

THE PASSING OF LIGNEOUS LO.

Few Wooden Indians Now Show the Way to Tobacco Stores.

Slowly but surely all the old friends of our childhood are passing away. But addest of all is the passing of the American Indian. Not that aborigine that inhabits the western plains.

I refer to that noble figure, the "wooden Indian" that for so many years has been to the tobacco store what the striped pole is to the barber. But, alas, his time has come. And what will the children of the future have to take his place?

This well-known sign has a distinct and logical genealogy. More than three centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh learned that there was a plant used by the Indians in a manner unknown in Europe. Sir Walter soon acquired the art and introduced it to Europe. In an incredibly brief period all Europe had taken up this delight, while to-day you can scarcely find a region on the globe where tobacco is not known.

And credit was given where it was due. Even where the Indian was unknown, nevertheless his praise was sounded and heralded. Then came the "wooden Indian" as a tribute to the teacher of this "solace and delight of man."

As if by magic all over England and in this country the "wooden Indian" stood as a symbol of a tobaccoist. But to-day his knell is rung, and we of the present generation are seeing the last of one dear old friend.

What child of yesterday but did not delight in gazing at the noble "buck" or sweet-faced "squaw" who held in his wooden hand a bunch of cigars as if to urge upon the world the delights of smoking. In the old days a cigar store without the symbol was like a one-ring circus of to-day. Passers-by would scorn at the attempt to sell the "wood" under any other device.

But all has changed. You walk block after block and pass tobacco stores by the score, but the old friend has gone. The march of an effete civilization has marked him out for slaughter.

His principal rival is the gaudy lithograph. It is with shame that I acknowledge the fact, but the youth of to-day would rather gaze upon the picture of a chorus girl smoking that abomination, a cigarette, than stand and admire the stolid features of the representation of the past.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

Disturb Graves of an Ancient Race

Floods that prevailed in Tennessee recently washed up what had been called an old Indian graveyard. Scientists, however, who have given their critical attention to the find are now inclined to the opinion that it was the resting place of prehistoric men, the mound builders.

The graves were very deep. The green knoll under which they rested gave no evidence of covering such gruesome relics. There has been no indication of a graveyard in the locality within the memory of the present inhabitants and no record of it in history. Before the flood the field was worth \$60 an acre and produced fourteen bales of cotton.

But this year the creek spread over the bottoms as never before, causing much destruction. The soil was swept away in the torrent, and when the water finally receded there were left exposed twelve graves. Some evidently were the graves of adults and some the graves of children.

Now, these graves were evidently not the remains of Indians. They gave evidence that the dead had been buried there with much care, while the Indians were wont simply to wrap a blanket about the body and lay it in a shallow grave.

The Why of the Trolley. On one point the American is determined: he will not live near his work, says Charles M. Skinner in the Atlantic. You shall see him in the morning, one of sixty people in a car built for twenty-four, reading his paper, clinging to a strap, trodden, jostled, smothered, thrown into harrowing relations with men who drink whisky, chew tobacco, eat raw onions, and, in contented breath, and after thirty minutes of this contact, with the roar of the streets in his ears, with languid clerks and plighted market women leaning against him, he arrives at his office.

The problems of his homeward journey in the evening will be still more difficult, because, in addition to the workers, the cars must carry the multitude of demobilized who shop and go to matinees. To many men and women of business a seat is an undreamed luxury. Yet, they would be insulted if one were to ask why they did not live over their shops, as Frenchmen do, or back of them, like Englishmen.

It is this uneasy instinct of Americans, this desire of their families to separate industrial and social life, that makes the use of the trolley car imperative, and the street railway in this manner widens the life and dominion of the people, it enables them to distribute themselves over wider spaces and unwittingly to symbolize the expansiveness of the nation.

Fast Warship for France. At St. Nazaire the French armored cruiser Admiral Aube was launched recently. She is to steam twenty-three knots, carry a crew of 625 men, and will be armed with forty guns and four torpedo tubes.

Some men who are just on the verge of being smart, spoil everything by some fool hobby or habit.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

There is little hope for the man who underestimates his own ability.

The child is father to the man and the college graduate is his grandfather.

Some of the new millionaires seem to have got ahead by thinking with their elbows.

Verily the war is over. Arrangements are being made for a world's fair at Johannesburg.

We might possibly have a better class of prominent citizens if it were not such a nuisance to be one.

The man who smokes 5-cent cigars not wisely but too often may in the end become a victim of cabbage-heart.

They are building a wire fence between the United States and Canada. Is somebody trying to fence this country in?

