Books and Authors

NEW BOOKS

The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins. A romance of the regency. By Louis Doan Shipman, author of "D'Arcy of the Guards." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a very brilliant, dashing romance of the regency in England, when Prince George, afterward the fourth of the name in royal annals, presided over society, corrupt and frivolous to the core, and dueling and gambling were the leading amusements. Kate Poins was the daughter, born out of wedlock, of an English baronet of high connections and Sir Richard Nevill, blue blood, fell in love with her, not knowing that she was the daughter of Jack Poins, who was killed in a duel by his father, who was also killed in that duel by Poins simultaneously. Then, there steps in a French scoundrel, a smooth-tongued, pretentious adventurer, who is after Kate Poins' money. He dazzles the innocent maid and she finds her heart fluttering and tells him yea. Meantime Dick Nevill, who has become Lord Kenstone, discovers the true nature of the French adventurer and card sharp and he is exposed as a French spy. Nevill forces him to fight and the spy is desperately wounded. Kate Poins learns all about the scoundrel, who tries to abduct her and ultimately she transfers her affections with seeming ease to Nevill after she is satisfied that Nevill knows of her birth and still loves her. The nerve of the Frenchman was remarkable, and no less cool and desperately persistent in his purpose of thwarting him was the Englishman.

The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," "Mammon & Co.," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a romance of English life of the present day. The "Luck" was a large golden goblet with two handles, with a holding capacity of two quarts, incrusted all over with large and precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds. This gorgeous cup had come to young Lord Harry Vail by inheritance and upon it was an inscription:

When the luck of the Vails is lost,
Fear not fire, nor rain, nor frost;
When the luck is found again,
Fear both fire and frost and rain.

Harry Vail's uncle, Mr. Francis, told him of the legend and seemed to believe in it. This Uncle Francis, who appeared to love his nephew devotedly, develops into a villain of extraordinary vileness. He is the young Lord Vail's sole heir, for Lord Vail is not married and Uncle Francis works hard to prevent Lord Vail's engagement to Evie Alwyn, and failing, makes several desperate attempts to kill him and nearly succeeds, but Vail is rescued by his friend, Geoffrey Langham, who shows himself a very excellent detective by discovering all the secret machinery of Uncle Francis, who is aided by his devilish body servant. The story of Uncle Francis' diabolical machinations is thrilling and the whole narrative shows a high degree of dramatic power. After the passing of Uncle Francis, by a dark tragedy, Lord Vail with his own hands hurls the "Luck" into the depths of a lake and feels better.

Nonsense: Vol. IV., "Le Roman d'une Pussie Chat." A Tale of Ye Olden Times. Par Henrique (Old Man) Ringtail. Translated from the original Sanscrit by Frederick Rogers, D. C. L., of Osgood Hall. Detroit: American Publishing company, No. 23 Adams avenue east.

This rather long title is followed by several prefaces and introductions, and, after being bored, with occasional relief, by reason of the author's wit, the reader arrives at the cast of the play, which is located in New Ontario, in the region of Sault Ste. Marie, and in a fabled land of Grimalkins, reached by a subterranean passage leading from the northern shore of Lake Superior. In this region cities are built and Canadian life develops, the author drawing upon his tropical imagination. Tea and tobacco and other luxuries are produced in the land of the Grimalkins. The doings of the people there are described with what may be called humorous gravity. The author is engaged upon a sixth volume of the "Nonsense" series, and the publishers hint that there will appear an indefinite number of sequels.

Joscelyn Cheshire. A Story of Revolutionary Days in the Carolinas. By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

Mrs. Kennedy has given us in this book a heroine who had a strong woman's will and prejudices of her own. Jocelyn was in deep sympathy with the cause of King George and his redcoats and openly showed it, and Richard Clevering, her lover, was equally strong in his sympathy with the American patriots and proved it by enlisting in the patriot army, fighting and suffering terrible imprisonment in the foul prison ships off New York. The girl treated his lovemaking with disdain, although before the war they were firm friends, and showed no sign of relenting, although he wrote constantly to her. He risks his life to come and see her when the British troops were in force in and about the town where she lived, and she finds herself solicitous about his safety and conceals him in her mother's house and facilitates his escape from Colonel Tarleton and his men. Clevering has many thrilling adventures, and Joscelyn fights against her own growing regard for him. With keen wit she ridicules him and disparages his cause until Cornwallis surrenders and then, after the home-coming, there is a very affecting little interview, and the strong man who had for years waited so anxiously for some awakening of love in Joscelyn's heart, seems to have been satisfied. The process is very beautifully described.

