NOTED MUSICIAL CONDUCTOR

Latest photograph of Walter J. Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony society. Mr. Damrosch is 45 years old and comes from a musical family, his father at one time having held the con's post.

FAKE RELIC SWINDLE

TABLETS MADE, BURIED, THEN UNEARTHED.

Exploiters Come to Grief in Digging Up "Noah's Diary"—Michigan Copper Used as Basis of Gigantic Fraud.

Detroit, Mich.—An alleged copy of Noah's diary, engraved upon a copper tablet dug up in Michigan and offered for sale to a Wisconsin collector, has resulted in uncovering one of the cleverest swindles of recent years. A former secretary of state is implicated in the affair and with him are a university museum curator and other Michigan men.

Michigan copper formed the basis of the enterprise, which consisted in manufacturing ancient relics out of copper, painting them green to represent verdigris, dipping them in corrosive acid, and burying them in mounds, after which they were dug up by relic hunting expeditions under the leadership of the promoters.

The affidavits of prominent citizens that they had seen the relics dug out of the ground were sufficient to secure their sale to credulous collectors, no one dreaming that the prehistoric age might have been only 11 months before. Indian copper implements, battle axes of leaf copper, well tempered spearheads, and other supposed rare and anciently corroded relics that have been treasured in Michigan and outside museums are declared to be bogus, with the result that all collections of the sort are thrown under more or less suspicion.

As a finishing touch to a gigantic swindle the relic manufacturers branched off from Indian relics. They went so far as to dig up in the presence of reputable witnesses bronze tablets inscribed with hieroglyphics and symbols of the biblical deluge and the tower of Babel. The fakers would have had collectors believe that Michigan was the sent of the original flood, and that Noah's ark floated somewhere among Michigan's low hills, which were the real Mount Ararat.

The diary of Noah was offered to a wealthy man of the Badger state, who asked the advice of a museum curator as to accepting it. This man had had considerable experience with fakes and warned the relic patron to beware. Whether the relic finally was sold cannot be learned.

SHIELDS OSTRICH INDUSTRY.

Mozambique Forbids Hunting of Birds and Taking of Eggs.

New York.—Consul W. S. Hollis of Lourenco Marquez reports that the government of the East African province of Mozambique is about to take some steps to promote the development of the ostrich feather industry, concerning which he says:

"This will be started in the districts of Lourenco Marquez and of Inhambane, where wild ostriches with fine black feathers are already found in considerable numbers, and, as a beginning, the following decree has been published:

"'The hunting of ostriches, as well as the taking of their eggs or the destruction of their nests, is prohibited. The sale of ostrich eggs or of egg shells is also prohibited. Those who disobey the provisions of this decree will be liable to a fine of $20 and to imprisonment for 30 days.'

"It is the intention of the government to start a large ostrich ranch and gradually to stock it with young native birds."

Kill Cattle by Guillotine?

Boston.—The use of the guillotine and of electricity in killing animals for food in place of the methods now in use was advocated in a paper read by Henry Bergh of New York before the American Humane association here.

PECULIAR ENGINE WHISTLE.

Led to Wedding and Caused Widow to Faint at Funeral.

Lawton, Okla.—Robert Stone, a veteran engineer of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway company, who died at Wichita Falls, Tex., had a peculiar whistle on his engine. It differed in tone from any other on the line, and he had a way of blowing it that distinguished his engine from any other on the road. All the engineers and trainmen of the system know Stone's whistle, and many citizens of towns along the road became familiar with it.

Many years ago when Stone was running on the M., K. & T. road he fell in love with a young woman in one of the towns on his run. She learned his whistle and used to come to the station to see him. They were married. Stone still kept the whistle.

When funeral services for Stone were in progress at Wichita Falls some one slipped to Stone's engine that was steaming in the yards and blew the whistle. Mrs. Stone, almost prostrated at the bier of her husband, fainted when she heard the familiar sound.

It was decided the whistle should be taken from the engine and presented to Mrs. Stone, but when railroad men went to get it, it was gone. Some one had stolen it in the night. The railroad men declare that any man who blows that whistle in the town where Mrs. Stone resides shall be accursed forever by all lovers of the memory of Robert Stone.

