HORSE IS 41 YEARS OLD #amuel J. Tilden le Enjoying Comfort in His Old Age at Chester-

town, Md.

The oldest horse in America is said, to belong to Chestertown, Md. It is the property of Joseph Guest, a retired merchant, was foaled May 6, 1869, and was then owned by the hate Thomas Van Dyke of near Kennedyville. Mr. Van Dyke sold the horse at public auction to Thomas Booson, who subsequently sold it to

the present owner. On April 19 last Enoch King of Mil-Engton called on Mr. Guest to take a hok at the old horse, and said:

"I am forty-nine years old. When a small boy my father and I often drove up the horses from the pasture neld, and Stonewall, as is his name, was among them.

"On the day of the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for president of the United States, Mr. Van Dyke drove the horse to Middletown, Del., a distance of some 25 miles and, being a great admirer of Mr. Tilden, Mr. Van Dyke then and there changed the mame of the animal to Samuel J. Tilden, by which he has since been

known.' Mr. Guest has made numerous efforts to discover an older horse in the country than Tilden. He has written to the owners of all the horse reviews in the country, but up to the present he has been unable to find a horse in the country is as old.

.The nearest approach to it was a horse owned by a gentleman in Pennsylvania, who claimed the honor of echiority. A comparison of ages, however, revealed the fact, that the Pennsylvania animal was several years

Jounger than Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Guest says he will let the horse spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet, enjoying his pasture lot and the comfort or good stable muarters.—New York World.

MAN AFOOT SEES SOMETHING

Notices Slight Abatement of Air of Superiority in Demeanor of Automobilists.

"Do you know, I think I observe," said a man who goes aloot, "a slight abstement of the air of superiority and contemptuous exaltation that has long characterised the faces and demeanor of those who ride past in automobiles? Is may be but slight, but I thing it is

moticeable. "They are not quite so superior and exalted to the common herd afoot as alley were. They still loll back as the chauffeur honks his horn or sounds his chromatic bugie and they still think, If they think of you at all, that it is up to you to jump if you don't want no get run down; but I think that just a trace of the original superciliousness

Las gone. "You see, the automobile has now Become more or less familiar to some people, and these people, I think, now show a little less hauteur; enough less, 1 think, so that you can notice it. Those still new to the machine reveal that fact plainly, but those now more accustomed to it are now, it seems to me, a shade, just a shade, less indifferent to you than they were. Signs of ordinary humanity are coming back iato their countenances.

"Not but what you have to jump just the same when they come, but tais slight change of expression I regard as hopeful, highly hopeful. I look for a further softening and humanizing as the machine becomes more familiar aull. In fact I do not Soubt that the time will come when the average automobilist will have returned so near to the earth that he will be little if any more contemptuwis of you or more insolently insistent on owning the whole street that the average wagon driver or truck-

> Pew Furnishings. Green carpet on the aisles of the sturch and a rug with Persian tints In the pew struck the visitor as an inpovation in church furnishing.

"It isn't an impovation any more, to too common," said the usher. "Of ecurse no pewholder is permitted to bring in freak furnishings that would make the church look ridiculous, but no long as he introduces no real incongruous note there is no law to prevent a man from fitting up his pow to suit himself. A sumber of our par-Actioners do that They bring their ern rugs, their own hassocks, their pvn cushions. Usually the people who strike that individual note have roved from some other church and have brought their pew furnishings fre old association's sake."

> Remarkable Water. "O. Henry," said a magazine editor. "once held a glass of muddy water ward the light and said;

"'I'd have called this water crystal eiear in my cow-punching days. The water I then drank was so bad that I had to throw it in shovelfuls against a coal screen in order to strain the lamps out of it. We started it running from the faucet with a gimlet. and we treated it with vitriol and onlphuric acid to destroy the germs. But many of the germs were too large and heroe for such treatment, and these we tied to trees and shot."

TOWN BEND

Bringing Down the Average. "It is said that there are 120,000 Beirs on the average human head." mid the beldhooded men. "Too had that you've mailed the av-

erage down so low, dear, said his

J#150...

