

"Airing the Baby."



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. A modern conveyance baby carriage made of a fruit basket and frame of an old rolling chair. This picture was taken in Hester Park, N. J.

GOLDEN CALF OUTDONE

IOWA ANIMAL PARTS FRIENDS AND STARTS MANY LAWSUITS.

Originally Valued at \$16, Sold for \$13, But Now Dead—Several Persons Involved in Trouble and End Not Yet in Sight.

Ottumwa, Ia.—The golden calf of biblical fame has never been honored to any greater extent than the puffed calf of the Iowa farmer, nor has that historical calf of the golden days been the cause of more broken friendships and enmity among life-long neighbors than one particular black and white spotted calf, originally valued at \$16, actually sold at \$13, and now dead.

The history of the case dates back to 1905, when this same black and white spotted calf wandered into Wapello county from no one knows where and was locked up in the pasture of W. H. Hillery. William Belgrade claimed the animal and, failing to induce Hillery to give it up, filed a suit of replevin before Justice W. J. Berry. Belgrade gave the calf's value as \$16 and after three days of arguments by the opposing attorneys and an examination of 42 witnesses the court gave the ownership of the animal to Hillery. The suit cost \$75 and was charged against Belgrade. Shortly after this Hillery sold the calf for \$13 and it was not long until the calf died.

Belgrade failed to pay the costs in the case and his bondsman, William Miller, was called upon to liquidate the debt. Feeling that Belgrade was well able to pay the debt, Miller attached a red steer belonging to Belgrade. The steer was placed in the pasture of James Houdyshell pending further action. Belgrade concluded that Miller had no right to the steer and went to the Houdyshell pasture, and, procuring the steer, later sold it to Hiram Cox, a neighbor, for \$50.

Upon learning of this Miller filed information against Belgrade for larceny and upon a technicality he was found not guilty. The cost of this suit was \$17.75. During the progress of this trial Attorneys W. S. Coen and W. W. Rankin, employed on opposite sides, engaged in an argument in which some strong language was used. Rankin swore out a warrant against his fellow attorney for using abusive language. The attorney was acquitted and the costs of the suit, amounting to \$18, were assessed against Rankin. Rankin later appealed the case and is now preparing papers to present to the supreme court.

Last December Miller made another attempt to recover the loss sustained in paying Belgrade's debt in the original case. Hot words ensued in Miller's and Belgrade's talk and the latter is said to have fired several shots at Miller. Warrants were at once issued in Justice Berry's court against Belgrade by Miller for carrying concealed weapons and with assault with intent to kill.

Belgrade was tried on both charges and acquitted of the assault with intent to kill, but convicted on the other charge and fined \$10. Half of this was suspended during good behavior. The costs of these two cases were \$76.45. Miller then brought his charge of assault with intent to kill against Belgrade to the attention of the grand jury, which body failed to return a true bill. Following this, Belgrade, through his attorneys, filed a suit for damages of \$5,000 against Miller, which is now before the district court.

Offers Cash for Babies. Omaha, Neb.—Thomas Roseman has a unique scheme for increasing the population of a sparsely settled Nebraska county. He offers \$50 for every baby born and to every couple married.

ICE PLANTS FOR JAPAN.

Mikado to Adopt American Cold Storage Throughout Empire.

Philadelphia.—T. Uchimura of Tokio, accompanied by T. Kawamura, also of Tokio, and I. Kuzuhara, a recent Japanese resident of New York, have arrived in this city on a business mission of vast importance to Japan. This mission is a study of American methods of artificial ice making and cold storage. Mr. Uchimura has been for ten years counselor of the department of commerce and agriculture of Japan, and was also recently appointed adviser to the civil administration of Sakhalin Island, ceded by Russia to Japan at the close of the late Russo-Japanese war. He has been in this country only about four weeks.

T. Kawamura, who, unlike his chief, speaks English fluently, in an interview said: "Japan has no ice making and cold storage plants. We realize that they are a necessity with us, since we have not enough room to supply our 50,000,000 population with foodstuffs. We are making an investigation of American artificial ice manufacturing and cold storage plants, and Mr. Uchimura will make his report upon them as soon as he returns to Tokio. Japan will then install throughout the empire ice making and cold storage systems like those in this country. We also propose to establish lines of refrigerating steamships between Japan and America. Thus we will be able to import from your country to ours great quantities of meats, vegetables and fruits, which we can keep on ice for our people to devour."

