MINIATURE JAP GARDENS.

Made in This Country and Used to Decorate the Dinner Table for American Society.

The little Japanese gardens displayed in the windows of florists are made in this country, but by Japanese artists.

"We import the dwarf plants and trees used for the purpose from Japan," said one dealer to a New York Sun reporter. "The gardens are constructed by Japanese men here whom we employ for the work.

"How much are they? The ones that you see here range from $3 to $6. We have more expensive ones. These are the $6 ones in these round terracotta pots.

"Some people use them for jardinieres for the center of the dining table. The coloring is rich and good and the little gardens always interest people."

Only Japanese art could achieve these wonderful miniature gardens, many of them not more than eight inches across.

A perfect illusion of extensive landscape is won by the clever placing of the tiny dwarfed trees, the artful twists given to wee graveled paths, the carefully arranged vistas.

The smallest gardens are, as a rule, grown in little shallow porcelain dishes of pretty design and coloring. The larger gardens are grown in shallow earthenware pots, bowl shaped.

Flooded with bright sunshine the gardens show off to the best advantage.

"I love mine in the sunset light," says a woman who is so devoted to her garden that she has had a special high stand made for it to rest on in a bow window, where it may catch an admirable all round light. "The effect of the golden light through the little old pine trees is stunning, and orange streaks slip over the little lawns in just the way they do over real lawns.

"When dusk comes the garden is delightful, so dark and bosky and cool. And in the moonlight? Well, you just ought to see the moonlight on my garden, lighten-up the dearest little white pagoda on the side of a steep hill.

"My garden's poetry to me all the time. Through it I keep sense of summer near me all through the winter months."

WAS HONEST IN POLITICS.

Mark Twain, Stumping for Hawley, Told Exactly What He Knew of the Famous General.

This is the way in which Mark Twain once introduced Gen. Joseph R. Hawley at a public meeting, according to the Hartford Times: "I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech Now, I must say this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches, and on that head (political) I have only this so say: First, see that you vote. Second, see that your neighbor votes. Lastly, see that yourself or neighbor don't scratch the ticket. Gen. Hawley was president of the Continental commission. Was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been governor of Connecticut, member of congress, and was president of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln."

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant.

Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford, and the author of 'Beautiful snow.' Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable garden joins mine, why—why, I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor. Gen Hawley keeps his promises, not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes in what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he added a new pang to winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position.

HARP SEALS IN NEW YORK

Two Brought from the North of Newfoundland to Gotham—Their History.

The aquarium received recently a pair of harp or Greenland seals, Phoca groenland, taken alive, at the request of Director Townsend, by one of Job Bros.' steamers of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, on the ice to the northward of Newfoundland, and brought down to St. John's, N. F., and thence by steamer Sylvia to this port, says the New York Sun.

The harp seals have been placed here in the pool with the harbor seals, which came from the coast of Maine. They are little more than two months old, but they are bigger than the harbor seals, being each now about three feet in length. The harp seal grows to be about six feet long.

The harp seal is found on both sides of the north Atlantic, around from this continent to that of Europe and well up into the Arctic ocean. It is sought by sealers for its oil and for its hide, which is made into leather.

The young seal, which is born on the ice in the early part of March, is at first of pure white color. It grows very rapidly, attaining half its full length within three months. It is able to shift for itself when the ice floes break up. The harp seal takes that name from a harp-shaped blotch that appears later on its sides, the seal taking darker colors as it grows older.

The two harp seals at the aquarium were brought down from St. John's each in a cask, carried on its side, in which they could be supplied with water, while through the openings in the top sides of the casks they got their supplies of air. Occasionally on the voyage they were allowed on deck for exercise. They are characteristically seal-like in appearance, but, while already larger than their harbor seal companions in the pool, they have smaller heads. One of the young harp seals is already sufficiently tame to take food from the hand.

FUSSLEIGH AND HIS 'PHONE

Didn't Really Own Instrument, But He Came with House When Mistress Decided to Occupy.

Mr. Fussleigh had a telephone in his residence, relates the Woman's Home Companion, but as it is principally used by Mrs. Fussleigh and by her friends it is perhaps natural that she and they should identify the instrument solely with Mrs. Fussleigh.

Not long ago, being alone in the house, Mr. Fussleigh answered the 'phone when it rang violently at about the hour of nine. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello!"

"Well?"

"Is this Mrs. Fussleigh?"

"No."

"I mean is this Mrs. Fussleigh's 'phone?"

"It is not. The ownership lies with the telephone company."

