

SAVE HIS MESSAGE VERDAM.

Wash's Practical Answer Shattered Court's Dignity. Success Magazine says: It is told of the late Chauncey Shafer, who bears the same relation to New York's "scandots" that Sidney Smith does to London's, that he employed in his law office a stunted youth of very fractious temperament. One day Mr. Shafer returned from lunch in a lively mood, and by token of the Maderia he had consumed, summoned Billy into his private office. "Boy," he said, "go over to the special train and see what in it—they're up to there." The late Judge Brady was presiding over the trial of an action involving many interesting questions of substantive law. Hence, the courtroom was empty save for the litigants, their counsel and the necessary witnesses. Judge Brady's kindness toward women and children was proverbial, and when Billy stood against the railing of the inclosure, his face heavily reaching over the balustrade, the judge noticed him immediately. He interrupted the argument of counsel and turned to Billy. "Well, my lad," he said in suave, judicial accents, "what can I do for you?" "I'm from Mr. Shafer's office," Billy replied, "and he wants to know what in it—you're up to over here."

THE "BEST MAN'S" MISTAKE.

Wedding Fee That Surely Must Have Astonished Minister. As the young man was donning his evening suit preparatory to keeping a social engagement he ran his hand into his pocket and was surprised to find an envelope there. On opening it he discovered \$25 in bills. "Now, where in thunder did I take on all this money?" he said. "It isn't mine, for I never carry my bills around in an envelope." Then he sat down to think where he had worn the suit and how he had come by the \$25. "The best place I wore it," he mused finally, "was when I was best man at a wedding a month ago. But I gave the minister his money. I remember distinctly giving him something, and it must have been his fee. If I didn't give him the money, what in the world did I give him?" He called up the clergyman by phone. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "what I gave you for a fee at Blank's wedding?" The answer came back very distinctly and cuttingly. "Young man, you gave me a box of vile-smelling cigarettes."

At the Same Rate.

An elderly man walked leisurely into a drug store to have a prescription filled for some trifling complaint. Receiving from the druggist a little box of about a dozen pills, he was lifted upon to pay about three or four times what he thought he should. The money was paid without a murmur and in silence, but, stepping off a few feet from the counter, he slowly scanned every corner of the store, almost every shelf of it, and the salesman, supposing he wanted something else, asked what he could do for him, and the reply was: "No, you can do nothing, as I'm already done for, but I'll tell you this, I've many times passed this store, but never before have been inside and made a close survey, as I have now, and, sir, I estimate you have now on hand fully \$1,000,000 in stock."

Appetites of Strangers.

A waiter who always endeavored to give the best possible service to his customers supplemented an order to the kitchen attendants with the request for "a little extra in each dish." "They don't ask me for an extra allowance," he said. "In fact, they didn't know enough to ask for it, but I could see that their appetites would be equal to the supply. That is because they are strangers here. Newcomers in any restaurant or boarding house always eat more than the old-timers. Everything has a new flavor and whets their appetites. It is nothing for customers who are just getting acquainted with a place to eat as if they had been starved for a month. As a matter of fact, they have fared quite well; it's the change that makes them so voracious."

Excellence and Greatness.

In art, as in all things, a certain nomenclature—an abyss—separates excellence from greatness. At the Trippenhausen in Amsterdam, you see upon a water-gate a great picture by a master whose name escapes me; it is excellent. You applaud. Turn round—that is the Night Watch, it is Rembrandt. You utter a cry. There is greatness. Excellence has vanished. You cannot even look again at the other painting. Greatness in art is only obtained at the cost of a kind of adventure. The conquered ideal is the prize of audacity. He who risks nothing gets nothing. The genius is a hero.—From Viktor Hugo's "Intellectual Autobiography."

Always the Politeness.

A Germantown woman was not long ago watching a workman as he put up new window fixtures in her house. "Don't you think that you have placed those fixtures too high?" asked she, having reference to the curtain rolls just put in place. The workman, a solid German, made no reply, but continued to adjust the fixtures. "Didn't you hear my question?" demanded the lady of the house. "How dare you be so rude?" Whereupon the German gulped convulsively, and then replied in the gentlest of voices: "I had my mouth full of screws, and I could not speak till I swallow some!"—Harper's Weekly.

TO TEACH INDIA FARMING.

