

BLIND MAIL CARRIER

TRAVELED RURAL ROUTE FOR OVER TWELVE YEARS.

Saved Enough from Meager Salary to Start Little Store—is Only Support of Widowed Mother and Sister.

St. Louis.—Michael Moore, of Quote, Mo., is one of the many undaunted by a permanent disability. He has been totally blind for 17 years, yet during that time he has been a rural mail carrier and star route carrier.

Now he is keeping a little country store, where the people know him so well that they take pleasure in patronizing this unfortunate blind man, who is and has been supporting his widowed mother and sister. For over 12 years he delivered the mail to 26 families, a distance of 12 miles, between Mandeville and Quote. During that time he lost but two days, and never made a mistake in the delivery of his mail.

His faithful pony would never pass a house without going up to the mail box and stopping, though the rain might be falling in torrents or a fierce blizzard raging.

It may seem strange that he could place the mail in the boxes as directed, but that was arranged by the postmaster, Miss Mae Williams, who always took great care to place the mail for each individual along his route in a separate pocket in the mail pouch. Anything to be put in box No. 1 would be found in the outer pocket of the pouch, and No. 2 the next to that, while if nothing was for No. 3, that pocket would be empty. So all that Mike had to do was to keep account of the number of boxes he had stopped at and let the pony do the rest.

For this work, which required him to face all kinds of weather, he received the extravagant sum of \$170 a year for five years, and then he was allowed an increase of \$30 per annum. If you call at his store now he will converse with you very intelligently on any of the subjects of the day, as his sister reads to him during all of his spare moments.

He can make change very quickly, and never makes a mistake. He was born in Bloomington, Ill., 43 years ago, yet he seems much younger.

Only once did he meet with a mishap in his mail delivery, and that was on account of a swollen stream. His pony ventured to cross a bridge that collapsed, throwing his rider into the current, which would have been fatal had it not been for the timely arrival of a traveler, who rescued the blind mail carrier.

SYLLABLE TYPEWRITER.

Only Twenty Keys on Machine of Charles Bivort's Invention.

Washington.—Consul J. I. Brittain writes from Kehl that, according to the Journal of Alsace-Lorraine, the stenophile Bivort, recently invented by Charles Bivort, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and director of the Bulletin of the Halles, has given some very practical and interesting results.

The machine reproduces sound automatically, by syllables, in topographic characters. It is operated in the same way as the typewriter and has a keyboard, which consists of 20 keys. Each key, upon being pressed, points the corresponding letter on a band of paper, which unrolls itself on a sort of pulley. The characters are the same as those of the usual alphabet. It is easy to read at first sight what the machine has written. It is simple, strong and light, and exacts in its management neither effort nor rigid attention. A child or blind man can easily learn to use it. It writes very swiftly, writing as high as 200 words a minute without fatiguing the operator or annoying the orator by noise. By means of an interchangeable keyboard it can be used for all languages.

The machine was recently exhibited in the office of the Journal of Alsace-Lorraine in Strassburg, where it gave excellent results, reproducing both French and German with perfect facility. It is already in use in many schools.

GETS \$100 AFTER FIVE YEARS.

Money Dropped by Owner Returned By Unknown Person.

Newport, R. I.—Ex Sheriff Benjamin Easton called at a bank in Newport on Sept. 3, 1901, and exchanged a number of small bills for ones of larger denominations. When he reached home he discovered he had lost a \$100 gold certificate. He advertised, but heard nothing until a year ago, when the following appeared in a local paper:

Person who lost sum of money on street in Newport in September, 1901, please communicate with M. C. P. O. box 423, Block Island R. I.

A letter was promptly sent to this address, explaining the circumstances, but it was unanswered until a few days ago, when an unregistered letter postmarked Denver, was received by Mr. Easton. It contained a \$100 bill, the letter which had been sent to Block Island in response to the advertisement, and a note reading:

Please acknowledge the receipt of this in Mary Crowley, 515 Fourteenth avenue No. E., Seattle, Wash.

