

# THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

W. E. HANNAFORD, - - - Publisher.

Watson's testing tank experiments with the model of Valkyrie II. will convince "horse marines" that the new yacht will win if she is towed like the models in the tank.

The Sultan has at last contracted with the Cramps for a warship, and the claim of the United States will thus be paid in an incidental manner. The ship should be named the Rake-off.

The recognition of the wives of men of prominence as "national women," by the D. A. R., will give the fair sex an increased incentive to back their husbands in political campaigns.

The whaler Esquimaux, purchased for the Ziegler-Baldwin expedition to the north pole, will henceforward be the American; and the Americans who go north in her will for a time try to be esquimaux.

It is believed by the engineers who are repairing the Galveston-Mexico cable, which was broken by the Galveston hurricane, that the storm was accompanied by a submarine eruption. The evidence of this eruption is found in the twisted condition of the cable. The sheathing is found to have been reversed and the wires binding it to the core turned the wrong way.

The entire amount of \$75,000 necessary to build a wooden centerboard yacht for the international races of next year has been subscribed at Boston, and as Gen. Paine, who successfully defended the America cup with the centerboarders Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, is to be associated with the manager of the new craft, yachtsmen are in great glee over the prospect for good sport.

The Zoological gardens in The Bronx, New York, were planned on generous lines and the management has proved itself to be broad-minded and enterprising. It is now reported that British Columbia is to be ransacked by competent agents, who will send to New York a fine collection of bears, cougars, lynxes, mountain sheep, mountain goats and other wild animals that may be trapped alive. Within a few years New York may have within its limits collections to challenge comparison with those of London, Paris and other famous cities.

Americans who are spending the winter abroad need not be without their native American luxury of fresh fruit. Packages are arranged and packed early, and special rates are given, at about one-half former charges, for shipping fruit in barrels to Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Bremen and Amsterdam. It costs a little more to ship fruit to Berlin, and other ports in Germany; and, again, 25 cents additional to dispatch it to France, Austria or Switzerland. Our California and Florida fruits bear transport very well.

Molton wood is a new invention by M. de Gall, inspector of forests at Lemur, France. By means of dry distillation and high pressure the escape of developing gases is prevented, thereby reducing the wood to a molten condition. After cooling off the mass assumes the character of coal, yet without showing a trace of the organic structure of that mineral. This new body is hard, but can be shaped and polished at will, is impervious to water and acids and is a perfect electrical nonconductor. Great results are expected from this new discovery.

A fort built by moundbuilders has been discovered at Wayne, Ashtabula county, O. The embankments are well defined, being about four feet in height. Two of them extend parallel. On the east side a stream acts as a moat. The banks are wide enough for four persons to walk abreast comfortably. This is the furthest north of any of the earthworks erected by the Ohio ancients, being only a dozen miles from the lake shore and less than six miles from the corduroy log road unearthed during recent excavations of the Lake Shore railway at Amboy.

League Island is hereafter to be known as the Philadelphia navy-yard. An official order to this effect approved and signed by Secretary Long goes into effect at once. To many the change will seem to discard gratuitously a name venerable and picturesque historically. But official routine concerns itself little about sentiment, and in keeping with the well-formed policy of the department to make this the greatest naval station on the Atlantic coast, the yard will hereafter in all official language be known as the Philadelphia yard, just as the old Brooklyn navy-yard is now known as the New York yard.

Officials of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company are jubilant over the fact that the fire in the celebrated burning mine at Summit Hill, near Tamaqua, Pa., which started forty-two years ago, is now under control, and it is said that the next two years will see its extinguishment. The fire, which has consumed about thirty-five acres of the finest coal land in the anthracite region, has moved westward toward Lansford. Two immense drilling machines, which have been constantly probing for the fire have now honeycombed the earth to the west of the burning portion. Culm is being poured into these holes, and a solid mass will thus confront the fire.

The authorities of the British museum have recently secured the exhaustive collection of 20,000 moths from western China, which formed part of the collection of the late J. H. Leach, and is the finest collection of lepidoptera in the world. The museum paid \$5000 for the right to choose what they desire from the collection, which will be about 12,000 specimens. Mr. Leach had specimens of several moths not to be found in any other collection extant. Sir George Hampson, Bart., who classified the moths of India for the Indian government some years ago, will make the choice and arrange them in the present British museum collection. The work will occupy about twelve months.

