

RICH LAND FOR SETTLERS

Utah Indian Reservation Is to Be Thrown Open Next March.

Considerable interest attaches just now to the Utah Indian reservation, because of the provision in the last Indian appropriation bill, providing for the opening, and which carried an appropriation of \$5,000 to complete the surveys, begun some time ago.

The original bill fixed October 1st, 1904, as the date of the opening, but because of the amount of work to be done, in allotting lands, and making the surveys, it was found necessary to postpone the opening until March 10, 1905, which was done by action of congress.

The Utah reservation lies in Utah and Wasatch counties, Utah, in the northeastern portion of the state. In area it consists of two million three hundred and thirty-four thousand acres of mountain and valley. There are several fine streams of water that rise in the Utah range on the north, and traverse the lower valleys, finally emptying themselves into Green river. The principal streams are the Duchesne and Uintah rivers, with numerous forks, all of which can be easily diverted for purposes of irrigation, making it one of the best watered sections of the state.

From the foot of the Utah mountains to the south line of the reservation are a continuous succession of benches of soil that is admirably adapted to all kinds of crops that can be grown anywhere in this latitude.

In altitude, the reservation ranges from 4,000 feet in the lower valleys to 12,000 feet on the summit of the loftiest peaks of the Utah range—the highest in the state.

In selecting lands for the Indians, the allotments have been made principally along the river bottoms, while the bench lands, which are usually the most fertile, are practically untouched and will provide homes for many thousands of people.

REWARD OF A SAMARITAN.

Well-Intentioned Lady Got No Credit for Interference.

"The proverbial fate of a person who interferes between a quarrelsome husband and wife," said a woman who spends most of her afternoons reading in Central park, "seems to apply, also, to a mother and her child's nursemaid. I was sitting near the Mall the other afternoon when a child fell and began to scream. The nursemaid, who had been reading a novel, ran to the little one and gave her a good trouncing—so severe, in fact, that I felt called upon to interfere. I was innocently told to 'chase myself.'"

"I followed the girl home to a house in Central Park West, and sent in my card to the lady of the house. In a word or two I told her how cruelly her child had been whipped by the nursemaid, and said I thought she would like to know it.

"I don't know why you should come to me on such an errand," said the mother haughtily. "My little girl had a fall, and was crying because she was hurt. The nurse has just told me so. Mary has been with me ever since the baby was born, and would no more think of ill-treating her than I should. I am sure you must be mistaken. Good afternoon."

"The time-honored proverb that it is a good thing to mind your own business has been ringing in my ears ever since."—New York Times.

A Lesson in Boxing.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" asked Mrs. Updote, as her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing gloves.

"I'm going to give Willie some lessons in self-defense," he answered. "Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Willie, I won't hurt you."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Updote returned with a hand up to his face. "Get me a piece of raw meat to put on my eye, and some arnica," he said.

"Why, you don't mean to say that Willie—"

"No, I don't; of course I don't. I've discovered that the only way to teach that boy is with a strap."

Red Tapiem Run Mad.

A woman teacher in a school at Westphalia had to make an official communication to the German minister of education. She used for the purpose what is called "cable paper," having the royal eagle upon it as a water mark, and duly dispatched it to Berlin through the school board of Essen. After a few days the letter came back, with an intimation that it must be rewritten, as the eagle appeared upon it head downward. German red-tape could not endure this irregularity.

Food Problems.

The problem of what to eat and how to cook food is of greater moment than the question of overeating. An editorial in The British Medical Journal, of a recent date states the situation aptly in the following words: "What to eat and what to drink will always be decided by national custom and individual preference, so far as the public is concerned, but both may be influenced in the right direction by the guidance of skilled medical opinion."

The Denver, Northwestern & Pacific railway, better known as the "Mofat" Line, crosses Utah county through its survey, and follows the Duchesne river and Strawberry creek across the reservation, and will thus open up this virgin section at once, and make every acre of tillable land valuable.