When last heard from the Crown Prince of Germany was beginning to eat solids and cast shy glances at other girls again.

Booker T. Washington says the colored people need leaders. One trouble with the white people is that they all want to be leaders.

A Chinese edict prohibits the officials from filling their own pockets out of taxes taken from the people. This is a blow aimed at a well-established precedent.

Mary MacLane says she saw a man in Chicago that she might love. We were passing through Chicago at that time, but it was on a Sunday. Besides, we had our fingers crossed.

The city of Cleveland is making war against dirty money, compelling the banks to return the soiled currency to Washington and get clean bills. In this town the filthy lucre is as popular as ever.

Paris has discovered a stock company of counterfeiters with a paid up capital of \$500,000—not bogus. If that concern had not been unearthed by the detectives it might have become the nucleus of a clearly illegal trust. In this case publicity is likely to prove effective.

A Swiss physician who has been studying the recurrence of contagious diseases reports the cases of three persons who had been attacked seven times each by measles, the malady which, in memory, lights up childhood with a red glow. Were a fractional experience possible, one-seventh of one attack would satisfy the desires of the average human being.

Three Victoria crosses, ten distinguished service medals, two promotions to commissioned rank and four mentions in despatches have fallen to the lot of reform school boys during the South African War. Perhaps it is with a premonition of some such honorable career for his charges that the probation officer of the boys' department at the New York Tombs always addresses them collectively as "gentlemen," and individually as "mister." In spite of his beliefs, many good things do come out of Nazareth.

The Canadians are not satisfied with their present relations to the commerce and industries of the United States. They want to quarrel with us about the use of the word "American." They say that they are as much Americans as we are and that we are not entitled to the exclusive use of the word to describe our nationality. They are complaining about some other things. In regard to these matters the Cleveland Plaindealer wisely says: "Canada is in a rasping humor, but she really can't afford to stay mad—nor can we afford to have her."

Forty years ago John Dunfree, of Syracuse, New York, was a ragged boot-black. One day he sat down on the steps of the Pike block in that city to eat his lunch. The janitor emptied a pail of dirty water on him from an upper window. "I'll own this block some day," said the lad, "and I'll fire you." The other day John Dunfree, the millionaire contractor, bought the Pike block, paying therefor \$225,000. It is in the center of the business district and has been a landmark in Syracuse for many years. Unfortunately the objectionable janitor is dead and the millionaire cannot "fire" him. Boyish boasts are not always to be taken seriously, but John Dunfree's made good. "I'll be Governor of Indiana some day," said Young Wright when his companion had carriers, working on Indiana's State house, made fun of him because he carried a book in his pocket. And he was. Blessed is the boy who has a high, definite aim. He may not climb as high as he intended, but his mental and moral fiber will grow strong in the climbing. Never laugh at a boy's ideal if it is honorable. It is the divinity that stirs within him! It differentiates him from the crowd which has no ideals worth having. Besides, if the boy is of the Dunfree or Wright type, and you poke fun at his ambition, he is likely to make you out a false prophet.

Do you remember how when Ulysses came home his identity was disputed? but when he took up the bow which one had been able to bend, and draw-

ing it back, sent an arrow whirling through the eye of the ox, everybody knew it was Ulysses. The old adage says the proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the string. When William F. Cochrane, Jr., came home from college, his father, who held the theory that young men should make their own living, told him to go and shift for himself. The young man took the dare. He went away from home, to Baltimore. And began to use his brains. Noting the great waste of packing cases and boxes, he began buying them in small quantities. He did not try to do something big at first. He rigged up a shop and hired an old horse and wagon. He bought all kinds of boxes, rented a pony planer, and, tearing up the old boxes, made them over into new ones, for which he found a ready sale. His father was several times a millionaire, but he never asked for a cent. His business increased gradually until he began to make new boxes. Finally he organized the Shippers' Box Company, for which he has been offered \$100,000. But that is not all. There was a beautiful young lady, named Nina Gill. She was also rich. Many young fellows courted her. They failed. Finally she heard about young Cochrane. His story interested her. Here was a man with brains and character. She managed to get acquainted with him. The courting was done largely in the little shop. Now they are to be married. Nor is that all. Cochrane, the elder, was proud of his son. He died and in his will left all to him. Beside the pretty story there is a moral. Young man, the world does not ask, "What do you know? but what can you do? You must prove yourself as Ulysses did. You must use your own brains as young Cochrane did.