The letter was written on the correspondence paper of a dry goods store in Denver, and the envelope bore the same imprint, which was scratched out. The handwriting looks like that of a juvenile.

MAKES STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Kentucky Man Finds in His Head Needle Swallowed 40 Years Ago.

Glasgow, Ky.—A remarkable case of how the point of an ordinary sewing needle will pass through the human body is reported from Bonnevillie, Hart county.

While F. G. Skaggs, United States mail carrier, was taking his daily trip from Bonnevillie to Pike View, he attempted to move his cap on his head, and found that it was stuck by something sharp. Thinking the trouble was caused by a pin, he examined the cap closely, but found nothing. After reaching home a pricking sensation caused him to have his head examined, and the point of an ordinary sewing needle was found protruding through the skin. With the assistance of a pocket knife the piece of needle, which was about half the length of a common needle, was removed.

Skaggs has had trouble with his head for a long time, and had been treated by a number of physicians without getting any relief. He had all along attributed the trouble to a blow which he received many years ago.

Mr. Skaggs, who is more than 50 years of age, says that when he was a lad of ten or 12 years, one day, while cutting and chewing sassafras bark, he swallowed what he thought to be a splinter, which lodged in his throat. Shortly after the pricking sensation stopped in his throat his head became affected. He is now of the opinion that it was then he swallowed the needle, which has since remained in his neck and head—about 40 years.

SEA-GOING FLAT IS LATEST.

Ocean Liners Are to Be Fitted With Apartments and Have Janitor.

New York.—The Atlantic Transport Line is having installed in its steamships the very latest feature for the comfort of the ocean-going public. It is a sea-going flat, which will have a private bath, a janitor and "all the comforts of home."

The plans for the flats show that they will be 30 feet long. The parlor will have a width of 15 feet. Two bedrooms will open from one side of the hall, with windows looking on deck, and opposite these will be a bath and a clothes closet. The tenant's name will be on the front door. A bell will announce callers.

In furnishing the flat the home-like idea will prevail. Each apartment will have an electric heater for light cooking.

There will be two flats on each steamer, one on the port and one on the starboard side. They will be built forward on the upper promenade deck, in the space now occupied by the officers' quarters.

Already workmen are constructing the new apartments on the steamship Minnetonka, now laying up in London. As soon as the Minneapolis and the Minnehaha arrive on the other side the changes will be made on them.

HAS SPENT LIFE IN A CAVE.

Welshman Supports Himself by Doing Odd Jobs.

New Cambria, Mo.—Seven miles north of New Cambria is a man who for 30 years has lived in a dug-out, for the sole purpose of saving house rent. Something like 40 years ago a young Welshman living in the vicinity of Cambria became homesick and spent all the money he owned on a trip back to the old country, Wales. Returning a year or so later he found himself in need of a suit of clothes, but without the money to buy it. When he tried to borrow of a friend he met the response some of the rest of us have known.

He was told that his credit was not good. It was here that the iron entered his soul. He got the use of an acre of ground seven miles from town and built himself a dug-out. Here he has lived alone ever since, supporting himself on his garden and on food brought from the village housewives with personal service, such as chopping wood and carrying in coal. Jones is the man's name, and as this is a Welsh neighborhood and at least every third Welshman is named Jones, this one is distinguished by adding the name of the locality in Wales from which he came, and so he is known as Jones of Bolla.

\$4,000,000 TREASURE FOUND.

Gold and Silver Believed to Have Been Hidden by Bandits.

Austin, Tex.—A dispatch from Durango, Mexico, says there is much excitement over the discovery of hidden treasure to the amount of more than \$4,000,000 near Corral de Majoma on the Hacienda El Ojo in the Nombrex de Dios district of the state. The hacienda is owned by Julio Corbello. The government has sent 50 soldiers to the place to preserve order.

The treasure consists of golden images and idols and a large crucifix of gold with a vast number of silver bars. The treasure is said to have been hidden at Corral de Majoma by bandits many years ago. At one time bandits were very thick and audacious throughout that district. Lines of communication were most imperfect and it is argued that a treasure of this value might well have been collected by a robber band and secreted without anyone being the wiser.

