

EYES ARE LIKE PEARLS

CHILDREN OF ILLINOIS PARENTS CREATE WONDERMENT.

Scientists Mystified by Miracle of the Stork, Which Brings to Kishwaukee Wee Orms With Rainbow Optics.

Kingston, Ill.—DeKalb of freak children in the world, the four daughters and two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Watkins, who reside near this village, being provided with eyes of entirely different hues, and each of them resembling some tint of the rainbow.

Physicians have accounted for the extraordinary birthmarks (for such they are said to be) by pointing to the fact that the mother had assisted her husband for years in earning a livelihood by hunting for pearls, working for days in the Kishwaukee river without interruption and during that time opening thousands of brightly colored clam shells.

The first three children born to Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were no different from thousands of other children which the stork brings to northern Illinois annually, with the exception that their eyes contained round white marks where they should have been entirely of brown, blue or gray.

The fourth child exhibited pink eyes to the village physician who attended the mother, and is still provided with the same colored optics.

But even this incident failed to attract more than ordinary interest among the medical men who heard of the strange case, and once Mrs. Watkins and her husband became clam diggers and pearl hunters in the Kishwaukee.

The fifth child was marked in the same peculiar manner as the fourth, but with the pink coloring matter of the eye being "more decidedly pink" than the babe born two years previous.

But the sixth babe to enter the household of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins surprised even those who have become accustomed to look for freakish eyes when the stork arrives at the humble home on the banks of the river. The little tot's eyes are pale blue and at intervals of five or ten minutes a light which can only be described as phosphorescent in its nature glazes for an instant from each pupil.

The attending physician declares the child is perfectly formed and as healthy as any babe in the neighborhood, but the strange light puzzles every one who has had the opportunity of seeing it, and to-day the physicians from every surrounding town are here to make a thorough examination of the babe's optics.

Dr. J. C. McIntyre, who has attended the mother for years, has offered Mr. Watkins a princely sum to take the child, or, if he prefers, the whole family, to Chicago or New York and there give the world an opportunity of seeing the greatest freak of nature ever exhibited.

The father, however, who is only comfortably fixed financially, has so far refused to entertain the idea of exhibiting his "pearl-eyed" children.

"They are very dear to me," he said to a newspaper representative, "and I don't believe I will go about the country with any side-show business."

But Mrs. Watkins favors the plan proposed by Dr. McIntyre, arguing that the money obtained in this manner could be put to good use in educating the children.

"I don't want my boys and girls to become pearl hunters and clam diggers," she said, as the reporter left the humble cabin on the banks of the Kishwaukee.

TO FIX LAKE ERIE BOUNDARY. Want Line of Buoys to Guard American Fishing Boats.

Washington.—In view of the complaints made each year during the fishing season on Lake Erie of the seizure of American vessels on the Canadian side of the boundary for violation of the fishing laws, the suggestion has been made that Lake Erie be mapped accurately and that buoys be set along the boundary as a line of demarcation beyond which vessels from either side may not go. The suggestion includes the stationing of a revenue cutter on the line of buoys to see that the boundary is observed.

This subject was discussed today by Acting Secretary Murray of the department of commerce and labor and Capt. Ross, chief of the revenue cutter service. It is recognized by the officials that the suggestion is a good one, but it is not known whether an appropriation is available for the line of buoys. Under the law buoys are regarded as aids to navigation. Whether buoys marking a boundary line are aids to navigation is a problem in the official mind. The question must be considered further before a decision is rendered.

Form Class of Bad Boys. East Orange, N. J.—A separate class for boys, who, according to the statement of Superintendent Vernon L. Davey, "are not necessarily incorrigible, but whose presence in the school-room causes a serious loss to the other pupils," is to be established in the East Orange public schools. It really will be a reform class for bad boys.

Oil Still Organ's Voice. Pottsville, Pa.—Phillips' experts came here to ascertain what had caused the big pipe organ in the Presbyterian church to balk for a year, and discovered that a large bottle of oil, left there 12 years ago, had upset, causing the oil to run out and wax the wood.

