

CHANGES IN COLOR

INDIANAPOLIS WOMAN HAS MANY TRANSFORMATIONS.

For the Third Time Remarkable Variation in Tint of Skin Is Seen in Woman a Former Slave.

Indianapolis, Ind.—For the third time in her life of 53 years, the wife of America Massey, a former slave who lived with George Laaswell at Minerva street and Churchman avenue, has turned from black to white.

The first 14 years of her life were spent in slavery as a housemaid and as she can remember nothing about her parents she does not attempt to explain the mystery which has baffled everyone who has seen her, as well as numerous physicians who have examined her.

Having completed the third transformation Mrs. Massey is now of a fair complexion. Her skin is not light in patches, but is completely white with the exception of three small brown spots on the right side of her face and one on the left. A tint of pink on each cheek adds a bit of color to her appearance and the curly hair, which is gray only in patches, brings additional contrast. When working about the house she rolls her sleeves, showing arms whiter than would be expected on a woman with a fair skin.

In making the first complete change from black to white and then from white to black, as well as in the second complete change, Mrs. Massey says she noticed an itching sensation of the skin before the appearance of the spots dark or light, as the case might be.

Although she has not as yet noticed the accompanying itching sensation, the appearance of the little spots on the face has given her ground for fear that the reverse process in the third transformation may not be far off.

Mr. and Mrs. Massey have a daughter, Mrs. Jeremiah Redman, 112 Nelson street, where they spend much of their time.

PLAYGROUND ABOVE GRAVES.

Danville Fretts Over the Tombstones of Its Ancestors.

Danville, Pa.—In the heart of this borough there is situated a municipal park beneath which are the graves of over 10,000 dead. The park was formerly a cemetery, established long before the revolution, when Danville was a frontier post. In it lie buried all of the pioneers of this section. It was in use as a burying ground over 100 years and for at least 50 years was the only cemetery within a radius of 25 miles.

Comparatively few of the bodies were removed to other burying grounds when the graveyard became a park, and on the remaining graves the stones were laid flat and covered. The land has been graded and sodded, trees planted, walks made, and the play spot made a thing of beauty.

In the near future a monument to the soldier and sailor dead of World War I, to cost \$20,000, will be erected in the park.

WHALE MADE A BONFIRE.

Stranded Monster, Blown Up, Burst Into Flame.

York Beach, Me.—The 75-foot whale which came ashore a short time ago at Phillips Cove at the cliff and was subsequently anchored off the Nabble light while the promoters made a good business taking people out in their motor boats was towed out to sea and dynamited.

Then came a surprise for the dynamiters. The explosives went off all right, but another effect than what was expected followed, for the big whale burst into sheets of flame. The oil-soaked body burned fiercely all night long, giving a remarkable effect from there, which was lined with spectators. The fire spent itself at a late hour in the morning.

\$1,000,000 Goes to Golf Links.

Gaveston, Tex.—Texas is to have the finest golf links in the world and a clubhouse equal, if not superior, to anything of its kind. John W. Gates, who is now interested in Texas enterprises and resorts in the extent of about \$3,000,000, is the controlling spirit behind the golf project, upon which work has been started. Mr. Gates owns nearly 800 acres of choice land along a lake shore close to his parental home in Port Arthur, upon which the clubhouse and links are to be located. The entire cost will be about \$1,000,000. Mr. Gates sent a golf club surveyor to Europe to study the best plans of links abroad.

Sewing Machines at 25 Cents.

St. Petersburg.—A dispatch received from Tabriz, Persia, says that the horsemen under Raschid Khan, who is operating on the side of the shah, have pillaged the Russo-Persian high school at Tabriz, destroying the laboratories and library of the institution. Later they sacked the warehouse of an American sewing machine company, finding the machines too heavy to carry away on horseback, the pillagers sold them off for whatever price they would bring, from 25 to 30 cents apiece.

Dies from Bee's Sting.

New Haven, Conn.—Rene by a bee a week ago Ernest Burr, 85 years old, of New York, Conn., died there. The sting did not seem dangerous at first, but symptoms set in.