A shepherd is said to have discovered the treasure and to have told of his find to an official, who immediately took steps to recover it.

NEW BYRON POEM IS FOUND.

Hitherto Unpublished Verse Found in Poet's Handwriting.

Middletown, N. Y.—Charles G. Dill of this city, who has one of the largest libraries in the state, and who takes special pride in the work of Lord Byron, has an old volume of the poems in which is inscribed in the poet's own hand on one of the front leaves an unpublished poem. The authenticity of the poem is attested by an English clergyman, a distant relative of Lord Byron's family. It reads:

Buds, blossoms, breezes, butterflies and bees
(Alliteration now is all the go)
And sunny lakes and vales and moonlight
spoken,
And streams that to their own sweet
music flow.
"Here's goodly stuff toward"—and if to
you add a maiden with a breast of snow,
And eye of blue, you are a clumsy fellow,
If you can't rhyme as well as Miss Costello.

Or L. E. L.—for every fool can rhyme,
Or love and broken hearts—that never
were broken.
Since surgeons cannot find a rent—'til
time
To doubt a fact of which there is no
taken.
But this would play the devil with the
chime
Of modern verse and I have treason
spoken.
For hearts must break—of ladies who
are single.
But would be double (how my couplets
jingle).
The single ladies wishing to be double.
The married ones to save the virgins
trouble.

The date at which the poem was written is not known, but it is believed to have been years before the poet's death in 1824.

WISHES NOW HE HAD BRIDE.

New Acting Commander of League of Island Navy Yard is Worried.

Philadelphia.—Uncle Sam's rule which requests that all of his officers on duty at League Island shall make their homes on the premises in buildings especially provided for that purpose is causing Capt. F. A. Wilner to bewail his bachelorhood. He recently has been transferred to League Island from duty at Portland, Me., and now is acting commander. In the temporary absence of Rear Admiral Craig.

Heretofore Capt. Wilner has lived in clubs in Portland and at the other stations where he has served. As a consequence he never has accumulated a great many household effects. All can easily be carried in two ordinary trunks.

The captain's surprise, then, can be imagined when, after his arrival in Philadelphia, he learned that his days of club life were over, and a modern 15-room house, utterly devoid of furnishings, and within the confines of the navy yard, was pointed out to him as his future residence.

Capt. Wilner began "fitting out" a few of the rooms a day or two ago, but said that he would not bother furnishing all of the 15, as it would be too much room for an unmarried man and his few servants.

HOME AS GIFT TO HARLAN.

Filing of Deeds Reveals Golden Wedding Present by Children.

Washington.—By the filing of deeds the other day it became known that the gift of the children of Justice Harlan of the supreme court and wife on the occasion of their recent golden wedding was the present Harlan home and a large piece of adjoining property. The donors of the property were Richard D. Harlan and wife and James S. Harlan and wife. Justice Harlan is made the trustee of the property until his death, to be succeeded by his son John Maynard Harlan of Chicago. The property is given to Mrs. Harlan outright and may be sold or disposed of as she may think best. The consideration named is one dollar "and love for Malvina French Harlan."

The properties covered by the deeds include the home at Fourteenth street and Euclid place, with a frontage of 75 feet in Fourteenth street and a depth of 210 feet, and the adjoining property to the north, with a frontage of 70 feet and a depth of 210 feet. The home property was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harlan and the adjoining property of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Harlan. The property is held at a high valuation and is extremely desirable.

SIXTY-YEAR LAWSUIT ENDS.

About \$30,000 Has Been Spent in Fighting Over Land Worth \$5.

Allentown, Pa.—Dragged through the courts for more than 60 years, the lawsuit of Andrew Camp vs. William Zimmerman was finally decided in court here. The litigants were leading farmers in the upper end of Lehigh county, and the dispute arose over a strip of land worth about \$5. The suit was over the ownership, and the litigation began when Zimmerman cut down a chestnut tree on the property. The men and their families, although neighbors, have not spoken together for half a century. The case has been in the supreme court at least three times, and no less than \$30,000 has been spent in lawyers' fees and other costs.

