

HINT FOR LATE STAYERS.

Boers Borrowed from the Boers to Get Rid of Boers.

In South Africa candles are used for lighting purposes in the homes, and when a young Boer maiden has gentlemen visitors, the mother sticks a pin in the candle, and when it has burned to the pin the callers understand that it is time for their departure.

Mrs. Early, a society matron of Washington, recently made a visit to the Transvaal, and was impressed with the custom of the Boers that she determined to introduce it into her own home. Consequently the electric lights were removed and candles substituted in the drawing-room.

Mr. Staylate, a frequent though not always welcome caller, was one of the first visitors to call after the inauguration of the new custom. He remarked the placing of the pin in the candle by Mrs. Early, and after she had gone ventured to inquire:

"Why, Miss Early, does your mother stick a pin in the candle?"

"Oh," responded the young woman with an air of apparent innocence, "another learned that in South Africa as a way of sending home the Boers."

YES, THE DRAWER OPENED.

James Knew It, But Explanations Were Not in Order.

James was going away. And, as usual in such cases, it was up to Jones to put on a clean collar and shirt, and, incidentally, catch a flea. He had no time to spare.

"Maria," he shouted downstairs, "where are my things?"

"In your bureau drawer, of course," blazed up from the basement.

Jones then tackled the drawer. Much, of course. (They always do stick when you are in a hurry.) He perked and heaved and said things unmentionable. Suddenly, with a paroxysm for which bureau drawers are noted, it flew open with a rush and Jones, with a death-grip on the handles, shot clear across the room.

The drawer couldn't go through the door, but Jones could, and did, landing at the foot of the stairs with a coat that jarred things mightily, just in time to hear the partner of his misadventure ask:

"Did you get it open, Henry?"

"That was adding insult to injury," said Henry stalked upstairs with fire in his eye, and said never a word.

Sea Trees.

Forms of life in the sea are far more wonderful than any that exist on land. However much one may doubt the stories of sea serpents, there are probably far bigger fish in the sea than ever come out of it; and as for plant life, it has been conclusively proved that sea trees 1,500 feet in height are quite common in the ocean. These monster trees are a kind of brown seaweed, the uppermost branches being only about a quarter of an inch in thickness. Featureless bladders, like miniature balloons, and about as big as a hen's egg, form among the branches of the tree, and, being filled with air, buoy up the trunk and branches so that they grow almost erect. Many such sea animals often build their nests in these trees, as they give off several degrees of heat, which makes the surrounding water comparatively warm.—Exchange.

New Light on Dairying.

In one of the model schools of the State a first-grade teacher was having a lesson on cows. She was trying to impress on the young minds the various uses of the milk. Butter, cheese, etc., had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright genius to tell her the farmer fed the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked the question:

"Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs, and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?"

Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved excitedly. The teacher smiled and said, "Well, James."

"He pours it back into the cow!" yelled James.—Woman's Home Companion.

She Got a Job.

There is a true story of one young woman who had devoted almost a year to pulling wires and using all possible influence to gain an interview with a certain theatrical manager. At last her hopes were realized; she got the appointment and she was finally ushered into the manager's private office. He received her most cordially and offered her a chair. "Thank you," she said, gratefully, "I think I will sit down. I've been just ten months getting here and I'm a little tired." And the manager, who is usually a great man and hence has a sense of humor, promptly engaged her. "The Rialto," in Outing.

Moral Responsibility.

"Did you get all your money home?" asked the carefree friend. "I have no time to worry about that now," answered Dustin Gray. "I'm too busy with the moral responsibility of getting others get it away from me by dishonest methods."—Washington Star.

Waiting for Him.

"Lashley is harbored a great deal by someone."

"You don't say? Is that why he drinks so much?"

"No, I refer to his wife's insomnia when he comes home from the club."

GETS HINT IN WHITTLING.

Inventor Discovers a Wood Valuable for a Homely Purpose.

