

PONY SCALES SHASTA

LITTLE BRONCO CONQUERS GIANT CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN.

Feat Never Before Accomplished by an Equine—Two Days Consumed in Making the Difficult Journey.

A pony has climbed Mount Shasta, the giant of the coast range. For the first time a horse has stood upon the summit, 14,444 feet above the level of the sea.

All but overcome with fatigue, the little broncho not only made its way up the steep incline and over the treacherous passes, but he carried upon his rounded back a little woman, Miss Ann Cousins.

In the trip in which the old guide accomplished the feat of getting the first and only horse to the very top of the mountain two days were required from Dunsmuir, Cal.

The second day's start was made at three o'clock in the morning, before even a faint streak of dawn were to be seen.

Watson knows every step of his route so well that he could have made the whole of it at night.

Shortly before 11 o'clock they reached "Lunch Rock," the termination of the journey made on horseback by tourists, just half a mile from the top.

The last half mile, which no horse ever traversed before, is not only a continuous succession of hard ascents, but it is attended by dangers.

The "Slide" has been the obstacle which has prevented all previous climbers from getting a horse to the top.

Four and a half hours were required to get the animal over those dangerous 250 feet.

It was a tired animal that Watson and the others had to work with, but he made up in willingness what he had lost in strength.

VOICES NO LONGER SOOTHE

Lady Violet Greville Says Loud Tones Have Destroyed Their Charm and Sweetness.

"Women's voices no longer are low and sweet. Whether in trains, omnibuses, clubs, hotels or theaters women talk loudly and shrilly. They can be heard at the other end of a room, and domestic concerns of a purely personal nature are, in spite of one's efforts, being constantly overheard.

"The tones, too, of the voice are certainly deeper and gruffer. I have sometimes been startled to find that a speaker was a woman—so masculine and loud rang the timbre of her voice.

"When it is added to this that women wear swishing silk skirts and carry jingling bangles and chains and chateleines, it will easily be surmised that a company of ladies no longer is soothing."

And this is written, not by a male misogynist, but by Lady Violet Greville in the staid columns of the London Weekly Graphic.

To Exhibit Mosquitoes.

Prof. Silas R. Morse, curator of the New Jersey state museum, is arranging a display of Jersey mosquitoes to be shown at the St. Louis fair. He will follow the ideas of State Entomologist Smith, showing how mosquitoes are bred and how their breeding grounds may be destroyed by draining and the use of oil.

A Double Motive.

Russia's decision not to participate in the St. Louis fair, says the Philadelphia North American, is solely due to the belief that she can make a sufficient exhibition of herself in the far east.

SNOW BATHING THE VOQUE

Brookline, Mass., Swimming Club Enjoys a Novel Form of Amusement.

Swimming in the snow has become a popular sport with members of the Brookline, Mass., Swimming club, and almost every day they enjoy the amusement outside their clubhouse.

When a dozen or more had gathered to have a group picture taken. When air were dressed in swimming costumes some one proposed a snow bath, and a rush was made for the huge drifts outside.

A short attempt at water polo was made, in which the men piled up a big ball of snow, which they hurled at each other until the sphere in rolling about became too large and clumsy.

One of the most amusing scenes was Le Moynes' race using the trudgeon stroke. The distance was short, and no time was taken. The swimmers were out of doors nearly half an hour, and when they went back into the natatorium their bodies had a healthy glow.

"I think that we have discovered one of the healthiest outdoor sports ever tried," said one of the swimmers, "and for the rest of the winter most of the boys will include a snow plunge in their daily exercise."

SUBSTITUTE FOR X-RAY.

Fluorescin May Do Away with Present Mode of Treatment of Internal Diseases.

In a recent number of the Medical Journal Dr. Robert Coleman Kemp, consulting physician of the Manhattan state hospital, of New York city, tells for the first time the result of a series of experiments with fluorescin which may forever do away with X-ray treatment of internal diseases.

The membranes of the stomach are so distinct in their outlines that they can be traced on the outside of the body in a dark or light room. The new use of the fluid is of incalculable value in the treatment of abdominal diseases, and its efficacy was demonstrated before a body of students at a clinic in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Fluorescin is a nontoxic, absolutely harmless and is taken by the patient on an empty stomach in a glass of water, in which sodium bicarbonate, glycerin and fluorescin are dissolved.

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MAKES AMUSING MISTAKE.

Madrid Newspaper Describes a Great Wrestling Match at Olympia as a Boxing Event.

An unconscious but amusing "howler" is perpetrated by El Heraldico, one of the chief Madrid newspapers. In the news columns of a recent issue, it prints what purports to be an account of the great wrestling match at Olympia, Hackenschmidt and Madrali being described as "champion boxers."

