

CURIOUS MADAGASCAR ANIMAL

Has Perfectly Formed Fingers and is of Monkey Family.

Madagascar contains many strange things, and of them the "half-monkey," with its skeleton-like fingers, is a worthy example.

Nowhere else in the world is there another animal like it. It belongs to Madagascar exclusively, and even in its home it is almost unknown, or was until the beginning of this century. This is due to its manner of life. It is not only remarkably shy, but it also is entirely nocturnal in its habits. As Madagascar forests are traveled rarely even in daytime and never at night, by human beings, it is not surprising that this strange lemur has remained almost a mystery.

The first specimen was found in 1782, when a German naturalist named Sonnerath shot one. When his native guides saw the animal they were no less surprised than he, and they yelled "Aye! Aye!" So it happened that the first name which was given to the little beast was ayeaye. It was fifty years after that before another specimen was taken. Naturalists had about decided that it was extinct, for all efforts to get one had been fruitless, when De Castelle caught one in 1831. It died on the way to the coast, and only the skin and the skeleton reached Europe. But in 1862 a living specimen arrived in London, and since then several skeletons and skins have been brought to Europe. These have been so few in number, however, that not many museums in the world can boast a specimen.

Recently Dr. Friederich Knauer had the great opportunity of a naturalist's life. He obtained a perfect, healthy young specimen, which he managed to keep alive and well for a long time, and thus he has been enabled to give the world the first authentic and real story of the habits and even the appearance of this wonderful animal.

The picture which is printed here is the first drawing made from life of this strange beast. It was drawn for the German paper Gartenlaube, and no one could possibly suppose that the various pictures made from description, which ornament many well-known works on natural history, could be intended to represent the same animal.

Chromys madagascariensis, which is the name that science has bestowed on this lemur, is so thoroughly nocturnal in its habits that it refuses to show itself in the day, even in captivity. When it is not able to hide, it rolls itself into a ball, covers itself with its thick tail and spits savagely at any one who disturbs it. Whoever wishes to see it active must watch it at night. Then the observer is treated to a display of rare and interesting activity. Lively as a squirrel, the "finger-animal" flits about in its cage like a ghost. It is here, there and everywhere, and never is quiet for a moment. It hunts like a bat, which it resembles at night with its swift motions and silent ways. Like the bat, too, it hunts insects, particularly the gorgeous Madagascar butterflies, which it loves, for food. But it does not disdain anything else that is edible, for its bill of fare comprises dates, apples, figs, boiled rice, biscuit, eggs and milk. After meals it cleans itself like a squirrel.

When it drinks, a curious function of its weird fingers becomes apparent. It dips its long, thin, withered tools into the liquid and licks them off. This is the only way of drinking. Other uses to which it puts these queer limbs or claws are to dig things out from cracks and crevices in tree trunks, and to

catch limbs and twigs in its mad leaps from tree to tree.

There is abundant reason for the lack of knowledge concerning this and other specimens of Madagascar fauna. Apart from the savage natives, who alone make travel unsafe, is the fact that the thick forests, the jungle and undergrowth are practically unbroken, and present almost insuperable difficulties to the explorer.

In this wilderness, filled with bamboo that forms forests, there as it does nowhere else on earth, are the most beautiful flowers, some of the orchids having petals almost two feet long. In this world of floral splendor dwell no lions, jaguars or leopards. Not even jackals or wolves are to be found there. The largest carnivorous animal is a cat about as large as a dog of medium size. But in their place the jungle is full of insect eaters, lemurs, bats, birds and insects. The true Maki (the typical lemur) is to be found only in Madagascar. No island is so rich in chameleons.



Even in a country garden is denied us it is possible to obtain much pleasure with what we possess, and it is surprising that the back yards of city houses are the forlorn, neglected places that they generally are, at best being only a square grass plot utilized for drying clothes, and a narrow border planted with a few straggling perennials. If there are children in the family sometimes abortive attempts are made at a flower bed. As the majority of people who own town houses seldom leave the city before the middle of June, returning by the middle of September, and as the head and bread-

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winner of the family practically stays all summer in town, it is a wonder that these back yards are not generally made beautiful by a little care and attention.

CARNEGIE'S FIRST INVESTMENT

Bought \$500 Worth of Stock With Much Trepidation.

