

RAISING TOBACCO UNDER CHEESE-CLOTH



Since the Americans took possession of Porto Rico they have increased the value of the tobacco exports five times. In five years the export of cigars has advanced from 11,000,000 to 113,000,000. This is partly due to increased acreage, partly to better methods of curing and manufacturing, but chiefly because the Americans have taught the tobacco planters a new trick. Five years ago no suitable tobacco for wrappers could be grown, but the American has shown what can be done by raising it under cheese cloth. Now the Porto Rican tobacco patch looks like a circus tent and covers hundreds of acres.

BOMB ARSENAL FOUND

STORE OF EXPLOSIVES IN CUSTOM HOUSE FOR YEARS.

Had Been There Since Draft Riots of 1863—Workmen Wrecking Interior of Building Find Grenades in Cupboard.

New York.—One keg of gunpowder and more than a hundred bombs of the old-fashioned army type are now lying in the old custom house at Wall and William streets, in the heart of the financial district, awaiting removal by their rightful owner. What is more, this small-sized magazine, sufficient to blow the building into atoms, has been in the same spot for nearly 45 years.

Who owns the bombs? Either the National City bank or the United States government, but both disclaim responsibility. Anyway, the bureau of combustibles has told the customs house authorities that they will be held liable for any disaster which might occur. Uncle Sam's representatives said they did not care.

The discovery was made the other day while employees of the George E. Fuller company were wrecking the interior of the building. The old structure was abandoned early in November, when the customs offices were moved to the new granite building on Bowling Green. The National City bank, which acquired the property several years ago, at once began the work of demolishing the interior, leaving the outer walls intact.

A workman's pick brought to light a forgotten cupboard on the third floor, which disclosed the collection of explosives. A telephone message was immediately sent to Assistant Custodian Keely at the Bowling Green building to the effect that he had forgotten to remove a whole lot of bombs.

Now "bombs" sounder like "bonds" to Mr. Keely. The custodian felt sure that he had not forgotten any bonds, but he thought it his duty to tell Acting Collector Henry C. Stuart about the discovery. Mr. Stuart ordered an investigation and Fritz Drescher was detailed to do the work. About an hour later Mr. Keely's telephone bell rang and the voice of Drescher came over the wire:

"Those are not regular bond books, Mr. Keely. They are bombs."

"How many are there?" inquired Keely, still mistaking "bombs" for bonds.

"Oh, about a wagon load," answered Drescher.

"Well, get a truck and bring the stuff down," ordered Keely.

"Truck! Why, it would blow the whole town up," came the frightened reply.

At last the truth dawned, and Mr. Drescher was recalled to haste. Mr. Drescher said that the keg of powder bore the date "1863." Deputy Collector Couch, the oldest man in the service, furnished an explanation.

He said that in the time of the draft riots in 1863 all the employees of the custom house were armed with gunpowder and hand grenades were stored in the building against any possible attack. They were forgotten after the riots and had not been disturbed since.

45,185 in Legion of Honor. Paris.—Statistics have just been published of the number of members of the Legion of Honor. They are a legion indeed. They number 45,185—14,821 civil and 30,264 military. Of the civil members of the Legion, 19 are grand crosses, 46 grand officers, 278 commanders, 2,297 officers and 12,279 knights. The military members are thus divided: Thirty grand crosses, 178 grand officers, 608 commanders, 3,874 officers and 35,676 chevalliers or knights.

Motive Power for Sky-Ships. Prof. Harns of Brown university recommends as a motive power for sky-ships some form of high explosive, particularly those which can be worked up into wires and ribbons. He proposes obtaining a continuity of power values from nitrogen explosives by using cold storage.

BABIES SENT BY MAIL.

English Parcel Post Limits Weight to Eleven Pounds.

New York.—Over in England one may send a baby through the mails if he wishes. In fact, it was done some time ago by a London couple. The child was received at the West Strand post office, and when found to be properly labeled and stamped, was accordingly sent to its destination.

Anything, animate or inanimate, may be sent through the British parcels post, if it does not weigh more than 11 pounds. All sorts of animals are thus shipped.

