

COUNT TOLSTOI ON HORSEBACK



The famous Russian author, Count Leo Tolstoy, has just passed his 80th birthday in the same parental home at Yasnya-Polyana in which he was born in 1828. Judging from the photograph taken at Yasnya-Polyana, Tolstoy bears his years lightly. He is mounted on his favorite horse for a saunter across the fields, with a green branch in his hand. He is dressed, as always, like a humble peasant, with his white shirt floating over his trousers and a white linen cap on his venerable head.

HIDE SURPLUS CASH

RUSSIAN COLONY IN KANSAS HAS NO USE FOR BANKS.

Buy and Sell for Ready Money Only—Honest, Industrious and Religious, They Are Celebrated as Debt Payers.

Hayes City, Kan.—A large portion of the population of Ellis county is made up of Russians who have no working knowledge of our banking system or disposition to learn anything about it," said a Hayes City banker.

"They do their own banking. Their strong box consists of a tin can or an old boot and their safety deposit vault is a hole under the barn or in the cellar. When they sell something they demand the cash and hide it.

"It is a conservative estimate to say that more than half of the actual cash of this county is hidden," he continued. "Our deposits come chiefly from the Americans. Comparatively few of the Russians do any banking business. We have conducted a campaign among them for years, and some of the younger element are beginning to patronize us. But the old timers are still holding off and probably will continue to do so for the rest of their lives."

"Perhaps 70 per cent. of the people of Ellis county are Russians. More strictly speaking, they are German-Russians. Originally they went from Germany to Russia, and later came here. They are a sturdy, honest people, industrious, very religious and great money-savers. As debt payers they are celebrated. They never hide behind the statute of limitation. If a Russian buys a horse or a farm he is just as sure to pay for it as he lives. Mortgages are only used as a protection in case of death.

Ninety per cent. of the Russians own their own farms, and they work them to the very limit. Wheat is the principal crop of this section and the Russians are the great wheat raisers of the bread belt. No sooner do they reap one crop than they go to plowing for the next. It is a common thing right now to see one branch of a family running a header and another the plow in the same field.

Everybody works, including father, even the women and children take to the fields during the busy season. The only rest a Russian gets is on Sunday and religious holidays. No counting ever arises to prevent a Russian from remembering the Sabbath day and keeping it holy. The same is true of religious holidays, and the Russians have many of them during the busy summer months.

It was 32 years ago that the first Russian colony settled in Ellis county. Since then they have multiplied like green pigs.

DUCK HAS DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Pet Fowl of Kentucky Woman Dies from Drinking Whisky.

Frankfort, Ky.—Two nature fakers' stories are being told here, and, improbable as they seem, are given credit. A pet duck belonging to a young woman here, while swimming in Hickory creek, drank so much of the burned whisky from Greenbush's distillery, which fronts the stream, that she became dead drunk and died in delirium tremens.

A farmer living near here illustrates how seriously the drought had affected the farmers, said that all the ponds on his place had dried up, but one, and a few days ago the grass around that pond caught fire and burned during the night. The next morning, when he went to the pond, he said, he found all the fish in the pond cooked.

STATUE NEGLECTED 7 YEARS.

Kentucky Legislature Orders Repairs for Henry Clay Monument.

Lexington, Ky.—By a stroke of lightning seven years ago the Henry Clay monument in the Lexington cemetery was beheaded. A short time ago a committee was appointed by Gov. Willson to take charge of the work of repairing the damage. The \$10,000 appropriated by the last legislature will be used for the purpose.

For all this time the once headless statue has stood headless, and thousands of people have said with a sigh, "What a shame!"

The monument was erected by subscriptions from throughout the country, the eastern people giving the largest contributions, the total cost being \$50,263.84. It was completed in January, 1869. The pedestal is 69 feet high, and the statue surmounting it is 12½ feet high, making the total height from the ground 132 feet.

It was on the night of July 23, 1901, when lightning cut the head clean from the shoulders and allowed it to fall to the ground, where it was buried some three feet in the earth. The weight of the statue itself was 13,000 pounds. The nose and one ear were broken off.

Numerous attempts were made to have the state legislature make an appropriation for the repair of the monument, but each time the bill was considered of little importance and side-tracked, there being some feeling that since the monument was built by public subscription it should be repaired in the same way.

