

MEOW BECOMES PLAINTIVE.

Editor of Paper with Queer Name Wants Federal Job Back.

Washington.—Garcia Valdez, one of the former instructors in Spanish at the naval academy, is about to appeal to Secretary McCall for reinstatement in his position at the academy. Valdez, who is of Spanish birth, lived for many years in the Philippines and married into one of the wealthiest families there. He also started a small newspaper bearing the suggestive name of "Meow," which soon created a sensation in the archipelago and brought the editor into trouble with the authorities. He was convicted of libel and, it is charged, left the islands, abruptly while under bonds for a new trial and coming to this country was engaged as a Spanish instructor at the naval academy. His enemies, however, pursued him and when the conditions under which he left the Philippines became known the authorities at the academy felt obliged to recommend his dismissal, although it was admitted that he was a very efficient teacher. Valdez, it is understood, claims to be able to show that he is a victim of persecution at the hands of his father-in-law and his influential Filipino friends and that he was obliged to flee the islands because he knew he could not expect justice.

WOMEN MAKE GOOD AS OFFICERS

Unique Experiment in New Hampshire on Anti-Cruelty Work.

Nashua, N. H.—The unique experiment of the state of New Hampshire to secure better enforcement of the laws regarding cruelty to animals and children in appointing two women as deputy sheriffs, armed with all the authority usually invested in deputy sheriffs, seems to have fully demonstrated its success by the reports being made by Mrs. Jennie P. Powers, of Keene, and Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall, of Nashua and will lead, it is believed, to a number of other such appointments. Armed with a camera and a revolver of heavy caliber, and thoroughly versed in the law, covering her powers and duties, Mrs. Powers has gone fearlessly about her work and in the past year has made 16 arrests, killed 41 horses and caused numerous prosecutions. Using her camera to secure indisputable evidence she notifies wrong-doers of the law and their duty in the case. Mrs. Kendall has confined most of her activities to Nashua and its immediate vicinity, where she has caused many arrests to be made for cruelty to children and animals. Both deputies are enthusiastic in their work and are constantly seeking new means of bettering conditions for which they are responsible.

AUTO IS LIKE A HOTEL.

Motor that Contains Two Beds, Dining Table and Lavatory.

Paris.—W. Gould Brokaw's new automobile is a further approach to a house on wheels, at once luxurious and quickly movable. It is larger than an old-fashioned stage and more resembles an English railway coach than an ordinary touring car. Small wonder that a crowd of gaping "rubber-necks" surrounded the car whenever it halted before his hotel here. The car is of 75-horse power. On its roof is snugly packed tent poles and a large camping outfit. The roof also accommodates eight spare tires and the electric dynamo which supplies power for the lights that illumine and the fans that cool the interior. So roomy is it that it contains two beds, a lavatory with hot and cold water, and a dining table at which six persons can enjoy themselves. Mr. Brokaw declares that he would not hesitate to explore any part of the world in this car; even to go tiger hunting in India, for he carries a small armory of sporting weapons. He has traveled in his car as far as Lucerne.

WILL PUT VOICES ON FILE.

Plan Phonographic Records of Great Men's Words.

Washington.—A movement is on foot to install at the Congressional library a department of phonographic records containing the utterances of statesmen and other distinguished men from all parts of the world. The idea started with the gift of a phonographic record of an address delivered by Kaiser Wilhelm. An attempt will be made to have the leading men of the country talk into the phonograph, and records thus made will be sent to the library. The Smithsonian Institution has some most interesting records of Indian dialects, and the authorities propose to follow the example of the French and Australian governments to preserve famous voices of the stage, as well as of the forum. No doubt the first record to be made for the Congressional Library will be by President Roosevelt, to be followed by records uttered by members of his cabinet, the vice president, the speaker, and members of the senate and house.

Tea Yielding to Coffee.

Washington.—Americans are drinking less tea and more coffee. The importation of coffee in 1899, less the quantity exported, aggregated 804,692,275 pounds, as compared with 843,625,918 pounds in 1906. There were 10,270,376 pounds less of tea imported in 1906 than in 1896.