CAPTURING THE SWORDFISH

Most Peculiar Occupation Followed by Fishermen in the Straits of Messina.

In the straits of Messina during July and August there is a most peculiar occupation followed by the fishermen, this being the capture of the swordfish. This creature, the Xiphias gladius, varies from 6 to 14 feet in length and in weight from 100 to 300 pounds. The long bone which gives it its name projects like a broad twoedged sword a yard or more from the upper jaw. The chase is conducted

A number of large barks take up their positions at regular distances along the shore, each with a very tall mast, at the head of which a man is stationed to look out for the fish. He observes it at a considerable distance, for it often shows its dorsal fin above water and it generally swims near

the surface. When he gives the signal a light attendant boat, called a "luntra," starts in pursuit and, guided by the calls of the lookout man, soon comes up with the fish, when the harpooner in the bow throws his weapon with almost unerring aim. To the head of the instrument is attached a long line, by which the animal is gradually wearled out. Sometimes, however, a swordfish turns upon its pursuers and even pierces the boat with its sword,

to the imminent peril of the beatmen. The meat of this fish is somewhat like yeal and is much relished by the Sicilians, who esteem it above all the finny tribes of their seas.

EDITOR MAKES A BAD GUESS

Ascribes Treatise on Cancerous Growths With Euphonious Names to Poetry.

Although an editor is expected to know everything, and although his store of miscellaneous information is usually large, yet there are some things of which he-if he is an average editor-has never heard. Such, evidently, was the case with James Payn, the well-known novelist, when he was editor of the Cornhill. Says

a writer in McClure's: One day an unannounced caller who had managed to evade the porter downstairs opened Payn's door. His hair was long and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of papers in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up.

"I've brought you something about sarcoma and carcinoma." "We are overcrowded with poetrycouldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton."

"Poetry!" the caller nashed you know anything about sarcoms and carcinoma?"

"Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn, imperturbably. The caller retreated, with a withering giance at the editor. Under the same roof as the Cornhill was the office of a medical and surgical jourmal, and it was this that the catter sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names, which with a layman's ignorance Payn ascribed to

Hill's Work in the World. A number of men were crossing Montana in the smoking car of a train. The mercury was above 100 and the windows of the car were closed to keep out the dust and sand. The country was barren and drear, with here and there along the ratiroed a cluster of newly built and unpainted houses where James J. Hill, the pathfinder of the northwest, was establishing new towns. One passenger, a stranger in that section, inquired: "What country is this we are pass-

ing through?" "This," replied another, "is a section of the universe which God overlooked and Jim Hill is trying to finish the job."

77 TEL 1 The Quality of Mercy. See the woman. Why is the woman's hat trimmed with a nestful of little birdlings with the mother bird

brooding them? It is because the woman is merciful. The woman wished to trim her hat with the mother bird alone, but rather than leave the birdlings to starve, she trimmed it with the whole

Must it not feel lovely to be merciful like that?-Puck.

Morely an Error of Judgment. Robinson Crusos, with infinite pa-

tience and industry, had hollowed out the big log and made a huge cance. Then he discovered, to his chagrin. that he couldn't launch it. It was too beary for him to move. All his labor

had been wasted. "Stffi," he reflected, "It was only an oversight. It isn't half as bad as Uncle Sam neglecting for twelve years to raise the battleship Maine."

Bearning to ask for congressional aid in this difficulty, he went to work immediately to make a smaller canoe.

Rather Exaggerated. It was his first experience in the deutal chair. "Great Josephus!" gasped the victim as he leaped upward. "What was that you put in my mouth?"

"A rubber dam, sir," responded the "Rubber dam? H'm! I thought it was the Getun dam from the way fo

SOME POINTS ABOUT RAIN

The Most Popular Variety With the Weather Bureau is Called "Probably."