Since the last action was brought Zimmerman has died, as have also his lawyer, John Rupp, and the principal witness, Peter Kunkle. His widow fought the case to a finish, but she lost, the jury deciding that the property belongs to Camp.

When the suits involving the question of damages were tried the verdict never exceeded \$5.

WHERE THE HIPPOS BATHE.

South African Lake for Which Big Beasts Have a Liking.

A few miles from Mufuhoya we came to Kikarongo, a circular lake, once a crater, about half a mile wide, writes a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette from Uganda. The water is slightly salt and is greatly appreciated by the hippos, who come here in large parties from Lake Rulsamba to bathe. The lake is shallow for a few yards only and then deepens rapidly, so the hippos, who do not like deep water, never go very far from the shore.

On a still day it is an amusing pastime to sit by the lake and watch the great brutes—enjoying themselves. For a moment nothing is to be seen, then suddenly a score or more of huge heads burst through the water with loud snorts and spluttering jets of water through their nostrils; they stare around with their ugly little piglike eyes, yawn prodigiously, showing a fearful array of tusks and a cavernous throat, then sink with a satisfied gurgle below the surface, to repeat the performance a minute or two afterward.

Sometimes one stands almost upright in the water; then he rolls over with a sounding splash, showing a broad expanse of back like a huge porpoise. Or a too venturesome young bachelor approaches a select circle of veterans, who resent his intrusion and drive him away with roars and grunts. There is something irresistibly suggestive of humanity about their ungainly gambols. Only bathing machines are wanted to complete the picture.

HAS A LICENSE TO MARRY.

Holding it Until He Finds the Right Woman.

"Boss," said a negro to a clerk in a marriage license office a few days ago, "I want a license. I've done made up my mind to get married. How much do you cost?"

"Two dollars," said the clerk. The negro took his license and went away. But next morning he was back bright and early. He looked dejected. "Bring it back," he said bluntly.

"Well," advised the clerk, "I can't refund your money. I'm not allowed to."

"No." "No." "All right, boss," said the negro, starting for the door. "It's just cost me them two dollars for that black gal to change her mind. Lord, I'm an unlucky coon."

He had nearly reached the door when he stopped, came back and asked:

"Is this licen' good any time?" "Yes," the clerk told him. "Good a year from now?" "Yes, good ten years from now." "Well, I'll jist save it. Maybe I'll need it, an' then I'll be two dollars ahead."

Some News About Baseball.

An article under the head "Baseball in Vienna" in a newspaper of that city will be read with much interest by persons in this country who know something about the national game. "The game has become so popular," says the writer, "that it will soon be a rival of lawn tennis. Mothers who object to their daughters taking part in the violent exercise which tennis demands will have no objection to the new game on that account. Baseball was originally, like cricket, a man's game, but in the 80's an Englishman named Hill changed it so that women might play. Then it became popular in America, where amusements are always arranged so that women may take part in them. Since then baseball has become almost the national game there."

Compensation for Small Men.

There are, indeed, many compensations which fall to the lot of one who is short of stature. When taking off his hat to a lady he does not have to reach up half so far as his more lengthy fellow; if a dime is dropped on the carpet by a careless friend he is certain to find it sooner than anyone else; when he has mislaid his latchkey he can always enter the house via the slit in the letter box; diseases such as "smoker's throat" and "housemaid's knee" which assail other victims singly can attack him in combination and affect only one portion of his anatomy, thereby enabling him to get over two illnesses in the time that other people devote to a recovery from but one.

First Use of Black Lead.

"It is difficult," says a writer, "to determine the exact period in which 'black lead' was first utilized as an instrument for writing or drawing, as it has been confused with other mineral bodies. The ancients used lead, but the metal was formed into flat plates, and the edges of these plates were used to make the mark. If an enormous design was desired the transcriber drew parallel lines and traced illuminated designs, usually with a hard point, but also with soft lead. That lead was known to the ancients is also proved by the fact that it is mentioned in the book of Job."

