

Dr. Wiley is chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. He is the man who recently studied the effect of boric acid and borax on the "poison squad."

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

QUAINT NEW HAMPSHIRE STORE FILLED WITH ANCIENT RELICS.

Historic Clock Brought to Little Town of Walpole About 150 Years Ago Among Possessions of D. W. Smith, the Shopkeeper.

Walpole, N. H.—Walpole has an old curiosity shop of more than local fame. For a number of years Walpole has been noted for its summer visitors. Through them the little old curiosity shop has gained a wide reputation, and with its property, a lifelong resident of the town is now pointed out as one of the sights of the village.

Walpole is one of the most historic places in the state, and lies in a historic country. Just across the river the first blood of the revolution was shed at the Westminster court house and the first bridge across the Connecticut was constructed. Here was the first settlement in this part of New England. Most of the houses are 125 years or more old and many date back even earlier.

Smith, then quite an old man, became interested in family relics and heirlooms and began slowly to gather together a collection of antiques. Since that time he has picked up many valuable and historic articles from the most improbable places. He takes the material collected from miles around to his little red shop, near the center of the town, and there it lies until under his masterly touch it is transformed from a rusty relic of the past into a thing of beauty.

Mr. Smith's shop itself looks its part. It is situated well back from the road, and is an ancient looking as the contents within. Mr. Smith himself is a quiet, unassuming person. He is white-haired and old, but his kindly eyes shine forth a welcome to all visitors.

If one is able to strike him in a resentful mood he will tell interesting tales of his most valuable pieces, relating the deeds and lives of the first inhabitants of the town over 200 years ago.

Many articles were picked up under peculiar circumstances, and their history is most entertaining. This building is his workshop and

home, where he spends all of his time when not traveling about the country. One of the most interesting rooms is filled with the skeletons of former glory, which he has gathered together from every direction. In one corner is an apparent pile of iron junk, but from this will come an ancient clock of majestic proportions. Bits of broken china almost worth its weight in gold will be cunningly glued together. Battered pewter sets will be hammered into shape again.

In the next room may be seen the objects ready for the finishing touches. As soon as he finishes an article Mr. Smith stores it in his rooms upstairs. Here several rooms are filled with beautiful pieces of furniture, precious china brought over from the old country many years ago, pewter plates and platters cherished by the thrifty Puritan housewife, as well as the many curious implements used in those days.

The most valuable thing in the shop is a clock which Mr. Smith picked up several years ago in a farmhouse away back on the hills. The children had played with the works until they were almost beyond repair, and the case was about to be consigned to the woodpile. Its exact age is not known, but it is certain that it was brought to Walpole by one of the early pioneers, John Kilburn, about 1750. This clock is especially valuable to the town, as Mr. Kilburn was prominently connected with its early history. It is Mr. Smith's intention to present it to the library of Walpole.

Mr. Smith has several high-boys, bureaus and desks brought from Holland and England fully 150 years ago, some of which are beautifully carved and inlaid. A picture embroidery made before the revolution is another valuable relic, as is a flintlock pistol captured from a British officer in the battle of Bennington by one of the ancestors of a prominent family near here. Other ancient firearms, including a sword from the battle of Bunker Hill, are numerous.

In china Mr. Smith has several rare pieces of old Dedham ware which are estimated to be at least 125 years old.

Its Taste.

"My husband," she said, "doesn't know what whiskey tastes like."

"Neither do I," replied the man who could quit drinking whenever he wanted to. "The stuff we get is all diluted with prune juice or something else that spoils the real taste of it."

His Experience.

"After all," said the philosopher, "the real joy of a thing is in the anticipation of it."

"Well," replied Henpeck, "if there's any joy in matrimony that must be it!"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Among the Lawmakers

House Springs Near Little Coup by Raising Salaries of Members Without Going on Record—Mr. Roosevelt Cuts Loose When He Attends Parties—Other Washington Gossip.



