PRINCIPALS IN MYSTERY WHICH HAS MANY PUZZLING FEATURES

KENT J. LOOMIS

WILLIAM H. ELLIS

Kent J. Loomis and William H. Ellis are two men whose affairs have become of international importance. Mr. Loomis is the brother of Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, and was on his way to Abyssinia to deliver a commercial treaty to Emperor Menelik when he disappeared on the night of June 19 from the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II at Bremen. When passengers landed at Plymouth next day Loomis was not seen, and nothing has been heard of him since. Mr. Ellis sailed from Marseilles Sunday, bearing the treaty that Mr. Loomis should have carried. Ellis was in Abyssinia last year with the Consul Skinner expedition, had previously visited the country and is said to exert a mysterious power over Menelik. He also is alleged to possess a desire to become king of that country. Ellis has been a railway president and company promoter, and from his office in New York controls the affairs of the America-Mexico-West Indies and Porto Rican Company. He told friends recently that he expected within two years to have command of $150,000,000 and the resources of the richest country in Europe. A rumor from Hamburg to the effect that Mr. Loomis' body had been washed ashore at Cherbourg, France, has been received, but it cannot be confirmed. Assistant Secretary Loomis denies the reports that his brother had trouble with Ellis. The latter, it is said, offered to remain in France to assist in the search.

LIKED THE MAPLE SIRUP.

Lord Roberts Pleased with Present from American Relative.

One of the places to be visited by Lord Roberts when he comes to this country will be the maple sugar district around East Dorset, Vt. A far distant relative of "Bobs" sent him a can of genuine maple sugar some time ago and received this letter of thanks: "Dear Sir: I beg you will accept best thanks from Lady Roberts and myself for the delicious maple sirup you so kindly sent to us. It arrived safely a day or two ago and is thoroughly appreciated by us all. Please tell your boy how much obliged I am to him for thinking of us and suggesting the present of the sirup. I am forwarding by this post for your kind acceptance a copy of my 'Forty-One Years in India.' Believe me, yours very sincerely, Roberts. C. H. Roberts, Esq., East Dorset, Vt."

Caddie Was Deliberate.

Beerbohm Tree has revised an old saying and gives this reading: "A man is never a hero to his golf caddie." While out on a Scottish link some time ago he had a particularly silent and stupid-looking caddie, who followed close at his heels without saying a word. But since silence sometimes speaks louder than words the actor was nervous, and after a particularly bad drive which seemed to demand an apology, exclaimed: "Did you ever see a worse player on these links?" The caddie said nothing. A still worse drive from the next tee called forth the same query. The caddie stared silently for a few moments. "I heard what ye said richt enough," he at last slowly replied. "I'm just theenking."

German Emperor in Paris.

A book recently published in Paris abounds in hitherto unpublished details regarding the German emperor's life. It is declared that he visits Paris every year, choosing a different title for each visit, and that he is carefully watched by French detectives, for should he be recognized he would be almost sure to suffer insult. Two years ago he was recognized by a newspaper man while in a railway station. The reporter politely asked a question, addressing him as "Your Majesty." Suddenly four men surrounded the inquisitive journalist and hurried him from the station. They were detectives who had been assigned to guard the distinguished traveler.

Hard Work Never Harmful.

Florence Nightingale's celebration of her eighty-fourth birthday last month is another proof added to the list of facts which go to show that there is nothing more conducive to longevity than plenty of work, mental and physical. Miss Nightingale's life has been one of continued effort. Her year's work during the Crimean war was enough to have broken down a strong man, and she was a delicate woman. Miss Nightingale always said that she never had time to think of the hardships and was consequently not affected by them.

Veteran German Soldier.

Gen. Von Trotha, commander of the Sixteenth infantry division of the German army, who has just sailed for German South Africa to take charge of the campaign against the kaiser's rebellious subjects, the Hereros, is 56 years old. From 1894 to 1897 he commanded the kaiser's colonial forces in East Africa, and in 1900 he accompanied Count Von Waldersee to China with the rank of major general.