IRISH-BORN, RAISED SWEDE.

Did Not Learn Until Manhood That He Was the Son of Erin.

Chicago.—Believing all his life that he was a Swede and that his name was Olaf Olson, Herbert Sweeny did not learn the facts until he had reached the age of 25. He then went to Judge Walker's court and asked to have himself set right.

He explained that while he thought his name was Olson he had taken a wife and given her the name of Olson.

The judge learned that behind the tangle there was a romance of an adopted son—an orphan taken to fill the place of a runaway boy in the hearts of the prodigal's parents—and of a disinheritance by the foster parents when the real son returned.

In Red Wing, Minn., Sweeny was adopted as an infant by a family of Olsons.

The necessary legal papers in adoption were never obtained. When the true son returned, his parents gave to him the place held in their affections by Sweeny from the time of his infancy to manhood.

"If you want to change your name, all right," said Judge Walker.

Don't Kiss; Save Your Teeth.

London.—Beware of pyorrhea alveolaris. According to a London doctor, who lectured under the auspices of the National Health society, dental authorities have come to the conclusion that this disease, which often has puzzled them, is due to the prevalence of kissing. The jaw is first affected, loosening of the teeth follows, and finally, though the teeth be perfectly sound, they fall out one by one. What makes the warning all the more dreadful is the statement that a victim of pyorrhea alveolar is not likely to recognize the malady in the early stages and outwardly there is no sign to betray its presence.

Light or Rum? Town to Choose.

Hudson, O.—If the village of Hudson will bar liquor for 50 years, with the exception of beer, which the donor is willing to let the villagers imbibe, $75,000 will be forthcoming for an electric light plant and sewerage system. This offer has been made to the village council over the signature "Hudson Citizen." Although none is breathing it aloud, the name of the donor is understood to be James W. Ellsworth, millionaire coal operator, retired, with homes in New York and in Hudson, and former Chicagoan.

MAKING AND LOSING FRIENDS.

Reflective Man Points Out Fault of the People of To-day.

"I'm not so sure," observed the doctor reflectively, as he watched the smoke curl upward from his cigar, "that we Americans are not proficient in one of the most important of the arts—the art of making friends. It wouldn't do anybody a bit of harm to take half an hour off and sit down to go over the accessions to his friends within the past year or so. Incidentally, he might reflect on what he has done in the way of keeping up old friendships. It seems to me that people drift apart very quickly nowadays. Absorption in business is one factor making for this end; another is the growing disinclination to keep up any sort of correspondence, and a third is a tendency, increasing as the years go by, to let one's personal interest become more centered. All of these things militate against the making of new friends, and they have a habit of loosen the bonds binding the old ones. The fault," he concluded, "isn't in the people whom we meet; it's in ourselves, and we might as well realize it. Let us look for likable qualities, and not the reverse. There is such a thing as being too cautious about our acquaintances, and thus shutting ourselves off from much pleasure and profit."

QUEER NAMES USED IN CHINA.

Much the Same Idea as That of the North American Indian.

"We Chinese," said the law student, "give our children queer names. Our girls, for instance are not called Mabel, Jenny or Matilda, but Cloudy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes. Our boys get less delicious names. Boys are made for work and wisdom, rather than for dancing and pleasure, and their names show this, as Practical Industry, Ancestral Knowledge, Complete Virtue, Ancestral Piety, Discreet Valor. To our slaves we give still another set of names. Yes, those dear, pathetic little slaves of ours, some girls, some boys, who do a hundred various little tasks about the house, these lowly creatures have names like Not For Me, Joy to Serve, Your Happiness and Humble Devotion."

Up-to-Date Laundress.

Users of the telephone are becoming so numerous that it is not surprising to find one installed in almost every home, but it did seem rather an up-to-date affair for a negress to have dug in the back room that comprised her "apartments." A woman who wanted an extra bit of washing done for a family had gone into the smaller joy in search of her. "O, Mrs. Brown," said the washerwoman, "you needn't to have come clear down here for me. I've got a telephone." And, sure enough, there sat one beside her tubs. The astonished patron said: "But Lizzie, I thought you didn't wash for but three families, did you need a telephone?" "Well, Miss Brown," said Lizzie, modestly, "I ain't got but three women to wash for, but I've got a pretty daughter."—Philadelphia Record.

