

MEANER THAN THE MEANEST.

Low-Down Trick of Sanctimonious Sinner Who Carried a Bottle in His Pocket.

He got on the train at Van Nostrand and sat down beside me. He was long, lean and lanky. First he looked out of the car window and then at me, says a writer in the New York Herald. Settling deeper into his seat he suddenly remarked:

"Dry day, eh?" "I merely nodded my head affirmatively.

"Do you drink, young man?" "I said I didn't mind if I did.

He said he would mind, though. "Furthermore," he continued, "I am surprised that a man of your modest appearance, with eyes denoting Christian breeding, a forehead denoting good moral character and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance, should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl."

I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an 18-karat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me.

"And, young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?"

I knew. "Do you realize that the idols of manhood have been shattered and wealth squandered by liquor?"

I realized. "Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?"

I was aware. "Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?"

I was cog. "Do you know that wines, liquors and cigars are the advance agents of insobriety? And, young man, for the sake of your parents, for the good of your wife—if you have one; for the respect of your children—if you have any, I want you to make me one promise—"

"And that is?" I hurriedly interrupted, willing to promise anything, for his words had aroused me, and I knew I had been groveling in the dark, and that every drink was a blot on the sunshine of my home.

"I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips."

"I won't," I almost shouted, extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise.

"And you will not yield to temptation?"

"I will not."

"And you will not ask for a drink, should you see anyone else imbibing?"

"I give you my word of honor, I will not."

"Thanks, young man, thanks," and with that the mean, groveling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand to his back pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whiskey and drank to his heart and stomach's content, while I sat like a bunceid commuter amid the giggling occupants of the train.

GASSING TREES FOR INSECTS.

New Method Employed in California Orange Orchards to Save the Trees.

The United States department of agriculture has just reported on a unique and effective method for killing the scale insects which are causing so much destruction to orange trees in California. The principal injury is the extraction of the juice of the tree. As the scale insect is a mere pumping machine, it is continually absorbing the sap from the tree. There is likewise a poisoning caused by the irritation excited by the beak of the insect, or some liquid injected through the same.

It has now been found that the only sure means of destroying these pests is by subjecting them to the fumes of hydrocyanic acid gas, commonly designated as "gassing." For most species of scaled insects one good gassing, when done at the right season, will almost, if not quite, exterminate them.

The treatment consists in enclosing a tree at night with a tent and firing the latter with the poisonous fumes generated by treating refined potassium cyanide, 98 per cent. strength, with commercial sulphuric acid, 66 per cent., and water. The proportions of the chemicals as now employed in California are considerably in excess of the amounts recommended a few years since.

For small trees ordinary earthenware vessels are used to generate the gas. For larger ones, requiring heavy doses, tall wooden pails are employed, two generators being used.

The extremely dangerous nature of the gas demands that the greatest caution should be taken to avoid inhaling it by an operator. The treatment is made at night, and the person handling the chemicals holds up the tent and quickly drops the cyanide into the generator and makes a prompt exit. The gassing is often done for cultivators by individuals who make a regular business of it, charging a fixed rate per tree, depending on size, ranging from ten cents to a dollar or more.

About 50 trees of the largest size, 30 feet high or thereabouts, can be treated in a night with an equipment of 12 or 15 tents. With smaller trees the number which can be treated in a single night is very considerable, it being possible to gas from 300 to 500 trees, averaging ten feet in height, in 11 or 12 hours, employing about 40 ring tents.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

First Business Man—"What did you do while you were up in the country with your wife?" Second Business Man (gloomily)—"Penance."—Sommerville Journal.

Miss Gotawad—"Charley, how do you know you love me more than anybody else in the world?" Mr. Saphedde—"I know it because you have money."—Ohio State Journal.

"There is a man out in the waiting room," said the great man's secretary. "I think he's a bum actor." "Why do you think so?" "He says he's anxious to get an audience."—Philadelphia Press.

Boytton—"Harding tells me he is suffering from an operation." Sawyer—"I hadn't heard of it. Surgical, of course?" Boytton—"No, this was a financial operation. Gibbons borrowed ten dollars of him yesterday."—Boston Times.

Mrs. Mann—"What a man you are, Joseph. You always take the girl's side every time I have any trouble with her." Mr. Grueby—"Well, why shouldn't I? Doesn't she sympathize with me when you and I have words?"—Boston Transcript.

Sue—"Pauline's father is quite a genius." Belle—"In what way?" Sue—"Why, he had a pair of recording scales attached to her hammock. If they registered over 130 he knew Jack had been sharing her seat."—Philadelphia Record.