The Utah railway, which is being constructed across the Book Cliffs, from Mack, Colo., a station on the Rio Grande road, to tap the extensive gilsonite deposits of the White river country, will have for its terminus, at present, a station called Dragon, on the head of Evacuation creek. Dragon is fifty-five miles southeast of Vernal, and a first-class wagon road will be constructed between the two points.

The climate of the whole Utah basin is an ideal one. The Utah range on the north, with its towering peaks, tempests hot winds of mid-summer, and the nights are delightfully cool, even in July and August. It is doubtful if there is any place in the world where vegetation grows so luxuriantly, and yet the heat is not oppressive, as is the case in the Utah county.

That Utah county and the territory now embraced in the Utah reservation is destined to become a rich and prosperous section, is beyond question. With its marvelous production of crops of all kinds, and a great transcontinental line passing through it, opening the markets of the west to its produce, it is bound to become the great distributing point from which will be drawn the food supply for hundreds of miles around.

The immense deposits of gilsonite and other kindred minerals, to tap which the Utah railway is being constructed, will form the basis for a great industry, and will create a good home market for the farmers of the Utah basin.

All around the Ashley valley, and on some parts of the reservation, are deposits of coal that furnishes cheap and convenient fuel, and the foothills of the Utah range are covered with a dense growth of cedar and pine, which is easily accessible.

The soil and climate of the Utah reservation and the Utah basin in general, is especially adapted to the culture of the sugar beet. Tests made on beets produced in the Ashley valley, show them to be above the average in saccharine, and the yield immense.

It is not known where the land office will be established for registration, and will not be until the next session of congress; but as Vernal is the closest available town to the reservation, it is presumed that the land office will be located at Vernal.

THEIR SALARIES ARE SMALL.

Insignificant Sums Paid to Two Famous Men.

It may be some comfort to laboring men to know that the salary of the poet laureate of England is \$360 a year and a hogshead of wine thrown in.

Of course, this represents only a fractional part of what Mr. Alfred Austin really earns; still it is all that he gets for being poet laureate to the English speaking race. This salary is without any prospect of a raise, although it was increased to its present munificent proportions when Lord Tennyson died. Some time before his death it was decided to increase his salary to that amount, but the government did not decide till after his death. Thus the present poet laureate came in for the raise intended for Lord Tennyson.

Even this small sum is more than the official salary of the bishop of Winchester, in his capacity of minister to the chapel royal. He receives \$35 per annum. It is an office which requires his presence at Windsor several times each year and the total railway fares from Winchester amount to about five times the amount of his salary. The vice consuls of the second class towns in Russia are also badly paid. Their salaries vary from \$25 to \$150, but two-thirds of them get \$25.

Profitable Partnership.

A traveler on a Kentucky road that runs along the Ohio river came upon an old humpy drifting driftwood into his farmyard. As there was already a stack of it almost as large as the two-roomed farmhouse, the stranger remarked:

"I see you've gathered a lot of firewood, uncle."

"Oh, dat's only half what I've picked up this season," said the negro proudly, stopping the mule.

"What did you do with the rest—sell it?"

"No, suh. I hauled it to Mr. Tucker's, de white man what lives in dat big house yander. We's partners, we is, an' he lets me have half of all I kin pick up."—New York Times.

Pitch for Dusty Roads.

Experiments with pitch as a dust preventative are being made abroad with the most excellent results. The European highway authorities are using hot pitch in many places, and the system is reaching a high degree of perfection.

The principal suburban boulevard of Marseilles has just been treated with a coating of pitch. Of course, the roads need to be well macadamized first to receive the best effects, but a road properly treated is found to be well-nigh dustproof.

Sheep for Warm Climate.

The department of agriculture has recently imported five woolless sheep—four ewes and a ram—for use in the extreme southern states. A heavy crop of wool is a burden in hot, dry districts, resulting in a direct loss on the quality of the mutton. These sheep are being experimented with by the bureau of animal industry. They are hardy and are easy keepers. They are brought from the Barbadoes, where they have proved profitable.

Country Life in America.

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SEEK TO STAY PNEUMONIA.