In England, the parcels post takes the place of our express companies. Practically all of the private corporations which carried on this business have been forced to give up as the result of government competition. The Britons are very well satisfied with the system, too, so far as it goes. Their only objection is that it does not allow anything to go through the post that is more than 11 pounds in weight. In time it is believed that this limit will be taken off.

Articles shipped are insured. While the limit of insurance is small, this can be increased by adding more stamps than the weight of the article requires.

The post rates are not exorbitant. The greatest weight allowed, 11 pounds, will be carried for 22 cents.

STARTS CLASS IN LOVEMAKING.

Illinois High School-Teacher Gives Instructions in "Art."

Greenfield, Ill.—Believing that courtship will stimulate the interest of the students in the best literature, Prof. H. G. Russell has introduced the "art" in the regular curriculum of the local high school, despite the opposition of parents of the pupils, who threaten to cause the discharge of the teacher.

The scholars, both boys and girls, side with their instructor and think the new course is "fine."

A mixed organization of 23 pupils, ten of whom are girls, constitute the class. Prof. Russell has given three lectures, and they have written one set of essays on themes allied to the study.

The pupils will be expected to draw from their readings specific instructions on these points:

How to take a heart by storm or by siege; how to behave if parental objection is manifested; how to pay a compliment; how to encourage a bashful suitor or corner an elusive girl; how to allay unfounded jealousy; how to propose marriage.

IN CAKE BOX, NOT IN WOODS.

While Searching Party Scoured Hills Boy Was in Pantry.

Waterbury, Conn.—A searching party of 100 men scoured the woods and hills north of this city the other day in quest of Louis Blume, who was all the while safely locked in his mother's pantry.

The child went to the cake box while nobody was looking. A moment later his mother locked the door from the outside. After he had screamed and wept for a time without avail, little Louis fell asleep. A few hours later the searching party went into action, while a doctor sought to calm Mrs. Blume's hysterics. His mother's cries finally awoke the sleeping boy, who promptly let out a yell. The door was opened and joy reigned in the house of Blume.

Gates Wins \$500 on Raindrop.

New York.—John W. Gates was riding with a friend and fellow plunger the other day in a Pullman car. It was raining, and the rain was coursing down the window panes. Gates watched the drops. Two were trickling side by side.

"Bet you \$500," said Gates, "that my drop reaches the bottom of the window before your drop gets there."

"I'll go you," said the other man. Both watched with eager interest the two drops. First one was ahead, then the other. Gates' drop of water made a final spurt and made a glittering globule on the bottom sash.

OF INTEREST TO BEEKEEPERS.

English Legal Rulings Makes Intriguing Insects Wild Beasts.

The Law Journal of London prints two interesting cases concerning the rights of beekeepers and their neighbors. In one case the question of property in bees was the issue, in the other, it was a question of nuisance.

"A beekeeper's swarm flies into a neighbor's garden and settles on an apple tree," says the Law Journal. "First question: Has the beekeeper still the property in the swarm, or has it become his neighbor's and annexed to the ownership of the tree?"

"Answer: The swarm is still the property of the beekeeper, but he cannot go and recover it, if the neighbor objects, without committing a trespass. And this is what the neighbor in Quantrell vs. Sprague did.

"He not only objected to the beekeeper coming after his property, but he shook down the swarm from the apple tree, with the result that the bees were lost. Now, in this he was wrong. The shaking down of the swarm was not only an unneighborly act, but tortious in law.

"It was analogous to the case where a man drives trespassing cattle on his land to a great distance, or hunts them off with a fierce dog, in which case he is liable for the injury, if any, done to the property in the cattle. Here, then, was the 'contest of demerits,' trespass on one side, tort on the other, a conflict best met, the learned judge thought, by making each party pay his own costs.

"In the other case—of nuisance—the beekeeper had ten hives with half a million bees at work, and he might fairly congratulate himself on the law-abiding instincts of his swarms, for they had only stung five persons in two years. It seems a very moderate allowance; still, it was too much for the stung plaintiff, who was not satisfied with a boarding which the beekeeper has providently set up, but claimed an interim injunction to restrain the keeping of bees altogether, so near his property.