The movement to erect a monument to Col. Alexander L. Hawkins and other dead of the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers has interested members of the Pennsylvania state senate. Col. Hawkins was elected a member of the senate, but being in the military service, and preferring to remain with his regiment, he was never sworn in. He was well known personally to many members of the senate, who could not fail to admire his high purposes and unimpeachable character. They will all unite regardless of party or factional division, says the Philadelphia Press, in the movement to erect a monument to commemorate his services to the country, as well as to those of the other dead of the only regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers that fought in the Philippines.

The United States consular agent at Eibenstock reports to the state department upon commercial education in Saxony. This little kingdom alone has fifty commercial schools, that for the most part were organized by merchant unions, but over which the state exercises a supervising influence. The buildings for the schools are furnished by town authorities. The principals of these institutions receive from \$1000 to \$1500 a year. In Saxony the teachers are pensioned after a certain time of service, though this is not the general custom in respect to similar schools throughout the German empire. The students come from the middle classes and are apprenticed to merchants while attending the schools, in some instances dividing their time between the counting house and the schoolroom. The courses of study include not only bookkeeping, etc., but also English and French, upon which a great deal of attention is bestowed.

Indiana boasts of one of the few goldfish farms in the country. It is located in Shelby county, and the proprietors are the original propagators of goldfish in the United States. There are two tracts of land, widely separated—one containing ten and the other sixteen acres—and the farm is known as the Spring Lake fishery. There are now 200,000 goldfish on the two tracts. The breeding ponds are protected from the cold winds by high embankments, this being the only shelter required, as the fish are hardy, except when handled. The small fish are similar to those of any other variety. They have no peculiar marks, being of a silvery-gray color. In some instances they do not change color at all. Most of them, however, become very dark, and as they develop they take on the beautiful coloring which makes them valuable. The fish are hatched on one tract, and as they grow are transferred to the other. They are fed alike, being given toasted bread crumbs two or three times a week. The sun and water do the rest. Shipments of the fish are made to all parts of the country.

Edwin P. Seaver of Boston writes as follows to the New York Sun: As a summer resident of Princetown I was interested in your remarks yesterday about Plymouth and Princetown as the first landing place of the Pilgrims. You ask your readers to remember when they go to Fuddle Dock (at Plymouth) and "have a thrill," and that "thrill belongs to Princetown, which still awaits a monument to commemorate the first landing place of the Pilgrims." Your readers will be glad to know that Provincetown had an appropriate monument, erected five or more years ago by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is a large granite block standing in front of the town hall, bearing two bronze tablets, one on the front side representing the Pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower in the act of signing the celebrated Compact or Constitution of Government, the text of which is given underneath in letters of bronze, and the one on the reverse side bearing the names of the signers. Hundreds of modern pilgrims visit this monument every summer and doubtless "have a thrill" at the proper place.

The Toronto Mail and Empire credits "a Quebec expert" with the following story: "Action was taken in the superior court by a poor widow against a municipal corporation, for damages for the death of her husband, caused, as she alleged, by the fault of the corporation. The superior court judge dismissed the action. Plaintiff appealed to the court of review in Montreal, and the three judges of that court unanimously reversed the judgment and condemned the defendant to pay \$3200 and costs. The corporation then appealed to the court of queen's bench, and the five judges of that court unanimously confirmed the judgment of the court of review. The corporation then appealed to the Supreme court at Ottawa, and the five judges of that court unanimously reversed the judgments of the court of review and of the court of queen's bench, and affirming the judgment of the first judge, dismissed the action with costs against the plaintiff; so that this unfortunate woman, with eight judges in her favor and only six against her, finally lost her case. The law's uncertainty was never better illustrated."

**Editor Objected to Its Use.**  
The recent death of Sir Arthur Sullivan recalls the "Pinofore craze" in this country, which was deep-seated and long-lasting, relates a New York correspondent. It is related that the words, "What, never? Well, hardly ever," became a catch phrase so prevalent that it interfered with ordinary conversation and disturbed the gravity of courts in session, of Legislatures and even of pulp orators who could not use the word "never" without causing a ripple of merriment in the audience. One eminent New York editor and publisher, now dead, was compelled to forbid the use of the phrase in his paper on pain of dismissal. He called his force together. "This thing occurred," said he, "twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's paper. Never let it be used again." "What, never?" chorused the staff. "Well, hardly ever," replied the wretched man, surrendering to the inevitable.

**Oxygen Starvation.**  
It is claimed that sighing is but an older name for oxygen starvation. There is no doubt but that the most prevalent cause for sighing is worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until nature's demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and the sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen.

## WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child the moon to me  
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be  
A thing of marvel and witchery.  
The slim white crescent floating high  
In the lucid green of the western sky  
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,  
A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman the moon to me  
(Whose love was a pledge of what life  
I might be)  
Was a thing of promise and prophecy.  
When from my window I saw it set;  
In the twilight my lashes with tears were  
wet;  
Yet my heart sang ever because I knew  
That from your window you watched it too.

And now, O my Love; the moon to me  
(Who think of what was, and was not to  
be)  
Is a thing of heartbreak and memory.  
When I see its crescent white and slim,  
Now only present in the crown dim,  
And its pale young gold is the hoop of troth  
That, stronger than Death is, binds us both.  
—A. E. F. in the Atlantic Monthly.

## THE DIFFERENCE OF AN "R."

Mabel Townsend said that I quarreled with her, and I said that she quarreled with me. Disinterested persons were reported to have said that we were a pair of young fools who quarreled with one another. Anyhow, we quarreled.

I comforted myself with the reflection that I didn't care. I was sure that I didn't, because I told myself so a hundred times a day. It was merely an affection of the liver which made me feel so dismal. "I can go where I like and do what I like," I reflected. "How I shall enjoy my freedom."

The next morning I awoke to enjoyment when I had grown so used to going around to Mabel's. Mabel is the slave of custom—especially when the custom is connected with a pretty girl. Mabel is distinctly pretty.

About a week after our discussion I passed her in the High street. She bowed formally and I took off my hat. By the time it was on my head again I might have admitted to myself that, however unreasonable she might be, she was never very wrong. It dawned upon me also that there were one or two little points in which I might have been slightly to blame in the disagreement.

The next evening I met her Cousin Milly, and we had a confidential conversation.

"Why don't you make it up?" she suggested.

"Well—er—the fact is I don't know whether she would," I replied. I didn't want to give myself away.

"I'm sure she would," declared Cousin Milly.

"I'll think about it," I said—as if it were a new idea!

"You better think about it soon," she advised. "I noticed that young Adams paying her a lot of attention yesterday evening."

"I'll see her tomorrow," I said firmly. I felt a sort of obligation to save her from young Adams. He's not such a bad fellow; but he really isn't good enough for Mabel.

The next morning I dispatched a note by a special messenger from the box at our corner.

"Dear Mabel: There is one thing connected with our quarrel for which I am sorry. I should like to speak to you about it. Will you meet me anywhere? Yours very sincerely, Edward Marchant."

I told the boy to wait for an answer, and watched out of the window for his return. About an hour afterwards I saw a girl walking another boy in the road. So I walked out and remonstrated with him.

"Where is my answer?" I demanded.

"Wasn't none," he said carelessly.

"The gal wasn't up," I boxed his ears as a lesson in manners, and retired in doors. I was about to depart for the city—five trains late—when a telegram arrived. I tore it open with rapturous expectation. When I had read it a record, I sank helplessly in a chair. It was the message:

"Marry Adams. Twelve this morning. Very pleased.—Mabel."

"She might have spared me the last statement."

I went down to the hall and brushed my hat in a dazed sort of way. She must have broken with me on his account. What a prospect! Well, I had a sudden idea. Suppose they knew nothing about it? It was evident that Cousin Milly didn't. I called a hand-servant and drove to their house. It was exactly 11:30 when I arrived.

Fa! Townsend was just coming down the front steps. He always goes to town late, being the senior partner. You might think he was the whole firm, to look at him. Except, however, that he is somewhat pompous and very peppery, he is a very pleasant old fellow.

"Hullo, Marchant!" he said, with evident surprise. "I—er—hardly—er—what is it?"

"This!" I shouted, flourishing the telegram in his face.

He put on his folders and read it with his usual deliberation. Then he dropped his umbrella and jumped a couple of feet in the air, with a gasp, his age and weight should imagine it was a record.

"What the—er—dickens—is the meaning of this?" he demanded, fiercely. I shook my head.

"That's what I should like to know."

He stamped indoors, and I followed in his wake.

"Mother!" he shouted. "Mother! Where is Mabel?"

"Here I am, dad," said Mabel's silvery voice.

"What's that?" he asked. She walked down the stairs with her hat and gloves on. She seemed surprised to see me.

"Matter!" roared her father. "Matter!"

"I thought he would have a fit."

"How dare you, miss?"

"Father!" said she.

"George!" remonstrated her mother, appearing in a dressing gown. "Anyone would think that the child had done something dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" he groaned. "It isn't a strong enough word for such behavior."

