

LILY THAT LOOKS LIKE MASK OF M'KINLEY.



This flower recently was on exhibition in California. It forms a remarkable portrait of William McKinley, twenty-fourth president of the United States, who was assassinated by Czolgosz in 1901.

GOOD GOUT REMEDY

Episcopal Rector Finds Effective Cure in Old Bucksaw.

Veteran Decides to Sever Gastronomic Relations with Canvasbacks, Terrapin and Wines and Turn to Tree Chopping.

New York.—The Rev. J. Prescott, of St. Ann's P. E. church, Sayville, L. I., has added a bucksaw to the weapons with which he fights the world, the flesh and the devil and the other day he appeared on the streets of the village with the bucksaw over his shoulder to show his parish how effective he is.

Dr. Prescott (if he isn't a doctor already he will be soon, having discovered something) has been the rector of St. Ann's for 37 years and for the last two or three years has suffered great agony of mind and body because he was popular and had so many millionaires among his summer parishioners. He never gets a chance to eat a wholesome meal of crumbs with Lazarus, but day in and day out has to sit up at the table with Dives and the result is he has developed just as fine a case of gout as if he were a millionaire himself.

But in a very short time Dr. Prescott won't have any gout, thanks to the bucksaw, which beats goat's milk, and which, let it be said with no irreverence, seems to have been in this case more effective than prayer. Fasting might have helped some, but, as already explained, the rector never got an opportunity to fast.

There probably never was a country parson who knew more about canvasbacks and terrapin and the merits of rare vintages than Dr. Prescott. He gave up the vintage some time ago, but it was too late to cast devil's net that foot by such a simple sacrifice. They got worse and rheumatism came to help them in the torture of the good domine.

He fled the millionaires of his parish that he might live the simple life for a spell in the Mohawk valley. There he had a special goat for the production of his milk supply and for the sake of variety he added butter-milk. But in spite of that Dr. Prescott's gout got no better and he returned to Sayville the other day convinced that as long as he had to have the troubles of his pastorate he might as well leave the social joys.

It was three days ago that he discovered the bucksaw by accident. He wanted a pine tree removed from the rectory yard, so that more sunlight could reach his aching foot when he put it up on the arm chair on the veranda. While thinking about it he hobbled into the woodshed and there saw the bucksaw.

Then he had an inspiration. Seizing an ax, he tackled the tree himself. Finally getting the tree down, he started to saw it up for firewood. That night he slept the sleep he used to know before he knew how to dine. That job finished, he tackled another tree that threatened to fall. The devil was cast out.

The other day Dr. Prescott went forth into the streets of the village, taking the saw with him. Whenever a surprised parishioner commented upon the agility with which he walked the rector pointed to the saw and told of the cure.

The trustees of the church are delighted about the improvement in Dr. Prescott's condition, but are worried about the shade trees on the church lawn. It may be necessary either for the rich parishioners to substitute some simple cereal for pate de foie gras when they have the rector to dinner or for the church to purchase a piece of timber land near the village.

BEAVERS TROUBLE A FARMER

Now That Punishment is Fixed for Killing Animals, They Return to New Jersey in Droves.

Two Bridges, N. J.—When the New Jersey legislature passed a law forbidding the taking of a beaver in the state under the penalty of \$100 fine for each beaver and possibly jail, it was subjected to ridicule, for then the beavers had all been taken. Since then the beaver has returned to the state from somewhere, particularly in Sussex county, where several colonies have established themselves.

Some of these have increased so that one on Lubber run, in Bryan township, contains 40 of the busy dam builders. There are smaller colonies on the streams near Blair, one not far from Two Bridges, and one at the ancient home of these animals, Beaver lake. At all of these places they have chopped down trees and built their dams across the streams.

The big colony at Lubber run is becoming a serious problem to the dwellers in its vicinity. The beavers have thrown a dam across the run at a point where the adjoining land is level with the banks of the stream. This has turned the modest little creek into a lake that has flooded several acres of the fine bottom land on the farm of John Hovey to his material damage.

The beaver dam is so solidly woven and fortified in construction that it has defied all of Farmer Hovey's efforts to make a break in it so the water in the lake it has backed up over his farm might be drained. The penalty for trapping the colony and getting them out of the way of doing further damage in their efforts to re-establish their race in New Jersey would amount to almost as much as the value of his farm, and it might also land him in jail, so that is out of the question.