Had No Love for Caesar.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Leopard's Spots," says that when one of his boys finished his "Caesar" last spring his mother asked him: "Do you think you would know Julius Caesar now if you met him. A look of savage hate wrinkled his brow as he slowly replied: "I'm not sure. But I'll tell you one thing. If I should happen to meet him nobody else would ever know him!"

Railway to Rival Canal.

Nicaragua will assist in constructing a railway line across her territory to Greytown for the proposed isthmian canal.

LIPTON NEVER AN IDLER.

Business Habits, Acquired Early, Cling to Him Still.

Sir Thomas Lipton still has the exact business habits acquired in Glasgow during his days of strenuous labor when he slept below the counter of his shop at times, so as to have the window "dressed" for the early customers. Not long ago he had to tell his shareholders in London for the sixth time or so that his yachting recreation was never allowed to interfere with business. There was a touch of impatience in the "Glasgow accent" that still lingers about his speech as he rebuked the overexacting questioner. At a former meeting he sat heavily on a shareholder who demanded to know why he took so many holidays. "You can go away to the country for as long as you like and not a soul is any the wiser," said Sir Thomas pointedly, "but if I leave London all the world knows of it through the newspapers." The shareholder did not pursue the question.

Chinese Child a Genius.

Soneng-Pao-Kis is the son of the Chinese ambassador in Paris. His father is justly proud of him, for he is a little fellow of accomplishments and is already more talked about than his distinguished progenitor. He is known as "the Chinese wonder child." Only 5 years old, he speaks French fluently and has 2,500 Chinese characters at his command. This indicates a memory such as even "geniuses" seldom possess, for each stroke of these characters has a separate significance all its own and is so difficult to acquire that a knowledge of a thousand of these characters is the mark of a highly educated Chinese gentleman.

Athletic Girl Foiled Footpad.

Again the athletic American girl has demonstrated the value of muscle in her sex. Miss E. K. Aymar of Philadelphia is a guest at her uncle's cottage in Newport. She was sitting on the piazza in the darkness when a tall man suddenly appeared, seized her by the wrist and demanded money. Miss Aymar wrenched herself free and swinging the chair on which she had been sitting, brought it down on the fellow's uplifted arm. With a cry of pain he fled, the girl following, but he escaped. Miss Aymar shines in tennis, basket ball, rowing and other athletic amusements.

Revealed Secrets of Trousseau.

Philadelphia is still shuddering over a certain display made in connection with the recent wedding of Miss Elsie Whelen to Robert Goelet. Several rooms at the bride's home were given up to showing gifts showered upon the young couple. Among them were a number of articles which made men grin and brought blushes to the more modest female cheeks. They were articles without which no trousseau is complete, but no other bride had ever been known to show them thus publicly. Ever since the wedding the matrons and maids of the quaker city have been discussing "what Elsie did."

Some Problems to Be Solved.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is now an LL.D. of Williams college, from which his father graduated just 100 years ago. The doctor read an extract from his parent's graduating address, which dealt with the question, "Has there been a progressive improvement in society in the last fifty years?" Dr. Hale joconsly remarked that a century ago the boys appeared to be wrestling with the same problems as are now discussed.

Yamagata in Poor Health.

Field Marshal Marquis Yamagata of Japan, who has been appointed commander in chief of the forces in the field, has made the Japanese army what it is in spite of very precarious health. He is nearer 70 than 60 years of age and for many years has been practically an invalid. During the war with China he was several times stricken down with an illness which looked likely to prove fatal.

To Exterminate Locust.

The locust has become a plague in Spain and the minister of agriculture has been authorized to fight the pest.

OF PUBLIC INTEREST

DEATH CLOSES BRIGHT CAREER

Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines Succumbs to Heart Failure.

Archbishop Guidi was born in April, 1853, at Alatri, province of Rome. He studied at the Gregorian University and Collegio Romano until 1870, when he entered the pontifical seminary, where he took the degree of philosophy. Pope Pius IX highly regarded the peculiar talents of the young student and sent him to the University of Innsbruck, where he remained until 1877, taking the degrees of theology and law.