"It was," says the Spanish paper, "a strenuous and thrilling contest. Some terrible blows were exchanged. In the last round, however, Hackenschmidt (sic) landed his opponent a terrific blow, stretching him on the floor and breaking his elbow, whereupon the prize was awarded him."

The same paper also recently informed its readers of the suicide of Whitaker Wright in the following manner:

"News has been received in Paris that Mr. Whitakerwright, a prominent Transvaal banker, has committed suicide.

After referring vaguely to some legal prosecution in which Wright was involved, the Journal states that "Mr. Whitakerwright confided to a friend that, should he be convicted, he would never leave Pretoria (!) alive."

45 YEARS ON THE BOX.

London Omnibus Driver Renews His License at the Age of Seventy-Five.

Mr. James Sleep has been an omnibus driver in London for 45 years, and is nearly 75 years of age. When the former proprietor of the omnibuses on the Barnsbury and Brixton route turned his business into a company, a clause was inserted in the agreement that James Sleep was to be allowed to drive an omnibus as long as he was capable of doing so.

Sleep has just renewed his driver's license. In spite of his age he is a first class coachman, and most of the young horses are given to him to break in.

The white-haired, ruddy-faced old man is a familiar figure on the Barnsbury road, and works six days a week in all weathers.

Repetition of History.

Byron's lines on the fall of the night before Waterloo will never be forgotten, remarks the New York Tribune.

There was to be an imperial ball in the winter palace in St. Petersburg, but the Japanese torpedoes and naval artillery at Port Arthur prevented the prearranged revelry. "It is, it is, the cannon's opening roar."

EDITOR AT AGE OF SEVEN.

Arkansas Prodigy in Charge of Young Folks' Department of His Father's Paper.

"Perry Moore, aged seven, editor and business manager." Thus is proclaimed the factum of the little folks' department of the Eureka Springs (Ark.) Weekly Flashlight, published by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Moore.

This 50-pound knight of the quill and case solicits and writes the ads, sends and runs down the news, sets his own copy, reads proof, and dominates the "devil" in professional style.

Perry is a printer prodigy. At the age of three he could set type with considerable accuracy and speed. Though he could not spell or pronounce the words or understand their meaning, he followed copy verbatim et literatim.

The child is not physically strong, and by advice of the physician his propensity has not been encouraged, his schooling having consisted of less than a month at kindergarten.

When two years old Perry was left two hours with a friend, who for the amusement of the youngster, cut out the letters of a newspaper head. On their return his parents were astonished to find that he had memorized perfectly 16 letters in the heading, and he quickly learned the remainder.

At the age of five, with the aid of a nurse and without his parents' knowledge, he learned to read, and one night he brought out and read to them all his picture books, coinciding with a demand for "something hard." A first reader, which was furnished him recently he scorned, but the following Monday morning he was supplied with a "Second Eclectic."

Saturday night, at his mother's knee, he suddenly interjected in his childish prayer for blessings upon all:

"You'll have to bring me another reader. Amen."

He had read every word of the 176 pages in a week.

FARM IS SLIDING AWAY.

Ohio Woman Has Many Grievances Against Railroad Company and Brings Suit.

Because a railroad excavated a quantity of earth from the land adjoining her farm in Bedford, O., Johanna M. Klauer has brought suit for \$2,000 damages.

The plaintiff's list of grievances against the railroad company was a lengthy one. The excavating was done to secure earth with which to make a fill across Tinker creek.

According to the petition, the railroad's land adjoined hers, and they dug a vast hole, 50 feet deep and 100 or so wide, just back of her farm. To do this a quantity of dynamite was used, and the plaintiff says that rocks sand and earth used to rain down upon her house and buildings, damaging them and tearing off sections of roof and siding.

Secondly, the petition says, the blasting loosened her farm, and it commenced to slide down in sections into the yawning depths which opened next to it. The third item on the list concerns a fine orchard, which formerly showered annual crops of luscious fruit.

She says that the sliding of her land exposed the roots of the trees and wrought them irreparable damage, slowly killing them.

The fourth article of complaint, has to do with the plaintiff's well, which for years had supplied her with an endless source of fine water. Owing to the cracks which the blasting operations on the next farm caused to break in the adjoining territory, this well is now dried up, the plaintiff says. In addition to all these, the foundations of the plaintiff's domicile have been weakened by the blasting, the company has ruined the road which once passed near her door, and which afforded her with her only means of access to her farm, she claims.

MYSTERY IN HOLLOW VOICE.

Government Engineer Has a Weird Experience of Simple Explanation.