It was due to Thomas A. Scott that Andrew Carnegie made his first investment—ten shares of stock in the Adams Express company, valued at \$500, says the Review of Reviews. This he did with considerable trepidation. He had labored hard for the money he had saved up while he had worked as

a telegrapher. It is part of railroad history how the latter fell in with the inventor of the sleeping car, saw the enormous advantages which that manner of travel held out to passengers, and promoters, and how he interested others in the invention of Mr. Woodruff. This occurred shortly after his return from Washington, when the problems of transportation were still uppermost in his mind. He was now on the road to success and wealth, as he then pictured earthly possessions. The Pennsylvania oil fields yielded large returns when Carnegie, with others, turned their energies in the direction of the newly discovered territory. In one year land purchased for \$40,000 increased in value so that it paid a dividend of \$1,000,000.—Chicago News.

Milking the Cow.

"I went out to milk that cow of mine last night," said the old-timer, carefully nursing his arm, "and here before you are the remains. I'll forget myself and assassinate that cow brute some day. As I said, I went out to milk her, and she behaved all right, with the exception of wrapping her tail around my neck and then unwrapping it. This didn't last, however, and she inserted her hind hoof in the pail and looked around to see if I liked it. In a sudden spell of madness I yanked up a neckyoke and hit it at her and missed her and knocked over a row of chickens. Then I got excited and landed on her face with my right and unjointed every joint in my body. She, the cow, then became agitated and stood upon her hind legs and ran me in the haymow. I remained up there, occasionally telling her she might go some place if the sulphur agreed with her health, until my wife came and chased her off. Tonight I shall hogtie her, blindfold her and with the assistance of a club milk her, gosh darn her, to a finish.—Deadwood (S. D.) Pioneer-Times.

Chinese Society of Boxers.

Eleven millions of men are said to belong to the great Chinese Society of Boxers, against which Uncle Sam, in connection with the great European powers, may soon direct armed force. This estimate was made by a Chinaman a year ago in conversation with a New Yorker who was then in China. The Society of Boxers, which now stands for lawlessness, robbery and murder, was once respectable. It is a good influence gone wrong. Originally it was organized as a protest and a means of defense against the bandits with which the province of Shan-Tung was infested. It was, in fact, a law and order league.

Fumigation in Honolulu.

The authorities of Honolulu have adopted the most heroic methods to suppress the epidemic, it now being the rule that whenever a case occurs in a frame building (which it is impossible to thoroughly disinfect) it is condemned with all its contents and burned to the ground. The consequence of this is that fires occur two or three times a week.

WEDDED WITHOUT A PREACHER

Unique Marriage of a Quaker Couple at Pasadena, Cal.

Pasadena (Cal.) special correspondence Chicago Chronicle: William F. Michener and Mrs. Mary V. Miller, both of this city, last week married themselves without the aid of any preacher and without even having previously secured a certificate. Their marriage must be recognized by the law, too. It was the first marriage of the kind which was ever solemnized in the state of California, according to the claim made by the parties. It was under the law of the Quaker church, originated by George Fox, the founder of the Quaker church in England 259 years ago. Several other states of the union, after a strong effort had been made, recognized this form of ceremony, and in 1897, through the efforts of Senator C. M. Simpson, California legalized it. The groom did not have to procure a license. On Saturday, Feb. 17, the bride and groom informed the Quaker church that they contemplated marriage. A committee was appointed to see that there were no obstacles. Thirty days later the committee reported that there was none. The couple then informed the church that they were still in the same mind and another committee was appointed by the congregation to see that the ceremony was properly performed. Half-past 10 in the morning was the time set. At the close of a prayer service the bride and groom stepped before the congregation, facing the groom's brother, Dr. J. C. Michener, a prominent physician, who was the first waiter or groomsman. Prof. and Mrs. I. N. Vail, the nearest relatives of the bride, were her attendants. The couple joined their right hands and the groom said: "Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take Mary V. Miller to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." The bride repeated this formula and they inscribed their names upon a certificate reading: "William F. Michener and Mary V. Miller of the county of Los Angeles, state of California, having made known their intentions of marriage with each other in a public meeting of Friends held in Pasadena this 21st day of March, in the year of our Lord 1909, declared that in the presence of our Lord they took each other for husband and wife. And as a further confirmation thereof they did then and there in this presence subscribe their names, she, according to the custom and marriage, accepting the name of her husband." The witnesses signed the certificate. There was no ring and no music.