He spent a year in Paris, studying at the Sorbonne, where he was awarded the degree of oriental languages. Guidi was appointed in 1879 secretary to the extraordinary embassy which represented the Pope at the marriage of King Alfonso of Spain and he remained secretary of the nunciature at Madrid until 1883, when he acted as

ARCHBISHOP GUIDI

secretary of the extraordinary papal embassy at the coronation of the czar.

From 1883 to 1887 Monsignore Guidi served as secretary of the nunciature at Lisbon; from 1887 to 1890 he was auditor and then charge d'affaires of the nunciature at Munich; from 1890 to 1892 he was secretary of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs at the vatican and from 1892 he was auditor and then charge d'affaires in Brazil.

In 1899 Monsignore Guidi was sent on an extraordinary mission to Ecuador and from 1899 to 1902 he had been secretary of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs at the vatican. The monsignore had numerous decorations conferred by almost all countries, including those of Charles III and Isabella the Catholic.

SENATOR HAWLEY IS BETTER.

Connecticut Statesman Improved in Mind and Body.

The health of Senator Joseph R. Hawley is materially improved and his mind and body are much stronger. He has recently leased a houseboat of larger proportions than that used last year and will spend the month of July or the greater portion thereof in Chesapeake bay, later, if conditions are favorable, coming into Long Island sound, spending the remainder of the vacation season at different points along the Long Island shore. The Hawley cottage at Woodmont has been leased for the season and Senator Hawley expects to spend practically all his time on board the houseboat, the reason being that his experience on a similar expedition last summer proved exceedingly beneficial to his health.

DIPLOMATIC POST FOR LOW.

Former Mayor of New York to Be Ambassador to Italy.

Former Mayor Seth Low of New York will be the next ambassador to Italy. The change will soon be announced, though it may be deferred until after election. George V. L. Meyer of Massachusetts was made ambassador to Italy by President Mc-

SETH LOW

Kinley in December, 1900, with the alleged understanding that he would resign in a year. At the end of the year it was intimated to him that his resignation would be acceptable, but he denied that he had been a party to such an agreement. Mr. Roosevelt did not care to remove him, and he was allowed to hold on. He is now home on leave, and it is predicted that he will not return. The place pays $12,000 a year.

Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Low if he would rather have it he could take Powell Clayton's place as ambassador to Mexico, which he will resign next March. The Mexican ambassadorship pays $17,500. It is the only post at which an ambassador can live within his salary. Mr. Low prefers to go to Italy.

Use for Hawthorne Fund.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has devoted her life for some years now to the relief of cancer sufferers—work in which her father took a lively interest—hopes that the Hawthorne centennial anniversary will be observed by raising a fund for use in this charitable work.

Thrift in Norway.

To encourage working people to establish homes of their own, Norway has founded a bank for workmen. It lends money at 3½ per cent, and gives the borrower forty-two years in which to pay the loan. The total cost of the house must not exceed $1200, and the area of land must not be more than five acres.

Women Wanted to Know.

Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, says that after a story was published which stated that the "Washington 'poison squad' had beautiful pink cheeks after getting through with their experiment, [illegible] women all over the world inquiring for the recipe.

FROM FORTY THOUSAND NOTEBOOKS

By Earl M. Pratt, Colt Park, Illinois.

So many times I have felt the following idea that I want to pass them along to you in the words of a correspondent who sent them to the Breeders' Gazette:

"Every man sees what is hard in his own life and what is easy in the life of everyone else. This is the reason why there is so much discontent among the human race. The farmer hauling fodder to his cattle through the mud and slush of a thawed field in winter thinks of the lawyer sitting beside a warm fire in his office with his books and clients, and straightway wishes he was a lawyer; or he thinks of the merchant handing out his goods on one side of the counter and taking in his profits on the other, and then he wishes he was a merchant; or he sees the doctor riding by at fifty cents or a dollar for every mile, and then he wishes he was a doctor. Or blackleg breaks out among his calves, the grub kills his sheep, the cholera slays his hogs or his corn withers in the drouth or his wheat rusts in the rain, and he reviles the fate that made him a farmer and declares that if he had his life to live over he would be anything else—just anything but a farmer.