GOLD LOOKED FOR IN VAIN.

Wisconsin Pioneer Imagined Precious Metal Was Hidden on His Farm.

New Richmond, Wis.—In the death of Levi J. Oakes, aged 83 years, who lived 55 years in this county, northwestern Wisconsin lost one of its most unique characters, as well as one of its earliest pioneers. Mr. Oakes came to this section of the state when it was full of Indians and started a farm on the now historic Paper Jack creek. He has told many interesting stories of the early days of this section. Mr. Oakes believed up to his last conscious moment that a rich gold mine was on the great farm owned by him. Even when broken by age he was accustomed to take a pick and shovel and work for hours every day in the stone quarry on his farm, where he believed there were deposits of gold. His vigilance and hard work were never rewarded, however, by the discovery of any treasure.

HELD AS LIVING GERM FACTORY.

Woman in Perfect Health Suspected of Spreading Typhoid Fever.

New York.—A puzzling case is under observation in the Reception hospital in this city. The patient is a woman, a cook, apparently in perfect health, but who is detained because she is suspected of having communicated typhoid fever to about 25 persons within the past six years. According to Dr. Walter Benzel, the sanitary superintendent of Manhattan, the woman is literally a living typhoid factory. She herself was stricken with the disease about six years ago. It ran the usual course and she recovered.

Now it is found that all the time since she was declared cured of typhoid she has kept on nurturing and developing typhoid germs. Though herself immune, the germs which she has been developing have been a constant source of danger and contagion to all with whom she had come in contact.

AUTOS DAMAGE THE ROADS.

Injury Already Done in Massachusetts Estimated at \$50,000.

"It is hard to say what will be the ultimate damage to the roads," said a member of the Massachusetts commission to a representative of the Boston Globe, "but it has recently been estimated by the board that \$50,000 damage has been done already by autos. This is small in proportion to the cost of the roads, but unless some new method of applying surface is adopted, the damage is likely to be continuous; that is, it is repeated as fast as it is made good. There is something about the broad rubber tires, on wheels of small diameter, peculiarly damaging to macadam roads. A vacuum is created by the tire, which sucks the surface, or binder, from the road, and it is blown away, leaving the stones exposed. The commission is experimenting with tar surfacing, which has been used in France successfully. Experiments have also been made by the park commissioners with an oil having an asphalt base. Something new must be adopted, and I have no doubt Massachusetts will not be behind in its adoption."

ALL THE WORLD TO HIM.

Wife and Child Beautiful in the Eyes of Poor Miner.

It was Sunday. The train stopped at a station. They got on—a woman and a little boy. The woman was a foreigner. She wore a cheap blue calico dress and a soiled apron, had a handkerchief around her head. She was ugly and fat. She carried a small-sized trunk, tied with rope in one hand, with the other she grasped the little boy as if afraid to lose him. He wore a cheap cotton suit, a little cap on his head and heavy-soled shoes on his feet. His face was red and shining. The brakeman hustled them through the aisle of the day coach to the smoker ahead. The passengers laughed at the odd sight, and several passed funny remarks. Some hours after the train stopped at a lonely coal mine station. Only the woman and the little boy got off. They were met by a poor Slav coal miner, in his working clothes. He kissed the woman and grabbed the little boy and hugged him with tears in his eyes. God! he was happy—they had come at last! —New York Telegraph.

Where Titles Are Cheap.

The cheapest country for buying a title used to be Portugal, says London Truth. When a man is made a baron or a count there, his parent recites a service for which the grant is made. I was once in Portugal, and I had some curiosity to discover what were the services for which an Englishman of my acquaintance had been made a Portuguese baron. I therefore looked the matter up, and I found that it was for having introduced into the country a new tree. There used to be another plan for becoming a baron. It appears that there is—or was then—a convent which once had large possessions. All its tenants were, by the fact of being tenants, barons. But the convent had lost its possessions with the exception of one farm. It had an agent in London. For a very moderate consideration the agent let this farm to a would-be tenant. He therefore became a baron; and when he resigned the farm to the next applicant he retained the title.

Prince in Pajamas.