Commission Investigating Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

Few more important investigations are under way in this country than the one now being undertaken by the commission on acute respiratory diseases in New York. Pneumonia has come to be the scourge of modern city life, and the increase in the number of its yearly victims has been so rapid that health commissioners are continually bewailing their helplessness against it.

The physicians who compose the commission are men of the highest standing in their profession. Dr. Jancway of New York is the chairman, and such men as Drs. Osler and Welch of Baltimore, Dr. Tnoabald Smith of Harvard and Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago are among the members. They hold that these diseases, including pneumonia, are essentially communicable, and that theoretically at least they are to a greater or less extent preventable. They propose to devote themselves to the task of finding methods of prevention. Their researches will undoubtedly lead them into a study of the conditions of life in cities, and especially, we presume, in flat buildings, and they may perhaps in the end make recommendations concerning everyday hygiene that will have value even beyond the special object which the commission seeks to attain.

If all the money spent on the gathering of health statistics by our large cities had resulted in nothing more than the showing of the increasing ravages of pneumonia alone—a showing so clear as to stimulate the best scientific brains of the country to seek, at once for the remedy—it would have been money well spent. The health bureau cost little in comparison with their enormous dividends in lives.—Chicago Record-Herald.

LADY DILKE IS DEAD.

Sudden Demise of Wife of Eminent English Statesman.

Lady Dilke died at her residence at Woking, England, Oct. 24, as a result of the rupture of a blood vessel. She was the wife of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, to whom she was married in 1855.



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Lady Dilke was noted as an essayist and art critic. She was born in 1840, and was twice married, her first husband having been the late Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln college, Oxford. Lady Dilke, whose maiden name was Emilia Frances Strong, was an eloquent speaker and a keen sportswoman. Among her writings are a biography of the late Lord Leighton, and a monograph (in French) on Claude Lorraine. It has been said of her that she was a brilliant exponent of the higher education of women.

Poke Fun at St. Regis Hotel.

Some of the London papers are poking fun at the new St. Regis hotel in New York—the establishment where only the very rich can afford to look in. One society journal, telling of the magnificence of the new hotel, gives its readers these few tips: "All bills are payable hourly; one patron having a servant who does nothing else but pay bills. One of the beds in the hotel was twice owned by a czar of Russia. The waiters appear and disappear through trap doors near the tables. Patrons are shaved by electricity. One family pays \$250,000—not dollars—for five rooms for a year. The hotel is perfumed with violet in the morning, geranium at noon and rose at tea time."

Bishop Once Noted Athlete.

Rev. Franklin Spencer Spalding, who has been nominated to the bishopric of Salt Lake City by the Episcopal house of bishops in Boston, is the direct antithesis of the old-fashioned austere clergyman. In Princeton he was a noted athlete, being one of the best jumpers who ever entered that university. He also won fame as a runner. About seven years ago he was one of the first party that ever succeeded in scaling the summit of the Grand Teton, in Wyoming. For eight years he has had charge of St. Paul's church in Erie, Pa., having been eminently successful.

Insists on Time for Reading.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, wife of the young California millionaire, is an omnivorous reader and persistently turns a deaf ear to social demands that interfere with her daily period of devotion to books. She is an ideal hostess and a merry guest, but reads she will so many hours in every twenty-four, and all her arrangements are framed to fit that requirement. The young matron nevertheless finds plenty of time for other pleasures, because she economizes the moments most women waste.

Inheritance in Japan.

According to old and established custom in Japan, the eldest child, whether male or female, must, under all circumstances, abide and inhabit the home. By this means a continuous succession is assured, and the estates cannot pass into the hands of strangers. From this arrangement it follows of necessity that no eldest child can marry and live with an eldest child of the opposite sex. When an heiress weds, her husband must assume the family name.

Rapid Photography.

An Italian named Luciano Butti has perfected a photographic apparatus capable of registering the incredible number of 2,000 photographic impressions per second. The most minute and least rapid and casual movements of birds and insects on the wing, which have hitherto defied science, can it is claimed, be registered with accuracy, thus opening a new world of natural observation to ornithologists. The films used cost \$2 a second for the 2,000 impressions.

