

The Arkansas river is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course is very narrow for its length.

No British ship is permitted to carry a deckload of timber into a British port between the last day of October and April 16.

Emile Zola has just refused an offer of \$100,000 for three books. "I once walked the streets of Paris in danger of starvation," he said, "but I am not starving now at the age of 61."

Bermuda's receiving ship, the Terror, has been put out of commission after perhaps the most uneventful career of any naval vessel. She was a floating battery built in 1856 for the Crimean war, but was sent the following year to Bermuda without having seen service, and for forty-four years remained moored off the Naval club there.

George Gould, like his father, is a silent man. He divides his secrets with no one. Taught in a practical school, he has the ability, the wealth and the experience to develop his plans on a scale of great magnitude. It is predicted he will make a greater reputation as a master financier than his father left, and that he will accumulate, if he has not done so already, a much larger fortune.

Vice President Roosevelt recently said in an interview with the Cherokee Indians at Buffalo: "The first shot fired in Cuba was fired by a half-breed Cherokee Indian in my regiment in the first battle of Guasmas. He was wounded eight times before he gave up, and as soon as he was out of the hospital he was back in the ranks, ready for more fight. I had about fifty men who were either white or part Indian in my regiment." To this, American Horse, a noted Ogalla chief, responded: "Maybe that's the reason you had the bravest regiment in the army."

Accredited Russian officials have just made overtures to a Philadelphia firm to establish a plant on the line of the Trans-Siberian railway for the making of steel and the construction of cars and locomotives. A free site has been offered, lumber, coal and iron privileges are to be granted, while the government guarantees to purchase a certain number of cars and locomotives annually. The capital of \$10,000,000 is to be raised in the United States and the original plant shipped duty free from American ports. This is but one of the many indications that the Russian government is willing to make any concession to those who can and will develop Siberian industries.

On the 14th day of November a terrific storm wrecked twenty-one vessels in Balaclava Bay, bearing for Britain's men ammunition and warm clothing and other necessities for the winter, which settled in with unusual severity. Through unaccountable oversight the land transport broke down altogether, although it was but ten miles from Balaclava to the front. Cholera, the germs of which had been brought from Varna, raged in the British lines, and those who escaped it fell victims to scurvy, dysentery, or fever. With only tents for shelter and rags for clothing, with insufficient food, and no medical comforts, the poor fellows starved and died, and rotted. Between the beginning of November and the end of February 8,659 British troops perished in hospital. On the last of these dates 13,608 men were still in hospital.

A swarm of bees held up the business centre of Waterbury, Conn., the other day. The bees swarmed a day before the schedule date, and as they made for the business district there was great excitement. Store doors and windows were closed and women and children screamed and fled to the side streets. There was a general stampeding down South Main street as the swarm descended on this thoroughfare, and although the most traveled in the city, it was bare of everything but bees in a few minutes. Electric cars and all other vehicles went into retirement, and the bees, after stinging 50 persons, circled about the saloons and the lively stables until they threatened to destroy all business. When the excitement was at its height the bees, attracted by tinsners repairing a roof, made a dead end of the noise, and the way the men slipped down the ladders would do credit to sailors. The bees sought the seclusion of the houseposts, where their owner, with the usual blameworthy succeeded in coaxing the bees into a big chimney. After a successful flirtation with the queen, the man loaded the swarm in big handfuls into the hive brought along in anticipation of success.

If a load of coal is let out of doors, exposed to the weather—say, for a month—it loses one-third of its heating qualities. If a ton of coal is piled on the ground and left there the latter loses about 25 per cent of its heating force, the former about 45 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

Emerson McMillin, the New York banker, who formerly lived in Columbus, O., has promised to defray the expenses of a week in the country for 1,000 poor children in Columbus and other towns embraced in the Columbus district of the Epworth League.

Harvey Schatzman, a Cincinnati man, was arrested the other day for neglecting to support his family. At the hearing it developed that he had given his wife only 74 cents for food in fifteen days. In his pocket was found \$84.

