

CHIN MADE FROM ARM.

Boy Bitten by Pony Is Made Over by Surgeons with No Small Success.

Baltimore, Md.—Frank Cronin the 7-year-old son of Stephen S. Cronin, of Richmond, Va., who had his entire lip and chin bitten off by a circus pony on July 4, 1904, and came to a Baltimore hospital, where, through modern surgery, a new lip was given to him, and he was sent home happy, will return to that institution next week for further treatment.

Young Cronin said he had experienced little pain while being treated at the hospital.

"Only during the time that my arm was bound to my chin did I feel very uncomfortable," said he, "and after that I did not mind the treatment, because I knew it would benefit me."

"I do not feel any different now than I did before I was bitten. I returned here recently, and will enter the hospital for another operation."

After Master Cronin reached the hospital on July 6, 1904, an examination revealed the fact that the entire lower lip and chin had been bitten off, and even the periosteum of the lower jaw had been stripped in places.

LIMITS OUTPUT OF WHEAT.

British Statesman Says America Will Export None After Twenty Years' Time.

New York.—Discussing political conditions prevalent in Great Britain, Sir Herbert Parker, member of parliament, who is now in this city, said the most important question was Joseph Chamberlain's policy of preferential tariff.

"We have taken a small leaf out of a large American book," he went on. "I hardly think the question will be settled at the next election. Just as it would be impossible to convert the United States to free trade in three years so I do not anticipate it will be possible to convert Great Britain to the policy of imperial reciprocity and of tariff reform in the same space of time."

The most important part of the policy of the conservative party, to which I belong, is tariff reform, and the most important part of tariff reform is colonial preference. Preference especially must be given to Canadian wheat. Twenty years from now I believe that America will export no wheat. She will need it all for herself. Meantime, we must build up a trade with Canada.

"This will not affect the relations between America and England. Any preference we may give Canada will be recognized by all good Americans as perfectly legitimate."

MAKE HORRIBLE DISCOVERY

Alarmist Doctors Find That Crayfish, a Great Delicacy, Contains Microbian Disease.

Paris.—Alarmist doctors have made one more horrible discovery. Fresh-water crayfish are a great supper delicacy here. But it is found that they are liable to a certain microbe disease. This does not appear to be actually communicable to man. Still one stands a good chance at the very least of being seriously upset after eating a crayfish colonized by bacilli. However, the remedy has been discovered. A serum has been compounded which kills the microbe and cures the creature. It must be administered to the latter at a tender age. The crayfish is caught when not more than nine months old, vaccinated and put back into the water, where it lives a happy life, impervious of microbes until captured again for the supper table. The vaccination is made at the tip of the left claw. All crayfish thus treated are marked in a peculiar way on the tail before being put back into the water so that they may be easily distinguished afterward. Persons ordering supper in Paris are therefore cautioned to order only vaccinated crayfish, and warned to see that they bear the proper marks on the tail.

Boy in Trance for 439 Days.

The extraordinary case of Charles Canepi, the eight-year-old son of Joseph Canepi, of Yonkers, N. Y., who has now been in a state of coma for 439 days, is arousing increased interest among medical men. The trance followed severe pains in the head, and the malady was at first diagnosed as cerebro-spinal meningitis. But the boy has experienced none of the convulsions and muscular contractions that usually characterize meningitis. He is able to take liquid nourishment, looks well and the disease seems to have no other effect than complete paralysis.

Change for the Better, Maybe.

Science is contemplating the substitution of the hearts of monkeys for those of men when the latter have worn out the heart which nature gave them. The life and conduct of some men is such as to make it a certainty that they will not be losers by the proposed change.

Another Boost in Oil.

We trust the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of Russian oil, in the resulting consequent on the methodical massacre of Armenians at Baku, Russia, will not make it necessary for the Standard company to raise the price of the American petroleum products.

FIND A GOLD MINE.

WORKMEN UNEARATH NUGGETS ON THEATER SITE.

Deadwood, S. D., Is Scene of Wildest Excitement When Proximity of Yellow Metal Is Discovered in a Rich Country.