WASHINGTON—Though refusing to go on record by a ye and nay vote members of the house of representatives the other day by 133 yeas to 92 nays increased their salaries, so far as they are able, from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a year. They also gave the senators an opportunity to do as much for themselves, for they included them as beneficiaries.

The salary increase went through the house so easily that every one wondered why the raise had not been made before. It was put up to Representative Littauer to do the trick. Littauer, of his own volition, will retire from congress next March, and, accordingly, he won't be affected one way or the other. Besides he is a multi-millionaire, and \$2,500 a year isn't anything to him. So it was put up to Littauer, and the manner in which he got through the increase won for him the undying admiration of the 385 other members of the house, to say nothing of the delegates and resident commissioner from Porto Rico.

Representative Littauer had everything fixed when he called up the legislative appropriation bill, which had come back from the senate with amendments. He asked that all the amendments be disagreed with and the bill sent to conference, with the exception of the amendment to increase the salaries of the vice president, the speaker of the house, and cabinet officers to \$12,000 a year. To this he asked there be added an amendment increasing the salaries of senators and representatives and the delegates and resident commissioner from Porto Rico from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a year, and the salaries of cabinet officers from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year.

After some discussion the question was put on a rising vote and carried, 133 to 92. Instantly came a demand for a record vote from the grand stand performers who want their salaries increased but don't want any one to think they do. The speaker put the demand, and when 50 or more arose the speaker could count only 34, "not a sufficient number." No one thought (out loud) to demand "the other side."

An hour or more after the house had adopted the provision for an increase in the salaries of senators and members the bill was returned to the senate for the purpose of securing the action of that body. There isn't any doubt the senate will accept the salary increase amendment.

The increase will become effective March 4 next. All the senators whose terms will begin then and all the representatives elected for the Sixtieth congress will get the benefit of it.

PRESIDENT HAS A GOOD TIME AT RECEPTION.

When President Roosevelt goes to a reception outside of the White House he has a good time. He must be bored to the limit by being forced to stand at his own receptions, while the people file by him each individual's name being bowed out by the president's left. The whole performance is stilted and unnatural, but it must be gone through with every so often.

Vice President Fairbanks gave a reception the other night and suddenly without any "Star Spangled Banner" from the band or any ushering aids, the president appeared. He shook hands with Mr. Fairbanks and with his daughter, Mrs. Timmons, and with Miss Cannon, who were at Mr. Fairbanks' left, and then he literally dug into the big crowd of people, hailing everybody whom he knew—that is the men—after the manner of a boy enjoying a holiday. He joked with Democratic senators and representatives and received thrusts and gave thrusts, sharp but jovially good natured. On that reception night scores of persons who thought the president didn't know them from a "side of sole leather" found themselves called by name and the last place of meeting mentioned. The president has a memory for names and faces that would make some politicians despair.

The president's visit to the Fairbanks' was not a perfunctory one, by any means. He had such a good time wandering about where he chose and talking at length to whom he listed, that he stayed until it was just about time to put out the lights. Then he went downstairs, stood in line with a check for his hat and coat in his hand, refused to take precedence of any of the waiters in line, and then he disappeared into the darkness without. Mr. Roosevelt is democratic enough to suit any of the plain people; he is too shockingly democratic to suit some of the millionaire senators to whom money has brought a tremendous burden of dignity.

SOCIETY GIRLS ARE GOOD EQUESTRIENNES.

There are 300,000 people in Washington, and nearly half of them ride horseback. The capital is a riding center, and here one sees every known quality of horsemanship and horsemanship. On the roads leading out of the city given over to the riders it is possible to see the Cossack seat, the Arab seat, the continental seat, the English seat and the American army and the American plainsman's seats, though the two latter are practically one and the same thing—the easiest and the most graceful riding seat in the whole wide world.

The women ride constantly in Washington. It is a good thing for the Washington-born girl whose parents are in civil life that there always is a large contingent of Uncle Sam's army officers, stationed in the capital. If this were not true she would ride as do the foreign women, in a manner to their own discomfort and to the discomfort of their mounts, to say nothing of the loss of grace in the saddle.