Farmer Hovey has applied to the New Jersey fish commission for authority to do something that will relieve the situation. If that body has no power to aid him and the beavers continue to take possession of his land, he will try what a suit for damages against the state will do for him.

At the present time the beavers are busy building their winter huts around the lake they have made, and evidently purpose becoming permanent settlers.

BATTLES WITH BIG SALMON

English Fisherman Has Long Struggle with Big Fish—Friends Go to His Rescue.

London.—A prominent member of the Liverpool Fly Fishing club went angling in the River Tyne at Garstang the other day. He did not return to dinner in the evening and his friends thought of all the terrible things that might have befallen him and trembled. His friends formed a search party, and armed with lanterns, set out along the river side at midnight. At length they came upon him—holding on like grim death to a magnificent salmon. He had hooked the fish early in the evening, but his rod being a light one, he had been unable to land it. His friends had found him and they helped him to hoist in the refractory salmon. "I never anticipated such a delightful experience," he told his would-be rescuers as he tore off his prize in triumph.

Newboy is Noted Singer. Vienna.—William Miller, once a newboy in Pittsburgh, has just been engaged to sing tenor at the Imperial opera house here, at the highest figure ever paid a foreigner—\$12,000 for the season. He will take the place of Leo Slezak, who was enticed away by the Metropolitan opera in New York.

SHEDS LIGHT ON MONUMENT

British Scientist Explains Uses of Stonehenge and Other Similar Structures.

"British astronomer-priests" is the name of a new class of functionaries which has been brought to light by Sir Norman Lockyer in his studies of the ancient British monuments at Stonehenge and elsewhere. He found "temple axes, avenues, and circles with outstanding stones arranged so as to indicate not only certain 'clock-stars,' but also the direction in which sunrise was to be looked for at the beginning of May, August, November and February. Some of the outstanding stones must have been illuminated at night; not only must the priests and deacons have had a place to live in, but a sacred fire must have been kept going perpetually. The monuments, from an astronomical point of view, were simply calendars enabling people to know and recognize from past experience the different parts of the year by the place of sunrise or sunset, and they were also night dials, enabling them to differentiate between the early and the late hours of the night."

WOULD WAIT LONG FOR LOAN

Good if Somewhat Irreverent Story Told at a Gathering of State Bankers.

George E. Roberts, president of the Commercial National bank of Chicago, who made a speech before the state bankers' convention at Louisville the other day, mentioned resourcefulness as the quality of the ideal banker. In explaining the possibilities of the resourceful man Mr. Roberts told a story which some of those present said they had heard before. However, it seemed to make a hit with the bankers, so the Courier-Journal repeated it. According to Mr. Roberts's version, an Irishman, who was, of course, named Pat, went to heaven and was met at the door by St. Peter. Pat passed the time of day and commented upon the grandeur of everything around him, and then St. Peter said: "Yes, this is a great place. With us a million years are just like a minute and a million dollars like a cent." "Is that so?" inquired Pat, meditatively. Then, "Say, would ye mind lending me a cent?" "Yes," returned St. Peter, "in a minute."

Politics in British Army. Col. John Jennison, of the British army, recently on a visit in this country, said:

"The army and the navy in the old country are at the mercy of politicians and it seems to be the case also in America. Very poor material is forced into the service by politicians. For example, the nephew of an earl was a candidate for parliament. He needed the aid of a rich tradesman, and in order to get it he promised to secure for the tradesman's son a position as sergeant of artillery. The law, however, required six years of previous experience. When his lordship reported this to the tradesman, he said: 'There is no law against appointing my son a lieutenant.' 'And so the son was appointed a lieutenant, because he was not fit to be a sergeant.'—Sunday Magazine of the Los Angeles Herald.

She Hadn't Wholly Lost Faith. Said John Drew to a friend the other day: "I have had proffered courtesies declined in many ways, but the most curious in all my experience befell me a few days ago while traveling on a crowded Subway express. As the train neared the Grand Central station I glanced up from the paper I was reading and saw a tired looking woman, laden with numerous parcels, dangling from a strap that was almost beyond her reach. I arose, and said: 'Madame, have this seat.' 'Thank you,' she replied, 'but with the help of the Lord and a few shoves from the other passengers I'll be getting out at the next station.'"