Iowa Graduate Appointed Director of Agriculture for Country. Ames, Ia.—With a "farm diploma" in his pocket, A. E. Parr has just left the Iowa State Agricultural college here to accept appointment by the British government as director of agriculture and animal husbandry in British India, with headquarters at Calcutta. For his education in agricultural lines Mr. Parr is to be paid a salary of \$10,000 a year for ten years and then he will draw a pension for life of \$5,000 a year. His position will require the best. Under his supervision will be 39 experiment stations and he will be expected to advance his new field notably in soil products. The selection of Mr. Parr from this year's class is perhaps the most conspicuous honor which has come to the institution during the year, but yet graduates from Ames are being sought by every state in the union and by several foreign states. Some of the young men have already been appointed to serve at the head of departments in state agricultural colleges or to take charge of experiment stations, which are becoming so important in the activities of the states. Iowa leads in excellence of training in animal husbandry and soil culture, and it is the "good seed" and "good bread" gospel which this institution is preaching throughout the state, by means of special train jaunts and visits to farmers' institutes, that is keeping Iowa in the front rank of food producers. Mr. Parr has left for England, where he will visit his parents before taking up his work in British India. His father is a leading farmer in Ashley, Staffordshire, England.

VIKINGS EVER IN MINNESOTA?

Finding of Ancient Anchor Thought to Be Proof of Presence. Crookston, Minn.—Photographs have been taken of the ancient Norse anchor found on the state experiment farm the other day, and copies of these will be sent to the Swedish and Norwegian governments in the hope of ascertaining the true historical value of the discovery. The anchor itself will be sent either to the Smithsonian institution or some museum, and efforts will be made to connect it with the supposed visit of the Norsemen to the continent of North America centuries before the discovery by Columbus. According to tradition, Lief Erikson left a party of 60 men when he touched on the North American coast, and it is possible that this anchor is a relic of that little band, of whom nothing ever was heard afterward. The anchor is light, weighing not more than 30 pounds. It consists of a rather heavy cylindrical center piece and from sockets on either side prongs project, the prongs swinging on iron pins through the center of the cylinder. From the nature of the stratum of clay in which the anchor was found it is certain that the earth had not been disturbed for centuries, as the clay was not mixed with the least particle of black dirt. The depth at which the anchor was found and the fact that it was imbedded in solid clay probably accounts for its good state of preservation. Efforts are being made to discover other evidence of the Norsemen's presence in this part of the country.

BATHE WITH TEDDY BEARS.

Girls Hug Fuzzy Toys on Their Way to the Beach. Atlantic City, N. J.—Many visitors who supposed that the teddy bear craze had reached its limit with carrying the attractive toy animals as honored companions on Boardwalk parade and automobile run, received a surprise when girls carried monsters of the fuzzy bear family down to the beach for baths. Without a moment's hesitation the daring young women waded out into the surf, lugging their pets and followed by curious crowds. Mrs. S. S. Charles, of New York, claims the distinction of introducing the fad, which was followed by half a score of summer girls, who appeared to enjoy the sensation which they produced. One girl, who refused her name and carried off her charge in a hurry to dodge photographers, met with a mishap when a big wave toppled her and the bear over in the surf and disgusted lifeguards were compelled to "rescue" the bear to placate his excited mistress, who burst into tears when her treasure floated on top of a big breaker.

\$1 a Kiss; Bride Gets \$385.

Treventon, Pa.—When Mrs. Andrew Lucaskow was led from the church into the home of her husband after her marriage one of the wedding guests proposed that each man kiss the bride and give one dollar apiece. The bride and husband agreed to the proposition and soon the young woman was overwhelmed with kisses. She eventually had \$285 on the plate provided for the kiss fees.

Robins Take to Sprinkler.

Allentown, Pa.—Taking the most logical course, in view of the rainy spring and summer, and getting where things could be no wetter, a pair of robins built a nest in a toy sprinkling can belonging to Luella, daughter of William Fretz, of Dillinger'sville. The sprinkling can had been left outside, near the porch, where the birds found it.

Novel Umbrella Invented.

London.—The umbrella of a Vienna architect is a covering of silk or other material supported on the shoulders by means of two thin rods and a band across the chest. When not in use it folds into a very small space. The hands are left free, and the device is especially recommended for persons who sometimes work in rain, like architects, engineers and artists.

COAL IS GIVING OUT

ANTHRACITE GOING FAST, SAYS GOVERNMENT EXPERT.