Several attempts were made to raise funds in the latter way, but all failed for want of interest.

The committee appointed by Gov. Willson will go to work and replace the statue as it was originally.

PENSION INCREASE IS \$18,664,821.

Loss of 15,684 Persons from Roll, but Amount is Largest Ever.

Washington.—The report of the commissioner of pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30 last, shows that during the year there were 34,333 deaths among civil war veterans who were on the pension roll. This falling off was equal to about five per cent. of the total, and left 628,084 survivors on the roll. The number of deaths was 3,132 greater than during the previous year.

The total number of pensioners at the end of the year was 951,987. During the year 54,356 pensioners of all classes were dropped, and 38,682 added, making a net loss of 15,684. The statement also shows that 188,445 widows of soldiers already have taken advantage of the law of the last session of congress increasing to \$12 a month the pensions to widows.

The actual expenditure for the year on account of pensions was \$153,093,086, but on account of the law increasing the rate to individual pensioners the annual value of the roll at the close of the year was \$159,493,701, an increase of \$18,644,821 over the previous year. The expenditure was the largest in the history of the bureau.

Jilted; Gets Expenses.

Greene Lake, Wash.—Damian Joku-baitus, a miner, had no claim for the \$38.50 on his rival in love, which he could prosecute at law, but the rival was willing to reimburse Damian if he would withdraw peacefully. Damian took out a license to marry Euzeta Sitaguata, a Russian girl of the See-lyville mining community. Then she changed her mind and promised to marry the other Russian, named Pehibitis. When the two men called at the clerk's office it was to have the license changed, but the clerk told them that the only way was to cancel it and take out another. This meant two dollars, but the amount was paid. In Damian's \$38.50 were all his courting expenses.

NO NAPKIN FOR THE PRESIDENT.

How "Fighting Bob" Kept Discipline on a Mano-a-War.

As a flag officer, I have always required of the commissary officer of each ship a bill of fare, prepared a week in advance, stating just what would be served at each meal. This, forwarded through his commanding officer, came to me and after examination was passed to the paymaster of the fleet for filing. To be sure that this bill of fare was followed, and the food properly prepared and served, I frequently went on board some ship of the fleet without any previous notice and directed the captain to have a table set for me on the mess deck among the men, and there, in company with the members of my staff and the captain and commissary officer of the ship, took my dinner. The meal was served to us exactly as it was to the men and nothing was permitted on the table which they did not have. In the declaration of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in his navy articles in Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

On one occasion I took the president to dine in this way with the crew of a battleship, and he had a most enjoyable dinner. The captain was shocked that the president had no napkin to wipe his mouth on, and proposed to send for one, but I assured him that I would not permit one on the table. This custom of mine, like some other of my performances, would have turned the captain of 50 years ago white-headed. However that may be, it convinced the men, and also the commissary officer, that I intended to see that those under my command should be properly fed, and the first effect was to stop a vast amount of growling and discontent in the fleet.

WAS NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

Why Guest at Banquet Sought Knife That Was Blunt.

A. J. Drexel Biddle, whose original and brilliant mind, coupled with his wealth, youth and high social position, has made him for some years one of Philadelphia's most prominent figures, was talking at York about boxing.

"Every man should know how to box," said Mr. Drexel Biddle, who is one of the best amateur boxers in America. "In the case of attack by pickpockets, or in defense of a lady, indeed in a hundred crises, how deplorably awkward it is to be unable to box.

"The man ignorant of boxing is apt to make a great fool of himself. Ignorance nearly always makes fools of us. I remember a man, ignorant of etiquette, who once sat beside me at a public dinner.

"I noticed that this man, as soon as he was seated, took up one by one the knives at the right of his plate, and began to try their edges on his thumb.

"The knives are all sharp, sir."

"The point is," said my neighbor, "I'm looking for a blunt one. Last time I attended a banquet here I cut my mouth."

Interpreting a Gift.
Last Christmas a Philadelphia man sent as a present to his son and daughter-in-law one of the new gold cables, and with it the following letter:

"The woman on the face of this coin is for you, Clarence, because men usually like good-looking women. The eagle on the reverse, with the feathers on its legs, is for Lottie, because women are supposed to like birds and feathers.

"The 'E pluribus unum' which you know is translated 'One of many,' means that of the many of them you would like to have this is the only one you get.

