

PIGEONS FIND SHIP

HOMERS RETURN TO TEMPORARY LOFT ABOARD STEAMER.

Whirring instinct of birds shown when they are carried hundreds of miles inland—Several Are Lost in a Storm.

Galveston, Tex.—Capt. Cowdy of the British steamship Cayo Manzanillo, a fancier of pigeons, and has demonstrated by actual experience that birds of the homing class will locate for themselves a temporary loft, as well as a permanent one.

Capt. Cowdy stated that he had noticed recently in dispatches from Galveston that a number of homing pigeons had been picked up by vessels in the gulf and by persons in this city, and stated that he is of the opinion that they may be part of his family of ten which was lost from the Cayo Manzanillo off Vera Cruz during the night of September 16, when his vessel encountered the storm which struck Galveston the next day.

These ten pigeons are Belgian birds, and each was marked with a metal ring on one of its legs, a record of which is in the possession of Capt. Cowdy. These birds have traveled with him for thousands of miles, and have been released in many different countries, at times as far as 500 miles inland, and in every case have found their way back to their ship, evidently having no trouble picking out their home among the numerous other vessels that might be at anchor.

One of the latest tests that Capt. Cowdy gave to his birds was at Vera Cruz, Mexico, when he took his pets with him a distance of 200 miles into the interior to the City of Mexico, where they were released, and they flew direct to Vera Cruz and to their loft on board his ship.

An interesting coincidence with the disappearance of his ten birds on the night of the storm was that the next day one of them returned. It found the ship at sea and fell to the deck exhausted. Shortly after it recovered and appeared anxious to leave again. It was released, but after flying about the ship for awhile, rose in the air and made frantic appeals, so Capt. Cowdy interpreted them, to attract the attention of the commander, and then slowly started away in the direction from which it had come. Capt. Cowdy is positive in his belief that the bird's actions were intended to show that it would go after its comrades and steer them to the ship. The bird's disappearance was the last seen of it, and the captain is of the opinion that his pets were caught in the stress of the gale and perished, else he is sure that they would have followed the ship.

Capt. Cowdy keeps the birds for his own pleasure, and makes a careful study of their habits. Another interesting incident which he related was that when he was taking as a part of his cargo to Havana on a recent trip a half dozen strange birds they escaped from their coop when the vessel was about 600 miles off the desired port. Capt. Cowdy was figuring that they were lost, and that he would have to account for their absence when he arrived in port, but much to his surprise, when he tied up he was informed that the entire lot had arrived a day in advance of him, and had been seen hovering about the wharves. His vessel had even tied up only a short time when they appeared and at once settled down on deck in the place where their coop had been at the time of their escape.

HAVE INVENTED 900,000 PATENTS. Most Recent One Signed in Full by Patent Commissioner.

Washington.—The nine-hundred-thousandth patent from the United States patent office has just been issued. It is an improvement on traveling stairs, such as are used in hotels and other large buildings. While Patent Commissioner Moore ordinarily attaches only his last name with his initials, he signified the attainment of such a large number of patents by using his full name, Edward Bruce Moore.

In the early history of the nation the law required that patents should be signed by the president, and, as the first one was issued during the first presidential administration, it was signed by President Washington. It covered a device for making pearl ashes, and the document itself is said to be now owned by a Chicago collector.

Mr. Moore estimates that the one-millionth patent will be reached in the year 1911.

The issuance of all foreign patents up to the date of last reports was 1,135,000, or only 235,000 in excess of the total for this country.

Fine \$10 for Sneath Gown. Jackson, Miss.—At the session of the Jackson city council an ordinance was offered by Alderman Chiles imposing a fine of \$10 on any woman who appears on the streets of this city wearing a sheath gown and subjecting members of the police force who fail to enforce the measure to dismissal from service.

After a lively debate the ordinance was placed on the table subject to call.