WENT TO THE FRONT TO DIE.

Pathetic Farewell Made by Loyal Subjects of the Mikado.

During the Chino-Japanese war the members of one of the missionary families were living in the part of (Chempoo near the barracks where the Japanese were quartered until they could be sent by sea to the front. "In Korea with Marquis Ito," by Dr. George Trumbull Ladd, contains a pathetic little story in connection with this family.

One day a petty officer came up on the porch of the house, uninvited, but after accepting gratefully the cup of tea offered him, being unable to speak any English, he went away, leaving the object of his apparent intrusion unexplained.

Soon afterward he returned with some 20 of his comrades, mostly petty officers, accompanying him. And when the hostess was becoming somewhat alarmed at the number for whom she might be expected to furnish tea and cakes, one of the company explained in broken English that they had come to see the baby, a girl about two years old.

The little one was brought out by the mother and placed in the arms of the speaker, who carried her along the line formed by his comrades and gave each one a chance to see her, to smile at her, and to say a few words to her in an unknown tongue.

On going away, after this somewhat formal paying of respects to "the baby," the Japanese officer still further explained.

"Madam," said he, "to-morrow morning we are going to the front, and we do not expect ever to return. But before we go to die, we wanted to bid good-by to the baby."

The number of the regiment to which these soldiers belonged was taken note of by the mother. Their expectation came true; they did not return.—Youth's Companion.

NO MAN CAN LIVE TO HIMSELF.

Each One To-day Generally a Part of One Great Whole.

Men do not choose their parts in life separately and individually in our day, as they did in the days of our fathers. The men are becoming rare now who have business of their own, undertaken upon their own individual capital and built up and conducted independently upon their own responsibility. Professional men are rare who rise to the top of their profession without attaching themselves more or less intimately to institutions or corporations of some sort—doctors to hospitals, lawyers to great corporate undertakings, men of science to the great enterprises in which science is applied. Each man finds himself a small part of some great whole, whose operation is decided by votes taken about long tables in directors' rooms, whose morals are composite morals, a compromise combination of what the material interests of the body dictate and what the enterprise of its managers suggests, the character of every man who participates being merged in the general compound.—President Woodrow Wilson (Princeton University).

Where Barrie Got His Ideas.

It is said that the late Lord Pembroke indirectly gave Mr. Barrie the idea for his play, "The Admirable Crichton." He, the earl, went out on a voyage of discovery to a South Sea Island accompanied only by a young country doctor. Once on the island the couple missed the steamer somehow that was to convey them to England. They had to stay there for a long time, and according to his lordship it was the young doctor who became leading spirit and master of the situation all around. "It was I who should have blacked his boots!" the earl would laughingly tell. Just as the castaways in Barrie's play, relief came at last to earl and doctor, who were rescued by a passing boat and brought back safe to old England.

Wheat in the Far North.

The report of the standing committee of the commons on agriculture and colonization presented to parliament notes that G. E. Young, superintendent of railway lands of the department of the interior, pointed out that wheat is successfully raised at Fort Simpson, 900 miles north of the International boundary and 500 miles north of Edmonton. Dr. Thompson, member for the Yukon, presented to the committee a sample of white oats grown on a farm 63 degrees north latitude. This sample, analyzed by Seed Commissioner Clark, was found to run 46 pounds to the bushel and to be an exceptionally fine sample of white oats of superior milling quality.—Ottawa Correspondent St. John Sun.

About the Ibsen House.

The Ibsen lovers all over the world are interested in the argument that is going on in Christiania over the purchase of the "Ibsen house." Sigurd Ibsen says that his father never owned the house and only rented rooms in it, and he opposes the idea. The citizens, however, know what an attraction such a house would have for tourists and are bent on adding it to the sights of the city. And so it is that the fire of genius burned to illumine the mercenary outlook of the burghers of the Norwegian city.

Vast Increase in Wealth.

The taxable valuation of Guthrie, the capital of Oklahoma, is \$5,500,000, as against \$1,500,000 last year.