The army officers—the older ones with families, at least—taught their daughters how to ride before orders came sending these elder soldiers to Washington. The army girls as little children learned on the plains of the west, and if there are any more graceful riders in the world among woman-kind than are these daughters of the blue, the representatives of the more graceful forms of riding have not yet appeared in the capital.

Miss Helen Hatfield, daughter of Col. Charles A. P. Hatfield, Thirteenth United States cavalry, now stationed at Fort Myer, just across the Potomac from Washington, is one of the finest woman riders in the United States. She is a debutante of this winter, and is an extremely popular and also strikingly good-looking girl. It has been said of her that she is the best trooper live of which she is afraid. The other Washington girls strive to ride like Miss Hatfield. They emulate their foreign sisters in other things, but when it comes to a seat in the saddle they are satisfied with things American after one glimpse of an army girl sending a gray or a bay or a black over a country road.

FINE EXAMPLE OF ORIENTAL ART OF JOLLYING.

The sultan of Morocco may be the head of a backward nation and the source of anxiety to the world's powers, but he is an expert at fine writing and the donation of literary bouquets. This is proved by a personal letter recently received by President Roosevelt from the sultan. It was forwarded in a red plush and beautifully decorated case by Minister Gummere at Tangier, who has recently returned from a caravan journey to Fez. The letter itself is in classic Arabic and the translation is as follows:

"Written in our Holy Court at Fez, 7th, Shoual, 1324. (November 24, 1906.)

"In the name of God the Clement, the merciful. There is neither power nor might but in God the exalted, the Almighty.

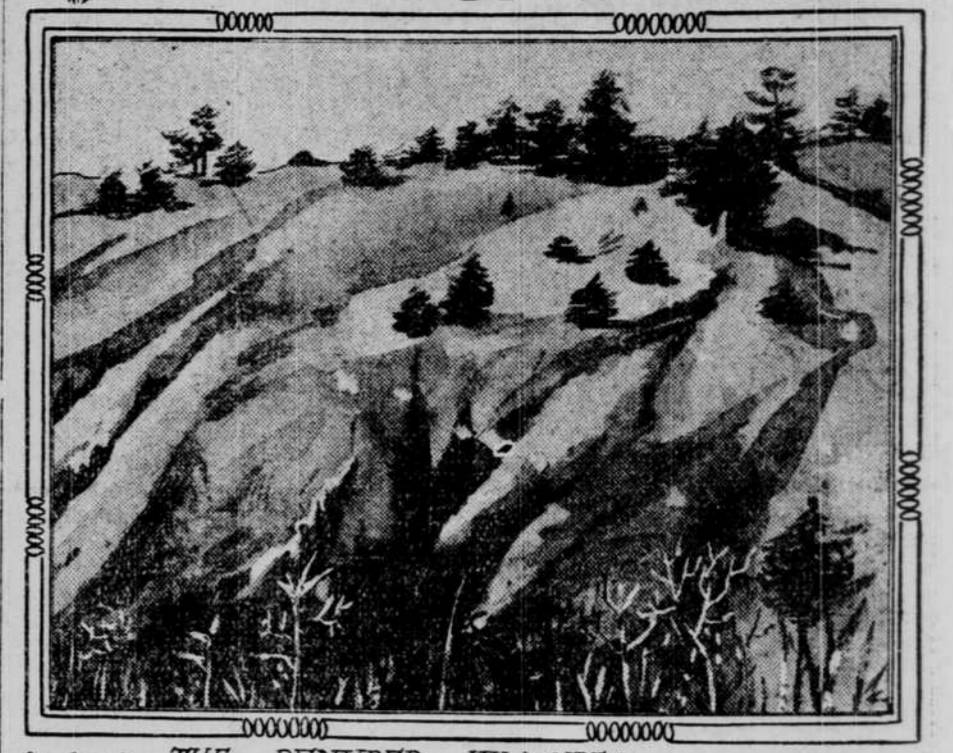
"To the beloved, the most cherished, the exalted, the most gracious friend, most honored and excellent president of the United States of America, who is the pillar of its great influence and the director of its most important affairs, the most celebrated preserver of the ties of true friendship, to the faithful friend, Theodore Roosevelt.