"What do you mean, George?"

"Adams!" he said, pointing his finger at Mabel, who gazed from one to the other in apparent bewilderment.

"It's no use asking me," said she, indignantly. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Don't ask pretentious to deceit," he thundered. He executed another war dance.

"What is it, George?" demanded her mother.

He pushed the telegram into her hands. When she had read it she gave a loud scream.

"Mabel!" she cried. "Oh, Mabel! After the mother and father we've been to you."

"You are a disgrace to us, miss," the old man roared. "A disgrace!"

Mabel's pretty mouth began to quiver. She looked so charming that I almost groaned. She noticed my agitation, and turned to me appealingly.

"I suppose they mean—Won't you speak to them?"

"I shall tell person to whom you should appeal," I said, firmly.

"The last person in the world," said her father.

"The very last person," added her mother.

Mabel brushed her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she drew herself up haughtily and walked down the passage.

"Kindly allow me to pass," she said.

## SLOANE'S RACING DAYS ARE SAID TO BE OVER.



Todhunter Sloane, the one-time stable boy who riding in this country netted him many thousands of dollars, will, it is reported, retire from the turf ere long. It practically is impossible for him to gain admission to any big track, and his friends say he will not stoop to make common cause with the other racing outlaws.

"Never!" said her father, "after I have seen that!" He shook his fist at the telegram.

Mabel snatched the flimsy paper from her mother and glanced at it. Then she burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Oh!" she said at the telegraph office—a ridiculous mistake!" She sat down in the hall chair, and laughed and cried at the same time.

"Mistake!" we all cried at once.

"Perhaps you will explain?" said her father with an air of doubt. She played with her handkerchief and suppressed another outbreak before she answered.

"Teddy—I mean Mr. Marchant—wrote and asked me where I would meet him, and I answered 'Marry Adams.' Twelve this morning. Very pleased. You—you are all very unkind."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and we all rushed at her, and began to apologise.

"I can forgive mother and father," she sobbed, from underneath the handkerchief, "but I'll never forgive Mr. Marchant—never!"

At this point her father and mother disappeared. So I put my arms round her waist and drew her into the drawing room.

"What was the one thing in our quarrel that you were sorry about, you stupid old Teddy?" she asked, five minutes later. She was holding both sides of my coat and looking up in my eyes.

"That there was any quarrel at all!" I said.—Madame.

**Disliked the Governess.**  
This story of a young man who is to become consort to a queen is too good not to be repeated: Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, fifteen years ago, was visiting some of his cousins of the ducal house, had taken a violent dislike to the lady governess, who objected to his rather free and easy manners with her noble pupils—tomboys themselves and difficult to keep in order. One Sunday morning the children started with her in char-a-bancs to drive to the little church, situated a few miles away from the castle. The governess, however, from which she emerged a little more dressed than "Aphrodite leaving bath." On the morning, Henry von Mecklenburg-Schwerin was sent home with the brand of shame upon him.

**Rattlesnake Poison Cures Leprosy.**  
Dr. Adolph Mercones de Moura of St. Paulo (Brazil) contributes a paper on the application of rattlesnake poison to the cure of leprosy to the German Medical Weekly Journal.

This poison has been used for a long period by the natives for the treatment of skin diseases and even leprosy. Many wonderful cures of leprosy through rattlesnake bites having been reported to him, Dr. de Moura set himself to make investigations.

He experimented with the poison on fifteen lepers, and he has come to the conclusion that the lepra tubercles are not complicated with another disease is curable by its means.

The publication of Dr. de Moura's paper has aroused much interest in the matter in medical circles.

Prof. Lewin of Berlin discusses the subject in the same number of the Weekly Journal. While he contends from "a priori" considerations that the rattlesnake poison is not a true antidote, nevertheless he admits that it may have a temporary effect on the disease, and considers the matter worthy of investigation.

**Paint was Wet.**  
The bishop of Norwich has perhaps more stories told of him than most bishops, says London M. A. P. On one occasion he was to hold a confirmation at a small town, and arriving some time before the hour for service, took a stroll. His steps led him to the outskirts of the town and, passing a picturesque cottage, he stopped to admire it. A pretty little garden separated the cottage from the road, and it was overgrown with a neat hedge and green gate.

"Oh, please, sir," said a voice from the other side of the hedge, "would you open the gate for me?"

"What?" he asked, at once. Then, to his surprise, instead of the tiny child he had expected, there stepped forth a girl quite big enough to have opened the gate for herself.

