to regain the treasure. The chain was in three pieces, but the brute was soon made to give these up. It was then discovered that a medal which had been attached to the chain, was missing. After a little more resistance they succeeded in extracting the battered medal. The horse was genuinely amused, or seemed to be, throughout this extraordinary game.

LIQUID AIR FOR HIGHBALLS.

London Firm Announces Method of Cheap Manufacture.

London.—It is announced that a process has been discovered for manufacturing liquid air at a price that will enable it to be commonly used to cool beverages, which will thereby not be diluted as they are by the use of ice. Air thus liquefied can be sold for \$125 a gallon. If kept in vacuum containers it will not evaporate in 17 days. A few drops only are necessary to refrigerate a highball. The drops take a pearl shape and dance like animated diamonds. A white mist rises from the glass. Little lumps of white ice form and melt. In two minutes the drink is ready and deliciously cold. Impatient drinkers would better adhere to ice as if they should drink before the liquid air evaporates the result would be pathetic for the drinker, though humorous for the lookers-on. Owners of the process recommend air thus liquefied as a power for automobiles and for blasting. It exerts as it expands a pressure of 15,000 pounds to a square inch.

SAYS CHARLIE ROSS LIVES.

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Standard of Prosperity.

Standards of prosperity vary in different parts of the country, but that of Capt. Jack is purely local—to himself. The old man came out of his cottage door one morning and discovered some n'er-do-well neighbors digging clams in the flat in front of his shore.

Oh, Hubby!

Hubby—Nonsense! This little exhilarating shower won't prevent my playing golf; besides, I need the exercise.

Wife—But you promised to take that beakonia and the parrot cage down to mother's.

Hubby—What, in all this down-pour? Do you want to give me pneumonia, woman?—American Spectator.

MAKES APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.

French School-Teacher Has Novel Way to Induce Study.

German schoolmasters are said to have had much to do with the victory of the Germans in their late war with France, and in this connection Sir Henry Roscoe tells this incident of his inspection of the professional school in Rouen, France. "Among the usual objects I noted with surprise a Prussian soldier's helmet. On being asked why he placed it there the schoolmaster stated that it was picked up in the streets of Rouen during the German invasion. And he added that it was of great service to him, for when the scholars did not attend to their work he used to bring this down and put it on his desk and, pointing to it, say: 'Now, if you do not make progress and learn properly this will happen to you again. The surest way to bring it upon you is to neglect your studies and grow up in ignorance and to become inferior in intellectual training.' The display of that helmet," explained the director, "never fails to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of my students and to rouse their patriotism and their zeal for their studies."

THEIR CRY IS FOR EDUCATION.

Indians of Alaska Want Blessing for Their Children.

The craving of the Alaskan Indians for education is almost pitiable. Ask them what they need and the answer is the same: "Schools for the children so that they may become smart like the white man."

They are very affectionate people to their children; every benefit is for the child. The older people fully realize the fact that they represent the past. They have always been producers, and their faith in themselves is half of the struggle that lies before them. To this end they should be provided with day schools in all of the villages of 100 or more adults.

In some sections where the families are distributed over a large area of country and in the case of the children of parents unable to provide for their support, and where orphan-ages may be enslaved by distant relatives, boarding schools or homes are equally necessary.—Southern Workman.

Singular and Plural.

It is a question of taste and fancy whether one should make two bites of a cherry, but we all really make two bites of the word "cherry" when we use it in the singular. The original English version of "cherries" was "cheris" or "chiris," which was mistaken for a plural, so that "chert" or "chirt" was soon manufactured as a singular. Exactly so has "peas" come into being as a false singular obtained from the supposed plural and true singular "pease." "Sherry" for "aberris" is another case, and "shay" from "chaise," "inee" from "Chinese," and "corp" from "corpus" are others in vulgar speech. Similarly, "riches" is really a singular, of which "richesses" was the old plural.

Hymns by Soldiers' Parrots.