SHAFT TO BOYS' HEROISM.

Will Commemorate the Defense of New Haven by Yale Students.

A piece of statuary unique in the history of sculpture is in process of completion in the studio of James Edward Kelley, says the New York World. It will be known as the Defenders' Monument, and commemorates the defense of New Haven, Conn., against the British by the students of Yale college on July 5, 1779.

The statue represents three figures, beardless youths, operating a piece of field artillery. They are typical American boys of the period. The unveiling will take place on July 5, 1907. The statue will have cost, when completed, about \$30,000. The figures will be cast in bronze, will stand eight feet high upon a pedestal of granite. The monument will be placed upon the spot at West Bridge, where 128 years previous the Yale students met the British and repulsed them.

The resistance by the citizens of New Haven to the British invasion of 1779 was the only instance in the revolutionary war when a town, unsupported by outside help, without military leadership or general military organization, pitted itself against a British army. The British force nearly equaled in numbers the whole population of the town. These undisciplined citizens repulsed the trained army of veteran soldiers.

It was the check they received at West Bridge defended by Yale students, that saved the town. History recounts no similar instance of a city being saved by military prowess of college boys.

ARBOR DAY ABROAD. American Custom Has Already Spread to the Old World.

A writer in La Nature of Paris says that in the last thirty years Arbor day, originating as an annual festival and holiday in the United States, has spread to many European countries, where its observance has been considered on and is kept up with enthusiasm, says the New York Commercial.

Italy began it in 1902, making its annual school arbor festival a state institution. In Spain a like association was formed in the same year.

Belgium fell into line a little later, and in Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Portugal, Japan, everywhere the necessity of reforestation has been recognized, children are interested in trees by similar methods. In this respect France has taken a leading part, the school children going in the spring into the fields, under the direction of the teachers, and there planting trees to develop into future forests.

The French Forest society of the Friends of Trees, whose president is Senator Calvert, has given a strong impulse to reforestation, to all institutions in its aid and to the celebration of Arbor day in particular, this year to be reinforced with the aid of reforesters, prefects, the forest administration and all allied officials. The writer in La Nature, M. Hockisberger, ascribes the origin of Arbor day to the proposal of Secretary Morton, made in Nebraska, its adoption as a national festival speedily following.

Needed More Time. Hannah and Hilda, two Scandinavian sisters, worked for Mrs. Walker, North by herself, was a complete cook, but the sum total of the combination resulted in about one highly satisfactory maid of all work.

Hannah had lived in America for two years, but Hilda was new, green and exceedingly slow. Yet whatever Hilda finally managed to accomplish was done with such beautiful thoroughness that Mrs. Walker was convinced that the girl was well worth the patience it took to train her.

Hannah, however, was less forbearing, and sometimes found it necessary to apologize for Hilda's blunders.

On one occasion Hilda had botched the eggs too hard.

"It is because she vor always too slow," explained the conscientious Hannah, converting the eggs into salad. "She boy always take Hilda ten minutes to boil her eggs three minutes."—Youth's Companion.

Savage Brute. In the heart of the tropical jungle the dusky brute brought her bold hubby his first meal since the honeymoon on the awaying elephants.

"Here," she said, "eat and be happy."

"Light" grunted her hubby. "What is it?"

"Broad fruit. How do you like it?"

"Broad fruit? Why, er—it's not the kind that mother made."

And even the monkeys chattered their disapproval of this unkind thrust.

Her Own Doctor. The queen of Spain is to have a doctor of her own. London Truth learns that a Scot is to have the appointment. He will have a salary of \$4,000 a year, an allowance for rent, a guinea (\$25) for each visit to the queen and the right to a private practice.

Trouble in the Icebox. The Butler Par—I thought the celery and the mayonnaise were on such good terms.

The Water Bottle—They were until this coldness came between them. And he pointed to the chunk of ice with his patent stopper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bad Precedent. How much of injustice and depravity is sanctioned by custom?—Terence.