"Woman," said the Sentimental Person, "is the holiday in the life of man." "Yes," remarked the Coarsely Sarcastic Individual, "and I have noticed that after a man takes that kind of a holiday he has a hustle all the rest of his life."—Baltimore American.

"I wish you and May would become friends again," said the would-be peacemaker. "Well," said Fay, "if she'll make up, I will." "I told her you had said that, and she said: 'The idea! It's easy for her. I never saw her when she wasn't made up.'"—Philadelphia Press.

CLAIMS SHE IS 120.

Interesting Old Squaw of the Turtle Clan at the Pan-American Exposition.

Nancy Johnson, a member of the Turtle clan, Seneca nation of Indians, has lived in three centuries, and daily at the Pan-American exposition her blood relatives and fellow pagan worshippers beseech the Great Spirit by dances that her life may be prolonged for many moons to come. It is claimed that she is now 120 years old, and the fact that in spite of her age she is able to be at the exposition is a source of great joy to the many Indians who are with the Six Nations' exhibit at the fair, says a recent report.

It was only after months of negotiation that Capt. Lawton, who has charge of this exhibit, was able to induce Mrs. Johnson to go to the fair.

She insisted that her original cabin should be brought to the exposition, and this was done. None but her blood relatives were permitted to take it apart, and they marked every log and strip of wood and put it up again so it stands just as it was built about 100 years ago.

Mrs. Johnson's home is on the Tonawanda reservation, near Akron, about 22 miles from Buffalo. There she lives in a little hut by herself and attends to all her wants, or did until last spring. Up to that time she had enjoyed the best of health and a wonderfully clear memory, considering her years. But as soon as the snow left the ground she began to decline, and now she is feeble and somewhat childish, but still is able to recall incidents that are brought to her attention.

When Capt. Lawton began his negotiations with her last fall he went to her house one cold day late in October and found her coming down the road with a half bushel of potatoes on her back. She had carried them from the field a half mile away, but did not seem weary. While the visitor talked to her she prepared her evening meal in the open as she had done all her life.

In recent years it has been almost impossible to get any information from the old woman, because she is exceedingly reticent in conversation about herself. Capt. Lawton, however, has been able to get statements from her regarding the sacking of Buffalo in the war of 1812-13, when Riall's regulars and savages laid Buffalo and Black Rock in ashes and put to death most of the inhabitants who had not fled.

She has outlived six husbands, and her descendants are so numerous that it is difficult to learn the exact number.

Deaths of Royalty.

The lingering death of the late dowager empress of Germany has had few counterparts in English royal history. Twenty-five per cent. of the number that has reigned there since the Conquest met violent deaths. Two, Henry VII. and Edward VI., died of consumption. Old age, with its complication of physical troubles, helped to carry off Victoria, George III., Elizabeth, Henry VI., William VI., Edward III. and Henry III. Three died young, Edward V., at 14; Edward VI., at 16, and Henry VI., at 33. Queen Anne died comparatively young of apoplexy. Mary's death is said to have been due to sorrow over the loss of English territory in France. Henry VI. and George III.'s last days were clouded with dementia, and George II.'s demise was occasioned by the bursting of a blood vessel.—Philadelphia Times.

Possibilities of the Puget Sound Country

This Great Stretch of Water Furnishes a Land-Locked Harbor of Inestimable Importance.

HEALTHY boom days are on in all that great territory known as the Puget Sound country. It is not a boom in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used, meaning a speculative advance in the price of real estate, or the influx of countless people seeking an elusive opportunity to acquire sudden wealth. Instead of this it is a healthy boom. One that results in the building of substantial city buildings, in providing profitable markets for the agriculturists, in the opening of new steamship and railroad lines and in providing lucrative employment for an increasing population.

And the reasons for this are numerous, one of which is that America has found a new market in the far east, and has found a short and economical way of reaching that market is through the ports bordering Puget Sound. This has brought a healthy boom that will last.

