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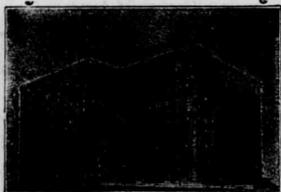
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**BURY THEIR GOLD**

Natives of East India Have No Use for Banks.

Vast Treasures Hidden and the Secret Confided to Those Who Cannot Divulge It.

Doctor Vogel, a former superintendent of the archeological survey in India, has been telling us that the preservation of public monuments in India is largely dependent on public opinion.

It is due to the reverence and the religious spirit of the people that so much has escaped destruction, he says. But this spirit of reverence is responsible for more than the preservation of monuments; it is responsible for losses. Great treasures have vanished through fidelity and other qualities maintaining the secret of their hiding place.

It is the habit today of natives of India to bury gold. Only the year before the war it was authoritatively stated that nearly all the gold dug from the earth in South Africa is, by a fresh digging occupation, deposited again beneath the soil of India. That is what we may call a piecemeal operation; but imagine the operation conducted upon a wholesale scale!

Such things happened during the troublous days of war and conflict and raid which preceded British rule. A wealthy prince or merchant, fearing armed robbery, would deposit all his gold and jewels, not in his house or in a bank, for houses and banks could be pillaged like a bazaar; no, he concealed his riches in the earth, in caverns in the hills, among the haunts of tigers and poisonous snakes.

The practice was to entrust the secret of the deposit only to the poorest and lowliest, and that for various reasons. In the first place, there was the belief in native fidelity; then there was the expectation that people so poor would not covet rich treasure, and would be suspected if they did try to dispose of it; and, finally, there was the knowledge that people of such humble caste would not be allowed to converse with people of higher caste to whom the hoarded wealth would be of worth.

In this way the very outcasts of the people became guardians of wealth untold, hidden by their feeling lords, who, often enough, did not survive the broils and battles to return and reclaim their buried property.

The late Sir Maurice Gerard, who spent many years in India and investigated the subject, declared that enormous treasures are buried in some of the old Indian hill forts. The guardians are dead and the secret is dead with them.

Sir Maurice himself knew of places to which treasure traditions cling. One fastness in the Gooan district was that in which, during the Mahabatta warfare days, the entire population of three villages, hiding with their possessions in a hill cave, were betrayed to enemies by the barking of dogs.

Refusing to surrender, the refugees were smoked to death by fires lighted at the entrance to their retreat. No native dare enter now for fear of the demons which are believed to haunt the place.

Several English dogs were once sent in to hunt through the enchanted cave. All disappeared. Several days later the smallest of the lot, a terrier, came out starving. The others had perished, but it is supposed that this one, falling down a fissure, had found its way to a jackal's home and scratched its way out to liberty.

Not Exactly.

Aunt Jane, who was a spinster, came to visit her sister and family of four children. And from the very first auntie was very much given to offering advice to her sister on the way to feed, dress and treat her children generally. The sister listened in perfect good humor, but not so Sally, her efficient helper. And frankly, Sally said so. "Look here, Miss Jane," she began, "what do old maids like you and me know about raisin' children? We hain't never had none and a person has to have children to know how to raise them."

Aunt Jane smiled a tolerant smile. "Oh, not always, Sally," she returned. "Now, take those little chickens out there. Don't you think you know more than their mother? You feed—"

But Sally interrupted her. "Yes, ma'am, I feed them, if that's what you mean. But I hain't never yit taught any of them to scratch—have I?"—Indianapolis News.

Owned or Controlled by Stinnes.

Vorwaerts publishes a list of the properties owned or controlled by Hugo Stinnes, German industrial magnate. These included: Four coal mining groups, owning and operating about 50 important mines; eight iron mines, four iron and steel corporations, owning 21 groups of furnaces, steel works or rolling mills; three paper and cellulose manufacturing companies, five printing and publishing houses and great newspaper firms, seven electrical works and corporations, two motorcar factories, five shipping lines and importing and exporting businesses, in addition to a large number of inland transportation companies and newspapers.—From the Living Age.