OLD HOME WEEK IN VERMONT

There are five times as many people in the city of Chicago as there are in the state of Vermont, says the Chicago Tribune. Perhaps two-thirds as many people born in Vermont live outside that state as still reside within its borders. Vermont has been described as a state composed chiefly of hills, mountains, rocks, lakes, and stone quarries. Of its farming land 200,000 acres have been abandoned by those who formerly tilled it and can be bought for \$4 or \$5 an acre. Since the war the population of the state has practically stood still. Its sturdy sons are attracted by the greater opportunities to get rich offered by the fertile West and the large cities of the East. They are widely scattered all over the Union. But wherever they go the sons and daughters of Vermont carry with them deep and abiding love for the Green Mountain States. All over the country may be found associations of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont. In the other New England states alone there are eight great societies of the kind with an aggregate of 100,000 natives of Vermont who are eligible for membership.



So strong is the affection of the Vermont man for his old home that preparations are now under way for a great and unique celebration in honor of it. In this celebration practically the whole state of Vermont will take part, and the state legislature, by special enactment, has set apart the week of Aug. 11-16 to be given up to it. Invitations bearing the great seal of the state and the signature of the governor have been sent out to tens of thousands of natives bidding them come back to the Green Mountains and join in the celebration of Old Home Week. So general has been the response to these invitations that the plans now under way provide for the entertainment of more than 100,000 returning prodigals. Nothing could furnish stronger proof of the fact that sentiment is still one of the ruling forces of the world.

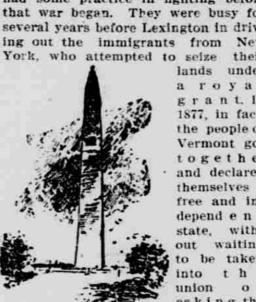
From Boston will run at least two special trains loaded with sons and daughters of Vermont, and from almost every state word has come that parties are being formed for Old Home Week. In the meantime the present citizens of that state are making most elaborate plans for the reception of their returning kinsfolk. In more than 100 Vermont towns and cities special and separate celebrations will be held, and every hillside in the state will echo with the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." No matter in what part of the state you live, you are likely to find his old friends and neighbors gathered together there in reunion during the week of the Old Home celebration.

At Burlington, Rutland, and other large towns of the state, which in comparison with the great cities of the country are mere villages, local associations have been formed which will receive and entertain as their guests the Vermont associations which are coming from distant states. Figuratively speaking, a beacon fire of welcome will be lighted on every mountain top.

To the average man the enthusiasm of the native Vermonter for the stony state which gave him birth is hard to understand. But if he asks a Vermont man to give the reasons for the faith which is in him he is likely to be astonished. "Did you ever hear of the Green Mountain boys?" he will answer. "Do you remember how Ethan Allen and eighty-three Vermont farmers surprised the great British stronghold of Fort Ticonderoga and forced its surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress?" Does Crown Point mean anything to you? Have you forgotten Bennington, where General Stark whipped the Hessians, killing 964 out of 1,500 men, and capturing all their cannon? If you'll go down home with me in August and climb up to the top of the Bennington Battle Monument you'll wonder.

Room Still for the Germans. A German consul in a western city has warned Germany that immigration from all parts of the fatherland to the United States should cease, because, he says, the crafts and trades in these states are overcrowded, and that no German inclined to seek new fortunes can hope to grow rich in America. That consul is evidently a pessimist of an exceptionally dolorous sort. There is still plenty of room in this wide land for additions to the host of sturdy Germans who have prospered so well with us and who are so devoted and loyal to the spirit of liberty and true democracy which gives the keynote to our most cherished institutions. Thousands of German's sons and daughters have crossed the Atlantic and have accomplished much for the advancement of what is soundest, strongest and best in the civilization and the advancement of conditions in this continent. Intelligent Americans desire that the volume of German immigration may be increased largely. And there is no lack of space for our German accretions. That western consul was suffering from indigestion or biliousness