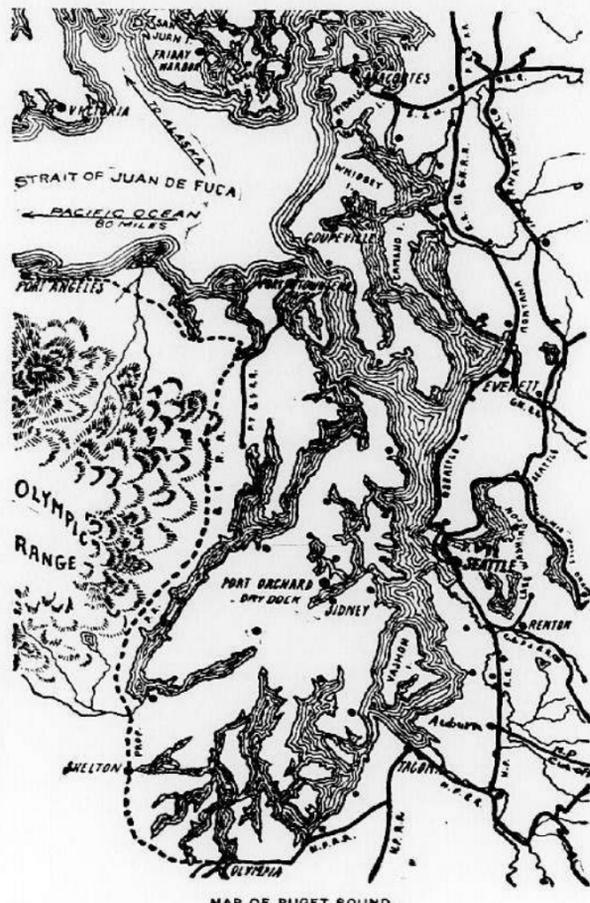
As Puget sound ports grow in importance as shipping points to Alaska and the far east the great body of

great cracks or crevices to unknown depths.

Some idea of the great extent of Puget sound may be gathered from the fact that there are 2,000 miles of shore line or water front, or more than the Atlantic coast line from Maine to Florida, large enough to safely keep the navies of the world, and never subject to severe storms. The water surface of the sound exceeds 2,000 square miles, or more than the entire fresh water surface of all the lakes in the state of Maine.

The Puget Sound navy yard is located directly west from Seattle, a distance of about 15 miles—inscribed in the accompanying cut as Port Orchard dry dock, as formerly known. This yard has the largest dock on the Pacific coast, and the only one capable of accommodating the larger warships of Uncle Sam's navy.

The rivers flowing into the sound are: The Puyallup, at Tacoma; the Duwamish, at Seattle; the Snohomish, at Everett; the Skagit and the Nooksack, further north. The Skagit and



MAP OF PUGET SOUND.

practically inland water which furnishes a harbor for these ports grows in interest to the American people.

Puget sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca mark the extreme north-west corner or boundary of the United States. The Straits of Fuca penetrate the coast line for a distance of 80 miles, maintaining a width of from twelve to eight miles, and ultimately breaking to the north and south with innumerable islands and channels leading in various directions. The southern and larger portion of the sound is nearly cut off from the broad straits by an extensive and irregular island called Whidbey, about 30 miles in length, and, with Camano, forming an entire county—Island county—of Washington.

The main channel or entrance to the southern section of the sound is but five or six miles in width, and is now guarded by a triangular arrangement of forts or batteries at or near Port Townsend, Admiralty Head and Marrowstone Point. The only other entrance, from the north, is through Deception pass, between Whidbey and Fidalgo islands—a dangerous passage at any time and never attempted at certain stages of the tide.

To the north of the eastern extremity of the straits is a large group known as San Juan islands and forming San Juan county. The town of Blaine lies close under the border line between the United States and British Columbia. Hood's canal is the branch of the sound extending south and west toward the mountains, with a fishhook formation extending toward the east and nearly connecting with another arm of the sound.

The sound as far south as Tacoma is safely navigable for the largest craft that floats, and all the waters of the vast inland sea, with its various branches, inlets and indentations, are navigable for the ordinary sailing vessels and steamboats carrying lumber and trafficking between sound ports.

The waters of the sound are very deep and the shores abrupt, to such an extent that safe anchorage is not always possible at all points. Geologists say the sound was formed by violent volcanic action rather than by erosion—opening up—or down—in

Snohomish alone are navigable for light craft.

In departing from Seattle for Alaska ports—if for southwestern Alaska, the course is to the eastward of Vancouver island, and for most of the 1,000 miles journey lies between continuous islands and the mainland. For the mouth of the Yukon river and for Cape Nome the passage is out the Straits of Fuca and northwesterly to Behring sea.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, the exports from the United States to the Philippine islands amounted to \$2,665,627, of which Puget sound contributed nearly one-half, or \$1,055,828; San Francisco, \$395,023, and New York, \$376,558. The foreign trade of the principal ports of the Pacific coast for 1900 was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Port Name and Value. Includes San Francisco, Puget sound, Portland, San Diego, Los Angeles.