"What?" he asked, at once. Then, to his surprise, instead of the tiny child he had expected, there stepped forth a girl quite big enough to have opened the gate for herself.

"Please, sir, because the paint's wet," said the child. A glance at his hand testified to the bishop, but too plainly the truth of her statement.

**Matrimonial Jars.**  
A stranger, on walking through the streets of China for the first time is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of the houses. A jar placed with its bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street. When the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.—Boston Budget.

## SUN DOG LED HIM ASTRAY.

**Sea Captain Sails Four Hundred Miles Out of His Course.**  
When the Portuguese bark Venturosa, Capt. Laureiro, arrived in this port recently on a long voyage from Lisbon, shipping men wondered how the time had been lost. Capt. Laureiro said he had good weather and favorable winds, but seemed averse to explaining how sixty-five days had been consumed on the trip. The Venturosa is now lying off Point Breeze loading a cargo of case oil. Yesterday her master was in a more communicative mood and told a remarkable story concerning his vessel's detention:

"We left Lisbon under cloudy skies," he said, "and sailed many days by dead reckoning. I was very anxious that the sun should come out so I could take a sight, but the sky remained overcast. Not until the twenty-second day did the sun appear, and then I was roused by a frightful clamor on deck.

"When I hurried up I found the men gesticulating and pointing to the sky. To my surprise, there were two suns in evidence, both shining brilliantly and affording a spectacle which might well cause alarm.

"I had previously seen the 'sun dog,' as it is called by seafaring men, an atmospheric condition wherein the real sun reflects a counterpart of itself near by. In this case, however, it was impossible to distinguish between the real and the mock sun, and as noon was approaching there was little time to lose.

"The mate and myself both took out sextants. I made observations from what I thought was the genuine article, while the mate took an observation of the other. Naturally when we worked the 'sight' there was a difference between us of many hundreds of miles.

"I was so certain that I was right that I set the course by my observation. Intending to verify it the next day. Unfortunately, the sky was again cloudy at noon, and remained so for nearly two weeks. When the sun finally appeared without its companion of the previous instance the observations made by the mate and myself showed us to be nearly 400 miles out of our course. We at once realized that we had been sailing by the wrong sun and hurried to set matters right. This accounts for our long voyage.

"The phenomenon of the 'sun dog' has been frequently observed by navigators in the tropics, where sometimes seven suns are seen at a time.—Philadelphia North American.

## Nobody Worries in Mississippi.

Bishop Thompson of Mississippi said the other day: "I suppose there is a larger percentage of old men in Mississippi than in any other state—at least, it seems so to me, and I have been in a good many. By old I mean from 80 to 90. They are not decrepit old men who hug the fireside, but are quite lively old fellows. One of them whom I knew, a man of 89, recently got a little too lively. He went out after dark without a lantern, fell into a ditch, and was broken up just as if he were china. I forget how many bones were broken."

"How do you account, bishop, for this large proportion of old men in Mississippi?" asked someone.

"Well," said the bishop, "there is no chance to become rich in Mississippi. Everybody knows it and does not worry himself into an early grave trying to."—New York Tribune.

## A School for Waiters.

In former times most things were done by rule of thumb or after a long apprenticeship. Now apprenticeship is becoming a thing of the past and rule of thumb is giving way to scientific training. In London there is a school for waiters. The first course is devoted to a theoretical exposition of the art of serving at table. When the public have sufficiently mastered the principles of the art they are allowed to practice on two ladies and two gentlemen in evening dress who dine at one table. The professor watches the operation and sharply calls the waiter to account if he uses an ordinary corkscrew instead of an automatic one, or carelessly puts his finger in the soup. If he should be without gloves he is shown how to conceal the fact by means of the serviette, and so forth. There are 1900 pupils in this school alone.—London Chronicle.

## Dispute Lasted Over 200 Years.

The continuity of history is curiously illustrated by the award which was communicated on Saturday by the Swiss government to the representatives of the French and the Brazilian governments in regard to the frontier dispute to the north of the vast estuary of the Amazon. A dispute that has lasted in various forms and under different governments for more than two centuries is brought at last to an end. What the shades of Louis XIV. and of his Portuguese cotemporary would think of the litigation and of the tribunal it would, says the Times, be hard to say. At the end of the Seventeenth century a French republic was as inconceivable as a Brazilian republic, and it was perhaps even more incredible than either that among the Swiss mountaineers a government should grow up to whose arbitration the most powerful nations would be willing to submit their quarrels.—London Express.