"In the course of the argument the theory was broached on behalf of the beekeeper that a bee is entitled to a first sting; but this is erroneous. A bee is ferac naturae, not mansuetudinis, like a dog, and must be kept—as a tiger—at the keeper's peril." That is to say, that a bee is of the nature of a wild beast, not a tame one.

Paints Between Shaves.

A barber who wields the paint brush in moments when the tonorial business is slack, lives in Springfield, Mass., and has made considerable reputation for himself as an artist. He keeps all his painting utensils in his barber shop, and oils, water-colors, pencils and canvasses hobnob with razors and shaving cups.

This barber, Patrick Cronin, is not a mere dabbler in paints, but is a genuine lover of art, and says: "If I only had a private fortune I would devote my entire life to painting. But I have my own living to make and cannot follow anything so precarious as art." Most of his paintings are studies, and he makes no claim that they are finished pieces. Some of them have been placed in the homes of several Springfield people, his best landscape is in the possession of a prominent attorney, Henry G. Whitman, and Mrs. Walter H. Weston, former Mayor Ralph W. Ellis has some of his studies.

Gold Stealing in Australia.

There have recently been unpleasant revelations as to the extent to which the stealing of gold by the miners is carried on in Australia. Some authorities estimate that as much as \$5,000,000 worth of gold is lost every year by the Australian mining companies in this way. Most of the mining centers are haunted by a shady class of nominal "gold buyers," who are really the accomplices of the dishonest miners, the "fences" in criminal slang. Representatives of the mining companies in Bendigo, where a record number of cases of gold stealing have recently occurred, have met in conference to consider the best means of dealing with the evil. As one way of checking the evil it was decided to establish a register of all the miners employed in the Bendigo district, so that the movements and migrations of dismissed or reasonably suspected men might be traced and observed. In this way it is hoped to prevent the thieves getting employment in other mines.

Still Alive.

"And were her suitors desperate when she refused them?" "Exceedingly. One of them threatened to leave the earth."

"And did he carry out the threat?" "Yes."

"How sad!" "Not at all. He simply went up in his airship. The second one told her that he would be beneath the waves in an hour."

"Gracious! And was the poor fellow drowned?" "No, he was a lieutenant of a submarine boat."

Good Enough for Him.

Hewitt—I see that Grout, the life insurance agent, is married. Jewett—Yes, and his marriage is a case of the irony of fate. Hewitt—How is that?

Jewett—He didn't know until after he was married that the woman in the case carried a lot of life insurance, and now he will have to keep up the premiums on her policies.—Harper's Weekly.

Politician's Beginning.

It was in the Old Spring Garden market in Philadelphia that P. A. Widener as a butcher laid the foundation for a fortune now estimated at \$50,000,000. In those days a butcher (it) was the headquarters for political gossip. And it was not long before he found himself a political leader and in the early seventies he had become a power.

A Late Stayer.

Mr. Stibbons—The clock strikes every hour, doesn't it? She—Yes, but it doesn't strike every day.

DRAINED INTO SAND

SEWERAGE SYSTEM OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

House Builders of Bismya, Pre-Babylonian City, Showed Considerable Ingenuity in Contrivance That Carried Off Waste Water.

It is generally supposed that it is only modern man who has perfected a system of drainage and sewerage to carry from his house and city the overflowing rain water and filth and garbage which accumulate.

In the excavation of Bismya, the ancient Sumerian or pre-Babylonian city which flourished 4,500 years ago, a remarkable system of drainage, perfectly adapted to the alluvial plain of the Mesopotamian desert, has been discovered.

Babylonia is perfectly level; from Bagdad to the Persian gulf there is not the slightest elevation, save for the artificial mounds or an occasional changing sand drift.

In most places there is a crust of hard clay upon the surface, baked by the hot sun of summer time, so hard that it resembles stone. Parts of the desert are perfect for bicycle riding.