"Now the farmer is not the only man who indulges in these grumblings. The farmer does not often wish he was somebody else than somebody else wishes he was a farmer. The lawyer harassed in his office by troublesome cases and forced all day long by opposing counsel, with the smell of musty law books and foul court rooms continually in his nostrils, envies the farmer whistling as he follows his plow and team with the scent of blooms borne to him on every breeze. The merchant tormented by importunate creditors and laughed at by irresponsible debtors sees the farmer quiting his fat steers in the pasture across the road and wonders why he was so foolish as to go into the harassing, hazardous business of merchandising. The doctor roused from much-needed sleep in a cold, stormy winter night thinks how happy must be the farmer, whose chambers no loud insistent voice ever disturbs."

Sleep and the Weather

"Do you know I think the connection between atmospheric conditions and insomnia is much closer than we believe it is," said a thoughtful man to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "and I think I have good reason for the faith that is within me, so far as this matter is concerned. I suffer a great deal on account of sleeplessness and in at least nine instances out of ten the weather is directly responsible for it. If a violent change in any way whatever is about to take place my system will register the fact with just as much accuracy as the most delicate devices used by the expert weather prognosticators.

"Of course, I do not mean to say that I have a monopoly on this sort of thing. We are all influenced to some extent in one way or another by weather changes. But I was speaking more particularly of the relations between atmospheric condition and insomnia. The connection is direct and unmistakable. Take the man, for instance, who is a chronic sufferer from headache or neuralgia, or any kindred ailment, and you will find that an impending change in the weather will have a tendency to put his nerves on edge, if I may say it, and he will find it extremely difficult to sleep. He will, as a matter of fact, fall into the clutches of that awful slaughterer of rest—insomnia.

"I may say that any man whose nerves are particularly sensitive and whose system is delicate enough to respond to slight pressures, will be affected in the same way. The ordinary corn is often an agent in begetting insomnia, because it is a sort of barometer and responds quickly to changes in the weather. It would be interesting if some man who is an expert in such matters would trace definitely the relations between insomnia and atmospheric or climatic conditions. Many variations would be found. It would all depend on the temperament of the individual. A great many persons will be found who will sleep heavily if the night becomes suddenly a little cold. Cold in such cases aids sleep. In the cases of other persons a change of this sort will produce wakefulness because the cold will irritate the more sensitive nerves. So I might go on and enumerate a vast variety of ways in which different persons, because of temperamental differences, would be affected by a sudden change in the weather. There can be no sort of question about the connection between insomnia and the weather."

Woke Up the Flagman

The recent renewal of discussion of the Grand Trunk Pacific project for a second railroad across the Dominion of Canada reminded a railroad man the other day of this story of Marcus Smith:

He made a survey of the route which the new road proposes to follow when the Canadian Pacific was projected. The party under Smith was running lines one sleepy Indian summer day on the headwaters of the Saskatchewan river. When he wanted to take a sight of the rear flag he discovered that it was being held in line. All sorts of signals were tried, but the attention of the flagman could not be attracted.

Finally Smith jumped into a buckboard and drove back over the line. Presently the others of the party heard half a dozen revolver shots. Then Smith came back alone and with never a word of explanation.

Hours passed, but the flagman did not appear. They made camp, a tent for the men, and one apart from it for Marcus Smith. The surveyors were about to demand an explanation from their chief, dangerous as it would have been, when the missing flagman crawled out of the brush and into the tent.

"I went to sleep," he confessed, "and was awakened by a great big paw-like hand cuffing me vigorously. I scrambled up and started to run. Marcus came after me. I grabbed a stick when he gained on me and managed to trip him up. Then he started to shoot and I made for the bush faster than ever."

The man was greatly troubled about his future course. His fellows advised me to turn out with the crew in the morning, as though nothing had happened. He remembered the revolver shots and thought it was taking long chances, but finally decided to risk it. The crusty old surveyor did not refer to it in any way, and as the flagman kept awake there were no more flying shots.

Chivalry Not Yet Dead

A tall, straight young man and a girl who looked as though she had just stepped out of a love-story illustration in a magazine stood together under the canopy in front of the Reading Terminal after the rain had stopped late Thursday afternoon. They were waiting for a car, he idly watching the crowd pick its way over the wet street, she gazing with a little frown at the muddy crossing.