FIRE AS A SOCIETY EVENT.

How a Female Reporter Described the Blaze for Her Paper.

Kansas City.—The regular reporter was taking a vacation, according to the Neodesha Sun, and the editor was busy in the office, so when it was learned that on the previous evening there had been a fire in a remote part of the city the young lady who writes the society news was sent to bring in a report of it for the paper. She came into the office an hour later with the following very interesting account: "Quite a number of people in this part of the city attended a fire last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Blank in Thirteenth street. Some went in carriages and buggies, but a majority walked. The alarm was sounded about 9:30 and many who attended the fire had just returned from church, consequently they were already dressed for the occasion. "Mr. Blank was not at home, being out of the city on business; hence the affair will be quite a surprise to him when he returns. Mrs. Blank wore a light percale kimono and had her hair done up in kid curlers. "The firemen responded readily and worked heroically to subdue the seething flames. Most of them were young and fairly good looking. They were dressed in oilcloth coats cut short, with trousers to match. Their hair was narrow in front and broad behind and sagged down in the rear. The chief's hat was ornamented with an octagonal brass spike which stuck up above his head like a horn, giving him the appearance of a unicorn. "When the flames broke out through the second story and cast a lurid hue over the surrounding buildings the view was one never to be forgotten. At a late hour the sightseers went home and all felt that they had passed an evening full of interest and excitement."

DOES A HEN SIT OR SET?

Presbyterian Ministers, Discussing English, Wrestle with Problem.

Philadelphia.—"Does a chicken sit or set?" was the momentous question that the Presbyterian Ministerial association was called upon to solve. Rev. Dr. Henry G. Martin, of the West Grove Presbyterian church, made an address on "The Minister and His English," in which he called attention to the numerous grammatical errors made by clergymen in their pulpits. When the speaker sat down Rev. Walter E. Oakford, of the Reformed Episcopal church, voiced a query which he said had been puzzling him for a long time. "We set a hen," said Mr. Oakford, "but when once set I would like to know whether she is sitting or setting?" Forty of the ablest Presbyterian ministers in the city were present, and their faces became grave as their minds wrestled with the problem. But Dr. Martin came to the rescue. He clarified the mental atmosphere of doubt with the following explanation: "The hen is set upon the eggs, but after that she sits upon them," he explained, and the serious countenances of the clergymen relaxed. In his address Dr. Martin called attention to many grammatical errors made in the pulpit. He said that although it would be humiliating, every pastor would be benefited if he enlisted the aid of a cultured man or woman to take heed of his errors and privately inform him of them after the service.

VALUE OF A RIGHT LEG.

Held by Surgeon Decrease Boy's Value Only 15 Per Cent.

Jersey City, N. J.—At just how much do you value a right leg, on which you have a foot, and maybe toes with corns that smart and burn and tickle when damp weather comes? When you are a half block from a speeding, tantalizing trolley car and making excellent time in its direction you think that the leg is invaluable, but the crudity of your estimate is impressed with severity on you when you realize that to be without that leg is only to detract 15 per cent, from your ability to get along in the world, according to a statement made by an expert on such matters, Dr. William J. Arlitz, a surgeon in St. Francis hospital. The physician testified to this in a suit for damages tried in the circuit court brought for a six-year-old boy. The surgeon claimed that boys of tender years, when presented with a cork or wooden leg in exchange for one of the foot-bearing kind, with the accompanying corns and bunions, were able to become so proficient in its use that its presence was unknown to the ordinary observer, and that it could be detected only by careful examination. "Why, boys can play baseball, ride a bicycle, run up and down stairs, and I have even seen one lad walk a slack wire after he had become accustomed to the use of the leg," said the surgeon.

WOMEN'S CHANCE IN LITERATURE.

The World is Waiting for the Woman Author, who Need not be Great, but Only Natural and Downright, to Reveal It (as a male world) the true inwardness of a woman's nature, her feelings toward other women, what attracts her in men, and who repels, how she really feels when she is kissed by a man, and how she feels when she is not kissed, and a thousand other things which a man author can only guess at and in no case can expand. Here, surely, is a chance for a woman writer.—Academy.

