

PLANT DEFIES SKILL OF MAN.

All Efforts to Cultivate Edelweiss Artificially Have Failed.

The edelweiss farmers are busy now, said Mr. Stump, the interlaken fibrist. "In all the highlands of the Bernese Oberland...

BECOME USED TO EARTHQUAKES.

Dwellers in the Tropics Pay Little Heed to the Shocks.

To the average resident of the temperate zone an earthquake is a rare and terrible event, creating more consternation than any other visitation of nature.

You are sitting on a piazza, of a hot afternoon, chatting with your friends, when suddenly the sky seems to grow hazy, the crows stop cawing and the buzzards quit fighting in the street.

The old natives say: "We are going to have a little strike, and then the house begins to rock, the tumbler fall of the table, you feel deadly sick at the stomach, and the thing is all over."

There is something inexpressibly terrifying, however, about the trembling of the earth. The slightest oscillation will awaken the population of the whole town, but unless some considerable damage is done, everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.

Why He Kicked.

"Some people are chronic kickers," growled the hotel clerk, "and it's no use trying to satisfy them."

"What's the trouble now?" queried the reporter. "You saw that solemn-looking chap making a get-away as you came in?"

"I pass," said the pencil pusher. "A few minutes later," continued the key juggler, "he rushed back to the office, mad as a March hare, and jumped all over me, figuratively speaking."

King's Free and Easy Manners.

King Frederick and Queen Louise are both very much loved in Denmark, although at times the king, it is thought, goes too much out of his way to win popularity.

At the beginning of his reign he used to send for people whom he saw from the castle windows passing through the castle yard to come and have a chat with him. Then, in the evening he would take a stroll with the princesses to a crowded place near his summer residence, called the "Danish Trouville," which is frequented mostly by shop people, and speak to everybody at random.

Knocking a Theory.

They stood before a reproduction of the Venus of Melos. "Her hands must have been beautiful," said one.

"Very," assented the other. "I wonder what position they were in?" "I have a theory that she was represented as busied at her toilet. One hand probably held a small mirror."

"And the other a powder puff, eh? But that theory won't work." "And why not?" "Had she been at her toilet her mouth would have been full of hairpins."

Mr. Asquith's Style.

One of the qualities which account for Mr. Asquith's success in the senate has always been one of perfect mastery of himself and perfect mastery of his subject. However big the task which confronts him, you see him always the same—calm, easy, without haste, without hesitation.

MISSION RULE IN CALIFORNIA.

Old Documents That Reveal Important Historical Facts.

Among the first published results of the numerous researches made possible by the acquisition of the Bancroft Library by the University of California has been issued in bulletin form by Prof. A. L. Kroeber. The paper is a translation and study of an official document prepared in California under the mission rule, nearly a century ago, and contains many important additions to the knowledge of the customs, arts and habits of the Indians that were gathered at the missions.

SHOW AN ASTONISHING POWER.

Growing Plants Capable of Lifting Tons of Weight.

Experiments of a peculiar character have been carried out at several of the noted agricultural colleges of the United States, the object being to ascertain the lifting power of growing plants of different species. Farmers are well acquainted with the fact that the roots of trees will disrupt and sometimes overturn a stone wall, but the lifting power of tender vegetables is equally surprising.

The one result which has, perhaps, attracted the greatest attention is the discovery that a weight of 2 1/2 tons can be lifted by the common Yankee pumpkin in the course of its development.

Dr. Carpenter relates the story of a paving stone, weighing 55 pounds, that was raised from its bed (when joined by others on all four sides) by such a soft piece of fungi as the common mushroom. And still another and more remarkable story is added to the above.

A man having a cask of sweet wine, placed it in an empty cellar to mature. When examined several years later it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward upon the tender shoots of a vine fungus, with which the cellar was filled.

Prisoners' Dodge.