Rain is principally composed of water, but it should not be confused with

mining stock. Rain always comes on Sunday after-

noons and washdays. Washday may be changed to any day in the week, systematically or indiscriminately, but the rain will

Sunday afternoon, however, cannot be changed to any other afternoon. The rain will hold off until you are ready to go driving, and then the word will be passed along the mysterious currents of the air, and a double order of cirrus and cumulus will be hurried in from the west. Also, in the morning, when you

leave home and carry your umbrella and raincoat, the rain will go away and sulk. But, if you take heart of the fair sky, and leave the umbrella and other trimmings, then the rain will wait until you leave the office and then get you. Incidentally, it will tuck a few grip and rheumatism germs into your system.

Rain is good for the crops, but why it takes you for a crop is hard to understand.

Rain never brought fame to anyone except Noah. Probably on the day the flood began he watched the last picnic party drive out of town in a bus, shouting sarcastic things at him through the dust.

There are several varieties of rain, but the one most popular with the weather bureau is called "Probably."

POOR IDEA OF BUSINESS

Of Course Unshrinkable Bathing Suit Would Shrink, if It Was Too Large.

"Too many Americans of the twentieth century," said Jacob A. Riis, in an address in New York, "have a wrong idea of business. Now business is, really, honest service-honest service-nothing but that.

"But too many men look on bustness as a certain seaside shopkeeper

did. "A friend of mine visited this man's shop to buy a fiannel bathing suit. The bathing suits were all a little toe

large for him. 'They're marked unshrinkable,' my friend said thoughtfully. This one here might do if it would shrink

"'T'll ask father about it,' said the young attendant. "And then, behind the partition, my

friend overheard this dialogue: "Tather, a gent wants to know if our shrinkable bathing suits won't shrink a little anyway."

"'Is the suit too large for him?" Y Yes, father. "Then of course it will shrink Why don't you try and have some bend for business, Willie?"

The Colors in the Rainbow. A learned German scientist, in the course of an exhaustive study of the evolution of the sense of color, discorered that the rainbow has not looked the same to men in all ages. He found that it was at first thought to be all of one color. To Homer, he says, the rainbow seemed purple white. At a later period Xenophon saw in it "a purple cloud, red and yellow gree Two centuries after this Aristotle distinguished three colors-red, green and blue-and was able sometimes to see yellow between the red and green. Three hundrd years after Aristotle came Ovid, to whom the rainbow was "a thousand dazzling colors, which the ere cannot distinguish separately." But the tricolor division persisted until the thirteenth century.

And the Conductor Said-The conductor on a Dorchester car was very hot and tired, and his car was so crowded he had hard work oollecting the fares; so when he came along and saw a man standing on the running board and a little thre-yearold child occupying an end seat near him he said combatively, "You'll have to give me. a fare for that little girl." "I'm sorry," said the man calmly. "but I refuse to do it." A heated argument followed, during which the conductor demanded his rights and the man calmly refused. At last the latter said with a laugh: "One reason why I won't pay for the child is that she is not mine end she is not with me." -Boston Herald.

Midair Cameras. Cameras on the wing are flying through Germany. A projectile to take protographs and claimed to have been successful at heights of half a mile is the idea of Horr Marie, a Gorman photographer. A camera having the form of the usual kind of conical shell is thrown into the air by means of a kind of trap. At a predetermined angle as the camera turns to make its

descent and is pointed slightly down-

ward, the shutter is automatically re-

leased, and a picture is taken of a broad expanse of country. In still air the flight and spot at which the aerial camera will fall can be calculated with much precision. Precautions are taken to avoid damage by concussion and the meults are said to be of the greatest possible value in military opporations.

The Quick Hard Answer. "Lady," said Plodding Pete, "will

that dog bite me?" "That's what I'm waiting to see. If he cares anything about his home he

COPIOUS ENGLISH LANGUAGE

No Other Modern Tongue Enjoys 80 Extensive a Vocabulary as Ours.