Alderman Chiles states that unless the ordinance is adopted he will insist that the chief of police give instructions for the arrest of sheath gown wearers for disturbance of the peace.

WOMAN FINDS RARE BEAST.

Standard Oil Magnate's Daughter Gets African Specimens for Museum.

New York.—Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, director of the American Museum of Natural History, announces that the museum has received a gift of exceptional value from the daughter of John D. Archbold. This consists of mounted specimens of the rare bongo, of the antelope family, and of the forest or giant pig.

In a letter accompanying the specimens Mr. Archbold said that while on a hunting trip in Africa last winter Mrs. Armar D. Saunderson, formerly Miss Anne M. Archbold, obtained the specimens from natives in Eldamo Ravine, British East Africa. They were mounted in London.

This is the first specimen of the giant pig which has reached this country. It is about five and a half feet long and three and a half feet high, has long, black bristles, large tusks and a long tail. It lives on roots in the forests.

The bongo is an extremely rare animal, and no other specimen has ever been brought to this country. It is found only in the dense forest, and a white man, so far as known, never has shot one.

The bongo specimen given to the museum by Mrs. Saunderson is of a bright chestnut, with five white stripes running transversely, a white crescent on the breast and the face marked with white spots on either side. The curved horns are about two feet long.

TO MAKE CHURCH ATTRACTIVE.

Preacher Wants Theater and Bowling Alleys Attached.

Chicago.—A church with a theater, billiard room, bowling alley, gymnasium, swimming pool and other amusement features attached was proposed and advocated by Rev. Frank G. Smith of the Warren Avenue Congregational church in his sermon.

"Is the Christian Religion Increasing or Decreasing Its Power and Influence in This Neighborhood?" was the theme of Rev. Mr. Smith's address. In course of his remarks he deplored the present condition of the church as "divided and unorganized."

"What could we do in this community or rather what could we not do," he continued, "if in a mile square of territory here we had one great institution with its splendid auditorium for preaching and lecturing; with another auditorium perfectly equipped for the rendering of the best things there are in drama, with its Bible school department thoroughly equipped and perfectly managed, with its billiard rooms and bowling alleys and other arrangements for purely social enjoyment of young people under the right kind of guidance and chaperonage? With its perfectly equipped gymnasium and swimming pool for males and females. Its perfectly equipped outdoor playground for children."

EFFECTS A LARGE SAVING.

New Two-Cent Postage Rate to Britain Means Much to People.

New York.—One result of the new two-cent postage rate to Britain, according to Postmaster Moran, will be the saving of \$1,350 a day to the senders of letters.

On 40,000 pieces of mail the difference of three cents on each piece represents a saving to the senders of \$1,200 a day. The yearly saving amounts to \$438,000. It is estimated that about 5,000 pieces of mail for the United Kingdom are daily sent by the cities whose foreign letters do not pass through the foreign branch here. That increases the saving to \$1,350 a day of \$492,750 a year.

Nobody has yet attempted to figure the exact cost of carrying a letter from San Francisco or from New York to London. It would be practically impossible to fix the cost with precision, as the proportionate amount of labor devoted to the one letter by the large number of men who handle it, together with its share of the mail wagon, railroad and steamship transportation cost, would have to be figured.

For this reason it is a question whether the two-cent rate will be a losing or profitable venture to the federal government.

GIVES BACK HIS PENSION.

Conscience-Stricken Veteran Says He Is Not Entitled to Money.

Washington.—After having drawn for years a pension to which he was not entitled, an unnamed veteran of the civil war has returned to the government \$1,172 to be added to the ever-growing "conscience fund."

Commissioner of Pensions Vespasian Warner related this remarkable case of stricken conscience to President Roosevelt, but refused to divulge the name of the veteran, not even disclosing it to the United States treasurer, into whose hands the money was placed.