Beneath the crust, which at Bismya is seldom more than four feet in thickness, and in places entirely lacking, is loose, caving sand reaching to an unknown depth. Drainage in such a country, without sloping hills or streams of running water, might tax the ingenuity of the modern builder.

In constructing a house the ancient Sumerian of more than 4,500 years ago first dug a hole into the sand to a considerable depth, at Bismya several instances were found where the shaft had reached the depth of 14 meters beneath the foundation of the house.

From the bottom he built up a vertical drain of large, cylindrical terra-cotta sections, each of which is provided with grooved flanges to receive the one above. The sections of one drain were 19 inches in diameter and six in height; the thickness of the wall was about an inch.

The tiles were punctured at intervals with small holes. The section at the top of the drain was semispherical, fitting over it like a cap and provided with an opening to receive the water from above. Sand and potsherds were then filled in about the drain, and it was ready for use.

The water, pouring into it, was rapidly absorbed by the sand at the bottom, and if there it became clogged the water escaped through the holes in the sides of the tiles.

The temple at Bismya was provided with several such drains. One palace was discovered with four; a large bath, resembling a modern Turkish bath and provided with a bitumen floor, sloping to one corner, emptied its waste water into one.

In clearing out the drains at the temple we removed dozens of shallow terra-cotta drinking cups, not unlike a large saucer in shape and size. Evidently it received the waste water of a drinking fountain, and the cups had accidentally dropped within.

The Babylonians of a later period, who buried instead of cremating their dead, carefully provided their cemeteries with drains. The graves were small house-shaped structures entirely, or partly above ground, and whenever they were found upon the sloping side of a mound, they were protected above by a breakwater, while along the sides were square, open, brick drains.

The result was that some of the graves, although thousands of years old, and constructed of unbaked clay, are still in a perfect state of preservation.—Scientific American.

A Sultan in London.

All Bin Hamoud Bin Mahomet, sultan of Zanibar, who is once again visiting this country in a private and unofficial capacity, is only 22, though since he came to the throne five years ago he has striven consistently for the improvement of his country on European lines. He was educated at a private school in the south of England, and afterward at Harrow and Oxford, and is thoroughly English in his ideas. His great hobby is collecting clocks, of which 72 may be seen, all ticking away merrily, in a single room in the palace of Zanibar. It is related that when the sultan was at school in this country he one morning rode a horse, without saddle or bridle, from the school gates down to the "sidewalk station, a mile away, sitting with his royal and dusky face toward the horse's tail, and guiding the animal merely by the pressure of his knees.—London P. I. O.

Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

There is much beauty in long, silky, curved eyelashes. Men are proud of "bearding brows" fringed with fierce bristles. They fondly believe that such features indicate force of character backed up by immense brain energy. In Circassia, Persia and parts of India one of a mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes by tipping and removing the fine, gossamer-like points with a pair of scissors when the youngsters are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks the lashes become long, close, finely curved and glossy. This practice is said to be very useful in treating inflammation of the eyes, or granulated lids. Shaving will make the eyebrows thick and heavy.

When They Are Not Wanted.

Some people seem to have faculty for unconsciously butting in.

"Have you ever noticed," said the melancholy man, "how it is the vocation of certain people to get in the way—to be around when they are not wanted?" I apprehended if they were aware of their calling, they would feel bad about it. But, as a matter of fact, they never are aware of it, and that, probably, explains why they keep at it. Take my brother-in-law, for instance. He has a marvelous faculty for turning up at inopportune moments. If we are going to have company to dinner we can surely count on a message from him asking whether it would be convenient for his wife and myself to drop in on us. If I am anticipating a quiet hour of reading in the evening it is ten to one that I'll hear his voice in the hall. Just as I am hastening to close up my office in the afternoon he is apt to come in and establish himself for a prolonged talk. Take a hint. They are so obtuse that they don't see when their presence turns company into a crowd. They have not learned the art of facing themselves on occasions, and they never will. You feel sorry for them at first, but soon soon change to another sentiment.