Here is an instance of showing that obedience to the whittling conscience is still a cause of inventions, says the Scientific American. H. S. Hopper was driving through one of the southern swamps some time ago, when he cut down a reed, which he used for a whip. It followed, of course, that he cut off a chip from the end of the reed and used it for a toothpick.

He noticed that the chip was hard and durable, and yet pliable and for the purpose, was much better than the article commonly on sale. Acting on the suggestion, he has designed an automatic machine which makes an excellent grade of toothpicks from the reeds in the southern swamps. A factory has been built at Bowers Hill, Norfolk county, Virginia, and the business inaugurated.

A reed is cut into suitable lengths without and a set of radial knives is made to split the tubular reed into pieces the size of a toothpick. Before splitting the ends the tubular sections of the reed are reamed out by tapering reamers, which remove the pith or soft interior, so that the splitting forms toothpicks with tapering ends of hard, tough material.

BIRDS THAT CAN TALK.

Species with Thick, Rounded Tongues Are the Best.

People used to think that it was necessary to cut the nerve of birds' tongues in order to make talkers of them. But it is well understood now that such cruelty is quite unnecessary.

The raven on account of the size of its tongue, can articulate words quite well. Ravens and jays (which repeat single words after people) are favorite pets with the peasants of the Thuringian forests in Germany.

In order to speak distinctly birds must have thick, rounded tongues, and the muscle must be loose. Parrots' tongues answer these requirements best, hence they are the best talkers. Next to them come ravens, jacksnaws and jays. The hooded crow and the common crow can also be taught to speak.

The red and blue macaw is the finest and most expensive variety of talking parrot, as well as one of the largest varieties.

False Prophet Brought Death.

Just before the opening of the Kaffir rebellion in South Africa, 50 years ago the soothsayers bade the tribes kill their cattle and destroy their crops of grain. The spirits of their ancestors were to arise and help them to exterminate every white man in the country. The advice was solemnly accepted. When the day of the great uprising arrived many of the rebels were already starving. But there came no ghostly herds of cattle out of the earth, no crops not sown with hands. Grim, terrible famine swept over the land, and in the months which followed, although the authorites did everything in their power to mitigate its horrors, 30,000 victims of a false prophet starved to death.

The Japanese Soldier.

The Japanese soldier is more like the soldier of Julius Caesar than the world has seen since Rome fell. The authorities in Japan are not troubled by dissatisfied members of the army writing home imaginary grievances. The Japanese soldier is allowed to send nothing home in the way of mail but a card, containing no information save that he is well. He is not allowed to tell where he is. He submerges his personality below his character as a fighting citizen. He is a unit in a great whole. He has no feelings for self. He is a soldier of Japan. And yet he is humane and not cruel. This was not said of the Roman soldier. The little brown man is the marvel of the twentieth century.

Warren Identified Himself.

Probably no actor ever achieved as great local popularity as was enjoyed by William Warren in the old Boston Museum days.

One afternoon, some 30 years ago, he was strolling along Tremont street, Boston, when he was espied among the crowd by a young woman, who turned to a friend with whom she was walking and said excitedly: "There goes William Warren!"

The friend turned quickly, saying: "Where?"

A figure in the crowd turned abruptly, and Warren's voice answered: "Right here," much to the chagrin of both women.

New Idea in Railroad.

It is proposed by a German engineer to use balloons for railway purposes. A stationary balloon is fixed to a slide running along a single steel rail. This rail is carried up the side of a steep mountain. The balloon is moored by a steel cable to the rail, at a height of about 35 feet above the ground. The conductor can cause the balloon to ascend or descend at will. The lifting power is furnished by hydrogen gas, and the descent is caused by water pressure poured into a large tank at the upper end of the road.

Weapon at Fault.

"You are an isocher!" exclaimed an elderly but well preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, and 100 arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your heart!"

"Not if they used an old bean to shoot with," coldly replied the young and beautiful Miss Fyppie.—Stray Stories.

FINDS RICHES IN YARD

JEWELS AND MONEY LEFT BY MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

Bank Book May Be a Clue—Diamonds and Pearls in Rings and Brooches Lay Untouched for Several Days.