Gently Expressed.

"That man is positively dishonest!" said the protesting citizen. "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "He isn't as culpable as you think. He merely lacks the high intelligence which enables a man to exercise fine ethical discrimination."

NAMED BY GREAT EXPLORER.

Waterway Called After Champlain Has Now No Designation.

A name which Samuel Champlain applied to a certain waterway in our country should be revived. Champlain has been called "the real founder and the father of Canada." He was also the first who carefully explored the coasts of our New England, years before the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers, and accurate and concise was his description of the shores and waters that he followed into Ponnabot and Boston bays, past Cape Cod and along the south coast to Buzzards bay. Champlain was a modest man, but for once in his career he gave his own name to a geographical feature—that which marked the end of his discoveries in what are now United States waters. He wrote:

"Coasting along to the southwest nearly 12 leagues, we passed near a river which is very small and difficult to approach because of shallows and rocks at its mouth. I gave it my name."

Seeing this waterway from the deck of his vessel, Champlain misapprehended its nature. It is not a river, but a short and narrow strait, widening at two places inland and connecting the waters of Buzzards bay with Vineyard sound. The village of Wood's Hole stands on its northern shore.

Today this waterway seems to have no name. It is very clearly mapped on the government topographic sheet, but without a name. The leading gazetteer says merely that Wood's Hole is situated on a small strait. The fact has been forgotten that it was named by the great explorer who was the first to call attention to it.

HISTORY OF NINE DIGITS.

Arabic Numerals Used in Europe in Twelfth Century.

It has been a matter for discussion when Arabic numerals first displaced the more cumbersome Roman system in Europe. There are few examples of Arabic figures in inscriptions that can be regarded as genuine to be found in Great Britain before the sixteenth century, though in Germany some are found which date from the fifteenth century; 1355 was supposed to be the earliest date of a manuscript with Arabic numerals, but Sir James Picton says that there is an account in the record office of the year 1325, which is indorsed with that date by an Italian merchant.

In the Cambridge university library there is a Latin version of a treatise on the astrolabe, dated 1276, in which the Arabic numerals are quite freely used. But Mr. Axon, writing in the Antiquary, mentions some still earlier examples. Pope Leo XIII. published a work illustrating the artistic collections of papal palace, in which the date 1247 appears on the sixth plate of the "Musaeo Cristiano," and in the Munich state library is a Chronicle of Regensburg which is officially described as the oldest MS. containing Arabic numerals, and as being written between the years 1167 and 1174.

The Vatican ivory of 1247, the Cambridge MS. of 1276 and the Regensburg Chronicle of 1167 may, therefore, be considered the earliest examples beyond dispute of the use of Arabic numerals in Europe.

The Last Resort.

"Directly after the war," said Major General Charles E. Row, "I was at a Methodist meeting with one of the members of our old regiment. The minister got up and began to exhort. 'Is there any one here who will join the army of the Lord?' he asked. 'Nobody answered. 'Surely there is some one within the sound of my voice who is ready and willing to join the army of the Lord,'" he cried. Still no answer, and he was about to begin again when my friend, the member of our regiment, arose and cried out sympathetically:

"Draft 'em, durn 'em! Draft 'em!""

"Whisky Boat" No More.

The famous "whisky boat" is out of business. It plied on the river between Tunica and Coahoma counties and did a flourishing business with the levee negroes. For years it was a subject of contention between Mississippi and Arkansas, and the enactment of a law by the latter state prohibiting issue of liquor license in towns of less than 500 is responsible for its demise. The boat was licensed at Westover, Ark., and this town came under the law. The history of the "whisky boat" is filled with greswome accounts of killings and outrages, and all river men will recall memories of its halcyon days.—Mobile Register.

Good Substitute for Liquor.

"Is your husband keeping his promise to abstain from drinking?" asked Mrs. Wise.

