

PONCE DE LEON'S SPRING.

Woman Has Refused to Sell the Property for \$45,000.

There are ten acres of ground surrounding the spot where Ponce de Leon on his second visit to what is now St. Augustine, discovered youth. History tells that he failed to locate it on his first visit from Spain to this section, but that on a second trip, in 1513, he was more successful. The property, called Neptune springs, is owned by a widow, who, with her daughter, stands at the old-fashioned well affair, and sells the water to tourists who visit her in great numbers. The water is the purest kind of lithia, cool and pleasant to the taste. Recently she was offered \$45,000 for Neptune springs, which has other good springs aside from Ponce on it. It is located a short distance from the ruins of the old stone wall and gates of the city of St. Augustine, used when this was a province of Spain and when a Spanish governor general occupied as a residence the building now used by Uncle Sam as a post office. Not far away are the ruins of the old Spanish Fort Marion, wrecked and ruined by shell from the gunners who fought under the stars and stripes. Ponce de Leon's find is now well within the confines of the city. The widow thought it too valuable to dispose of. So she refused the offer of \$45,000 and goes on lading out water from Ponce's well as though she had not tossed aside a small fortune.

GOOD USE FOR PHONOGRAPH.

It Howls for the Police When Flat of Its Owner Is Invaded.

The wave of crime which has been passing over Paris lately and which the police seem quite powerless to prevent has caused the citizens to adopt various devices to protect their homes from invasion by the Apaches. Dogs having proved utterly useless, more than one family has sought protection by placing a stand with a parrot or cockatoo possessing a specially loud squawk just inside their flats—almost everyone in Paris lives in a flat. An electrical engineer, however, has found a phonograph the best possible watchman. He locates it with the megaphone attachment directed to the door and he has wired the hall and arranged batteries so that the moment the door is opened three inches the phonograph gets into action. It begins to bellow "Police! Help! Murder! Thieves!" and it keeps it up until he gets out of bed and turns off the current. His flat is well furnished with plate and other valuables and several attempts have been made to rob it, but no thieves have yet withstood the phonograph bombardment. They run so quickly that they are never caught.

Copper in Africa.

It is believed by some that the greatest copper industry in the world will be developed in the Tanganyika region, where the properties are of great potential value, and may prove to be one of the greatest factors in carrying civilization into the heart of Africa. Much time is required for developments. Because of the heavy speculation in the shares these may suffer much before the properties become dividend earning. The Benguelo railway cannot be completed for five years or so, and even the Rhodesia railways extensions are now to require a couple of years ere they can reach the property. Robert Williams is the pioneer and, in a great measure, the organizer of this vast undertaking, one of the most remarkable of modern times.

Try This Trick.

Two drummers were chatting in a trolley car. "I'll bet you a good five-cent cigar," said the first drummer, "that, without saying a word I can make the old boy opposite take out his watch and see what time it is." "I'll take that bet," the other answered. Then the first drummer watched the veteran across the aisle until he caught his eye, when he drew forth his watch and looked at it. The old man, with a thoughtful air, slowly unbuttoned his coat and consulted his own timepiece. "Give me my cigar," said the drummer. "It's the third I've won to-day on this trick. It never fails."

Precocious Children.

In the world of music we find many instances of boys giving an early indication of a remarkable career. Handel and Mozart each showed a liking for music when young in years, and soon made their mark. Handel began composing a church service for voices and instruments when only nine years old, and before he was 15 he had composed three operas. Mozart began the piano at three, and at seven he taught himself the violin. At nine years of age he visited England, and on his departure he gave a farewell concert, of which all the symphonies were composed by himself.

Forrest's Principle.

Here is a brief summing up of Gen. N. R. Forrest. "He was a man of humble birth and little education, a trader in slaves and mules, grave, silent, unobtrusive, but possessed of military genius of a high order. As a leader of cavalry he was unequalled and knew no fear. During his service he was destined to take part in 129 actions, and to have 27 horses shot under him. In one terse sentence he summed up his art of war: 'To get the first with the most men.'—From the 'Appeal to Arms and the Civil War.'