The Face and the Emotions.

Habitual worry shows itself in the action of the facial nerve—the nerve of expression, as anatomists call it—producing lines which in course of time become permanent. The same is true of many other emotions and states of mind; and those which are dominant in the life of the individual will ere long produce permanent changes in the face. The secret of the beauty which age cannot wither is to possess a beautiful mind; climatrape and depilatories and electricity and massage and cosmetics are poor makeshifts compared with this.

Family Life in France.

Modern France is the stronghold of the family system. See a French family at dinner in a restaurant or, for that matter, at home. You will never see a gayer, livelier function. There is such a frank and unassumed sense of community about the whole thing. The boys adore their mother, the girls their father, the parents take such a whole-hearted delight in their children, and the children are so happy and respectful. It is a sight of which every Frenchman may be proud.

Cash and Domestic Bliss.

That money is the root of all evil is a maxim we all learned in our copy-book days. And 80 per cent of newly-made wives discover to their astonishment that money worries, disputes over bills, and accusations of "extravagance" against the lady of the house are at the bottom of the cloud and thunder storms which cause the honeymooners to the fact that life is real, life is earnest, and not an unending chapter of connubial bliss, courting and kisses.

An Unimportant Matter.

Reporter—Was the operation a success, doctor? Eminent Scientist—Oh, completely so! I demonstrated beyond dispute exactly what I contended all along. Reporter—Then the patient is all right? Eminent Scientist—The patient! The patient died. But why in the face of my triumphant vindication do you want these unimportant details?

A Different Medium.

Huggins—That pretty little sculptress I met at your reception the other evening completely turned my head. Miss Deachley—Indeed! I knew she modeled in clay, but I wasn't aware that she worked in wood.

WHEN BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Father Wanted to Start Him at Once on Career of Usefulness.

"Children seem to be considered a nuisance among the rich nowadays," remarked a well known business man who has as large family as any of the poor. They are a luxury, or between the two extremes it is a little surprising that the infant population keeps up to its record. In the olden days it was different. Every man and every woman believed it a duty to their God and to their country to raise a large family, and they fulfilled the obligation with a good grace. The times have changed. The moneyed man of to-day has no time for children. He has his business to look after and his rents to collect, while his wife is continually on the go with social engagements and appointments with her modiste. So the stork is left to shiver in the cold. But the poor man is sometimes as guilty as the rich in this matter. He has a family of children, but he has no time for them. I heard this illustrated by a little story the other day. A working man who lives in one of the poorer districts of the city has seven children, the youngest of whom recently graduated from the creeping stage of its existence. The father was sitting in the kitchen when he heard the voice of one of his daughters who was in another room. "Papa," she said, "the baby can walk." "Can he?" Well, send him around the corner for a pint," replied the parent, and resumed his reading."—N. Y. Press.

GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWERS.

Lawyer Objected to "Conversation" Between Witness and Horse.

At a term of the circuit court in Ohio not long ago a "horse case" was on trial, and a well-known "horseman" was called as a witness. "Well, sir, you saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant. "Yes, sir, I—" "What did you do?" "I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was; an' I says to him, I says, 'Old sport, I guess you're pretty good yet.'" At this juncture counsel for the opposing side entered a violent objection. "Stop!" he cried. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"—Harper's Weekly.

Miser's Peculiar Will.

William John Watson emigrated a half century ago from Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, to Australia, where he made a fortune of over £10,000. A few years ago he returned to his native town and has, since lived the life of a miser in a small three roomed house, where he was found dead several days ago. By his will he leaves the whole of his property to Portadown, for the purpose of providing healthy recreation for the people, but he bars football or race rowing. The will further provides that the urban council shall, out of the interest, have a dinner every five years, the expense not to exceed £1 per head. At each of these dinners the will is to be read publicly.

Interesting Use of Gas.