Deadwood, S. D.—A foundation of gold that is the underpinning that will uphold the new Deadwood theater, built in a town famed like Deadwood, in a country known for the richest gold mine in the world, it is but fitting that even the dust of the streets should give up values to the casual passer-by, but this lot, 55 by 150 feet in the center of the city, is proving one of the richest bits of placer that has been encountered in this gulch for the last 25 years.

It was only a few days ago that excavating began for the foundation of the new theater, which is to be erected at once. It was necessary to go to bedrock to obtain a good foundation, and bedrock was from 16 to 18 feet below the surface of the lot. A force of men with shovels, teams and wagons went to work early one morning and what was their surprise upon finding, after the first few shovels of earth had been thrown off, indications of a rich placer deposit.

The gleam of the golden metal caught their eyes at once. The news spread like wildfire, and it was not long until each man had a pan and was washing for gold. No one was disappointed. Every panful of dirt showed colors and even a few nuggets were found. The trenches grew deeper day by day and the gold was not yet failed them. The management has taken hold of this claim in earnest and will sluice all the dirt thrown up in excavating. Conservative estimates show that the lot will yield at least sufficient gold to pay the cost of the expensive foundation.

In the early days, when the placer claims were new in this gulch, this present theater site was part of one of the richest claims in Deadwood. The placer district extended from this very district, the confluence of White-wood and Deadwood creeks, two miles up the gulch to Gayville.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars were taken out of these claims. Many a man made his homestead here and sacks of dust and nuggets went east daily. The gold found in this recent excavation is undoubtedly an old channel that was accidentally left untouched at the time of the great discoveries.

It is directly across the street from the Franklin hotel and is of interest not only to local people, but also to the never-ceasing crowd of tourists which throngs the verandas of the hotel and watches with delight the taking out of real gold from the ground. The new theater will be one of the finest in the west. It will back the best companies available, but, while it may have rivals in architecture and in actors, it will admit of no competition as to the value of its foundation or the novelty of the ground upon which it stands.

CAT ADOPTS QUEER BABIES

Not Satisfied with Her Own Trio of Coon Kittens She Mothered Gray Squirrels.

West Windsor, Me.—Even the Maine felines are becoming imbued with the idea of raising Rooseveltian families. A handsome brown cat, owned by Norris Smart, of this place, was evidently not entirely satisfied with her fat, cunning little trio of coon kittens, for only a few days ago the mother cat went out working in the interests of her family. In a short time she returned with a mouse colored bunch of fur in her mouth, and carefully placed it in the box with the kittens. The owner of the coon cat supposed it to be only a mouse added to the feline litter.

But very soon, as the old cat returned from a second expedition, with a similar mouthful, which was as carefully placed in the box, the owner felt curiosity, and examined the results of the hunt. Both mouthfuls of gray fur proved to be young gray squirrels. They are thriving well, for they share the "full dinner pail," family rations, with the kittens, and the mother appears to think as much of them as of her own.

ACTRESS TO WED JAP HERO

Capt. Mariya, of Mikado's Army, Wins Fair American Girl for a Wife.

New York.—Miss Carolyn Gordon, of this city, is engaged to be married to Capt. Sarnita Mariya, a cavalry officer in the Japanese army. Miss Gordon did not yield immediately to the blandishments of the dashing young cavalry officer. She met him two years ago before the outbreak of the war while she was in Paris studying vocal music. Mariya fell in love at once and proved to be an ardent wooer. They will be married in December.

Capt. Mariya is a graduate of Oxford university and his family is one of great wealth and high standing. He owns a large tea plantation. Miss Gordon has been upon the stage for about four years. She will retire from the stage after her marriage and make her home in Japan.

No Wonder They Are Haughty.

The life insurance investigation reveals the interesting fact that clerks, messengers and office boys, some of whom make as much as \$10 or \$15 a week, often sign notes for millions. Under such circumstances the haughty airs of the office boy are readily explained.

ZEBUS IN THIS COUNTRY.

Introduction Among Our Domestic Cattle May Prove of Great Benefit.