"Ha, ha! That's pretty good! But tell me seriously, is this Mrs. Fussleigh's house?"

"Really I can't say. Until lately I thought not, but as everyone else seems to think it is perhaps I am, after all, quite mistaken."

"You're a great joker, aren't you? Kindly tell me whether Mrs. Fussleigh is there."

"She is not."

"Who is this talking?"

"This? O, this is only Mrs. Fussleigh's husband, the father of Miss Fussleigh, the man who lives at Mrs. Fussleigh's house and occasionally does odd errands for Mrs. Fussleigh. She got him with the house, you know!"

"O, she did, did she?"

"Sure thing!"

"Pretty tough on Mrs. Fussleigh, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Fussleigh hung up the receiver and determined to give orders the following day for the removal of the 'phone.

Logical.

Bridget—I'll hov to be l'avin' ye, ma'am, unless ye give me more wages.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—More wages? Why, you don't know how to cook and you don't know how to wash dishes properly.

"Thot's jist it, ma'am. The work's harder fur me bekase I don't know how to do it."—Philadelphia Press.

PHOTOS WITHOUT A LIGHT

Pictures of Wood Are Due to Activity in the Wood Itself According to Discovery.

It has recently been found that if sections of wood are placed in contact with a photographic plate and both are kept in absolute darkness a picture of the wood is obtained, declares Collier's Weekly. These photographs usually show the annual rings of the stem section; sometimes it is the spring growth which is most active on the plate, and sometimes it is the denser autumn growth which has the greater effect.

The wood of all trees does not show the same degree of activity, some woods being nearly inert; thus the wood of oak or beech is active, that of elm or horse-chestnut comparatively inactive. The wood seems to be the only part of the tree which has this peculiar power, since no pictures are given by the bark and stem. Experiments have shown that it is the resinous principles of the wood which are the effective agents in this phenomenon.

The common resins are all active on the photographic plate in the dark, although the true gums, like gum arabic or cherry gum, are quite inactive. It is also said that if resins be dissolved in alcohol and the alcoholic solution be painted on paper the paper will be active on the sensitive plate. If a section of wood is exposed to bright sunlight for five or ten minutes and then allowed to act on a plate its power is found to be greatly increased. This increase in power persists for several days, and even weeks.

An artificial light has the same effect to a smaller extent. If the wood is exposed to the sunlight which has passed through colored glass instead of to the full white light the results obtained differ with the different colors. Red light has no activating power on the wood, green light has little, whereas blue light is but little less effective than white light. It is worth noticing that the colors which are inactive on the photographic plate are the ones which have little or no power to increase the picture-making power of wood.

CHINESE POSSESS THRIFT.

Celestial Empire Would Prove Poor Field for Accident Insurance Companies.

"China would be a poor field for accident insurance companies," said a man in the tea trade, to a New York Sun reporter. "The inhabitants would be only too glad to get hurt in order to collect their insurance. Up the river from Hong-Kong there's a little settlement of Englishmen. Just across the river is a graveyard, inhabited by a few scrub birds of the snipe family. They are very poor shooting, but your Briton must have sport of some kind, and shooting these birds is the only sport in sight.

"One day an Englishman let drive at a snipe and hit a Chinaman who had just bobbed out from behind a tombstone. The charge of shot struck the coolie in his wrist, putting his hand out of business. Of course the Chinaman made a roar. The Briton, wanting to do the square thing, offered to pay the damage. The coolie demanded $10. The Englishman generously made it $15. There was never any good hunting in the graveyard after that. Whenever an Englishman was seen approaching a Chinaman hid behind every gravestone.

"With marvelous cleverness they'd manage to get in range just when the Briton fired. If one of them had the luck to get two or three birdshot in his system he would come out, roar and collect. Of course, this drove away the snipe; but the coolies took to catching birds, tying them by the leg to gravestones and hiding themselves in holes from which could rise and get shot at the proper moment. The Englishmen had to stop hunting. It was too expensive. One of the pleasant and refined Chinese tortures is crushing the ankle. There are coolies in Shanghai who keep a standing offer to submit to this torture, for the benefit of tourists, at a rate of $5. I know of several cases where this offer has been accepted. The coolie submitted without a howl and smiled when he collected the money."

LONG LOST DEED FOUND.

Authorities Hunt for Document and Finally Unearth It in Long Unused Desk.

After the death of the late Gov. Charles Robinson it was found that he had followed up a number of valuable gifts made to the university during his lifetime by bequeathing to the universify his valuable farm, a few miles north of Lawrence. His widow was to have the farm during her life and then it was to go to the State university.