WHY BOB WAS ANNOYED.

Emptying of Golf Bag Made Embarrassing Situation.

Young Harwood's Cousin Evelyn had invited him down to her country place to stop over the holidays. He arrived just before dinner, to find that he had left his golf clubs behind him. It was most exasperating; but his cousin comforted him somewhat by promptly offering the use of her clubs. The next day he started early for the links with Evelyn's husband, but in an hour he was back again. "Were the clubs so bad?" she inquired; "couldn't you finish the game?" He answered shortly that he had not cared to finish the game—of course there was nothing the matter with the clubs. When Evelyn's husband came home for luncheon at noon she questioned him. "What's wrong with Bob, Henry?" she asked; "didn't the game go smoothly?" Her husband chuckled. "It was your clubs," he explained. "I don't wonder he isn't happy. He was preparing to 'tee off' at the hole in front of the clubhouse, with a lot of girls on the veranda watching him. He picked up your bag of clubs to take out the 'driver,' but it was caught in some way, and he turned the bag upside down to shake it loose. The driver tumbled out then, and with it came your false fringe, your powder puff, your green veil, and that little ivory handglass you carry around. Do you wonder his feelings are somewhat bruised?"—Harper's Magazine.

STORY OF FAMOUS HYMN.

"All Glory, Laud and Honour" Written in a Prison.

A popular hymn is Theophilus' "All glory, laud and honour," belonging to the ninth century, and said to have been written by the poet while in Angers prison. The author of "Hymns and Their Makers" quotes a legend in relation to its use on Palm Sunday, 821, to the effect that when Louis the Pious, king of France, was at Angers, he took part in the usual procession of lay and clergy, and as the procession passed the place where St. Theophilus, the bishop of Orleans, had long been incarcerated he was seen standing at the open window of his cell, and there, amid the silence of the people, he sang his hymn, to the delight of the king, who at once ordered him to be set at liberty and restored to his see. In some minor details this legend is referred to by other writers as well. The original is too long to be sung in modern services, as it has no fewer than 75 lines. The verses usually found in our hymnals are but a fragment of the original hymn, which, with more or less abbreviation, has been used as a processional for many centuries.—The Quiver.

Heroism.

There is a good deal of heroism in the world of the sort that gets into the public eye and receives medals as a reward, as the giving out of 63 such tokens of gold, silver or bronze by the Carnegie hero fund commission attests, comments a writer in the Boston Transcript. There is more of the splendid stuff indeed than even the firmest believers in human nature's good qualities would quite think possible without all the gratifying figures at hand to prove its existence. And when one reflects that the heroism which may be known of all men is only about one-thousandth part as great as the sort that never will and never may be known it makes one feel that the world and the times are good.

An Indorsement.

Many years ago there was considerable malaria in Harrisburg, Pa., which was attributed to the waters of the Susquehanna river, which was then the source of the legislature for that year, upon his return to his constituents, was interviewed concerning the plague. He soon settled the question. "Upon my soul, gentlemen," he declared, "the report of the foulness of the water was a slander on the city of Harrisburg. I absolutely know the water to be perfectly healthful, for during the session I drank the water on two different occasions, and I never experienced any ill effect whatever."

Rabbit Pest in Graveyard.

Stettin suffers from Australia's plague of rabbits, but only in the principal cemetery. Here they are a veritable pest and so far all efforts to get rid of them have been unavailing. Into holes, where holes could be found, carbolic acid was poured, but bunny of the graveyards is quite cozy in a thick bush under a fine tree as in any hole, and he makes the tree bark fly as far up as he can reach it. There has been one battue, but the rabbits are again as numerous as ever. The other day while a funeral was in progress a rabbit endorsed itself confidently at the foot of the officiating clergyman.

Origin of Famous Phrases.

"The majesty of the people" came first from the lips of Charles James Fox, who, at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in 1798, concluded his speech with these words: "Give me leave before I sit down to call on you to drink our sovereign's health—the Majesty of the People." Brougham was the author of the saying. "The schoolmaster is abroad." It was he, too, who in 1821 gave to the reform party the watchword, "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," and Sir Robert Peel invented the popular cry of "Register! Register! Register!" in a speech in 1837 to the electors of Tamworth.

LION CLEARED THE YARD.

Pet of Minneapolis Man Was Death to the Dogs.

Mr. Nelson, who was much annoyed by stray dogs burying bones in his garden at Linden Hills, secured a lion while he was in Europe last summer, paying \$287.50 for a rather weather beaten king of beasts, but one that was guaranteed in every respect. The lion became a great pet on the way over and came to know his master's voice and obey it. Its name was Henry. Arrived at Linden Hills Mr. Nelson let Henry out into the back yard and simply waited. At 7:30 on the first morning a Newfoundland dog as large as a small garage walked into the yard to stop on the flower beds as usual and to tip over the garbage can. The lion saw the dog enter the yard and the dog just barely saw the lion. "Crunch!" That was all. It was the sound made by Henry eating the dog. At 8:10 a monster bulldog smelled his way into the garden to rip up a yard of soil among the petunias. "Kly!" "Crunch!" The bulldog had gone hence. By 11:30 Henry's score stood: One Newfoundland, one bull, four fox terriers, an Irish setter, and two plain dogs. Everything that came into the yard collided with the lion and lo, it was not Mr. Nelson was so joyous over the experiment that he could not go to work that day, but just sat around and felt good. In six weeks the dogs were either all in or were avoiding the place by going two blocks the other way. Then the circus came around and the lion was so fat and glossy that Mr. Nelson disposed of him to the menagerie department for \$327.75.—Minneapolis Journal.

WHAT THE BELL MEANT.

Musician's Novel Method of Signaling for Refreshments.

At the end of the ballroom floor in Riley's Tonopah saloon was a stage, upon which the orchestra sat. On one side were tiers of curtained boxes and along the other ran a raised gallery with drinking tables and chairs. A railing held the crowd back from the dancers, but there were no hurdles between the onlookers and the bar. In fact, from the way they gravitated thither I judged the floor to be on a slant. The place was thronged and very noisy. In the midst of a swinging two-step one of the musicians picked up a cow bell from between his feet and jangled it loudly. "What does that mean?" I asked. "A fight?" "Oh, no," said a man at my side, "the orchestra wants a drink," and I saw a white-aproned attendant scudding toward the stage to take their orders. At regular intervals the wild clamor of this bovine neck charm broke out and it never failed to gain attention.—Rex Beach in Every-body's.

Keyhold Tenure in England.

The curious custom of keyhold tenure still prevails at Crowland, the famous abbey town in the Lincolnshire fens, where there are a number of cottages which are neither copyhold, freehold nor leasehold. They were originally built on waste land, and in each case the possessor of the key holds an undisputed tenancy. Although some of the occupiers have replaced the mud and thatched dwellings of antiquity with brick and slated buildings, they have no power to sell or will them away, for they have no deeds. On a tenant dying the first person to cross the threshold takes his place, if he so desires. Many devices have been resorted to to obtain the keys. The properties carry a county vote, but the poor law guardians always refuse to grant relief to the tenants.—London Globe.

Tomtobacco Refuge for Cat.

One day this week, when the snow was rapidly turning to slush, and when St. Paul's churchyard was bereft of its wonted groups of luncheon-hour strollers, one of the churchyard cats, an unusually soiled and wild-looking specimen, was seen perched upon the narrow top of a weather-worn headstone. The space was uncomfortably narrow, and, to keep from falling, the animal was forced to clutch unceasingly. But the stone was dry, the churchyard walks were flooded, so the cat stayed, a soiled bit of white and black fur, suspicious but apparently resigned.—New York Post.

Plague of Caterpillars.

Travelers in the Wodonga and Baranawatha districts find it difficult writes our Melbourne correspondent, to get their horses to face the caterpillars that swarm the country roads. They are denuding vegetation, and it is feared the vineyards will be devastated. An excursion train, when seven miles from Peshhurst, was brought to a standstill through dense masses of the insects blocking the rails. The wheels, crushing them to death, skidded from the rails.—London Daily Mail.

Wary of Abstractions.

"There is some satisfaction in knowing you are right, even if the world does not recognize it," remarked the idealist. "Not much," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I can't help wishing Charley would bet on the horse that does win instead of the one that ought to."

A Sherlock Holmes.

"You are angry, madam." "How do you know?" "You have just come in." "I met your best friend leaving the house in a new and stunning costume."

CHURN FOR A HEAD PIECE.

Piece of Mischief That Might Have Had Fatal Results.

Nearly everyone has heard of the man whose dog got his head caught in a pitcher into which he had thrust it after a taste of the milk at the bottom. The man cut the dog's head off to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the dog's head out. An incident with almost similar features occurred in the little village of Stanton, N. C., the other day. The children of Mr. Uriah Bumgarner were playing on the porch of their home when a small daughter picked up a churn, one of the old-fashioned kind with a large bottom and a small opening, and in a spirit of mischief placed it upside down over the head of her two-year-old brother, who was sitting on the floor. The little girl accidentally dropped the churn and down it went over the head of the child, who began to yell. The father and several neighbors ran up and found that the boy had turned his chin upward and the churn could not be removed. The upturned bottom of the churn finally had to be sawed off before the child could be released, and the little chap emerged from his unique head covering almost dead from fright.

MADE HIS RECORD CLEAN.

Driver Had Missed One Rock and Had to Go Back.

Some years ago Gen. Miles started to drive from Red Lodge, Mont., to Cody, Wyo., to see his friend, Buffalo Bill. The road was rough, and the reckless driving of the man holding the lines made it seem rougher, but the Indian fighter compressed his lips and clung to the seat without complaint. When near Cody the general suddenly prodded the driver in the back with his walking stick and said curtly: "Driver, turn around." "What?" exclaimed the astonished driver. "Do as I tell you," commanded Miles. So the man turned the horses about and started back to Red Lodge. "Now turn here," ordered Miles, after they had driven a few yards. Convinced that his distinguished passenger had suddenly lost his mind, the driver turned about once more and started for Cody. "There!" exclaimed Miles, in a tone of satisfaction, as the side wheels struck a stone and he bounded into the air. "You hit it! Now, driver, you can go back to Red Lodge and tell them that you drove 75 miles and never missed a rock. You've hit them, every one."

Sweet Innocence.

This is the first year "out" of a certain pretty little Baltimore girl, but she is promising. Not long ago at a dance a young man who had for some time been an ardent but bashful admirer, succeeded in getting his nerve up to the point of asking her to sit out a dance with him in a little nook beneath the stairs, well screened by a bank of palms. "I-I don't know whether I should do that," she said, twisting her fan in her hands and looking up at him from beneath long lashes, "but—yes, I will." "Why—er, you don't think it would be improper?" he said, blushing. "N—no," she hesitated, "but the last time I sat there with a young man—he kissed me." With a sudden light in his eyes the young man led the way toward the palm bank.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Rather Mystifying.

"Toodles"—and what a silly name that is for a bright and lively kid— is four years old and his mamma and papa think he's just about the best boy that ever lived; but the other day he got just a bit cross about something or other and an "Oh, the devil," slipped out before he knew it. Of course, his mother was grieved and hurt and she told Toodies so. She explained that he mustn't be naughty, and that above all things he must not swear. "But, mamma," said Toodies, "it ain't swearing to say that 'cause there is a devil." "But, my dear," said Toodies' mamma, "you must not make light of sacred things."

Where the "Brave" Excelled.

Bloodthirsty, vindictive, treacherous, crafty, scornful of suffering, brave unto death when at bay, more cunning than the fox and of infinite patience on the trail, the Indian has proven more than a match for the white in the jungle. It is certain that more whites than savages have perished in forest fighting. But in set battle the redman is without steadfastness and perseverance. The least reverse disheartens him. After the first mad rush his purpose wanes and the slightest check is apt to dispirit his capricious mind.—Outing Magazine.

Unable to Find the Word.

The editor of a country paper entered his office one morning recently to be met by a subordinate with the startling intelligence that during the night some despicable wretch had stolen every book of reference in the place. "What do you think of a man who would do a thing like that?" angrily demanded the subordinate. "As he has taken even the dictionary," said the editor, "I should say that we are wholly at a loss for words to express our indignation."

Keenly So.

"Are you interested in the vital issues of the hour?" "Intensely. Say, can you lend me 50 cents to get some lunch?"

EVOLUTION OF GLASS EYES.

Were First Brought Into Use in the Seventeenth Century.

"That is an artificial eye of the seventeenth century," said the curator of the medical museum. "It isn't very deceptive, is it?" The ancient eye resembled what is called a patch. There was a band to encircle the head, and a semi-circle of leather with a human eye painted on it—a large, blue, staring eye. It was, in fact, simply a patch on which an eye was painted. "Next came these silver shells," said the curator. "They were inserted under the lid in the empty socket. A little more deceptive, eh?" The shells, in shape, like halves of walnuts, had eyes upon them, and were not unsightly. They were so dull and opaque, though, that no one would ever have taken them for the real thing. "Next came eyes of porcelain," the curator went on, waving his hand toward a case of fairly presentable porcelain eyes, "and finally we got glass eyes—transparent, brilliant eyes that will never be improved on till a movable pupil is invented, a pupil that, somehow, will work in harmony with the other pupil. Many an inventor is working on this movable pupil idea. Of course, there's a fortune in it for the successful man."

WATCH THE LARGE AFFAIRS.

Business Man Makes Mistake in Being Smothered in Detail.

When you are so buried in the detail of your business that you cannot get a clear, sharp view of your affairs in all their relations, you are in danger of failure. No great general ever takes a gun and goes with his soldiers into the thick of the fight, where he would be so stunned by the noises, and so blinded by the smoke of battle that he could not watch the movements of the enemy, could not see where his own troops needed reinforcements, or how to hurl his forces on the weakest place in the enemy's ranks. He must go where he can watch every movement of the armies. If you are going to be a general in business, you must keep where you can get a clear view of your affairs and know what is going on everywhere. While you are buried in detail, your business may be in a dangerous position, from which you could extricate it if you knew the exact situation. Many a man fails in trying to be a general and a private at the same time.—Success.

Would Pension Mothers.

Pensions for mothers are advocated by a prominent society woman, who has seized upon the idea of an English writer. She argues especially in behalf of the wives of workmen—the kind of woman who, on a wage of sometimes less than eight dollars a week, has reared a large family. "Without the mother, where would the nation be?" she asks. "Yet what is the nation doing for the mothers of America? Surely these women above all others should be able to look forward to a period of rest after fighting the battle of life. With a state pension how much lighter would be the burdens of the workman's wife! What an influence for good would she be in her old age to the rising generation, instead of being as at present a drain on the energies of her offspring—young people who ought to be able to give all their time and devotion to their own families."

Milady's Bath.

It is said there is but one carbonic acid bath in New York, and it is in the home of a very rich widow. The apparatus as described is complicated and expensive. The acid is allowed to escape from stout metal cylinders, where it is stored under pressure, and mixed with the bath water. The effect upon the skin is highly stimulating. Such a bath leaves a feeling of great freshness. The widow was advised to visit Nauheim several years ago for a heart disorder, the waters at that celebrated German village being naturally effervescent and strongly carbonated. She dared not undertake the ocean voyage, and the artificial Nauheim was installed in her home.