BANDIT'S LIFE A LONG ONE.

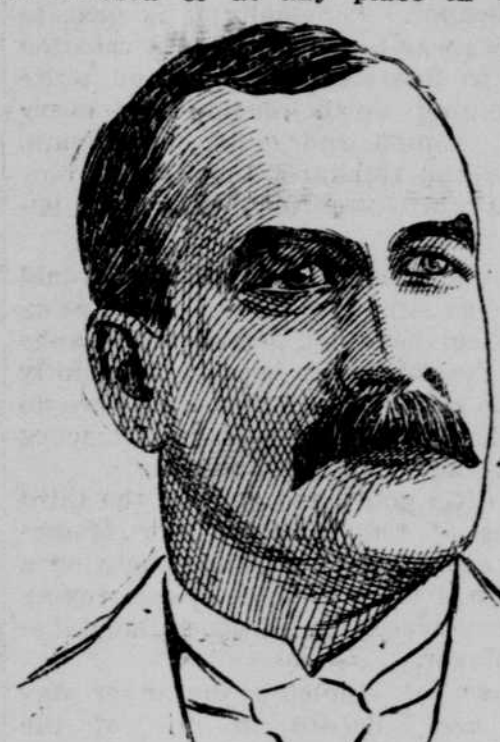
Servian Outlaw Has Reached the Great Age of 117.

A noted London journalist has just interviewed the famous Servian bandit, Stovan Zikitsch, who is 117 years old and proves it. The old fellow wears heavy clothes the year round, drinks about three-quarters of a litre of brandy a day and affirms that in his youth he drank twice litres of wine a day without any harmful consequences. On the other hand, he has never taken coffee or a smoke. Early in life, while in Greece, he knew Lord Byron and is proud of telling of the "curly-headed Englishman." Zikitsch has twice been married and has four daughters. He boasts that he has never worked in his life. "All I can wield is the gun and the dagger, and, thank God, I have earned enough by them to live comfortably now," he shouted after his interviewer as the latter was leaving.

NO DISTURBANCE IN PANAMA.

Gen. Davis Declares Rumors of Trouble Without Foundation.

Gen. George W. Davis, governor of the Panama canal zone, has authorized a denial of the reported disturbances at Culebra or at any place in the



Gen. Geo. W. Davis

zone or in its vicinity. President Amador confirms Gen. Davis' statement. Investigation by the military authorities has proved that the report was without foundation, and that no discontent exists among the Panamanians.

Czar Honors Countess Cassini.

The highest order of the Russian Red Cross has been conferred upon the Countess Cassini, the adopted daughter of the Russian ambassador, and Mme. Boutakoff, wife of the Russian naval attaché, for their services in raising a considerable sum of money for the Russian Red Cross society. A personal letter from the czar of Russia to the Countess Cassini accompanied the decoration. Very few persons possess this order, and the fact that it has been conferred on Countess Cassini and Mme. Boutakoff is considered in the light of a great honor not only to the recipients, but to the Russian ambassador as well.

Berth for Naval Officer.

Capt. Ira Harris, who succeeds Robert S. Rodie as chief steamboat inspector of New York, was graduated from the naval academy in the class with Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. After serving in the navy for fifteen years and attaining the rank of lieutenant commander he resigned to enter private business. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war he re-entered active service in the navy and was assigned to command the repair ship Vulcan, which performed service with Admiral Sampson's fleet in Cuban waters. After the war he became supervising engineer and inspector in the army transport service.

Frenchman of Many Names.

A polite and dignified young man made application for citizenship papers to a clerk in the United States court in New York. "Your name, please," said the clerk. "Jacques Marie Joseph Maurice des Rostiers de Belaine," was the reply. "Where are they?" asked the clerk. "I am he," answered the polite young man. "Well, what is your name?" "Jacques Marie Joseph Maurice des Rostiers de Belaine." "One at a time," said the clerk, getting out of patience. It finally dawned upon him that the polite applicant owned the entire lot and Jacques Marie, etc., got his papers.