Accounting for It.

He—Miss Mabel colors so prettily. She—Of course she does, Mabel never gets anything but the best.

ONLY NEEDED THE COLD BATH.

Sense of New York Policeman Headed Off Mad Dog Scare.

Policeman Hannon of the Coney Island station nipped a mad dog scare in the bud the other day, and by the application of a little common sense saved not only the crowd on the beach of Baisida park, but the dog itself from anything worse than an uncomfortable 15 minutes. The dog was a brindle bull belonging to Mrs. Garrett Smith of Quincy street, Brooklyn, and when it began to act queerly on the beach a scare seemed imminent.

Hannon saw the dog and got to it just about the time that the animal collapsed. He picked it up in his arms and started on the run for the Coney Island station.

"Heat prostration. Nothing worse," was his diagnosis when Mrs. Smith begged to be told the trouble with her pet.

In the station Hannon carried the dog into Capt. Kelley's room, and Lieut. Nadwell turned on the cold water in the captain's bathtub. When the tub was full they dropped the dog into it. In a few minutes it regained its senses, and in 15 minutes it was all right again.—N. Y. Times.

WHEN SHE REMOVED HIS BOOTS.

Wife of Clubman Was Not Altogether Self-Sacrificing.

"Everybody in London," said H. K. Adair, the western detective, "is wearing long, like us, the semi-total pledge button. The pledge is, you know, an oath only to drink at lunch and dinner."

"In London I heard Lord Roberts, the head of the English movement, make a speech at a banquet."

"One thing the little old soldier said was that wives could without fear allow semi-total husbands to go to the club. A semi-total husband would always come home from the club early."

"Thanks also to the semi-total pledge, wives wouldn't have to look after their husbands so vigilantly."

"There was an old soldier who said to a friend: "My wife does look after me well. She even takes off my boots for me." "When you come home from the club," the friend asked. "No—when I want to go there."

Green Leaf in Limestone.

A remarkable freak of nature and a rare find from a geologist's point of view came to light on the farm of John R. Sanderson, located a few miles from Latrobe, on Tuesday, July 7, while Charles D. Fausold was digging a hole in the ground. The hole, about six feet square, was being put through a bed of soft limestone, and one of the stones encountered, a piece of limestone about six by eight inches in dimensions, was accidentally struck upon the edge with a pick. It split open at the blow, and inside was found a grapevine leaf. It was of an ordinary size, looking exactly as a leaf from a modern grapevine looks, and it was as green and as fresh and tender as though it had just been plucked from a vine. It withered as soon as it was exposed to the air and sun. The leaf was found in the center of a 15-acre field of corn.—Philadelphia Record.

Made National Anthem.

When the answer of Afghanistan visited India last year he was given the title of "his majesty," instead of "his highness," as previously. The foreign department of the Indian government was much exercised over the question whether it would be right that he should be greeted with the strains of "God Save the King," the Afghans having no national anthem. The difficulty was referred to the commander-in-chief. "What does it matter?" Lord Kitchener is said to have replied. "Play a bar of music. Who'll know the difference?" It was felt that a single bar of music was a meager dish to set before a king, but the idea was adopted, and, whenever guards of honor presented arms, the band played the first eight bars of the slow march from "Scipio." And now the Indian newspapers are all praising the beauty of the Afghan national anthem.

Character Molds the Face.

It is not in words explicable what divine lines and clarity the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and glid the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the love heart. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features; neither on them only but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation for all the movements and gestures however slight, are different in their modes, according to the mind that governs them—and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follows grace of actions, and through continuance of this, grace of form.—John Ruskin.

Likes American Dress.

Mme Wu Ting Fang was an oriental in every sense of the word, but very much in contrast to her is Mme. Takahira, wife of the present Japanese ambassador, who not only dresses in the style of Europe, but has western ideas on a great many subjects. She has not yet learned to speak English, but no doubt that will be easily acquired.

Accounting for It.

He—Miss Mabel colors so prettily. She—Of course she does, Mabel never gets anything but the best.

ONLY FOR TABLE OF EMPEROR.

Tea That Is Worth Much More Than Its Weight in Gold.

The tea looked like golden floss silk—like shredded golden satin—like the soft of dandelion dyed gold. "And is this tea?" said the reporter. "That," the tea merchant answered, "is the best tea in the world, and it is worth \$90 or more a pound. For this, sir, is the famous Golden Tip. I'll tell you why it is so costly."

"Every chest of the best \$1.50 tea contains some handfuls of undeveloped leaves, of small, gold-tipped leaves, called Flower Peake. Sort out from a chest these leaves; wrap them—a handful at a time—in a square of satin; shake the satin lightly; empty the leaves back into the chest. Clinging to the satin remain a few golden shreds, a golden fluff, a golden lint. You brush it off carefully into a jar. You cull more handfuls of undeveloped leaves from another chest, and shaking them up in the satin, you are again rewarded with some more golden fluff."

"That is Golden Tip, and by the time you have obtained in this tedious manner a pound of it it is no wonder that the exquisite product is worth \$90 or \$100, is it?" He shook the tea about in his Satsuma jar. The fluffy golden stuff shimmered like satin. "Only emperors drink it," he said. "A cup costs more than a bottle of champagne."

IS ALTOGETHER OUT OF DATE.

According to This, Modesty Is Very Much a Thing of the Past.

Modesty is supposed to have come over in the Mayflower, along with the story of Rebecca at the Well. Since then Boston has become psychological and modesty has a subliminal self.

There is a tradition that modesty once lived in New York, but this has never been proved. It is highly improbable, especially as New York has always had a smart set.

Modesty, indeed, is a recluse. Her pew in church has been given up. She never had a box at the opera. She would not dare be operated upon in any hospital. The children would disconcert her in any home. With no roof to shelter her, no nourishment to sustain her, she walks the untrod paths, a miserable and discontented thing of the past.—Lippincott's.

Was It Ghost of Brother?

Miss Isla Stewart, for 21 years matron of St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, recently told this story at a public dinner given in her honor: Some years ago, in one of her wards, lay a little boy who was dying of hip disease. He was an orphan with only one brother, a sailor then serving on a British warship in Chinese waters. One morning the boy told her that he had had such a happy night, as he had dreamed that his brother was with him at his bedside. When the night nurse came to report she said that she had had a curious experience. When looking along the ward during the night she had been astonished to see a sailor in the ward beside the boy's bed. Resisting the intrusion, she had gone to the bed to inquire into the matter, when she found there was nobody there. Twice afterward during the night she had seen the same apparition. At last she turned down the gas and altered the position of some plants. After that she did not see the sailor again.

Romance of a Glasgow Boy.

Fortune, as are told, only knocks at a man's door once in a lifetime, and if refused admittance passes by, never to return again. The saying is belied, however, by the career of George McCulloch, a Glasgow boy, who arrived in Australia just 60 years ago, with less than \$25 in his pocket, and who died the other day a millionaire. This is how Mr. McCulloch threw away his first chance of acquiring a fortune: One night, sitting in a tiny shanty at the foot of the Broken Hill mine, soon after its discovery, he played a game of eucher with a companion, his stake being the fourteenth share of the mine itself. He lost, and the share which this passed out of his hands was, six years later, worth no less than \$6,250,000.

"Here."

There is, in Katharine M. Abbott's recent book, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," a little story which illustrates the importance of accurate statement.

In Saybrook, Conn., in the days of cottage prayer-meetings 100 years ago, a lady directed her servant to go to each neighbor and say that Mrs. Bowles will have the prayer-meeting here to-night.

The servant carried out her instructions to the letter: "Mrs. Bowles says the prayer-meeting will be here to-night."

Accordingly, each lady arranged her chair, put on her best gown, made ready for the coming of the parson, and stayed at home.—Youth's Companion.

The Slang Fiend Again.

"Can we count on dis bloke?" "Sure, Mick, he's a regular express-man." "Come again." "He always delivers do goods."—Kansas City Times.

Sure of That.

"Where did you first meet your wife?" "I don't remember now, but I'll bet I had to wait for her."—Detroit Free Press.

WORTH THE TROUBLE IT TOOK.

Hiram Needed Incentive to Go After Lost Money.

Old Hiram was known by his neighbors as "easy gold" with occasional lapses of native shrewdness. One summer evening he was sitting on the front porch with his wife when he dropped a quarter. It rolled with fatal accuracy into the only hole in the floor.

Hiram sat looking at the hole for several minutes.

He appeared to be turning over in his mind a deep problem. Then he heaved a sigh.

"Ain't you going to get it?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"I've been thinking," he said, slowly. "I'd have to go out to the barn and get the hatchet, take off those boards, crawl in under there in the dirt, and I guess it ain't worth while I may be going in under there for something else some time. The money's safe."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed his wife. "Anybody'd think you had money to throw to the dogs."

Hiram knew that she would argue until she had the last word, so he always gave it to her at the beginning of the discussion. For ten or fifteen minutes longer he sat gazing at the hole. Then he got up and dropped another quarter and a half dollar into it.

"Why, Hiram," cried his wife, "have you gone clean plumb crazy?"

"I've been thinking," he replied, "that if it wasn't worth while going in under there for a quarter it was worth while going for a dollar."

And he started for the barn to get the hatchet.

ABOVE ALL AFFAIRS OF STATE.

Small Caller Absorbed Interest of Grover Cleveland.

There are many stories told of our late president, Grover Cleveland, to illustrate his dual nature, as a man of iron or of velvet, as the case seemed to demand, but one instance, related by a man of affairs in private often, has never until now appeared in print.

He had called on the president at a late hour in the day and had discussed with him weighty matters of policy and statesmanship, and was just about to conclude the interview and take leave, when an almost imperceptible knock was heard upon the door of the private office, the most interesting object in which is the handsome desk made from the timbers of Sir John Franklin's ship Resolute and presented to the United States by Queen Victoria personally.

Mr. Cleveland called: "Come in," but the soft rapping still kept up, until he arose and went himself to the door to investigate. As it opened the White House baby, then "Miss Esther Cleveland," in the arms of her nurse, stood revealed, and her wee flat, in the hand of her nurse, revealed the source of the knocks.

In a moment there was a transfer; and Mr. Cleveland came back to his desk, introduced his small daughter, and opening a lower drawer on the left side of the historic desk, took from it a handful of toys for the baby to play with. The friend who made the visit said that the scene was only paralleled in his mind by the well-known portrait of Abraham Lincoln and his son Tad, long a classic in the field of domestic art.

He Went Up One.

In a school in a small Fifeshire village the other day the teacher was giving a lesson in subtraction. It has taken the class some time to master the mysteries of addition, and in this rule she found them no less dull. Driven to desperation by the stupidity of their replies, she rashly promised three whole pennies to the child who gave her the smartest answer. "Of course," she explained for the twentieth time, "you can only subtract things of the same name." For instance, you can't take eight marbles from 15 years, or four horses from seven pence.

A hand shot up at the back of the class and the teacher broke off to inquire what was the matter.

"Please, miss," squeaked a small boy's voice, "can't you take three pennies from one purse, then?"

Irreverent Question.

Rev. Paul L. Hickok was walking home from prayer meeting one Wednesday night when he met a hopelessly intoxicated man trying to walk home. Thinking to play the good Samaritan, he asked the man's address and helped him along. When they had reached the front steps the man turned and asked him who he was. Not wishing to give his real name, the clergyman smiled and answered: "Paul." As he was going out of the gate the man yelled him. "Shay," he called, "did you ever get an anther (hic) to that letter (hic) you sent to the Ephesians?"

Spared the Necessity

"I hope," said the rich man, "that you will never appropriate to your own use that which belongs to another or tell a lie." "As you have made my fortune for me, father, I won't need to."

Great Endurance.

"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bustling. "He has great physical endurance." "Yes," replied Gargyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."

MORTALITY DUE TO NEGLIGENCE.

Heavy Losses of Live Stock That Might Easily Be Prevented.

From authoritative reports by government officials it appears that some 2,687,021 cattle die in the United States annually from disease and exposure—most of them from neglect. From the same source it is also ascertained that the loss of sheep from the same cause is as great. These figures only serve to show what a waste the beef trust makes for high prices of provisions in the enormous death rate of live stock on the range and on the farm, most of it due to pure triflingness of the herdsmen and the grazer. Indeed, the losses by neglect and exposure greatly exceed the losses by disease.

It would be impossible to estimate the waste of farm products after they mature in the field, but it is enormous, some of it due to scarcity of labor, but most of it traceable to thriftless husbandry, or, in plain speech, downright laziness. One source of waste is imperfect cultivation for millions of farmers persist in half cultivation of large areas when they would make more by proper tillage of fewer acres. Then there is immense waste in the disregard of intelligent rotation of crops. This is the worst sort of waste, for it means devastation of soils that requires years of prudent tillage to replace. All over the east are abandoned farms that would today be gardens if they had been given intelligent cultivation. The farmer is not fit for his vocation who does not increase the fertility of his soil every year he cultivates it.

AS "BOYSIE" TOLD THE STORY.

Impression of Recent Show Retained in Youthful Mind.

He was eight years old and she was six. They were playing on the steps and their mamma on the veranda were listening. "Come here and I will tell you a story." Six-year-old obeyed, after the manner of women, and heard the following:

"There was a man living on a ranch and his neighbor lived on another ranch, three miles away. One day the first ranchman sent his little daughter, who was five years old, over to the other ranch to get some milk. After she got a long distance from home she saw some Indians coming toward her on horseback. She counted, and there were nine of them. She was very much frightened, for the Indians were riding fast, and were yelling, and she knew they meant to kill her. There was no place for her to hide or to run to. When she looked around for help she saw a cowboy coming from another direction. He was riding fast, too, for he saw the Indians, and he knew they meant to kill the little girl. The cowboy had the best horse, and he rode up between the little girl and the Indians and began to fight them. They dashed at him and fell fearfully, but the cowboy killed six of the nine and the other three were so frightened at him and at the way he could shoot that they ran away and the little girl was saved. "And," he added, impressively, "picking his hand on his chest, 'I was the cowboy.' "The result," murmured one mamma, "of having been to a show."

Satisfied with Her Work.

It was noticed that the woman devoted many hours to micro-gazing than formerly. "I can't tell," she said with dreamy satisfaction, "how many times I have caught people, especially women, snap-shotting me recently."

"I shouldn't be so puffed up about it if I were you," said the brute of a man. "I wasn't your good looks that attracted them. They were taking pictures of your dresses, so they could copy the best points in their own clothes."

"In that case," said the woman, after a moment's visible disappointment, "I feel more highly complimented than if they had photographed me. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed my own clothes myself."

Come to America to Learn.

A Siamese girl, Miss Hilda Anoon Traa, has come to America in order to familiarize herself with educational methods for the ultimate benefit of her country. Miss Traa will start in one of the lowest of the classes in a school at Hartford, Conn., where she will take up kindergarten methods and music. She will spend three years in America, by which time she hopes to gain sufficient knowledge to return to her native country and open a school of her own.

A Consistent Cutter.

"Who on earth cut your hair?" snapped Mrs. Gunson, as her husband arrived home. "A locksmith, my dear," replied Mr. Gunson. "Did you think a barber had anything to do with it?" "Indeed, I did not," retorted Mrs. Gunson. "Judging from the shaggy way it has been trimmed I thought perhaps it was done by a hackman."—Behrman.

Information.

"My wife told me to go to Bergen's today and buy a taboret," said Mary-rat. "For goodness' sake!" exclaimed Dumley, "what does she want with a thing like that?" "Why, what is a taboret, anyway?" "Don't you know? That's what an oed man at the minstrel show uses."—Philadelphia Press.