The employment of foreign substances to help in simulating disease is common in prisons. Lime scraped from the cell wall or the surface of an old brick has been used to aggravate sores or produce inflammation of the eyes. But simple acting has been practiced with amazing perseverance and complete success. The late Maj. Arthur Griffiths, who knew as much of prisoners' ways as any one in the service of that department of the home office and had had thousands under his control, gave an account of a deception practiced at Dartmoor by a convict who was supposed to have the bones of his foot diseased.

Family Well Supplied with Thumbs.

Seven men with 28 thumbs is the rather remarkable record of John Hoge and his six sons, who live on a ranch near Blacktower, N. M.

The elder Hoge was born with two thumbs on each hand, both fully developed and both under perfect muscular control. He is the father of six big healthy sons, each of whom has two extra thumbs, just as well developed and under control as his father's. The men say they suffer no inconvenience from their peculiar deformity.

All wear gloves during certain seasons of the year, but in order to fit their hands they are forced to have them made to order, each with a double set of thumbs.—Albuquerque Correspondence Denver Post.

The Problems of the Poor.

Miss Jane Adams has much to say about the lack of foresight in parents who sacrifice their children for the sake of a home, "a modest home and lace curtains" being often the reason for the work of the white slave children in the factories. Life seems a pretty complicated problem for the poor and no simple or direct process seems possible in the solving. Each must no doubt work it out for himself, and no doubt a modest home and lace curtains may in some cases prove the only way out of the difficulty.

The Retort Medical.

"Did you pay your fare, madame?" asked the conductor, politely. "Don't come to me with your lapses of memory," she retorted. "What you want to do is to see a doctor." "But had she paid her fare?" whispered the man opposite her to his friend. "Certainly not," said the friend. "I saw her when she came in."

WORST FOES OF THE LEVEES.

Sources of Danger to the Artificial Banks Along the Mississippi.

"People who know little about our system of levees, the artificial banks built to confine the flood waters that pour into the Mississippi, no doubt imagine that the heavy rains are the only enemy with which the levees have to contend," said D. J. Gerry of Baton Rouge, La.

"On the contrary, the levees, both during times of flood and low water, are subject to the incessant attacks of living foes, the destructive work of which costs millions of dollars. These foes are alligators, turtles, muskrats, field rats, fresh water terrapins and crawfish. Of all these burrowers that prey on the levees, excavating within them goodly chambers or tunnels, the crawfish do the most damage, with the turtles and terrapins a good second. The harm done by the alligators is comparatively small."

"In repairing the banks crawfish holes are often found of immense size. It is these hollow spaces that in time of freshets cause a caving in and break of the levees, which of course brings on an inundation of all the adjacent country. The worst part of the business is that no way of exterminating these pests has yet been found, and the only thing to be done is to try to keep them away from the banks as much as possible."

BELIEVES FAST IS TOO LONG.

Physician Sees Danger in Emptiness of Stomach During Sleep.

Many persons, says a well-known doctor, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and he is of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

It is logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par. If we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality, and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor are the results.

Poor Wages in British Army.

In the British army the daily pay of a second lieutenant is 5s. 3d. (with deductions), and when that officer goes on a government transport he has to pay 6s. 6d. a day for his food alone. The pay of a major is 13s. 7d. a day, average service 13 to 20 years, so he would be about 40 years of age and very likely married. There are no married quarters for him and he is allowed no lodging allowance. Hitherto he had hopes of better pay and allowances when he became commanding officer of a regimental district, but those appointments have been swept away and a major has nothing to look forward to as such, unless he is a staff college man. The only officers who receive a living wage are the staff, the royal engineers and the departmental officers. The regimental officers, the backbone of the army, receive little or nothing and, unless they have friends who can provide for them with an annual allowance, they are bound to get into debt.

New Fountain of Youth.

A certain poet famous for the warmth of her earlier effusions desires to avoid the learned wrinkle that becomes a part of the literary fate. So she has above her desk a little mirror in which she glances occasionally as she writes, and if she finds her brow wrinkled in thought she breaks it by smiling vividly and murmuring some assertion of "Peace, Joy and Serenity!"