Rich Gift to Orphanage.

A citizen of Charleston, S. C., has made a gift of \$100,000 to the Charleston orphan house as a memorial to W. Jeffers Bennett of that city. The giver prefers that his identity should not be made known. It is supposed, however, the gift was made by A. B. Murray, president of the Bennett Ryce mills, who was reared at the orphan house and was adopted into the family of Mr. Bennett when a youth. Gen. John C. Fremont, first candidate of the Republican party for president, was an inmate of the orphan house for several years of his boyhood.

Police Chief for Panama.

Mr. McAdoo, the commissioner of police of New York city, has recently been asked by representatives of the Panama republic to name a good man to organize a police force for the new country, especially in the cities of Panama and Colon, where an efficient force will be needed during the active period of the building of the canal. He recommended John McCullagh, chief of police in 1897 and later superintendent of elections. Mr. McCullagh is now living in Goshen, N. Y.

Violinist Victim of Joke.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, was the victim of two mischievous American girls, who filled his brain with slang in the pretense of teaching him English. The result was that one evening he gave a certain charming and rather conventional hostess something of a shock. "I hope you are very well, Herr Kreisler," she said, gratefully, as she greeted her distinguished guest. "Oh, yes," declared Herr Kreisler. "And you, I hope you are hot stuff, also, madam!"

STOESSSEL OF GERMAN BIRTH.

Defender of Port Arthur a Native of Saxony.

Gen. Carl Stoessel, Russian commander in Port Arthur, is of German birth and ancestry, born in Saxony some fifty-four years ago. He served old Emperor William in the engineer corps, but in the early 70's obtained his discharge and joined the Russian army, rising rapidly to his present rank. Gen. Stoessel is a bluff, soldierly man, peppery and perflorid of speech, with a fondness for oratorical effect which at times gives him the appearance of being a braggart. He is a strict disciplinarian, as was shown soon after he took command at Port Arthur. The war cloud was gathering when he found a party of officers carousing in a cafe one evening. He put them under arrest and later had them sent to prison for several weeks.

GREATEST FIGHTER OF BULLS.

Spain's Champion Matador Now in the United States.

Luis Mazzantini, who recently arrived in the United States, is the greatest bull fighter in the world and has killed more bulls in the arena than any other matador. He is of



Luis Mazzantini

his way to Mexico, where he will be seen in the arena for the last time, as he intends to retire from the bull ring upon his return to his native Spain. He will enter politics as a candidate for the chamber of deputies. Mazzantini has slain in the ring 3,500 bulls.

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Ancient Timekeeping Methods.

Ancient timekeeping has received new light from two remarkable stones lately unearthed by the German explorers on the site of the old Ionic port, of Miletus. These stones are the remains of calendars, of which one is shown to date from 109 A. D. The year was divided into twelve zodiacal signs, and against each month the motion of the remaining signs was given, with a note predicting the weather. On the left side were thirty holes, a wooden peg being moved forward one hole each day, thus giving the astronomical date.

Oldest Ship in the World.

Readers will be surprised to learn that the oldest ship in the world is not running as a ferryboat on one of our New York ferries, but is the Italian ship Anita, registered at the port of Genoa. It resembles Christopher Columbus' ship, the Santa Maria, and was built in Genoa in 1548. She made her last voyage at the end of March, 1902, from Naples to Tenerife, and there she rests, to be broken up. The Anita is of tremendous stout build and has weathered countless storms and tornadoes in all parts of the world, but she is also the slowest ship afloat.

Sheep Show Prizes.

The awards in the world's fair sheep show developed that the Canadian breeders are carrying off the bulk of the prizes. The types in which they excel are the Southdown, the Dorset, the Merino, the Oxford, the Leicester and the Lincoln. Practically all of the prizes in the classes for rams in these breeds have gone to them. In the Shropshires, the Cotswold and other types the breeders from the United States are winning the blue ribbons.—St. Louis Republic.