"The 13 stars, being an unlucky number, indicate the hard luck many of us have in our efforts to gather in the quantity of these coins we really have need for, but then the 46 stars around the rim tell you that by working like 46 days in the week you can probably accumulate enough to see you through."

Bird Snaring in Connecticut.

Reports from hunters who have made trips to different points where game usually can be found indicate that snaring has prevailed this season to a greater extent than ever before. Evidence is abundant in any locality frequented by game, the telltale snare, or unfrequently still holding its prey, being a dumb but sure witness that awbreakers are numerous and are almost thoughtless in their boldness.

Some idea of the magnitude of this law-breaking work in this state may be gained from the fact that one man alone had shipped some 300 birds to another state within a few weeks after the close season was on.—Hartford Courant.

Another Touch.

"Maria," said Mr. Stubbs, as he looked through his waistcoat, "where are those two ten-dollar notes I had?"

"Why, I took them, John," responded Mrs. Stubbs, innocently. "Didn't you say I could have anything I found under a dollar?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, they were both under a dollar. The dollar was on top."

WOMAN SAYS "LET MEN SMOKE."

Philadelphia Physician Astounds Sisters at Club Meeting.

"Let men smoke. Good tobacco, used moderately, is a sedative for the nerves. You can no more stop men smoking than you can stop them breathing."

This opinion, uttered by Dr. Rachel Skidelsky, was the bomb which created consternation at the meeting of the Woman's club in the home of Mrs. A. B. Nesbit, the other day, says the Philadelphia North American.

When she had finished half a dozen women wanted the floor simultaneously. There was a long discussion, in which "my husband" was frequently quoted as an authority.

The temerous statement of Dr. Skidelsky was made in reply to a remark made by Dr. Harriet P. Westbrook, who was a speaker at the last meeting of the National Municipal league. She was shocked and embarrassed, she said, because nearly all the men were smoking.

"This," she said, "was not only boorish, but most unpleasant to me, as I could not get rid of the smell of tobacco in my clothes for a week."

OTHERWISE THEY'D BE EXTINCT.

Logical Certainty That There Were Microbes in the Ark.

John W. Gates was talking about the accident that befell the Mauretania recently.

"When that propeller broke," he said, "the screw seemed to run away with the great ship. She was racked as though a host of giants with sledges were beating on her sides. We all felt for a moment as lost—as lost as those creatures whom the ark left behind."

Mr. Gates smiled.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"What are they, my son?" I asked.

"Them's microbes," he said.

"It had never occurred to me before," Mr. Gates ended, "but there must, of course, have been a pair of microbes in the ark."

The Original Daedalus.

According to mythology, Daedalus was the original sky sailor. He was a fine mechanic, and is said to have been the inventor of the saw, the auger, the plummet, and other mechanical devices. The king of Crete got him to build a labyrinth to keep the minotaur in. Afterward, for some indiscretion the king put Daedalus in, and his son Icarus, also. There his mechanical genius stood him well in hand, for he made a pair of wings out of feathers and wax, for himself and his son, and with these they flew out of the labyrinth. As they soared aloft, Daedalus warned Icarus to be careful, not to fly very high, for the sun might melt the wax. But Icarus, like a great many boys these days, forgot in the joy of his flight, his father's advice, and so went so near the sun that its hot rays melted the wax that held the feathers in place, and so poor, disobedient Icarus tumbled head-long into the sea, which sea has been known as Icarion ever since.—Ohio State Journal.

A Mislead Colony.

The government of France has mislaid a colony, and the government of Mexico has found it.

It is Clipperton Island, a little island in the Pacific ocean, ten degrees north and 109 degrees longitude west. It is one of a large group of islands which is visited periodically by a French warship.

Some time ago, when the warship visited the island, the French sailors found soldiers there in Mexican uniform, and the Mexican flag floating serenely over the island.

The island is directly east of the mouth of the Panama canal, which gives it a certain amount of importance.

The matter has been placed in the hands of the French foreign office, and "communications are pending." The warship discovered that the French government had mislaid the island two years ago.

The Main Point.

The Englishman and the American were talking about honesty among men.

"Speaking about honest men," said the American, proudly, "our George Washington was the most honest man the world has ever known. Why, he took a hack at the cherry tree and then told his father about it."