Capt. Charles L. Potter, the United States engineer in Duluth, Minn., was sitting at his desk busy with some figures a few days ago, when he heard a hollow, sepulchral voice in the room. He glanced around through curiosity, and observing that the doors were closed and he was entirely alone, he became doubly interested. Again he heard the voice.

It sounded like that of some invisible being trying to attract attention. The voice seemed to come from behind his desk, and at other times seemed almost at his elbow. The captain located the general direction from which the voice was coming, and kept crowding his left ear that way. He listened intently, and the hollow, distant, tomblike voice was heard to say: "Please hang up your receiver."

Then the mystery was cleared up. Capt. Potter smiled and hung up the receiver of the desk telephone, which he had accidentally left off the hook, and proceeded with his labors.

Russian Wages Two Cents an Hour.

Wages in Russian factories are two cents an hour and upward. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour and tens of thousands who do not receive 20 cents a day for ten, 11 and more hours' work.

Job for Centenarians.

That Jersey man who is at the poorhouse at the age of 132 would not have to remain there, says the Chicago Daily News, were he bright enough to write a few patent-medicine testimonials.

MACHINERY NEEDS A REST.

Telegraph Apparatus, Typewriters and Locomotives Get Tired Like Human Beings.

"You are tired, eh?" said the telegraph operator. "Perhaps there are other persons—and things—that get tired, too. What about this instrument here and this wire that runs to Chicago? Don't you suppose they ever get tired?"

The person addressed was inclined to smile faintly at the suggestion, says the New York Sun.

"I'm serious," continued the operator. "I have been an operator for 27 years, and can tell a tired wire the moment my finger touches the key."

"The only rest our wires get is on Sunday. They actually sleep from 12 to 20 hours between midnight of Saturday and eight o'clock Monday morning—just as I do."

"The rest does 'em a world of good. On Monday morning they are quick to respond. They actually grasp at the message greedily."

"But on Saturday, after five busy days, we can almost hear a wire crying out to give it rest. It seems to oppose us. It is rebellious. Singular, you say? Not at all. Just nature."

"Don't you think it is the operator that needs the rest, and not so much the wire and the instrument?"

"Not a bit of it. Put a tired out man against a tired out wire and you'll do mighty little business. Put a tired out man against a rested wire and you'll fare nearly as ill. Put a rested man against a tired out wire and you'll work him to death in no time."

"Engineers will tell you that their locomotives get tired. They become track sore, much as a race horse does. They don't steam so well as when rested, nor make such good time."

"One of the famous railroad magnates of the present day owes his rapid promotion to the fact that he kept his trains on time. Other men could not understand how he did it until he explained that he not only gave his train crews a rest, but never allowed his engines to get tired. Even then some of the smart ones smiled. But they'll all come to his theory in the end."

"This will be a different old world when it is generally understood that metals get tired as well as human beings. A learned German professor has just informed the world that he has found life in metals, stone, wood, etc., that those substances actually possess the sense of feeling. It nearly makes one laugh, doesn't it? But unquestionably he is on the road to some great discovery."

"What we term the total depravity of inanimate things is nothing more nor less than weariness. Your typewriter machine is all out of kilter now and then. Give it a rest, and see how beautifully it responds to the touch."

"Clocks fail to tick perfect time, they are too tired to tick and strike. I had a fine watch, which refused to run one day some 15 years ago. A jeweler said he would fix it for \$20. Too much money, I thought, and the time-piece was carried around in my pocket for three months as dead as Hector."

"I pounded it, and rewound it, and shook it daily a score of times, then got angry and laid it on the shelf. One night I heard its familiar tick. It had got rested and started off on its own account. It's running yet and hasn't cost me a cent for repairs."

"Guns get very tired and refuse to shoot well. I have no doubt that the scare about the Brooklyn bridge a few years ago was due to its weariness. It had been on a strain for a long time and wanted a rest. The bridge was suffering from nervous prostration."

"Come over here a minute. Listen to the sound of this instrument. It is working over a tired wire. Can't you tell it?"

"Now listen to this. Here is a new wire just opened to Baltimore. Which is the dead and which the live wire? Which is ready to do its work in the best style?"

"The new one? Of course. Any baby could tell."

The Old-Time Naturalists.

Old-time naturalists thought that a kind of geese were hatched from barnacles. Giralduo Cambensis in his "Topographia Hibernica" (1554-1589) tells of birds called "Barnacles," which are produced in a marvelous way from "fir timber tossed along the sea." Surrounded by shells, they hang back downward; then, becoming coated with feathers, they fall into the water as birds or fly away into the air. In Munster's "Herball" (1597) appears an illustration of the "barnacle tree." Geese are seen protruding from some of the fruits of this marvelous plant, while others, set free, are dispersing themselves in the water below. Sir Robert Moray, before the Royal society, of Edinburgh (1677-78), actually described his having seen little shells growing on a fir tree cast up by the waves on the island of Ulst, the shells "having within them little birds perfectly shaped, supposed to be barnacles."