Pay for Women's Work. At the recent suffrage meeting in Carnegie hall, at which Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, president of the National Suffrage association, presided, a placard behind the speakers' desk gave some important information. For instance, women who work in human hair are paid nine cents an hour; in fur, ten cents; laundry workers, seven cents; telegraph companies pay men \$21.70 a week and women \$14.75. Women in the clothing trade receive 20 per cent less than men for the same work. The vote, of course, is suggested as the remedy.

Alaskan Caribou Herd. Reports were received the other day in town of the presence of a herd of approximately 1,000 caribou, which was understood to be crossing the headwaters of Fairbanks creek.

This is about the time for the annual northerly migration of the big quadrupeds whose meat cuts so important a figure in Alaska's food supply, and while it is possible that the estimate given might be a trifle exaggerated large bands are not at all uncommon at this season.—Tanana Tribune.

Clever. "She insists that her paternal ancestor came over on the Mayflower." "But I thought they proved to her that there was no such name on the Mayflower register?" "They did. And now she says he was a stowaway."

NON-EXPERT SHOULD GO SLOW

"Government Poisoner" Draws Moral from Case of Hiram Bozeman of Gandy.

J. W. Holman, the government's official poisoner, has destroyed 750,000 prairie dogs in the last eight months. Mr. Holman, genially discussing that holocaust in Washington, said:

"Work like mine is best done by an expert. The farmer who poisons his own prairie dogs may get into trouble. Chemicals are serious things for the average man to fool with."

"When I think of men fooling with chemicals," he said, "I think involuntarily of Hiram Bozeman of Grady. It was a wet, cold, nasty December day, and Hiram, coughing and shivering, stood before a druggist's window. In this window, between two enormous jars, one filled with a beautiful clear blue liquid, the other with a beautiful clear red one, Hiram's eye rested on a sign that said:

"No More Coughs. No More Colds. 25c a Bottle."

Hiram entered the shop, the druggist said he could guarantee the anti-cold remedy, and the young man bought a bottle.

"Two days later he returned again through mire and sleet. 'I've drunk that mixture,' he gasped, 'and it seems to have plugged up my throat. I can hardly breathe!'"

"The druggist started. 'You drank it?' he cried. 'Why, man, it's an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes!'"

BEGGAR WILLING TO TREAT

Generous Cleveland Ran Across Seemingly a New Type of the Panhandler.

The approach of the season when the forlorn stranger with the whispering tones and the hat down over his eyes stops you to ask the price of a light luncheon recalls the tale of Price-McKinney and the generous panhandler.

McKinney, walking up Superior avenue, was accosted by a man with a breath like a distillery.

He said he had not tasted food for many, many days. Even so small a sum as 15 cents, he suggested, might be sufficient to stave off actual starvation.

"See here," asked McKinney sternly, "isn't it a fact that you want this money for drink and not for food at all?"

The man looked him in the eye, dropped his head, gulped and owned up that it really was a good drink that he had in mind when he mentioned his need of food.

"O, well," sighed McKinney, "I suppose if you want a drink that bad you'll get it sooner or later, and I might as well give you the money as somebody who doesn't know what you want it for. Besides, I feel that I should give you something for telling the truth." He picked a dime and a nickel out from the change in his pocket and handed it to the stranger.

"Say, old fellow," proposed the man, "if you feel like makin' that a quarter, danged if I won't set 'em up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hunter's Battle for Life. Locked for half an hour on the horns of a slightly wounded and dangerous buck, Stephen Chalmers, an author and magazine contributor, engaged in a life and death struggle 15 miles from here, the last day of the hunting season. Finally grasping with one hand his shotgun, the stock of which had been broken by a blow at the deer's head, Chalmers discharged the load into the buck's breast.

Chalmers had first wounded the deer slightly stunning it. Intending to put it to death he dropped his gun and reached for his knife. It was gone, and before he could recover the gun the buck rose to its feet and charged him.

Chalmers' hands were badly lacerated by the antlers of the deer, but otherwise he is none the worse for his exhausting struggle. He returned here today in company with Dr. Charles Oakley, bringing the buck as a trophy.—Sarasac Lake (N. Y.) Special to Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Pattern Husband. An English paper commenting on the recent news item in regard to the prize given in Chicago for a pattern finds that all the good men's qualities may be summed up as follows: "The perfect husband is thus the possessor of an equable temperament and a good appetite. He must be a cook, a flatterer, an occasional teller of an agreeable falsehood, and something of an ass. We are not told how Mrs. Vanstran behaves at breakfast, how she spends her husband's money, whether she can manage a frying pan, or whether she admires her husband's looks. But that does not matter at all. America is the paradise of women."

