

DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS



S. N. D. North, director of the United States census since 1903, is busy preparing for the next general census which will be taken in 1910.

FIND GOLD OF MISER

ADMINISTRATOR REWARDED BY RAZING OLD HOUSE.

\$11,395.70 in Addition to \$12,000 Already Found—Owner Broke Engagement Years Ago and Lived a Recluse.

Garden City, L. I.—While tearing down the old farmhouse that for more than 40 years sheltered William Henry Jaynes, a recluse and miser, John McKenna and Sylvanus Demott found \$11,395.70, part of the hoard left by Jaynes at his death last December.

Jaynes in his younger days was happy and progressive. He was engaged to marry, when an accident caused an injury and cancer of the face, which made him decide to forego matrimony, and he became a recluse, living solely for the love of hoarding money.

Jaynes seldom left his home, which for years was isolated, but has since become very valuable, and is now near the exclusive Garden City colony and the golf links. He raised garden truck and sent it to Hempstead, Garden City and Meadow Brook. He converted his earnings into gold and greenbacks and hid these away. He had an aversion to banks and always pleaded extreme poverty to his few relatives, who occasionally visited him.

After his death relatives ransacked the house and more than \$12,000 was found secreted in various places. Holes were dug in various parts of the sea-cave farm and the barn was searched, without result.

Mr. Demott, one of the administrators, decided to tear down the old house and soon came upon several bags hanging inside the rafters. The planter had been removed to hide the money and again replaced.

In three of the bags, made of bed ticking, was over \$7,000 in five, ten and twenty-dollar gold pieces, and \$4,395.70 was found in bills and small change in other bags. All were covered with dust, and for years had been undisturbed.

Search of the old place is continuing, with fortune hunters digging everywhere about the place. Mr. Demott believes the estate will total \$50,000. There are five known heirs, and more are expected to file claims.

Leads Deer by the Ear. Harrisburg, Pa.—Harry Stahler, keeping the country store at Rockville, just west of this city, captured a live deer with his hands the other morning.

It was a full-grown doe, and had been chased into the river from the Cumberland shore, swimming a mile across to Rockville, where it was again beset by dogs.

Stahler heard the commotion and went to the deer's assistance. He drove away the dogs, and catching the deer by the ear, led it to his stable.

State Game Commissioner Knolous will send the deer to the state game reservation at Pine Grove.

Goes Walking with Goose. Washington.—George Hellen, a prominent member of the Metropolitan and A.M.I. clubs, has formed the curious habit of walking down the streets of Washington attended by a goose.

Mr. Hellen is one of the most popular men in Washington's smart set. He is about 40 years old. Every once in a while he takes a notion to do something unusual.

At one time he saw an organ grinder near the Metropolitan club, and took possession of the organ.

SEESAW WITH A PIANO.

Man on a Plank 100 Feet Up, on a Roof, Almost Turns Gray.

Allentown, Pa.—A peculiar method of hoisting a heavy piano to the upper floor of a tall building was so put to the test in this city as almost to turn the hair of Councilman and Piano Dealer Horace S. Schultz gray in a few minutes.

He and his men were moving the piano. To elevate it on the outside of the building a 14 foot plank was raised to the roof over 100 feet above the sidewalk. Only a few inches were allowed to project over the end of the roof, and to this end were attached a block and tackle.

Schultz then seated himself on the far end of the plank, to keep it down, and his assistants below began to hoist the piano. Half way up the cornice, on part of which the plank rested, gave way, and the latter shifted considerably and caused the plank and Schultz to rise every time the workers below heaved on the rope.

Mr. Schultz realized that it was useless to shout. To jump off the plank meant to allow the piano to crash to the pavement, and, perhaps, kill the men below. Swaying up and down, and every second threatened with being capitulated through the atmosphere, Schultz passed through about ten minutes of the most agonizing torture. Finally his plight was seen, an additional man of weight came to his relief, the plank was pressed down, and the hoisting of the piano was finished; and then Schultz, faint and sick, was taken off the roof.