The Englishman pondered in silence for a long time. Finally he drawled: "It may be deuced clever in George telling his father about taking the hack, but tell me this."

"Well, what is it?"

"Did he pay the driver?"

Seeing and Believing.

"What must you do in order to become a psychic researcher?"

"I don't know exactly," answered the hard-headed person. "But as near as I can make out the requirements, you must be able to believe everything you see and also to see everything you may feel like believing."

Quarrel in the Woods.

"You're lots more of a coward than I am," declared the squirrel.

"Maybe, but I'm not nearly so much of a tail-bearer," answered the rabbit, wiggling its nose insultingly.

FISH CARRIES ITS OWN SAIL.

Hoists or Lowers It at Will and Navigates Shallow South Pacific Waters.

Few marine animals seem at first glance to betray less intelligence than the jellyfish. Up with the tide and down with the tide, carried along by this or that current, moving with the eddy of a backwater hither and thither, the jellyfish has become almost a synonym for helplessness.

Scientifically, of course, the popular idea of the jellyfish is wholly mistaken; but it is perhaps only in tropical waters that he is found in the perfection of intelligence. In the South Pacific, around the islands of Polynesia, and as far south as the upper portion of the North island of New Zealand there is a jellyfish who not only knows where he wants to go but is even provided with a sail which he can and does hoist or lower at will.

The sail, like the rest of this curious animal, is almost transparent, but unlike the body of the fish, which is of the usual gelatinous construction, the sail is a membrane almost as hard as shell.

Roundabout the Ellisee group the navigating fish is often found with a sail measuring five inches across, and he navigates the shallow island waters with the skill of a Hooghly pilot, steering in and out of snaggy places and avoiding obstructions both above and below the surface with unerring skill. Like his cousins in home waters this navigating jellyfish has the power of stinging its natural enemies, and its sting is fatal to fish and dangerous to man.

NO PROSPECT OF LITIGATION.

"Square" Bemis a Good Example of a Modern Solomon.

The disputes which old "Square" Bemis was called upon to settle were many and various. He asked no fee.

"All I require is that you'll abide by what I say, or you needn't ever come to me again," he told his Bushby clients.

"You've helped me out a good many times, square," said Ephraim Gregg, on one occasion, "and I look to ye to do it now. Bill Henderson's colt broke loose and got into my garden yesterday, and between what he tore up and what he's got, I should say 'twould take about four dollars to cover. Can you get it out of Bill, think?"

"Square" Bemis shook his head.

"Bill's been here before you," he said, gravely, "and I've been with him to look over the colt. I've advised him not to prosecute unless you tried to. The damages his colt has sustained from your blackberry-vines would come to considerably more than four dollars, Ephraim. But if you insist on—"

"I'm not insisting," broke in Ephraim. "On the whole square, some of them squash-vines might not have come to much anyway. So we'll just let the whole thing go."—Youth's Companion.

Collecting Good Art.

"Genuine works of art are daily growing scarcer, and I am pleased to note that Americans no longer acquire the trash of Europe," remarked Henry J. Davenport of London, and New York to a New York Telegram reporter.

"The people of this country are just as particular now in collecting examples of art as are Europeans. In purchasing valuable art objects they show remarkable experience and wisdom. The collections in this country now include some of the rarest and richest examples of art in existence, and Europe casts envious eyes at the collections of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Widener, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. Walters and others."

"The museums here own some of the most magnificent specimens of art in the world, and their collections will soon rival those in London, Paris and elsewhere."

Good for the Clothiers.

The more the parade is made up of civilians, the more the suits of ready-made clothes we sell, said a clothier. "Most men who parade the streets want a new suit to strut around in. The chances are that are not going to pay much attention to the clothes worn by any man who is not in uniform, and anyway, by the time a man has walked three or four miles in the dust nobody could tell whether he had on a new suit or not, but each individual marcher is conscious of his appearance and he insists upon making the best possible showing. Dealers in ready-made clothing keep track of the parades in respect, for they know that each one of them means a big run on new suits."

Prongs Down.

The latest wrinkle in table etiquette concerns forks. It has been the custom when putting the fork down on the plate to turn the prongs up. They must now be turned down. Mme. Grundy's decree suggests that of our childhood's Simon:

"Simon says, Thumbs up."

