

DOODGE THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS

Women Adopt Novel Means of Smuggling Their Pet Dogs.

An enquiry to the king of Saxony was recently summoned for endeavoring to smuggle a pet dog ashore at Dover, England. It was noticed that this wife, the countess, looked bulky round the waist when she landed, and on examination it was found that she had a dog in a bag hanging from her waist and under her coat. This is really the most fashionable smuggling that is done at the present day.

FEELS THE LOSS OF HIS HOME.

Nature Student's Cruel Experiment with the Hermit Crab.

"At the seashore it is an interesting experiment to look for those little shell-dwelling crabs called hermits," said a nature student. You find one, then you break his shellhouse. His look of independence at once leaves him. Helpless, he rushes here and there, up and down, with a helpless, terrified and desperate air.

Then you find another shell of the proper shape and size, and you set it in his way. He halts before it. He takes its measurement. As quickly as possible he bustles in.

Then his helpless and lost air vanishes, and a haughty and fearless householder once more, he frowns out at you from his window, as much as to say: "Go on about your business!"

A Threatened Drought.

It is said that a great drought, for a short time, threatened to prevail at President recently. An order for six cases of beer had been left with an Oil City dealer in the brewery product to be sent to President by express. It was untolded at that station, but when the consignment was about to load it on the ferry boat he was stopped by the ferryman, who is a staunch prohibitionist.

Convert to New Creed.

At a dinner recently given in honor of Augustus Thomas, the playwright, Mr. Thomas discussed his recent efforts at writing plays about telepathy, the occult, etc., and said: "I am compelled to admit that the occult is becoming popular. Only the other day a chorus girl was entering the lobby of a theater when she met the manager.

Finished Him.

"Yes," prattled the artless damsel. "I have eight brothers and four sisters. There were 16 in mother's family, and 14 in her mother's. It's funny about our family. Now, my oldest sister—"

Mysteries of Civilization.

"You have persuaded the Indian to give up his picturesque head-dress and blankets and wear hats and trousers," said the ardent person.

It is.

"How are you getting on in your endeavor to win the hand of Miss Shady?"

SOUNDS WARNING TO BATHERS.

Deaths May Be Brought on by Too Sudden Plunge.

"When the warm weather heats your blood and you long to hie to the cooling seaside and plunge boldly into the briny, pause, hesitate, consider," says an eminent nose and ear specialist. "Observe the numbers of bathers who during the season evince a sudden deafness, which often lingers for weeks at a time and sometimes becomes a permanent trouble.

THE WAIL OF THE CANDIDATE.

Plaint Probably Written by One Who Has "Been There."

It's fine to be a candidate! The life is gay, although not free; you can not call your time your own, nowhere you go are you alone; the parrot dog you every step, no matter what you do they're bop. Banquets, tours, receptions take every moment you're awake. And if you snatch a moment's sleep, waiting hordes their vigils keep. They're waiting there to interview, or whisper secrets deep to you. The life is gay, although not free; you live a hundred months in three; you're everybody's friend proclaimed and as a villain dark defamed. Your record's whitewashed till it gleams, then vivisected till it screams. You seldom see your family, and they're ashamed your kin to be. You bear the ordeal of the fray bravely till election day, and if elected you are not, you're glad to fade and be forgot.—Exchange.

The Moor of To-Day.

If the usurping sultan of Morocco succeeds in thoroughly arousing the religious fanaticism of the tribes, some desperate fighting will fall to the share of France and Spain. No one who has not been in the interior of Morocco, or who is not well acquainted with conditions there, can appreciate the bigotry of the land and the medieval quality of the hatred felt for Christians. The Moor who lives outside of the direct influence of civilization is the same kind of a fighting man as his ancestor who descended on Spain with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other and founded an empire there.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the abbey and palace of Holyrood house, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries; and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominoes and his creditors standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.

Children Simply Brought Up.

Most of the royal children of Europe are brought up much more simply than American children of the wealthier classes, because they have none of the party engagements and school affiliations that take up so much of the time of American children. The Russian children are brought up according to English customs, living much of the time in the open air, and are said to be a strong, jolly lot of youngsters. The small boy who is the crown prince imperial being an especially precocious youngster.

From Experience.

"Do you believe Poe really heard the raven tapping, tapping, tapping upon his chamber door?" asked the lanky artist.

In Doubt.

"That's a curious-looking mule you're driving," remarked the man who was whittling a pine stick.

PROPER DIET IN THE TROPICS.

Americans Make a Mistake in Eating Too Much Meat.

Most Americans in the tropics make the mistake of eating large quantities of beef and salt meat. The best and cheapest fish market in the world is found right at our doors. Spanish mackerel at 1 1/2 cents a pound can be had any day. Fifty cents will furnish fish for 50 people. The longosta del mar is a forty-second cousin of the American lobster and altogether toothsome. It may be ordered the day before and delivered alive at your door.