**Wild Turkeys Domesticated.**  
The handsome price paid by dealers for wild meats acts as an incentive to slaughter and successful experiments in domesticating the wild turkeys so numerous on our mountains. In this correspondence reference was made last week to the fact that a Pendleton county man had just marketed twenty-five of these rare birds hatched from eggs procured by

him. Today a gentleman from Back Creek, in this county, brought twenty-seven wild turkeys to the Monterey market, having procured them in quite a different way. In rounding up his tame turkeys one evening early in this season he found that a large drove of wild ones had joined them in the woods near his home. By careful handling he "connected" the attachment in a few weeks and finally succeeded in getting the wild birds to come in with his flock every evening. The result was seen in today's market, when he received 15 cents per pound for the twenty-seven, while his tame ones only realized him 6½ cents. —Richmond Dispatch.

## WHAT COLOR WAS ADAM?

**Skin of Man Greatly Affected by Climatic Conditions.**  
Prof. Arthur Thomson of London has a new theory about the color of primitive man, a question which has attracted considerable attention in the fields of physical anthropology.

While on the one hand it has been maintained that primitive man was fair in complexion, on the other hand it has been maintained that he was of a dark tint.

"It is not necessary for us," says Prof. Thomson, "to accept the extreme position. \* \* \* A middle course is open, as suggested by Dr. A. R. Wallace, who advances the view that primitive man was probably of a Mongoloid stock, and that his subsequent modification into white and brown and black varieties was due to his migrations into geographical areas where he was subject to the influence of varied conditions of climate.

"Temperature may be mentioned, diurnal as well as nocturnal. The moisture of the atmosphere. The nature of the soil. The diet. The manner of life, whether dwellers in dense forest or jungle—where, for example, the natives are screened from the sun's rays, or dwellers on the hills and plains, where they are most exposed to light and alternations of the temperature.

"Freckles, which, curiously enough, occur most frequently on those with hair of a pronounced red color, do not differ in any respect from the pigmental skin of the darker races, except in regard to their color and their circumscribed appearance. In persons of dark complexion there is, in addition to the red, brown and yellow pigments, probably a very slight admixture of the black pigment. This may be present in sufficient quantity to impart a blackness in the hair, but not abundant enough to destroy the fairness of the skin, though in exceptional situations its presence may be very evident.

"It is curious to note that when the skin of a white man is grafted on to a negro the grafted patch assumes the normal tint of the individual, and, vice versa, when black skin is grafted on to a white the pigment disappears."

## Sign was Misleading.

He was a coarse-looking individual with plenty of nerve. He was hungry and he entered one of those 10-cent restaurants on lower Main street. He took a stool at the lunch counter, and at the bill of fare and calmly ordered celery. He finished the first order, and when the girl attendant asked him if there was anything more, he ordered more celery. He ordered a third dish and consumed it. Then he wiped his mouth with a clean napkin, arranged his neckwear, and started to go. The proprietor of the place intercepted him.

"You haven't paid your bill," stated the proprietor.

"I know it," replied the man; "I have no bill to pay."

"Why, you've eaten three orders of celery and I have seen you eat all of it."

"That may be true," said the nervy fellow, "but I still insist that I owe you nothing. Look at that sign in the window. The proprietor gazed at directed. He saw a sign which read:

**CELERY FREE.**  
The proprietor turned to his guest.

"You are all right, s'ranger. Come again when you want something beside celery."

In a few hours the sign in the window was enlarged upon. It read the way:

**CELERY FREE WITH ALL MEAT ORDERS.**  
That was the original intention.—Kansas City Times.

**Much of Kentucky is "Dry."**  
It may startle some people who think the name of Kentucky synonymous with whisky to know that three-fourths of the state is "dry." Thirty of Kentucky's counties are entirely "dry," as many more are "partially dry," or, to be more exact, liquor is retail only at the county seat. All but five are "dry" in spots; that is, there are no retail liquor stores in certain voting precincts. In other words, the prohibition area in Kentucky overshadows the "wet" spots in the proportion of nine-tenths to one-tenth. —Chicago Record.

**Race Horse Heavily Insured.**  
Kingston, a race horse with a wonderful history, has just been insured for \$70,000 by James H. Keene. The insurance of thoroughbred horses is not usual in this country, except when the animal is about to make a dangerous journey by land or water. A London company assumes the risk, and the premium is said to be very large. Kingston is a star boarder at the Castleton farm, which has furnished many valuable horses for race-tracks on both sides of the Atlantic. Ballyhoey Bay, who won the Futurity last season, is a son of Kingston.