"Perfect Jewels." "What's this I hear about your wife being robbed of her jewels?" asked Subbuts at the station one morning. "Fact!" replied Backlotz, with fire in his eye. "They're gone and Mrs. Kraft is the guilty party."

"What! You don't mean to tell me Mrs. Kraft would actually steal—?" "What else can you call it? She offered the cook six dollars a week and the chambermaid five dollars, and now she's got 'em."—Catholic Standard and Times.

DEACON WAS A SMART MAN

Success of His Brilliant Idea Explained Why Deacon So Often Went Bankrupt.

Opposite the railroad depot, where the colonel had to wait for an hour or two, was a grocery kept by a colored man, and to pass the time away he strolled across. Business seemed to be very brisk with the grocer, though all his customers were of his own color. The colonel noticed that sugar, tea and coffee were asked for most frequently, and during a temporary lull he approached the battered old scales, on which everything was weighed, and picked up some of the weights. The hollow in each had been filled with lead, and it was quite sure that a pound weight would balance 20 ounces of coffee. By and by it was remarked to the old man:

"I see you have filled your weights with lead?"

"Yes, sah—yes, sah," was the reply.

"What was the idea?"

"To keep de dirt outer de holes. Can't git no dirt in dar' now."

"Was it your own idea?"

"No, sah. I neber should have dun got dat idea but for Dekun Williams. De dekon said it was de way dey did down in Atlanta, and he fired 'em up fur me without cost."

"The deacon buys all his groceries here, doesn't he?"

"He do sah. Yes, sir, no white man kin git de dekon's trade away from me."

He was asked to take his weights over to the depot and see how they held out, and he picked them up and started off with a puzzled look on his face. They were placed on the scales one by one, and when the last had been tested the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"Befo' de Lawd, but it am no wonder 'Ize gone into bankruptcy fo'teen different times and make de old woman go 'larf'at! Dat ar' pound weight weighs 22 ounces, and every time Dekun Williams or anybody else has bought a pound of sugar he has got three-quarters of a pound outer! Sho!' 'Ize gwine back to close de dekon and put up a sign of 'Busted Agin!'"—Exchange.

POPULATION OF THE EARTH

Human Race Shows Enormous Growth Since Days of Constant Warfare and Pestilence.

The population of the known earth at the death of the Roman emperor Augustus, about the time of the commencement of the Christian era, was estimated by Bodia, an Italian statistician, at 57,000,000. The Romans knew nothing of Asia beyond the Indian river and nothing of Africa save the Mediterranean states. But the human race in early times was engaged in constant warfare, and it is recorded that the temple of Janus, which could only be closed when Rome was at peace, was shut at the time of the birth of Christ. But not only was the population of the earth decimated by incessant wars, it was devastated by terrible epidemics of disease which swept over every country, so that in 1492, at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, the population of Europe was placed at 49,000,000. Today Europe has ten times that number, or 490,000,000 people, with about 100 to each square mile.

Flowers of the States. There is a lively discussion in Virginia over the adoption of a state flower. The daisy has been suggested, and it is both affirmed and denied that this flower was first brought south by the northern soldiers during the civil war.

The goldenrod is already the chosen flower of Alabama, Kentucky, Maryland and Nebraska. Arkansas and Michigan have adopted the apple blossom, Louisiana and Mississippi the magnolia, Washington and West Virginia rhododendron, Iowa and North Dakota the wild rose. California has the poppy, Colorado the columbine, Connecticut the mountain laurel, Delaware the peach blossom. Idaho the syringa, Indiana chooses corn, Kansas the sunflower, Maine the pine cone, Minnesota the moose, Montana bitter root, New York the rose, Ohio the red carnation, Oklahoma the milkweed, Oregon the grape, Rhode Island the violet, South Dakota "pasque," Texas the blue bonnet, Utah the Sagoy Lily, Vermont red clover, Tennessee the daisy.

Great Cities and Big Ones. A city can be great without being big, and if one-half of the energy expended by chambers of commerce and boards of trade in booming their cities were devoted to bettering them the results would be more satisfactory, even from a business standpoint. There are already a number of relatively or actually small American cities to which people of means are moving by choice because they are desirable places to live in or in which to bring up children. Civic virtue is becoming an asset that the shrewd business man will not long overlook.—From the American City.