Passengers on the Overland limited one morning were startled by the appearance in the dining car of Prince Mahomed Akghian of India wearing a suit of pajamas, says the San Francisco Call. The young nobleman had taken his seat at one of the tables when his secretary stepped up to him and whispered several words in his ear. The dining car was well filled with other passengers, including a number of women, who were shocked somewhat by the Prince's apparel. As gracefully as possible Prince Mahomed accompanied his secretary back to his stateroom. He was much chagrined over the situation and expressed great mortification that the American women could not appreciate that by right of birth he was entitled to appear in any garb he chose to wear.

Character in Hats.

A milliner with a turn for philosophy declares that a woman's character is infallibly revealed by the hat she wears. "There are audacious hats, modest hats, ridiculous hats, and hats that reveal the wearer as cautious and secretive. As a rule, a woman of strong personality may be trusted to choose a hat to suit her. She is strong enough to withstand the temptation to wear something merely fashionable. The vulgar, self-assertive woman, generally selects a 'loud' obtrusive hat, but even that I prefer to the funereal style of headgear affected by the morbid woman."

Meat Wasteful of Cooks.

To live to waste seems an unwritten maxim of English life. Our cooking, the cooking of our working and agricultural classes, is about the most wasteful cookery on earth. The French peasant will live, and live well, on what we discard. It is said that one hundred millions sterling a year are added to the national wealth of France by the saving habits of her people. —C. B. Fry's Magazine.

Doing It Up.

"This bill is too high," said the customer. "Too high," ejaculated the laundryman. "That's what I said, too high!" But, man, do you know how long it takes to do up a shirt? "Why, about four washings."

TWAIN'S FRIENDS WERE MANY.

Little Jean Thought He Had Almost Reached the Limit.

We had recently arrived in Berlin, and had begun house-hunting in a furnished apartment. One morning at breakfast a vast card arrived—an invitation. To be precise, it was a command from the emperor of Germany to come to dinner. During several months I had encountered socially, on the continent, men bearing fifty titles; and all this while Jean was becoming more and more impressed, and awed, and subdued, by these imposing events, for she had not been abroad before, and they were new to her—wonders out of dreamland turned into realities. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Jean she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for a time was quite speechless; then she said: "Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody for you to get acquainted with but God." It was not complimentary to think I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young jump to conclusions without reflection.—North American Review.

ONLY THE NATURAL EFFECT.

Little Wonder That Diner Was Somewhat Off Mentally.

The wild-eyed man looked hard from his table at the woman across the little room at the pink ink table d'cote. "Have you heard about those dynamite explosions going on all over the city?" he asked her. "I heard the one Saturday night," she said. "I couldn't help hearing it." "Well," declared the bright-eyed man, "don't give it away, but I am the cause of all those explosions." "For heaven's sake," whispered the woman to her companion, "did you hear that? Does he carry the bombs around with him, you think? I want to go home!" "I know that quiet," remarked her companion quickly. "No wonder he has attacks of brain storm now and then. He's been drinking this table d'cote ink and eating those dinners for two solid years." —N. Y. Press.

The Boy and the Rats.

In a large warehouse in Liverpool a boy named Edward Scott was employed to run errands. There were many rats about the place and he was told that if he could catch one and singe its tail all the others would leave. A trap was set and a rat was caught but while singeing its tail according to directions the lighted paper blew into a pile of straw and started a conflagration that burned four big buildings and inflicted a loss of half a million dollars. There are some smart boys in this world, but there are also some smart rats, and it is just as well to keep them apart. If the rat had caught the boy and singed his hair there might have been eight buildings burned.

The Value of Water.

Medically, the internal use of water does more good than its external use. The man who drinks from a pint to a quart of clean pure water the first thing in the morning on getting out of bed will be in better health than the man who uses water only externally and rarely drinks water straight. The best way to do is to take a clean water bath both inside and outside every morning, and during the warm weather every evening also. It will bring sleep more effectually than all the morphine or other drugs. It will cleanse the system better than the contents of any drug store. A bathtub factory is the natural foe to the medical college and the undertaker.

The Bothersome 'Phone.

Except in business offices, hotels, police stations, and the like public places, telephones should be forbidden. There is neither peace nor privacy in the home in which these instruments find admittance. One's time and pleasure and very sleep are at the mercy of every gossip and busybody in the town. The women, children and servants of the household all catch the hello fever, and life becomes a long nightmare of bell-ringing, wrong calls, yes-yesses, busy-nows, and other distracting noises.—Virginia Pilot.

Discipline Hint.

Instead of punishing children learn to talk quietly with the little one about its disobedience or misbehavior, says a writer. Make it plain to the small boy and girl why they are in the wrong and encourage them to give a reason for their misconduct. Tell them kindly how to avoid a similar difficulty in the future. In other words make love the basis of discipline, and obedience will be prompted by the thought that mother or father will be displeased with an unkind act.

Didn't Work.

"I wonder why it is," remarked one of the two men who had just lunched, turning to speak to the other, "that they always have pretty cashiers at these restaurants." But the pretty cashier, though she blushed and smiled, did not fail to detect the Canadian quarter he threw down in payment of his check.

Accuracy.

The food inspector's wife was looking over her husband's notebook. "George," she said, "how do you pronounce the last syllable of this word, 'butterine'?" "The last syllable," the inspector answered, "is always silent." —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

CREAM TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

Tramp Had Saved House, But He Was No Prodigal Son.

"One night as I was sleeping under a haystack on a farm in Connecticut," said the tramp, "I awoke to discover that the farm house was on fire. The roof had caught around the kitchen chimney and the family had not been aroused. I made for the house at once, gave the alarm, found and put up a ladder, and after the hardest kind of work extinguished the flames. I had my hair singed and my hands blistered and after it was all over the old farmer wanted to know how I happened to be on hand. I told him, and after a little thought he said:

"Well, you must be thirsty, and I'll have the wife get you a drink of milk."

"He called to her to fill a pitcher, and as I was washing my hands at the kitchen door I heard him say:

"Hanner, be sure to skim the milk before you give it to him. He's a tramp and not used to cream."

"I politely declined the milk when it was brought out, telling the farmer that I didn't wish to deprive the pigs of their breakfast, and as I started off to find new lodgings he said:

"You had lodgings in my haystack, and that's worth a quarter, but being you put the fire out I'm willing to call it square."

VALUE OF THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Will Be Hard to Get Historical Data If It Disappears.

Professor Frederick Starr, head of the anthropology department of the University of Chicago, in relating to his class some of his experiences in the Congo incidentally called attention to the fact that the old-fashioned family bible, with its birth and death records, was rapidly disappearing from homes in civilized countries.

"In not one-half the families to-day were we able to get the exact age and place of birth and other desired data," he said. "It is even more difficult to get such information in Africa. I think if the Bible, or some such book as the old-fashioned Bible of the civilized home existed these historical facts would be the more easily learned, and of course the moral influence would be greater."

Professor Starr also called attention to the motto of the Congo Free State—"Labor and Progress." The motto, he said, was well known among the natives, young and old.

"It is notorious here that few Americans know the motto of their own state," concluded Professor Starr.

Barred Monopolists.

On a recent occasion "down south" three little negroes, Moses, Jackson and Timmy, were called into "the house" by "Marse" John, who had owned their grandfather. He informed them that he would give ten bright new cents to the one of them who would tell him what were the three best things in the world. The coins were placed on a table and the white man held out three straws of different lengths, the boy who should draw the longest straw to have the first say. Timmy, the happy winner of this straw, was asked:

"Well, what are the three best things in the world?"

"Without a moment's hesitation he answered succinctly:

"I know. The three bestest things in de world 'an possum 'n' sweet latites 'n' gravy."

Moses and Jackson made a simultaneous grab for the money and made off with it, one of them shouting back in a belligerent tone:

"He ain't gwine to hab de money, too, for dem's all de bestest things in de world!"

Old British Battleships.

A writer in the Manchester Guardian has just pointed out that the Britannia, which has recently joined the fleet at Gibraltar, is only the fourth English battleship of that name. The first was built in Charles II's reign, about the time that he also introduced the Britannia into our coinage, as the Office Window remarked a few days ago. The second Britannia fought at Trafalgar; the third in the Black sea in 1854, since when we have had no ship of that name until now. An old list of ships of the queen's navy, made in 1875, should suggest some new names to us now. The Bonaventure was one. There was the Elizabeth Jonas, a name devised by her grace in remembrance of her deliverance from her enemies, as was the prophet Jonah delivered from the belly of the whale; there was the Tiger, "so-called of her exceeding swiftness and nimbleness, of course," and the Mary Rose, the Bark of Hellen, the Handmaid, the Antelope, the White Bear, the Genet, the Achilles and—the Dreadnot.—London Chronicle.

Objectionable in Either Case.

Grace—Why did she break the engagement? Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed. Grace—What of it? Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

Similarity.

"It's a good idea to have something laid by for a rainy day." "Yep," answered Peter (Cornmeal), "only that kind of cash is a good deal like a regular umbrella." Some other fellow is liable to walk off with it just as the shower starts.

DOWN TO THE LOWEST NOTCH.

Farmer's Last Prayer Had Surely Settled Amount Owing.

John H—, a traveling salesman of Dorchester, Mass., tells this story: "I was driving across the country in New Hampshire last summer on business, and a jolt of the farmer's wagon threw me out on my head and bruised me so badly that I was laid up at a farm house for two weeks. The farmer was a good-hearted but close-fisted man, and as soon as I was able to sit up he began to worry as to what he ought to charge me. I caught scraps of the conversation, and made out that he wanted to do the right thing, but did not wish to let me off too cheaply. The day before I was to go he had another talk with his wife, and she advised him to make it an object of prayer. He went out to the barn and came in in half an hour later to say: 'Wall, Hanner, I've bin prayin' over that feller's case, and as nigh as I kin find out I order charge 'bout \$10 a week for his board and care."

"If you did, I should be shamed to ever look him in the face ag'in," she said. "You'd best go 'n pray ag'in."

"He held out for a time, but finally went to the barn again. When he came back he said:

"I guess \$10 was a little steep, Hanner, and I guess 'bout \$5 a week will be all right."

"Sam'll, was you in real earnest when you prayed?"

"I was, Hanner."

"Then th's sunthin' wrong somers. It hain't with no such price as that Lor' he ain't eat much till this week, and 'twain't much to take care o' him. The nabers would call us robbers. Go back to the barn once more, and kneel in a now place."

"But I don't see how I'm goin' to get it below \$5," he protested.

"Wall, go 'n try."

He went away and was gone longer this time and when he came back there was a smile on his face.

"Made out better didn't ye, Sam'll?" she asked.

"Seven dollars a week, and I'll drive him to town to-morrer."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

Flute Player at That Time Was Beyond Reasoning With.

The tenant faced the landlord with a determined look.

"That man you let into the vacant suite last week," he said, "plays the flute."

"Does he play much?"

"No, he only plays a little. He plays a great deal of the time, but he only plays a little."

"You mean that he's a poor player?"

"I mean that he's a player with poor taste. Any flutist that gets up at two o'clock in the morning and tootles out scales and things isn't much on taste to my way of thinking."

"I'll have to have a talk with him," said the landlord.

"It's no use," sighed the tenant. "He won't listen to you."

"Well, soon find out about that," said the landlord as he reached for his hat.

"It's no use, I tell you," repeated the tenant. "Him and me had a fight last night 'n' I broke his flute and he moved out this morning. That's what I came to tell you."

Forgot This Charge.

The valiant Sir knight had been boasting of his victorious deeds before the fair company.

"I heard of one engagement, which you have failed to mention, forsooth," remarked Sir Gregory.

"When I killed the 80 knights with—" inquired the valiant.

"No, this was a certain charge in which you were the leader," replied Sir Greg.

"But I have led so many, I cannot remember," said the valiant.

"But," returned Sir Greg, "this is still remembered. It was for a suit of clothes you had from Slop, the tailor, some two years since, and the charge still appereth on the book."

And then they scrapped right merrily.—Toledo Blade.

Tobacco Smoke Scared Deer.

A new way of preventing deer from doing damage to a holding has been adopted by the occupier of Haddon farm, in the heart of the Devon and Somerset staghound country, in England.

Discarding the use of tarred ropes and other strong smelling materials in fences, he walks through his turnip fields two or three times a night, smoking a strong pipe, the smell of which, he says, frightens the deer away. Before he adopted this device his farm used to be visited by scores of deer nightly.

Cure for Yellow Fever.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine claims to have solved the cure of yellow fever, says the London Express. The expedition dispatched by the school to Brazil forwarded a cablegram recently stating that it had successfully applied the antidote discovered by Sir R. Boyce and used successfully on monkeys. Sir R. Boyce, who traced the spread of the disease to mosquitos, has received a request from President Roosevelt to lay his theory before the United States government.

Quite a Different Thing.

"Like most men," he said, "I have my shortcomings, I suppose, but—" "O, it isn't your shortcomings father objects to," interrupted the girl. "It's your long stayings."—Stray Stories.