Simon says, Thumbs down."

Just now Mme. Grundy says: "Forks, prongs down," and unless you obey you are not up to date.

Safe.

"Love letters are dangerous these days," remarked the wise man. "There is only one safe course that I know of and that is to write them and then read them carefully."

"And then send them?" queried the wealthy young man.

"No, then burn them."

MUCH LIKE AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Patent Medicine Man Rather "Had One" On Physician.

Parker M. White, the advertisement writer, was talking in PUSBURG about the universality of advertising.

"Doctors, lawyers, clergymen," he said, "claim not to advertise, but somehow or other, we see their advertisements occasionally. Am I not right?"

"The millionaire proprietor of a patent tonic called on a well-known doctor one day.

"Look here," he said, "you are the Dr. Lacey Fisher who is attending Senator Stoxon, are you not?"

"I am, sir," the physician answered.

"Well," said the tonic man, "what'll you take to put on the daily bulletin that you give out about the senator this sentence: 'Use Blood Bitters. They Ward Off Disease?'"

"Why, man," said the famous doctor, indignantly, "I wouldn't do that for anything. Those bulletins are not advertisements."

"The other chuckled harshly.

"Ain't they?" he said. Then take your name off 'em."

BEST RESULTS NOT ACHIEVED.

Dr. Parkhurst Deprecates What is Known as American Hustle.

In a recent sermon Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst at the Madison Square Presbyterian church, deprecated the swollen ambition and frantic endeavor of the present-day American life.

"American hustle is putting its might upon everything that really deserves to be called substantial. American progress," he said, "has recently been informed by one who has had exceptional opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts that with all the crowding and prodding that distinguishes the American schoolroom there is less to show for it than is secured by the more steady and composed discipline of German instruction."

"A German is never in a hurry, but he does as much as an American, and does it better and more thoroughly and with less wrench to himself and to other people. And when it comes to a question of military genius and preparation, Germany would quite likely be able to whip all the rest of Europe."—N. Y. Times.

Talk.

We are told that it is harder to make talk than it used to be. Yet talk was never cheaper than now.

Probably nothing has happened except what is all the time a happening in every kind of manufacture—ancient processes have been superseded. A woman who, in this day and age, expects to make talk by banging out her winter furs to air will most likely be disappointed. But what were she to drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes in the principal restaurant, or if her womanly delicacy shrinks from that, to overindulge her husband at the bank to pay her losses at bridge?

We are so exacting a generation that almost any sort of worthy achievement is conditioned about as much on the employment of strictly modern methods as on whole-hearted endeavor.—Pack.

A True Patriot.

He was doing some figuring with pencil and paper on the head of a barrel in front of a grocery when the grocer came out and called his attention to some heads of cabbage that had just been left by a farmer.

"Yes, them cabbages is all right," replied the man, "but I don't care for any. I was reading the other night about a proposed treaty between this country and China. The paper said it could raise the price of washing a shirt to nine cents, and I made up my mind I was agin it."

"So you won't favor such a treaty?" was asked.

"Yes, I think I will, since I have figured on it. I find that it would make a difference of only six cents a year to me, and if the rest of the country wants it I won't be so dog-goned mean as to hang back."

Cigarette Makers Lose Jobs.

Many workmen are planning to leave the island of Samos, 43 miles southwest from Smyrna, because of the introduction of machines for cigarette production, which permits a daily output of 100,000 cigarettes. The exports in cigarettes from Samos island amount to 50,000,000. England, Germany, India and the Transvaal being large buyers. The wages average 35 cents for every thousand cigarettes rolled. Wine is also a great source of wealth there. Consul General Harris of Smyrna points out that Samos is a vassal of Turkey and pays a nominal annual tribute, which the sultan gives back to the people of the island to build and repair the much-needed roads.

Drake's Pun.

Having made as much as a modern oil baron Drake decided to go out of the buccaneering business.

"Well, boys," he announced as he hauled down the Jolly Roger, "as I am a Drake, I guess it is time for me to duck."

Later on Queen Elizabeth heard of the fun and offered to make Drake editor-in-chief of a London comic paper.

Made a Hit.

Miss Sue Brette—And you say he took aim and threw an egg at you? Foote Lights—He did.

"Was it bad?"

"The egg was, but the aim was not."—Yonkers Statesman.