A Bad Break. Casual Acquaintance—So you were always opposed to cigars? But one never knows what these husbands do once they are out of your sight. I wouldn't be surprised if your husband was smoking now.

Young Woman (in horrified tones)—Oh, don't suggest such a thing. Casual Acquaintance—Why not? Young Woman—Because—my—my—husband's dead!

AMERICAN WASTE OF MONEY

French Visitor Says Our People Do Not Consider Value of Small Sums.

"One of the things that strike a foreigner visiting New York," said an observant Frenchman the other day, "is the fact that so many Americans have no idea of the value of money. They do not know how to economize in little things or if they do they do not care to."

"Saving five dollars may appeal to them, but saving five cents—no. In France we believe that saving the five cents makes it possible for us to save five dollars."

"Here is a case in point: The other day I saw a woman, evidently of the poorer class, and a child climb up the stairway of the Sixth avenue elevated station at Twenty-eighth street. She got off the train at Twenty-third street. She paid ten cents for the ride, and she probably paid the same sum going back. In Paris anybody would have walked the distance."

"I was amazed upon going out of my hotel the other day to see a big, husky cab driver having his boots polished. He probably paid ten cents for the job. In Europe a cab driver would have had his own brushes and blacking."

"It is this saving habit that makes France a rich country and gives our people the wherewithal to buy American securities. It is the absence of the knowledge of how to save in small things, or the putting of it into practice, that keeps so many of our people from being thrifty and makes the distance so great between your millionaires and your ordinary laborers."

ORIGIN IN OLD NORSE LAW

How Common Expression "Stepping Into Another's Shoes," Came Into General Use.

The expression, "stepping into another's shoes," like many another common phrase, had its origin in an ancient custom.

The old Norse law required that a person to be adopted must step into a previously prepared shoe. This shoe was made from the skin taken from the right hind leg of a "three winter" old bull.

The skin was flayed from above the neck, and out of this the shoe was made. The person to be adopted stepped into this shoe, taking into his arms, one at a time it is presumed, the younger sons of the man making the adoption. If there were also sons who were of age, they stepped into the shoe afterward, by this sign showing their consent to the adoption.

A man in this way could adopt an illegitimate son, making him his lawful heir; but in that case the father was obliged to step into the shoe first. If there were any full-grown sons, they stepped into the shoe afterward; if there were no full-grown sons, then the next of kin did the stepping, and without his consent, by the way, this special adoption could not be made.

Witnesses to the ceremony in the use of the shoe were required to establish its legality.

It will be seen that this was considered an important ceremony, and since so much "shoe stepping" was done, it is not strange that the expression as now used passed into common speech.—The Sunday Magazine.

The Essence of Life. Life is not only for work. It is for one's self and for one's friends. The degree of joy that a man finds in his work is due to two things: The intensity and fullness of his vitality, and the congenial character of the work itself. When one is thoroughly well and vigorous, the mere joy of living, of merely being alive, is very great.

At such a time the nature of the work does not matter to a large extent. The sense of having power at your command, and the delight of exerting it even in coal shoveling or selling goods is enough. When one is full of life, the mere feeling of fresh water or air on the skin, the taste of the plainest food, the exertion of muscular effort, the keenness of one's vision, the sight of color in the sky, or the sound of the wind or the waves—it takes nothing beyond these to make one jubilant, enthusiastic.

Dines with a Statue. There is an old man living near Glasgow, Scotland, who has for several years dined daily with a statue. He is a bachelor, and the statue is a counterfeit presentation of his sister, with whom he lived, and who died suddenly of heart failure. At her death an exact model of her in a sitting posture was chiseled by a sculptor, and this was attired in her clothes and placed by her bereaved brother in a chair in his dining-room. From that day to this the statue has occupied a seat at his dinner table, with a maid servant standing beside it, whose duty it is to place food and drink for it at every meal.

Quest for Stuffed Butterfly. A woman went into a New York sporting goods store, of all places, and asked if any one there could tell her where a "stuffed butterfly" could be had. "I can," said she "a dead butterfly, mounted. I promised a little boy over in England that I'd bring home a specimen American butterfly. I've asked in a lot of department stores, but they haven't any."

Some one suggested that she call at the American Museum of Natural History, and she left after saying that in London any big store would be likely to have "stuffed butterflies" in stock.