Had No Cause to Be Afraid.

Very Harmless "Tiger" Was Irishman's Companion in Cage.

The manager of a wild animal show was so unfortunate as to lose by death the only lion in his collection. After trying in vain to replace the loss he finally secured an Irishman to appear in his exhibition on all fours in the lion's cage, wrapped in the dead beast's skin. This plan worked well enough for a while, and the public was "hooked" one night. However, it became necessary, in the course of one performance, for the lion to enter the tiger's cage. Pat pleaded strenuously behind the scenes against being sent into the other manager's presence; but his employer was unyielding, assuring him repeatedly that the tiger was harmless. Though well-nigh dead with fear, Pat, after long and vigorous persuasion, at last crawled into the tiger's cage. No sooner was he in the cage than he lost what little courage he had left, and lay down, calling in a hoarse whisper, "Please don't bite me; I ain't no lion, I'm an Irishman." The tiger appeared thoroughly disgusted, and in a moment he growled back, "Shut up, you fool, so am I!"—Harper's Weekly.

Romance Ends in Happiness.

Childhood Sweethearts Meet at New Orleans and Are Married.

A romance which began in their native land when both were children, and long before they dreamed of coming to America to seek their fortunes, culminated in the wedding of Antonio Herranz and Juana Rumin of Pailin, Austria, says the New Orleans Post-Yukon. They came over on the Steamer Hobenberg. Antonio is a farmer, and he came to look for land which he could cultivate and later build a home upon. Juana came to New Orleans expecting to obtain employment as a servant; but when the time came for them to part at the ship's side it was more than Antonio could stand and harder than Juana could bear, and then it was that love severed its rule, and they decided to cast their fortunes together. Stephen Jozsa, assistant secretary at the state immigration bureau, went with them to the St. Louis cathedral, where they were made man and wife by Mons. Laval. Radiant as children in their new-found happiness, bride and groom left for Laurel Hill, in West Feliciana, where they were taken by Miss Stuart to work on the sugar estate of Mr. Henry Stewart.

Prof That Oysters Have Brains.

William E. Travers, the famous stammering New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters aplenty attesting his importance—letters from Gladstone, Dilke, Salisbury and Churchill. He had talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a had meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at table. There was never a stop to the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on he began: "Now, it is a question whether or not the oyster has brains; scientists dispute the idea." "But they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your prof, sir," challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "Wah-ah-why, sir, the o-o-oyster knows h-h-h-how to shut up."

Long-Winded Preachers.

The seventeenth-century puritan preachers talked for two hours or more, not "by the clock," but by the hour-glass. At least one of them turned the glass to humorous account. He found himself no further than the middle of the sermon when the sands had run out. "Drunkness" was his subject, and reversing the horologe, "Let's have another glass," said he. Sir Roger L'Estrange tells of a parish clerk who sat patiently until the preacher was three-quarters through his second glass, and the majority of his hearers had quietly left the church. Rising at a convenient pause, he asked the minister to close the church door when he had done, "and push the key under it, as he and the few that remained were about to retire."

Interpolation.

The old-time revivalist often possessed a gift of gentle satire which stood him in good stead. At a Maine camp-meeting long ago a young man made himself so obnoxious during a prayer that the old preacher rounded off one of his sentences rather abruptly. "Now, Lord," he then continued, without a trace of irritation, "we pray that Thou wilt in the mightiness of Thy power take that young man in the fourth seat and make his heart as free from sin as his head is from sense."—Youth's Companion.

Careless.

"Oh, George, dear, our wedding must be postponed." "No, darling, no. It must not be." "But it must, George, dear. Father has lost all his money in the market." "You are right, dear. You are right. The wedding must be postponed. I never thought of you, Mabel. I never thought that you would have such a careless father."—Detroit Free Press.

Setting Himself Right.

"Here is the man, your honor, who was caught stealing the hog." "Caught in the act?" "Yes, sir." "Judge," said the prisoner, "dat man is lyin' to you. It was in de fence corner wha he kotched me!"—Atlanta Constitution.