Berkeley, Cal.—Diamonds, pearls, rubies and silver coin tucked away in a common wickerware basket, containing also a lot of silverware and a woman's bank book, were recently found by Charles Wieman, a merchant of South Berkeley, in the front yard of his residence, at No. 3300 Adeline street. The jewels are estimated to be worth about \$1,500.

The entire collection reposes, secure and perfectly safe, in the big vault of one of the Berkeley banks. The police are working on the mystery involved in the strange find, unable to gain a clue to show whether the valuables discovered by Wieman were thrown away by a demented person or by a flying thief, or by the owner. Wieman is as thoroughly mystified as are the police. He literally "gives it up," having relinquished the jewels and other articles found to the authorities.

Not the least extraordinary feature of the strange affair is the fact that the basket containing the diamonds and other jewelry lay in Wieman's front yard for several days before he took notice of the package.

Wieman supposed the basket contained trash thrown away by some person who chose to use the Wieman premises as a dumping ground. Finally Wieman picked up the basket, opened it, and his eyes bulged when he saw its contents.

Mary A. Downey's name appears in the bank book, which was issued by the German-American Savings bank of San Francisco. The book shows that she has on deposit in that bank \$191. Whether Mary A. Downey is alive or has committed suicide; whether she threw away her jewels and money in a spasm of dementia or while fleeing from this region, whether thieves stole her belongings and in some way lost the loot, or whether the stuff was simply lost in Wieman's front yard are questions to be answered later, if answered at all. The police hope to get information that will lead to the solution of the weird problem involved in the affair. Thus far they are quite in the dark.

The collection of jewelry in the basket includes a pair of magnificent diamond earrings, a large ruby ring surrounded with a dozen pearls, an emerald ring, a plain ruby ring, a plain pearl ring, a primrose shaped ornament, with a diamond centerpiece, small pins, a tiny gold cross, a solid bracelet, two baby pictures set in gold, with yellow ribbon attached, a purse containing several silver dollars, silver knives and forks, some handkerchiefs, and other articles of no particular value. A shawl strap held the basket.

A strange woman was seen previously in the vicinity of Wieman's home, acting in a suspicious manner. A child was with her. The woman is said to have run back and forth, while the child stumbled along. Neighbors commented on the circumstance, but did not notice whether this strange woman carried such a basket as the one found by Wieman.

WIFE TAKES STRONG PLEDGE.

Will Abstain from Taking Food Until Husband is Converted.

Lawton, Okla.—Mrs. Cora Bartlett, a devoted Christian, who resides a few miles southwest of this city, has totally abstained from the taking of food for 15 days in fulfillment of her pledge to fast until her husband is converted. A flaming revival of religion has been in progress in that community for some days, and her husband being a prominent man and a representative citizen, has been one of the principal marks at which the ministers and religious people have directed their prayers, entreaties and tears. But he has remained stubborn through it all, and appears to have no conviction whatever of his sins.

Mrs. Bartlett, believing that nearly all of human power had been exhausted in efforts to save her husband, finally promised the Lord and her fellow workers in her cause that until her husband had found peace in a wonderful salvation she would totally abstain from food, and she has kept her promise.

The community in general is looking upon Mrs. Bartlett's action and a great deal of interest in the outcome has been manifested. The revival has reached greater proportions than were anticipated, and her course is approved by the ministers and religious people.

Cistern is Full of Cider.

Fairfield, Ill.—If the home of Thomas C. Shaw, in Jasper township, is not made the mecca for his friends this fall and winter, it will be because somebody will have put the lid on. Not being able to satisfactorily market a bountiful crop of apples from his 100-acre orchard at a price that would net him proper returns, he has dug a cistern ten feet in diameter and 12 feet deep, had it properly cemented, and a pump installed, and is making the entire apple crop into cider and storing it in the big underground jug. A chemical treatment to keep the cider from becoming too "hard" makes his big cider cistern the storehouse for temperance goods.

SPURNS ENGLISH EARLDOOM.

California Man Prefers to Live Entirely by His Own Efforts.