Cured of Fishing Habit

Persons who have become addicted to drinking intoxicating liquors, to excess: occasionally reform, gamblers meet in a while lay down the cards and work for a living, but once a man has secured a firm grip on him he rarely recovers until disabled by old age or accident. It will therefore surprise many to learn that within the last week three fishermen of this city have been cured of their disease, and to more desire to fish. One of them is J. Edmonston, whose chance for a lay's sport on Labor day was ruined by his boy losing the net with which he was fishing for minnows under a wharf. He determined to have another try, and so rigged up a cork-grapple of barbed wire and undertook to fish up his net. He pulled up lots of brush and rubbish of all sorts, which could not catch his net. Finally, as he was hauling up his grapple for the last time, he heard something drop and found that his costly hunting case gold watch, with a gold tob

chain and diamond-studded emblem attached, had dropped into the river on account of his stooping too low. He held his breath, and stopped hauling at his grapple for a minute, till he had bet himself \$500 that his watch had not been caught in the grapple. Then he pulled up slowly, and there was his watch and fob, all right. He let his net stay in the river, threw his grapple away, and on the spot took a solemn vow never again to fish for anything, and to always consider his last catch his record one. The other two were cured of their mania by walking ten miles in the dust, smoke and heat down to the mouth of the Willamette, and then pulling a boat for hours, fishing for bass, and never getting even a bite. They are both men of mature years and of sound minds, and when they found out that the slough is fished by farmers with set nets every night, they put their supplies in this city, and they put their fishing tackle, including new bait buckets away, and said they will fish no more.—Portland Oregonian.

Woman Stopped the Train

She, timid, diminutive woman, was frankly boasting. "Once I was greater than all railroad rules and regulations," she was saying, "and I held a train ten minutes. No, I did not flag it, but I just kept everyone waiting all that time for me to get off. You see, it was this way: When my station was called I started up to leave, he car and found myself yanked back suddenly. Again I tried to rise and again I was rudely tumbled back into the seat. Then I discovered that my dress skirt was firmly fastened between the cushion and the woodwork, in some way it had worked under, and every time I tried to move I snapped back as if there was an elastic band attached to me. I tugged and tugged, but I simply could not loosen my skirt."

"The seat and the wall. It was an expensive dress, and I did not want to tear it. I was nearly in tears until I heard the conductor give the brake-men orders to hold the train, and then I nearly giggled myself into hysterics. "Two men behind me joined in the tussle. They told me to stand up, they told me to sit down. I expected any minute that they'd tell me to stand on my head before I was released. Meanwhile the other passengers in the car had gathered around and were offering assistance, and I was nearly burning up with mortification. Finally a man with deft, careful fingers pulled my skirt out bit by bit, while the crowd audibly expressed their admiration every time he had gained half an inch. Finally he wrenched the last bit out, and I fled. The brakeman smiled as he helped me off and said admiringly: "My, but you've delayed the train ten minutes."

Was Same Old Mower

"A neighbor of mine at Bath Beach last July," said ex-Sheriff "Tom" Dunn, "used to bore everybody on the train by bemoaning the vagaries of his lawnmower. He had about ten square feet of lawn that he used to have most conscientiously every other day. His lawnmower, however, seemed possessed of a mischievous lemon of some sort. It would sulk and refuse to go. Then, when he started to investigate the cause of the stoppage, it would start suddenly and cut his finger to the bone. It would alternately fail to cut the grass at all and dig great furrows in the soft turf. He tried to sell it, but no one would take it as a gift. At last, one morning he showed me an advertisement in a Brooklyn paper offering for sale at a ridiculously low rate a peerless lawnmower that was warranted to cut grass as evenly and as regularly as a patent razor. The owner's address would be furnished at the office of the newspaper."