"After offering praise to God, the Almighty and powerful, the King of Kings, the helpful Lord, we have received your kind letter expressing your good will and the purest love which dwells in the secret recesses of the heart and appointing the wise Samuel R. Gummere as Minister Plenipotentiary of your respected nation, in our holy country, who, as you well said, is possessed of perfect knowledge of the ties of friendship existing between the two nations, and of a desire to increase the same.

"As you request we receive the Minister with great satisfaction and welcome, and accordingly bestow upon him our complete confidence in everything he may present to us on behalf of Your High Excellency and on behalf of your nation, at the same time highly appreciating your prayers on our behalf.

"We are certain of these relations of amity and of the purest, strongest love which you have for us, and which we hope will continue to increase."

FOREST PRESERVE for WHITE MOUNTAINS



THE DENUDEH HILLSIDES

Man tears down ruthlessly for the needs of to-day and lets the needs of the morrow take care of themselves. Blindly all over the country men are destroying the forest growths only to awake to a realization later of the mistake that has been made. This is true in the White mountains, where effort is now being put forth to save what remains of the forests there. With no regard to their aesthetic, health giving or economic value beyond that of the wood in the trees, they are being cut down and dragged off from the slopes of the proud Presidential Range. Some of the hills have been shaved almost as smooth as a youth's cheek, and there is nothing to prevent the devastation of the sides of the very monarch of them all, if one may apply that title to the mountain named for the leader in the historic struggle against monarchs. The larger part of Mount Washington is owned by private individuals, having full power, if they wish, to dispose of the timber and make it as naked as was Adam before he had eaten of the apple. Indeed, the forests on the sides of the mountain have already been threatened.

The wall of the lover of the White mountains was voiced recently by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. "These latter days," he wrote, "are years of mourning for us who love New Hampshire, because this new business of paper pulp is stripping off her magnificent forests. In old times King George sent his surveyors around, and when they saw a tree fit for his ships they marked it with the broad arrow of the navy, so when its time came it was cut down in the winter, was hauled on the snow to the largest stream within range and floated down to the ocean. I think it could be shown that in all the great sea fights in which the English, French, Spanish or American navies were engaged between 1776 and 1790 the spars of all the vessels were from the New Hampshire forests. So other shipbuilders cut logs and floated them down if they were big enough for spars or wide enough for boards, but the smaller trees were left.

Not for the good they may do now. But will do when they're grown up. So that the mountains were still green and so the forests still grew into cathedral aisles. And with every summer the wilderness was alive with glories for which there is no comparison.

"Then, alas! Satan came walking up and down. And he devised methods of making paper from wood pulp. Before him, when angels and archangels presided over that business, paper was made of such rags as busy housewives minded to see the end of, and haply of older paper which had served its turn. But now, alas! there is not a tree in the forest, big or little, old or young, from which you cannot make paper. What follows is that you enter your forests with your axes in summer as you once did in winter, and you cut down virtually everything. If you leave a few sumach bushes or blackberry vines, it is because they are not worth the handling, they are so small. Big pines, little pines, big spruces, little spruces, big hemlocks, little hemlocks—all fall before the ax.

"For which the remedy will come—as soon as the congress of America makes a national park of the White mountain summits. The state has surveyed the region carefully, and a fit plan has been prepared. Uncle Sam must acquire 50 square miles, be the same more or less, and put it in charge of his foresters. And then my children's children's children shall see the great-grandchildren of the pines that I saw 60 years ago in place

ing and in low tones called for a quart of whisky. Five or six men were standing near the end of the bar, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Now, I don't want you to think this is for me," said the woman in way of explanation, at the same time glancing furtively at the men near the end of the bar. "My husband, who is ill sent me for the liquor and I did not want to come because I thought you might think it was for me, and I naturally would feel embarrassed.