Wordy Champions.

"I don't see why these pugilists don't choose New York to fight their claims of championship."

"Why New York?"

"There are more newspapers there and more columns of room in which to fight to a finish."—Baltimore News.

Tommy Knew.

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the primary arithmetic class, "can you tell me what a league is?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "It's eight baseball teams."—Manchester Tribune.

CLIMBING TO THE POPE.

The Apartments of His Holiness Are High Above the Level of the Street.

It's a long climb to the pope's apartments. Of recent years an elevator was put in for the accommodation of Leo XIII. that will carry two or three people from what is known as the Damaso court. That will save you 216 steps if you have sufficient rank and influence to secure the favor, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

But ordinary people have to drag their heavy feet up 308 marble steps. This, however, is not so great an ordeal for the Italians as it is for us, because almost everybody in the ancient part of Rome lives on the top floors of lofty palaces which have no elevators.

I suppose the lower stories of these buildings must be occupied by somebody, but I have never been fortunate enough to know anyone who lived short of the fourth floor.

I have counted the steps at the vatican. I have counted them twice, to make sure. There are 92, before you reach the grand court of Pope Damaso, where the climb actually begins, and beyond that six flights of noble staircases of marble, of 36 steps each, remain to be overcome and it is an ordeal for fat men who are broken to elevators.

From the bronze doors at the grand entrance on the piazza of St. Peter to the door of the pope's chamber those who ascend are never out of sight of sentinels, who are posted at intervals all the way up.

The civil police of Rome patrol the portico of the vatican, but never pass the threshold. There is always a sergeant and half a dozen men on duty outside, and the Swiss guards gossip with them across the boundary between civil and papal jurisdiction.

In the anteroom of the pope's apartments are half a dozen chairbearers in a startling livery of red, which reminds you of the toilet worn by Mephistopheles in the opera. Four members of the guard Noble are always on duty, who are gentlemen-in-waiting to his holiness, and usually Mgr. Della Chiesa, master of ceremonies, is not far away.

The pope's audiences are managed upon strictly business principles. You receive a card from Mgr. Bissini stating the exact hour and minute, and you are expected to be present.

When your turn comes one of the gentlemen-in-waiting will escort you through a suite of four large rooms to a delightful, cozy chamber in the corner, with big windows. Louis XIII. was one of the most genial and simple of men, but he observed all the traditions attached to his authority, and, as might be said, never left the throne. But Pius X. treats you like an old friend, and although he never loses his gentle, gracious dignity, it is impossible for anyone to be embarrassed in his presence.

BRANDY TURNS TO WATER.

Strange Adventures of a Present of Cognac Sent to the Russian Army.

The Paris Temps gives an amusing account of the strange adventures of a barrel of the finest cognac sent as a present to a Russian regiment by President Felix Faure, in connection with which the real facts have only just become known. The barrel, duly arrived at the depot at Odessa and then washed, only to be discovered empty after many weeks of fruitless search. A sign-man indignantly suggested that the Russian climate was too strong for French brandy and that the contents had undoubtedly evaporated during the many weeks the barrel had been missing. The authorities gladly accepted this view and actually gave it as the official explanation in a letter to the French ambassador.

President Felix Faure thereupon sent a second barrel, over which the chief station master at Odessa promptly placed a couple of sentries with fixed bayonets until he received further instructions. In due course a special inspector was sent from headquarters to accompany the barrel on its journey across Russia and at the same time a message was telegraphed in advance to all the station masters on the line, stating the train by which the barrel was traveling, and adding: "Every station master must satisfy himself, first, that the barrel is intact; second, that the inspector and sentries in charge of it are not intoxicated, and, third, a local police officer is to accompany the barrel in its transit over each section of the line and keep a sharp watch on the men in charge of it; and, lastly, every station master and inspector will telegraph his report to headquarters."

Of course, with such precautions, the barrel would not go astray. It reached the regiment and was welcomed with the enthusiasm befitting the arrival of a French presidential gift. The regimental officers, from the highest to the lowest, prepared to drink the president's health in the priceless liquor. The glasses were filled and the toast proposed and then the awful discovery was made that, notwithstanding station masters, inspectors, sentries and police officials, the brandy had been so affected by the incognizable Russian climate that it was nothing better than colored water.