To most people the zebu is merely a menagerie acquaintance, appreciated by the circus goer and occasionally seen in zoological gardens, but not otherwise familiar. It is sometimes labeled by showmen "sacred ox" and has a hump on its back which occasionally weighs as much as 50 pounds. A native of India and northern Africa, it is called Bos Indicus by the naturalists, and varies in size from a large mastiff dog to a full grown European bull.

Apparently this interesting animal is destined to prove useful in this country through the introduction of its blood into our domestic cattle. For a long time past search has been made for a beast of the bovine kind that was immune to the destructive disease, called Texas fever, and it has been ascertained that both the buffalo and the zebu are not subject to the malady. The buffalo has been crossed with our cow, but seems to be less desirable than the zebu, which, when mated with the cow, becomes the parent of a brute that will not contract the complaint in question under any provocation.

These hybrids are very prolific, and the males are excellent animals for draught and for beef. They attain a weight of 800 pounds at three years of age, and the meat is of first rate quality. It is said that the half-bred cow yields 16 quarts of milk per day.

The hump on the zebu's back, which is largely composed of fat, almost disappears in the hybrid. There are several races of the animals, but it is the so-called Brahmin race, which has remarkably small and delicate bones, that promises to be of economic importance.

CRITICAL MUSICAL TASTE.

Nowadays a Pianist Must Please His New Public Before He Is Accepted.

New York, Boston and Chicago are a trial by fire for the new pianist. Time was, I know, writes Harold Bauer, in Good Housekeeping, when the newcomer, with his poetic hair and eyes and the romantic stories concerning him, was accepted implicitly on trust. A Parisian or London success meant enthusiasm, flowers and women's tears in the big cities in America. This was all very delightful, I suppose, for the artist, and must have consoled him for his troubles on the other side; but it is irrevocably gone. Nowadays a pianist must please his new public and critics before he is accepted. Nothing counts but the local success, just as in Europe, Chicago may like an artist who did not hit it off with New York, just as Berlin ridicules sometimes one whom Paris may call great. In other words, independent judgment in musical affairs exists in the United States now to the same extent as in Europe. This was bound to be the result of the drastic musical training which the American public has been going through for the past ten or 15 years.

AN EFFECTUAL RETORT.

Witty Rejoinder Turned the Laugh Upon a Wild-Eyed Assailant.

In earlier days, before Judge Emory Spear had attained the ermine, he was a politician and a power on the stump, relates Saturday Evening Post. On one occasion when the young candidate was addressing a very democratic and hostile audience, a brawny countryman was observed fighting his way through the crowd to the speaker's rostrum. It was evident that he had spent the previous night with John Barleycorn, for his clothes were rumpled, his hair disheveled and his face a fiery red that rivaled the noonday sun in brilliancy. Shaking a bellicent fist under the nose of the orator, he exclaimed: "Sir, you are a demagogue!" The crowd howled, but Spear was not disturbed. He waited for the noise to subside, and then, with a smile and in a tone of entire good humor, rejoined: "And you, sir, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw about you, would be a demijohn."

Before Era of Race Suicide.

In St. Botolph's church, Aldgate, there is a monument to the memory of Agnes, widow of William Bond, who bore him 16 children, eight boys and eight girls. That was in the spacious sixteenth century, but it is noteworthy that John Gully, grandfather of the late speaker of the commons, had 24 children. A year or two ago a Northampton shoemaker entered as his plea in the police court that he was the father of 32 children, of whom 27 were living; while 20 years ago Chester boasted of a couple who were "the happy father and delighted mother of 33 children," ten of them being alive in 1890.

Devoured the Exhibit.

Recently a "Ham Exposition" was opened at Berlin with a bait for patronage in the shape of a promise that each visitor should have a taste of the exhibits. Before the end of the second day the place was closed because the visitors had consumed the 14,000 hams on exhibition.

Protecting Perfume.

Lion tamers frequently perfume themselves with lavender. There is, it is said, no record of a lion ever having attacked a trainer who had taken the precaution of using this perfume.

WAYS OF A THIEVING DOG.

Minnesota Canine Holds the Record for Degeneracy Among His Kind.