"What do you drink, wood alcohol?" returned the bartender in a matter-of-fact way. The men near the end of the bar laughed aloud.

"I didn't come in here to be insulted," returned the woman savagely, at the same time manifesting her contempt for the loungers with a vicious stare.

A Hunch. If you wish to kill time Your life is your own. But don't bother busy men, Leave them alone!

If some one is knocking, don't bother busy men, If you can't say something, God of him keep still. —Houston Post.

Whisky was Not for Her. A woman who apparently had been averse to entering a saloon approached the bartender in a fashionable North Side place the other evening.

"Beauty may be only skin deep," said the admirer of it, "but the reverse is distressing to me. The other evening at a club dinner I was put next to a woman who seemed to me to be about the homeliest woman I had ever seen. She was so homely that I had made up my mind to change seats surreptitiously with some friend, when she began to talk to me, telling me about her life in Missouri and her husband.

"Do you know," she said, natively, "I waited for me five years. Finally I said to him: 'Well, if there's nothing else for it, I suppose I must marry you, but I don't see how in the world you can fancy me, I am so terribly homely.'"

"It was strange, but after that I lost sight of her homeliness entirely. Before the evening was over I had got to thinking her actually pretty."

CHICAGO OF 1845 IN OLD BOOK.

Directory Published When Metropolis was a Small Town.

Chicago.—What is believed to be the oldest city directory in existence is arousing great interest among members of the Chicago Historical society. With its yellow leaves and its quaint phrasing, the book is regarded as a volume most valuable to the society. Its owner, Lieut. William Moore, of the Stanton avenue police station, is considering offers for its purchase.

"A business advertisement and general directory of the city of Chicago for the year 1845-1846, together with a historical and statistical account," is the title given the book by its compiler, J. Wellington Norris.

The title page explains that the book was in its second year of publication. Concerning the previous edition the author, evidently a person of consequence, remarks in his preface that he "can not refrain from an expression of his thanks for the flattering interest" which his friends "have taken in the enterprise." Although admitting that he is "influenced by peculiar considerations," he declares that the volume is none the less correct.

At the time of the appearance of the book the population claimed for Chicago was 10,864. This total, however, was accomplished by much careful padding of the informal census, most of which is admitted by the author in his preface or elsewhere. In his tabulated total he admits there were only 1,613 families in the "settlement."

Copious illustrations, mostly of churches, appear among the opening pages, with a map of Chicago. A few scratches on the map near Thirty-first street are explained by the artist as "haystacks." Below that point, and everywhere west of the river, the country is described as "prairie."

The town contained 43 lawyers, 25 physicians, 17 clergymen, one dancing master, and had 18 hotels, six weekly and two daily papers, besides supporting "two flouring mills."

The book was presented to Lieut. Moore by William Clancy, 4530 Woodlawn avenue, whose grandfather was the original purchaser.

TO RAZE A NOTED PRISON.

HISTORICAL LANDMARK OF PARIS WILL BE TORN DOWN.

Prison of St. Lazare, Where St. Vincent de Paul Died, Now a Moral Plague Spot—Was Sacked During Revolution.

Paris.—The famous prison of St. Lazare, one of the great historic landmarks of Paris, is about to be pulled down, and what for some years has been a moral and physical plague spot will give way to fine, open squares and commodious dwellings. Romantic and tragic memories cling about the old structure. St. Lazare, as its name indicates, was at first a lepers' hospital built at the end of the eleventh century on the site of a basilica dedicated to St. Laurent. It sprung rapidly into fame, for kings used frequently to visit it in token of humility and faith.