FOWLS ATTACK A LIGHT.

Keepers of Hog Island Light House Kill Many Geese and Ducks.

One of the keepers of the Hog Island light on the Virginia coast relates a remarkable experience with wild fowls at that light one night recently. Between 7 and 8:30 p. m., the watch on duty was aroused by the "honking" of wild geese and brant, accompanied by the crash of breaking glass. He hastily summoned the other keepers, who responded with shotguns. They opened fire on the bewildered birds with every gun. The battle lasted for an hour and a half. The guns got so hot that it was dangerous to use them and the shoulders of the men became sore from the recoil. The supply of ammunition gave out and the light ended. In the morning there were sixty-three dead brant, geese, and ducks at the foot of the tower. On the following Saturday morning the tower was again attacked by the birds. There being no stock of cartridges on the island, the guns were useless, but the keepers fought with sticks and captured 150 fowls, when a flock, apparently containing thousands, rushed upon them. They were compelled to seek shelter within the tower. So powerful was the flight of the frightened geese that the wire screens were penetrated, the light in the watch room extinguished, and the panes in three windows destroyed. These fowls had taken wing because of the severe weather prevailing upon their feeding grounds and were blinded by the intense glare of the powerful light in the top of the tower. Hog Island light marks one of the most dangerous shoals on the Virginia coast. It is an iron tower and stands 180 feet above mean high water. It is a first class light and can be seen from the bridge of a steamer a distance of twenty-five miles.

Make Way for the Ladies.

"Whenever I meet a wagon or a carriage on the road driven by a woman," said a horse owner to a Washington Star man, "I give an extra grip to the reins, brace my feet, hold my breath and watch her like a hawk. Why? Because there is not in a woman's nature that element that goes to make up a driver, and they are just as likely to pull the right rein as the left. The fair sex have discovered that by pulling at a horse's mouth he can be made to move more rapidly. This is because the short, quick jerks that a woman gives, accompanied usually by a sharp 'Get up!' hurt the animal's mouth, and he moves for relief. But most all of them drive that way and always will. The only exceptions are those who have been taught by professional drivers in a riding school or on the road."

Cincinnati a Sporting City.

It may be said of Cincinnati that it is not only the Queen city, but literally the queen of clubs, having within the corporate limits more than 100 organizations devoted to shooting, fishing and outdoor recreations.

A TRAGEDY OF LOVE.

THAT MARRIED IN DEATH AN INDIAN AND HIS BRIDE.

Descendants of Daniel Boone Narrate a Legend of Kentucky That for More Than a Century Has Hallowed a Most Romantic Spot.

The following pathetic story, the incidents of which are interwoven with the early history of Kentucky, was narrated to the writer a short time ago by one of the descendants of the Daniel Boone family, now 96 years old. It has, as far as is known, never before been published:

On the farm of Mr. H. S. Baxter, and near the proud little village of Hestand, where the rippling waters of Sulphur creek make a leap over the picturesque Bradley falls into the deep canon below, is scenery of more than ordinary interest, most especially because of the sad and tragic history of a young Indian girl and her lover.

As the narrative is related by the descendants of the Daniel Boone family, who still live in this part of Kentucky, it was about a century and a quarter ago, when the palefaces from the east had pushed the red men farther westward, that the wigwams of a band of Delawares were pitched on the point of land on the south side of Sulphur creek, where Hestand now stands. The season was the most beautiful of all the year—Indian summer. The days were as dreams of fairyland and the nights were still more wondrously

lifeless lover, and locking her arms about his neck, refused to be taken away. Thus she remained for hours, when finally she became unconscious and was removed to the wigwam of her father. Early the next morning, when the camps were astir with preparation for the burial rites of Checotah, a shout went out over the camp that Salala was not in her wigwam. At this juncture there came the death cry of the Delawares in the high treble of a woman's voice. The braves started for the spot whence the sound came, and in a short time they were in plain view of Salala, sitting on the bough of a tree that bent over the falls. There they beheld the beautiful Indian girl softly rocking on the green bough, and never heeding the dashing waters below her, her long raven hair blown about her by the wind as she sat and sang the death cry of the tribe. As the pursuing party approached her she turned her face toward them, and waved a fond farewell. Then, arising to her feet, she sprang out and over the falls, alighting in the rushing waters below. She was taken out of the wild torrent, and the braves bore her bleeding corpse back to her father's wigwam. There the body of her who was widow before she was bride was placed on the litter by the side of him who was to have been her lord and master. The bodies were carried to a nearby Indian village and buried side by side, where they still rest.