Upon receipt of the pensioner's certificate accompanied by two \$500 coupon bonds of the United States, a draft for \$172 and a letter stating that the writer had been drawing a pension to which he had no just claim, and that he wished to make restitution, the commissioner examined the record in the case. It was found to be straight, and a special examiner was sent out on the theory that the soldier might be mentally irresponsible. The man was found to be in excellent health and of sound mind.

FRUIT-EATING BATS

QUEER CREATURE FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Returned Soldier Tells of Shooting Combination of Bird and Beast Unlike Anything He Had Ever Seen.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I think the hardest thing to kill in the Philippines is a fruit-eating bat. Those fruit-eating bats come flying over by the thousands from the island of Basilan to the island of Mindanao just at sunset, and fly back between four and five in the morning.

"I went out hunting with two shipmates about two miles outside of Zamboanga one day, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the natives took us to some rice paddies, where, about five o'clock, the doves and rice hens were flying around so thick we sat in one place and kept on shooting till our shells were very near all gone," says a returned soldier from the Philippines.

"Just as we were going to start back to the ship a Moro told one of the Filipinos about some big birds which roosted at night in the trees close by. As near as we could make out it was some kind of a wild turkey, so we concluded to try to get one.

"While we were sitting there waiting patiently for turkeys the Moro came running up and pointed into one of the big trees, and what did we see but a big fruit-eating bat sailing around the tree. My two partners were disgusted over the funny turkeys and wanted to start back, but I wanted to get a bat and see what it looked like.

"After wasting a box of shells I finally succeeded in breaking one's wing. When he came down he started to screech, or rather I don't know what kind of a noise you would call it, till we couldn't hear. I hit him on the head with the gun barrel about four times, and it didn't seem to faze him. One of the Moros said he wanted him for 'chew eat,' so I blew the bat's head off and gave it to him.

"These bats are about the size of a half-grown cat in body, and this one's wings spread from tip to tip about three feet. They have a head just like a fox, and their bodies are covered with fine fur, something like a muskrat's, but not as thick. They have two hind legs with heavy claws on them for hanging on trees, and they also have a hook on each joint of their wings, so they can hang either way.

"I examined this bat and found out it had no stomach. I wanted to find what they lived on, but all I could find was water of the fruit. I think all they eat is fruit growing wild in the mountains.

"Their wings are like fine rubber, and you can fill them full of holes and it won't faze them. If you hit them bad in the body they will sail off and drop so far away that you won't be able to find them.

"The only way to get them is to break a wing or go where they hang in the trees in the daytime and kill them with clubs. I never saw them hanging in the trees in the day time, but soldiers told me they saw them in the mountains hanging on trees so thick that the branches were about to break under their weight.

"The fur bearers out there don't amount to much. The only thing I saw that might be of any use was a mountain cat and those flying foxes. The deer hides have only got coarse hair on them, and they haven't got a nice pelt like the deer in the states."

DISPUTE OVER GOLD FIND.

Heir Claims \$4,500 Dug Up on Another's Property.

Baltimore, Md.—A story of hidden gold was told to the orphans' court of Baltimore county, at Towson, when Daniel Hare asked that \$4,500 in gold found upon the farm of Louis Calph, in the Sixth district, be declared a part of the estate of the late Joseph Hare, his father.

Recently Ella Hare, a relative of Mr. Calph, was astonished to pick up a \$10 gold piece near an old stump. She told Mrs. Calph, who went gold hunting in the stump and brought to light \$4,500 in gold coins of various denominations.

After putting the money in a safe-place Mr. Calph spoke of his find and the news soon reached Daniel Hare, who concluded that the money must have been owned by his father. Mr. Calph agreed that this was possible.

The relatives have had a falling out as to who owns the money, and the farm is being riddled up in search of gold.

Proud of His Appetite. Parnell, Mo.—Proud of his distinction for having eaten a half bushel of peanuts, John Lyle broke that record by devouring 48 bananas in ten minutes.