"At last my genius is recognized!" exclaimed the artist, exultingly, as he waved a letter aloft.

"O, tell me about it," said his delighted little wife in reply.

"This letter is from a prominent soap firm, asking me to paint a picture to be used as an advertisement."—Stray Stories.

Distinctly American.

The whistling by switch engines which work all night in the railway yards in and near cities is permitted in no country other than America.

BLUE FOX FARMING.

BUSINESS OF WISCONSIN MAN ON AN ALASKAN ISLAND.

Has 1,500 Animals Whose Fur Is Worth from Ten to Eighty Dollars Apiece—A Profitable Enterprise.

George T. Scove, after an absence of nearly six years on an isolated island off the Alaskan coast, is in Mantowoc, Wis., spending the winter with relatives. He is the son of H. M. Scove, a former well-known shipbuilder, and was born and educated in Mantowoc. In 1898 he went to Alaska and acquired some mining property, on which he prospected for a year, and then associated with him Charles L. Mann, of Milwaukee, the latter taking a half interest in the mines, with the stipulation that Scove should engage in the blue fox farming business with parties having equal ownership in the mines and the new industry.

Scove preempted Patterson island, located off the southeast coast of Alaska, 60 miles north of the international boundary line. Scove then went to Prince William sound and purchased 66 pair of the best breed of blue foxes and took them to Patterson island by water, a distance of several hundred miles. Here he had shacks and fish shanties erected. The foxes, though used to a more northerly climate, thrived, but High Island, adjoining Patterson island, separated by a channel only 100 yards wide, was an attractive spot for the foxes, and they swam across and inhabited High Island. He then found it necessary to purchase this island, too, to save his stock.

The foxes care for themselves, with the exception of their food. They subsist entirely on fish and berries. During the salmon run large quantities are caught at the mouths of inlets and are smoked and preserved for the season. Other varieties, such as halibut, cod, dog fish, shark and flounder, are caught during the summer months.

The foxes have regular feeding places on the islands, and receive their "ration" every afternoon.

During the five years the 66 pair have increased to over 1,500 foxes. The fur is one of the most expensive in the market to-day, and brings a price of from \$10 to \$20, according to the quality, size and color of the fur. The color ranges from a mottled to a dark navy blue. London is the general market for blue fox furs, which are used extensively in dress trimmings.

SETTLES BILL WITH POLICY.

Parisian Gourmand and Adopts Novel Method to Pay Men Who Gave Him Credit.

If Make Groule had not had a great appetite the Paris courts would not have had to decide a particularly knotty point of law the other week.

Groule was a frequenter of a restaurant in the Boulevard Montmartre. The proprietor gave him credit, until one day he found that Groule had run up a staggering bill. Groule, when detained, frankly confessed his inability to pay. The disgraced restaurant had, starting blankly at the other man, was suddenly struck with an idea. A note devoted to the pleasure of the table was beginning to bill on Groule.

"What is your what?" said the creditor, "insure your bill in my favor for \$10,000. Then come here and set all you want. No one will ask you for money."

By the restaurant method of the American story of the kammerer who had just lost \$1,000 at the fair table. As he was leaving the place a servant offered him some ham from the lunch table.

"All right, but I can't eat \$1,000 worth of ham," said the loser.

Groule, as was expected of him, ate himself to death quickly, and there was a good profit for the restaurant in the bargain.

Unluckily, the proprietor died, too. Kinsmen of Groule sued to enjoin payment of the life insurance policy on the ground that by encouraging him to eat extravagantly the restaurant man was responsible for his death. The court, however, decided that the insurance must be paid to the proprietor.

OWNS LINCOLN'S GLASSES.

Watertown (N. Y.) Woman Has Spectacles Worn by the Martyr President.

A cherished treasure of Mrs. Andrew B. Carter, of Watertown, N. Y., is a pair of spectacles formerly worn and owned by Abraham Lincoln. They were found in his pocket at the time he was shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theater, in Washington, April 14, 1865.

Mrs. Carter's father, William H. H. Koyes, was a private in one of the regiments quartered in Washington then, and was on duty at the theater on the night of the tragedy. He was one of the detail that guarded the passage through which the dying president was carried from the theater. As Lincoln was placed in the carriage the spectacles slid from his pocket into the gutter, and before Koyes could restore them the carriage had driven away. Koyes afterward sent them to his wife, Mrs. Carter's mother, and they have since remained in the family. The glasses are of the old-fashioned kind, with heavy gold bows and octagonal oblong frames.

Too Draastic a Cure.

A Berlin paper says the best preventive of appendicitis is to walk on all fours three times a day, 20 minutes at a time. But who would rather have appendicitis?