"No other modern language has so coplous a vocabulary as English," says a writer. "The reason lies in the fact, that it has an Anglo-Saxon basis. on which has been railed an immense superstructure of the Romance element, drawn from Norman-French and pure Latin sources. English has retained, dug out from the coliseum of Latinity, the following words which do not exist in Italian, the language which must nearly approaches Latinof all the Romance tongues: 'Inquisitive, 'perfunctory,' 'extent,' 'despair,' 'performance,' 'desultory,' 'despondency, 'interference,' 'hideous,' 'sa ment,' 'attendance,' 'achjeveme....

Many of them are also lacking in French. When one examines lists of English words often only one or two of them are to be lound in foreign languages. Of 'labor,' 'travail,' 'toil,' and 'work,' only the first two will be found in French and Italian; of 'large,' 'great,' 'big.' 'grand.' 'huge,' Italian has only 'grande,' peither French nor Italian has a word for 'tall,' 'heaven,' 'deep,' 'shallow,' 'huge,' 'tough,' 'bid,' 'tell,' 'earn,' 'sore,' 'hurt,' 'average,' 'home,' 'fit,' 'bare,' 'kind' and

a host of others. "They express these meanings by using other and often much-worked words in a new sense. They derive this faculty from the Latin, which possesses it in a high degree. An observant American professor, Gonzales Lodge of Columbia university, pointed out some years ago that the total vocabluary of Caesar, Cicero and Vir gil- is only 4,683 words. This of course, means the use of the same word over and over again to express different meanings, and doubtless explains the great prevalence of the double-entendre in the Latin tongues. It is a mistake to suppose that a small vocabulary connotes, greater ease in studying a language; all the ramifications of variety in use have to be fol-

lowed and acquired. "On the other hand, great wealth in a language demands higher selective powers. The failure to select the correct word is in itself a form of slang, as when an American calls something amusing 'great,' or an Engtishman dubs 'decent' that which has the advantage of his approval, when a dozen others words would better express the meaning."

CHARM RIPENS WITH YEARS

Woman of Forty-five Has Many Adyantages Over Her Younger _Bister.

Youth is nearly always crude, blundering, selfish, heartless, and It is here to enjoy and not to inspirit, to fight for its choices, not to forbear and assist. It knows little toleration and lives for its own bright noonday. These qualities, we need hardly say, are not those which bestow power or arouse the better kinds of love. Youth, bowever, grows beyond these grave faults. Life deepens and softens charactor. The lessons of error, suffering and sorrow round out the nature. At 45 a woman may have coased to be young, but she is far from having become old. The age of real understanding has begun, and understanding remains the greatest of all human forces. Men are drawn to women far more closely by mental sympathy than by good looks. There are but few very beautiful women in the world. There are thousands of ideal friendships between men and women. Time and time again have we seen the woman of 45, the woman who was no longer young, win the prizes of life. right in the teeth of those crude spough to be her daughters. The young can give their youth, but the

mature can give their help. We all know youth in art, its eathustam, its positiveness, its self-sumclency, its failure. It is not until her youth has passed away and nature begins to be at war with knowledge, craftsmanship and intention that the artist-actross, the artist-singer, achieves richest results. "You can not play Juliet and look it," runs the meiancholy theatrical proverb.

And to youth, with its limitations, can and does laugh at maturity, with its disabilities. And it laughs the ouder because it is the younger.

Then She Smiled.

Mr. and Mrs. Esbeepee were about to start for the matinee. A comely young woman came out of her apartment on the second floor and preceded them down the stairway. "It you are going out, Miss Brytise," they suggested, "you'd better take an umbrella. It looks like rain."

ker's," she said. "But isn't it possible to get wet even when going to the dressmaker's?" "Yes, indeed; I expect to get sonked!"

"O, I'm only going to the dressma-

Warm Weather Reportee. "You 'peach," whispered the captirated youth. "Don't talk such somsonse, George,"

pouted the pretty sugainer girl. "It to so warm in here I feel like I am stew "Oh that's so much better. I al ways did like stowed peaches."

ganised a brass band. How is it getting along?" "Oh, pretty well. The trombone

Doing His Bost.

