

AQUARIUM HATCHERY WORK

Nearly a Million Young Fry Turned Out This Season in New York Hatchery.

Very nearly 1,000,000 little fishes—their number computed at 995,000, to be exact—have been hatched out in the Aquarium's model hatchery this far in the present season, the last to be turned out to date being a big lot of yellow perch, some of these from eggs of specimens in the Aquarium, and some from eggs received from the state fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, says the New York Sun.

These yellow perch will be used for restocking with this species the waters in the city parks, and many have already been placed in the lake in Prospect Park.

Next before the yellow perch hatched out here in the present season, were a large lot of salt water smelts, these also from eggs received from the Cold Spring Hatchery. The salt water smelt goes up into inlets in the spawning season, and like the shad, for instance, up streams to spawn. The young smelts hatched out in the Aquarium's hatchery were put over the Battery sea wall immediately back of the building into the Hudson.

Before the liberation of the young smelts there had been sent out from here for planting in various state waters, all hatched in the Aquarium's hatchery, young whitefish, rainbow trout, lake trout and hump-backed salmon.

Among eggs yet to be placed in the hatchery in the present season are spottail perch eggs from Vermont, black spotted trout eggs from South Dakota, and the eggs of grayling trout from Montana.

The Aquarium's hatchery, with its eyes seen in hatching troughs and jars, and its hatched out young fishes in various stages of development in troughs and tanks, is an object of un-failing interest to visitors.

BODY WIRELESS VEHICLE.

The Human Anatomy Used as a Transmitter of Electrical Waves.

The body as a wireless telegraph transmitter and receiver was recently displayed by Prof. Ovington, of Boston. He performed a number of experiments with high potential and high frequency currents, substituting his assistant's body for the usual vertical conductor. The current from the machine passed through the body, whence the energy was radiated as waves in the ether. The potential and frequency of the oscillations were much in excess of those employed commercially, and hence the waves radiated were exceedingly short. It was Prof. Tommasini, of Geneva, who first demonstrated that the human body could be substituted successfully for an aerial of the same length and capacity. It is not so good a conductor as are the metals, but this is offset by the fact that a current of high frequency penetrates the skin by a small fraction of a millimeter. M. Emile Guarni, of Brussels, actually sent messages through space by connection of one human body to the positive side of a spark gap, and another human body to one terminal of the coherent.

In Lazy Climates.

European and Northern American emigration is rather shy of California and our eastern gulf states because they are lazy climates. With all its aversion to work, the human race wants the option of being able to work. A country where in the growing and opening season a man is forced to intermit his toil all through the middle of the day and where there is no long summer twilight to compensate for the noonday heat will never attract a large permanent immigration. For the lazy climates are climates without a twilight. There is a distinct relation between twilight hours and racial energy.—N. Y. Mail.

Hope of the Bald.

"I can always tell a man this time of year who is losing his hair," said a street car conductor. "They always ride with their hats off where the sun will beat down on them and the wind blow their scabby locks about. Every man that is getting baldheaded imagines if he could go bareheaded long enough in the open air the heat of hair of his youth would come back."—Kansas City Times.

Scott's Works.

Of all the modern writers Sir Walter Scott has the largest place in that gigantic work, the British Museum catalogue. Scott has a larger number of entries under his name than any other author save Shakespeare, who has two volumes devoted exclusively to him.

Big Bag.

Eva—Catharine used to be quite a big bag. Edna—Ah, indeed? Did she ever bag any big game? "I should say so. Her husband weighs 318 pounds."—Chicago Daily News.

No Possibility of Mistake.

Glady—How did Phoebe Skimmer-burn's linen shower turn out? Maybelle—It was a complete failure. A nasty little drizzle kept nearly everybody from going.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Noat.

Yeast—He has a lot of rich relatives, I believe, but they are all distant relations, I hear. Crispinbeak—Yes, too distant for him to touch.—Yonkers Statesman.

RETAIN PRIMEVAL IDEAS.

Indians Are Not Free with Information to Agents of the Government.

Alexander Posey, the Creek clerk in the Dawes commission, who works for the government among the full-bloods, runs across some interesting characters among the Indians, some of whom live far from towns, speak their own language, seldom get out of their own neighborhood and still have faith in the treaties of the government with the Indians.

One of these is Artus Hotiya, who cannot speak English. The other day Mr. Posey went to Hotiya's place to get information concerning a child of Hotiya who had died. In reply to questions Hotiya answered:

"You crossed the Wewoka creek this morning? It is spring and the water runs; you see the green grass on the prairie; the grass still grows. Our people have agreed that so long as water runs and grass grows, we shall not have our lands divided nor our governments supplanted. I am not yet ready to give information."

This speech was made in Creek and represents the dignity and faith of the old class of Indians who still resent the government allotment of lands. When it was explained to him that all the information wanted was such as would make possible an allotment for his child, he replied:

"God has given her an allotment in the graveyard. She is dead. The allotment there is all that she is entitled to. A grave is all the allotment I am entitled to and all that God intended that I should have. It is enough. The Great Father placed the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, and the land between he gave to the Indian.

The white man came and he set corner stones and told the Indian that he must live between these. The Indian cannot live so. He is being stifled by the white man, who has disarmed him of his bow and arrow and driven from the forests the game. The end of the Indian is near, but I am not yet ready to contribute to hastening it."

SOME MODERN SUN DIALS.

Made of Bronze and Brass and Cost from Twenty to One Hundred Dollars.

The brass plates of the sun dial are engraved to suit the purchaser or they may be bought already marked with the figures and a simple motto, says Harper's Bazar.

These may be had for about \$15. They are of heavy brass or bronze about 18 inches in diameter, and the gnomon is set at the necessary latitude. Additional inscriptions may be added at additional cost.

Pedestals made of stone, marble or cement, especially recommended to endure the changes in temperature peculiar to this climate, cost from \$2 to \$100. They are modeled upon the pedestals of the English and Italian gardens, in the form of Ionic or Byzantine pillars, with or without carving.

There are vase forms and there are square or round pillars, surrounded with sculptured figures. The most attractive are the simple square pillars, beautiful on account of their perfect proportions.

One of these pillars, together with the brass dial plate, will cost about \$50, although the price may go as high as \$100 if either the engraving on the brass or the cutting on the stone is elaborate. Dials are frequently mounted on old tree trunks, upon mounds of stone, or possibly upon a boulder or a piece of stone or wood taken from a building having historic or personal associations.

Judge Page's Lost Coat.

Judge Calvin Page, of Portsmouth, a leading member of the New Hampshire bar, has been prominent in New Hampshire politics for a number of years. A few years ago he was sitting in the rotunda of the Eagle hotel in Concord earnestly discussing the political situation with some friends. He had a very nice new overcoat, which he carefully placed upon the chair underneath him. Becoming interested in the conversation, he paid no further attention to the coat.

A stranger standing near noticed that the judge was very much absorbed, and, walking up to him, placed his hand on his shoulder and said: "Excuse me, sir, but you are sitting on my coat."

The judge promptly arose and apologized, allowing the man to walk off with his coat.

When the conversation was finished and the judge looked for his coat, his remarks were rather emphatic.—Boston Herald.

Efficacy Plus Prayer.

Ethel, one of New Hampshire's seven-year-old daughters, is devoted to the birds. She was enraged at her older brother, whose keenest enjoyment seemed to be to trap them. She pleaded with him and scolded him, but all to no effect. So Ethel took a new tack.

When prayer time came the other evening her mother heard this final petition added to those which dealt directly with the spiritual and material welfare of the family: "An dear God, please smash all Willie's nasty traps, for Jesus sake, amen."

"Ethel, dear," said mother, seriously, "do you really think that last is a nice thing to ask God to do? Do you expect Him to do such a thing as that?"

Ethel smiled beamingly, and answered: "Oh, that'll be all right, muzzer. Jus' before I coned upstairs I smashed 'em, all my own self."—Lippincott's.

GERMAN GIRLS' SCHOOLING

No Colleges for Them in Their Own Country, But They Have a Pension.

The German girl leaves school at about 15 years of age, by which time she has learned to sew, needle, and supposedly to speak English and French. She has not learned higher mathematics, says Modern Women, but she has learned the small things which fit a girl for a housewife or companion, and that, in Germany, is woman's only sphere.

However much we American girls may enjoy our colleges we dare not pity the German girls, for they have something which takes their place and of which we can have no conception until we reside in Germany a few months.

Did you ever hear of a pension? It is one of the most enjoyable things which exists. Certain influential ladies, mostly widows or maiden aunts, make known that they are willing to take a limited number of young ladies into their family.

We went to Hanover, two of us girls, with a horror and dread of a boarding school, as we heard a pension described. We found ourselves in a family of eight girls, all from the very best class of Germans, and all placed under Frau von H—'s care for a year or more.

None of the girls had any special object in life; a few wanted to learn how to keep house, a few indulged in an hour's music lesson per week, but most of them came, as is the German custom, for the sake of becoming polished, and being escorted to concerts, theaters, balls, receptions, student Knaps, etc., opportunities not afforded in smaller cities, and even not in many cities that are larger than Hanover.

Consequently our chaperon accepted invitations for her girls, parties were given and the great intimate family spent a year full of pleasure.

HORSE AND HORSELESS.

The Animal and the Auto Each Do the Other an Occasional Good Turn.

A farmer in Cadiz, Ind., recently jacked up his automobile to serve in lieu of a broken engine in the shelling of corn and cutting of fodder for his live stock and horses. The latter partook of their share of the feed without showing any hard feeling toward their deadly rival, the auto.

One man who has been touring the country says that the horses have accepted the automobile more gracefully than the farmers have.

He tells the story of an automobilist who met an elderly couple driving a skittish horse which decidedly objected to passing the unknown vehicle. The driver of the car stopped to offer his aid, but the man declined it with the remark:

"If you'll lead my old woman by, I guess the hoss and I can make it all right."

Another horse and horseless yarn comes from a man in Oregon. He says:

"When I bought my car, I marveled that the company could sell it for \$1,550. Now I marvel that they could sell it at any price. Marveling is the cheapest part of the proposition, I find."

"My particular marvel out in my barn reminds me of the man who built so much stone fence in one day that it took him two days to walk back to where he began. My car will take me—sometimes—so far from home in two hours that it takes the rest of the day for me to drive home with a providentially hired horse."

FACTS ABOUT SAFETY PIN.

Obliging Clerk Imparts Interesting Information Concerning the Article.

"One dozen safety pins. Twelve cents. Thank you, madam," said the clerk. "Your change will be here in one moment."

She was very pretty. He was young. A conversation sprang up. "There is a strange story connected with the safety pin," the clerk said. "An Englishman invented this pin some 30 or 40 years ago. For this admirable invention he was highly honored. Petes and applause were showered upon him. If I am not mistaken, the man was even knighted."

"And about three years ago, in excavating in Pompeii, they came upon what do you think? A perfect safety pin. Hundreds of perfect bronze safety pins. The Englishman's invention wasn't new at all. It was 2,000 years old.

"The man had been feted and honored all his life, he had even been knighted, for an invention that he didn't invent."

MIKADO'S SELF DENIAL.

Refused Heat in Palace While His Soldiers Were Freezing in the Field.

In the bitter cold of last winter—1904-1905—the mikado not content with the fullest official reports, sent his grand master to look into the conditions at the front, to ascertain how the soldiers were faring. When Count Hijikata returned with his harrowing tale of frightful suffering caused by the cold, the emperor was broken-hearted, says World's Work. Nothing more could be done—the Manchurian winter must drag its icy season through—but the emperor would not take his ease while his men were freezing, and the order to discontinue all heating of the palace till the war should be over showed that his sympathy was with them day by day.

ACTING OF THE OLD TIME

Ludicrous Efforts of Great Tragedians to Impress Their Audiences.

The old-time actor had peculiar and primitive views as to education and its uses. I remember, writes Richard Mansfield, in Atlantic, a certain old friend of mine, who, when he recited the opening speech in "Richard III," and arrived at the line "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried," suggested the deep bosom of the ocean by sending his voice down into his boots. Yet these were fine actors, to whom certain young gentlemen, who never saw them, constantly refer. The methods of the stage have completely changed, and with them the tastes of the people. The probability is that some of the old actors of only a few years ago would excite much merriment in their delineation of tragedy. A very great tragedian of a past generation was wont, in the tent scene in "Richard III," to hold a piece of soap in his mouth, so that, after the appearance of the ghosts, the lather and froth might dribble down his chin; and he employed, moreover, a trick sword, which rattled hideously; and, what with his foam-flecked face, his rolling eyes, his inarticulate groans, and his rattling blade, the small boy in the gallery was scared into a frenzy of vociferous delight!

WOMEN WHO PLAY GOLF.

But Few Americans Look Well While Playing, But They Play Well.

"Ladies' links" is a term which never became as widespread on this side of the ocean as on the other. In England and Scotland when women first took up the game they were not permitted on the historical courses, but were forced to play on shorter or pocket handkerchief links, especially laid out for them.

Women in this country have always been permitted to play on our longest courses, says the New Idea Magazine, although they are closed to them on certain days. Very long and sporty holes, on which hazards are so placed as to spoil an average woman's drive, have ladies' tees from which a similar stroke would not be penalized, but as driving is, on the whole, one of the strongest points of many women champions, such special arrangements are done away with in tournaments, and the long course is played.

The greater number of to-day's women champions are self-taught, although they have had professional instruction in some part of their careers. The best results are gained, not by going around the course dozens of times, but by practicing the same shot for half an hour at a time, studying scientifically cause and effect.

HIS MOTHER'S TEACHING.

Didn't Believe in Capital Punishment for a Good and Sufficient Reason.

A southern judge tells of the disqualification of a jurymen who came before him. The case was a capital one, and the lanky backwoodsman declared determined opposition to capital punishment. Looking at him sternly and in somewhat suggestive of wrath, the judge asked the fellow if he did not think there were conditions so extraordinary as to warrant the hanging of the offender. He said he did not believe anything could make him assent to such a verdict.

"But will your honor let me explain?" said the disqualified citizen. "I'd like to give the court my reasons."

"I don't wish to hear any explanation from you. Go and sit down."

"Excuse me, judge, but you must hear my reason."

"Well, then, give it, and go along with you."

"The reason I am opposed to capital punishment, your honor, is that my old mammy taught me it were a sin to kill anything that wasn't fitten to eat."

RIGHT TO THE LETTER.

American Purchaser of Silver in London Is Served with Accuracy.

A New Yorker was once referring to the stolidity and literal-mindedness of the British shopkeeper, when he was reminded of an amusing experience of a friend in London, relates Success Magazine.

The American had been making several purchases in a jewelry establishment, among others a silver set, and finding that he had with him insufficient funds to defray the entire cost, he desired the clerk to send the set to his hotel, marked "C. O. D."

Due note was made by the clerk, but when the articles arrived at the hotel the purchaser was surprised to find that no charges had been collected. Opening the package the American was dumfounded to discover that each piece of silver had been carefully engraved, in a beautiful monogram, "C. O. D."

Not Likely. A tough kid strolled into a downtown drug store. His attire of patched clothing and a huge cigar excited some remarks from the three patrons of the store who were engaged in conversation at the time the boy made his entry. In response to an inquiry from the clerk relative to what he wanted, the boy said: "Gib me a half dozen quinine pills." Taking six pills from a near-by bottle, the clerk asked if he should put them in a box. "Hully gee," broke in the boy, "youse didn't think I was going to roll 'em home, did you?"

WEALTH IN CRESSES.

GREENS SHIPPED INTO NEW YORK BY THE CARLOAD.

Swamp in West Virginia Produces Enough to Enrich the Gatherer—Easy Road to Riches.

"That fellow over there is the Watercress Croesus," said the clerk in an uptown hotel, nodding in the direction of the theater ticket stand, where a big, fine-looking man of 40, well dressed and apparently accustomed to New York hotel surroundings, was buying tickets for a party of friends, says the Sun.

"Fifteen years ago," continued the clerk, "he was a poor devil down in the mountains of West Virginia, with nothing but what he could earn as a laborer and no prospects. One day he went to Baltimore as a caretaker with a load of cattle."

There he dropped into a barroom and saw a plateful of watercress on the bar. He made some inquiries about where it came from, what it cost, etc., and went back to the West Virginia mountains thinking.

"He knew a piece of swampy ground where watercress grew abundantly, and he figured that there might be money in shipping it to Baltimore. He made inquiries and found he could buy the ground for five dollars an acre. It was only a few hundred feet from the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, but the nearest shipping point was four miles away."

"He talked the venture over with the cattleman for whom he worked and got his promise to help him. On his next trip to Baltimore a deal was closed with a commission merchant to handle shipments of watercress, and the cattleman's influence with the railroad people was sufficient to exact a promise to put in a siding long enough to hold four freight cars."

"On returning home the cattleman advanced \$100 and the whole swamp was bought. Within a month the railway siding was in and the watercress Croesus was gathering and shipping a carload a week."

"Croesus repaid the cattleman before six months. The next year he put up a little shop where his crates were made. He soon cleared out all the other growth in the swamp, planted more watercress and in another year had a solid bed of 20 acres. He found that by building a dam he could extend the swamp over nearly 100 acres further down the valley, but he didn't build it till he had got the ground."

"Watercress requires no cultivation, and no replanting—nothing but water and harvesting. It produces throughout the year, and costs nothing but the wages of the men who gather it."

"Croesus soon extended his market to Philadelphia, New York and other cities and his fortune was made. Now he has nothing to do but spend his income and let the watercress grow."

"No, he is not the only watercress producer, but I guess he's the only one who ships it in carload lots and to all parts of the country."

THEIR DESPERATE HEROISM

Pioneers Who Fought Their Way Through the Wilds in Early Times.

The desperate ferocity and warlike persistence of the early settlers of Illinois are illustrated by an incident narrated in a recently published volume, entitled "Historic Illinois." The early days were a time of hardship, danger and death. Every night "over" every part of prairie grass might hide some skulking enemy. Among the early frontiersmen was a Capt. Whiteside, whose name became a terror among the Kickapoo.

A party of 14 white men, led by Whiteside, made an attack upon an encampment of Indians of greatly superior force. Only one Indian escaped. During the heat of the skirmish Capt. Whiteside was severely wounded, he thought mortally, having received a shot in the side.

As he fell he called to his sons to keep on fighting, and not to yield an inch of ground, or permit the savages to touch his body. Uel Whiteside, who had also been shot in the arm, so that he could no longer use his rifle, hastily examined his father's wound, discovering that the bullet had glanced along the ribs, and lodged against the spine.

With that daring and disregard for pain so often characteristic of border men, he immediately whipped out his knife, fished the skin, extracted the ball, and held it up, crying:

"You're not dead yet, father!"

The old man leaped to his feet, renewed the fight, and bore his full part to the end. Many such instances of heroism distinguished the men who in those days of peril were called upon to defend the frontiers of Illinois.

Pupil of John L.

At one time in his career John L. Sullivan, formerly heavyweight champion, gave lessons in boxing, but the average pupil lacked much of the fortitude necessary, for John was a vigorous instructor. A young man once went to the great fighter and arranged for a course of ten lessons. At the end of the second lesson, pretty well battered up, the young man said he thought he had enough. "Enough!" said his teacher in astonishment, "why, you haven't learned—" "I know," the young man interrupted. "But I'll tell you how it is: There's a fellow I dislike, and I arranged for this course so as to lick him in a fight. But on second thought I have decided it will be just as well to send him down here to you to take the rest of the lessons."

RED ANTS USED AS PEPPER

Odd Incidents of Honeymoon Spent by American Couple in Guatemala.

The Sunday bull fight, held in a large Plaza de Toro (bull ring) outside the town, was the principal amusement. I cannot say much for this sort of entertainment. The so-called bulls were worn-out cows, who deserved a better fate than to be gaoled into some sort of fury by the dashing picadors, who stuck picadores into them. In most cases they had dropped, refusing to move, and the audience became furious.

At the end the torador (especially imported for the day) came forward to the presidential box, where we were sitting, writes a woman correspondent of the Boulder in describing a honeymoon in Guatemala, and after a florid speech, of which I understood little, he handed me, with a profuse bow executed in true grandee fashion, hand on heart, the honor and flower encircled phalidias as a memento of the august occasion. I refuse to accept them would have been the greatest insult, and my husband was obliged to carry them home for me, much to his disgust.

Some Spanish ladies asked me afterward how I felt when the great matador singled me out for this high honor. When I told them that I was rather annoyed by his drawing the attention of the crowd to me in this theatrical fashion they were furious at my ungratefulness, and told me "it would have been the day of their lives," and they would have had proposals galore.

In the course of a scrambling expedition into the country over rough mountain roads we were obliged to camp out on hard boulders, with only a mackintosh to keep out the cold. During the night I was frightened almost out of my wits—I felt a hand tugging my hair, and calling out to my husband, we saw a big monkey leaping down from the branches of a tree above us, pulling away at my hair. His horrible claws had gripped such a lot that, when he finally let go, after being labored with the neck of a revolver, he had nearly half of it in his hand!

On arriving at a very rough and ready inn the landlady set before us poached eggs swimming in water and plentifully besprinkled with small red ants! At first I tried to pick out these additions, and seeing the woman eyeing me furiously I called her and tried to tell her in my best Spanish that I was not accustomed to eat ants—and that I wished she had been careful not to let them drop into the dish.

Her indignation was immense. With flashing eyes and gesticulating wildly she told me in excited language that it had taken her a long time to catch those ants, and that it was "so good." "Do try it, senora," she said, and dipping her dirty fingers into the bowl, she fished them out and showed me how much she, at all events, enjoyed eating them as a sort of savory to the eggs, and trying to encourage me by her example.

WHEN JOHN OBEYED AUNT

It Worked Hardship on Aunt's Sister, as Was Subsequently Brought Out.

The story told by Mark Twain the other day about the estimate of John Pike, the historian, of two of his children's antics, brought forth an illustration of the reasons for that opinion. Mark Twain's story was that when Mrs. Pike one day went to her husband in horror and reported that his young son had said that Aunt Mary was "a fool," and Aunt Martha "a d-d-n fool," the historian replied, after careful consideration: "Well, that's about the distinction I should make."

A man in the audience, who knew both the aunts, after the meeting told this:

Aunt Martha was one of the strictest disciplinarians I have ever known. She demanded chiefly obedience of her children, instant, unquestioning, silent obedience, and she usually got it. One afternoon as she was working in her sewing-room a great storm came up, and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the Queen Anne cottage.

"But, mamma—" said John. "Yes, but, ma—" "John, shut that trap!"

"All right, mamma, if you say so, but—"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm howled and raged. Three hours later the family gathered for dinner, and when the meat was half over Aunt Mary had not appeared. Aunt Martha started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions, John answered her first one.

"Please, mamma, she is up on the roof."

"But for Kicker's."

Icelanders have a strange but effective plan for preventing horses from straying away. They tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is impossible for the horses to move on, either backward or forward. If disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be mutual agreement to turn their heads the same way.

Always Still.

Friend—Is your husband a quiet man? Mrs. Wize—Is he? Why, he goes into a comatose condition every time I ask him for a dollar!—Detroit Free Press.