School Nurses Are Successful.

New York is quite well satisfied with the nurse in the schools, and no doubt another year will see more of them installed. As one instance of the work of the nurse, it is reported that 350 children supposed to be so mentally deficient were found to be so only because they were physically unable to do the work required of them. No doubt in the schools of the future the school nurse, taking to the homes the best ideas in regard to health and hygiene, will be considered as much a part of the school system as the teachers.

Reviving Old Industries.

Several American women who have married into English families are seeking to revive decaying industries in their parts of the country. The duchess of Roseburg is supporting the Scotch plaid industries; Lady Suffolk is turning Malvernshire into a lace-making town; lace and fine linen industries in Italy have been revived by Marchessa de Vitis, who was Miss Dunham, and she will have a sale in London very soon.

MAD LOST TRACK OF HISTORY.

Italian Evidently Knew Nothing of Declaration of Independence.

Louis Morris Iddings of New York, diplomatic agent of the United States to Egypt, and at present on leave of absence in this country, tells the following anecdote as an illustration of how backward in civilization are certain remote districts of Italy. Having been secretary of the embassy in Rome for many years, Mr. Iddings can well qualify as an expert.

During his secretaryship it appears that relatives of an expatriated Italian who had come to the United States were endeavoring to locate their long lost dear one, having heard through friends who had returned to the native village in the Apennine mountains that he was making mints of money in America.

Their inquiries, in the form of an appeal, were drawn up by the enlightened mayor of the village, who forwarded them to the British embassy in Rome, possibly after a careful study of his own prehistoric atlas.

Mr. Jardine Kidston, the British charge d'affaires, who received the communication, referred it to the attention of the American embassy, inclosing the document with a note to this effect:

"My Dear Iddings: Can you do anything for this applicant, the mayor of Rococannuccia? His honor's knowledge of geography seems a bit hazy, and it is evident that he has not yet heard of the Declaration of Independence."

DRUG STORE AS FITTING ROOM.

Precedent Clerk Hopes Will Not Be Generally Followed.

The drug clerk said he didn't mind it that one time; still he did hope it wouldn't become a fad.

"I don't know how the rest of the customers would feel about it," he said. "Personally, I don't think I should mind. I like to be accommodating. That is why I said: 'Yes when the woman with red hair asked if she might stand before the long mirror to the right of the soda fountain and turn up the hem of her new skirt.'"

"I have no long mirror at home," she said, "and it is so hard to get a skirt to hang even around the bottom when you have nothing to look into except one of those dinky little glasses found in most boarding houses."

"Well, when she got my permission to turn the drug store into a fitting room, she hustled away and presently she returned with the new skirt and a paper of pins. She slipped that skirt over the one she wore, as cool as anything, and then for half an hour she teetered and tilted around in front of that mirror, turning up the hem. I felt a little embarrassed myself, but she didn't mind. But maybe that was because the skirt looked so nice. Still, as I said before, I hope turning up hems in front of this glass won't become popular."

Dories in School of Sharks.

Ships coming to port from No Man's Land bring reports of schools of ravenous sharks that infest the ocean adjacent to Martha's Vineyard.

Members of the crew of the fishing schooner Priscilla, Capt. Fred De Wolf, declare that fishermen in the Priscilla's dories had a battle with a school of sharks that tried to overturn the boats. A critical moment came when the sharks rushed on the dories from several ways at once. The boats were kept upright with great difficulty. Some of the sharks leaped from the water as if to view what was in the boats. In the rush three of the biggest sharks became engaged in a battle among themselves, an opportunity which the fishermen took to row hastily to the schooner. One of the sharks, it is said, was more than 15 feet long.—Boston Herald.

The Country Weaker.

Henry G. Burton of Atchison, whose slum work has given him wide knowledge of the poor, was praising America's many country weak associations.

"They do a deal of good," he said. "And nothing is more interesting than to go on one of the country weak excursions in charge of a lot of slum children who have never seen the country before."