"I understand Possumville has or-

player is still two laps behind. but bot a hard worker."

CHOCK FULL OF INFORMATION

Intelligent Tourist Sheds Some Knowledge About Historic Events and Places.

There are some people who "know it all" and others who think they do, and the latter are ant to make the greatest show of knowledge. One of this species stood near the bow of a Champisin steamer one day. He had a remarkable sunburned complexion, he carried a guidebook in one hand. three railroad timetables and a map in the other, and he was bursting with information. Finally, unable to stand it longer, he approached a small man who was leaning thoughtfully over the rail.

"My friend," he said impressively. "I suppose you know that those gray and fallen walls over there on the west shore are all that remain of the world-famous Fort Ticonderoga?" "I didn't know it," said the small

man, simply. "Well, sir, they are. It was on that spot that the English commander was called from his bed to surrender in the name of the Continental congress. It was along these shores," added the man with the ruddy complexion, waving the fluttering timetables oratorically, "that the French and Indians fought the English. Every stone, sir, is crowded with history."

"Ticonderoga, hey?" said the other, reflectively. "Do you live up here?" "No, I live in New York."

"Born here, perhaps?"

"No. sir."

"Travel up and down the lake pretty often. I suppose?" "Well, no," reluctantly admitted the owner of the guidebook. "This is my

first trip." 'Tis, hey? Well, I was purser of this boat for nine years and I know every foot of that shore. The ruin over there is Sampson's dock and Ticonduraga is nine miles south of here. Anything else to tell?"

MOTOR BOATS IN VENICE

Romantic Canals Are No Longer Monopolized by the Old-

. Time Gondola. The romantic canals of Venice are no longer monopolized by the old-time

gondols, or even the steam or gasoline launches, for the American motor boat has invaded those historic waters. The first motor boats on the canals were those ordered by wealthy Venetians and foreigners, desirous of greater speed and comfort than was attainable by the gondolas. Then the

city of Venice, which entertains some notions touching "municipal ownership," took a hand in the matter and established a transportation system of tta own: whereupon was to be seen the novel sight of American motor boats "chuzging" along the canals. The fare on the municipal boats is

low-about 2 cents. One great advantage which the motor boat is said to possess over the steam and gasoline launches is that it does not "kick up" the waves against the houses as do those higher built craft. It follows, then, that the little American motor boat is permitted to proceed where it listeth, not only up and down the Grand canal as well as on the smaller waterways that vein the city, but is allowed to navigate the narrowest of other waterways, where the heavily churning craft are pro-

hibited. There are those who contend that the historic gondola is doomed before the advance of the less beautiful, but more practical motor boats, and that it will not be so long ere, instead cf the song of the gondolfer, there wa! be heard the whistle or the hern of the modern craft.

The Great Bell Market. The wonderful annual market at Mijni-Novgorod, in Russia,- is the greatest in existence. It lasts from July till September, and is the chief channel for the interchange of the products of the East and West. Buyers from all parts of Asia and Europe visit the market, and goods to the sold annually. Among the numerous attractions of this vast fair is the great hell market, where all sorts, sizes and shapes of bells may be bought, from specimens weighing but a few pounds to monsters of many tons. Anyone in search of bargains in bolls might do worse than visit this curious market -- Wide World.

A Maine Man's Pet. Joseph Pinkham, a fisherman of Bath, Me., has taken under hie protection a baby seal with which he got acquainted while fishing in Hockomock bay.

The seal evidently strayed away from his parents and sought companionship by playing around Pinkham's Sahing boat. Mr. Pinkham fed M. and the seal would not be driven away. and Mr. Pinkham brought it home. The seal is now enjoying life in a large tub of water, and is as affection-

Too Much for Him. "Millard Fillmore once slept in the. bed you were in last night;" said the botel clerk. "That's more than I could do," an-

swered the guest-Buffalo Express.

ate as a child.—Bath Times.