Los Angeles, Cal.—R. R. Carew, who is heir to an English earldom, but who spurns it and who as a realty agent is making a fortune in southern California, is a life type of the hero of the drama "An American Lord."

Carew and his father fell out, and the young man accepted a small sum to pay his passage to America and came away never to correspond with his family. That was 32 years ago. He left behind two brothers older than himself, and, realizing that his position as the youngest son would never be an important one, he went to work to see what he could do for himself. He says he tried to become a journalist under the direction of Horace Greeley, but failed. He finally drifted into the real estate business, where he had made his money.

The event that brought Mr. Carew to southern California was as picturesque as the other incidents of his life. He was a resident of Chicago when the Cuban war broke out and enlisted with the First regiment of that city. In the charge up San Juan Hill Carew reached the third wire fence from the top and fell there with a bullet wound in his leg. He was slow to recover in Chicago, and so came west. While he was living quietly here, he says, his sister had made two trips from England to this country in search of him, and had advertised widely. He has agreed to go back to see her in a few days, so that some steps can be taken to settle the affairs of the estate, but he says he will return to America at once. The new earl of Carew lost \$30,000 in the Dreyer bank failure in Chicago and was once a state senator from Michigan.

WOULD BECOME NEW STATE.

People of Upper Peninsula of Michigan Revive Old Demand.

Marquette, Mich.—The upper peninsula of Michigan is again bringing up the idea of becoming a separate state to be known as "Superior," and separate itself from lower Michigan. James F. Bennett, a candidate for the Michigan legislature from Sault Ste. Marie, is running on a platform which calls for the separation of lower Michigan from the peninsula. Upper Michigan includes 15 counties, with an area of 17,000 square miles, which is as large as five of our smaller states.

The copper mines of the Lake Superior district, which produce the finest copper on the market, and the iron mines that extend from its western border eastward for nearly 200 miles make it one of the richest parts of the state. The upper peninsula is as widely separated from lower Michigan in interests as it is geographically. In the early days Michigan state claimed 6,000 square miles of Ohio, including where Toledo now stands. To satisfy the claim when this was awarded to Ohio, Michigan was given the upper peninsula. Michigan then felt loath to accept such a poor, worthless territory, as it was considered at that time. Valuable minerals were not then known to exist in upper Michigan.

There was later a plan to make a state of Superior out of the upper peninsula, part of northern Wisconsin, including where the cities of Ashland and West Superior now stand, and also a part of northern Minnesota, including the place where Duluth now stands; also the great iron ranges of Minnesota. The capital of Michigan is located so far distant it makes it inconvenient for northern state people.

WEDS GIRL WHO JILTED CHUM.

Football Star Marries Heiress Who Forsook Former Lover.

Ansonia, Conn.—Miss Elsie M. Farrell, heiress to \$5,000,000, has become the bride of George A. Goss, formerly a member of the Yale football eleven.

More than a passing interest attaches to the wedding, as Mr. Goss was a classmate of David Huxley Gaines, whose engagement with Miss Farrell was broken several years ago on the eve of the wedding. This created a sensation in social circles.

Invitations had been sent out and every arrangement had been made for the event, when the surprising announcement came. No explanation was made by either side, although friends heard later that Miss Farrell objected to the use of the word "obey" in the ceremony. Mr. Gaines later married Miss Florence Stuber, of Erie, Pa., a friend of Miss Farrell.

Mrs. Goss, besides being one of the wealthiest young women in the state, is one of the most popular.

Her bravery was shown when on one occasion she climbed a ladder and helped put out a fire on the roof of her home.

Took No Rest During Life.

Washington.—Since the death here recently of Evelyn S. Hall, chief of the files division in the postoffice department, it has come to light that he probably holds the record in the government service for working without a vacation. Hall had been in Uncle Sam's employ over 30 years and never took any sick leave. He entered the government service when 23 years old. His father, William Frederick Hall, of Bellows Falls, Vt., was in the treasury department before the civil war.

FARMER SUES BURGLAR

UNIQUE ACTION FOR DAMAGES STARTED IN NEBRASKA.