Exports from Puget Sound to foreign ports increased from \$2,123,087 in 1895 to \$17,903,107 in 1900. Imports from foreign lands increased in the same time from \$666,675 to \$7,148,563. The total exports for the various ports of Puget sound during the month of August, 1901, were \$1,927,930, and the imports \$446,783. The exports of the two leading ports were: Seattle, \$974,338; Tacoma, \$449,327. Imports, Seattle, \$195,892; Tacoma, \$192,226. The exports consisted of wheat, flour, lumber and shingles, to the value of \$500,000. In addition to the above imports, imported merchandise was transported to interior ports to the value of \$556,787.

Several large transpacific steamship companies have recently organized, with Seattle as headquarters, and another season will see two of the largest freight vessels afloat—the property of President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern railway—plying between the Seattle terminus of that road and oriental ports. These vessels are now under construction at New London, Conn., and they will each have a carrying capacity in excess of 20,000 tons.

The first iron forge in English North America was located at Raynham in the year 1652.

FOUND A FORTUNE IN GOLD.

Laborers in Oakland, California Enriched by Discovery of Ownerless Gold Bars.

The recent theft of \$30,000 worth of gold bars from the mint in San Francisco and the robbery of over a quarter of a million of dollars, also in gold bars, from the Selby smelting works near San Francisco, calls to mind the discovery of a large but unknown quantity of gold in bars in a house which was being demolished in Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco, says a correspondent of the Washington Star.

I was engaged in newspaper work on the coast, at the time in Oakland, in fact, and I am conversant with the particulars from personal knowledge, though the discovery at the time excited but little local interest, and so remarkable was it that it was doubted in some quarters. Subsequently, however, the truth was developed. The gold bars, to an estimated quantity of \$250,000, were actually found, but to whom they had originally belonged or by whom they were stolen, is still a mystery. As it happened about ten years ago I cannot recall the names of the parties with accuracy, though I once knew them, every effort, of course, being made at the time to keep the "find" a secret.

A two-story frame house on Tenth street, in Oakland, was owned and occupied by a family, the head of which at the time in question, and for a great many years, over 20, I think, was an employe in the San Francisco mint. I remember the house well. The old man died suddenly and the house was at once sold by his heirs. The new owner began tearing it down, intending replacing it with a business structure. In digging away the lower walls an Italian laborer came upon a gold bar hidden in the foundations. He covered the bar up with earth and went on digging, but soon unearthed so many other secreted bars that his find was discovered by three other men employed with him. They at once entered into a secret compact to collect the bars themselves and inform no one else, especially the contractor and the owner, of the great and unexpected wealth with which they had so suddenly become possessed.

"The men were all laborers, two being Italians, I think. They were successful in getting the gold away from the premises unobserved by others. The first intimation that something of an unusual nature had happened to these four men was that they quit work for good, and made heavy investments in real estate. Their purchases excited suspicion, as they all had been very poor men. To cut short a long story, however, it was ascertained that they had in fact found the gold, and they were, under legal advice, converting it into other property to prevent the possible owner from laying claim to his original property.

"In this they were all successful. In fact, luck appeared to be with them. No one came forward to claim the hidden treasure for the very good reason, undoubtedly, that the only other person on the face of the earth who had known of its whereabouts was dead. One man bought a ranch in the central part of the state for \$70,000. The Italian living in Oakland bought a fine new house, furnished it luxuriously, paying \$1,000 for a piano, and bought his wife an unlimited quantity of diamond jewelry.

"The old adage, however, that stolen gold brings to its possessor bad luck in the end proved true. In less than five years the ranch owner was bankrupt, and the ranch had reverted to its original owners on foreclosure. The Italian lost all of his property and returned to live in the little cottage in North Oakland he had vacated for his fine house. The only thing he preserved to remind him of the days of his fleeting wealth was a Turkish rug worth about \$1,500, which he placed on the floor of the cottage, and would not sell when all else had gone.

"The third man dissipated all of his wealth in fast living and gambling and died a pauper in a hospital in Seattle. The career of the fourth man I cannot recall accurately, but I know that he, too, lost all that he had. The ranch owner, by the way, died a miserable death alone in a cabin on the Sacramento river and was buried by the town in the potter's field.

"The gold, of course, did not rightfully belong to the man who secreted it in the walls of the house. It was stolen from some one, and if it had been taken by the man who had formerly owned the house his heirs put in no claim for it for the reason that they knew it did not rightfully belong to him. It was considered improbable that any person other than he had secreted it, however, as he had lived in the house for many years, had built it himself, if my recollection is correct.

"Since he had been for so long an employe of the mint the general impression at the time was that he had stolen the gold, a bar at a time, from the mint vaults, bringing it home when he quit work at night. While this explanation was the one generally accepted the singular part of the mystery is that if it were true the government made no effort to run down the thief nor was any such large shortage of gold bars ever discovered and reported at the San Francisco mint nor has it been reported to this day."