The Diary of a Freshman. By Charles Macomb Flandrau, author of "Harvard Episodes." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Flandrau's former book of stories of college life has been well received, and the sketches in this book, which have appeared serially in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, embody even more humor and sarcasm than the "Harvard Episodes." Any freshman who keeps a diary and is somewhat observant, necessarily has a deal to say about the daily happenings. This freshman was one of the observing ones, but somewhat like M. Verdant Green. His account of registration is a fitting introduction to the humor of the book, in which he tells how many of his high ideals of student life were smashed, beginning with his arrest by a policeman and confinement in the station the first night he took a stroll, and all through the operations of a student who loved a good practical joke. Then the freshman begins to know the ropes and participates in daring tricks on the professors, and recklessly runs up bills at restaurants. Particularly interesting is the account of the cramming for examinations, the desperate grinding being of two or three weeks' duration. "It was a case of getting the drop on my exams or letting them get the drop on me," says the Diary. Speaking of Boston, this Diary says: "Really to know the place, you have to be born and brought up here; which in itself amounts to saying that Boston will never, never be understood. For the people who were born and brought up here know and won't tell." The description of the great blizzard is a strongly picturesque as well as humorous bit of writing, and there is abundance of freshman philosophy in the book. The Diary writer is one of the most candid of mortals. Mr. Flandrau's home is in St. Paul.

The God of His Fathers and Other Stories. By Jack London. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., Nos. 141-155 East Twenty-fifth street. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

Jack London is a refreshingly original and picturesque writer of stories of our rugged Alaska and its rugged inhabitants, the farther northwest, where twilight lingers long and the ice and snows linger longer, and in the quick, short summer there is wondrously quick growth and breeding of insects. Mr. London has been there and knows the white expanse of arctic winters, the flash of the auroral light, the solemn silence of the forest wilderness and the heaps upon heaps of snows, and the way men and women livs, and, in their way, introduce civilization into the icy realm. This volume takes its title from Hay Stockard's confession of his belief in a god as he, wounded, spear-riddled, surrounded by howling savages, faced them with a calm, cool steadfastness. All these stories, a dozen in number, are characterized by strong, vivid painting, whether the story be tragedy or comedy. He realistically pictures the careers of women in the Klondike region, dance girls, newly-rich dames, energetic young women who know no fear and can take care of themselves anywhere. "The Great Interrogation" is a fine example of London's vivid etching. The reader finds himself in "Which Make Men Remember" in the very atmosphere of the mining camp and trail. There are rough, crude men and women, but underneath the rough and profane and whisky-scented exterior there is frequently found a noble nature. Mr. London, in such stories as "The Man with the Gash," "Jan, the Unrepentant," "Grit of Women," "The Scorn of Women," has added much to his reputation as a first-class raconteur.

Insect Life. An Introduction to Nature Study and a Guide for Teachers, Students and Others Interested in Out-of-Door Life. By John Henry Comstock, professor of entomology in Cornell university and in Leland Stanford university. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.75.

This volume was designed by Professor Comstock to aid teachers of nature study in the public schools and students and others interested in the study of insect life. Children are easily interested in the study of insect life in its manifold forms, and to them microscopic investigation is both amusing and instructive. It reveals to them the importance of the apparently insignificant and stimulates interest in the study of nature in other directions. This volume teaches how to acquire a knowledge of insects from the insects themselves. The professor recommends the collection of insects by the pupils, who can be readily instructed in insect habits, structure and classification. To these features considerable space is given, beginning with the parts of an insect as disclosed by the microscope and proceeding to instructions how to make a collection and mount the specimens, pointing out the transformations which insects undergo while getting their growth, and fully explaining the method of classification. A feature of the author's method is the work of the pupils in recording their observation, in their own language, of the habits and aspect of the insects they see. The volume is illustrated with eighteen full page plates from life, the insects being reproduced in natural colors, and a large number of original illustrations engraved by Anna Comstock, a member of the Society of American Wood Engravers.

My Lady of Orange. By H. C. Bailey. With eight illustrations by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Nos. 91 and 93 Fifth avenue.

