

HE WAS "FIGHTING EDITOR."

Kansas Journalist Who Was Beaten, Shot and Stabbed a Number of Times.

That a man who had been cowhided, beaten, shot full of holes, carved by Bowie knives, and "left for dead" should die at 30 in bed, says the New York World, was the late Col. Dan Anthony's way of illustrating "life's little ironies."

Anthony, a brother of Susan B. was a Kansas editor. He went to the state 40 years ago, when it was one big fighting field. Once his paper, the Leavenworth Times, bitterly assailed a local editor. The men met on the street, pistols drawn. Afterward people came from behind the trees and picked Anthony up. His aorta was cut, and as no one then survived that wound—or so it was thought—the doctor said he would die soon. The bitter cold of winter checked the flow of blood, however, and he was put to bed.

After a short sleep, Anthony woke to ask the nurse what time it was. "Six," she replied.

"Say, that's a good joke on 'Doc,'" chuckled the editor. "He said I'd be dead by 5:30."

Once, in 1875, a rival editor, Mr. Imbry, "shot Anthony up." He threw on the treatment. During the war he was killed while trying to rescue a slave, but lived. As mayor of Leavenworth years ago he was a favorite target for the tarbores. Cowhiddings and beatings with heavy canes were incidents.

Anthony's last encounter was in 1899, when he was 75 years old. Ex-Sheriff Bond, a giant in stature, helped by another man, got the old editor down and beat him and stamped upon him. He drew a revolver, but the friend saved Bond by knocking the weapon up. Anthony recovered. "I'm going to die of disease or old age," he said.

Anthony was always bloodthirsty. An actor, angered by Kansas criticism, came to his office one day to "lick the editor." He turned the hose on the visitor, and went back to his desk. Once he was arrested for carrying a revolver wrapped up in paper. The supposed firearm turned out to be a piece of lead pipe bent pistol shape—not a bad defensive weapon.

Curiously enough, Anthony wasn't a good shot. A man named Satterlee was the only one he ever killed. Once a gang of some 15 men opened fire on him, and he emptied two six-shooters in their direction. "Upon my honor," he said, "I never touched a man. I concluded that bricks were much more steady weapons than pistols."

WHAT HER HEART SAID. "Yes," in a Minute When She Made Sure That Moneybags Was the Real Article.

Miss Mabelia St. Perry—Mamma, dearest. I have something to tell you. Mamma (anxiously)—Yes, darling.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Interesting and Amusing Stories of the Experiences of American Soldiers.

A number of the volunteers who went to the Philippines in 1899 and 1900 are now in the civil service of the Insular government. In their company, says the New York Times, one often hears amusing and characteristic anecdotes of incidents occurring in their military service in the islands. Here are two samples:

One day during Gen. Bell's campaign in Batanga, a province situated in the south of the island of Luzon, a body of troops was resting along the roadside, scattered about in the brush to avoid the heat as much as possible. Gen. Bell happened to be seated a few paces away, accompanied only by a lieutenant. The general was attired in a pair of soiled khaki trousers, regulation blue hannel shirt and a battered campaign hat, and having no marks of his rank whatever he appeared in no way different from the privates lying around.

Presently there came walking down the slope, in as complete a uniform as conditions allowed, a second lieutenant not long out of West Point. Of course, the line of men arose as he passed and saluted, except Gen. Bell, who did not move.

Stopping short and turning to the apparently disrespectful soldier, the lieutenant began very sharply: "Soldier! don't you know your duty? Who are you? To what command do you belong? Arise and salute an officer when he passes!"

Gen. Bell slowly arose to his feet, and looking the young man over, said: "Place your feet together, sir, and salute. I am Gen. Bell, commanding this campaign."

The young man's heels flew together like clockwork, he saluted very respectfully and went down the line so abashed that although three or four men failed to rise, he did not notice the omission.

Another story is told of a certain young cavalry lieutenant who chanced to be standing in company in an infantry company's street. He was rolling a cigarette from a bag of American smoking tobacco, an article highly prized by Americans in the Philippines who are addicted to smoking, as the majority of them do not enjoy the strong native cigars.

This particular company had not possessed any of the weed, except the Filipino product, for quite awhile, so one of the men, seeing the bag produced, went down the company street five feet at the jump, and, landing behind the lieutenant, gave him a tremendous thump on the back with:

"Hello, Jack, give us a cigarette."

The officer looked around, and seeing the good faith of the man's mistake remarked, smilingly: "Certainly," passing him at the same time the bag and the papers.

Laurely rolling the cigarette, the private began to tell his new friend all about the troubles of the company in getting American tobacco; then suddenly breaking off, he asked:

"Yes, Jack, what company do you belong to?"

NOVEL PRECIOUS STONES.

Several New and Beautiful Varieties Have Recently Been Discovered.

Mr. George F. Kuax has prepared for the United States geological survey a report on the production of precious stones for 1903, in which he says important and extensive developments in diamond mining have been made in the Transvaal district, and it is clear, says a Washington report, that diamond deposits of a character similar to those of Kimberley and of very promising richness exist throughout a wide area lying east of Pretoria.

Among the mines actually in operation by far the most important is the Premier, which should not be confounded with the De Beers Premier. Its output is superior in yield per load to that of the De Beers property, but the diamonds bring only about \$575 per carat, while the De Beers and Kimberley stones are worth \$11.62 per carat. Considerable interest has lately been manifested in the mining of beryls and tourmalines in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil, where a number of remarkable blue and green beryls have been obtained. One of the green beryls was a crystal that weighed 12.3 pounds, more than twice the weight of the great beryl in the Imperial Berg academy mining school at St. Petersburg, Russia, which is valued at \$13,000.

The chapter on opulentes, hididites and kuanzite is one of the most interesting in the report. The finding of the new variety of the transparent lilac opulentes in California (which was christened kuanzite, for the author of this report) is one of the most notable discoveries of a gem mineral that has been made in a long time. It not only adds a novel and elegant stone of purely American production to those used in jewelry, but a stone that has great scientific interest from the remarkable properties it possesses in connection with the action of Roentgen (X) rays and those of radium and like substances.

These large and beautiful crystals were first obtained early in 1903 close to a deposit of colored tourmaline, itself of notable interest, a mile and a half northwest of Palo, in San Diego county, California. In habit the California crystals resemble the specimens from North Carolina, but for beauty, transparency and great size of perfect material they are not equaled by those obtained from any known locality.

A discovery has lately been made in the Bearline mine, near Hartsville, Wyo., of a beautiful mineral association, consisting of a brilliant coating of quartz crystals over a blue or greenish-blue crystal silexite. This quartz is generally thick enough to take a polish, and makes a very pleasing ornamental stone.

WOMEN PORTERS IN ITALY

Almost Any Kind of Work Is Preferred by Them to Domestic Service.

Pietro Cuneo, American consul at Turin, says a New York Times Washington special, reports as follows: "The question of domestic help has been one of vital interest in the United States for more than a quarter of a century, and the people there are under the impression that in Europe the supply of such help is greater than the demand and that it may be had at very low wages, but such is not the situation in this city."

"I have known parties to look for domestic help for weeks in vain. The wages paid for 'hired girls' vary from three to six dollars, and even ten dollars a month. The price is governed by the employer's skill and merits and the wealth of the employer."

"Here, as in the United States, intelligent and ambitious young women seek employment as teachers, as clerks in post offices and stores as secretaries, stenographers, typewriters, in factories—in fact, they seem to prefer any kind of employment to domestic work. It seems that they even prefer to drive teams, to pull or push carts on the streets, or to become porters, to being domestic servants."

BUCK FEVER COMES TO ALL

Even the Seasoned Old Woodman Is at Times Liable to the Affection.

"Buck fever" is to the hunter what stage fright is to the actor. When a man gets buck fever he simply stands stock still, paralyzed and helpless and without knowing why, for there is really nothing to be afraid of. The fever seizes upon the inexperienced hunter when, suddenly, he comes face to face with a buck deer. Then, just at the time when he should up gun and shoot true, he cannot move hand or foot, nor utter a word.

When stories of buck fever are told the man who has never experienced it will laugh, regarding it as a fairy tale of the woods, but after one attack of the disease he knows that it is a most disagreeable reality.

"Just wait till you get buck fever," says an old hunter, "and then you'll know how it feels to be paralyzed and foolish at the same time. A man who gets the fever is liable to do anything. I've known 'em to shoot in the air, shoot through the bottom of the boat and sink her, or be that helpless that they couldn't shoot at all."

"One night I was up a tree with a guide, waiting for a deer to come out and feed. After he had waited nearly an hour we saw the bushes on the edge of the woods begin to move. The moon was shining and we could see a handsome buck coming down to the water. Right at the edge of the woods he stopped and sniffed. He waited a minute and then began to nibble at the bark of a tree."

"That guide with me trembled and shook as if he had the ague. He could hardly hold on to the limb where he sat, and I had to shift my position to help him. That made a noise, and we lost the deer. The guide had been hunting deer all his life, but he said he always felt that way when he saw a deer come near, and he couldn't see well enough to aim a gun. Oh, no, it isn't the green hands alone who get buck fever."

A woman from New York who has made many trips up the west branch of the Penobscot says: "I had buck fever once. The guides stationed me on a runway and I waited there to see the buck. At first, a dry twig cracked. I had been expecting the sound, but when I heard it my heart began to beat very fast. The deer may not have been three minutes from the time I first heard it in getting into full view, but it seemed an hour to me. I had begun to think that I would never see him, when there suddenly appeared a beautiful buck only a few rods away. He looked straight at me, and I could not take my eyes off him. I was simply spellbound. My arms were like lead. I struggled inwardly as though to burst some mysterious bonds. The gun lay in my lap, ready for use. I appreciated all these things, but was helpless."

"At last, after a great effort, I lifted my arms. But they came up with a violent jerk, and the deer was frightened away. That was three years ago, and it has taken me all the time since to overcome the strange sensation. Now I can shoot like a man, but I shall never forget what buck fever feels like."

FORTUNES IN JEWELS.

Extravagant Displays of Gems Made by Women of Ostentatious Tendency.

The desire for jewels and the extravagantly splendid displays now made by women who delight in such manifestations of wealth, says the London Mail, are two of the main characteristics of the power-dress exercises over women in this luxurious age.

A million coverings sounds like an incredibly large sum of money to stak in precious stones, but the gem cascades of some of our great ladies represent that value very closely, and it is actually touched in a few notable instances."

Quite moderately wealthy young married women do not consider their catalogues of jewels complete without two or three tiaras, a string of pearls capable of being measured by the yard, a stomacher brilliantly ablaze with gems, a dog collar and numerous necklets, rings of various colors to match various gems, to say nothing of aigrettes of diamonds, bracelets, brooches and little ornaments by the hundred.

One single necklet of pearls—a string that closely clasps the throat—has been known to cost \$90,000; a tiara swallow up any sum up to \$25,000, and even more when it contains practically priceless stones; one brooch may easily represent \$500, while a stomacher can scarcely cost less. Hence to be bedizened in gems that represent \$100,000 is not a difficult task for the woman who likes a barbaric display and can afford to indulge her whim.

The extravagance this craving for gems leads to is excused by some people on the score that precious stones are a sound investment, while the dealers in imitation gems truthfully aver that it fosters their trade.

THE BUSINESS INSTINCT.

Foresighted Young Man Looks Up Prospective Father's Financial Rating.

When the credit man, Blakey, opened his morning's mail and found, among other things, a "rating" from Burchum's commercial agency on John Smith of Haggins' Crossroads, Ind., he stared at it a couple of times, thought deeply for a minute and then laid it down, relates the Chicago Daily News.

The credit man had never heard of John Smith of Haggins' Crossroads. The house had no dealings with Mr. Smith. The credit man was positive that he had not requested a "rating" on that estimable but unknown business man. The whole thing was a mystery.

"Did you ask for this rating—on Smith of Haggins' Crossroads, Ind., Mr. Blinks?" he demanded of the pale young man who sometimes helped out by opening the mail and sorting the letters.

Blinks started, flushed, laid down his pen and rubbed his hands. "If" he repeated. "Why, no. Why should you think I asked for it?"

"Denno," snorted Blakey, tossing the document aside. "I suppose somebody did or we wouldn't have received it. I know I didn't ask for it. Anyhow, I'm glad to see that Smith is all right. He's rated A-1, has \$250,000 in the bank and is doing a business of \$8,000 a year. That'll help him if he ever wants to butt in here."

The Smith rating became an office mystery. Everybody from the head bookkeeper up and down the line was asked for an explanation. Everybody promptly denied all knowledge of Mr. Smith or interest in his financial standing. The "rating" with its comfortable story of Mr. Smith's worldly standing, reposed in Blakey's desk for two days.

Then the secret came out. Blakey, coming suddenly upon Blinks the letter-opener, in an obscure corner of the office, found him poring over the Smith "rating." He collared Blinks in a moment.

"Blinks," he said, deliberately, "you sent for that rating?"

"Yes, I did. I wanted the blushing and trembling Blinks." "I didn't think it would be any harm I thought I would find it first in the mail and nobody would see it."

"But what on earth did you want with it?" demanded the credit man. "Are you going into the wholesale business?"

"Well, no," confessed Blinks. "It's not that—but well, you see, I'm thinking of marrying Mr. Smith's daughter. I was curious to know how her father was fixed."

Blakey regarded him curiously for a moment.

"You had better marry her," he said, shortly.

HOME HELPS TO HEALTH.

Remedies and Suggestions Which May Be of Value in an Emergency.

A bit of home surgery stated to have been practiced when a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep is its extraction by steam, says the Chicago Daily News. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two-thirds with very hot water and the mouth of the bottle is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam in a moment or two extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the offending substance has been in for several hours, long enough to have started some of its evil consequences.

Benzoated water is a most refreshing and astringent and has an agreeable odor, but its constant use imparts the elasticity of the skin. It is made by adding drop by drop to a dram of simple tincture of benzoin. Bath sachets are to-day an indispensable adjunct to the toilet and bath. Oatmeal, almond meal and borax are the three chief agents used. Powdered orris is sometimes added for the sake of the odor obtained. Oatmeal does not necessitate the use of soap, nor when used in sachet form does it render any soap superfluous.

In typhoid fever the intestines are the seat of the trouble, and all solid foods should be barred. Here, nutritious broths and liquids are needed, but no meat should be given until the temperature has been normal for several days. In scarlat fever avoid all nitrogenous foods, because the kidneys and skin are congested and those are the organs that secrete nitrogen. Their work should be lessened, not increased. For this reason any of the legumes, beans, peas or lentils should not be used. Broth made from them would be most disastrous, while beef or mutton broth which are less nutritious, can be readily assimilated.

SOME SMART SHIRT WAISTS

Particularly Pretty Materials Are in Evidence in the Season's Creations.

Very quaint and pretty shirt waists are made in surplus form, the material being figured challie. This soft pretty stuff can be bought for a few cents a yard and it certainly makes up very charmingly. It can be made in the conventional shirt waist, tucked across the shoulders and yoke and bloused all around the waist line, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The embroidered and dotted challie is particularly pretty for this purpose and the most durable and beautiful shirts are fashioned of it. Of course, there must be a few bands of contrasting material, or there must be pipings of taffeta or a tany line of black outlining the necks or generally suggesting the yoke.

All waists have this tiny bit of trimming and all are finished with stock and grids to correspond. Women with double chins who are trying to look youthful are taking to the high white linen collar which they are embroidering in colors. One lovely high white linen collar, built precisely like a man's collar, was made of the finest linen, exquisitely laundered and polished. Hung around it was an embroidered vine in pink and blue with little tendrils of green, the daintiest thing. And this was designed to be worn with a tan-colored shirt waist of lawn color, trimmed with very narrow green piping.

The plaid shirt waists are charming, having a certain novelty all their own. They come in all the gay plaids and each is a little different from the other so one is in no danger of repeating. Happily the plaids can be selected with green tendencies, or with red or with brown and with black so that a color scheme can be preserved.

THEN SHE LOOKED FOOLISH

Took Her Husband to Task About New Typist and He Got the Laugh on Her.

When Mr. Keedick reached home one evening he was confronted by a very angry wife, relates a Chicago paper. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall-rack before she started out.

"You've got a new typist?" "Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How did you find it?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings-on, I can tell you. You got your new typist yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?" "Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskell. Her husband told her you needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear." "Don't dear me! Your typist is only about 18 years old."

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs. Keedick went on indignantly.

"Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no? Of course not. With a soft voice and charming manners?"

"You are nearly right." "Nearly right? I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the pious woman. "Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typist?" "Yes, I do." "What sort?"

"Never mind what for. I want your typist's name."

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"