Notorious "Yeggman" Captured While Ransacking House—Captor Now Trying to Make Him Pay for His Fun.

Omaha, Neb.—One of the most unique suits for damages in the history of western jurisprudence has just been filed in the district court here. John Wipf, a farmer living several miles west of Omaha, is plaintiff to the action, which is against John Smith, one of the most notorious and desperate "yeggmen" in the country, and one who is known to the police of nearly every important city in the United States.

One night recently Wipf discovered Smith in the act of robbing his house, and after a desperate battle, in which he was shot twice, the farmer finally captured and disarmed the burglar.

"Now, gosh darn you," said Wipf, breathing heavily and looking down fiercely into the upturned face of his prisoner, "I'm goin' to make you pay for the fun you've been tryin' to have with me to-night."

"Why, my dear Mr. Farmer, I'm perfectly willing to pay for it," said the yeggman, trying to smile. "I have just \$1,400 in cold cash in my pocket here, and you may have the whole amount if you will let me get up and go my way."

The farmer permitted the burglar to run a hand down into one of the pockets of his trousers, and, true to his word, he drew therefrom \$1,400 in crisp new bills.

The farmer scratched his head. "No," he finally said, "I guess I won't take it. That might be compounding a felony, and I reckon I don't want to do anything that ain't legal. I guess I'd better haul you to 'swn and see if I can't make you pay for your fun with me some other way."

The yeggman pleaded with the farmer to take the money and let him go, but Wipf remained obdurate.

Keeping Smith covered with the revolver, Wipf called to his wife to fetch him a piece of stout rope. She did so, and together they tied the burglar hand and foot. Wipf then kept watch over his prisoner until daylight, when he hitched a team to a wagon, bundled Smith into the vehicle, and bidding his wife have breakfast prepared by the time he should return to his home, set out for Omaha with the yeggman.

The yeggman continued to urge the farmer to take the money, and the farmer continued to reject his offering until Wipf finally drew up in front of the police station here and in stentorian tones called to the officers within to come out and get the prisoner.

"I ketches the darn skunk robbin' my house last night," explained the farmer to the surprised and amazed officers who responded to his call. "He put a couple of pieces of lead in my side while I was in it, but here he is, an' I want you to give him everything that's comin' to him."

When the officers came to search the prisoner they were surprised to find the \$1,400 which he had offered Wipf for his release.

"Oh, yes, I plim, I got that darned money," said the farmer, "I offered it to me if I would let him go, but I reckoned I'd better not take it, and so I fetched him in."

A few days later he was indicted by the grand jury on the charge of robbing Wipf's house and shooting Wipf, with intent to kill him. Wipf had a surgeon dress his wounds and then drove back to his home in the country. His wounds, while not dangerous, were painful.

The farmer had delivered his prisoner safely into the hands of officers of the law; he had done his duty as he saw it, and his conscience was easy, but still he couldn't help thinking about the \$1,400 which the burglar had urged him to accept but which he had declined.

He was still thinking about it when a few days later he drove back to Omaha. He went to the office of a well-known lawyer.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Wipf," said the lawyer, "I think you have excellent grounds for a damage suit against this man Smith. I suggest that if you bring a suit you ask for at least \$2,000."

"All right," said the farmer, "Go ahead and get the law on him."

That afternoon Wipf filed suit for damages against the yeggman and the suit will come up for trial at the next term of the district court.

Letters Float Five Years.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Two buoy messages sent adrift near Evans Josef land by the Baldwin-Zeigler polar expedition in 1901 have been found and forwarded to Evelyn B. Baldwin, the founder of the expedition, who is now in this city. The messages were picked up on July 10, 1906, on Mollen island by Capt. Strenerson of the arctic whaler Gottfried and forwarded to the state department by a United States consul. They were mailed to Mr. Baldwin from Washington and delivered to him. The messages are typewritten on film paper and show the effects of their journey in the arctic sea. The messages were an appeal for a supply of coal, the lack of which forced the expedition to turn back.

German University Students.