MOTHER'S TEETH AID ELOPERS.

While Dentist is at Work Man Runs Off with Her Daughter.

Lewistown, Pa.—A shrewd ruse, which brought to 45-year-old John Tresler a 16-year-old bride, was unfolded here when Treasurer related to Justice of the Peace Patton how he had managed his elopement three weeks ago with pretty Nora Haines, a farmer's daughter, who lived at Lockport.

Tresler was well received at the Haines home, but because of his age he was not held favorably in the light of a suitor. Learning that Mrs. Haines intended having her teeth attended to, he brought a dentist, who is a friend of his, from Lewistown to the Haines home. While the dentist was at work the daughter slipped out a back door with her fiance and drove away to be married.

Tresler has been arrested, charged with abduction. When he and his girl-wife appeared in the courtroom the latter showed her marriage certificate, whereupon the mother's blessing was given. Tresler says he will pay the dentist's bill.

WATCH DOG IS A DETECTIVE.

Holds Up Man Running Away with His Owner's Shoes.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Discovering a stranger wearing a pair of his master's shoes, "Jake," a watchdog in the pharmacy of Dr. G. M. Hayes Deemer, attacked James Robinson, wearer of the shoes, on the Boardwalk, and held him until the arrival of policemen. Robinson said he believed the dog intended to chew him alive and his screams caused great excitement.

Dr. Deemer had presented the shoes to the man, who came here from Philadelphia and was making a bare living by doing odd jobs. Shod in the slightly worn foot coverings, Robinson was passing the drug store, when the dog's delicate olfactory senses scented his master's shoes.

Robinson insisted on returning the shoes rather than take another chance of being taken for a thief by the dog detective.

IMPROVED FORM OF INCUBATOR.

Operated by Electricity, Better Results Are Secured.

An electric incubator has been introduced in Europe, the operation of which is said to be attended by surer results than other methods, for the reason that it is capable of finer adjustment as far as heating and ventilation are concerned. One of the most difficult features of artificial poultry breeding is a proper supply of fresh air. In the electrical incubator air is supplied from underneath, the entering fresh air coming in contact with the eggs after being properly preheated by special radiators. This ventilation is controlled by opening to a variable extent the lateral slides fixed at the top of the apparatus. It should be remembered that ventilation plays the role of maintaining the life of the germ. While an ample supply of fresh air, therefore, is extremely valuable for the development of the germ, any excess of ventilation will prove detrimental; in fact, the surplus air will exert a drying action on the contents of the eggs. In this incubator the matter of ventilation and heating is looked after automatically.

HAVE SURPLUS OF FURNITURE.

Writer Criticizes Modern Methods of House Adornment.

Most people have far too much furniture in their houses, and certainly the majority indulge in too much textile fabric. Too many curtains, too many antimacassars, too many mats and cushions, says a writer in Good Health. All these things collect and hold dust, and curtains shut out fresh air and sunshine. Carpets, especially in the rooms we sleep in, I would abolish.

The bedroom carpet is a snare, and the sooner it makes its final exit the better for the family health. That great artist and critic, William Morris, once said: "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. This is counsel many women might take to heart, thereby making their homes more beautiful, and undoubtedly far easier to keep clean and orderly."

A Friend.

What is the best thing in life? I queried recently. I have raised the same question sometime, and found the majority of responses leaned to "human affection." Surely there is nothing that comes to us by the grace of God so helpful as this "friend," who may be a husband, a wife, a sister or a brother, who knows the best of us and the worst of us, and who can love us still, ready to stand by us till the morning when our craft has grounded in the shallows or is helplessly stationary in maelstrom vortex, when we need all the strength our God can give simply to live. My friend, simply to live! How rare friends are one soon realizes, and how priceless no words can duly say.—Home Chat.

Clinched His Statement.

They were cross-examining in a Chicago court recently, a bookmaker who had been caught in the toils for playing some other game than his own. The third sub-assistant district attorney was intent upon a conviction, however, and was doing his best, none too successfully, to shake the testimony of the defendant. "You're sure of that?" he yelled, as the bookmaker stuck to an assertion that did not suit the case of the state. "Sure, I am certain," came the answer. "You remember that you are under oath?" "I do that." "And you'd swear to this statement of yours?" "Swear to it? Why, Mr. Lawyer, and Judge, your honor, I'd bet a hundred on it any day."

How Coal Grows.

It takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, it being estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and that it would take a million years of vegetable growths to form a coal-bed ten feet in thickness. The United States has an area of more than 440,000 square miles of coal-fields, and more than 100,000,000 tons of coal were mined in this country last year—enough to run a ring around the earth at the center 5 1/2 feet wide and 5 1/2 feet thick. Competent scientists say that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for the next 3,000 years.

In the Same Boat.

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade. Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying: "Dear Mither and Faither—Just wait anither fortnicht an' I'll come hame an' gang wi' ye. Your affectionate son."

Belled Down.

"Tired of hearing my 'sugary words,' are you, Pussatilla Corkins!" howled the indignant Orlando. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me, Miss Corkins, what a sugary word is? What is it made of?" "It is made, Mr. Spoonamore," answered the fair Pussatilla, "of verbum sap."

Without another word of any description Orlando Spoonamore grabbed his hat and groped his way out into the darkness night. The blow had crushed him.

EXAMPLES OF MEDIEVAL ART.

Fine Stained Glass Windows Recently Received at New York.

The two German windows of stained glass among the recent acquisitions belong in period to the early sixteenth century, at the time when medievalism passes over into renaissance. The color is lighter and paler than that of the preceding century and is secondary in importance to the design. In the examples at the museum are certain tints of yellow that began to be used in the middle of the fifteenth century, as taste changed in favor of lighter rooms. The subjects of the windows are St. John and St. Maximine against a background of tapestry and architecture treated so as to appear on the same plane as the figures. The author of the note on the windows in the Museum Bulletin says: "The drawing is undoubtedly the work of a painter—and a very good one—of the Ober-Rhein school, and that as St. Maximine was bishop of Trier, the supposition that the glass is from that source is probably correct. Very fine examples of the same period are those in the nave of Cologne cathedral.—New York Times.

APPLES ONLY ON APPLE TREES.

Small Girl a Humorist, Though Probably Unconscious.

A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture.

One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the little girl; "father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."—Harper's Weekly.

Making Furniture Like New.

Where there are fine pine like scratches on new furniture they may be easily remedied by using pulverized rottenstone, that can be bought ready for use. Put this on a soft flannel rag and rub into the surface of the seat, back or arms of a chair or on the top of a table. It will not only take off the defects, but bring a polish to the wood.

To remove the rottenstone with a damp piece of chambray carefully wipe the wood, and when all trace of this is gone a bright lustre can be brought to the surface of the wood by rubbing it lightly with a soft piece of cheesecloth moistened with alcohol.

The latter must be used sparingly on furniture, for it burns the varnish and will ruin the appearance of the rocker or table if enough is put on to scorch the surface.

No Smoke in Volcanoes.

The materials ejected from volcanoes are chiefly vapor or water, lava, cinders, rock fragments and various gases. There is no true smoke emitted and very little perceptible flame. In most cases the light and the so-called "flames" are the glow of the molten lava and its reflection on the clouds of vapor. The passage through which the eruptive matter rises to the surface is called the chimney or vent and the bowl-like enlargement of it, commonly at the summit of the mountain and often of great size, is called the crater. There may be a number of craters on one cone.

Man's Heart is a Shuttle.

A man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does, and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread which is white or black as the pattern needs. And in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were a beautiful beauty as the bright and high colors.—Becher.

The "Infanta."

Infanta is the title given in Spain and Portugal to the princess of the royal family, with the exception of the heir apparent, the corresponding title of infanta being given to princesses. Since the fourteenth century the heir apparent to the throne of Spain has been styled prince of Asturias, and the heir apparent in Portugal, until the separation of Brazil from the mother country, bore the title of prince of Brazil.

The House of Lords.

The higher nobility or peerage of England contains five ranks: Duke, marquis, earl, viscount and baron. All persons holding these titles are members of the upper house of parliament, where they sit as lords temporal. The archbishops and bishops of the established church are termed lords spiritual. They are not peers of the realm, but have seats in the upper house.

Looking for the Fifth.

The leading lady passed down the avenue with her speckled bull pup. "That's the star," whispered the sweet singer. "Star, ah?" laughed the low comedian. "Then I'd call her Jupiter. She has had four moons." "Four moons?" "Yes, honeymoons."

PROPER EVEN IN HIS SNORING.

Fallen Dandy Evidently Was Idiot to King's Messenger.

When Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy, was, in consequence of his fallen fortunes, residing at Calais, he had occasion to visit Paris. Through the kindness of the consul at the former place, he was enabled to accompany a king's messenger to the capital, and thus travel free of expense. When the messenger returned, Beau was curious to know how he and his aristocratic companion had fraternized upon the road. "What kind of a travelling companion did you find Mr. Brummell?" asked he. "Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Ah! And what did he say?" "Say, sir? Nothing. He slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way? Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored!" The messenger acknowledged that Brummell did so, but immediately, as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, added, with great gravity: "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman!"

SUPERSTITION HARD TO DOWN.

Level-Headed City Men Fight Shy of Number Thirteen.

Of all classes of people, the business man has been justly given credit for being the most balanced and the least subject to emotional influences. Yet superstition occasionally shows itself in the commercial world in a way that is often very disconcerting to the realist.

"Have a thirteenth floor in this building?" queries a part owner of one of the famous office buildings in New York. "Never! The thirteenth floor is sometimes difficult to rent; tenants would prefer to go higher or lower."

The 13 hoodoo affects more other wise-sane men than is acknowledged. Many of the most famous business buildings in the country have no thirteenth floor—the fourteenth story follows the twelfth. By following this plan we take the least risk. As the names of tenants are arranged alphabetically on the directory the omission is seldom noticed.—System.

Mean Joke of Doctor.

The celebrated French physician, Ricordi, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricordi without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricordi, in the meantime, had disappeared.

Crow Destroyed Pheasant Eggs.

A party of boys while hunting for flowers discovered a pheasant's nest on the farm owned by Albert Hackett, north of this village, a few days ago. They visited the locality of the nest daily to see when the mother bird would begin to set, as at that time the eggs in the nest numbered 13. The other day when some of the party made the visit, a crow was found in possession of the nest, and when it was driven away it was discovered that each pheasant's egg had been punctured by the crow's bill and the contents sucked out, so that nothing but shells were in the nest.—Manchester Correspondent Rochester Herald.

Statuses to Women.

In the streets of London there are only five statues to women. Four of these are queens and the fifth is Mrs. Siddons, whose statue as the tragic muse is in Paddington Green. In the matter of memorial tablets women fare no better, as out of fully 100 affixed to houses where celebrated people dwell only four have women's names upon them. These commemorate Fanny Burney (Mrs. D'Arlby), Joanna Baillie, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Mrs. Siddons.

Blood Heat.

The normal temperature of the human body is about 98 1/2 degrees, Fahrenheit. This is known as blood heat, and is maintained within one or two degrees, whether in the arctic or tropical regions. In the animal kingdom mammals have about the same temperature as man; birds are warmer than man by eight or ten degrees, while reptiles, fishes and all invertebrates differ only slightly from the temperature of the medium in which they live.

The One Place.

"In this age of graft and mud rakers," remarked the cheerful idiot, "there is at least one place where honesty and truth may always be found."

"For goodness' sake, where?" queried the doubting Thomas. "In the dictionary," answered the idiot, as he hurriedly left the dining room.

Babies Falling Off.