In 1632, leprosy having practically disappeared in France, the hospital was handed over to St. Vincent de Paul, who established there a number of priests of his mission known as the congregation of St. Lazare. St. Vincent himself died at St. Lazare, and his cell is still shown to visitors with two stones worn hollow by the knees of the saint. St. Vincent's successors neglected the work commenced by him and the house was turned into a sort of reformatory for insubordinate priests and unruly parents of nobility for whom their parents had secured "lettres de cachot."

The Lazarists having stored large quantities of provisions in view of a possible famine the mob of Paris sacked the establishment on July 13, 1789, the eve of the storming of the Bastille, and released 40 prisoners.

During the terror many "ci-devants" were confined there before being tried by the revolutionary tribunal. It was from St. Lazare that Andre Chenier was led to the guillotine. After the revolution the surrounding lands were sold and built upon, St. Lazare itself remaining a prison, but only women were confined there.

REFUSES TO BURY DEAD.

Richmond (Va.) Clergyman Does Not Believe in Funeral Services.

Richmond, Va.—The people of Richmond were much surprised when it became noised abroad that Rev. John W. Dougherty, pastor of the Apostolic church, had refused to conduct the funeral services over the remains of Joseph Heywood, who was killed by falling from a smokestack. The funeral took place from the Denny street Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. Charles H. Gallagher, the pastor, officiating. When asked to explain his course Mr. Dougherty said:

"My authority is the word of God: In my ministrations as pastor I have served for 18 years, and my present convictions are the logical consequence of long periods of devotional thought. As to the burial of dead bodies, of course, I raise no objections. It is a necessary and sanitary practice. My protest is raised only where religious observances are called for. I hold this to be a violation of the principles and practices of Christ. Christ came to resurrect, not to bury the dead, and although he was buried he burst his sepulcher, defying death and the charnel customs of those who would bury the dead. I therefore hold that the dead should bury the dead. My mission is to save the living. It is nowhere in scripture recommended that the dead be buried by church observances, Christ distinctly by precept and example to the contrary of this practice."

His Idea of Happiness.

At The Players in New York a number of actors were arguing about the meaning of the word "happiness."

In the midst of the argument Henry E. Dixey appeared, and one of the contestants said:

"Dixey, what is your idea of happiness?"

Mr. Dixey smiled thoughtfully. Then he replied:

"My idea of true happiness is to lie on a couch before a bright fire, smoking a large Havana cigar given me by an admirer, while I listen to a woman who worships me reading aloud flattering press notices about my acting."

Disingenuous.

The butcher was busily attending to his customers when a nice little boy approached the counter and, with innocent manner, asked:

"Have you any dry herring, sir?"

"Yes, my son," answered the butcher, looking benevolently down at the nice little boy.

Nice Little Boy—Aw! why don't you give 'em a drink?

Naval Gunners Paid Most.

Bill is Introduced to Give Coast Artillerymen More.

Washington.—The coast artillery bill which is now being considered by the senate provides for an increase during the next five years of 296 officers of all grades and an increase of 5,043 in the number of coast artillerymen, together with an increase of 858 field artillerymen.

The number of electrician sergeants is increased from 100 to 148. These 100 electrician sergeants now draw \$34 per month each, with allowances. The 148 provided for in the bill are divided into two classes; 74 of them will draw \$35 per month and 74 will draw \$45 per month each, allowances being made for both classes.

The figures show that the most poorly paid naval gun pointer receives the same additional compensation as that given to the most highly paid coast artillery gunner.

"Of the forces authorized by law," said Senator Warren, chairman of the

senate committee on military affairs, "the artillery corps is short from 30 to 40 per cent, because of the inability of the recruiting department of the army to keep the artillery supplied with recruits. This is due to the fact that these men are called on to do so much in consequence of a shortage of men and get such little compensation for their labor that they will not enlist."

"Many of them desert before their time expires and the officers are becoming somewhat discouraged. Congress has been adding to the defenses from time to time and turning over to the artillery new fortifications and new works, new accessories, new power plants, new electrical installations and new search lights until it is about to give way under the burden. It cannot properly meet the responsibility that is accumulating about it."

He who opens his heart to the best always finds it.