AFRAID TO COME BACK.

"How can Skinnem afford to stay so long in Europe?" "It's a good deal cheaper than it would be to come back here and pay his debts."—Detroit Free Press.

BEHIND HIS BACK.

Bacon—Did you call me a liar? Expert—Not so you could notice it.—Yonkers Statesman.

STOP WORK TILL EGGS HATCH.

Detroit, Mich.—Rather than disturb a pair of robins who are setting on a couple of eggs Contractor E. E. Hartford has suspended operations on a house he is building on Gowwin avenue. The nest was discovered in the skeleton of a window in the second story.

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HENRY JAMES ON GUM-CHEWING.

A Quid Needed to Help Lubricate Through the Long Sentences.

When I became aware indeed it was to see them all disfigured by their use of their weapon; aware, I mean, that each member of the group, while he or she talked or listened, was primarily occupied after the manner of a ruminant animal. They were discussing Wagner in short under the inspiration of chew-gum, and though "Parsifal" might be their secondary care the independent action of their paws was the first. Slow, resolute, inexorable, eternal, it had yet managed for a little, amid their talk, to beguile suspicion; but once detected it spoiled for me, I confess, not only the quality of that exhibition but the very fact of it, which had been dearer to me still; since, obviously, I could now, indifferent to this value, do nothing but ask myself if a sense for manners were the more likely to be rooted in a gentleman rolling his bolus about while he talked to a lady, or in a lady who rolled hers about while he was so engaged. Where, definitely, were the civilities, as one expects women to embody them, when such practices and such paces as those were part of the training for them? What address, what response, what pleasantness of propriety in general, might be held to consort for a woman of whatever age, with her having not to "mind" that her interlocutor of whatever condition, should chew in her face for sweet freedom or with his having not to mind that she should chew in his?—Henry James, in Harper's Bazar.

THE JOLLY JESTERS.

They Have a Bout with the Watermelon.

"Mr. Middleman, ah desires to propound a question." "Very well, Mr. Tambo." "Why do dey designate dat beautiful southern vegetable as ah watermelon?" "That's easy. Because it makes your mouth water." "Nowhar near de answer. It's called ah watermelon because yo' cut it in de spring." "Speakin' ob de spring reminds me," broke in the other end-man. "Ma ole daddy went out to sit some water one day an' he done fell in ah spring." "Was he drowned?" "He warn't zactly drowned, but it done killed him." "That's strange. He fell in the spring and was killed?" "Yessah." "But he wasn't drowned?" "No, sah." "Well, did he die in the spring?" "No, sah; he died in de fall." "Our golden voiced tenor, Mr. Vio. Lett will contribute that heart-touching ballad entitled, 'Warden, Brush Those Locks Away; I Yearn for Liberty.'"—Harper's Weekly.

VANDAL AT SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

A correspondent who visited the Protestant cemetery at Rome the other day reports an act of silly vandalism at Shelley's grave. "As we wandered about," says the correspondent, "we saw for about half an hour a young man tourist sitting on Shelley's grave, carefully occupied in cutting the marble with a sharp instrument. "We thought he was restoring the lettering, but, coming to his side, we found that he had cut his own name (which I will not give), 'New Zealand, April, 1907. I love thee,' close to the inscription on the flat white marble surface. He had then soaked with ink his own work, leaving the disgraceful fruits of his vandalism for all who visit this interesting place." How any professing admirer of Shelley could be guilty of such conduct passes belief.

EASY MATHEMATICS.

"Yes," said the man in the Rookery the other day, "he looks to me like a shiftless sort of a proposition." "He is," answered the salesman. "Why, he's had four different jobs during this last year."

HOW'D YOU FIND OUT THAT HE'D HAVE FOUR OF THEM?

"Oh, he's let it out in little things he's said at different times," answered the salesman, "and I found it out by just putting two and two together."

OH, I SEE.

"Oh, I see," smiled his friend. "Well, that's easy, two and two does make four, sure enough."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DEVISE REALLY BURNS SMOKE.

Washington.—A device which will burn smoke in operation in this city. It has not passed the experimental stage, but its success is reported as certain. At one of the large, artificial ice concerns the device has been installed. The principle of the new method for doing away with smoke is to secure complete combustion by means of introducing a current of air into the furnace above the fire in such a way that the oxygen thus admitted immediately combines with the smoke and cinders that would otherwise be ejected from the stack. It is claimed that the device can be used in any furnace.

MUSICLESS SUNDAYS IN BOSTON.

Boston.—Music in hotel dining rooms on Sunday is a violation of the law, according to a decision given by Chief Justice Bolster in a test case brought against the members of an orchestra playing at one of the Boston hotels. Judge Bolster fined each member of the orchestra five dollars.

RICH HAVE WIRY HAIR

WALL STREET BARBER SAYS HE CAN TELL WEALTH BY BEARD.

Average Workingman Has Soft Whiskers According to Man Who Shaves Millionaires—Latter Are Early Risers.

New York.—Joseph Bischoff, barber and hair cutter, in Wall street, who attends to the tonsorial wants of many of its most famous men, says that he can tell a multimillionaire by the hair on his face—that men of vast wealth have wiry and stiff whiskers and are hard to shave. The average workingman has a soft, fuzzy growth of hair on the face and can be scraped without special effort.

Thomas F. Ryan is Bischoff's most famous patron, and the barber goes to the financier's house every morning at 8:30 o'clock sharp. He also shaves members of the Stillman, Woodward, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt families, and says that in all his experience he has yet to meet the millionaire who wakes up in the morning with a frown. Bischoff does most of his work at the homes of his rich patrons, and at his basement shop in Wall street during the day lesser lights of the financial district drop in for a shave, hair cut, or shampoo.

Bischoff can write a check for \$200,000, and his signature will be honored in the great banking institutions with a celerity that will surprise his acquaintances.

The other day at the shop, while lathering the face of a ten dollar a week clerk, Bischoff gave his daily itinerary as follows:

"I get up every morning, including Sunday, at six o'clock. After shaving myself, dressing, and partaking of a mild breakfast, I hustle over to the residence of James T. Woodward, in East Fifty-sixth street, and reach there at 6:15. I find Mr. Woodward, who is the president of the Hanover National bank, fully dressed, waiting for his morning shave. He greets me kindly and is vigorous and bright eyed every morning.

"James Stillman, president of the National City bank, comes next, and I am booked to be in his dressing-room not later than 7:15. He lives in East Seventy-second street. I also take care of his son, James Stillman. While I am shaving the senior Mr. Stillman I often think of his cares, and of his great responsibility. Then I look for lines on his face—lines of worry—and I am happy to say that I can't find them.

"Then comes Mr. Ryan. I reach his home on Fifth avenue at 8:30 o'clock, and let me say right now that I get there on the tick of the hour.

Generally I find him out of bed waiting for me. Sometimes he is in his pajamas. He slips on a dressing robe and says:

"All right, Joseph; do the job as quickly as possible."

"Everyone knows that Mr. Ryan is one of the greatest business men in the world, but I can say, after shaving him for almost 20 years, that he comes out of his sleep with a smile and a laugh, and is kindly, generous, and light hearted from the moment of his awakening.

"I rub the lather for five minutes, because Mr. Ryan has the strongest and stiffest hair of all the men I have ever shaved. The hairs are like as many wire nails. His eyes twinkle from the start of the shave to the finish, and I often wonder if he forms big corporations in his brain while I am shaving him.

"Just think, during the time I lather Mr. Ryan's face his investments will have made him \$100. The scraping process takes up time enough for another hundred, and the bay rum and hair combing completing the shave increases Mr. Ryan's fortune about \$300. He is liberal. I never have named a charity or a needy person to him that he has not asked how much it will take to mend the situation. If I say \$2 or \$100 it is all the same. Mr. Ryan has his hand in his pocket and gives me the sum I name.

"I next call on Mr. Ryan's sons in Liberty street. They are Allan, Cledeinand John—all chips of the old block. Then I go to Wall street and start the day's work in the shop. Among my callers are Vice President Vanderlip of the National City bank and Alexander Orr. I cut the hair of a lot of millionaire babies. William G. Rockefeller's boys are among them."

GLORIA AMERICANAI

Darky in Hawaii Who Trusted in the Old Flag.

"I remember," said the globe trotter in the hotel corridor, "an odd instance of gloria Americana, if I may be so up-to-date in treating of our flag and its history. A party of us were traveling in the mountains of Haiti. A revolution had started that morning. All at once one of our party drew rein with an ejaculation and pointed to a lone ridge where you would suppose nothing but an eagle would make its habitation. And there, sure enough, was the banner of that noble fowl—an old tattered stars and stripes fluttering on a bamboo pole. We felt that we ought to pay our respects and at the same time learn who put Old Glory in that wild place. After 15 minutes' search we found a path that signposted up the ridge, and discovered an old negro sitting before a wretched hut smoking his pipe while he kept his eyes on the flag. "What's the flag for?" I asked. "Perfection!" said he. "eah dey hab begin anudder resolution, so I put it up. I come heah 22 year ago an' hab dat wit' me. Yes, sah, I'm Georgy as cook on a steamer out o' Savannah. Like de place? Oh, yas. Plant yam an' coffee an' cassava. Resolutions don' trubble dis niggah. Ebery time deh resolve up goes dat deh flag an' dat's all der is to it."

BIG EUROPEAN BANQUETS.

Aberdeen Dinner With 2,400 Guests—Feast for French Mayors.

The 1900 club banquet to the colonial ministers at the Albert hall, with its 1,600 guests, is certainly of imposing scale, but it is scarcely, as stated by a contemporary, the "second largest dinner on record," the premier place being awarded to Lord Strathcona's Aberdeen dinner, at which the guests numbered 2,400 says the Westminster Gazette.

Some years ago the Lady Burdett-Coutts feasted 2,000 people at her house at Highgate. King Edward being among her guests. A little later his royal highness (as he then was) was one of 2,000 guests who sat down to a dinner in London; 2,500 were present at the banquet in honor of the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour in Waverly market, Edinburgh, some time ago.

But even such gargantuan feasts cannot compare with the banquet in 1889 at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, which was enjoyed by 13,000 guests of French towns, in addition to 2,000 other diners; nor with the feast Sir Watkin W. Wynne once gave in Wynnstay Park to 15,000 neighbors, a banquet at which 96 hogsheads and 1,440 bottles of ale were consumed.

THE MONEY END.

"Maurice Grau told me," said a composer, "that he owed his success to the fact that he produced opera solely from the business, never from the musical or artistic standpoint.

"Frank wasn't it? Most men in his line use his method, but hypocritically pretend to be artists.

"Poor Grau in our discussion said that he went to music as a certain perfume went to perfumes—not with the primary idea of producing something excellent, but with the primary idea of producing something novel, bizarre, profitable.

"This perfumer, he explained, said one day raily to a friend:

"Hurrab! I'm doing a pushing business. I'll be rich in a year. I've invented a new perfume that smells just like gasoline."

"But—," said his friend, "but—I don't—er—quite see the point."

"The stuff is selling like hot cakes," said the perfumer. "Men and women alike are buying it. You see, it tickles their vanity. They go about redolent of gasoline and people think that they own automobiles."

JUST THE REVERSE.

The owner of the ranch in one of the arid regions of the great west was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future. "But it is possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?" "It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid up for a rainy day, have you?" "Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day, I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."—Cleveland Leader.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

A recent headline, "Rule of the Dollar," has suggested the inquiry, "Who originated the familiar phrase, 'the almighty dollar'?" It was Washington Irving, in "The Creole Village," which he published in 1837. The phrase became so popular and excited so much controversy in consequence of a doubt whether the adjective were irreverent, that its author had to explain 18 years later that he intended "no irreverence, even to the dollar, which he is well aware is becoming daily more and more an object of worship." "Dollar" is certainly one of the world's greatest words now, and it is difficult to realize that it only means "valley," the "thaler" having been named after the Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, in whose valley it was first coined in the sixteenth century.—London Chronicle.

PUT LABELS ON CHILDREN.

London.—In one of the London boroughs an interesting experiment will be undertaken.

The parents of all young children who will be taken on outings have been requested to label the little ones so that if lost they may be sent home by the police.

FINDS COPPER AX.

Marquette, Mich.—A highly tempered copper ax was found in Presque by Robert Hume, a naturalist. It is undoubtedly of prehistoric manufacture. Files have been applied to the ax, but fail to scar it.

TAKE NAVY MESSAGES

TWO BOYS INTERCEPT AEROGRAMS OF UNCLE SAM.

Erect Station for Their Own Pleasure in Washington Which Seriously Interferes with Department—Can't Be Arrested.

Washington.—The next message of President Roosevelt may be aimed direct at Hugo Stahl and Harry Loveless, and if the message does not have the desired effect the "big stick" may be tried.

Hugo Stahl and Harry Loveless are neither railroad jugglers nor financial buccaneers. Probably no one who reads the newspapers ever heard their names before, but just at present they combine to make one of the sorest thorns in the side of the United States government, especially that department of it touchin' on and appertainin' to the United States navy.

Hugo is not yet quite 16 years old, and Harry, his chum and co-conspirator, is a few months younger. They are just boys, but between them they furnish a national problem to which no existing law of the land holds the key and which may call for a special act of congress to solve.

A couple of years ago Hugo, who is the son of a Washington policeman, and his chum, Harry, discovered that they were growing too old to find fun in tossing and catching baseballs. So they dropped the baseball and took up the more interesting game of juggling aerograms, real aerograms such as Marconi made. Most of all Washington lies between the homes of Hugo and Harry, but when they learned the Morse alphabet and set up a couple of poles and the rest of the complicated apparatus that goes with wireless telegraphy they found themselves as close as brothers. It took the boys a long time to perfect their system, and it is only recently it has been in such good working order that each boy could sit in his own attic with all the city between and talk to one another through the air.

That was all right until Hugo discovered that the sacred messages of the United States government, between its wireless stations and warships leagues away at sea, began to trickle down his catching pole. That annoyed Hugo at first because it interfered with his intercourse with his chum, but finally it gave him an idea. Since that idea came to the fertile brain of Hugo the navy department of the government has been as high in the air as its own wireless messages.

It found its most secret and important aerograms going astray, getting lost in transit and turning up in a jargon that seemed to have escaped from the playground of a kindergarten. That was how Hugo got even with the government for interfering with his talks across Washington.

This continued, with the whole navy department, from Secretary Metcalf down to the rayfitted operators at the navy yard, fuming and spluttering for an explanation, until the other day when President Roosevelt was returning up the Potomac on the Mayflower. The Mayflower tried to get into connection with the navy yard by wireless. Hugo Stahl had been staying up nights waiting for this, and the Mayflower's aerograms trickled into his attic. The messages that the Mayflower got and that the navy yard got made every departmental ear tingle and started an investigation that led to the discovery of Hugo's little plant.

The navy department laid the matter before the Washington authorities but up to the present it has been found impossible to stop the boys because there is no law that covers their pranks.

Until Attorney General Bonaparte finds time from his trustful labor to discover a law that fits the case, Hugo and his friend Harry can go on intercepting messages from Annapolis, Hampton roads, and vessels out at sea undisturbed. It is Hugo's ambition to catch messages from liners, especially Wall street messages, for he has dreams, that boy.

TO MARK CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Washington.—The war department will award within a few days the contract for 20,000 white marble headstones to mark the graves of the confederate soldiers and sailors who died in federal prisons and military hospitals in the north during the civil war and who were buried near the places of their confinement. This will be the first step toward action by the government to mark these graves. Col. William Elliott, an officer of the confederate army, and formerly representative from South Carolina, has been appointed commissioner to take charge of the work.

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London.—In one of the London boroughs an interesting experiment will be undertaken.

The parents of all young children who will be taken on outings have been requested to label the little ones so that if lost they may be sent home by the police.

Hundreds of children are lost in London on every bank holiday, and it is hoped that the label scheme will result in saving the police much trouble and parents much anxiety.

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