"A kind-hearted little slum girl in my party saw one evening a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted: 'Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on these beautiful little birds?'"

Greyhound Slew Rival.

A tragedy has happened in the study of M. Clemenceau, the French premier. He had two favorite dogs, one a splendi did griffon and the other an equally fine Russian greyhound. M. Clemenceau lavished attentions on the griffon, regardless of the significant growls of the greyhound. The griffon had been favored with several chocolate lates more than the greyhound. In a burst of jealousy the greyhound threw itself upon its too fortunate rival and strangled it.

Ambiguous.

"Yes, the editor scanned my poem and seemed surprised. He said that it was fortunate for the world that I hadn't turned by peculiar talent into other channels. Rather a poor compliment, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps. It depends entirely on the point of view. It is quite possible you know, that he meant to convey the impression that your poem was stalen."

THIEF RETURNED THE MONEY.

Clever Ruse by Which Frenchman Recovered His Hoard.

G. Bourcier, St. Chaffray of the Zand car said at a dinner in Michigan City of a loss that he had more than made up:

"I made up that loss cleverly, did I not? It is like an old blind great-uncle of mine whom my father used to tell of. 'My great-uncle once buried \$4,000 in gold louis under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it, and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully."

"Some days later my uncle brought 50 more louis down to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth. 'He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He seemed thoughtful and distrustful, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind. 'Well, I'll tell you,' said my great-uncle, frankly, 'I have 1,000 louis hid away in a safe place, and to-day a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money or to put it where the other is. What do you advise?'"

"Why," said the neighbor, eagerly, "if your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this other money there, too. 'My great-uncle said firmly that that was what he would do; it was the wisest course. Then he took his leave."

"And when, next day, he went to the pear tree again, there, sure enough, was his lost 1,000 louis, all put back again."

WEBSTER GREAT IN ALL THINGS.

Theodore Parker's Tribute to This Man of Brilliant Parts.

He was a great man, a man of the largest mold, a great body and a great brain; he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, so huge—seldom such a face since the stony features of Michelangelo.

Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country who knew him not, started at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fire, great passions and great thoughts.—Theodore Parker.

A Pointer on China.

At the present time money goes on further in China than in any other part of the world, the days of cheap living in the orient have passed, and when a man is offered a salary of \$100 a month he should find out if the \$100 is in American dollars or in the varying silver currency of China. If the salary is paid in American money he will find that owing to the exigencies of exchange, in one month \$100 gold will bring about \$150 in local China dollars, while a year later, at a different rate of exchange, it may equal \$250.

When at the latter rate, however, its purchasing power will be little better than the \$100 of a year before, and when the \$100 gold again degenerates to \$180 local currency, as it is liable to do, he finds that the price of everything has advanced and the purchasing power of his money has dropped to its original status. In other words, he is losing \$80 a month. Exchange is the bugbear of the man of limited means in China.

Dickens and the Theater.

Charles Dickens was a great patron of the theater. He allowed himself one night to be taken to the play by a friend who was interested in the piece which happened to occupy the boards. The man in charge of the door would not admit them without payment, but after awhile the authoritative official was found and the necessary permission secured. The performance, unfortunately, proved to be very dull, but for the sake of his friend the famous novelist endured it with stoical calmness. In leaving, however, he stared about him and remarked with simple pathos: "I am looking for that kind-hearted man who was not for letting us in. I should like to give him a shilling."—Dundee Advertiser.

Native American Wit.

During the last session of congress a newly appointed representative called on a brother congressman to ask him to support a certain measure. The new representative is an accomplished member of one of the well-known Indian tribes.

The elder member, with a patronizing air, smiled his disapproval of the request made, and asked: "How did they happen to send you to congress?"

"Well, you know, the country never sends its best men to congress," quickly replied the Indian representative.—Sunday Magazine.

PELTED BY PATAGONIAN LADIES.

Dusky Belles Resented Refusal to Supply Them with Tobacco.