CANADA BEAVER FARM

PREACHER HAS THRIVING COLONY IN DOMINION.

Animals Are Very Industrious and Have No Use for Lazy Members of the Flock—Pelts Bring Good Prices.

Duxbow, Sask.—On the farm of Rev. W. E. Christmas, a few miles from this town, exists one of the few beaver farms of Canada. Within the limit of the farm are five large dams, peopled by some 200 beavers. The banks of the Souris river, which runs through the farm, are fringed with poplar trees, supplying the beavers with the best of building material, and also with daily bread.

According to a law passed in 1836 it is illegal to kill beavers until the fall of 1908, consequently this colony is waxing strong and multiplying rapidly. Having been protected from the trappers for the past ten years, the beavers are becoming very tame, and do not seem to mind a casual onlooker, although they do most of their work by moonlight.

One night these beavers cut down 52 trees, according to Rev. Mr. Christmas, who takes a great deal of interest in his little tenants, and watches carefully to see that no harm comes to them. These beavers are very industrious and have no use for one of their number who refuses to do his share of the work. When such a member of the flock is noticed the others drive him away to live in solitude as a bachelor.

It takes the beavers only a short time to fell a large-sized tree, and they are able to throw it in any direction. When once felled the tree is quickly cut up into lengths for house, dams, or food, as may be required. The house of the beaver is built on the bank of the river, with its entrance under water. Once having built the entrance the rest of the house is started, the whole colony working at the house until it is finished, and when it is completed it is warm, dry and cozy.

A beaver family usually consists of four or five, and comes into the world with its eyes wide open. The young ones live with their parents for two years, and then they are ready to shift for themselves. The full-grown beaver measures about two feet in length, with a tail some ten inches long, which he can use as a spade or trowel, as well as a paddle. The average age is 15 years, although some have been known to live to be 20. When the animal is nine years of age its pelts is at its prime, and will fetch from \$10 to \$12 in Minneapolis.

WANTS TO WED ONCE MORE. Rich Old Farmer Who Has Had Four Wives Seeks a Fifth.

Montevideo, Ind.—Daniel Overmeyer, of this town, has been in consultation with his attorney, M. M. Hathaway, of Winamac, as to filing proceedings for a divorce against Mrs. Mildred Smith Overmeyer, of Noblesville, upon the ground of abandonment and desertion.

This aged Romeo has been married four times, twice divorced and separated by death from two wives. He told his attorney as soon as he was free again he was going to Arkansas, north of this place, and probably marry a widow, the mother of five children, by the name of Laura Hock-thorne. If he failed to bring the widow to terms he was going to South Bond and accept a proposition from a young woman of that place.

Mr. Overmeyer is about 75 years old, owner of a fine farm, the father of 11 children. To each child, upon his marriage, he gave 50 acres of land, \$700 and a team of horses. His present wife is the daughter of former Mayor Smith, of Noblesville, and Overmeyer says she was never intended for a farmer's wife.

He says newspaper advertising—"Wanted, a wife"—brings scores of letters from women begging to be some man's wife, but that choosing a wife is like trading horses—you don't know what you have until you "get stuck in the bargain."

RAISES AN ELECTRIC TREE. New Benjamin Franklin Arises in the Keystone State.

Brunt Cabin, Pa.—William Kronenberg, an eccentric scientist living in the mountains near here, is making experiments with a new variety of tree that he calls the electric light plant.

Noticing the phosphorescent light he found around decayed tree stumps, he conceived the idea of using it for the benefit of mankind. Taking an ordinary wild grapevine at several stumps, he was gratified after several years' culture to see the fruit emit a rich white glow.

Mr. Kronenberg has one plant which gives off sufficient light to read by, and he is wiring his log cabin with the grapevine. He says that if he can develop the electric light plant sufficient, it will come into general use on account of its cheapness and safety.