"Extry poiper! Extry, mister!" shouted a ragamuffin of a newsboy, holding out an early evening edition to the young man.

"No, kid, I guess not," said he, smiling. Then—"Hold on a minute, son; are you too busy right now to stop and earn a quarter?"

"Sure I ain't; what d'ye t'ink I am?" came the answer.

'Well, then, take ten of your papers, quick, spread 'em out from here to the car tracks. Get busy, now!"

When the car turned up he turned to the girl, who hadn't quite comprehended what this was all about, and, with a little gesture of his head that was not at all displeasing, even if it was a bit dramatic, bowed her to the pathway.

"Oh, Dick, you foolish boy!" she exclaimed.

But she blushed and smiled as proudly as ever a queen on a Raleigh's cloak as she made her way to the car.

"Absurd!" said an angular shopper with spectacles.

"How lovely!" said a pretty young woman.

"Hully gee!" said the boy.—Philadelphia Press.

Slowcurve Was Too Gay

As Slowcurve was walking with his wife a baseball bounded from the pavement and narrowly missed a plant Mrs. Slowcurve was carrying home.

"The little imps," she exclaimed angrily. "They deserve a good whipping."

"Nonsense," retorted Slowcurve. "I used to do the same thing myself. Boys must play ball somewhere."

"Throw it up, mister," shouted a lad half a block away.

Slowcurve picked up the ball and walked to the middle of the street with it. He swung his arms and facetiously went through the motions of a league pitcher.

"Come away from there," pleaded Mrs. Slowcurve. "Roll that ball back without making an idiot of yourself."

"Let her come, mister," yelled the boy.

One more swep of the arm and Slowcurve let go the ball. There was a crash of glass. The ball disappeared inside the front window of a house and the boys disappeared around the corner.

"That will cost you $3!" shouted an irate woman, coming to the front door. "I was watching you from the window. As if it isn't bad enough to have the boys playing in the streets, without a great, big humbug like you encouraging them. Your wife ought to keep you home."

Grave of Samuel Adams

They know the patriot rebel's soul,
Who set his grave upon the verge
Of Boston's busy street, where roll
The vans of traffic and the surge
Of hurrying footsteps; not for him
A cedar'd churchyard's dusk repose,
Nor tomb in some cathedral dim
Where no bird flies nor free wind blows.

Sam Adams never ask'd to rest;
I cannot think he slumbers here,
But, restless with unquiet zest,
Is up and doing, day and year;
Is found in every gallant fight,
Is in the sudden cheer his breath
Kindled a nation into life;
He scorns the panting sleep of death.

Pain would be hear which fettles relief,
When man parade in arms had gone,
And if we guard our public liberties
And keep our country blameless,
He shouts, "We for Freedom fought,
Hath you the love of Freedom filled?
Has Wealth not grappled your thought,
Nor Power held a willing will?

"You hurry by—what accents call?
Service to humble, or hinder, or quell?
Shed your in Freedom's name up all,
Or shame a nation's lifelong spirit?
We fought against a Monarch's power,
Against your million-handed power,
Yet, strength! [illegible]
Was he good enough if you do hate?"
—W. E. Thayer in the Atlanta.

SEEKING MILLIONS IN THE SEA

Long Search for $4,500,000 in Gold and Silver Which Went Down in the British Ship Huzzar Near Hell Gate, in 1780—It Was Sent to This Country from England to Pay King George's Troops

Numberless huge platters of pewter, pots and jars of antiquated shapes, bits of jewelry, human bones, cannon balls, several old cannon, and a few and then golden guinea comprise the sum total of the treasure recovered from the British ship Huzzar which, in 1780, went down near Hell Gate, New York, with $4,500,000 in gold and silver sent to this country from England for the payment of King George's army.

Many attempts have been made to recover the millions locked in strong boxes in the ship's hold, the first in 1704 by the British government.

Two brigs arrived at Port Morris, where the Huzzar disappeared and attempted to raise her by means of grapples. The expedition labored for two seasons, and was then ordered off by the American government, upon whose rights it was encroaching.