as I do, how a Vermont man can live in one of these flat prairie states? These Green Mountain boys, who cut such a dashing figure in the revolution, had some practice in fighting before that war began. They were busy for several years before Lexington in driving out the immigrants from New York, who attempted to seize their lands under a royal grant. In 1877, in fact, the people of Vermont got together and declared themselves a free and independent state, without waiting to be taken into the union or asking the consent of anybody. In this exhibition of spunk the sons of Vermont still glory.



In the record of the state during the rebellion Vermont people find another cause for just pride. When Sumner was fired on Vermont had 37,000 enrolled militia. Out of this number 25,000 promptly went into the Union army. More than 5,000 were killed and as many more ruined by wounds and disease. No other state suffered so great a loss in proportion. During the whole war not a single Vermont regiment gave up its colors in battle, and what the Vermont man did at Bull Run, Cedar Creek, the Wilderness, and Gettysburg is a part of history. Vermont people are jealous of the reputation of their state in producing fighting men.

If you feel inclined to pity men born in a state which is sterile and inhospitable you will do well not to waste your sympathy on a Vermonter. He will tell you that Vermont produced 40,000,000 pounds a year of the best butter in the world; that one-third of all the maple sugar in America comes from Vermont groves; that the yearly hay crop of the state is valued at \$12,000,000, and that three-quarters of all the marble quarried in the United States comes from its hillsides. He will ask whether the horsemen of the country owe anything to the Morgan, Messenger, and Black Hawk strains, and what we should do for fine wool without Vermont sheep as a foundation for our flocks.

Vermont as the first state to be admitted to membership with the original thirteen, its admission dating from 1791. Until a few years ago nine-tenths of its population was of American birth. Recently a large number of Canadian French have come into the state to work in the great factories which are being built up about the water powers for which the state is famous.

These people are said, as a race, to be the most prolific in the world and there is an expectation that the state will therefore increase somewhat more rapidly than it has in the past. Another effort is under way to fill up the depopulated farms with emigrants from Sweden, but the fact that more fertile land can be secured farther west has prevented any great results in this direction.

Almost equally with its history, the Vermont man is boastful of the natural beauty of his state. He alludes to the fact that there are eighteen mountain peaks more than 3,500 feet in height within the state limits and talks with a pang of remembered pleasure of the glories of Lake Champlain, which stretches for 118 miles in length and is fourteen miles wide. Of all the New England states Vermont is the only one entirely cut off from the sea, while at the same time its chief city, Burlington, on Lake Champlain, has a maritime commerce employing a fleet of 1,000 vessels and amounting in the aggregate to \$12,000,000 annually.

Testing Warnings at Sea. Twenty-five years have elapsed since Prof. Tyndall, at the instance of the Trinity House corporation, carried out a series of experiments at the South Foreland, near Dover, England, to determine the value of various sounds as warnings to the mariner of thick weather. The result was a large increase in the number of fog signals all round the British coast. Much knowledge has been acquired and many new inventions have been made in the intervening period, and a special committee of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, assisted by Lord Rayleigh and other eminent scientists and engineers have been engaged for some time in making elaborate tests of all the latest improvements in the different kinds of apparatus for making cautionary noises. The scene of their operations is the Isle of Wight. One of their chief objects is to determine the relative merits of reeds and sirens as sound producers. Much attention, also, has been given to the trumpet and various modifications of that instrument. Other careful experiments are to determine the carrying capacity, in certain conditions of notes of different pitch, and the effect on the dissemination of sound of the conformation of the coast line, etc. Another point to be considered is the question of the most effective and the most economical utilization of power.—New York Post.