To add to his fame, such as it is, he placed a gallon of ice cream and three quarts of water on top of them. Then he volunteered to make them. He ate 24 more bananas, but unfortunately—or fortunately—the fruit stands were closed.

Lyle is a farmer and stock raiser. When fruit is not in season he satisfies his appetite with huge chunks of beefsteak and liver, but his tastes lean to tropical fruits. He weighs 180 pounds when he has eaten nothing for eight or ten hours.

NO CHOICE BUT TO GET AWAY.

Good Reason for the Young Man's Hasty Departure.

It was just before daybreak—the darkest hour of the night. The shutters of a third-story window in a large summer hotel noiselessly opened and a heavy object was cautiously lowered to the ground. A young man in fashionable clothes, gripping a heavy handbag in his teeth and an umbrella and a cane under his arm, slid hurriedly down the rope to the ground. With nervous fingers he untied his suitcase, tiptoed out of the yard and started at a trot across lots to the station, a mile and a half away.

The first golden beams were dancing across the eastern hills as the young man neared the depot. The sleeper whistled sharply for the station and he quickened his pace into a mad run, heedless of his aching arms and the sand in his low shoes.

"It's a bad getaway," muttered the young man three minutes later in the smoker as he wiped his streaming face, "but my bills are all paid. I left tips for the servants and a hurried note explaining that an uncle had died in Honduras or some other place. It certainly was a desperate chance, but the only means I could think of to get away from that straw bed the girls have planned for to-morrow."—Judge.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS UTTERED.

Patron's Little Joke on the Autocrat of the Hotel.

"What is the cabbage?" inquired the departing patron, who wished to go to the railway station from the hotel.

"What's the what?" exclaimed the clerk, losing his clutch on the perfect English he usually handed over to the customer.

"What's the cabbage?" I said. "I know you did, but I do not quite get your meaning."

"Oh, you don't? You know what cabbage is, don't you?"

"I guess I've seen enough of it to know. I used to live in the suburbs of Chicago."

"Well, what is it from here to the depot?"

"I suppose it is just what it is everywhere else; that is, a vegetable which—"

The departing patron interrupted with violence.

"Aw, say," he protested, "you ought to be plowed under, or fertilized, or something. Cabbage is cab fare, ain't it?"—Lippincott's.

That Surprise Party.

An Atchison man who was the subject of a surprise party recently went to see a lawyer. He says the people did not bring refreshments, and he was advised by the lawyer that the bill for refreshments he was compelled to buy—can be collected from the women who got up the party. The lawyer says that the legal principle is well established that refreshments should be taken to a surprise party. The result will be watched with interest. There is no law to compel a man to provide a lap lunch for his neighbors on a moment's notice, and then be abused because there is only one kind of cab. The lawyer also says that, excepting damages can be recovered. We don't know what that means, but the lawyer is quite certain that they can be had.—Atchison Globe.

A Thinker.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a confederation has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Meanest Ad.

A clerk in the advertising department of a newspaper called a reporter to him.

"Here is the meanest ad," he said. "In my long experience, it was handed in by a very pretty young girl. When I read it I could hardly keep from saying to her: 'Aren't you ashamed?'"

"If the gentleman who lent a brown raincoat to a young lady in the park on Sunday afternoon during the storm will apply to the butler at 217 Peanut street he can have the coat back upon payment of the cost of this advertisement."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Own Doctor.

A Washington woman recently hired a negro. Going to the kitchen one day she was amazed to find the negro sitting on the floor, with her hair standing out from her head like a black nimbus. The girl was pulling one curly lock and then another in such a way as to suggest that she had suddenly lost her reason.

"What on earth are you doing, Mary?" gasped the lady of the house. "Nawthin, ma'am, jest tryin' to find de lock dat would pull mah palate up an' relieve de tickle."

Unadvertised.

"So that young man is an author?" "I believe so," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he is not an author of any special consequence. Nobody has accused him of nature faking."