A few months ago L. S. Steele, an abstractor in Lawrence, was commissioned to make an abstract of the farm. He found the title vested in a sister of Gov. Robinson by virtue of a deed made more than 25 years ago. The executors could not find any deed or other instrument transferring the property to Gov. Robinson. For a time it seemed as if the legacy would be lost. The woman in whom the title was vested had been dead for several years. The widow of the governor was sure that her husband had held the title of the farm at the time of his death. A thorough search was made.

Finally it occurred to one of the executors to compile a list of all of the agents Gov. Robinson had employed during his lifetime. All of these agents that could be found were seen and each of them searched everywhere for the deed. Finally one of them recalled an old desk that he had sold to a second hand dealer a few years before. The desk was traced to a farmhouse almost adjoining the Robinson farm. The desk was searched, but the missing document was not discovered. The farmer who owned the desk was not satisfied with the search made by the lawyers who had visited him for that purpose. He took the desk apart and behind a broken panel found the missing deed.

The document was recorded the next day and the widow of Gov. Robinson is now sure of her home during her lifetime and the University of Kansas is again secure in its anticipation of a valuable legacy.

POINTS FOR "VET" SMOKER

Great Harm Is Done to Young Men Who Indulge in Cigarette Habit.

Very few people are aware how much harm is done to young men by the almost universal habit of cigarette smoking. The man who smokes cigarettes has one always in his mouth, and is continually inhaling nicotine until his system is saturated with the poison.

The result of this practice is a catarrhal condition of the nose, throat and bronchi, a disordered and very irritable state of the nerves, a weak and rapid action of the heart, and indigestion.

Thin, anaemic, weak, with clammy hands stained with nicotine poison, unstrung nerves and degenerated muscles, the youth of the land go on ignorantly suffering the consequences of a pernicious habit until attacks of heart trouble, nervous prostration, melancholia, etc., bring their condition to the attention of a physician.

If a man must smoke—and we admit the charm of the habit to those who have become accustomed to its soothing influences—let him choose a mild cigar and have certain set times for indulging. If he puts a certain restraint upon himself from the start, in the matter of smoking, he will not overdo it, and there are few men who can smoke more than three cigars a day without injury.

Total of Mr. Carnegie's Gifts.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's latest benefaction is a gift of £2,000,000 to provide pensions for professors in universities, colleges, and technical schools throughout the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, who, from age or ill health, are no longer able to render efficient service. The total of Mr. Carnegie's gifts exceeds £24,270,000.

Auburn-Haired and Red-Haired.

What's in a name is nicely illustrated by the experience of a business man who advertised for five auburn-haired girls and received so many answers that it required the fire department to keep down the heat, while another advertised for red-headed girls and got a frost.—Tahlequah (I. T.) Herald.

HE SOWED THE HOLY SEED

Bible Used as Wrapping Paper Proves Interesting and Many Calls Are Made for It.

In Armenia the distribution of the Bible by missionaries is especially difficult. Yet the book is eagerly read by the natives when it falls into their hands, as may be gathered from this story, told by one of the Bible men, says Everybody's Magazine. A copy of the Bible was given to a patient in the American hospital, and by him carried to his home in a village. Here an Armenian priest took it from the man, and, having torn it to pieces, threw it into the street. A grocer picked it up and took it to his shop, where he began to use it as wrapping paper. So for a time olives, cheese, candles and other things sent forth from that store were wrapped in pages upon which were printed the "Words of Life."

In this way the Bible was scattered about through the village, and was read by many whose interest was so far aroused that they began asking for more of the same book. The result was that when the colporteur came round over 100 Bibles or portions of the Bible were sold in that village. North and south, east and west, the Bible society sows; and that no ground is too barren for its seed surely the following incident proves:

A Cree Indian and his son, fishing in the northwest some years ago during the winter season, traveled on snow shoes across the plains, thinking that they carried what they called the "Book of Heaven" in their pack. When they reached a hunting ground, 140 miles distant from the fishery, they found that the book had been left behind. One of them went back on his tracks and walked 280 miles through the wild country to regain the Bible.

HELD TO CLASSICAL MUSIC

Thomas, Famous Leader, Began at the Top in His Education and Always Stayed There.