The Laughing Plant of Arabia. The laughing plant is a native of Central and Eastern Arabia. It gets its name, not because the plant laughs, but because it is the cause of creating laughter in any one eating its seeds. The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers in clusters, and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans, which, if eaten, produce effects analogous to those of laughing gas. The flavor of the seeds is somewhat like that of opium; they taste sweet, while their odor produces a sickening sensation. The seeds are pulverized and taken in small doses. Any one taking them begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances, and cuts all kinds of fantastic capers. The effects continue for about an hour, and when the excitement ceases, the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, on awakening from which he is utterly unconscious of any such demonstrations having been made by him when under the influence of the seeds of the laughing plant.

Protestants Show Priest Good Will. A number of Protestant citizens of Toledo, O., believing that Rev. Edward Hannin, a Catholic priest of that city, had overworked himself in the interests of his parish in the erection of a new church, quietly collected \$1,000 and tendered it to destroy his expenses on a health trip abroad. Father Hannin declined the offer on the ground that he cannot this year sever himself from the parish interests.

To Preserve Trailing Arbutus. In an almost despairing effort to stay the dreaded extinction of the fragrant trailing arbutus flower, the Legislature of Connecticut passed a law in 1899 forbidding any person to pull up the plants by the roots on land owned by another under a penalty of \$20.

Wonders of a Watch. A ton of gold is worth \$125,585. A ton of steel made up into hairpins is worth \$1,576,458—more than 12 times the value of pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations to every second, 360 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and a quarter times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by those tiny works, take, for illustration, a locomotive with six driving-wheels. Let its wheels be run until they shall have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one year and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Rudder-Tailed Snakes with Enormous Heads and Great Bodies Make a Small Gait in Colorado Interesting for Physiologists—Some Strange Trees.

Epilogue to Avalanche. At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time, When you set your fancies free, Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned— Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so, —Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken! What had I on earth to do With the stouthead, with the mawkish, the unmanly? Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drive! —Being who?

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamt, though right were wronged, wrong would triumph, Hold we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time, Greet the unseen with a cheer! Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be, "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever, There as here!" —Robert Browning.

Strange Trees to Look at. Wildwood, the resort on the Jersey coast where the ceremony of casting flowers upon the sea on Memorial day, in memory of naval heroes, was inaugurated, has a good reason for its name. It is located upon an island, which is separated from the mainland by Grassy sound. For about two miles a grove of trees, perhaps the most remarkable in the world, fringes the coast. The place takes its name from the trees, which have been shriveled and distorted into all kinds of fantastic shapes by the gales which swept over it from the Atlantic for centuries. The coast is completely exposed to the full sweep of the southeast and northeast storms, which in the winter rage for several days at a time. Some of the trunks of the trees have twisted into umbrals, letters of the alphabet and weird forms, which give the grove the reputation of being haunted among some of the negro servants and ignorant white people who live in the locality. One tree, which must be fully 50 years old, has been bent over until it forms the figure 8, looking at it from one side, while from another point of view it is a perfect oval. From the lower left hand corner projects a branch which startlingly resembles a snake's head, with the tongue sticking out. Two of the largest trees started to grow up from the ground, then changed their minds and bent downward, shaping their trunks into the form of the letter W. Still another tree has grown in the form of the letter N, two trunks starting from the same root below ground and a third growing from one to the other in a diagonal direction. Another consists of two trunks running straight up and parallel to each other. At no less than five different points branches or stubs have grown from one trunk into the other, forming a sort of natural ladder, for a distance of thirty feet from the ground. The warm southeasters have brought a enrichment to Wildwood, and vines and plants grow luxuriantly. Some of the grapevines are of mammoth size and, trailing along the ground, have run up into trees and expanded until they seem like immense bow constructors. Even the upper branches of the trees have been twisted into curious shapes, and a number have been cut out in the form of different articles. Three of them are almost exactly the shape of a triangle, a harp and pitcher. In walking through the grove one can scarcely find a tree which has not some odd form about it. A large hollow can be seen which really consists of two trunks twisted about each other. Each trunk is fully a foot in thickness, and it is supposed that when young two slips were blown around in this way and have gradually grown together. The spiral separation can be traced from the roots fully forty feet from the ground.—Philadelphia Record.