The British soldier is indordinately fond of his animal pet, and has also the reputation of coveting those of his neighbors, particularly dogs and mongrels. Parrots he simply adores, and it is calculated that their strength in the service is in the proportion of at least six birds per Tommy. He is supposed to teach them to be personal in fact language, but as a matter of fact Tommy is, for some unaccountable reason, a very emotional man, and his birds as often as not have to submit to a sound musical education, hymns being as often taught them as the comic songs of the day.

Alas! for Parson's Dignity.

A colored parson living in Harlem, N. Y., bought a bicycle recently. Being a man of considerable avoirdupois, he experienced some difficulty in learning how to ride. Pedaling through a side street one evening, just at dusk, he met with an accident. The front wheel of the bicycle struck a loose stone and the parson took a header over the handlebars. He landed on his face on the sidewalk and came falling into an alleyway in which the janitor's little boy was at play. The boy gave a startled look at the oncoming intruder and yelled out: "Say, maw, the coal has came!"

Thoroughly Feminine.

"What! a woman doesn't know the value of an oath, eh?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Gracious! do you mean to say a woman's word isn't as good as a man's?"

Easily Convinced.

"It's the unexpected that usually happens, you know," said the slow boarder.

I guess that's right.

"At least I know the money I expected from you last week hasn't materialized as yet."

RIVER QUICKLY MADE TO RISE.

Simple Explanation, But It Considerably Puzzled Northerner.

It is little short of astonishing to see how little water is required to float the southern river steamers, a boat loaded with perhaps 1,000 bales of cotton slipping along contentedly where a boy could wade across the stream. Not long ago, however, the Chattahoochee got too low for even her light-draft commerce, and at Gunboat shoals a steamer grounded. As the drinking water on board needed replenishing, a deckhand was sent ashore with a couple of water buckets. Just at this moment a northern traveler approached the captain of the boat, and asked him how long he thought they would have to stay there. "Oh, only until that man gets back with a bucket of water to pour into the river," the captain replied. Presently the deckhand returned, and the stale water from the cooler was emptied overboard. Instantly, to the amazement of the traveler, the boat began to move. "Well, if that don't beat thunder!" he gasped. The fact was that the boat, touching the bottom, had acted as a dam, and there was soon backed up behind her enough water to lift her over the shoal and send her on down the stream.—Harper's Weekly.

AMUSEMENT OF THE RURALITE.

Village Mad Game Even More Fascinating Than "Bridge."

"What is the principal amusement in your suburb—bridge?" "I should say not. We have a game far more fascinating and continuous. For want of a better name we call it hunt-the-clothes. You see, we all employ the same washerwoman, and when the week's wash is taken home we all begin to guess whose clothes have fallen to our lot and then we start out to hunt our own. It is intensely interesting."

Perils that Surround Great Men.

Baron Hubner went one evening to call upon President Thiers, who was then at the head of the French republic. The baron found the door of the house open and walked upstairs. In the dim light a man crept stealthily toward him. Knowing that the president went in fear of his life and, unwilling to die a martyr in a cause not his own, the baron hurriedly explained: "I am not M. Thiers." "I know that you are not M. Thiers," answered the mysterious stranger, "but I want to know who you are." Before answering the baron insisted upon knowing the identity of his companion. "Oh, I am M. Thiers' butler," was the answer. Hubner declared himself. "Ah!" said the butler, with a sigh of relief, "I have your name first on the list of visitors." Each had taken the other for an assassin.

Phylanthropic Sparrows.

For several days four or five sparrows had visited a certain place on the roof near my window. They always brought food for another little fellow, who never tried a flight from the spot. The visiting sparrows never came empty-handed. They would drop tiny morsels of food near the little sparrow. When it began to eat the crumbs the others set up a great chirping and then flew away. After watching this for a few days I went out on the roof and approached the lone bird. It did not flutter away from me, and made no resistance when I picked it up. The sparrow was blind. Its eyes were covered with a milklike film.—Outing Magazine.

Annoyed by the Window.