To Teach Filipinos Farming. Washington—W. A. Sutherland, of the bureau of insular affairs, who has charge of the Filipino students being educated in this country at the government expense, left Washington the other day for New Orleans. He will make arrangements there to place agricultural students in positions where they may acquire knowledge of methods used in growing sugar, tobacco, rice and other crops suited to the Philippine islands.

MISSISSIPPI AS HIGHWAY.

Great Waterway Will Never Regain Its Old Importance.

The history of the Mississippi as a highway of commerce, like the history of many enterprises and nations, shows a period of rise, a period of maximum importance and one of decline. The days when Mark Twain followed its fortunes were the flood tide. In the middle third of the last century the traffic along the river as a path of transportation between the interior and the gulf seaboard existed. With the advent of a railroad, however, linking together the north and the south, the decline of the Mississippi as a national highway began.

At that time, too, says Robert Marshall Brown in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, there seems to have arisen a belief among merchants and traders in grain that its transit through zones of warmer weather was injurious to that staple, and even in the years that followed, when the shippers had freed themselves from the superstition of the warmer zone's effect on grain, much of the grain was shipped overland from St. Louis to New York and there loaded for foreign trade.

At the present time there are in the opinion of Mr. Brown, three factors working toward the rehabilitation of the Mississippi river as an artery of commerce—the maintenance of a low water channel, the survey of a 14-foot waterway and the Panama canal.

The first of these factors is already beginning to have a beneficial effect, and in 1899, three years after the project of sustaining dredges which should operate in the low-water season from July to January was adopted, a navigable channel of eight and one-half feet was maintained from Cairo to New Orleans. An examination and investigation in regard to the 14-foot waterway is now in progress and plans are being prepared and the cost estimated for such a course. The opening of an isthmian canal is still so far in the future that its effect upon the development of the Mississippi can only be conjectured. Mr. Brown considers, however, that while the river will always be a factor in the commerce of the Mississippi valley it is improbable that it will ever again attain its old importance.

HATS REVEAL LIFE STORIES. Broadway Dealer Tells Different Stages from Men's Headgear.

"No," said the Broadway hatter, "you can't fool me on human nature. You can tell any man by his hat. There's the dandy who comes in and buys an opera hat and one of those fool things that turns up square in the front. There's the tough who never takes a hat until he's tried it on at an angle of 30 degrees. There's the skinflint that buys one hat a season and sticks to it till the whistle blows. Why, I can even tell you the story of some men's lives by their hats. For instance, see that sport over there paying five dollars for a mousser straw. Well, when he first came in here he used to buy a dozen hats a season, used to everything from a high silk to an auto cap. Then one day he stopped all of a sudden and took to wearing a derby.

"You're married," said I, and he acknowledged I had hit it.

"A year later he came in, in an awful hurry, and wanted a two-dollar affair. I wasn't surprised.

"How's the baby?" I asked as I handed him the cheery brown derby.

"Fine," says he, just as if it was perfectly natural he had a baby.

"A week later he came in looking pale and seedy. He wanted a black derby and a mourning band.

"That was a year ago. He hasn't been buying many hats since then, but this afternoon he came in and bought half a dozen of the best varieties—derby, straw, silk, auto, tennis, everything for sport.

"I'd like to see the girl. Hope we'll get the wedding order, anyway."

It Worked. Francis Wilson was talking at the Players' club about the ignorance of dramatic literature that is too prevalent in America.

"Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing 'The Stoops to Conquer' in a small western town last winter when a man without any money wishing to see the show stepped up to the box office and said: 'Pass me in, please.' The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"'Pass you in? What for?' he asked. 'The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily: 'What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play.'

"'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the other in a shocked voice as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box."

Not Sterling. Mr. Gaddie—The Poormans celebrated their silver wedding last night, didn't they?

Mrs. Gaddie—Oh, no; I saw all the presents.

Mr. Gaddie—Eh? What do you mean?

Mrs. Gaddie—It seems to have been a silver-plated wedding.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Unslightly. "Binx is always mowing his lawn." "Yes," answered the neighbor who takes life easy, "Binx doesn't realize how a man in his shirt sleeves pushing a lawn mower spoils the looks of a lawn."—Washington Star.