Suicide of a Dog. That grief often leads animals to attempt suicide seems unquestionable. There was a clear case in Thirty-first



SALALA'S PLUNGE TO DEATH.

entrancing, lighted by the mellow, silvery light of the full October moon. Checotah was the son and only child of the chief of the Delaware tribe, and from his boyhood he had given promise of being a great leader of his people. In using the bow and arrow none could compete with him; in spearing fish while they swam about in the deep blue waters of Sulphur creek, no hand was so unerring as his. In all the tribe none was so swift on foot as this darling son of the old chieftain. This young brave would chase a deer and capture it without the aid of weapons, by following it until it became his prize from sheer exhaustion.

Chaliska, the second chief of the tribe, had an only daughter. Salala was his only child. She was beautiful and as graceful as the pliant willows which she wove into baskets. The good feeling between the two families had ever been secure, but soon it was to be welded more firmly by the union of these two children of the ruling chieftains. As was the usual custom of the tribe, a long series of amusements were to be indulged in during the month prior to the marriage. The first was to be a grand hunt along the shaded banks and the wooded hills of this beautiful stream. The young men were impatient for the hunt to begin, and finally, headed by their fiery and impetuous leader, Checotah, they started down the creek and were not out of sight of their camps when they saw a deer on the brow of the hill a short distance above the falls. The deer was a fine big buck. He started off towards the falls, followed in swift pursuit by the nimble footed Checotah. Upon reaching the falls the deer picked its way around on some narrow shelving rocks overhanging the canon below. Checotah undertook to follow the same dangerous route, when his foot slipped and he fell into the deep gorge below, alighting on the rough bowlders. His body was horribly mangled. Instantly the death cry was raised by the horrified young braves, and upon reaching his body they found it bruised, bleeding and quivering mass of human flesh. The grief of the old chieftain, when he learned that his son, the pride of the Delawares, was a corpse, was terrible. The girl, Salala, threw herself across the breast of her

street, this city, about two years ago. A Great Dane dog was abandoned by the family to which he belonged. For a week or more he roamed about the neighborhood, vainly seeking his protectors. The cook in a restaurant fed him well, but no one cared to give him a home. One morning he appeared in front of the apartment house where his family had lived, ran up the stairs and leaped from an upper window into the street. He was so badly hurt by the fall that a policeman shot him. Investigation proved that neither by word nor by gesture had any one in the house threatened him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Woman Leads the Pursuit.

A detachment of cavalry from Ft. Grant, Ariz., is in pursuit of a band of Indians who shot J. D. Mack, a mining man, and are said to have shot several others. Mack was shot in Pinery canon, just outside of the Apache reservation. He was left for dead and his camp was plundered. Mack dragged himself to the ranch of Miss Rhoda Riggs, four miles away. Miss Riggs mounted a fleet horse and rode at once to Ft. Grant, where she notified the army officers. A detachment of troops was sent at once to the scene of the shooting, guided by the girl, who rode with the soldiers as far as her ranch. There she organized a band of cowboys, and, herself assuming command, the party took the trail.

Family Nearly Wiped Out.

Eight people out of a traveling party of fifteen, composed of two families, were drowned at the junction of the Middle Concho river and the Klowe creek in Iron county, Texas. The names of the families are Queen and Wilson, and they were from McCulloch county, Texas. Of the eleven members of the Queen family seven were drowned.

Danced Herself into a Madhouse.

Jennie Herwitz, a young girl of Bridgeport, Conn., became insane during the week from excessive dancing and is now confined in an asylum. During the week she danced night after night at receptions and balls and was very popular. Physicians have hope that she may recover.

EASTER IN ABYSSINIA.



An Abyssinian Easter is a very strange sight. The Easter of the land of King Menelik occurs just eight days after that of the civilized world and follows many days of severest fasting, and, in fact, two days of total abstinence. The Abyssinian clergy then officially announce the resurrection of

Christ to the emperor, who sits, supported by cushions, in a tent carpeted with red and gold mats. The tent is put up on a large platform, so that the emperor may look out on the assembled populace.