Modernness of the Ancients.

We have only to turn back the pages of history to discover that the ancients had some very modern notions.

Mr. E. W. Hulme pointed out before the Newcomen society, recently organized in England to study the history of engineering and technology, that in the great Palace of the Two Axes in Crete there was a system of water-carried sewage and terra cotta socketed drain pipes that could not be paralleled in Europe prior to the Eighteenth century.—Popular Science Monthly.

Words in the Bible.

There are 593,493 words in the Old Testament and 181,253 words in the New Testament, of a total of 774,746 words.

**CHARM IN OLD GRAVEYARDS**

Pleasant Spots Where One May Meditate on the Fleeting Possession of Life.

There is a charm about old graveyards. They are to us, says the Springfield Republican, what mellow autumn afternoons cannot express. They are deserted old houses, haunted by former owners. In them is the reminder of other days that makes up the atmosphere of old theaters where many famous Hamlets and Lady Teazles have trod the boards. There one can follow "the hoary chronicle of the ages" back to the beginning of time.

There are little graveyards by the sea with waving grasses and wild cinnamons pinks where sea captains are laid to rest. There are others shut off from the business section of large cities by gates that close at sundown, where the founders of the city find peace after their labors. Into these secluded spots port Twentieth-century stenographers go to eat their noonday lunch and discuss their new hats and new bewig, with only an occasional more imaginative than her friends to give a thought to the long dead and ponder on the fleeting procession of life. There are still other graveyards with clipped hedges and formal garden plots, reminiscent of the clipped and patterned lives that have been carefully laid away there to rest. Hedged in by convention all their lives and shadowed by cypress—hedges and cypress are their lot after death.

However graveyards differ, they are all friendly resting places for the idle wanderer or the vagabond poet. A pleasant picture that of young Walter Pater going to the graveyard and singing Greek songs to the birds there. Pleasant, too, the picture of Thomas Gray writing his elegy in a country churchyard.

Beware, however, the modern graveyard. Where granite stands up glistening in the sun, where flowers are fresh on new-made graves, and funeral processions may be met, is not the place to wander in. There grief is too near and too new. Choose a God's acre where the grass is overgrown, where weeping willows and grimacing cherubs decorate the stones, and where the last line of the epitaph is sunk into the ground. Every graveyard has at least its old part, mellowed by the passing of time.

Probably Fastest Running Animal.

One of the fastest as well as one of the most interesting animals known is the cheetah, the hunting leopard of India. These animals, on account of the great speed which they attain, are tamed by the Indians and trained to hunt antelopes. While the hunted antelope, which can clear a 10-foot fence without apparent effort at a single leap, is at the height of a burst of frightened speed the cheetahs are released. They stretch along the ground, gaining on the antelopes every second, and finally bring them down with a well-timed bound which places the fangs of the cheetah in the throat of the quarry. The hunters at once cut the throat of the antelope, and the cheetah drinks the blood. Next the thigh of the antelope is slit open and the cheetah tears away a small portion of the game he has captured. This is his reward. His muzzle is replaced, and he is placed in his cage until the next hunt.

Carrier Pigeon's Swift Flight.

A carrier pigeon, the record of which has been used for the purpose of comparison with the performance of man on the 220-yard course, was the property of A. E. Harman. The race took place at Washington, where this sport is very frequently indulged in. The record of this particular flight is preserved in the records in the Museum of Natural History, and was taken from the Washington Star of September 17, 1901. According to the best authorities available, the record made by Mr. Harman's pigeon has never been equaled, although it was established almost two decades ago.

On this occasion the race was between about 20 birds. The pigeon of Mr. Harman came in first, and his best time was 1.782 yards for the first minute of flight, which means 7.468-891 seconds for 220 yards.

So, of the four official records it will be noted that while a runner has made his 220 yards in 20.4-5 seconds, the carrier pigeon is almost three times as fast.

The Army of the Disabled.