John Huyck, a well known citizen of Sioux Falls, is the owner of a bird dog which has a mania for stealing, and, so far as the range of the articles stolen is concerned, the dog holds the canine record for thefts, says the St. Paul Dispatch.

The animal was raised from a puppy by Huyck. His degeneracy commenced to manifest itself some time ago, when members of the family would find upon the porch of the Huyck domicile such things as rubbers, shoes, pieces of rope and the like. Finally hammock pillows were added to the collection. In fact, everything of a portable nature that could be carried by the dog found its way to the Huyck home.

As these things were taken from residents of the immediate neighborhood, it was not a difficult matter to restore the accumulations to the rightful owners.

But the limit was reached the other day when the dog brought up to the back door a kettle containing a pot roast, which was steaming hot. It is supposed the kettle was placed out, doors so the meat could cool off, and that the dog, attracted by the scent of meat, was drawn to the spot. After proceeding to investigate, the dog evidently found the meat too hot to remove from the kettle, so decided to carry off the kettle as well as its contents.

The owner of the kettle could not be located, and rather than run the risk of further trouble the owner of the dog decided to send the animal into the country for a time, in hope that it can be broken of the stealing proclivities.

The dog is smart, is a good ranger and hunter, and is valuable, excepting for his habit of stealing everything he can carry.

FUNERALS HIS PLEASURE.

Philadelphia Character Who Forces His Presence Upon the Mourners.

Another character has been found in Germantown. He migrates under the sobriquet of "Funeral Joe," and like the other members of this category is a center of attraction when seen upon the street in the different parts of the suburb, reports the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. The addition to the historic old section's list of freaks once seen will never be forgotten, by reason of his grotesque attire. No funeral in the past year that has proceeded to Ivy Hill cemetery, Mount Airy, found him missing, and no hearse carrying the remains of man, woman or child passed into the graveyard without Joe placing a mark upon the glass of the vehicle and retiring to another burial place, where he goes through the same tactics.

Previous to the interment he visits the home where the remains of the deceased are being viewed, and generally causes a stir by his attire of a black suit that has seen better days, white gloves, white shoes and a white opera hat, adorned with green ribbon. Ejected from the house of mourning, as he generally is, he will seek another funeral and force himself into the room in which the corpse reposes.

One of his eccentricities while in the place is to pick a flower from the floral tributes, principally from the one sent by one of the survivors of the dead person, and after looking about the room for some time, pin it upon the breast of a mourner. At the conclusion of the services at the house he has been known to follow the cortege for miles to the cemetery, and on growing tired takes rest upon the rear end of a carriage. No matter what the weather may be, he may be seen daily wherever there is a funeral in the suburb, and although harmless and known to the police, durably follows his odd notion.

BEDTIME IN HUNTING CAMP

Picture of Comfort in the Woods Portrayed by One Who Has Enjoyed It.

Everything made ship-shape for the night, in the fast-gathering twilight, for night falls quickly in this hilly and forest-covered region—you throw an extra log or two on your cook-fire, spread your rubber ponchos against the dampness, light your big briar pipes, and sprawl out before the cheerful blaze for a bedtime smoke, writes Borden H. Mills, in Four-Track News.

Soon your fire dies down to a fitful glow, the impenetrable shadows of the mighty woods creep in upon you, and you suddenly determine that you are sleepy. Look at your watch. You will find that it is hardly nine o'clock. A ridiculous "bedtime" for one who is accustomed to retiring around midnight, you think, but if you do not want to fall asleep by the embers of your smoldering fire, and wake in the early dawn with stiff joints and a stiffer cold from the morning mists, you would better turn in. Roll up in your blanket on the fragrant mattress of boughs, find the two softest spots for your shoulders and your hips, and you'll sleep like a top until morning.

Missed His Calling.

"My husband would have made a great aerobat," observed Mrs. Tight-fist.

The Reason.

Youngster—Say, papa, why is a lady's head on a silver dollar? Father—Well, lad, because money talks.—N. Y. Times.

THE "OLD GROWTH" PINE.

Trees That Ought to Be Preserved Because of Their Old Associations.