PRINCESS AT IRONING BOARD.

Pretty Story Told of Daughter of Queen Victoria.

A pretty story is told of Princess Louise when her husband, the Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, was Governor General of Canada. She was sketching one afternoon in the neighborhood of a town where she was to be present with the Governor General at some great function in the afternoon. The day was hot and she became thirsty, so she went to a nearby cottage and asked for a drink of water. The mistress of the house was ironing. "I would gladly give you a drink," she said, "but I have no water in the house and I haven't time to go to get it, for I'm ironing a dress for my daughter to wear this afternoon when she goes to see the queen's daughter."

Objects to "Suffragette."

"It is time," observes a writer in the London Chronicle, "that the term suffragette be abandoned, as the suffragist movement has taken its serious place in politics. The word is not worth preserving. It is used as a term of reproach and does not enrich the language. Women do not want the vote in order to maintain a distinction, but in order to obliterate it. They want to be suffragists and citizens just as men are. Therefore, we have no place for such a mongrel word as 'suffragette' in our political vocabulary. The latest addition to political terminology is more useful. It is 'platform.' It was invented by John M. Robertson, M. P., and is intended to describe something rather indefinite in the way of political pledges—something which is partly a platform and partly a platform."

Fencing with Umbrellas.

Recently a French publication printed a picture of some American girls fencing with umbrellas and stated that they were trying to acquire thus the necessary skill and assurance to parry, with a simple gesture, an attack of Apaches. It is also stated that this sport was not born in America; that for several years in France a noted fencing mistress, Mme. Guillemot, at the same time that she taught fencing with the sword, for hygienic reasons, and for personal defence, also taught her pupils to "play" with the umbrella. The article finishes by saying that "it is certainly 'piquant' that this modern application of an ancient sport was taught by a Parisienne long before America claimed the original idea."

What He Overlooked.

"I might have known that you would refuse me," said the poor but otherwise honest young man who had failed to impress the fair maid. "There was a metallic ring in your voice when I entered the parlor that boded me no good."

Had you been a little more observant.

"Had you been a little more observant," she rejoined, "you might also have noticed a metallic ring on my finger that Charlie Gotrox placed there last night."

Where Sexes Are Equal.

Women are privileged to make a will when 18 years of age in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, and in these states the wife and minor children are entitled to a homestead and a certain allowance out of her husband's estate, which has priority over ordinary debts. Also in these states there is equality of inheritance for both sexes, women having been instrumental in making the laws of these states.

Not to Be Frightened.

The landlady's daughter looked up from the daily paper. "Here's a singular thing, ma," she said. "A German scientist declares that eating meat causes heart disease."

Not Quite the Same Thing.

"That model of yours is a puzzle to me," said the artist's friend.

REVERE BELL IN ITS TOWER.

Since 1810 This Bell Has Pealed Forth Calls for Service.

Boston.—The Unitarian church at Norton has two distinctions. In the first place it was organized 191 years ago, making it one of the oldest religious societies of continuous existence in this state. In the second place there is one of the much-coveted Paul Revere bells in the tower of the edifice. Since 1810 this bell has pealed forth the calls to services, and to-day its condition is good. In that year a number of men and women who considered the Unitarian church as their home of spiritual endeavor, raised a sufficient sum among themselves to purchase the bell and offer it as a gift to the parish.

On March 26, 1810, the records show that it was "voted to accept the present made to the parish of a bell, give leave that said bell be hung on the meeting house, and that the ringing of the bell on Sunday morning be nine o'clock."

PAIR WEDS AFTER 47 YEARS.

Outbreak of Civil War Cause of Postponing Marriage. Lewisburg, Tenn.—After a postponement of their wedding for 47 years, O. P. Starnes of Johnson county, Texas, and Mrs. Woolaver of Archer, Tenn., have been married here. They have gone to Oklahoma on their honeymoon. The bride was formerly Miss Mary Foley and lived in Greene county, which was also the bridegroom's home. They were to have been married in the summer of 1861, but at the outbreak of the civil war Mr. Starnes enlisted in the confederate army and the marriage was postponed. At the battle of Missionary Ridge the prospective bridegroom was critically wounded and left for dead on the field.

MAN HOLDS MANY JOBS.