The international labor bureau at Geneva has prepared statistics showing the number of men disabled during the great war. France leads the list with 1,500,000 soldiers crippled or otherwise permanently injured; Germany runs a close second with 1,400,000. Allowing for the smaller population of France, this means that French industry must support a heavier burden of the incapacitated than German. Great Britain contributed 1,170,000 to the army of disabled; Italy, 570,000; the United States, 200,000; Czechoslovakia, 175,000; Jugoslavia, 160,000; Poland, 150,000; Canada, 88,000; Roumania, 84,000; Belgium, 40,000. Except for Germany and parts of the old Austria-Hungary which are now allied states, the statistics of former enemy countries are lacking. Russia disability statistics are also wanting. But even without these the army of the disabled reaches the impressive and terrible total of more than 5,500,000.—From the Independent (N. Y.).

Not for a While.

He was a bachelor in the forties and she was a sweet young thing of twenty, but he loved her and he was courting her vigorously in all the ways an old bachelor knows how to woo a young maid. Then one night he decided he would sling to her. Going to the piano he picked up some loose sheets of music and began to play the airs of several. Finally he came to one which pleased him and he began to sing—

"Grow old along with me—  
The best of—"

But the sweet young thing had interrupted him very forcibly. "I won't do it," she tossed back impudently, "at least not for twenty-five years."

Chickens Singed With Acetylene.

One of the most recent uses for acetylene is for singeing chickens. It is said that the acetylene flame, properly used, performs this operation in a small fraction of the time usually required, that it removes the last vestige of feathers from the fowl, and that the burning off is accomplished without scorching the skin or heating the delicate flesh.

This is no more remarkable than the use of acetylene in removing paint from canvas, which is done without even the slightest injury to the fabric.—Popular Science Monthly.

Novel "Ferris Wheel."

The ferris wheel of Baghdad is built of long poles attached to a heavy long crosspiece; on the ends of the poles rude wicker chairs are placed, in which the lovers of excitement are strapped, while by man power the revolution is made, the rider getting a tabloid thrill of the real Ferris wheel.

**OF ODD DESIGN**

Timepieces of Long Ago Were Masterpieces of Art.

Mary Queen of Scots Had a Collection of Watches of Peculiar and Growsome Shape.

The fragile watch of dainty pattern and design which today is a favorite among women is in striking contrast to some of the watches which were famous centuries ago.

Many of these were of enormous size and of the most ornate design, remarks a writer in the Dearborn Independent.

Mary Queen of Scots was the possessor of a death's head watch which was of silver gilt and most elaborately ornamented. The forehead of the skull bore the symbols of death, the scythe and hourglass placed between a palace and a cottage to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer. At the back of the skull was Time, destroying all things, and at the top of the head, scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by the hinge, this part being enriched by engraved representations of the holy trinity, angels and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch formed the brains of the skull and were within a silver envelope which acted as a musically-toned bell, while the dial plate was in the place of the palate. The curious work of art was made at Blois and, at her death, was bequeathed by Mary Queen of Scots to her maid of honor Mary Seton, in 1587. It afterward came into the possession of Sir John Dick Lander.

Another skull watch which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots by its inscription and date, 1560, shows that Francis II of France presented it to his young wife many years before watches were supposed to have been brought to England from Germany.

Queen Mary was evidently a collector of watches of unique design. She is said to have possessed one in a case of crystal, shaped like a coffin, and another made at Rouen, in which a thread of catgut supplied the place of a chain.

Some of the early watches were so small as to be set in the head of walking sticks, the clasp of bracelets, or in pendants, and there is a record of a striking watch which was mounted in a ring, in the year 1542.

At the Strawberry Hill sale Queen Victoria purchased a little clock of brass-gilt, which had been presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII, upon their marriage in 1532. It is richly chased and engraved and is still at Windsor castle.

The clock placed in one of the towers at the palace at Hampton court in 1551 is said to be the oldest English-made clock extant. When in action it shows the motions of several of the planets. The dial and several of the wheels attached to the back of the dial still remain.

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