Another attempt was made by an English company in 1819. Work was prosecuted with the use of the diving bell, but the powerful currents were so strong that the undertaking was soon abandoned.

Subsequent to this, the vast promise tempted several other companies to undertake the recovery of the guineas, one of which employed Mr. George W. Harrington of Wakefield, Mass.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Harrington's step-father, Horace Barnes, entered into a contract for the recovery of the gold. He was to get one-fourth of what he found, and Mr. Harrington, who was then an expert diver, was employed to search the depths for the coin.

He had read all about how the Huzzar looked when with the Mercury she arrived in New York under convoy of several war ships. Both the Huzzar and the Mercury were well provided with offensive and defensive weapons, but Paul Jones was abroad on the seas at that time, and a strong convoy was thought to be an absolute necessity.

The Huzzar was 206 feet in length. Her beam measurement was 58 feet and she carried 32 guns.

On the arrival of the fleet the treasure on board the Mercury was removed to the Huzzar, the whole of the money being intrusted to that ship. With it she started for New London, then the British rendezvous. Instead of taking the safer, though longer route to the south of Long Island, she essayed the northern one, and incurred the peril of Hell Gate.

Nov. 25, two days after her arrival in port, she attempted the then uncanny passage after taking on board from one of the British prison ships seventy American prisoners of war. Whether they were to be exchanged for British prisoners held by the Americans or merely transferred from one place of confinement to another is not known. The prisoners, heavily ironed, were secured on the gun deck of the Huzzar, and were not released when she was sinking.

When almost through the turmoil of waters the treasureship struck heavily and began to fill. All attempts to stop the leak were unavailing. Three-quarters of a mile from where she struck an attempt was made to beach her, but she again struck and disappeared in ninety feet of water.

When Mr. Harrington, with other divers, went down in quest of the Huzzar's board of golden guineas all that remained of the wreck was thickly veneered with greenish weed, slippery to the touch. Her open ports gaped like sockets, eyes, drift sand had piled about her, the places of her masts were marked by jagged, spongy stumps, and the gnawing current had stripped her to a skeleton appearance.

The first sight of her down in the murky depths, gave him the creeps. Her guns, which had done hard and frequent service against the French, had slipped down through the decks to the heap of gold, bones, manacles, round shot and rubbish below.

Divers jarred her old bones with blasts, picked over the aroused remains, delved here and there for many months, but the mighty currents had thrown insurmountable obstacles in their way.

A short distance from the shore is a steep precipice under the water. It was over this declivity that the ship slid when her commander tried to beach her.

Hawsers had been sent to land, but the trees they were fastened to were uprooted when her stern dipped over and shot below into the watery valley. She lies with her bow directly against this rocky wall.

In various parts of this country, in museums, are numbers of water-worn relics taken from the wreck. Several rust-pitted cannon are in the Central park museum, New York.

A bronze gun sent up by divers was purchased by the British government for $1,500. It is said that one day a diver brought up a brass box, all green and moldy, which contained pearls and jewelry of great value, that it was laid on the deck of the treasure hunting vessel and mysteriously disappeared.

Many pieces of silver table service were found, the ship's bell, scattered coins, platters, bits of bottery, etc., but the money boxes with the millions still remain to entice others to blast and dig.

Mr. Harrington thinks the money chests have been worn away by water action, and that the treasure is buried beneath tons of sand and mud.

It is difficult for a diver to remain long under the water because of the depth and strong current. When Mr. Harrington went down he had to be weighted with 180 pounds of lead, 100 pounds around his waist and eighty pounds fastened to his ankles.

SHOW CHANGE IN CUSTOMS.

Old Fashioned Names Bestowed on Present Day Infants.

The youngest generation of to-day shares the advantages with the elder of the great improvements which have been made in realms of applied art.

Instead of the ugly silver christening mug of the '70's, the most graceful cups and vases are given. The Guild of Handicraft is often called upon to execute customers' own designs. A favorite pattern is the tall, simply curved cup, studded with carbuncles, cornelians, chrysoprases and generally has the infant recipient's name engraved just below the edge.

With regard to names, the tendency is to return to the quaint old titles of out great grandmother' time, and Gladys, Mabel or Gwendolen have been replaced by Joan or Barbara, Margot or Betty.

The names of precious stones are also very popular for little girls. Lord Edward Churchill's two small daughters are called Ruby and Beryl, while Diamond is the very uncommon name given to the baby girl of Lady Hardinge, whose husband has lately been appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg. Pearl and Garnet are among other stones of which the appellations are taken for small maidens, the idea being to call the little one after the stone for the month in which she was born.

The good old fashion of naming the son after the father is again being largely followed in the case of the birth of an heir.—London Daily Mail.

Used in Making Note Paper.

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fibers from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellah after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by a ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills.

At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their rag-picking houses, where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease-infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges tied over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. Our best papers are made of these rags and our common ones of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from some of our soft-wooded forest trees.—National Geographic Magazine.

Papago Version of Football.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if the played it, until it became very lively indeed.

These Indian boys make dumbells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use.

To play the game, they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumbbells over the goal of the enemy.

The dumbbells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a red is a pretty good throw for one.

The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.—St. Nicholas.

Jap Barber Is Astounded.

A Japanese barber was shaving a customer who expressed belief in a possibility of Japanese defeat by the Russians. The barber was so startled and shocked that he inflicted a severe gash on the face of his customer, who had him arrested. But the barber was honorably acquitted, not without a hint from the court that, even had the gash been intentional, it was not more than the circumstances required, and was possibly a meritorious action.

HAD A DUAL PRACTICE.

Dentist Catered to Both the Rich and the Poor.

Her wisdom tooth bothered her and she went to Dr. X., whose office is in an upper West Side cross street, says a New York paper. His charge was most reasonable.

A few days later, one of her molars ached. She was told that Dr. Q. was the best dental surgeon in the street. Dr. Q.'s office is in the same block as Dr. X.'s, but handsomer in its appointments. It was in an elevator apartment house. Dr. X. contented himself with a modest ground floor flat.

"At your service, madam," said a familiar voice, and, looking up, she saw Dr. X. standing in the open door.

"Are you Dr. Q. or Dr. X.?" she asked.

"Dr. Q., madam," he replied.

When he had finished she went over to Dr. X.'s office, resolved to fathom the mystery. He also was out, but again she waited and in a few minutes in walked Dr. Q.

"Madam," he explained, "I have two offices. In one I cater to the higher class of patronage. In the other, as you know, I do work cheaply."

His Time Well Broken Up.

Stephen Ronan, leader of the chancery bar in Ireland, on leaving the courts in the afternoon goes home and dons an old suit of clothes, lights a large pipe and buries himself in briefs until 6 o'clock, when he takes a short walk. Then he works another hour. Then comes dinner, a chat with some neighbor and to bed at 10. Promptly at midnight he gets up and into his old suit, lights his pipe and strolls about the streets till 3, when he returns and works until 6 in the morning. This is followed by a cold bath and bed until 10, when he gulps down a light breakfast and hurries off to court again.

Pope's Blessing.

Judge Current, who found no criminal business at Mullingar, on a visit to that city recently, attributed the happy circumstances to the Pope's blessing. At a private audience he had asked the Pope to bless the four counties which formed his circuit

HUMORIST SET DOWN SNOB.

Conceited Lordling Taught Lesson by W. S. Gilbert.

It is related of W. S. Gilbert, the noted librettist of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, that on a recent occasion he was the fellow guest of a humptious young lord at dinner. The young man, a member of the Carlton club, was holding forth on the excellent cuisine and cellar of that organization, and Mr. Gilbert cordially agreed with him. His lordship, who did not know who the humorist was, said rather coldly: "Perhaps you are not aware, sir, that members of the Carlton are not allowed to entertain strangers." With much gravity the humorist answered: "Oh, yes, my lord, I am aware of that, but I have dined often with the steward." The laugh that went around the smoking room convinced the lordling that he had made a mistake.

Name Berlin Street for Pasteur.

One of the new streets in Berlin has been named for Pasteur, the noted Frenchman.