Reporter is Mayor, Magistrate, Auditor, City Clerk and Other Things. Courtland, Pa.—Not many public offices have escaped George Washington Williams, who is burress or mayor, justice of the peace, auditor, secretary of the council or city clerk, and president of the board of health. Were he to lose his job as reporter on a local paper he might easily pick out and handle several other borough positions. Williams moved to Courtland from Wilkesbarre two years ago. Almost immediately he was elected secretary of the borough council. He still retained his newspaper job, and one night was detailed to report a Republican caucus. Much to his surprise the caucus selected him as a candidate for burress. He accepted and was elected by four votes over Jacob Hunt, who had lived there 50 years. His administration is a big success. And then the other offices came. Only one person in Courtland held as many offices as Williams. This was Miss Louise Bennett, organist of the Methodist Episcopal church, organist for the Sunday school, teacher, superintendent of the Junior Epworth League and president of the Women's Home Mission society. Just to end the rivalry Williams married the girl.

CUPID'S GIFTS FOR KEEPS.

Court Declares Lovers Cannot Be Indian Slaves. Altoona, Pa.—According to the interpretation of the law by Judge James Shull of Perry county, specially presiding in Blair county, when a lover gives a present to his sweetheart it is hers for all time.

James Polke gave Miss Lucy Duffey of Juniata a set of furs while he was courting her, and the weather was frigid; but later he fell in love with another girl, sent all Miss Duffey's presents back and demanded the reasonable furs. She told him to come and get them. He came and she showed him the present, which he appropriated. The girl says he choked her twice when she tried to get them from him. Suits for larceny and for assault and battery followed. They were tried recently. Judge Shull stipulated the larceny charge and returned the furs. In this hot weather, to Miss Duffey, and the jury divided the coats in the other case.

TO GATHER PRUNES

CALIFORNIA RANCHER HOPES TO USE MONKEYS.

Orders a Consignment of 500 Chatterers from Panama and Will Train Them to Work in the Orchards.

San Jose, Cal.—Central American monkeys, trained to hop over orchard clods and pick up the succulent prunes that are now ripening in Santa Clara valley, are believed by Martin V. Seely of this city to be the solution of the California labor problem. To this end Mr. Seely has ordered a consignment of 500 simians from Panama and is now training some eight or ten on his ranch in the coast range foothills.

For years California fruit growers yearly have been confronted with the question of harvesting their crops. Santa Clara valley is the heaviest producer of prunes in the United States, if not in the world. The work of gathering the fruit into boxes for shipping after it has ripened and fallen to the ground formerly was done by men sent by labor agencies from San Francisco, augmented by school children from foothill towns.

But with the influx of aggressive Japanese white labor rebelled against working by the side of that from the orient, and as a result the little brown men overwhelmed the fruit ranches. Of late seasons, however, there has been a shortage of prune pickers, both American and Japanese, and in many instances shipments were delayed and several crops lost through the lack of harvest hands.

The usual floating labor population of San Francisco did not respond readily to the calls of the ranchers, and consequently the marketing of the crops was hindered.

But now comes Seely with a panacea for the prune men's harvesting ills. Seely proposes to raise the monkey to the level of the fruit grower, and he is confident of ultimate success.

"It always has been difficult for us to obtain adequate help when most needed," he said. "When hands are available we are imposed upon in wages. Last year I sold the crop of a 20-acre lot of prunes, expecting to have them gathered. But when the time for the first picking arrived not one man or boy appeared. Finally, with the help of Japs and Chinese I fulfilled my end of the contract, but at a loss.

"Then an old friend from Iowa visited me. Prunes, orientals and climate were all strange to him. When he first saw the Japs squatting or hopping around beneath the trees he laughed and said: 'Where did you get all those monkeys?'

"After he had returned east I thought over his remark, and the idea occurred to me, why not get genuine monkeys to pick prunes?'

"Before coming to California I worked in Central America, and while there became acquainted with A. R. Jones of Acapulco, Panama. Jones owned a coffee plantation. The forest about his ranch clearings abounded with monkeys. The natives caught many young ones and trained them to pick fruit.

"So I have written to Jones and he is gathering monkeys and will ship them to me at once. Meantime I have obtained a number from San Francisco dealers. They now are in the hands of trainers, but as the animals are still strange I can't say how the venture will result. If I get the right kind of monkeys, I'm sure I will be successful. 'A well-bred, well-behaved monkey ought to be able to do the work of ten Japs. Then there would be no wages and the feed and salary of the trainer would be my only expense. The animals ordered are young and ought to prove satisfactory if properly trained. I will muzzle them to prevent them from eating the fruit, and expect to divide the 500 into 50 bands, ten to a trainer.'

CATTLE HAD THE RABIES.

Farmers Who Removed Hides Are Taking Pasteur Treatment.

Ioia, Mich.—A strange case of the rabies has been brought to light in Berlin township, where two cows on Tracy Lowry's farm died recently. It is supposed the animals were bitten by Tracy Lowry's dog, which disappeared three weeks ago.

The dog was not known to have attacked the cows, and Randy Taylor, veterinarian from Saranac, was called to doctor the cattle. The two cows died. Bruce and Earl Lowry then took the hides off.