The accepted way of teaching people to understand music is to begin at the bottom, says Charles E. Russell, in Reader Magazine. Play simple airs to-day, and perhaps to-morrow, or next year, or some other time, you can play something a little better. You must lead the people by slow degrees and as if by the hand from fathomless depths of ignorance. The first thing Mr. Thomas did was to trample upon this senile sophistication. He would have none of it. He was a musical democrat; I think he had a feeling that the theory of beginning at the bottom was the rotten fruit age of the idea that some men are specially gifted to feel and to understand, and the rest, poor things, are inferior, and the gifted truly must be very patient with them and show them the way to the simplest apprehension. Few men have had a better understanding of their fellows, and he probably knew well enough that the difference between mind and mind is usually infinitesimal. He tolerated none of this "beginning at the bottom." He began at the top. With the highest and most complicated forms of music he started upon his career, and through years on years of good and evil fortune, through trial and failure, boundless trouble and incessant toil, through intelligent praise and fierce storms of denunciation, he never for an instant lowered his standard nor abandoned his faith.

Industrial Accidents in France.

There were killed or injured in industrial accidents in France in the four and one-half years, from July 1, 1899, to December 31, 1903: Males under 16 years of age, 1,282; males over 16 years of age, 41,094; females under 16 years of age, 238; females over 16 years of age, 1,549; total, 44,163. The deaths included in the foregoing numbered 6,962.

Colombian Gold.

According to a Spanish exchange the republic of Colombia, in South America, since the times of the conquerors has produced $130,000,000 worth of gold.

Good Fellow, Poor Fellow.

There is no way of estimating how much of life's trouble comes through the desire to be thought generous. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

MUSSELS FIND MANY USES.

Some Facts About a Familiar Shellfish—At Its Best in the Spring—How to Cook Them.

Mussels are at their best in the spring. Mussels thrive in bays and inlets, on sandy bottoms, to which, and to one another, they attach by their byssus threads, these being slender filaments issuing from between the shells, says a New York writer. They are sometimes in great beds extending over a hundred acres, thousands of bushels of mussels being obtained in a single bed.

Fishermen go for mussels as soon as the ice is out of the bays in the spring, and sometimes when wind and weather are propitious they sandwich in a trip for mussels between the end of one fishing trip and the beginning of another. There are plenty of mussel beds within easy reaching distance of New York, and once on a mussel bed a load for a ten-ton sloop might be dredged up in a single tide.

So with good luck a fisherman could go to a mussel bed 20, 30 or 40 miles distant, and get a load of mussels, and be back in New York ready to sell them, all within two days.

The profit on the trip depends on what he gets for his catch. If there should be many boatloads of mussels in the market at the same time he would get less for them; but if he should happen to come in when mussels were scarce he would get more. If he got, say, $1.25 a barrel, about an average price, and he had from 50 to 75 barrels in his sloop and he had made a quick trip and disposed of his catch quickly there would be fair money in it.

But the fisherman takes chances in mussel fishing, just as he does in every other sort of fishing.

Fishermen sometimes eat mussels fried, but the great bulk of mussels consumed are pickled. The mussels are first boiled, and then picked out of their shells, and then what is called the beard, which consists of the inward ends of the byssus threads, is removed, and with it a little sac into which the mussel is likely to have drawn more or less sand. Then the mussels are put up in jars in pickle, with a few spices added. Pickled mussels have long been a familiar item of free lunch, and people buy them as well to carry home.

The mussel is a much cheaper shellfish than the oyster or the clam, but still it is not eaten to the same extent. There are people with whom the mussel does not agree, because of its rich flavor. But there are epicures who are fond of them, and who like to eat them occasionally, and so mussels may be found on the bills of fare of the finest restaurants.

Junkmen who go into the country buying junk sometimes take down their jangling bells and stow them away somewhere in the wagon and take into the country a wagonload of mussels, which they dispose of to farmers, trading the mussels, maybe, for junk.

Pickled mussels have been shipped from New York at least as far away as Chicago; so that, altogether the quantity of mussels disposed of in the Gotham market is considerable.

Novel Way to Kill Sharks.

The engineers in the British navy have a very effective way of killing sharks. They seal up a dynamite cartridge in an empty can, and put the can inside a large piece of pork. The pork is thrown overboard on a wire which has been connected with an electric battery. When the shark takes the bait the engineer presses a button, which explodes the cartridge and kills the fish.

A Beginner.

He—The airships do not seem to be perfected yet. The great problem is how can a man be kept up in the air?

She—Well, I saw you out horseback riding the other day, and it looked very much as if you were in the air most of the time!—Yonkers Statesman.

His First Attack.

She (toying with the ring)—And am I the first woman you ever loved?

He—No, indeed. At the early age of seven I thought seriously of eloping with my teacher.—Chicago Daily News.