Free. We had better die at once than live in constant fear of death.—Dion.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

Shrubs, Herbs and Flowers Go as a Forest Grows Older.

In its youth, the spruce forest offers an inviting home to flowering plants, both shrubs and herbs. The soil is moist and rich, consisting in large part of decaying leaves and twigs. The shade, though nearly uniform, is not dense, and flecks of sunshine appear everywhere in it. The light is not strong enough to produce a tangled undergrowth, but a well-developed growth is found everywhere except in the most shaded spots.

The layer of shrubs and bushes consists largely of the mountain maple, rose and ninebark, among which are scattered birches, roseberries, raspberries and viburnums. In spring the ground is carpeted with strawberries.

Along the brooks white and yellow violets are common, and orchids are scattered here and there. In the summer flowers are abundant, gentians, bluebells, goldenrods, daisies, columbine and painted cups vying with each other in giving color to the mass of green. In the shadier places, low ferns abound, while the moist soil of the shadiest nooks is clothed with mosses and lichens.

As the forest grows older, the shrubs are the first plants to disappear because of the increasing shade. They are followed after a few years, first by the taller herbs and then by the others until only those flowers that require little light are left. Even these disappear as the shade becomes uniformly dense.

A mature forest, 100 years old or more, rarely allows even a stray sunbeam to pass, and beneath it is twilight at noonday. A few arbutus plants blossom in scattered groups. Clusters of the coral root are found frequently in bloom, but this is a leafless orchid that requires little or no light.

The ground is covered with a dense layer of brown spruce needles, which furnish a home for toadstools and cup-fungi, and in the moisture places, for lichens and mosses.

The forest has now reached its final stage. It may still persist in this form for several hundreds of years. Indeed, if it is not removed by an accident, it is difficult to set a limit to its age.

In any event, a forest can rarely live 1,000 years, owing to the great weight of the tree tops and the fact that decay is constantly weakening the trunks.—St. Nicholas.

THE FEMALE FORM. Its Most Perfect Development Said to Be Among Japanese.

A famous German scientist who has made a life study of the beauty of women of all nations considers that he found the most perfect and harmonious development of form among the Japanese, says the Boston Advertiser. His ideal proportions differ slightly from the standards of beauty left us by the Greeks, and he gives the following as his "normal proportions" of the perfect figure from averaging the measurements of many:

"The height should be seven and a half times the length of the face, and the legs four times the length of the head. The shoulders should be two heads wide, and when standing erect perfectly developed legs should touch at the knees, the calves and the ankles."

Here, however, are some other measurements which artists generally recognize as a standard for beauty: The stretch of the thumb and middle finger should just measure the length of the face; the thumb and second fingers should exactly circle the neck, while the thumb and middle fingers should exactly circle the level with the shoulders; the perfect woman should measure exactly her height from the tip of one middle finger to the other, while the arm hanging down should reach exactly half way down the side.

Real Greatness. Zangwill, the noted writer, had an experience not long ago which convinced him that in deciding what constitutes real greatness a good deal depends upon the point of view. At a political meeting he fell into conversation with a man who knew all the speakers and pointed them out as they sat on the platform. "There," he said, "sits Senator Lodge." "What?" exclaimed Mr. Zangwill. "Do you mean Henry Cabot Lodge, the literary man—the great historian?" "No, sir," replied the other, with distinct contempt. "That's Henry Cabot Lodge, United States senator from the great state of Massachusetts."

Rather Distant. "There is something rather peculiar about some of the chapters in your sea novel," said the publisher. "Are you familiar with the sea?"

"I should say so," replied the new author, haughtily. "I studied the sea while I was working on the manuscript."

"Indeed! And where did you write it?"

"Why, at my home in Indiana, where all the great authors come from."—Chicago Daily News.

Valuable Draftboard. The German emperor owns the most valuable draftboard in existence. The light and dark squares are made of silver and gold and the drafts are also made of silver and gold, each having a diamond or a ruby in the center.