Needed Speed. Marie-But if you love Tom why do yes so about with Jack!

Madge—Well, you see, Tom is ratioor slow, and I'm using Jack as a passmaker for him.

ORIGIN OF HANDKERCHIEFS

Empress Josephine Popularized Wipe by Using It to Conceal Im-

perfect Teeth. "Aunt Jane, I'm much smarter thau

Cousin Jim'

"In what respect, dear?" "I can use my own handkerchief already, and his nurse has to use his

for him." Talking, about handkerchiefs, it is related that at the beginning of the nineteenth century Mile. Duchesnois, a famous actress, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of it in the course of the play, she could only summon courage to refer to it as "a light tissue." A translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny was being acted, and the subject, mentioned for the first time upon the stage, provoked a storm of indignant bisses from all parts of the house. Handkerchiefs were first popularized in France by the Empress Josephine, who had imperfect teeth, and used a little square of lace and muslin to concer! her mouth.

MODEL OFFICE BOY AT LAST

If Familiar Motto "Do It Now" Could Come to Life It Would . Be George.

As an office boy, Master George, employed in a certain downtown place of business, is the dynamic essence of effervescent energy and the exemplification of cheerful obedience. If the familiar motto on the office wall, "Do It Now," could come to life it would be George. Only George would have had it done while the man was inventing that saying. Surely, here at last is the model office boy. But pause, there may be such a thing as

too great promptitude. A few days ago George's employer emerged from his office and, seeing the office boy, requested him to take a package which he would find on his employer's desk and deliver it to the Rev. Dr. So-and So of such and such

g'reet. With a bound that would beat the starter's pistol by several seconds. George was into the office, out again. with a large package under his arm, and off to his destination. Now, Dr. So-and-So is the business man's pastor and the package, which was plainty addressed, contained a handsome volume intended as a birthday remembrance. Late in the day, after the office boy had gone house, the employer was noppluseed to find the designated package still reposing on the desk. For a moment he thought hard, then as cold beads of perspiration bedewed his brow he called in a

clerk. "John," he asked with forced calmness, "did you get me those supplies

for my euchre party?" "Long ago," said the clerk "Left the package on your desk; bottle o' rye, bottle o' port, four decks o' cards, an' a box o' cigars."---Pittsburg Gasette-Times.

. . Gypsy Wordless Language, To communicate with one another gypsies now use letters and they use the telegraph, too, whos necessaryespecially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "patteran," tracing the footsteps, of wagob tracks, of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his ancient pretotype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a roadside signboard. But the patterns cam be read by the gypsy only-it is bidden and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a signboard is open and public. The patterns may be formed of sticks or stones or grass, placed cross fashion at the parting of roads in such manner that only a gypsy would instantly notice and understand. To

him it means much; first of all, the

direction taken by Romany predeces-

sors -Riley M. Fletcher Berry's "The

American Gypsy" in Century.

Five Aces Disserrous. In some states & M considered extramely unhealthful to hold more than four aces in a poker contest. In Arkaness any man finding live acces in his hand will do well to do his best to keep it to himself and be careful about not saying anything about it to any one outside of his own immediate family. The condition of Edward Wolfe of Blytheville, Ark., now in the People's. hospital, a rasor bruise from ear to ear, is enough to convince any one of the truth of the above statement. In an argument following the display of five aces by Welfe in a poker bout. near the Missouri line, Wolfe was injured under the chin. It is thought! that his five some may prove fatal. Needless to say, he has resolved to: play bridge with feeble old Women: when seeking amusement at the gaming table hereafter.

The Barber's Joke. "My bair isn't as thick as it used to be," laughed the humorous patron, "and I don't guess you can so much

with it." "Oh, the quantity doesn't worry me," assured the new barber. "I used to be an amateur actor."

"What has that to do with it?" "Why, I am used to small parts, Nezt!"

Pessible Mourner. "And there was not a soul to mourn. his death."

"Oh, well, there may be some time." "How can there be?" "His widow may marry again."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS