

The Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

By act of congress in 1832, the government became owner of seventy-two of the hot springs of Arkansas and dedicated them to the people of the United States, as a national sanitarium to be forever free from sale or alienation.

Hot Springs is a case of Uncle Sam. Wherever you turn government proprietorship and government regulations confront you. It is Uncle Sam all around until you begin to feel that at the next turn you will meet the benevolent old gentleman himself, with his high hat, spike-toed coat and spangled banner trousers.

He has done more for Hot Springs than for any other spot in the coun-

try, except Washington. He has filled it with beautiful parks, planted trees, shrubs and gardens, erected marble fountains and pavilions, constructed fifteen miles of drives, splendidly graded and winding to the tops of the mountains, affording charming views of the surrounding country. To the south of the Springs is the great Ouachita Valley. The city is built like a huge dumb bell, with Central avenue or Bathhouse Row, as it is commonly called, for the handle.

Hot Springs is a city of hotels. The Arlington, Park and Eastman represent an investment amounting to \$2,000,000. With their immense rotundas, brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms and handsomely decorated dining-rooms, they provide a luxurious home for the most fastidious. At the boarding stables one can find as elegant carriages and as fine saddle horses as in New York.

In the early eighties the government selected Hot Springs as the seat of one of its army and navy hospitals, and constructed a group of buildings for the treatment of sick soldiers and sailors of the service of the republic. The hot water is administered in all its forms at this institution. It has an efficient medical corps and dispensary. And the record of cures materially benefited reaches the astonishing figure of 90 per cent. It was on account of these health-giving waters that this site was decided on by the army and navy authorities.

The hot waters flow from the side of one of the Ozark mountains, in volume approaching 1,000,000 gallons daily, the springs are held as a government monopoly, just as the making of postage stamps, and the income derived from the use of the water by the various bath houses is all expended in improving and beautifying the reservation. Uncle Sam tanks and pipes these waters to the different houses and in every instance he regulates the flow of water, fixes the price of the baths, according to its equipment and facilities, prescribes rules, governs the managers and attendants, even to arranging the ice. Then he runs a free bath house for the poor

fool for a client. There were some novelties in her methods of examining witnesses, as, for instance, her telling one of them point blank that he was a liar. In the first case there was a triumph of nerve and muscle, and in the second of nerve and intellect. The obvious conclusion is that the era in which woman was a "down-trodden creature" is fully past, for, with qualifying experience of the world, she is now quite capable of defending her own and of holding it.

Great Coal-Producing State. Pennsylvania is by all odds the most abundant producer. Last year

she mined (in round numbers) 67,500,000 short tons of hard coal and 83,000,000 of soft coal. Together these operations represent a trifle over half of the country's output. Illinois holds the second place with 27,000,000 tons. West Virginia comes third with 24,000,000, and Ohio fourth with 20,000,000. Alabama ranked sixth for a few years, but last year moved up one notch. Her production reached 9,000,000 tons in 1901. West of Kansas the largest output comes from

the state of Washington, which mined 2,500,000 tons last year.

THE TRIUMPHS OF WOMEN. Are Displaying Qualities Many Had Not Supposed They Possess. Every day women are displaying traits of character that excite both surprise and admiration. In Brook-

lyn the other day Mrs. Lennie Kelley saved the life of her aged father by climbing over the dashboard of the buggy in which they were driving on the Coney Island boulevard and seizing the reins that had dropped from his hands and were dangling at the heels of their runaway horse. Would Pamela or Clarissa or even Mme. De Staël's extraordinary heroine, Delphine, have done that?

In Pittsburg Mrs. Sarah E. McCoy, in a law court, has just excelled in the intellectual feat of Portia, and has surpassed many shining masculine lights of the bar, for she managed her own case in a breach of promise suit and proved, too, contrary to the old adage, that she did not have a

coal as lightly as other men carry the gardenia in their buttonhole. Sir Bernhard Samuelson is 82. Time has left deeper marks on his figure and visage, it is true, but he is still hale and hearty. Sir John Alleyne stands as square and sturdy to-day as he did when at the head of the great Midland iron foundries which rolled the girders for all the British earlier ironclads and ocean liners, and cast the huge iron skeleton of St. Pancras railway station.

Sir John believes mightily not only in head work, but in hand work, and follows the same daily routine of manual and mental labor as he did a score of years ago. He himself says that he is getting old and stiff, but it would

cut him keenly if anybody else were to assert the fact. The fourth octogenarian is an American, Mr. John Fritz of Bethlehem, Pa. He openly preaches the doctrine that applied science gives men healthy activity of brain and supplies that salt and savour to life which we all need to render our life worth the living.

Shark Towed Them to Sea. From all parts of Mississippi Sound and the bays and bayous off the Louisiana and Mississippi coast come wonderful stories of the unprecedented saltiness of the Gulf waters and of the appearance of deep-water fish, hitherto unknown there. At Horn Island, Harrison county, Miss., a number of devil fish, some of them measuring thirty feet from tip to tip, have been harpooned by fishermen. There has also been an invasion of man-eating sharks.

A party of gentlemen from New Orleans while fishing at Ship Island fastened their three boats together and steadied them with a heavy anchor. A shark became entangled in the anchor, carried all three boats out to sea and finally wrecked them on the shore. The fishermen narrowly escaped with their lives.—New York Sun.

Vivid Imaginations. The lady at Cape May who wrote a message, sealed it up in a beer bottle, and cast it upon the waters, to get it again after many days from the captain of the British warship Taunter, who found it in the belly of a shark caught off the coast of Portugal, must be a near relation of that other citizen of New Jersey who reports that he distinctly felt the shock of the earthquake in Martinique.

In order to secure a woman's forgiveness a man must make a bluff at not wanting it.

Various Weather Prophets. The snail is regarded by many persons as an accurate barometer. To see it, indeed, is pretty generally looked on as a sign of storm, for this land mollusk is a great lover of moisture, and rarely ventures out save when it promises to be wet. Some people say that the snail turns to a blue color before the rain and to a yellow afterward, but Baptiste of the Bellevue denies this. Baptiste says the snails are very good to eat, and that at the Bellevue he often serves them, but he thinks that as barometers they compare very ill with those which men make. Better weather prophets, says he, are chickweed flowers, which close at the approach of rain, and the dandelion, which contracts. The sun-

seth or phrase which will fit the case. The work would have been invaluable to Mississippi river pilots in the old days, and even now the teamster may regard it as a welcome addition to his library.

Sagasta Long in Harness. Senor Sagasta, so long Spain's prime minister, and well entitled to be called her "grand old man," is now nearly 80 years old. He began his career as a newspaper reporter. At intervals since he went into politics he has resumed his original occupation as a newspaper correspondent, but his country has had too urgent need of his services to allow him to follow his favorite occupation for any great length of time. To him, quite as much as to the queen regent, belongs the credit of having preserved the Spanish throne from overthrow in troublous times.

Roman Philosopher's Words. You will do the greatest service to the state if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great cities should dwell in small houses

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Handy Book of Insults. Thousands of Fighting Epithets Put into a German Dictionary.

Herr Schuch, a German author, has compiled a dictionary of 2,500 insulting expressions, carefully tabulated, indexed and classified. The work, on which Herr Schuch has spent years of labor, is called the Schimpfwörter Lexikon and is divided into five general heads—insults for men, insults for women, insults for either sex, insults for children and collective insults for syndicates, groups and corporations. Herr Schuch, with that minute discernment of the searching German, has subdivided these classes into smaller ones, so that when one

awake with their maledictions. No wonder she rises presently, glares in their direction for a moment with a cold eye, opens her mouth as though to say something, shakes herself, and goes home in disgust.—Longman's Magazine.

Spoil Rest of Kitten. Blackbirds Have No Confidence in Cats of Any Size.

The blackbirds have no confidence in the kitten; they regard neither her youth nor the season of the year. "A cat," they say, "is a cat, whether young or old, whether we have our bantlings to keep out of her clutches or whether we have only our own skins to protect." Therefore they curse her at sight. Up hill and down dale they curse her, pursuing her with maledictions wherever she goes. You may know at any moment exactly where she is, because blackbird never and never follow her up; and this spoils her stalking game, for naturally her surprises do not come off while two spiteful, sharp-tongued persons are forever sitting or flitting over her head, scolding, chiding, cursing, pillorying the poor thing until she must be sick to death of their voices.

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OLD TOOLS FOUND IN MINE.

Implements Used Two Centuries Ago Discovered in Massachusetts.

A remarkable collection of implements used by miners in 1683 has been discovered in a deserted shaft of the Strabridge graphite mine at Webster, Mass., ninety feet below the surface.

The discovery includes a wooden pump shaft, twenty-five feet long and almost intact; a section of chain formerly weighing fifty pounds and now tipping the scales at but five, and some hammers of ancient make.

More than this, it has become positively known that the Strabridge graphite mine was the first mine of any kind discovered and worked in the United States.

The discovery was recently made by C. E. and Francis Husbands of Philadelphia, expert graphite men, who are now operating at the mine.

For something like 219 years these implements have lain in ice-cold water deep in the ground, and in the line of ancient tools, are probably more valuable than any others in the country.

An investigation conducted by the Philadelphia men has developed the facts, which first became known outside to Edward S. Hill of Webster, president of the Massachusetts Graphite company, which owns the property. Mr. Husbands and son believe they are now in a fair way to unearth a very rich bed of graphite, and it was during their investigation that the relics mentioned were discovered. In cold water, away from the air, the pump had lain for more than 200 years, apparently, and is to-day in almost a perfect state of preservation.

HAD A GOOD THING.

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion of the Medical Profession.

When Mr. William Rockefeller had appendicitis Dr. McBriney was called in to perform the necessary operation.

After his recovery Mr. Rockefeller received the doctor's bill in due course, and, drawing a check, went to pay the account in person. In the conversation which followed appendicitis was naturally their main theme.

"You told me," said Mr. Rockefeller, "while I was sick, doctor, that everybody in the world had a veriform appendix."

"With a few exceptions I believe that to be the case," answered the doctor.

"And that sooner or later," pursued the oil magnate, "every one would have to be operated on, either to cure or prevent the disease."

"That is the generally recognized opinion among the medical fraternity," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Rockefeller, rising, "if you will pardon me saying so, it seems to me that you have a better thing of it than has the Standard Oil Company."—New York Times.

Rivalry Over Beethoven Statue.

Much rivalry has existed between the cities of Leipzig and Vienna for the possession of the remarkable statue of Beethoven, recently executed by Max Klinger of Leipzig.

Subscription lists were opened in both places, but it is understood that the city council of Vienna finally decided to make no contribution to the fund, so Leipzig now has the best chance of securing it. It represents the labor of fifteen years and depicts the great German musician seated upon a bronze throne which is supported by symbolical figures in relief. An eagle, chiseled in black marble, spreads its wings at the feet of the massive figure. The unconventional treatment as well as its fine execution has created quite a sensation throughout Europe. It is said to have cost \$27,500 for materials alone, and is held by the sculptor at a purchase figure of \$100,000.

No Boat Free from Danger. Once upon a time a small boy asked permission of his father to go rowing in a boat with a friend.

"You may go, my son," said the parent, "if you are careful to keep away from the rocks."

"Certainly," replied his son; "we are going in deep, clear water, where there are no rocks."

They went, and as it happened, his friend was a fool. So, when they were from shore, he swayed the boat from side to side, thinking that it was great fun to do so. Finally the boat turned bottom side up, and the occupants had a very narrow escape from drowning.

Moral—Rocks may appear in any water when there is a fool in the boat.