At Present Rate of Consumption Supply Will Last Only Seventy-Five Years—The Smoke-Evil Problem. Washington.—"At our present rate of consumption there will be no anthracite coal left in 75 years," says Edward W. Parker, the coal expert of the United States geological survey. "Hard coal will never be cheaper to consumers than it is now. The production of anthracite in 1906 was 63,645,010 tons. According to one coal expert the anthracite available for mining in 1901 was 4,765,216,750 tons. "From these figures evidently there is not enough anthracite coal in the country for power purposes in the large cities of the east," said Dwight T. Dandall, engineer in charge of smoke abatement, geological survey. "In 1905 New York city burned 9,000,000 tons of anthracite coal and 3,500,000 tons of bituminous. This ratio has already changed, and will continue until bituminous coal is in the ascendency. It is estimated that New York and Philadelphia are now using one-fifth of the total yearly production of anthracite. Thus it is seen that we must conserve the hard coal if we wish it to last any length of time. The insistence of eastern cities that manufacturers and others shall continue the use of anthracite coal instead of bituminous, in order to lessen the smoke nuisance, is a losing game, according to government experts. In spite of themselves, the large municipalities that have heretofore so largely used anthracite coal will soon have to come to the almost universal use of bituminous, for the United States has already reached the maximum of its yearly hard coal output, and from this time on the amount of anthracite mined will decrease year by year, and the price naturally will soar until this fund becomes an absolute luxury. "We have found it entirely feasible," said Mr. Randall, "to abate smoke in power plants, but it is next to impossible to stop it among residences burning soft coal. Therefore it would seem that the logical thing to do would be to utilize the rapidly waning supply of hard coal for the homes and use the soft coal in the factories and power houses. "The real problem before the east is the abatement of smoke from soft coal. New York is now showing that this can be done in the experiments conducted by the New York Edison company. "The burning of soft coal by improved methods in large central heating stations, in place of many small, poorly conducted plants, is one of the promised solutions. In several cities these mammoth plants have been installed and are doing good work. "Another method is to convert the fuel into gas and coke at a big plant, selling the gas and coke (both of which are smokeless) to the consumer. "Still another method is the establishment of great gas producers, gas engines and electric generators at the coal mines, the gas producers operating the engines and the latter in turn the generators, sending the electricity into the cities for power, light and heating purposes. Electricity can be sent in this manner 250 miles. It is also hoped that in the near future the railroads will use such power in operating their lines. This would do away with a big part of the smoke nuisance."

TRoublesome Squirrels.

In Colorado Town They Destroy Birds' Nests and Gnaw Through Roofs. Denver, Col.—Greeley is contemplating organizing a squirrel hunt to rid the city of hundreds of squirrels which make their home in Lincoln park and which destroy the eggs of the song-birds. Ten years ago Greeley was the home of many linnets, wild canaries, mocking birds and robins, but only a few are seen now, and there are none left in the trees in the parks because of the depredations of the squirrels. Eight years ago some one brought two pairs of squirrels from the east and made houses for them in the park, where they and the progeny became great attractions. They have multiplied so fast, however, as to overrun the park and extend their nesting places to private grounds. In several cases they have gnawed through the roofs of houses in order to make nests in the garrets. At first it was believed that the English sparrow had driven away the other birds, but investigation proves that not even a sparrow's nest can be found. The placing of the tin collars from eight to ten inches wide around every tree not in the park was suggested for the protection of the birds, but this will prove no remedy because of the ability of the squirrels to spring from one tree top to another. The talk of exterminating the squirrels has been going on for two years and people say they must go.

Prison for Theft of Shroud.

Undertaker Sent to Jail for Burying Man in an Undershirt. Little Rock, Ark.—For the alleged theft of a shroud from a dead man and burying him in the scanty white undershirt furnished by the county hospital, despite the fact that the relatives had paid for the shroud, W. B. Jackson, an undertaker on West Ninth street, was fined \$150 and sentenced to six months in jail. John Parnell died and his two sons arranged for the funeral. They asked Jackson how much he would charge to furnish their father with a coffin, a shroud and a grave. The price agreed upon was \$28. When the day for the funeral came both brothers say they went to the Jackson undertaking rooms and there saw their dead parent, properly laid out in his coffin and dressed in a long black shroud. They made arrangements to return after dinner for the trip to the cemetery, and on leaving the parlor were warned by a woman, who said: "I hope Jackson won't treat your father like he did my son." The two men became suspicious and when the grave was reached they ordered the coffin opened. To this the driver objected, saying it was against Mr. Jackson's orders, but this only strengthened their suspicions. The brothers insisted, and finally the lid was removed. The black shroud had disappeared. The arrest of the undertaker followed.

Sells Whiskers for \$8.

St. Louis.—"Old Man Fritz," the German keeper of the golf links at the St. Louis Country club, has sold his crop of golden, silken whiskers for \$8. It takes Fritz three years to grow such a crop of whiskers. To Circuit Judge Daniel C. Taylor Fritz confided that for many years he has been selling his whiskers to hairdressers, to whom they are valuable because of their color and fine texture. When they grow to his waist the old German cuts them off.

GIVES UP HIS TITLE TO WORK.

Son of Lord Leitrim Said to Have Served as Stoker on Steamer.

New York.—According to Engineer Dobson of the steamer St. Louis, the titled Englishman who recently left his home and a life of ease to make his own way in the world and who started his career of labor by securing employment on the steamer St. Louis as a stoker, is Lord Francis Patrick Clements, the 22-year-old son of the late earl of Leitrim. The young man in carrying out his purpose, it is said, renounced his position as heir presumptive to the baron and has also sacrificed the £40,000 a year income that goes with the title. The family has made every effort since the young nobleman left the family estate at Mulroy, County Donegal, Ireland, a month ago, to induce him to abandon his purpose, but in vain. He is now somewhere in this country earning his bread. Engineer Dobson describes the young nobleman as being of good stature and strong build. When he was hired as a stoker under the name of Sloans his real identity was unknown. On the first day out he was almost overcome by the hard shoveling, but after the first day he was as able as any of the other men to perform his work. He landed in New York with eight dollars in his pocket—his wages for the trip—the clothes on his back and harped hands. What his plans were he told no one on board, except to say that he intended to get work in New York. Clements preserved his incognito all the way across. It was not until the ship returned to Southampton that the stokers through inquiries made by his relatives learned that they had been working side by side with a prospective earl.

OIL KING IS STAGED.

John D. Rockefeller Shown as Hero in "The Almighty Dollar."

New York.—John D. Rockefeller has been "staged," not in any uncertain manner and with an alias as in "The Vanderbilt Cup" or "The Lion and the Mouse," but quite positively even down to his own name. James Haviland has done it in his vaudeville sketch called "The Almighty Dollar," and Haviland himself plays the part of the oil king. John D. is shown bewailing the fact that he has to sneak into his house like a thief in the night, dodging process servers. The door bell rings and he asks sharply, "What's that?" and then soliloquizes, "another of those idiotic reporters, I suppose, seeking my opinion on the next presidential campaign. Pools, tools, fools, it matters not who the man is or may be, he is ours, our body and soul." Then he gets a note from a poor doctor who has been stung by the tainted money microbe and wants a few days more time on his \$30,000 note. "Boah!" scoffs John D. "the same old story. More time, more time, business is business, and a business man should not presume on a friendship," so it goes, but, though he is a hard-headed business man, this Rockefeller of the stage is made so kind hearted, that he gives \$30,000 for the rag doll of Little Liz, the angel wait, who once upon a time pulled his grandchild out of the ocean at Rockaway, and at the end Liz says, earnest-like: "John D. dem noospaper guys who's allus knockin' you is a bunch of stiff. U aint got a hair on de top of yer nut, but I love yer—I love yer like a—"

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One of the senators from Georgia tells of a ducky in that state who sought work at the hands of a white man. The latter inquired whether the negro had a boat. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said: "You see that driftwood down the stream?" "Yassah." "Then," exclaimed the other, "row out into the river and catch it. I'll give you half of what you bring in." The ducky immediately proceeded to do as instructed and for awhile worked hard. Then, of a sudden, he ceased to labor, and puffed for the shore. "What's the trouble?" asked the employer. "Look 'yar, boss," said the ducky indignantly, "dat wood is jest as much mias as yours. I aint gwine to give yo' any. So I aint outer work again!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

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GOD'S ABIDING PLACE

HIGHEST HEAVEN LOCATED IN FAR AWAY STAR ALCYONE.

Washington Preacher Who Said Hades Was in the Sun Makes Another Startling Discovery—Supra-Celestial Beings.

Washington.—The third heaven, the highest of all, the abiding place of God, is on the star Alcyone, immeasurably larger than any other known body, larger than the sun so many times that to make an estimate is an exercise for the mathematician rather than the theologian. Hell is in the sun, and everything outside hell is either heaven or a part of the heavenly system. Rev. Zed Herivel Copp, pastor of Bethany chapel, having thus located hell in the sun, is now willing to indicate in a general way where highest heaven may be found, also he is willing to locate in a general way where paradise and the ordinary or natural heavens may be found. "Paul says: 'He was taken up to the third heaven,'" said Mr. Copp, in explaining his addition to the geography of the supernatural regions, "and heard things not lawful for him to utter. He could not utter them because he could not find human expressions strong enough to convey his ideas. "There are three heavens: "First, the actual heaven, the canopy above the earth. "Second, paradise. "Third, the heaven of heavens, or abiding place of Jehovah. "Scientists know that there is a planet or star around which all other stars and planets, including our own solar system, revolve. That is the star Alcyone, of the first magnitude as to size, and said to be thousands of times larger than any other known body. "God, the creator and law giver, naturally and religiously might be expected to have his abode in a central place from which to rule the rest of his creation. Alcyone is the greatest of his handiworks. It is no violence to suppose that the Deity is so nearly like his creature man as to show a preference for the greatest of his works, and make that his abiding place. "Now, as to the composition and social order of the highest heaven. Undoubtedly it is made of the finest materials; as fine as a combination of all the colors ever seen by the human eye and as pleasing to the senses as all the perfumes of earth and all the music of all the birds joined together. Inexpressibly beautiful, it may well be suggested that the stones we call gems on earth are but waste pieces from the celestial structure. "In this place the inhabitants are beings of the highest rank, but little lower than divinity itself, clothed with majesty, power, and learning. Earthly kings surround themselves with the best and noblest of their subjects. Is it a violent supposition that the divine king does likewise in the composition of his court? "For the second heaven, commonly called paradise, I have no precise location. That is the place to which the malefactor crucified at the same time as Christ went with the son of God. You remember Christ said, 'This day shall thou be with me in paradise.' Paradise is probably located outside the present solar system, but where I have no idea. It is a state of rest, peace, joy, gladness, and contentment, where there is a literal return to communion with God, a restoration of man to his image as he left the hand of his creator, without any of the human frailties; a restoration to the original Adamitic stage. Going there brings a person into touch with all heavenly beings, from whom they learn wisdom and power as exemplified in themselves."

PIGS AS DAIRY ROBBERS.

Cow Secretly Adopts Invaders as Her Own Family.

Doe Run, Pa.—Walter T. Wood, of this place, runs a dairy farm, where he has a herd of 31 cows. Among these are 15 which he raised himself, each of which gives a daily supply of from 40 to 60 pounds of milk. One evening recently, when the cows were brought into the stable, Mr. Wood noticed that one of them had little milk, and he made some observations the next day. In the barnyard he had eight shoats, weighing about 150 pounds each. It did not take long to solve the mystery as to the thieves of his milk. The largest shoat hunted out this particular cow, stood under her flannel, and sucked the udder completely empty. Mr. Wood put the cow back into the stable, and the next day, when released into the yard, the shoat performed the same stunt. Other shoats learned the trick, and finally there were three of them. Mr. Wood then ran into the house for his camera. Mr. Wood got his pencil after the picture had been made, and, figuring at four cents a quart for milk and \$3.50 per 100 pounds for pork, he concluded that it was not a profitable transaction; so that the cow is now tied in her stable and the shoats have to go on skim milk.

Canada's Big Population Gain.

Ottawa, Ont.—The census and statistics department has figured out Canada's population up to April 1 last at 6,504,908, an increase of 1,132,556 in the last six years.

TIMBER HAS MANY USES.

Value of Standing Wood That Has Been Through Flames.

The traveler who has wondered why some use is not made of the timber that has been fire-killed all over the country will be interested to learn that the United States Forest service at the University of Washington, Seattle, has discovered a means of utilizing this lumber, which in the past has largely gone to waste. In testing fire-killed timber—that is, timber which had its bark destroyed by a fire not severe enough to entirely consume the tree, and which left it standing—it was found to be thoroughly sound and to all intents and purposes, thoroughly seasoned lumber. It was determined that if such lumber is cut within the first year after it is injured it can be used for any purpose for which the original wood is satisfactory, but if allowed to stand the timber checks so badly that it cannot be worked up to advantage. It has also been disclosed by investigations undertaken that good railroad ties have been made from timber that in some instances was killed 50 years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

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