"Oh, yes, faithfully," answered Mrs. Newliew.

"Are you sure? It's pretty hard for a man to resist the temptation."

"Yes, but he tells me he's found a substitute which he eats whenever he feels tempted to take a drink; and what do you suspect it is? Cloveet!"

Uncle Eben.

"Mebbe one reason," said Uncle Eben, "dat us folks hab so much difficulty is dat we inclines to be game of craps an' blackberry an' gin sud o' bridge whilst an' champagne."

BRITON A POOR IMMIGRANT.

As a Settler in Canada He Has Done Little for Country.

Canada naturally has strong English sentiments, but the actual leaders in affairs in the Canadian Northwest admit that the English immigrant neither made a past nor assured a future for their new empire. First came the typical English "remittance man," who lived on money sent from home and subsisted chiefly on whisky. He was a lumberer of the earth and spelled no progress whatever.

Then came the English colonist from the cities, poor folk for the most part and eager to better themselves; willing to work, but in fitness generations behind the men who fought their course across the continent by way of the Appalachians and the Missouri, and the Rockies. Later there arrived numbers of the agricultural classes of England, peaceful, hard-working and frugal, admirable settlers, albeit somewhat ignorant of the conditions of life in a new country.

All these were welcomed in Canada, but, although the English immigration in numbers equals that of many other nations combined, it does not equal the American immigration alone in striking power, in foot-pound terms of potential civilization.—Outing.

HOW HE MIGHT QUIET BABY.

Simple But Energetic Method Advised by Mother.

"Before I got this job I had no idea so many funny things happened on great cars," said a new conductor. "Every day I see and hear things that are amusing. For instance, a woman with a baby about two years old boarded my car and rode downtown. When we reached Fifteenth and California she rose to get off. The baby was tucked snugly in the corner of the aisle. 'Say,' she said to me, 'I'd like to ask a favor of you.'"

"What is it?" I asked. "I've got some shopping to do," she said. "Would you please take baby around a trip with you? I don't want him with me. I'll be back when you return to this corner and take him."

"Madam, I replied, I can't take care of your baby. Suppose he should get to crying, as he undoubtedly would."

"Well, goodness me!" she said, "you could slap him, couldn't you?"—Denver Post.

Granted in Advance.

The young doctor who had lately settled in Shrubville had ample opportunity to learn humility, if nothing else, in his chosen field.

One day he was hailed by an elderly man, who requested him to step in and see his wife, who was ailing. At the close of his visit the young doctor asked for a private word with the man.

"Your wife's case is somewhat complicated," he said, "and with your permission I should like to call the Brookfield physician in consultation. 'Permission!' echoed the man indignantly. 'I told her I knew she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did.'—Youth's Companion.

Enjoyable Occasion.

"A snow like this reminds me of the country and the amusements they have out on the snow-parked roofs. 'Going to funerals, for instance. You remember that big snow last winter? Well, Mrs. Camden drove 16 miles in that snow to attend a funeral. When she came back she was fairly teeming with new bits of it, how lovely the corpse looked in an all-over white lace dress, with all her jewelry on and lilies in her hand; how expensive the casket was and how many many carriages they had. She nearly froze, coming and going, she said, but she was glad she went."—New York Press.

Red Coral.

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which supports a number of soft-bodied, coral-like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen after they have brought the shrub-like colony to the surface clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime, it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish. Horn, wool and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat.

Still the Best Seller.

"Our best selling book?" said the dealer. "This is it, this fine-print volume in the flexible black binding—the Bible. Every year there are over 8,000,000 Bibles sold.

"The Bible is the only book with which one can never get overstocked. We keep a certain number of presses going steadily, year in and year out, on Bible, and if we find we have 100,000 or so copies on hand it causes us no uneasiness—we keep the presses going just the same—we know all will be sold. It seems almost providential, doesn't it?"

He Knew It.

"It is always the unexpected that happens," said the man who likes quotations.

"Nobody knows it better than I," answered the gloomy-looking man. "I'm a professional weather prophet."