As an "observer of American manners" the author of an editorial article in the Century Magazine comments upon the habit of some newspapers of "recording accidents and other interesting occurrences as happening not to mortals simply as such but to possessors or prospective possessors of worldly goods." He says: "In the journalistic 'scare heads' it is not John Jones of Jonesville who has been run over at the railroad crossing, but 'A Rich Man Killed.' It is not Miss Mary Marigold who has been struck by lightning while riding on the old Marlborough road, but 'The Daughter of a Millionaire.' The Son of a Wealthy Contractor' has been hurt in an automobile smashup; 'The Great Aunt of One of the Richest Men in Laurel County' has fallen out of a second story window; 'A Millionaire' has come near getting drowned; 'The Second Cousin of a Multimillionaire' has written a play." The writer asks whether this sort of thing is "plain snobbishness in the maker of the scare heads and in that part of the public which is supposedly pleased with this method of identification, or is it a sign of a general greed for money and of curiosity concerning those who have it?" Perhaps neither of these reasons will answer, and in cases where so much stress is laid upon money it is because there lies the man's chief claim to public distinction. Though wealth is a commonplace, and though even a journalist, recognizing this fact, would be glad to find something more novel than a dollar sign to put before his victim's name, still it is not so much of a commonplace as not to create a faint halo of interest about a man, and lacking any other halo the journalist must fall back on content with this one. Of course it is hard on the sisters, cousins and aunts that their share of distinction must be based upon their connection with a rich man in whose wealth they have no share. But when "Miss Mary Marigold" has done something of her own accord to merit distinction the fact will be duly recorded in the "scare heads."

Their First Ice-Cream. Seven hundred immigrants were spending on Ellis Island their first Sunday in the New World, and through somebody's kindness ice-cream had been added to the bill of fare. This was a novelty to most of the immigrants—so great a novelty, indeed, as to amount to a puzzle. The New York Times reports some of the comments which it called forth.

"Sure, an' there's frost in th' milk," said an Irish girl, when the first cold spoonful had surprised her throat.

"Milk, did ye say?" said a North of Ireland lad. "Ah, but it's more like sweetened snow, it is!"

"An' how did they kape it from meltin'?" inquired another.

Some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to it, and tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed.

"Oh, what stuff this would be to cure with in hot weather!" exclaimed an English fisherman, smacking his lips.

A Wrong Interpretation. A bright young woman was very deeply interested in her Sunday school class and endeavored to make the little ones understand different verses in the Bible more clearly by letting them finish each sentence. "The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See!" cried the children. "It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak!" the children answered. "It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear!" they once more correctly replied. "It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Blow it!" the children confidently shouted.—New York Evening Sun.

Grocers say that every traveler who returns from a summer resort calls for a new health food. The grocer buys a case of it, sells one or two packages, and has the rest on his hands.

What a terrible lot of thinking a man does about himself when he lies awake at night!

THE PACIFIC CABLE

As a result of the decision of Congress to leave the building of the new trans-Pacific cable to private enterprise, the work will be immediately begun by the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, a new concern formed on the basis of the Commercial Cable Company, which will consummate a duplicate all-the-world-around cable.

It is specifically stated that while the United States government does not incur any expense or responsibility, it will have at its discretion command of all facilities. This is particularly important because the government has already gone to the expense of laying more than 700 miles of cable in the Philippine Islands. These cables were laid as a necessary strategic measure during the recent trouble there and are intended to be a connecting link in the general system covering our possessions.

The new cable will run from San Francisco, a distance of 2,413 miles, to Honolulu, thence to the Midway Islands and Guam, another 2,293 miles, and then to Manila, another 1,390 miles, enabling the company to connect with a cable to Hong Kong and all points on the Asiatic continent.

From Hong Kong the connections of the Commercial Pacific cable will run north up the Chinese coast, finally passing through Siberia to St. Petersburg, and thus completing the route through Northern Asia and Europe. From the same junction they will extend down through Siam and the Straits Settlements, connecting with the Australian and New Zealand cables, and passing west through India to Aden, along the Red Sea and Mediterranean to Gibraltar and Lisbon, thence to the Azores, where the Commercial Cable Company's system has another headquarters, extending to New York. Both the San Francisco and eastern ends of these cables will be connected with the land telegraph system of the Postal



LIFTING THE PACIFIC CABLE ASHORE.

Telegraph Company for all points in the United States. A uniform rate of \$1 a word will be charged for messages from San Francisco to Manila and China.

The first section of the cable from San Francisco to Honolulu is being manufactured by the India Rubber Gutta Percha Telegraph Works Company, Ltd., London, England. The length is about 2,413 miles.

Laying the Cable. The catenary Silvertown, owned by the manufacturers, will convey this section of the cable from London to the Pacific coast via Cape Horn, where she will proceed with the laying operations. It is expected to complete the entire cable from San Francisco to Manila by January, 1905.

The laying of the new cable will involve searching ocean depths to possibly as far as three miles. While the government work was being carried on in the Philippines the greatest depth reached was one and an eighth miles. The estimate is that a depth of at least three miles will be reached in covering the Pacific ocean.

The operation of laying so many thousand miles of cable will necessarily involve a great deal of skill, but the difficulties which those who laid the Atlantic cables encountered have passed away, those having charge of the present work being able to carry out all details. The delicate and particular work, however, will be the handling of the cable at its objective point at Manila. The shore end conveyed by the Silvertown to this point will be lifted gently from the ship toward the land, where it will be placed in a deep trench, through which it will be conveyed to its final land communications, thence connecting with the cable to Hong Kong.

The death of John W. Mackay called attention to cable-laying projects in the Pacific. It is stated that the plans contemplated by his company will be pushed forward with all possible dispatch. The project has been delayed by the failure of the government to furnish the company with soundings taken in the Pacific. It is expected that these soundings will soon be furnished and that the work will then be pushed to completion. Possession of the Philippines has made the necessity of a Pacific cable very apparent.

GOATS WARD OFF DISEASE. They should be kept wherever horses are regularly housed.

"Goats are good things to keep round the stables where the horses are housed," said an old dealer in horses, "and the man who wants his horse to remain healthy will make a stake if he does not keep a few goats round. I do not propose to go into

an analysis of the reasons, but I am in a position to state the fact, and do it after many years of experience. I have been handling horses for more than a quarter of a century and I have had occasion to observe very closely those things which tend to benefit the horse. Occasionally I have been with out goats and nearly every time I have been called upon to doctor one or more of my horses for some complaint peculiar to this kind of animal. When I had goats around the stables to rub up against the stalls and wallow around generally sickness among my horses was a rare thing.

"My attention was called to the fact a good many years ago by a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the horse business. I had just lost a couple of fine horses and I was greatly grieved over the loss. I had dealt with them very carefully and, in fact had made pets out of them. I happened to meet my old friend and was telling about my loss. 'Do you keep any goats around your stables?' he asked. I told him I did not. 'There h where you make a big mistake,' he said. 'Buy a few goats and turn them in the lot with your horses and let them run together. I have tried it and it is a good plan.' I never thought much of it at the time, but I concluded that I would try it just for luck. It could do no harm. I bought me some goats.

"Since that time I have always kept goats with my horses, and the health of my horses has been a matter of note among those who are familiar with my business. I do not pretend to say just what it is about the goat which will benefit the horse. But there is something which acts as a great protection to the horse in the matter of health. I have often heard that the odor of the goat, while offensive enough to a great many persons, was a very healthy thing even for members of the human family. I guess it is the odor of the goat which benefits the

horse. I have often wanted to see a chemical analysis of the goat odor, so that I might understand just what the active purifying principle was made of. It is evidently a good disinfectant of some kind. Goats are good horse doctors, and the man who wants his horses to remain healthy and vigorous should keep goats around the stable."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Books Named from the Bible. A close acquaintance on the part of authors with the terse and expressive phrases in the Bible is plainly shown in the titles of a host of books. Among the titles taken directly from the Bible, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, are the following:

"If Sinners Entice Thee," "The Day of Temptation," "The Favor of Princes," "Wayfaring Men," "Weighed and Wanting," "The Wages of Sin," "Black but Comely," "Dross," "In Kedar's Tents," "The Valley of Decision," "The E unjust Steward," "Sons of the Morning," "Visiting the Sin," "The Quick or the Dead," "The Prodigal," "The Bondswoman," "Tinkling Cymbals," "The Crown of Life," "Unleavened Bread," "A Laddiecan," "The Birthright," "The Garden of Eden," "The Story of the Innumerable Company," "The Wings of the Morning," "Until the Day Break," "The Mantle of Elijah," "They That Walked in Darkness," "I Go a Fishing," "The Tents of Shem," "The Snare of the Fowler," "Give Me Thine Heart," "Mine Own People," "The Measure of a Man," "Resurrection," "The Market Place," "From My Youth Up," "His Brother's Keeper," "The Hosts of the Lord" and "On the Face of the Waters."

Standing on the Bias. During the trial of a street railway damage suit in one of the circuit branches of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia a few days ago an important eyewitness of the accident took the stand in the person of an elderly colored man. The plaintiff had been injured while the car was at a street crossing, and one of the attorneys was endeavoring to elicit from the witness just where the latter was standing at the moment the plaintiff was struck by the car.

"As I understand you," remarked the attorney, after a number of questions had been asked, "you were standing at the street corner diagonally opposite the point where the accident occurred."

"No, sir, I wasn't," declared the witness. "I guess I was standing kinder sort or bias from the spot."—Washington Star.

The devotion a father has for a cross baby in its second summer is acquired; it is not natural.

ROBBERS EASILY SCARED.

Certain Types of Thieves Are Always Ready to Run.

"In all grades of crooks there are certain peculiarities which are very marked," said an old police detective. "How do detectives go into a crowd of people and arrest twenty or thirty professional pickpockets in the course of a few hours?"

"There is a popular idea that they are familiar with their faces. They are to a certain extent, but it's the way the pickpocket acts in a crowd, rather than his face, which tells the trained detective his character.

"Pickpockets are very easily scared off. If a man who has been marked by crooks gives the least sign that he suspects what is going on they will drop him like a hot cake. I have seen them mark out a man and follow him until the man happened to turn around and look one of them squarely in the face. Then I have seen them drop that man instantly, although I was morally certain that he hadn't the faintest suspicion that anything was wrong.

"The pickpocket is afraid of his own shadow. If he is on a street car and any one gets on that car who he thinks knows him, he will leave the car at once, even if he had no intention of doing anything wrong. He is afraid of people becoming too familiar with his face. Then again he figures that if anything happens on that car, he will be held responsible for it whether he is innocent or guilty.

"The same peculiarities mark the highwayman, commonly called the 'strong-arm man.' Here in New York the strong-arm man usually follows his victim home and attacks him on a dark street. Most of his victims are drunken men, because he can the more easily sneak up behind them and lay them out with a club, without being seen.

"A strong-arm man will run like a whipped dog if his victim happens to turn around and get a look at him. He's too cowardly to kill a man, and he won't attack a man who has had a look at him, as he knows that that man may identify him later on."

STUDY OF SHRUBS AND TREES.

Learn Natural Science at Arnold Arboretum in a Bosky Bower.

Unique among the various reservations which go to make up Boston's wonderful system of parks and park ways, and beautiful, in its way, beyond all others, the Arnold arboretum is just now coming into the full bloom of its surpassing loveliness.

At no other place in this country—probably nowhere else in the world—is there such a collection of living trees and shrubbery, carefully disposed for both study and enjoyment.

Twenty-five years ago knowledge of the characteristics, geographical distribution and economic and horticultural value of the trees of North America was vague and hardly within the reach even of those anxious to acquire such knowledge, but, as a result of the work done at the Arnold arboretum, it may be fairly said that to-day the trees of no other country have been so carefully studied and are so well known.

The arboretum is a department of Harvard University, and was originally established with a view to provide opportunity for the scientific study of tree life, yet so carefully has the work been planned, and so artistically have these carefully wrought out plans been executed, that the scientific value of the collection is almost lost sight of in its picturesque beauty.

The tract of 225 acres which are included in this reservation was purchased by Harvard University with funds bequeathed to that institution by James Arnold, of New Bedford, says the Boston Herald. At that time it was a piece of rough, uncultivated land overrun with a wild growth of native shrubbery, and with little timber growth, except scattering hardwood and a remarkable growth of hemlocks which latter still remains the crowning glory of the collection.

Domestic Economy.

The little economies of many women are as amusing in their way as are those of Mrs. Jerome, who lives in a little Massachusetts village, and is known to her neighbors as a careful thrifty housewife.

She stood before the hatrack one day this spring, and looked ruefully at the tattered straw hat which her husband wore in the field.

"Your pa needs a new hat to work in," she said to her daughter Emma who was wiping the banisters.

"Well, there's that other straw hat," replied the daughter. "He doesn't wear it for best or when he goes to town. He hasn't had it on for two years."

"But it's a nice hat," objected Mrs. Jerome. "It cost a dollar and a half."

"But he doesn't use it, ma, and he might just as well take it to work in."

"My dear," said Mrs. Jerome, "you young people are altogether too extravagant in your ideas. I'm not going to let your father wear a good hat in the field when I can get him one good enough to work in for 50 cents."

Needed No Defense.

Congressman Williams of Mississippi has a new negro story.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to a old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I've got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I've the gentleman what stole the chickens."—Omaha Bee.

What men things can pass through some sweet lips!