A very interesting use for producer gas is made in a factory in Jersey City, where tempering of metal to be made into curtain springs is successfully and economically done with its heat. Coke fires were formerly utilized for the purpose, but the temperature varied to such an extent that a great deal of the material was spoiled. With producer gas an absolutely constant temperature is secured and the work is done in a more cleanly manner, with no possibility of error as to the degree of heat. Consequently the waste heretofore encountered has been reduced to a minimum and the quality of the product is absolutely uniform.

A Diamond in the Dark.

It is said that some diamonds will shine by their own light when placed in a dark room. Prof. Crookes, of London, says that when diamonds are placed in a vacuum and exposed to a current of electricity, they shine with different colored lights. He has seen them emit bright blue, pale blue, apricot, red, yellowish-green, pale green and orange rays. One beautiful green diamond in his possession, when phosphoresing in a good vacuum, gave almost as much light as a candle. The light was pale green.

Too Much Tea.

He was a solicitor of more or less repute, and his Saturday afternoon's pursuit was golf and whisky and soda. On this particular Saturday, however, he had been detained in town. On reaching home he was met by his wife and little daughter. "No game to-day my dear," he said to his wife, as he picked up the little girl and kissed her. Then his daughter sniffed the air and said, "Well, daddy, you do smell awfully of golf."—Tit-Bits.

Making It Plain.

Little Jeastus—But Ah kain't ondahstan' 'bout de yarth an' de sun. Uncle Mose—Lemme 'splain hit ter you' all. Now s'posen dis lantern am de sun, an' mah haid am de yarth. Ah swings de lantern roun' an' run' an' it done shed light on de inhabitants of mah haid. Now does yo' ondahstan'?

The Dummy in the Clouds.

She had been invited to join a ballooning party. "How many are going up?" she asked. "Three," they told her. She looked disappointed. "What is wrong?" they asked her. "If there were four," she answered, "we could play bridge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HARD WORK TO RETAIN YOUTH.

One Man Declares He Is Not Envious of His Friend's Success.

"The fabled secret of youth, the fountain of everlasting life and all the panaceas for growing old without looking old or feeling old are absurdities by the side of the process used by a professional man of my acquaintance," said a widely known lawyer of Philadelphia. "That man looks like a chap of 35, eats, sleeps, drinks and employs himself like one, but I know he's past 60, and considerably past it at that. He hasn't a gray hair on his head, his eye is bright, his skin clear, his step elastic, and his voice strong. What's the secret? It has been an inflexible habit with him from early youth to retire at eight o'clock in the evening and sleep until seven in the morning. On rising he takes a cold bath, but many men do that. Oh, that's all easy, you say? It's not so easy, after all. Try it and stick to it, despite engagements at the theater, business affairs left over from the day and all the variety of things of that sort, and you'll find it about as hard a task as you can place before yourself. Of course, there have been a few breaks in his lifetime habit. But in the main he has adhered to it. Do I recommend it? Well, hardly. It's a dry existence. I prefer this style of life and am willing to die young accordingly."

EFFECT OF EARTH'S ROTATION.

Belgian Geologist So Ascribes Curious Twists in Tree Trunks.

Curious twists are observed in many tree trunks, and the inquiry just begun in Europe suggests the surprising conclusion that they are produced by the earth's rotation, like the twists of storms and the whirls seen in water. Van den Broeck, the Belgian geologist, points out that if conditions of growth were the cause the torsion should follow the sun's apparent path. In at least 990 out 1,000 trees the reverse is true, and it may be that the twist is usually to the left in the northern hemisphere and to the right—or with the clock—in the southern hemisphere, like the turn of the cyclonic storms and water vortices. This difference is due to the earth's rotation. Jean Brunhes notes that it was shown some years ago that the winds due to the earth's motion blow steadily at a season when vegetation is active and sensitive, and a slight continuous bending and turning then would be likely to affect the tree permanently. —From the Bulletin of the American Forestry Association.

The American Beauty's Defects.

If we were to find particular fault with our American beauties dominant in the public eye to-day, it would be their lack of facial strength, the absence of soul quality which our strenuous national life and feverish ambitions tend to nullify if not annihilate. The nobility of countenance, the calm, pure, steadfast expressions seen in the faces of the great sculptures might well be emulated by our own beautiful women. We lack the simplicity, the repose of the period that produced those beauty types that have been accepted as a standard for all ages. The American girl, with all of her glorious qualities, needs some of the serenity and power of old Greece to make her more perfect than she is. Her facial weak points are in her nose and chin and forehead. Now and then one comes upon the strong type, but it is the exception.—Perriton Maxwell, in the Bohemian.