ASKS PAY FOR AIR

MASSACHUSETTS TOWN LIKELY TO SUE RAILROAD.

When Letter Sends Bill for Wires Strung Over Company's Property, City Retaliates in a Like Manner.

Attleboro, Mass.—A bill for the use of air. This is what a powerful railroad is called upon to pay by a Massachusetts town.

The town officials declare that they are ready to go to law to collect the bill, and in support of their position cite the fact that the railroad was the first to inaugurate the custom of charging for the use of air, and that were the town's charges based on the same figures as the road's, the modest ten-dollar bill would have reached the \$7,500 mark.

The two parties interested in the present issue are the town of Attleboro and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, and the matter had its inception in the fact that since the town of Attleboro has inaugurated an electric fire alarm system it has been necessary to run the wires over the tracks of the railroad company at Oak street. These two small wires are supported by tall poles on either side of the tracks.

Nothing was ever thought of the matter until one day an official of the road noticed the wires, gave orders to a clerk to send a bill to the town clerk of Attleboro for the use of the air which the wires occupied.

The bill was ignored by the town officials, but the company was persistent, and every month the mail would bring another bill. In the opinion of the company the use of the air was worth one dollar a year, and it charged the town that amount.

When the grade crossing at Park street, the busiest thoroughfare in Attleboro, was abolished the tracks were raised and an attractive double arch erected. Midway between the two arches a shanty was built and put at once in use as a switch tower and tool shop.

In order to make the shanty wide enough for the comfort of its occupants the building was made so broad that it extended about 18 inches beyond the edge of the stone bridge, thereby abutting over the land owned by the city.

One day George M. Worrall, chairman of the board of selectmen, while strolling down the street in company with George A. Sweeney, also a member of the board, noticed that the building extended over the edge of the bridge and was, therefore, encroaching upon the air which belonged to the city.

A meeting of the board of selectmen was called, the matter placed before them and a vote taken, which resulted in their declaring that the railroad company was in their debt for having used all other air than its own.

Then came the one big question that puzzled all—how much was the air worth?

The selectmen then started to figure, taking as a basis the amount charged by the company for the air furnished by the two little wires. It was discovered that if the space occupied by two wires, both of them being no more than one-quarter of an inch in diameter, was worth one dollar a year, the rent of the air occupied by the shanty on the bridge was worth \$7,500, but the considerable town officials thought it wise to compromise, and instructed Charles Douglas, clerk of the board, to make out a bill for two years' rent of air from the city of Attleboro, charging at the bargain counter rate of five dollars a year.

As yet the New York, New Haven & Hartford has not remitted, but the shanty has been removed.

And so the matter stands at present, but the old adage, "As free as the air you breathe," is rapidly becoming discredited, at least as far as Attleboro is concerned.

SALMON FISHING FOR 1908.

Pack on Frazer and Skeena Rivers Shows Excess.

Washington.—Now that the salmon fisheries in British Columbia have closed for the season of 1908, Consul General West of Vancouver has reported that the total catch for the season for the sockeye salmon was 338,000 cases, and the excess of the pack for the year was largely confined to the canneries on the Frazer and Skeena rivers, there being a noticeable falling off in the pack on Rivers Inlet.

The fisheries inspector for the province reports that the salmon reaching the spawning ground this season are at least three times the number for several years.

The laws and regulations in connection with fisheries in the province are receiving close attention because of the fears that with the unrestricted fishing heretofore prevailing the industry will become crippled, if not entirely ruined, in a few years.

Hounds Dig Up Full Purse. Beaver Falls, Pa.—When Rose Keefe took a young beagle hound to the woods for trout the dog made a rush toward an old uprooted tree stump and leaping about it, barked excitedly.

With his gun in readiness to take a shot at whatever might be uncovered, Keefe overturned the stump. There lay a pocketbook containing \$60.

TEMPTATION TO THE BICHOUS.

Method of Italian Cafes Puts Premium on Deep Drinking.

Drink, as usual, was the subject of debate. "I went into a cafe in Bologna last month," said a Chicagoan. "Bologna glorio," I said, in my best Italian.

"The pretty waitress brought me a flask of vino. Then she asked if I would drink by the glass or hour. I opened my eyes wide. I shook my head in bewilderment. Laughing, she explained.

"Competition is so great in the cafes of Bologna that we have to adopt all sorts of novelties to attract trade. The latest is drinking by the hour. In nearly all our cafes now you can drink by the glass or hour, as pleases you.

"Our vin ordinaire can be drunk at ten cents an hour. There is profit in this, no matter how great the drinker's capacity may be. Vin ordinaire, you know, costs nothing.

"For beer we charge 50 cents an hour. We make little on beer. Brandy is one dollar an hour."

"I laughed. "In what condition," I asked, "do these contract drinkers walk home?" "The girl laughed too. "They don't walk," she said. "They are carried."

HIS TERRIFIC WASTE OF TIME.

Awful Shock to Man Who for Years Had Written Extra Letter.

"Perhaps as severe a small shock as I ever got," said a man who is careful of his time, "struck me the other day when I discovered that for many years I had been misspelling a certain word by the introduction of an additional letter. It wasn't the misspelling of the word that disturbed me. It was the fact that misspelling it as I had done I had wasted so much time in writing it. But now I have begun to get back the time lost."

"I have selected a word that I find I frequently use, a word from which I have eliminated an additional letter.

Impressing its significance on its neighbor to the eye, and from that word to writing I am now omitting that one letter.

As I figure it, in about 17 years, by leaving out a letter from this word, I shall gain about as much time as I have lost by adding a letter to that other word. I shall square the account, and then I shall feel easier.

"Time is the most valuable thing we have, and I hate to waste it."

Blue Stockings.

About 1871 it was the fashion for several ladies to gather at evening assemblies, where they might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men. One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillington, grandson of the bishop, whose dress was remarkably grave with the exception of the blue stockings he always wore. His conversation was so excellent that his absence was greatly felt, whereon they would say that they could do nothing with out "blue stockings," and thus the title was established. A French forger translated the words to the French and called them blue, a gathering of brilliant friends who used to talk, giving no thought of dress.

A Plant That Weeds.

Scientific agriculturists are taking a great interest just now in a pretty plant with blue flowers—the commelina molliflora—for this plant eats up weeds.

The plant comes from Malaisia, where it is of great service in exterminating thealang and other weeds inimical to rubber growths. In the English botanical gardens at Kew tests have proved it to be equally powerful against the weeds of a temperate climate, and in Washington the Kew demonstrations are being duplicated.

The commelina grows rapidly and weeds disappear before it. Will it some day supplant the human weeder with his raw fingers and aching back?

Carrots Cure-All for Babies.

One would scarcely think of feeding ill babies on carrots, yet this is precisely what has been done with great success by an Italian physician, Dr. Moro, who finds that these vegetables act as an intestinal antiseptic. In all of 48 cases of digestive disturbance treated with a carrot puree excellent results are reported. The soup is not only antiseptic but nourishing. There appears to be no good reason why the carrot should not have the same effect upon adult as upon infant digestion, and lovers of the peculiar flavor of this humble vegetable may consider that their preferences are now amply justified.

Success.

There are two reasons for success as there are two for failure, and these two, in both instances, act in such close conjunction that it is almost impossible to decide where one begins and the other ends. Our mental attitude alone will set transact material business, or will outward industry compensate for lack of mental stamina. Equilibrium, or equipoise, will alone account for success in any undertaking, and this means confidence and grit, as well as energy.—W. J. Colville, in Nautilus.

His Season.

Friend—So you have no regular season? Acrobat—Oh, yes. It's always spring with me when it isn't fall.