The disappearance of what is known as the "old growth" pine of this country has saddened the heart of many a lover of our forests, and while these monarchs of the woods are not of the size and stature of the giant redwoods of California, they are none the less an interesting feature of our sylvia, says the Boston Transcript. There ought to be some steps taken for the preservation of these old trees, which bear as important a relation to our forests of the east as do the big trees to California forestry.

One of the few remaining tracts in this country has just been explored by a party from Amherst, Mass., and is situated on Pisgah mountain, just across the Connecticut river from Bellows Falls, on the Hinedale (N. H.) side. Several of these trees have attained the height of 150 feet, and their trunks are limbless from 50 to 80 feet from the ground. These primeval white pines are declared by scientists to be more than 1,000 years old, and are still in a healthy condition.

If the state of New Hampshire cannot secure this tract for a forest reserve, the government ought to do so. With trees of later growth, intelligent forestry can be conserved by reforestation after intelligent cutting. In this case, the destruction of the "old growth" pine would mean a distinct loss to the state. Such trees ought to be preserved, because their very antiquity entitles them to respect.

HOW A LICENSE WAS SAVED

Old English Public House Maintained to Provide for New Business.

For many weeks during last winter an odd sight was to be seen daily in High Holborn. In the center of a great area of recently demolished buildings stood a small wooden shanty, relates Stray Stories.

At 12 o'clock the door was opened, and a solitary customer entered. Inside he found an ordinary small counter, behind which was a bartender.

The customer called for a pint of beer and the attendant carefully measured out an imperial pint. This was paid for and consumed to the last drop; the customer then retired; the bartender followed, locked up, and the little hut remained empty and deserted until midday on the following day, when the same thing took place again.

The reason of this performance was that one of the demolished buildings was an old public house, known as the Coach and Horse. The new purchasers intend to include a licensed restaurant in the buildings which they are erecting upon the old site, and in order to preserve the license they erected this wooden hut in order to carry on the business, and thus preserve the license.

THE GRANDEUR OF NIAGARA

It Is Giving Way to the Mechanical Genius of Mercenary Mankind.

Did you ever stand upon Niagara's brink, and endeavor to understand what the mighty voice of the cataract is saying? It speaks in no uncertain language. Its roar is like the voice of destiny, says the Four-Track News. In its mighty presence man, at best an atom, becomes infinitesimally insignificant. That voice holds us in its spell, and we realize, as never before, the grandeur of nature and the helplessness of man. Yet man, helpless as he is when once within the grasp of the great waterfall, has harnessed and utilized that tremendous force and made the mighty cataract a submissive agent. We fancy we hear that great voice protest, but man is mercenary, and the thunders of Niagara daunt him not. Let us however, watch with jealous eye the too insistent demands for further encroachment; let us join in Niagara's protest against the further utilization of her forces, at the possible disfigurement of her supreme beauty.

HERE IS A STRANGE FARM

One Crop That Is Raised on Florida Swamp Lands Is Alligators.

Though not included in the reports on that subject, undoubtedly the most remarkable agricultural enterprise in the country is the farm in southern Florida on which the one crop cultivated is alligators, writes Earl W. Mayo, in Four-Track News.

This unique farm is located on the east coast of Florida, some distance below Palm Beach, on the bank of the Indian river. The situation is an excellent one for the purpose, for it is in the very part of the country where the saurians were the most numerous in the days before they began to be hunted as a business, and not far away are the Everglades where the few remaining specimens (that is, few when compared with the tens of thousands that were to be found in Florida waters 20 years ago) are being relentlessly pursued to extinction by their fellow swamp-dwellers, the Seminoles.

The Lacking Ingredient.

"Yes," said the enthusiastic promoter "we have enormous mineral deposits on this land. All we need for its development is a little money."

"My friend," answered Col. Stillwell, "you remind me of a neighbor of my way who used to think he almost had a julep because he was in possession of a mint bed and a spring."—Washington Star.

ROCKEFELLER WEARS A WIG

Attends Church and Friends Fall to Recognize Him in His New Regalia.