How a Philosopher Described a Child.

A child is nature's fresh picture, newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beator. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.—John Earle (1601-1665).

Tennyson and the Socialist.

Tennyson figuring as a champion of the imperiled rights of property is thus quoted in William Allingham's lately published "Diary." "I was once in a coffee shop in the Westminster road at four o'clock in the morning. A man was raging, 'Why has so-and-so a hundred pounds and I have not a shilling?' I said to him, 'If your father had left you a hundred pounds you would not give it away to somebody else.' He had not a word to answer. I knew he hadn't."

What Happened.

Eva—"Dear me! I really believe that Jack was a pugilist at some stage of his career." Katherine—"Gracious! What in the world gave you that idea?" Eva—"Why, the other evening when we were sitting on the sofa little Tommy peeped in the parlor and shouted 'Break away!' and Jack jumped all the way to the other end of the room. After that he said in confusion he was thinking about cereals."

Real Sweet.

"Please let me take your picture, miss," pleaded the young man with the camera. "I declare, you are sweet enough to eat." "Gracious!" laughed the pretty summer girl; "and is that why you wish to put me on a plate?"

USED POISON OF RATTLESNAKE.

Preparation That Made War Arrows of Cherokee Indians Deadly.

An old Cherokee Indian recently gave away the secret how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrow heads for war purposes or for killing bears, according to the Denver Field and Farm. They took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole, and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance. About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the cooking sun. The bucks would poke the first rattler they found with the liver on the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping. The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison. Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upward position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was then pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was death to any creature which it entered on arrows.

TOOK HIS OWN FROM ROBBER.

How a Pilgrim Got Back His Stolen Purse in Church.

From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidences. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church, and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief. "I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest and the thief got away.

First Idea of the Telegraph.

Long before Prof. S. F. B. Morse had perfected his great invention the word "telegraph" was used for a sort of semaphore. In the French revolution a "telegraph," assisted by telescopes, was devised to carry news over immense distances. Forty years before this time, however, there was published the first detailed scheme for communication by means of electricity. It is outlined in a letter to the Scots magazine, written February 1, 1753, from Renfrew and signed C. M. This suggestion was to transmit a charge from the conductor of an electrical machine at the sending station along an insulated wire to the receiving machine, the presence of the charge being indicated by the behavior of a light pith ball or the passage of a spark. Each letter of the alphabet was to have a separate wire, so that any word might be spelled out and any message sent.

"Time, the Great Healer."

A doctor who had treated a patient for a long time without giving relief finally wrote to him that he could do no more, and that tempus edax rerum was the only remedy. The patient immediately went to a drug store and applied for the remedy. The druggist gave him a bottle of some kind of mixture and charged him a large sum for it. After the patient had taken the compound for some time he met his doctor and thanked him for the wonderful prescription, which had cured him. The druggist's trick was discovered and the patient sued him for the money spent on the bogus medicine.

Trend of Civilization.

I had thought that civilization meant the attainment of peace and order and freedom, of good will between man and man, of the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice, and by consequence the attainment of the good life which these things breed, a life free from craven fear, but full of incident; that was what I thought it meant, not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and drink—and therewithal more and sharper difference between class and class.—William Morris.

"Shopping Headache."

A prominent physician says that "shoppers' headache" is due to the fact that one has not eaten enough. He declares that no work is so nerve trying as shopping, and advises a good, substantial luncheon in the midst of the store hunt. Take an hour for rest and eat, thinking as little as possible of the tasks yet to be accomplished, and there will not be such a splitting headache to take home.

Making Sure.

Artist—I want to get a frame for a rather important picture I've just finished. Picture Dealer—Certainly, sir. For your own use? Artist—No; I'm sending it to the exhibition. Picture Dealer—Just step this way. I've the very thing. There! You see: the design of the frame is a nymph on each side! Absolutely excludes all danger of having the picture hung upside down.—Stray Stories.

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