This book, as the title may suggest, is a story of the period of the struggle of the Netherlanders against the tyranny of Philip of Spain and his lieutenant the cruel Duke of Alva. The novels of this period are coming with great rapidity from the press, and naturally there is considerable sameness of plot and details. In "My Lady of Orange" the heroine is Gabrielle le Trond, Protestant, who was rescued by John Newstead, Englishman, from the grasp of a Spanish abductor. These two figure conspicuously. Newstead is a soldier of fortune, ready with his men to fight for Alva or for William of Orange. He gives his services to the latter, and the story narrates his valiant deeds characterized by the violence and treachery common to both sides in this desperate struggle. The adventurer Newstead, full of devices, takes a big bribe from Alva to open the gates of Breuthe to the Spaniards. He opens them and then locks the Spaniards in and his men slaughter them. This is a sample of the fighting of those days. The Spaniards butchered the Dutchmen in cold blood and the Dutchmen retaliated. The heroine Gabrielle, rescued twice from Spanish hands, performs valiant service for the Prince of Orange and the Englishman Newstead, brave but unscrupulous man by his own admission, ultimately wins her and tells us that she was his greatest gain out of the bloody war. This story was recently published serially in The Journal.

Taxation of Corporations in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. By Robert H. Whitten, Ph.D., sociology librarian of the New York State Library. Albany, N. Y.: University of the State of New York. Price, 25 cents.

This is one of the valuable bulletins issued by the university of the state of New York. The bulletins embrace such subjects as summaries of legislation by states, state finance statistics, trend of legislation in the United States, etc. The bulletin of the taxation of corporations is especially interesting at a time when the subject is so much under discussion. This bulletin embodies a useful comparative study of the corporation tax systems of states where there is the strongest development of corporate organization. The forms of assessment and taxation vary in these states. In New York and Massachusetts realty of general business corporations is assessed by local assessors for state and local purposes, and, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, it is assessed for local purposes only, as these states levy no state tax on real property. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts tax public service corporations, the former subjecting them to a state tax of ½ to 1 per cent on capital stock, including entire property, franchises and earning capacity, while bondholders in foreign corporations pay two-fifths of 1 per cent on their bonds and domestic corporations pay from interest due a tax at the same rate on bonds held by residents of the state. Massachusetts taxes public service like all domestic corporations on the aggregate market value of shares less real estate locally assessed at the average tax rate throughout the state (1½ per cent), street railways being compelled to pay additional taxation equal to the excess of dividends paid over 8 per cent and a gross receipts tax at a rate varying from 1 per cent to 3 per cent in proportion to gross receipts per mile. In New Jersey and New York personal property of public service corporations is assessed locally for local purposes, but the value of the franchise cannot be included and debts may be deducted. Special laws for the taxation of all corporations exercising franchises to use streets or other public places have been enacted in both states and New Jersey specially taxes steam railways and canals, while real and personal property is taxed for state purposes at the rate of ½ to 1 per cent on its actual value as fixed by the state assessment board. The bulletin further deals with taxation of state and national banks, trust companies, savings banks, insurance, incorporations, shares and bonds. There is appended a compilation of corporation tax laws of each of the four states and there is an excellent index.

Among Kentucky Stills—"Juletty: A Story of Old Kentucky," by Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy, is true to the letter touching the inhabitants and the life in the "moonshining" districts of eastern Kentucky. Any one who has visited that region will recognize the genuineness of Mrs. McElroy's delineations of the illicit distillers, who regard the federal laws as the product of a dire tyranny, interfering with "natural rights," one of which is to make illicit whisky and sell it for a profit. Mrs. McElroy, the author, is a native of Kentucky and was born near the locality of her story. Jack Burton, the hero, is a deputy United States marshal, hunting for illicit stills. Juletty Lincques, the heroine, or Juliet, as she was christened, is notable as Jack's betrothed and, at the same time, adroitly shielding her brother and others who were "moonshiners," from the efforts of Jack to find the stills. The author depicts Jack's very narrow escapes from the bullets of the "moonshiners" and there is no exaggeration in these episodes, and she gives a thrilling picture of the pursuit and lynching of a negro who had committed the crime of crimes against a white woman. There are stirring passages, as the race of Juliet on horseback for her life with a railway train approaching, and the fox hunt where is more daring riding and fence jumping than in old England. The character of plucky Jack Burton is admirably pictured and, after being shot at many times and occasionally wounded, and maintaining a deathless love for "Juletty," he ought to have arrived at a comfortable terminus. The reader may be contented with the closing pages. The book is fresh, original and reveals the fine descriptive power of the author. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, $1.50.

On Froebel's Lines—Mr. George Hansen of Berkeley, Cal., has produced a very pleasant and suggestive little book entitled "What Is a Kindergarten?" He believes that there should be an improvement and amplification of Froebel's teachings; that kindergartens should be made a part of our free school system; he would have a separate kindergarten building with grounds around it, and, in the building should be the living rooms of the kindergartner and that home should be an impressive model of a home for the benefit of the children. There, through the agency of outdoor exercise among plants and flowers, the task of forming the child's mind can be made easier and more correct. Mere association of plants and children is profitable for them. The author indicates, in a very charming way, the flowers and shrubs and vines and trees which should be in the children's park and playground and he certainly shows great and refined taste. He would have each child cultivate a patch of ground for its own garden, under instruction from the city gardener, where flowers and even vegetables may be grown. He would have a zoological garden included, with a lamb, rabbits, turtles, goldfish, lizards and toads and dogs, while all birds should be welcome visitors or dwellers. The text details the scheme, while the plates accurately illuminate the text. The book will be found both entertaining and instructive. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.

The Recuperative Wilderness — A story more valuable and interesting than ninety-nine out of a hundred present-day novels, is "A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray, who most interestingly tells of a Wall street stock pit habitue, who, after howling about the pit for some years and addling his brain with figures and excitement, has a sharp warning through a sudden collapse of his overworked heart and brain. His doctor tells him he must quit or he will die in six months. So off he goes with his little son, a hundred miles from Wall street, in the wilderness, and settles down in a rough little abode under the trees and among the birds, several miles from the nearest settlement. Here the Wall street man had to give up steak a la Bordelaise, game birds, many entrees, and a pint or so of champagne for lunch and soon had an appetite for plainer fare, and he tried to follow the doctor's advice to "play and become an animal" and stop reading and thinking of deals, puts and calls. The life in this retreat is delightfully described, and the author is charmingly humorous. The man of the ticker becomes interested in the beauties of nature and studies birds, trees, flowers, squirrels and all the wealth of nature. So the man's story of himself reads like an idyl, especially as he fell in love with Griselle, a pretty girl who came over from her uncle's every day to perform the needed cooking and housework for the father and son. But the affair of the heart was not brought to fruition and the reader will have to consult the book to learn the truth. The philosophy of the former invalid is good, very good. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

A Tragical Love—Miss Gwendolen Keats, who writes novels over the pen name "Zack," in "The White Cottage," has written about as sad a novel as was ever penned, yet its deepening gloom is so masterfully depicted that readers who like such studies of the human heart will read it with increasing interest to the end, although the tale is full of sobbing minors. Yet there are just two men and two women who command attention—Mark Tavy, Ben Lupin, Luce Myrtle, Hester Lupin—lowly people of an English fishing village. The two first are bitter rivals for Luce's hand. Luce pledges herself to Mark, but really loves Lupin and marries him, although vows have been called in the church for her marriage with Mark, who had already selected the White cottage for their abode. Instead, Lupin takes Luce thither. Mark meditates murder, but goes away at a white heat of rage for a year and returns to find a child has been born to Lupin and Luce, who are very happy. He discovers that Lupin has another wife living and has an awful struggle in his mind whether he shall expose the bigamist and have him tried and jailed or protect Luce by silence from the disgrace. He decides upon the latter course, but some one in the village has learned the truth and Lupin is torn from Luce and tried and convicted. Hester Lupin then steals Luce's child and is seen no more, while Mark Tavy, faithful to Luce, tries to get her to marry him and finally gets her promise, when Lupin suddenly comes home and after being mobbed by the villagers, goes to the White cottage and all Luce's love for him surges back and Mark goes to the cottage to find Lupin and Luce have departed. The love which had mastered him was heroic and the author has finely brought out his finer nature which in all his bitter struggles conquered. There are finely wrought scenes between the two wives of Lupin and between Luce's weak nature and the strong love of Mark Tavy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

Literary Notes.

The Railway Age, Chicago, has issued "The Biographical Directory of the Railway Officials of America," for 1901, edited and compiled by T. Addison Busbey, associate editor of the Railway Age. The volume contains about 5,000 names, each with brief biography appended, and it is a handy reference book to the records of active railroad officials, handsomely printed and bound.

While London is very well supplied with free libraries in most of the boroughs, there are six, containing a population of a million and a quarter, which have not a single free library, and refuse to take advantage of the libraries act, which puts them in a position to secure such an adjunct of civilization.

Literary Digest: "Probably the most notable of all English literary revolutionists were two poets—Milton, who gave his lifetime and sacrificed his sight in the cause of political, religious and divorce reform, and Shelley. Among other notable poet-liberals are Leigh Hunt (who suffered two years' imprisonment for a daring literary attack on the prince regent), Keats, and (in some respects) Byron. To the preceding group was opposed the reactionary school of Wordsworth (the 'lost leader'), Southey, Scott and Coleridge. Among more recent writers, the most notable reformers and liberals have been Whitman and Edwin Markham, in America, and Ruskin and Morris, in England."

The Critic publishes a fine picture of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and of her study in her Boston home. "At 15," says the Critic, "her verses were eagerly accepted; at 18, she had published a volume of poems and stories that sold to the extent of 15,000 copies, and six weeks after leaving boarding school she married her publisher, William Moulton."

Ernest Seton-Thompson has bought an abandoned farm in Connecticut and will do literary work there and pull the pesky stones out of the ground for exercise.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has become a permanent resident of San Francisco. She lives in a house overlooking the bay and she has in it many interesting memorials of the novelist, including manuscripts, finished and unfinished.

The Lounger, of the Critic, writing of Bertha Runkle, the gifted author of "The Helmet of Navarre," says: "If you should see Bertha Runkle walking or driving around Onteora (her summer home in the Catskills) in a short skirt, with her hair hanging in two thick braids down her back, you would never suspect that she was the author of one of the most popular novels of the day. Nor would you suspect it any more if you saw her in evening dress dancing at one of the Inn's informal 'hops.' There is nothing of the blue stocking about this young woman. She is just as simple-minded as any of the other girls of her age, and just as eager for a good time."

Maurice Hewlett is sojourning in Scotland, where he is gathering material for a new novel.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "The Mayflower and Her Log," by Azel Ames, M. D., member of the Pilgrim Society.

The Bookman prints some very amusing samples of letters received by publishers from people who have a fond yearning to become distinguished authors. Here is one of them: "Kinde Editor, i write this letter to you to know if you would like to buy two good storeys i have written two that every one heer has seen them say they cannot be beat by any one and i would sell them to some good story paper i will let you have my storeys cheap pleas let me hear from you at once the tittle of my storeys is first the bride of missouri second the girl that had two lovers or her fathers mistake i will exspect an answer frome you at once i am very Respt. p. s. Pleas tell me what you pay for good storys i am all most shure you will buy my storys as they are so good one of our best lawers here say my last story is worth fifty dollars to any good story paper." One of these people asks: "Pleas tell me the meaning of MSS."

Miss Selma Lagerlof, the distinguished Swedish author, began her literary career by writing a story in competition for a prize offered by the Idun, a Stockholm literary journal. When she had finished it she was too modest in her estimate of her own ability to send the manuscript to the publisher, but her sister found it and sent it and it was at once accepted and it won the prize of $540.

M. W. A. Excursions via Soo Line

To al points in Minnesota and North Dakota at less than half fare, maximum rate being $10.00 for the round trip. Tickets sold June 14th and 15th and are good 15 days, with stop-over privileges in North Dakota. Soo Line ticket office, 119 So 3rd St.

How Caterpillars Spin Garments On the Bodies of Amazonians

Chicago Tribune.

Probably no country on earth is more interesting to the traveler on the lookout for queer things and unusual experiences than the Silvas of the Amazon. A few years ago I went to the Silvas to study anthropology, for there are some aboriginal tribes living there that as a study are interesting, though a degraded lot.

These Indians were continually bent on discovery and experimenting. Somehow, they had come into possession of some silk worms. These worms were not known before in that country, and most of them died before the natives found out how to raise them. But they persevered, and by feeding them on the tender leaves of some native plants produced a good quality of silk, not so good as the Chinese produce by feeding the worms on white mulberry leaves, but nevertheless a strong, serviceable silk, certainly good enough for the dusky bodies of these savages, for this silk has not yet become an article of commerce.

Their method of obtaining the silk and transforming it into garments was crude. When the moths laid the eggs the natives carried them in great quantities in belts about their bodies, thus giving the eggs the body heat. At the end of winter the eggs were hatched and the result was an army of caterpillars. These were trained to crawl over the naked bodies of the natives. This was their home. They knew no other and seemed quite contented.

During eight weeks the savage is covered with these yellow crawlers. It would seem that thousands of creeping caterpillars over one's body from head to foot would tickle one to death. Certainly a white man would find it unbearable, but it must be remembered these natives of Brazil are scarcely human. To them it is intensely interesting to train these worms in the way they should go. Small bits of leaves are stuck on the bodies of the natives in regular rows, and round and round the worms go, feeding on the way. The natives help each other in the placing of the bits of leaves and in confining the worms to certain parts of the body.

These caterpillar-covered "niggers" as Dr. F. A. Marsh, who was of our party, called them, sleep on their backs at night and are careful not to turn over in their sleep. That would be a sad calamity. When we came to their village there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process. They were a sight to chill the blood. I know the blood stopped flowing in my veins. I stood still and shuddered. Yet there was a fascination about it, for I had been told what the object of it was and I admired the savage ingenuity.

After the worms have become dizzy with playing the "merry-go-round" on the bodies of the savages they quit eating and commence spinning the outer covering for the cocoons. When this labor is done, the natural process of silk-making is interfered with. The savages had found out that when the cocoons were finished they would burst, or the worms would eat their way out. In either case the silk is destroyed. So the worms are prevented from making cocoons. Instead, the fibre for the outer covering is destroyed and the poor caterpillars stop in perplexity. But they doubtless conclude the savages are right, and the worms are in debt to them for eight weeks of feeding, so they start soon to spin the silk.

The natives are now in ecstacy. They make the worms hustle around them as they have been taught during all their little lives, and spinning as they go, the fine filaments of shining silk. Round and round crawl the worms, each one spinning one to four thousand yards of silk thread around the swarthy, savage neck, around each naked arm, around the chest and abdomen and the lower limbs. The work of the worms is over.

And the result is a remarkable transformation! From a nude savage figure, loathsome and repulsive, with thousands of yellow worms crawling, twisting, writhing, squirming, to a conquering, proud native of Brazil, clothed in a perfectly fitting garment of rich silk. He has toiled not, neither has he spinned—he has only bossed the job—yet is he clothed in raiment as beautiful as the lilies of the field.

I was told the first efforts to produce these garments of silk were not successful. But by patience and perseverance the faults were corrected, a close web perfected, and the garment, when completed, was pretty and faultless. It is a great country for dyestuffs, and the silk garments were given various brilliant colors. One old girl was quite a sight. She was extremely gaunt and bony. Her black body was attired in a blood-red silk garment, covering her body from the bust to just above the knees. There were dainty green shoulder straps, and around her neck was a wide ribbon of bright blue. A savage chief gloried in a comfortable silk jacket. It was looser than the others and could be opened in front, having a row of little holes in either side, in which little silk ribbons had been placed to tie the two sides together. These holes had been made in an ingenious way. The noble chief had a swelling like a wart on his neck, caused by a drop of poison from a certain weed. He noticed the worms avoided this wart, and the result was a hole in the garment. Now, during all the rest of that summer and winter, having nothing better to do, the chief gave his great intellect to the contemplation of the silk worms and the royal garment they would make him. When the eggs were hatched the following year, and the Indian was covered with the yellow, hairy caterpillars, he caused to grow a double row of warts down his chest by means of the poison from the weed, and also by the same means a long welt from neck to waist in the exact center. When the caterpillars spun out the silk they avoided the warts and turned back at the welt. The result was a garment, open in front, with neatly worked holes for the ribbons.

MACHINE FOR STOPPING LONG-WINDED SPEAKERS

Philadelphia Press.

Pittsburg—Attorney J. H. Stevenson, of Fifth avenue, has invented an automatic timekeeper for use in legislative assemblages, parlor entertainments and political conventions. When it is not working in one of the other of the places its services will be available for prize fights.

The little machine is intended to put a stop to the talk when the speaker's time is up, so that the appropiateness of lending it to the sporting fraternity when there are no legislatures or conventions in sessions is immediately apparent.

The contrivance consists of an ordinary nickel clock, such as can be purchased for about 75 cents, and a small electric battery, to which is connected a vigorous and loud-sounding bell. The clock is fastened to the top of the battery and beside it sits a bell. The inventor has contrived that at the expiration of the time alloted to a speaker the minute hand of the clock shall effect a contact which will ring the bell so long and loud that his speech must come to an end.

The inventor does not expect the machine to make him a fortune, but he believes that, if adopted by congress, state legislatures and political gatherings, it will prove a great public benefit.

HE EARNED $100,000 FROM TIPS IN HOTEL

Philadelphia Record.

Pittsburg—Samuel H. Golden, a Monongahela house waiter, who was recently married for the fourth time, has returned to Pittsburg with his bride. With her and over $100,000, which he earned as tips, he has settled down at 140 Fulton street to a life of ease. He is 81 years old.

Golden has been waiter and porter at the Monongahela for half a century. "I waited on Abraham Lincoln, General U. S. Grant and the present King Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales," said he to-day. "Edwin M. Stanton I nursed when his leg was broken on an Ohio river steamboat. I have received tips ranging from 10 cents to $50. I put the money away where it never shrinks—in a savings bank—and now I'm enjoying it. Nothing strange about my marrying again, was there?"

"What you talking about? I'm not an old man, I'm over 80, but that's nothing. I'm going to take life easy."

STRONG DRINK WILL PAY FOR COURTHOUSE

New York Sun.

Bangor, Me.—The county commissioners have voted to pull down the old courthouse and to build a new one at a cost of $125,000, the whole amount to be paid for in fines exacted from the liquor dealers in the county. The county receives from $15,000 to $20,000 a year from fines imposed upon the hotels, barrooms and drug stores which sell liquor. This is so much clear gain to the taxpayers, who in years past have sometimes been exempt from any county assessment because the expenses of running the county were paid in full from the liquor fines.

The idea of making the liquor dealers pay their fines for breaking the law in a structure which was built by their own money is one which appeals with much force to the temperance people.

SON OF SITTING BULL IS SHINING SHOES

Chicago Tribune.

The eldest son of the famous Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, is now a thrifty and prosperous bootblack in Philadelphia. His Indian name is Montezuma, but he is known to his friends and patrons as Harry Parker. He is a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, where he took high honors both in the classics and as an athlete. When he left college he found it difficult to get a position where he could use his education, but he determined that he would not remain idle. Without wasting time he promptly set up in business as a bootblack, and he now owns and conducts one of the most prosperous stands in Philadelphia. He has saved considerable money and is about to open several branch stands in other parts of the city. Montezuma is married to Winonah, a full-blood Sioux girl, whose father was one of the great chiefs of the tribe, and they have two children. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, as they are generally called, own a pretty home and are in every respect model citizens of the quaker city.

Telephone your want ads to No. 9, either line. You will be told the price and you can send the money in.

START A NURSERY TO RAISE GREAT SNAKES

Chicago American.

Two Chicago youths, W. J. and H. P. Wiseman, who believe there are fortunes to be made in raising snakes, have purchased a large tract of land in Clinton county, Indiana, and have established a snake farm.

The farm is stocked with various kinds of snakes gathered from different parts of the world. There are also lizards, terrapins, frogs and other things of the reptilian kind on this uncanny farm.

The snakes will be raised exclusively for their oil, with the exception of a few breeds for which there is ever a ready sale as curiosities. The two men devoted several years in experimenting in snake culture before launching on this venture. They have found that the garter snake and the commonest house snake are the best oil-producers, hence they constitute the main stock of the farm. These snakes have short, fat bodies; will mature for oil-producing purposes in three months, and are very hearty and well adapted to the Indiana climate.

The Wiseman brothers believe that snake raising will soon become a recognized industry in this section of the country. They say it is more profitable than hog and cattle raising and pays better than tilling the soil. The snakes, they say, need but little attention, and their oil is ever in demand at a big price. The demand for snake oil, it is claimed, is much greater than the supply.

It is the intention of the Wisemans to kill several thousand of the serpents this summer.

FRAUD RUNS THROUGH AN ENTIRE FAMILY

New York Times.

Two men brought to the Mulberry street police station an apparently blind boy whom they found selling shoestrings in the streets, and who had so aroused their commiseration that they thought he should be cared for by the city. The boy said he was David Feuer, 13 years old, and living with his mother and his step-father, Samuel Hermowitz, at 39 Lewis street. A detective was sent to the address and found a well-furnished home. The mother, Rachel Hermowitz, was coughing so badly that she could answer no questions. The husband said he had a cancer on the left leg, and showed a horrible-looking abscess there. But the detective pulled at it and it fell off. It was made of painted putty. Both were arrested, and, with the boy, taken before Magistrate Mott.

Agent King of the Gerry Society, asked the boy to write his name. The boy did so, groping across the paper with a pen. "Now, dot the 'i,'" said King. The lad put the dot exactly in the right position, and his mother was so startled that she forgot to cough. Hermowitz, however, kept on limping. Mr. King said the boy had been arrested before for peddling and feigning blindness, and a specialist had pronounced his eyesight good after he had fooled several physicians. There being no direct evidence, Magistrate Mott discharged them all with a scathing lecture.

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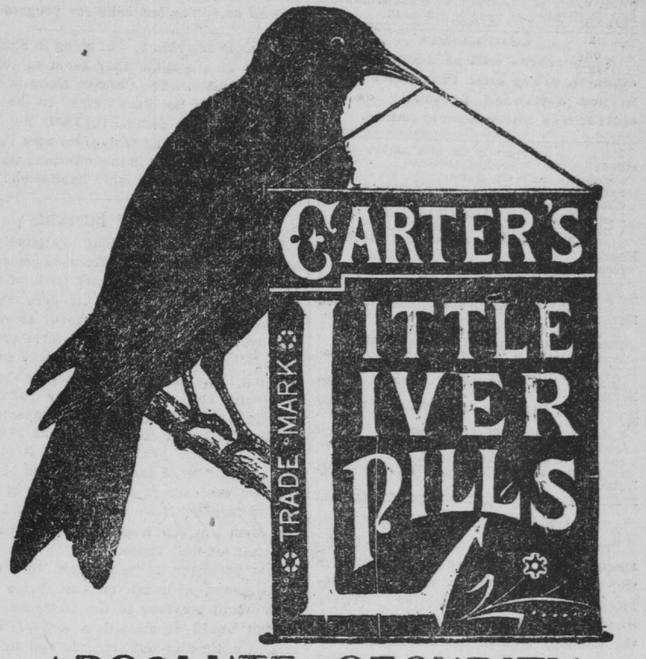

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IMPERILED HIS LIFE FOR A PALTRY DOLLAR

New York Press.

Vineland, N. J—"I wouldn't climb to the top of that water tower for $1,000," exclaimed Edward Hoffman, a citizen of Vineland, as he looked up at the length of the colossal steel structure from ground to pinnacle—a height of about 150 feet.

"Neither would I," said John Tripp, another man of prominence.

"I'll climb that tower and dance on the top of it for a dollar," said Wm. Barcus, a tall, gray-haired man of 70 years.

Those who heard the old man laughed and jeered at him, but he was in earnest. He walked up to the base of the tower, glanced up critically, and then, with the agility of youth, climbed up the narrow iron rungs, up, up, up, while his friends looked on in wonderment fearing for his safety. Over the sharp edge of the water tank he crawled, and when he straightened up to his full height on the top, although more than six feet tall, he looked like a lilliputian.

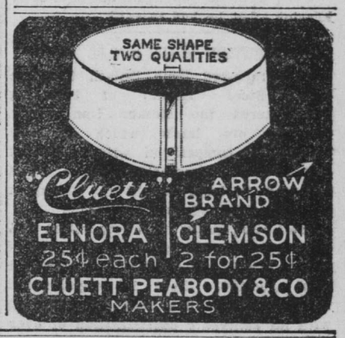
Barcus waved his arms and doffed his hat and danced a little jig. Then the old man began his descent, crawling to the bottom slowly and carefully. When he got to the ground he demanded his dollar, which was handed to him with the congratulations of the donors.

"Did I feel nervous?" answered Barcus, when asked how he felt. "Why, no. You see, I never did take a dare when I was a boy, and when they dared me this time my strength seemed to return suddenly. Perhaps I wouldn't try it again, it was so dangerous, but I did it impulsively."

Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life, has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson st, New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.

If you need a servant use Journal wants.



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