The number of students at the universities of Germany is rapidly approaching 50,000. Last summer it was 44,942.

WIRELESS DID GOOD WORK.

Materially Aided Admiral Togo to Crush Rojestvensky.

Wireless telegraphy played a most important part in the great naval engagement between the Russian and Japanese ships in the late war. A Japanese writer says that at the time of the battle of the Sea of Japan the weather was foggy and hazy to such an extent that it was impossible to see for a distance greater than five miles.

A Japanese scout cruiser, while searching for the Russian fleet, suddenly found herself, when the fog had lifted, unexpectedly for a moment, practically in the midst of the numerous vessels of the enemy. A wireless message was at once transmitted giving notice of the discovery, and this message was simultaneously received by all the vessels of the Japanese squadron, notwithstanding that these were some 150 miles distant.

Admiral Togo immediately dispatched a squadron of scouts, which kept in touch with the enemy, and informed him at five-minute intervals of the course, speed, position and location of the Russians, with such accuracy that Admiral Togo was able to forecast with absolute precision the actions of the enemy.

It was through wireless communication alone that it was possible for the Japanese commander to maneuver and to place his fleet to enable him to strike the enemy most advantageously. All of the Russian ships were equipped with the latest and most efficient wireless outfits, but they failed to interfere with the messages.

DIDN'T STOP TO FIGURE.

Possibilities of Apparently Simple Bet Staggered Frenchman.

A curious bet that partakes of the nature of a practical joke went to the courts in the town of Dole, France, in 1634. A citizen of the district offered to pay one of his countrymen 24 francs in advance if he would agree to furnish him with a number of grains of millet in proportion to the number of children born in the town within a year. One grain of millet was to be given for the first, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling the number for each child.

Accepting the apparently generous offer, the unlucky Frenchman attempted to carry out the provisions; but 65 children were born within the specified time. He was astonished at the enormous quantities of grain required to fulfill the contract, and appealed to the courts for annulment of the water, on the ground that it was founded on an impossible condition.

The judges granted his appeal, but ordered him to return the 25 francs he had received and pay 24 in addition.—The Sunday Magazine.

Women Can't Cut Diamonds.

"A lot of women seem to be possessed these days of an ambition to learn the trade of diamond cutting," said a well-known jeweler. "Every little while applicants for situations as apprentices call. But we can't afford to give them a trial. They can never master the art. In other branches of the jewelry trade women have made some unqualified successes. There is not one of Eve's daughters, from royalty down, I should say, that isn't an artist in the wearing of diamonds. Many are well versed in the art of buying and selling them, while others give excellent satisfaction in polishing and repairing them for the market. But when it comes to the real cutting of the stones they lack the patience, judgment and steadiness of nerve which constitute the expert's stock in trade."

Damasus Being Modernized.

Damasus, said to be the oldest of living cities, is losing its character. A Belgian company is cutting through it with an electric street railway and its sprinkling electric lights in its ancient streets. The motive power for these installations is derived from the harnessing of the river falls 22 miles off. Three and a half miles of the street railway are already being laid. Traffic on the Hajas railway, which some day may reach Morocco, finds a convenient entrepot in the old timeemporium of the slow-moving caravan.

Origin of Word "Canteen."

A strange etymological history is that possessed by the word "canteen"—which has caused so much talk in temperance and army circles—if its origin is correctly assigned to the old Latin "quintana," which literally means "of the fifth rank" or "fifth in order." The "quintana (via)" was a street in the Roman camp so called because it came between the fifth manipule, or company, and the sixth. Here all the business and marketing of the camp was done and "quintana" eventually came to mean a market.

Miserable Music.

"What's this collection for?" whispered the stranger in church. "For foreign missions," whispered the man with the plate. "Oh, that's all right," replied the stranger, producing his mite. "I was glad to say if 'twas for the choir it ain't worth it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Main Question.

"I will follow," he said, "wherever you may lead."

"That's very nice as far as it goes," she replied, "but can you get credit for whatever I may want to buy?"—Chicago Record-Herald.