Color Blindness Among Girls.

An intelligent physician has discovered that color blindness is very rare among girls, though it is common among boys. From this fact he draws the conclusion that in most cases color blindness is due to a want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, while boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, boys frequently exhibit an ignorance with true color blindness, but which girls rarely show.

Just Described Her.

"Yes," said Lovett. "I was engaged to her once." "So I understand," remarked Newitt. "She told me she was an old flame of yours." "That's pretty near right." She certainly did burn up my money."

Naturally.

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all the antidotes for snake bites." "Sure," replied the mountaineer. "Well, when a snake bites you what's the first thing you do?" "Yell."

Not in His Line.

"Do you think Hamlet was mad?" inquired the critic. "Sir," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I am an actor, not an alienist."

SCULPTURE OF THE INDIAN.

Only Three Specimens of Lo's Rock Carving Have Been Found.

One of the three known examples in the United States of the famous Indian "sculpture" on two of the immense rocks which form the "great falls" of the Connecticut river at Bellows falls has been entirely obliterated, not a trace of the marking which recorded some important event in the history of the aborigines being left, says the Boston Herald. The sculpture was a favorite subject of discussion for antiquarians and developed much controversy as to the manner and time in which it was made. When first discovered it consisted of a group of 16 or 18 variously ornamented heads plainly cut into the rocks. The main piece of work was shown on a flat space about 15 feet wide and six feet high and consisted of four heads, each surmounted with a pair of rays and numerous heads without any decoration. On the other rock was one large head with at least eight rays, this head being 14 inches across at the forehead. There may have been originally also an inscription, but if so it had become obliterated by the action of the water years ago. The markings were supposed to have represented a victory at or near Bellows falls by four bands and their chiefs under one principal chief. The fact that the action of the water has removed what was discovered on the rocks 100 years or so ago indicates to not a few that much more of the record must have disappeared previously.

SQUAW A NEAT HOUSEKEEPER.

She Must Live in a Tent, However, to Prove This.

Put the squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers, says the Denver Republican. Everything in one of these big, roomy tents is in apple-pie order. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But, on the other hand, put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom while the meal is in progress. Outside the bedsteads and springs will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk-tooth robe, valued at anything from \$1,000 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture of contentment that any of her white sisters might envy.

Gets Venom From Bees.

The bees were in a glass bottle, buzzing ferociously. They rested on a very fine wire netting and below the netting was a transparent fluid. Every little while the chemist stirred them up with a toothpick and their wrath redoubled. "I am extracting their venom," said the man. "I am making them sting everything in sight. The venom drops down through the netting into that liquid, which is alcohol, and I make medicine of it. These angry bees, in a word, are assisting me to make medicine. 'Bees' venom—apis,' as it is called—is a very good remedy for gout, rheumatism, cancer and a dozen other ailments."

A Convict Ship.

Readers of "The Convict Ship" will be interested to know that until recently one of these craft was in existence. The ship a few years ago was moored in the Thames, between Hackney and Westminster bridges. It had taken to Australia in its time 137,000 poor wretches exiled from England for various offenses. The vessel sank in Sydney harbor, but was later raised and sailed to England. It had 72 cells, a black hole and a chapel. The ship began its voyages to Australia in 1787 and sailed 81 years, in which time it carried to imprisonment and exile 116,842 men and 20,319 women.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Senator Rayner of Maryland is in favor of adequate salaries for school teachers and at a reception he told a story about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries were extremely low. "A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address," he said. "The banker concluded his remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words: 'Long live our school teachers!' 'What on?' asked a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks.

Hindoo Likes Many Clocks.

The Hindoo places a clock in his room, not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore of contenting himself with one good clock, he will have, perhaps, a dozen in one room. These clocks are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled about the horizon.

Not Lucky.

Bill—"Does your brother carry a rabbit's foot?" Jill—"No. But he goes around with a hair lip."—Yonkers Statesman.