Cleveland, O.—John D. Rockefeller has purchased a wig, he wore it at the services at the Euclid Avenue Baptist church the other morning. With his altered appearance he was scarcely recognized. At the door he was welcomed heartily, as all newcomers to the church are, and the invitation to attend the services was almost completed before it was discovered who the eminent personage with the steel-gray hair really was. Mr. Rockefeller took the matter with a smile and seemed not the least abashed.

And the good manners of the church people and their hearty feeling for the oil king been less pronounced the change in appearance might have caused a sensation. As it was created a slight stir. There could have been no indication to the oil king that his friends saw any novel feature in his dress. He wore the usual Prince Albert.

Members of the church and friends said that Mr. Rockefeller had never to their knowledge worn a wig before in church. He has always attended the services without affectation, at times seeming to place a certain pride in his lack of hair.

The wig itself is not an elaborate affair. It is steel-gray in color, suitable to a man of Mr. Rockefeller's age. Moreover, it is even plebian in the manner of parting the hair. There is no visible part in it. This is not the most remarkable thing about it, however. At the back it does not conform to the lines of the head. There is a perceptible space between the two, where only the morning air held full away. The absolute lack of the least hint of hair made the distinction between the wig and the undecorated portion of his head striking.

BEARS, DOG, HONEY.

Odd Chain of Events Leads Farmer to \$135 in Sweetness—Biggest Find in the District.

La Porte, Pa.—A stroke of lightning proved to be worth nearly \$135 to Goldie Sahn of the Hillsgrove district, though it required the instinct and inquisitiveness of a family of black bears to disclose to Sahn the whereabouts of his treasure pot. Sahn one night was awakened by the barking of his dog, tied at its kennel just outside the yard. Next morning, when the dog was released, he made off toward the edge of a wood about an eighth of a mile across the field at a break-neck gait.

Sahn followed and found the animal sniffing about in some mud at the edge of a small creek. An examination revealed footprints of bears. Sahn next felt a soft spatter of something fall upon the rim of his straw hat, and discovered that honey was dripping from a blasted, leaning tree, which but a few days before had been struck by lightning. A big rent torn in the trunk had opened the treasure closet of a colony of bees. It was this honey that had drawn the hungry bears. It proved to be one of the biggest "bee trees" ever found in central Pennsylvania. Sahn and his two boys drove away the bees with sulphur fumes and gathered a little over 700 pounds of the sweetness, which netted nearly \$135.

HAND PLUGS LEAKING BOAT

Girl's Half-Hour of Torture Saves Herself and Companion—Rescuers Arrive.

Middletown, N. Y.—Holding her hands over a hole in a rowboat for over half an hour, Miss Hattie Manley, of New York, saved herself and companion Mrs. John Hoffman, of the same city, from drowning in Hennessy's lake, at Circleville. Miss Manley and Mrs. Hoffman were rowing on the lake in a flat bottom boat, when a stump was struck, penetrating the boat, which commenced to fill rapidly.

Miss Manley was the first to recover her wits. Seizing a dipper, she tossed it to Mrs. Hoffman, saying desperately: "You bail out as fast as you can and maybe I can take care of this leak." Miss Manley wrapped both hands about the end of the stump, which projected through the bottom of the boat, pressing them against the jagged cut.

This lessened the inrush of water, and Mrs. Hoffman, who had begun to use the dipper energetically, soon got the water down to several inches from the bottom, when the perilous condition of the ladies was discovered, and Thomas Hennessy rowed a boat to their rescue. Miss Manley's hands and arms were benumbed from the experience.

HAS A REMARKABLE WELL.

Fortunate Farmer Taps Underground Lake and Gets Thousands of Fish as Result.

Fergus Falls, Minn.—Persons from the flats west of the city bring news of the tapping of an underground lake on the farm of Mr. Sims, near Bureau post office. There are flowing wells all over that locality, and Mr. Sims has just sunk one from which a large stream of water is pouring out, and with it come wagon loads of fish.

The fish are small, and the smaller ones are entirely without eyes, while the larger varieties have very small organs of sight. The fish come up by thousands, and up to a recent date four wagon loads had been hauled away from the mouth of the well.

There is nothing remarkable about the tapping of an underground stream or lake, but the people cannot understand how so many fish could have lived there and why they now come to the surface.