Two Hundred Miles to Buy a Hat. A writer in the Boston Journal is responsible for the following story:

"What are you doing in Boston?" I asked a friend of mine, a New Yorker, the other day, as we met in Postoffice square.

"Come on to buy a hat."

"Why come to Boston for that?"

"Well, you see, in New York when you put on a new hat all your friends promptly remove it and look inside to see if it was bought at a swell store. Not having the price the swell store wanted and being favored with a railroad pass, I came on to buy mine here and fool the crowd. Going back to-night."

INCOMES OF BOYHOOD DAYS. Interesting Items Shown On An Old Account Book.

"I ran across an old account book the other day," said a leading business man, "which was interesting as showing the sources of boyish incomes thirty or forty years ago, and also as showing the difference in the values of certain articles at that time and now."

"I was reared on a farm in central Illinois, and at that time all the old junk on the place was regarded as the property of the boys, and the sale of it produced the money necessary to properly celebrate the Fourth of July, attend the circus, and so on."

"The old account book was not very well kept, but it is legible and covers nearly two years about the close of the civil war. I find recorded in it the sale of 152 pounds of old iron at 1½ cents a pound, six pounds of old copper at 20 cents a pound, and eleven bottles at 4 cents each, all in one lot."

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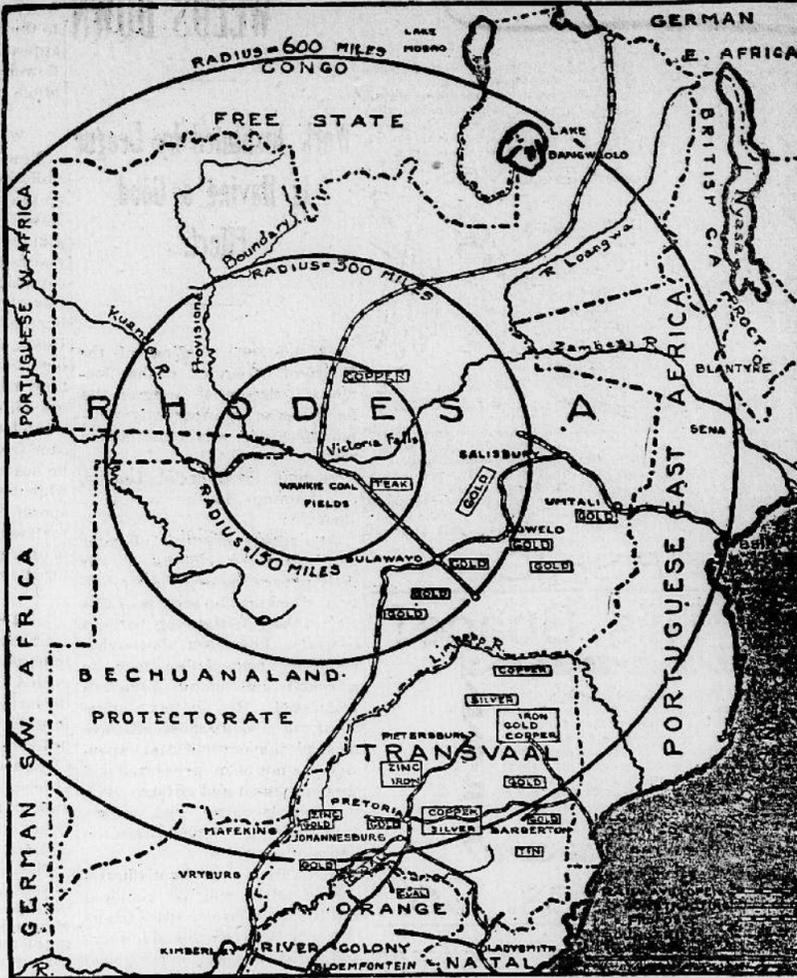
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HARVEST AFRICA TO GLOW WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT

VICTORIA FALLS TO BE HARNESED AND ITS POWER, GREATER THAN THAT OF NIAGARA, WILL BE UTILIZED TO DEVELOP A COUNTRY RICH IN GOLD, COPPER AND PRECIOUS GEMS

sort do well. There is any amount of cheap labor—the Kafirs—and unlike the red Indians they multiply under white control. White children thrive in the country, for we are from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea level, with a climate much like that of California. In time Rhodesia will be the one place in the world for a young man to go to. In fifty years we will have a tremendous population there and what part the Victoria falls may play



THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH AFRICA THAT CAN BE REACHED WITH ELECTRICITY FROM THE VICTORIA FALLS

It will not be permissible to call Africa the Dark Continent when it has a tremendous electric light in the middle of it. Yet that is what it is going to have. The plan is not merely a dream, for within a few weeks an expedition sets out from London to make an actual beginning on the work of establishing at Victoria falls, on the Zambesi river, an electric power plant that will in time put to blush the famous turbines at Niagara falls, just as Victoria falls themselves greatly exceed in height, width and grandeur those at Niagara.

Nothing definite has been decided yet about the machinery that will be used for the plant, but it is almost certain to be on the exact lines of that used at Niagara, and will probably come from America.

Naturally the exploiters of the Victoria falls will work along the lines which have been followed at Niagara and in other parts of the United States, and their plans for the future are being based chiefly on the results of American experiments. They are encouraged to believe that in time they will be able to transmit electricity economically to a distance of 400 miles, supplying power to the gold fields of Mozee, Hartley and Le Maghunda, as well as to the towns of Bulawayo, Salisbury and Gwelo—power for electric lighting, telegraphs and telephones and the other up-to-date conveniences that make such a startling contrast to the hippopotami and lions.

But after all the immediate possibilities of the Victoria falls in South Africa count for little in comparison with the remotest future in which Rhodesia may step forward as the great industrial country of the world. "That is my dream," said Mr. Willis, "and it seems to me not at all an absurd one. In the first place it is the richest gold country in the world—one-third of the world's most precious metal within eleven square miles—the richest diamond country, with

seven-eighths of the world's most precious gems. The whole land is a mass of coal. The copper mines may be expected to make an immense difference in the world's copper trade.

then is a subject that is too big even for my imagination."

The caterpillar probably thinks man a useless being, because he contributes nothing to the happiness of butterflies.



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI, TWICE AS WIDE AND OVER TWICE AS HIGH AS NIAGARA

At another time appears an entry of greater magnitude. It reads: "Sold two mink skins at \$4 each, one mink skin at \$3, two mink skins at \$2 each, nine coon skins at 25 cents each, and fourteen possum skins at 10 cents each." This was probably the result of a winter's trapping.

"Another entry was: 'Sold four young mocking birds at \$1 each, and I recall that there was a considerable trade in wild mocking birds in our locality at that time. Dealers purchased the young birds from the country boys, reared and trained them, and sold them in the cities, a good singing bird bringing \$10. The farmer's boy had many sources of income, and the foundations of numerous fortunes were laid on the odds and ends which fell to the share of the enterprising youngsters of thirty and forty years ago.'

Regretted His Profanity. A hustling young business man of Richmond, Mo., was engaged to a girl of a somewhat pious turn of

mind, and he was so good that he was accustomed to sulphurous forms of expression, but was always most correct of speech in her presence. One morning when he was very busy in his store she called him up by telephone, and as luck would have it the wires were working badly. The young lady could not make him understand, but could hear every word he said, quite plainly. He thought it was central, and provoked at the delay said a whole lot of things totally unsuited for repetition in a Sunday school. Half an hour later he received a parcel containing the letters and presents he had sent to the girl, with a note informing him that she could not think of linking her life to that of a man so gifted as he in the matter of profanity.

Sullivan's Outnumber Smiths. There are 257,006 names in the new city directory of Boston, an increase of 4,722 over the number last year. Surprisingly, the John Sullivan's this year outnumber the John Smiths