Like Sheep. Men whose counsels you would not take as individuals lead you with ease in a crowd.—Cato.

SALTED WHALE.

Show Say It Is Better Than Poor Salted Beef.

The preservation and exportation of whale meat is becoming a big industry in parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For some time past the fishermen of Gaspe have been in the habit of salting down portions of the meat of the whale for their own use when short of other food, but now it is found that the article is eagerly consumed by some of the South American people and consequently it is becoming quite an article of commerce.

The company has established a large plant on an island in the region known as Seven Islands, in the north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and maintains a singular whaling steamer to kill and fluke in the whales to the factory. Two species of whales are taken; the humped back and the sulphur bottom. They are so plentiful that there is no difficulty in killing and towing to the factory one a day, which is all that the present capacity of the factory can accommodate. Each whale is valued at about \$2,000, so that the business is a very lucrative one.

Formerly all the flesh went into tinned, which is worth \$30 to \$35 a ton. Now, however, the prime meat is all salted down for food, and excellent eating it makes, too, for those who like it, many contending that it is superior to the coarser grades of beef salted in barrels, especially when used in stews and hashes, or served up as salted beef.

China is said to offer an excellent market for the meat, but at present the initial company in the St. Lawrence, which is likely to be soon followed by several others, has a demand for all that is can ship to South America.

STORK FAMILY IN PERIL. Two Turkish Soldiers Rescued the Birds in the Nick of Time.

It once witnessed a charming little scene at a fire which was raging in a chimney. A pair of storks had built their nest of dry branches on the top of a chimney stack, and the mother bird had two young ones to provide for. Says Chamber's Journal, "One day when a fire broke out at the far end of the street, and a strong wind drove the flames from house to house, the nest was threatened."

In the brilliant glare of the burning chimney the mother bird was seen standing over the nest with wide outstretched quivering wings. The children and sparks were flying all over her, but that mother love which the storks of the field and the birds of the air display in common with every human being forbade her desert her young ones in the hour of peril. The crowd became quite excited, and there were calls for a rescue. This was a task that involved danger, for the house was already burning.

Two Turkish soldiers, however, rushed into the building and made their way to the roof. We watched the plucky fellows approach the chimney stack, and suddenly the stork disappeared with an awkward flounder and a prodigious flapping of wings. One of the soldiers had seized it by its uncanny legs while the other rescued the nestlings. The two men had just time to get out of the building without having their retreat cut off.

Right on the Spot. A traveling man tells a story of his experience while stopping over in a little southern city. He strolled into a restaurant and found no one on duty except a little negro boy, who marched to the side of the table at which he had taken his seat and stood at attention with his eyes fixed straight in front.

"Are you the waiter?" asked the traveling man.

"Yes, sah," replied the boy, without moving a muscle.

"I want to give you an order."

"Sho!"

"Bring me a slice of Springfield Ham."

"On de fire!"

"And a couple of eggs poached on different sides—"

"Ombin!"

"And a half fry of oysters—"

"Cookin'!"

"And a cup of coffee."

"Huh now!" exclaimed the negro, with a sweep and flourish of his apron he was off toward the kitchen.

A Good Imitator. Edouard De Reszke is not only exceedingly clever in successfully imitating the voices of people and animals, but can also imitate a violin, producing with his voice the entire range of the instrument. He says, however, that to do this he must assume the position of one playing the cello, and with his fingers go through the movements of playing.

To South America. Dr. W. C. Parahoo, of the anthropological department at Harvard university, with three students, next year will conduct a research expedition about the headwaters of the Amazon. For a time a base will be established at Arequipa, Peru. The party will be gone three years.

Not an Ornament, Though. The nervous young man bowed into the nearest chair. The fair girl stared at him. "You're a bird," she stated sarcastically.

"Why, er, what?" he gasped.

"You're on my hat," she fairly shrieked. Philadelphia Press.

Old Wisdom. Making is more easy than to deconstruct ourselves, as our affection are made persuaders.—Demosthenes.

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