

A Priceless Stolen Hour

The Fairy Queen sat at her little madstool dinner table, for it was dinner time. But the Fairy Queen could do nothing, although a charming colation was spread before her—prime soup, roast acorn with roseleaf salad, violet pudding iced with honey, ad an acorn cupful of freshest morning dew. She glanced at everything and sighed. She even frowned. For the Fairy Queen was a methodical person, and to waste both the dinner and the dinner hour vexed her exceedingly.

acted as acollons in the royal kitchen. There he found he had to work harder than ever, and every day he became more discontented with his lot. Every night the sight of the twenty-four silver Hours grew more hateful, until at last he made up his mind that one golden Hour should be his at any rate. So one night as the little blue cloud containing the golden key of the Time Cupboard was floating back toward the sky, he caught it in a net hanging from a kite which he had made for the purpose. And when all the fairies were asleep he had stolen to the Time Cupboard and taken out the golden Hour, believing that not even the Fairy-Queen herself could discover the thief. He had forgotten the silver Hour which he had had to return to the Queen, and its magic powers, which prevented an untruth from remaining inscribed upon it.

NEVER HEARD OF ROOSEVELT

Startling Ignorance Displayed by Albert Courtney, Who Comes in from American Deserts. Los Angeles, Cal.—Albert Courtney, a mining prospector and British subject, heard a few days ago for the first time that Queen Victoria had died. He refused to believe the report and is looking for an English paper to confirm the news.



movement, the recall election and all the other great facts and occurrences of recent years were matters of which he was ignorant. This hiatus in the life of Courtney arises from the fact that in the last fifteen years he has been lost to the world on the desert of Nevada and Arizona. He was a recluse and did not see a book or newspaper during the entire period.

INDIAN RUNS DOWN WOLVES.

On Overtaking His Tired Quarry Uses Club to Kill Him. Superior, Wis.—At Solon Springs, near here, lives Charley Taylor, a half-breed Indian, who might be a good man to enter in some of the big Marathon races. Taylor is in the wolf hunting business for the bounty there is in it and catches the wolves by running them down. He hit the hot trail of one of the timber beasts recently, and overtook the exhausted animal three days later. He killed it with a stout club which he carries when "hunting."

SWALLOWED HIS SAVINGS.

Gold Coin Found in Grave When Body Was Moved. Paris, France.—Gold from the grave might be the caption over a curious incident that has happened at Thoon, near Epinal. Twelve years ago a workman died there, and his relatives could find none of his savings, although he was known to have accumulated a small sum in gold. Recently his body was moved by the parish authorities to another grave, his son being present at the transference. When the remains were exposed he was astonished to see a little pile of gold coins lying among the bones. They were the dead man's savings, amounting to \$185, which he had swallowed to prevent his family, with whom he was on bad terms, getting hold of them.

Unravels Mystery of "Ghost" Smokers

Bangor, Me.—The mystery of the tobacco-consuming ghost at Benton has been unraveled. Old Silas Toothacher every night smokes his pipe in the kitchen and then carefully places it in a tin box nailed to the chimney behind the stove. Although he often left the pipe half full of tobacco there never was anything but ashes in it the next morning. Toothacher decided to stay awake and watch for the "ghost." He put the pipe in the box as usual. Through a hole in the chimney a strong current of air blew; the pipe's mouth-piece was within half an inch of this hole; the draught was strong enough to keep the tobacco burning until entirely consumed.

Waterspouts One-Fourth Mile High.

San Diego, Cal.—Following a severe hail and rain storm here two gigantic waterspouts were sighted off Point Loma, traveling northward at a rapid rate. Wireless operators state that the spouts were three miles off shore and one-fourth of a mile high.

AWAITED DEATH IN A GRAVE.

Japanese Youth's Attempt to Bury Himself and Die Afterward. A youth of Kobe, Japan, who sought to commit suicide by burying himself alive and paid an accomplice 25 cents to spade the earth upon his coffin achieved some degree of notoriety even in Japan, where new things are happening every day. He failed of his original purpose, however.

A policeman was strolling along the bank of the Minatogawa River outside of Kobe one day last month when he happened to spy a joint of bamboo pipe sticking a few inches above a mound of fresh earth. Being a Japanese and also a policeman, his curiosity was especially keen. He looked down the bamboo pipe, but could see nothing.

Then he began to dig around the pipe. He had a considerable wrench put on his nerves when a voice came out of the end of the pipe right at his ear: "Honorably contented to go away and permit me to die peacefully."

But the policeman did not go. He dug some more and finally unearthed a pine box, the length of a man's body and about three feet wide. The bamboo pipe led through an opening into the box. The policeman pried off the cover of the box, securely nailed down, and dumped the self-appointed corpse out.

Yamada Katsutaro, the man who would thus have died, told the prefect of police that he had wanted to die in a seemly fashion because he was out of work. The lack of food had suggested to him the practicability of starving himself to death, but in order to be sure that he should accomplish this purpose he had determined to bury himself in a securely nailed coffin and await the ravages of hunger. He didn't want to suffocate first, hence the bamboo pipe.

The day before the policeman discovered him, Yamada said, he prepared the box and the services of a coolie. Then he dug the hole out on Egeyama and after giving the coolie his obi and fifty sen, his last bit of money, he was nailed up in his coffin, lowered into the grave and covered under six feet of soil.

Yamada promised never to try burying himself alive again and the police let him go.

The Indian and the Telephone.

The Indians are great on using the telephone. They have but little or no use for the local boards, their calls being over the long distance. They do not put in a call for the individual. They do not ask for White Eagle at Canton or Flying Cloud at Darlington. The call is for "Any Cheyenne." The same is true as to the Arapahoes; any member of the tribe serves. An Indian puts in a call for any member of his tribe at Canton, Darlington, Colony, Lawton or any point. It is "up to" the manager to go out on the street and pick up an Indian. Any one will do, so he is of the tribe asked for. He is put up to the phone and the talk proceeds. The talk being in Indian, no one knows what it is about.

If an Indian, say in Clinton, wants to reach one of his people, say forty miles from Canton, or any other given point, he calls for one of his tribesmen, tells him the message he desires delivered, and it is his business to deliver it, even though it requires a night trip and a storm.

A little Indian baby died near Clinton last year and its mother desired that her relatives attend the funeral services. They lived out on the prairie northwest from Canton. The telephone was used and a member of the tribe directed to deliver the message to the mother's relatives. It was delivered by a courier across the prairie and canons, and the relatives came in over the Orient next day.

Last summer a call came to Clinton for a Kiowa that was a poser for the manager. However, he found upon inquiry among the Cheyennes that there was one who had lived among the Kiowas and spoke the dialect. He was put up to the phone and received the talk.

She Had a Vocabulary, too.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of-word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up; I've thought of a better word!" The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"

Not All Loss.

Quotations cleverly malapropos or neatly distorted furnish half the wit of the professional humorist. Nevertheless, when such a verbal misstep is spontaneous, there is often real fun in it.

A young man had been out sailing with his sister and a friend of hers. He did not know particularly well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after several vain attempts: "Well, it is better to have luffed and lost than never to have luffed at all!"

ODOORS MOVE SLOWLY.

Incredible Time Required to Travel Short Distances. It has been ascertained as the result of experiments conducted by Prof. Zeleny of the University of Minnesota that the diffusion of odors through the atmosphere is much slower than is commonly supposed. The professor has investigated this phenomenon experimentally, and he finds that it takes the odor of ammonia at least an hour and a half to make its way to the opposite end of a glass tube about five feet long. With the idea of throwing some light on the character of odors—that, whether or not they actually consist of tangible physical particles of sub-atomic size, the experiment was tried of allowing the odors to ascend and descend glass tubes and noting the time of their diffusion.

One curious phenomenon noticed in this connection is that the odor of camphor ascended twice as fast as it descended, while ammonia diffused equally in either direction. It is through the penetrating hydrogen sulphide odor carried by slowly ascending currents of air that the vulture class of birds that feed on carrion are able to locate their food. These birds are often seen sailing around and around all day long, until finally, sometimes after the lapse of two or three days, they have been able to trace the smell of their food from great altitudes downward to its location on the ground.

As Prof. Moore declares, the distance from which they come, often 100 miles and sometimes from an altitude of 10,000 feet, "gives some idea of the gentle slope of these so-called ascending currents, which are twisted and contorted into every imaginable shape by the wind."

A Death Mask of Cromwell. Cromwell's death mask, which so appropriately rounds out the Cromwell part of the Harvard Carlyle collection, hung for many years in the English writer's home in Chelsea and was given by him to his friend and correspondent Prof. Charles Elliot Norton of Cambridge. The cast had been presented to Carlyle by the sculptor Thomas Woolner, the present possessor of the original death mask, and is one of the few casts ever taken from the original mask. When Carlyle's bequest came to Harvard, Prof. Norton presented the cast to the Harvard College library, and the Harvard library thus became possessed of the fourth cast taken from the original mask, the other three being respectively at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and in the British Museum. Carlyle considered it undoubtedly the truest existing image of Cromwell's face, far to be preferred to the common casts in which all the finer points of likeness had become obliterated.

Fresh Water Beside the Ocean.

Along the coast of the island of Cebu, in the Philippines, most of the fresh water wells and springs are situated within a few feet of the ocean, but, strange to say, the salty taste of the sea cannot be detected. The women of Cebu take the water to their homes in long bamboo vessels, and in this picture are shown some Visayan women getting their day's supply.

Wonderful Imitation in Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick. A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey, and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Some Peculiar Names of Women.

Flower names have always been in favor, but at present the names of precious stones run them a good second. Lord Edward Churchill's daughters are Ruby and Beryl; there is Miss Pearl Finch, daughter of Mr. George Finch, of Burley-on-the-Hill; Miss Frances Walseley, only child and heiress of Lord Walseley, has also the name of Garnet; and the new Lady Harding, whose husband has recently been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, owns a beautiful baby called Diamond.—From M. A. P.

Two Perch and Two Trout, According to This Angler's Story.

It is something after all to be the hero of a record, even if it does not mean much, and perhaps the successful landing of four fish on one cast is not unworthy of being rescued from oblivion. It happened with me on the Shannon in Ireland some few years ago in the last or very nearly the last of my seasons with the wet fly, and is the more remarkable as I have not fished with four flies on my cast half a dozen times in my life. I was fishing from a boat anchored at the tail of the strong broken water of the weir, and rose and hooked what I saw was a trout of about half a pound.

Presently as I was playing him his motions seemed to become most erratic; he would pull heavily down and then instantly there would be slack, or a movement down stream would become a movement up with a suddenness quite bewildering, and for a few minutes I could make neither head nor tail of the action that was going on below. At last on the line coming closer I saw there was a good sized perch on the highest dropper, and presently I saw a second perch on the lower, while a moment later I was astonished to see that my trout was also still on the point with a smaller trout on the dropper next him.

None of the fish was large of course, though the perch next me was quite a pound; but I saw there was scarcely a possible chance to get all four into the boat safely, so hauling up the stone and rope which held me, I quietly started paddling for the shore a hundred yards off with alternative strokes of the oars. Strange to say, I reached the low shelving shore without a single fish escaping, and slipping out of the boat drew the whole string ashore in triumph. The four fish were about two pounds in weight; and I had an applauding gallery of several young fellows on the bank whom it took me all my time to restrain from rushing into the shallow water to scoop out the struggling fish when they saw the extraordinary catch I was trying to drag ashore.—From London Field.

A Survival of Type.

When Lucy Ellen Morse was born it was announced that she was "all Morse," a fact which her young mother, greatly awed and honored by her connection with the Morse family, hailed with joy. Thereafter no criticism on the baby could be allowed. "I think Lucy Ellen is a very hard baby to get to sleep, from my own experience with her," said a youthful and courageous aunt who had been left in charge of Lucy Ellen for a day. The family was aghast at such heresy. "Fretful!" repeated the Morses, one and all, and then they turned to the mother of Lucy Ellen as the one to whom the complete refutation of this monstrous statement should be left. "I don't know what you would expect of a ten months' old baby," said Mrs. Morse, withering the unwise aunt with a side glance. "She sleeps in the old cradle in which her father and grandfather were rocked, and all she requires ever is to have it tilted gently back and forth for half an hour, steadily, and she falls into the sweetest sleep. I presume you may have jounced it, being only used to modern babies, who don't have ancestors' cradles, dear," added Mrs. Morse, lenient to her erring relative at the thought of Lucy Ellen's unusual heritage. "Perhaps I did," said the young aunt, meekly. "My feet went to sleep before Lucy Ellen did." "Your feet!" cried Mrs. Morse, reproachfully. "Lucy Ellen is rocked by hand, just as her father was. We sit on the floor, of course, to do it. Poor little lamb!" she cried to the household idol. "No wonder she didn't go to sleep! We forgot the aunty didn't know. But it shan't ever happen again—" "No, it certainly shan't," said the visiting aunt, with a peculiar glint in her eye.

Reporters and Orators.

There have been errors in reporting, of course. There always will be such errors. But inaccuracies of this kind are usually insignificant, and they are more than balanced by the dressing up and revision which good reporters devote to careless, illogical and sometimes ungrammatical speeches. If it were not for the maligned reporter, nine speeches in ten that are not delivered from manuscript would read like a "combination of bad grammar and delirium tremens," as Mark Twain put it. It is the saving grace of reportorial revision that has made many an oratorical reputation in this country. The public speaker who does not recognize his obligations to the men who report him is an ingrate. A just punishment for him would be to print his speeches exactly as he delivers them. After two or three experiences of that regimen he would have nothing to say of "inaccurate reporters."

IN DIFFERENT SETS.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and passing a fish shop in New Street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked 'a. a dozen,' and the other '1s. 3d. a dozen.' 'How they must hate each other,' said Thackeray."