"No New York for mine this morning!" chortled his neighbor. "I'm going to get that peerless lawnmower this very day and take it home to my wife for a surprise this afternoon. She's been wild to get rid of our old mower. From the description, this new one is just what we've been yearning for. And to-night I'll throw the old one into the ash-barrel." "The following day we were on the same train again, and I expected to be bored by a glowing account of the glorious new lawnmower. But, to my surprise, its possessor seemed trying to avoid me. "How about the new lawnmower?" I asked. "There is no new lawnmower," he answered shortly. "But the advertisement—" "But that advertisement," he replied, with terrible solemnity, "was inserted by my wife."—New York Telegraph.

Strong Youth of Japan

One of the first things to impress itself upon a foreigner in Japan is the peculiarity and the excellence of the physical training given to Japanese youths. They are a race of miniature Spartans, and they have become so through such patient, painstaking toil and endurance as would appall the average American youth, inured to softnesses. The Japanese schools are nearly all modeled after American institutions, or, as the people like to believe, after a composite of all that is best in the schools of America, England, France and Germany. The students are not, of course, trained in modern athletics, and could hold their own at nothing of this kind with our magnificent college boys, but in simple physical training, making the very best of what nature has provided, the Japanese excel any people I have ever seen. My very first day in the Little Island empire was full of exclamations about this constantly evident national

characteristic, which belongs to the lower classes and the great middle class. The highest class in Japan is remarkable, almost for physical weakness more than for physical perfection, a condition attributable to centuries of an extraordinary sedentary mode of life. The ship on which I crossed the Pacific ocean had not cast her anchor in Yokohama harbor before she was surrounded by a great crowd—"swarm" better expresses it—of sampan, little heavy wooden boats propelled by a single oar at the stern, and almost without exception handled by boys apparently about twelve to fourteen years old, and whose half-naked bodies, straining against the heavy oars, looked as if they had been modeled in bronze by some master artist. Their training is the kind which necessity forces upon the laborer, of course, but it is none the less splendid, and will have no less splendid effect upon the future Japan.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Kansas Farmer's Song

In the days gone gone when the drought was on and the chintz was planted in the grain; when we just raised crops for the thing that hops, 'n' the cyclone dusted the plain; then our regular fare was but prairie air as we followed the shining plow, an' our Sunday clothes would alarm the crows, but you bet it's different now.

Oh! a jayhawk life is the life fur me; I'm the swiftest hoss on the track! I just be the thing that kills 'em; But my howler's knocked out o' whack. On the knocker's bugle I've got to blow. A regular downright crank; But it's different now since I've got the dough. In the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank. When the crows' all sold an' I've got the gold we are off on a turfin' tower, an' we make the trip on a high-toned ship that takes us forty miles an hour; an' the tags we wear make the natives stare—an' they rubber-neck at our clothes; an' the cash we blow till you'd think, by jove! we was playin' it through a hose!

Oh! a farmer's life is the life fur me; I'm a kinder of the a-yaw-hawk blood; I'm a waller-in' in pro-sper-tee, The happiest hog in the mud. In society don't cut a dash; I've a hefty roll in my flank. An' I've got a haymow full o' cash in the Farmers' an' Drovers' Bank.

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Made a Nice Distinction

Count Stram of Paris has, like all well-bred Frenchmen, a horror of immoderate drinking. In course of his recent visit to Newport, he said: "I thought, till I went to England, that all the English hard drinkers, four or five bottle men, had died off—had been killed off by their own potations. I even thought that such men, perhaps, had never existed in the flesh, but only in the imaginations of Fielding, Smollett, Lever and the other novelists. "In England, though, I was undeceived. In an inland English county last fall I met a number of fox-bunting and hard-drinking squires—rosy, plump old gentlemen, as strong as

iron, and as impervious almost as iron to ale and port and sherry—and these men drank from morning till bedtime, and the only effect that liquor had on them was to make them rozier, plumper and more cheerful. "One night at a hunt dinner a pale London broker said that a certain lamented gentleman had died, he believed, of—ah—drinking. "At this statement a rosy squire, over six feet in height and of two hundred pounds weight, brought his big fist down on the table angrily. "Died of drinking? Nonsense!" he said. "No man ever died of drinking. Some puny things have died learning to drink, but no man ever died of drinking!"