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Strange Trees to Look at. Wildwood, the resort on the Jersey coast where the ceremony of casting flowers upon the sea on Memorial day, in memory of naval heroes, was inaugurated, has a good reason for its name. It is located upon an island, which is separated from the mainland by Grassy sound. For about two miles a grove of trees, perhaps the most remarkable in the world, fringes the coast. The place takes its name from the trees, which have been shriveled and distorted into all kinds of fantastic shapes by the gales which swept over it from the Atlantic for centuries. The coast is completely exposed to the full sweep of the southeast and northeast storms, which in the winter rage for several days at a time. Some of the trunks of the trees have twisted into umbrals, letters of the alphabet and weird forms, which give the grove the reputation of being haunted among some of the negro servants and ignorant white people who live in the locality. One tree, which must be fully 50 years old, has been bent over until it forms the figure 8, looking at it from one side, while from another point of view it is a perfect oval. From the lower left hand corner projects a branch which startlingly resembles a snake's head, with the tongue sticking out. Two of the largest trees started to grow up from the ground, then changed their minds and bent downward, shaping their trunks into the form of the letter W. Still another tree has grown in the form of the letter N, two trunks starting from the same root below ground and a third growing from one to the other in a diagonal direction. Another consists of two trunks running straight up and parallel to each other. At no less than five different points branches or stubs have grown from one trunk into the other, forming a sort of natural ladder, for a distance of thirty feet from the ground. The warm southeasters have brought a enrichment to Wildwood, and vines and plants grow luxuriantly. Some of the grapevines are of mammoth size and, trailing along the ground, have run up into trees and expanded until they seem like immense bow constructors. Even the upper branches of the trees have been twisted into curious shapes, and a number have been cut out in the form of different articles. Three of them are almost exactly the shape of a triangle, a harp and pitcher. In walking through the grove one can scarcely find a tree which has not some odd form about it. A large hollow can be seen which really consists of two trunks twisted about each other. Each trunk is fully a foot in thickness, and it is supposed that when young two slips were blown around in this way and have gradually grown together. The spiral separation can be traced from the roots fully forty feet from the ground.—Philadelphia Record.

When you set your fancies free, Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned— Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so, —Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken! What had I on earth to do With the stouthead, with the mawkish, the unmanly? Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drive! —Being who?

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamt, though right were wronged, wrong would triumph, Hold we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.

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There is a small gulch near Florence, Col., which is filled with snakes—great stone snakes, whose wriggling days are over—prehistoric snakes with enormous heads and tails like rudders. The Colorado State Historical society has become much interested in the discovery, and an effort will be made to secure some of the best of the strange specimens for preservation in the collection in the state capitol. The first fossil reptiles were found several months ago, and the others, more recently. The first find was a head measuring 32 by 24 inches. It was so unmistakably the head of a fossil animal of some sort that the finders proceeded to search for the rest of the body. They found it in sections part on one side of the gulch, and part on the opposite side. The middle parts of the immense body had been swept away doubtless by floods, and the entire length of the snake must have been 100 feet. In circumference the largest fragment measured 34 inches. The eye-sockets are placed in the back part of the head, and the position of the snake's body at the well-defined place of fracture indicates that the creature had its head lifted to look behind it, perhaps for its enemies. The line of the jaw is plainly marked. Its tail is shaped like a rudder, and pitched downward, which leads the discoverer of the reptile to the belief that it was a swimmer rather than a crawler. The shape of the body is much like that of a salmon, with the narrow edge downward. The marks on the fractured, stony edges of the body in-

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Rudder-Tailed Snakes with Enormous Heads and Great Bodies Make a Small Gait in Colorado Interesting for Physiologists—Some Strange Trees.