The late Joseph Parker, of London, while a brilliant speaker, was also very eccentric. He went once to a town in Lancashire to preach the "annual sermon" on behalf of a new church which was being erected. The services were held in the old building. This was rather dilapidated, and the windows had frosted glass which had accumulated the dust of years. In the midst of a beautiful peroration he turned round and, pointing his finger to a window in the upper corner of the building above a gaffery, said: "Like the sun streaming in through yonder window, which would shine all the better if it were cleaned."

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TO COOK WITHOUT FIRE

CLEVER DEVICES FOR USE AT ARMY MANEUVERS.

Merits of Invention Will Be Tested in Field Operations and Commissary Department Expects Good Results.

Washington—Brig. Gen. Sharpe,

commissary general, has sent enough of the new army fireless cookers to feed four companies to the joint camp at Mount Gretna, Pa. He has also ordered enough of the cookers to supply eight companies sent to Fort Riley, Kan., where one of the largest of the joint encampments began recently. It is the intention of the commissary department to test the merits of this device in practical field operations. The cooker in its present form has been constructed by the army artisans themselves; there are no patent rights connected with it, and it is so simple that any boy-hand with tools could make one in the course of a day according to the army standard. The commissary department is highly gratified over the success in the experiments made in the west, and the officers are devoting their attention to developing minor improvements, such as the application of devices for hermetically sealing the cooking vessels, and lightening the weight of the outfit. The large six-compartment cookers first made weighed 450 pounds each, but they have been lightened, and one development is a single compartment cooker weighing a little over 100 pounds which has found much favor because it can be packed readily on a mule, assuring a hot supper for a detachment at the end of a day's scout. Another improvement about to be introduced is the adoption of aluminum vessels, made after the department's plans, which are expected to be indestructible.

TAKE MILLIONS FROM AMERICA.

Records Show That Immigrants Send Earnings to Home Banks.

Washington.—Millions of dollars in American gold is being hoarded annually in the banks of Italy by temporary Italian residents of the United States. This is the news that has just reached the government, along with a statement from the general commissioner of immigration at Rome that the total immigration to the states from Italy in the year 1907 approached the 500,000 mark. The idea of most Italian emigrants, says the immigration commissioner, is to accumulate something like a fortune in the states and return with it to Italy. The intimacy of the home connection is shown by the exhibit of the Bank of Naples, which, having advertised that sort of business as its specialty, has more than 153,000 accounts opened by Italian emigrants in the United States and placed to their credit during the fiscal year just closed more than \$20,000,000.

AGED WOMAN SPEEDS AUTO.

Takes Delight in Fast Driving in Spite of Her 108 Years.

Middleton, Conn.—Arrayed in goggles, visored cap and long cloak, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, of Brooklyn borough, who is 106 years old, is making her annual tour of this state. The trip is being made in an automobile which travels by easy stages from one town to another. Hitherto the annual tour which Mrs. Hunt insists on making each year has been accomplished mostly by train. "Not much like the stage coaches of my girlhood," she laughs. Owing to her rheumatism she has to be helped into the car, but she acorns cushions and pillows. She likes to sit on the front seat with the chauffeur, and asks many questions about the mechanism of the car, which the driver gladly explains to her. She often tells the chauffeur not to hold the machine in, because she says she can stand as much speed as her son, who is 35 years her junior, and who also enjoys the sport.

BRICKS MADE BY LIGHTNING.

Elements Are Kind to Man Living Near Columbus, Ind.

Columbus, Ind.—Nathan H. Newsom, a farmer of Sandcreek township, has brought to this city some samples of bricks made by lightning. During a thunder, rain and hail storm on his farm recently lightning struck a shock of wheat and burned it. Several hours later Mr. Newsom was walking through the field and found the ground so hot near the burned shock that he could not stand on it. The next day the ground was still hot, and he took a shovel and dug down to see for his own curiosity how much of the ground had been affected. Ten inches down he found that the ground was thoroughly baked, and pieces of earth which readily held together were taken out. The earth, which was fine black soil, is cooked to a brick red, and every bit of vegetable matter has been roasted out.