Beyond Repair.

"This soda fountain is in such bad shape that it cannot be put in running order," said the expert workman to the druggist.

"I was in hopes it might be tinkered up so that I could use it this season, anyway," said the druggist.

"I fear," responded the expert, "that that is a fizzical impossibility."—Baltimore American.

SHYLOCK HOLMES.

A Sleuth Whose Sensibilities Were Trained Down to a Wonderful Acuteness.

My friend Shylock Holmes entered the office with his customary catlike tread. He hung his hat on a chair and sat down upon the piano, writes Leon Harman, in Judge.

"I perceive," he said, "that a man with large feet and long whiskers has been smoking a Pittsburg stogie in this room."

"I did not refrain from appearing astonished—I did not want to discourage him.

"He was a populist," Holmes continued, "and carried an umbrella with a rip in the cover and a Cuban flag tied around the black walnut handle." "I could not conceal my wonder. "How did you guess all that?" I gasped. "Strange," said Holmes. "I could read your thought. I knew you would ask me that very question. It is very easy," he continued, referring to my question. He transferred a piece of chewing gum from underneath the what-not to his mouth. "In the first place," he began, fixing his eagle eye upon the end of his boot, "he had large feet. He stepped on your corns as he went out. You drew your feet under the chair as I came in. Besides, there is his footprint. It is muddy out."

I stared at him, aghast at his wisdom. His powers of observation are beyond me sometimes. It was he who detected that red hair on my shoulder last week.

"He wore long whiskers, because I notice that my comb is full of long, coarse hairs, exactly one-tenth of a shade darker than my own. Do you follow me?"

"I gasped assent. He removed a tack from the carpet and proceeded: "I know that he has been smoking a Pittsburg Havana from my extraordinarily acute sense of smell. Not one in a million can detect the difference between the smoke of a cigarette and of a steam engine. I can."

He paused for effect, and moved his tremendous intellect, I sat in awe. "I can understand all," I said, "except your reason for believing that he carried the umbrella you described."

"That, my dear boy, is the simplest proposition of all. The umbrella mentioned stands over there in the corner."

I faintly. When I regained consciousness Shylock Holmes lay on the divan, rapidly taking notes on his cuff.

"You were just four hours and 13 minutes coming out of that," he remarked. "During your indisposition I have ferreted out three murders, a bank robbery and a plagiarism for the New York Wild, besides borrowing the price of a dinner from your pocket."

"Tell me one thing more," I begged. "What is it?" he asked.

"How in the name of the queen did you know he was a populist?"

His lips curled scornfully.

"Because there was a strong draught in the room as I came in," he answered.

That man Holmes is a marvel. He will make me famous some day.

AN ARROGANT CASHIER.

He Snubbed Belinda and Must Have Found His Day's Cash a Little Short.

Belinda had an experience the other day. She had read with some skepticism many times of it having happened to other people, but now that it has befallen herself, says the Baltimore News, she is satisfied that men are, indeed, blockheads.

It was this way: While Belinda was in New York this summer she stopped for luncheon one day when she was shopping at a modest but popular downtown restaurant. The dishes she ordered were very well cooked, and it was in high good humor, therefore, that she went up to the desk to pay her bill of 95 cents. It was a very busy hour and about ten people were in line before the cashier when Belinda joined the procession. By the time she reached the severe and intellectual young man who made change for the establishment a long string of people were following, so the heroine of this story, who prides herself upon being businesslike, put the check the waiter had given her and a five-dollar bill through the pigeon-hole in the railing of the desk.

The severe young man, with a carefully abstracted air, as though he had counted money for a Sunday school all his life and didn't have to pay attention, gave her in change a \$2.50 gold piece, two silver dollars, a 25-cent and two ten-cent pieces.

Belinda gasped. "Why, how much have you given me?" she asked.

"Your change is all right, madame," said the severe young man, coldly. "Please move away from the window and don't keep the line waiting."

"But what is that gold coin worth?" persisted Belinda, who is more familiar with the coin of the realm done in silver than in the yellow metal.

"I have no time to waste telling you the value of each piece of money I've given you," said the severe young man, in his most arrogant manner. "You'll have to take my word that your change is right until you have an hour or so of leisure to count it in. Please move on."

Belinda, feeling very snubbed, moved on. She went out on the pavement and reckoned that her cash account was just 90 cents to the good. Then she went into a neighboring shop, where, by the happiest coincidence, lovely shirt waists were selling for 90 cents, and before her conscience could rebuke her bought one with the money she had saved and then went placidly back to the hotel.