Finally they began to fear hydrophobia, and a few days ago left for Ann Arbor, taking the brains of the cattle with them. Next day a bad case of rabies was reported, and Bruce and Earl are both infected. Earl having had a sore hand when handling the carcasses. Tracy Lowry also went to Ann Arbor to take the Pasteur treatment, and there is much apprehension over the situation.

Eight Weasels Attack a Cow.

Hanover, Pa.—Maymakers on the farm of H. A. Sell, near Hanover, noticed a cow in a nearby meadow strangely jumping about and bellowing loudly. Upon investigation they were astonished to find that eight weasels had attacked her. After a hard fight the farmers succeeded in killing several of the blood suckers and scattering the remainder.

ABANDON THEIR OLD CUSTOM.

Peruvian Women Replace Bomber Headgear with Colors.

As the visitors from the American fleet went out in Lima, one change, national in character, impressed itself upon them immediately. Every writer on Peru has commented on the fact that the headdress of the women, worn universally, is the black manta. It is said that it is a relic that has come down from the Incas when they put on mourning for their great chief Atahu alpa. Rich and poor have worn that headdress on the street for centuries. It was an established institution.

Well, it is going. About one-half of the women, some of them in good circumstances evidently, wore mantas on the streets, but as for the rest—well, a man has no business to write about women's hats. All that this man can say is that he never saw more dashing specimens of flower garden than those bobbing around over the graceful drapery with which the Peruvian women adorn themselves.

Thus does fashion war successfully upon established custom. The Peruvian woman loves a beautiful hat just as much as any other woman on earth. Moreover, what is said about her surpassing beauty is true. Given great beauty and the love of a hat on the part of a woman—what chance has a black manta got? The manta has got to go and is going. Truly this is a world of change and there are those who will say it is one of decay, but let no one breathe that in a fashionable millinery shop in Lima.

BELIEVES IN WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe Thinks Them a Power for Good.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, now almost a nonagenarian, is still moved by living enthusiasm for the cause she has so long supported. To a young southern writer who was introduced to her in Boston last year Mrs. Howe, after due exchange of conversation, said: "And now, my dear, go home and start a little club for women, any kind of a little club, but make them meet and read and talk. That is what I did. I started the Boston Women's Club. I've started in my day. You can easily realize what a godsend to dull and shut-in lives Mrs. Howe's club may have been a half century ago, when the outlets to women's lives were fewer than they are now. Clubs nowadays, however, are accused of drawing women away from more serious and worthy pursuits than they can furnish them.

The Dog, the Cat and the Lady.

Yesterday evening, shortly after seven o'clock, a daintily attired young lady was passing our galleries in Regent street, where is now on exhibition a collection of old sporting prints. The galleries had just been closed and the staff gone, and the housekeeper's cat was enjoying the cool of the evening outside, when the lady's companion—a ferocious bulldog—flew at the cat and both dashed through the window, doing damage to the extent of many pounds. The cat was almost instantly killed, and as the usual crowd quickly gathered, a lady discreetly bailed a taxicab and, followed by her sporting companion, who seemed none the worse for his dash through a half inch plate-glass window, drove quickly from the scene.—London Telegraph.

Woman's Record Bass Caught.

The largest striped bass caught by a woman with rod and line on this coast was captured a few days ago in Larkspur slough by Mrs. Carrie M. Blundon. The fish scaled 23 pounds dressed, and was replete in spawn at the time of its death. The successful fisherman said that she was using a very light rod at the time the big fish snatched her clam bait from the mud bottom, but the battle it gave for its freedom was not what the angler expected. In fact, it succumbed within ten minutes of the time it was hooked. Mrs. Blundon is, however, very proud of her achievement.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Entitled to Admission.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the senate, went over to the state department a short time ago to see Secretary Root. He didn't know it was diplomatic day at the department, when only diplomatists are received during certain hours. He started to go into Secretary Root's office when a messenger stopped him. "Are you a foreign minister?" "No," replied Dr. Hale, "I am a domestic minister," and that settled that.

Out of Usual Ruts.

It is interesting to come across something original in an epigrammatic way once in a while in a new book. Miss Willcock's "A Man of Genius" makes one pause over a paragraph long enough to read it twice, every once in a while. "You've got a temperature of 104. Tolstoi—and I can't operate. If you'd caught something in its instead of lam, I might," some one says, and again, "Thinking is like sugar—good for the hat, but gouty for the old."

Like Exacting Stories.

At the annual meeting of the American Library association at Lake Minnetonka C. L. Pearson declared that boys love exciting stories, and that if they are to be induced to read they must have such stories. If they cannot get good ones of the kind they will take bad ones, and it behooves the writers to remember these things in connection with the tastes of a boy.