French economists noted with apprehension the shrinkage of the birth rate. "At this decline," they reasoned, "the soothing syrup and kindred industries are going to the bad." Thereupon they called a convention to talk it over.

WHY SHE "SHOOK" HER FRIEND.

Shopper Preferred to Be Alone When Purchasing Shoes.

A woman sat down in the shoe department of a New York store and bade the clerk hurry. "I left a friend at the lace counter," she said, "and I want to get my shoes fitted before she gets here."

The clerk apparently appreciated the circumstances. He worked fast, and in an incredibly short time the woman had selected three satisfactory pairs of shoes.

"I wonder why she was so anxious to get through before her friend came," remarked another customer. "For the same reason that makes every woman want to shop alone when buying shoes," laughed the clerk. "She has rather a large foot, and she didn't want her friend to find out what number she wears. It is seldom that the purchasers of shoes shop in pairs. They may hang together when buying any thing else in the store, but when it comes to shoes each woman strikes out for herself. The only exception is the woman who has an unusually small foot. She would take her whole list of acquaintances along when buying shoes if she could."

LIKE THE ORDINARY MORTAL.

High Church Dignitary Had Name to Sign to Check.

A comical story is told of the archbishop of York, who is an ardent fisherman. Not long ago he betook him self for a few days to a little Yorkshire village, which boasted a good trout stream, and put up at a clean but modest hotel.

His grace on his arrival informed the landlord who he was, and on leaving wrote a check for his bill and handed it to his host.

The landlord closely scanned the signature and asked: "What name is this?"

"W. Ebor," answered his grace. "Ah," said the landlord, as he pecked at the check. "I thought you were telling me a falsehood when you told me you were the archbishop of York."

The man evidently did not know that an archbishop had a name like an ordinary person.

Pressed Clear Through.

Children have a very fair idea of what constitutes justice, and decidedly object to being punished more than they think they deserve. A bright, little seven-year-old committed some trifling misdemeanor and was taken to task very seriously by her mother. After listening some time in silence, Mabel said: "What makes you keep talking to me so, mamma?" "Because," replied the mother, "I want to impress it upon your mind so that you won't do it again." "Well," was the response, with the faintest quiver of grief in her voice, "I think I'm pressed clear through now." What could the mother do but conclude that the lesson had been sufficiently "pressed" for the time being, and send the little culprit about her play?

Why Are We So Hard?

The following motto was on the wall of a woman's bedroom: "Let us take hands and help each other to-day, because we are alive together."

She is a bride of a year, and that is the sentiment with which she furnished her bedroom and tried to carry out in her everyday life. The hard blow we give with a word, the mean thought or harsh judgment recoils on ourselves. No woman who is hard and critical is happy.

"Take hands and help each other to-day" is the sure road to contentment and happiness.

Got Even with Maud.

Shirley Brooks, one time editor of Punch, was noted for his whimsical humor. "It annoys me," he said, one day, "if I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on some one, and the maid, in her rudest manner, told me he was not in, and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged upon her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell, and in my meekest manner mildly said: 'Did I say he was?'"

Married Chums.

"Has he any friends?" asked the judge of a prisoner in the dock. "No, only a wife," was the matter-of-fact reply of the witness. Rather hard on the wife not to be counted as her husband's friend, wasn't it? It is the perfection of marriage when a couple are real chums, as well as lovers, just as it is the perfection of parenthood when children count mother and father their real, best friends.

Looking for Trouble.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who propounds questions in sections. "Did I ever notice what?" asked the party of the audience part. "That people who meet trouble half way nearly always stand on a corner and wait for happiness to come along?" concluded the installment querist.

Depends on the Two.

"You don't believe, then, that two can live cheaper than one?" "I do in some cases," replied Titwad. "Two ordinary women can live cheaper than the one I married."—Kansas City Times.

At Freshman Glee Club Trials. First Freshman—What are you doing there? You haven't any voice. Second Freshman—I know it, but I've got a dress suit.—Yale Record.