

TENDER MEMORY OF HAY.

Connecticut Pastor Pays Tribute to the Reverence of the Great Secretary.

In the little village of Newbury there is a plain wooden church, kept in repair and used in the summer time for worship. It has no name; it is simply a house of the Lord, cared for by a committee of men in the village. Here every Sunday forenoon, says Rev. Dr. Connor S. Davis, in the New Britain Herald, is held a short service; members of every denomination speak from the pulpit. The interior of the church is quaintly beautiful. And here, in the great secretary and his family, he entered as quietly and unobtrusively as the humblest visitor or wanderer. He left with no flourish, giving his cordial greetings to acquaintances at the door. His head was bowed reverently as the head of the child or teacher.

This is the memory of John Hay which will remain with many. The brother-man worshipping his God in simple sincerity among his fellows. In Washington and among the courts of the old world he was the peer and the master among men, but there in the village church the reverent worshiper of the Universal Father, he was even more the true and the noble man. The genius of his life at the last analysis was religion. His permanent greatness will consist in this. I shall see many great pictures of him, but none so tender and so truly characteristic as the memory of his bowed head in the little white church at Newbury.

DESULTORY READING HABIT

Lack of System Confuses the Mind with Mass of Unclassified Material.

The mind is a very delicate, complicated piece of mechanism, and, although made to do a certain kind of work marvelously well, yet when put to an entirely different use, its efficiency is ruined. Just as the delicate machinery intended for producing fine watch parts would be completely spoiled if used to make clock parts, writes O. S. Mardon, in Success Magazine. When the mind becomes deflected to a certain extent, from its normal condition by the vicious reading habit, it diverges more and more, and rarely goes back to the normal.

By desultory habits of reading and lack of system you confuse the mind with a large mass of unclassified material. You pick up a book and read a few pages, and then pick up another one, and then go from that to a paper or magazine. This puts the mind in a chaotic state, because you let everything run into the mental reservoir without any order or definite plans. Systemless reading is profitless. You cannot gain knowledge of a friend or prize his friendship by a hasty first impression so in reading a book you cannot gain everlasting good by skimming over the contents, or by reading a few pages one night and then putting it on a shelf to read it again. Everything comes out of the mind as it went in, and if it does not enter in an orderly manner, it will come out in chaos.

HORSE AS HUMAN FOOD.

Large Quantities of the Meat Are Annually Consumed in Germany.

The increasing consumption of horseflesh among a large class of moderate means in Germany, many of whom eat fresh meat of any kind only on Sundays and holidays, has been specially remarked upon. There is in the Greifswalder Strasse, Berlin, says the Scientific American, a regularly installed horse slaughter-house, which is under careful police supervision with veterinary surgeon attendance to see that no animal is killed, the flesh of which, by reason of disease or other cause, would be unfit for human food. In 1895 the whole number of horses killed in Berlin for human consumption was 1,257. In 1900 the number had increased to 10,815 and in 1904 to about 12,000. Estimating that an average sized horse will yield 230 pounds of edible flesh there was derived from this source last year about 2,990,000 pounds of meat, which was sold for consumption in 84 shops which are specially licensed for that purpose.

Passport to the Pole.

Certainly the oddest passport ever issued was one signed by the governor of the Russian province of Povolok, on the shores of the Arctic ocean, who granted a free conduct to the north pole. He was approached by two members of an expedition fitting out for a polar exploration who gave as their destination the north pole. The governor was nonplussed at this unique request, but his visitors insisted on being supplied with the desired papers and their request was granted after the governor had thoughtfully written in a clause stipulating that the responsibility of the Russian government ceased when they passed from Russian territory. The explorers assented to this qualification and since their travels carried them but a short distance toward the pole, they are still possessed of their unique documents.

Germany's Odd River.

With one exception, the waters of German rivers run into the Nordsee, the Ostsee and the Black sea. That one exception is a brook which starts in Germany beyond Altsach and gradually reaches the Rhone by way of the Mosone, and thus at last empties into the Mediterranean, in the gulf of Lyons.

TINY JAPANESE GARDENS.

Landscapes in Miniature That Are Veritable Camoes That Have to Be Studied.

To the stay-at-homes who cannot depart to summer retreats there comes a quaint garden in miniature, and a Japanese garden at that, as perfect a landscape as can be found in the Catskills, constructed by deft brown fingers in a shallow porcelain bowl only six inches across. The prices are not prohibitive for modest specimens of Japanese miniature gardening, says the New York Herald. The shops ask \$3 for gardens in terra cotta pots and the prices range further from \$6 to fancy prices for splendid specimens in shallow porcelain dishes, which are very artistic in themselves.

The tiny plants and dwarf shrubs that go to make up these fairy gardens come from Japan, but very few are imported in their entirety because of the freight rates and customs duties. There are many Japanese here who do the work.

The beauties of these gardens cannot be appreciated at a casual glance. They are veritable camoes that have to be studied. Consequently, they are now proving very popular for dining-room tables, and whole sets of them are used at banquets. Their charms lie in the fact that in a space only six inches across, a perfect landscape illusion is displayed that would drive even the American property man and scene painter wild with envy. The illusion is attained by winding little gravel paths that circle in and out among the tiny plants until they are lost in the maze of dwarf trees.

EDUCATION IS COMPULSORY

All the Children Are Hunted Up and Made to Go to School in France.

Every child in France, according to law, is obliged to go to school between the ages of seven to thirteen. If a child misses half a day, a teacher is sent to her home to find the cause of her absence, each case of absence being carefully investigated, for in each "arrondissement" (there are 20 in Paris) a school commission under the presidency of the mayor is charged to watch the regular daily attendance, writes Jeanne Constantin, in Good Housekeeping. When, without a plausible excuse, a child misses school more than four times in a month, the school commission has the right to send for the father or guardian to come to the city hall to be reminded there of the strict observation of the law. If this warning proves insufficient, the name of the negligent father is posted on the door of the city hall for 15 days or a month. The next step is a complaint to the judge of peace, who can interfere with the aid of the police. Most of the parents are perfectly willing to send their children to school, but if a baby is ill, or the father, and the mother goes out to work, the little girl is sorely needed at home.

HUSBAND AND WIFE IN INDIA

Bound by a Union That Amounts to a Permanent Spiritual Relation.

The relation of a Hindoo husband to his wife is not like a contract sanctioned by the court of justice, but it is a permanent, spiritual relation which binds two souls together, writes Swami Abhedananda, in Good Housekeeping. A wife is regarded, therefore, as a true helpmate in the spiritual progress of the soul life of her husband, while a faithful husband is considered to be the greatest blessing in the earthly and spiritual career of his wife. When she becomes a mother, she represents divine motherhood and holds a unique position in the household.

A Hindoo mother is actually worshipped as a living goddess by her children. The children are taught to obey their parents implicitly and to serve them like earthly deities as long as they live. To support the parents in their old age, to look after their welfare and to fulfill their desires are the duties of children in every Hindoo household. But a mother is considered to be "greater than a thousand fathers."

Novel Method of Carving Lumber.

Near the St. Lawrence river, in Canada, there is a water-slide three miles long for conveying pulp-wood to the railroad. It is capable of moving nearly 8,000 cubic feet of wood per hour. The company operating this slide had at one time a pile of pulp-wood 1,000 feet long, 26 feet high and 40 feet wide, all of which had been transported from the woods to the railroad by this novel method. A large company have on one of their jobs a water-slide seven miles long, by which their pulp stock is carried to the river, whence it is driven to their mills.

A Belle.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed Bull, at the Literary club reception, "I tell you it's a delightful surprise to see you here."

"No good of you to say so," replied Brown.

"Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Philadelphia Press.

Bostonese.

He had invited the Boston girl to play golf.

"Wait until I get my perspirer," said she.

"What?" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, don't mind her," explained the Chicago dandy. "It's her sweater she means."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SHOES BETTER THAN CUFFS

The Safest Way of Cribbing Lessons at College in Years Gone By.

"I recently saw it reported," said a Harvard man of the vintage of 79, "that the manager of a Philadelphia laundry had remarked that the average person had no idea of the number of men who used their cuffs for memorandum purposes. I've a notion that that's an idea the average person can worry along without having. It would be of no particular benefit to him if he knew exactly how many men thus used their cuffs."

"But there was a time, back in my college days, when I used to wonder why so few of the professors, tutors and monitors grasped this same idea. For reference purposes during recitations and examinations there were just two things that beat cuffs, and they were the two shoes on my feet."

"Highly polished shoes covered with useful information in pencil are superior to cuffs, because, unless the light strikes them at the proper angle, the marks on them can't be distinguished. Besides, you're less likely to arouse suspicion when you study the floor intently buried in deep thought than you are when you're twisting and turning and pulling at your sleeves."

"If the truth must be told—and I believe in telling the truth occasionally—I made no bones among ourselves of helping ourselves over hard places by means of 'cribbing.' We considered certain instructors and certain tough, incomprehensible branches as fair game, and we beat them by hook or crook generally by both."

"I do not mention seven or eight shining lights I could name, would be sophomores at this moment if it hadn't been for our cuffs and shoes and tucker tape coiled in watch cases minus their works. I've often wondered if the college world has been improving in this respect."

JOKE WAS AN OLD ONE.

And the 237th Man Who Got It Off Received a Chilly Reminder.

Something happened to the interior arrangements of the clock in the hallway of the Chronicle building and the hands were taken off the timepiece so that the works could be removed and repaired. This naturally attracted the attention of everyone who entered the building, says the San Francisco Chronicle. About four hours after the hands had been removed a passenger entered one of the elevators, and as soon as the car started upon its journey upward, said to the operator:

"Pretty hard times around here, I guess?"

"Umph!" grunted the operator, as a bored look came over his face.

"Yes," continued the passenger; "I see you have laid off two hands; those on the clock. Ha, ha! Pretty good joke, eh?"

"Two hundred and thirty-seven," was the peculiar reply of the elevator attendant.

"What do you mean?" asked the passenger.

"Only that you are the two hundred and thirty-seventh person who has told me that 'joke' and I'm kind of getting used to it. Here's your floor."

And the passenger got off the elevator with his respect for his own brand of original humor considerably reduced.

FOG HURTS SEAMEN'S EYES

Steamer Officers Coming Into Boston Harbor Complain of a New Affection.

Many of the officers of steamships running in this port are afflicted with a new disease, which for want of a better name some of them call the "fog eye." It is an inflammation, states the Boston Transcript, caused by peering into the fog, and while painful, it soon passes away.

Never in the memory of the oldest skipper running to this port has the fog hung so persistently over the waters along the coast as it has this summer. One captain said that they were compelled to chew fog every trip his vessel has made to Boston during the last six weeks, and he comes to Boston usually about once a week.

Capt. Higgins and the officers of the United States Fruit company's passenger and mail steamer Admiral Sampson, which arrived at Long wharf after a good run from Jamaica ports, were among those whose eyes were affected by the fog. Running through the fog and trying to distinguish objects when it is almost impossible to see a vessel's length away is a heavy strain on the eyes, and the fog, combined with the heat, produces a smarting sensation.

Submarine Telephone.

The submarine telephone which is coming into use on the Atlantic greyhound, is another protection which will make ocean travel even safer than now. Submarine bells are fastened to dangerous rocks, or on shoals, and the receiver on the boat announces their proximity. When the ordinary danger signals are hidden by fog the new telephone will be especially useful.—From "In the Trail of the Traveler," in Four-Track News.

For Purposes of Identification.

Nell—Did you speak French when you were in Paris?

Belle—Only enough to let them know that I was an American.—Philadelphia Record.

Taken In.

Explorer—What became of that scientist who was up here last summer?

Cannibal Chief—O, he came into the tribe.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GIANT IS NEARLY STARVED

Loses Popularity and Chapspez on the Street in Hamburg, Germany.

Hamburg.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the streets here when Kappoff, the Khirgese giant, who until recently was the chief attraction at local exhibitions throughout Germany, collapsed on the pavement for want of food. Kappoff, who measures a little less than Macknow, the Russian giant, has, since the latter's advent, entirely lost his popularity, and with it his means of livelihood. Unable to obtain a fresh engagement, he applied, when half starved, at the workhouse for indoor relief, promising to pay for his keeping as soon as he should succeed in procuring a fresh engagement.

The workhouse authorities, however, were somewhat aghast at the idea of being burdened with a giant, and reluctantly declined to give him hospitality. Thus the wretched giant wandered aimlessly about from street to street, untended by troops of jeering children, until at last he was overcome with sheer weakness.

Kappoff was finally assisted by a party of agricultural laborers just returned from harvesting, who, having revived him with brandy, escorted him to a restaurant where he partook of a meal consisting of three plates of soup, four pounds of beef-steak, three portions of ham and eggs, two heaped-up plates of potatoes and cabbage and 14 apple tarts, the whole washed down with six pints of beer.

The harvesters were somewhat aghast at the amount of food consumed by the giant. When the bill was presented to them it swallowed a considerable portion of the money that they had made in harvesting.

Later, followed by a band of noisy children bearing lighted torches, he was escorted to the outlying camping ground of the agriculturists and provided with a bed for the night.

SURRENDERS AFTER YEARS

Murderer's Conscience Hounds Him Into Giving Up—Has a Family.

Shenandoah, Pa.—A wanderer on the face of the earth, and conscience-stricken at having shot to death Constable John Dando in his place seven years ago, Wojciech Bialecki surrendered himself at Springfield, Mass.

It was on the night of October 12, 1898, that Bialecki beat his wife, and when Constable Dando went to arrest him Bialecki discharged a gun, the contents of which struck Dando in the breast. In the confusion Bialecki escaped. Dando died within 24 hours.

Bialecki's picture and description were sent broadcast, but without effect, although \$700 reward was offered by the county commissioner and a borough council.

The prisoner says that after escaping from the house he met some men on the railroad, to whom he related his story, and they advised him to flee. He is 64 years old and has a family here.

IDEA FOR WIZARD BURBANK

Singular Effect of a Cat's Interment Upon Growth of Gooseberries, Related by Rival Resident.

London.—A new way in which animals may benefit the human race without yielding their bodies for food is suggested by a letter recently received by the secretary of a rural English society. It is as follows:

"Sir—I particularly wish the society to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it might be made Traaxionable in the next Reports. My wife had a Tomb Cat that dyed. Being a tortoise shell and a grade fawn, we had him buried in the Guardian and for the sake of the enrichment of the mould I had the carps deposited under the roots of a Gotsberry Bush (The Frute being up till then of a smooth kind). But the next Season Frute, after the Cat was buried, the Goserberries was all hairy, and more remarkable the Catpillers of the same Bush was Al of the same Hairy Description."

STRANGE FOSSILS FOUND.

Three-Toed Horses, Giant Hogs and Animal Part Deer and Part Hog Lived in Oregon.

Berkeley, Cal.—The first official bulletin descriptive of the fossils unearthed by the expedition to the John Day region in eastern Oregon has been published by the geology department at Berkeley. It describes some of the strange monsters that peopled the country known as the "Bad Lands." Among these remarkable beasts are extinct pigs and peccaries as large as cows, camellike quadrupeds and, not least interesting, the famous three-toed horse, the "elotherium," or giant hog, is a monster mammal nearly ten feet long and six or seven feet high.

Three-fourths of the remains of animals found are of the peculiar hoofed beasts named oreodonts—part deer and part hog. These varied in size from that of a dog to that of a small cow.

Here's the Latest Fish Story.

A retriever dog belonging to Mr. W. Churchill, of High Wycombe, England, was accompanying his master along the bank of the River Wyck, a tributary of the Thames, when he suddenly darted into the water and emerged with a fine trout in his mouth.

"American" Understood.

A restaurant keeper at Lucerne has made a special concession to American visitors, who are remarkably numerous this year. In his window signs have just been put up reading: "English and French spoken. American also understood."

EX-MAGNATE AS MOTORMAN

James Street, Former President of the Street Steamship Company, Seeks Work in New York.

New York.—James Street, former president of the Street Steamship company, at \$20,000 a year, and backed by Morgan interests in big shipping schemes, is an applicant for a position as a street car motorman or conductor. Applying for work first under an assumed name, Street finally avowed his identity. He admitted his financial straits and vowed he had effected a complete reconciliation with his wronged wife and parted from his rival. Street will not get a job with the railway company, because of the discovery that he has not given up the woman for whom he left his wife.

Last June it became known that Street was carried away by his infatuation for a pretty typewriter, young enough to be his daughter, had abandoned his wife and six children, and wrecked his own business career. The abandoned wife is a niece of Henry Cassaway Davis, democratic candidate for vice president in the last campaign. Her rival was Edna Miller, 13 years old, a recent graduate of the Hackensack high school, with blue eyes, lispng voice, and rosy cheeks.

Street was then a prominent member of the produce exchange, and interested in shipping. His annual earnings were \$20,000, and it was believed he was on the road to great wealth.

At first Street applied for the job of motorman in August under the name of Mr. Wright. A few days later he made a second application under the name of James Street. He was engaged pending investigation, but he didn't go to work. Search revealed that Street rooms in Jersey City. Directly across the street Edna Miller, ex-typewriter, lives in a handsome flat, attended by her mother.

Mrs. Street and children are living on the bounty of Mrs. Street's sister.

DREAM OF A VIOLIN-MAKER

Texarkana Man Evolves New Style of Instrument Whose Qualities Are Greatly Improved.

St. Louis, Mo.—After wooing Dame Fortune for 30 years, in which he paid a devotion bordering on idolatry and an industry bounded only by his zeal, his good fairy knocked at the door of C. C. Pipes, of Texarkana, and disclosed to him in a vision the secret so long sought for—that of improving violins.

The long-sought-for violin stood out clearly in a vision, and the next day Pipes set to work again with redoubled energy, with the result that he brought forth an improved violin, fit in tone and which may revolutionize the manufacture of such instruments.

Pipes' violin differs much from the ordinary type. It is the style and shape of the sixteenth century makes. But it is neither in the shape nor the material of the instrument that he has triumphed.

By the application of a strip of the inside rim of the violin, acting as a brace, Mr. Pipes gets added richness of tone out of his instrument, which is fashioned after the shape of a guitar, and which has not the sharp curves of scroll work of the usual violin.

A well-known instrument maker, when shown a model of Pipes' improved violin, declared that the Texarkana man had made a discovery for which violin makers have been seeking for decades.

HUMAN CHAIN SAVES TWO.

Heroic Young Women Rescue Two Drowning Girls in a Novel Manner.

Middletown, N. Y.—Forming a chain by joining hands, a party of New York city young women, the Misses Barman, Boranger and Silver, and Charles Boranger waded into the Shawangunk Kill, at Bloomingburg, Sullivan county, and rescued two young women from drowning.

Miss Tillie Boranger and Miss Martha Oppeman, of New York, were in a boat on the river, when Miss Boranger fell and overboard. The current was swift, and the girl was rapidly being swept toward a dam, when her companion plunged in after her.

Though both could swim, they could make no headway, and would surely have drowned had not the young women, on the shore waded into the water up to their shoulders and succeeded, with the help of a boat, in reaching the two drowning girls and pulling them out.

DECISION IS LIKE PORTIA'S

A Pennsylvania Alderman Quotes Shakespearean Principle of Law in Court.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Alderman Donohue of this city, whose Solomonesque judgments have made him famous, tried a case to settle the disputed ownership of a horse.

As the claimants would not come to an agreement, the alderman asked Joseph Gutman, the defendant, what part of the horse he would take. He would like "the hind part," he responded.

"Then the front part goes to the prosecutor," the alderman declared, "and I will take the hocks and iron shoes."

The next moment he called a constable and ordered him to shoot the horse, whereupon both defendant and prosecutor began pleading vigorously for its life, and the alderman gave them four days in which to settle the case.

Football Face.

The football face will now be added to the undulating features of our country.

FAT MAN SHOULD SWIM.

Long Immersion in Cold Water Serves to Keep Him in Shape.

A swimming cure for obesity is advocated by a medical authority, who warns patients, however, that a short dip in the surf will not be sufficient; the swim must last from one to two hours daily. Not only is the exercise effective but also the low temperature of the water, which burns up the surplus tissue. Says the writer:

"Exercise accelerates the movement of the blood and thus stimulates the consumption of tissue in the muscles and other parts, while the low temperature, acting through the temperature nerves, stimulates heat production. A person taking active exercise in water in summer time, burns up his tissues three or four times as fast as one who is sitting quietly in the shade. Fasting himself to keep cool, the rational diet, that is, the cutting off of a large part of the carbohydrate foodstuffs (starch and sugar), combined with swimming for one or two hours daily, may reduce the flesh of a corpulent person to healthy proportions."

A very fat person, we are told, can swim easily, since he need only take a little pains to keep his balance, and he can easily float on the water. The fat acts like a life-preserver, and if he cannot swim he can walk or lie in shallow water and make active movements with his arms and legs. To quote further:

"It is convenient for swimming are not accessible an ordinary bathtub may answer the same purpose. The bath may begin with water at a temperature of 102 degrees. The patient sits in the bathtub, which is filled within six inches of the top, and makes active movements with his arms and legs, rubbing the legs and the trunk with his hands until he finds himself perspiring freely. The cold water is then turned on so that the temperature of the bath may be gradually reduced to 75 degrees or even 70 degrees. Just at the close of the bath a lower temperature of 65 or 60 degrees may be permitted for a few seconds as a means of producing a good reaction or the bath may be terminated by a cool shower bath of 10 or 15 seconds. The duration of the bath may be 15 to 30 minutes if reaction is good, but the bather should never remain in until shivering or decided chilliness is produced. Cold hands or feet after the bath is an indication of defective reaction from too long contact with the cold water."

STORY OF AN INVENTION.

The Device Which Won Honor and Knighthood for the Great Bessemer.

In a recently published autobiography of Sir Henry Bessemer is told how, in 1852, when he was a youth of 20, he learned that the British government was using about \$5,000,000 a year through the use of forged stamps, says the Chicago Daily News. He set about finding a remedy. In nine months he discovered how to forge government stamps with the greatest ease. This was a risky bit of knowledge for a struggling young man who wanted money wherewith to get married to the girl of his choice. But young Bessemer, having invented forthwith the perforated stamp that is now known everywhere went gayly to the government officials with the forgeries in his pocket to ask if they were genuine. When Sir Charles Preley passed them as genuine, Bessemer remarked that he knew they were forgeries, "simply because I forged them myself." Then he suggested a remedy. It was accepted. Bessemer was offered the post of superintendent of stamps—for plant and staff must be reorganized—at \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year.

Young Bessemer went away happy to tell his good luck to the girl of his choice. He explained to her the situation, how old stamps had been picked off documents and used again, and how he had invented an elaborate plant to remedy this. "But surely," said the young lady, "if all the stamps had a date put on them they could not at a future time be used without detection." This rather startled without; Bessemer. But he devised a simple method of marking the date. The British government was delighted. The device was accepted. And as no change of machinery or staff was needed, Bessemer was informed that no superintendent of stamps would be appointed. Thus he had deprived himself of a job.

Forty-five years later, after he had invented the "Bessemer" process of purifying iron and had made a great fortune, Bessemer wrote to Lord Beaconsfield, then prime minister, pointing out that he had saved the country millions without the reward of a penny. He no longer wanted money, but the government acknowledged the debt and paid it with a knighthood.

Revenge.

"You didn't tip the waiter, did you?" said his wife, to the homely looking millionaire, as they left the dining room.

"No," he replied; "I heard him tell another waiter when we came in that he thought ten cents would be about our limit."—Detroit Free Press.

A Canine Imitator.

"That new hired man works like a dog."

"Indeed! Glad to hear it."

"Yes, he chased a rat out of the barn and then laid himself down in the sun and slept all the afternoon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Limit of Mendacity.

Hook—I don't think Longbow always sticks to the truth.

Nye—I should say he doesn't. Why that fellow lies like a tomstoe.—Philadelphia Record.