Capt. A. E. Gova, who has had experience in the naval service of Uncle Sam, got back recently from a trip in the new steel tug E. G. Reynolds from this port by way of the Straits of Magellan, to Panama, says the New York Sun.

At Punta Arenas the Reynolds proceeded the battleship fleet by a day or so, and it was two days passing through the straits. More Patagonians appeared in skin canoes. There were many women in the canoes, and they made motions with their hands and mouths indicating they wanted a chew of tobacco, and that was what was the matter with them. As every man aboard the tug had only enough tobacco to last him to his destination at Panama he did not offer any to the dusky chewers. Then they pelted the tug with charcoal. Their aim was so true and their projectiles were hurled under cover aboard the Reynolds. The skipper himself got a smattering of raags. But the scorers' gettings on kept on his trail, yelling and continuing the charcoal bombardment.

The Reynolds was 50 days and 19 hours making the trip, counting all stops. Capt. Gova says this is the record from New York for a small steam vessel. The tug was turned over to the United States authorities at Panama for use in conjunction with the building of the Panama canal.

CONTRACT NOT TO HIS LIKING.

Reason Why Man Milliner Would Not Make Hat for Dog.

Herman Patrick Tappe is an Ohio young man who, a year or so ago, married a wealthy New York widow. Now he has a military establishment in Fortieth street. The other day a handsome young woman came into his place, carrying a small brute of a poodle in her arms. "Good afternoon," said Mr. Tappe. The woman bowed distantly and began to undo the poodle. The dog had on a raincoat, vividly crimson. He wore dainty rubber boots on his feet, strapped to his ankles—if dogs have ankles. A small chest protector kept the chill from his delicate lungs. Two gold teeth shone at Mr. Tappe in the snarl of a worthless, pampered, over-fed favorite.

"I want you to construct a hat for Pompos," said the proud owner. She adjusted the shivering little wretch on one of Mr. Tappe's silk upholstered chairs. "I haven't been able yet to find a milliner who can do justice to the lines of her dear little lace. Oo's muser's 'littie Pompos, isn't he?"

Mr. Tappe said he feared he couldn't do Pompos justice. "I make hats for ladies, not for dogs," said he. The woman waxed indignant. "Just as if Pompos isn't as good as any lady," she said. "Why do you think you couldn't do the little darling justice? I'm sure she has very aristocratic features."

"I'll tell you why I couldn't do that much justice," said Mr. Tappe, losing hold on the cast of Vere de Vere for a moment. "Because I'm not running a dog pound, that's why. And I haven't a tin can and two feet of string handy."

Blessings on New Buildings.

It is a custom in Russia to open all new buildings and institutions, public or private, with a religious dedication. Even the proprietary builder of a small cottage or workshop, who cannot afford to pay for the attendance of a priest to bless and sprinkle with holy water a new structure, always hoists a wooden cross, nailed to the topmost pole in the scaffolding, as his dwelling or workshop approaches completion, symbolic of an appeal for God's blessing upon the new premises.

This custom appeared somewhat incongruous on the establishment of the government liquor monopoly, whose every vodka store was solemnly opened with a religious ceremony. At Kishineff, when a new opera house was opened with the usual religious function, the local journal, Bessarabian Life, made some scolding remarks, for which the proprietary editor has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

A Hint.

Senator Fulton, at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington, told a tipping story.

"In Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me, the first of every month, a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip. 'But one morning I was very busy, and when the old boy brought his fish I thanked him hurriedly, and forgetting his tip, best over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: 'Senator, would ye be so kind as to get it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum.'"

Ominous.

"Pardon me, old man," began the veteran boarder, "but we don't want to lose you, and I just want to warn you that you'd better begin to pack something up your board."

"Why?" asked the new boarder. "Well, I noticed that Mrs. Starvorn was dangerously polite to you this morning."

Not Drains.

Miss—What sort of a fellow is the Stella—Well, I should say that he had ordered brains and then someone manded the order.