MR. MARTIN BARRA.

California's Oldest Voter Is 104 Years and Daily Smokes 40 Cigarettes.

Mr. Martin Barra, the oldest voter in California, is 104 years old, and lives in a country home in the beautiful valley

MR. MARTIN BARRA.

of Santa Clara. He earns his living by chopping wood, and in this occupation he is assisted by two partners, the junior of whom is more than 70 years old. He is a native of Quito, Chili, and during his younger years was a merchant in his native country. He has a pretty little garden patch near his cabin and upon it he raises corn, beans, Chili peppers, and melons. When California was absorbed by the United States Mr. Barra became a citizen by the transfer and has voted whenever he remembered it was election day and the polls were not too far off. He is still in rugged health, his eyes are fine, and his teeth all sound and even. He well remembers the stirring times of '49, but he never cared to hunt for gold. He does not indulge in strong drink and seldom touches tea or coffee. He is an inveterate cigarette smoker and consumes forty of these narcotic things a day.

Money in Carrots.

Roslyn, Long Island, has a woman farmer who raises such plebeian vegetables as carrots and turnips for the market. She is Mrs. Taber Willets, and her place is the pride of the natives. She is a practical agriculturist and makes farming pay to a remarkable degree. It is encouraging to know, however, that her strictly practical ideas do not prevent her from surrounding her vegetable garden with a border of box, in which sweet peas and wallflowers bloom.

"Everything is easy after you once learn to ride a wheel." "Yes; you're so badly smashed up in the effort that you can stand anything then."—Philadelphia North American.

If we were a girl we should hate terribly to be named Minerva, and have it shortened to "Nervy."

When a man gets drunk he happens around at exactly the places where he should not be.

Registration and Election

Official notice is hereby given that for the **Election of November 3d, 1896,** there are two days only for the registration of voters. Those days are

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1896, and
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1896.

The Board of Registry will be in session at precinct polling places to register voters on the above dates **between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 9 o'clock p. m.**

This being a Congressional election, EVERY VOTER MUST REGISTER ANEW—it matters not that you were registered before. **The law requires a New General Registration this Fall.**

You can not be registered at any other time or place.

Unless You Are Registered You Can Not Vote.

Election day is Tuesday, November 3d, 1896.
Polls open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m.

FREDERICK S. BAIRD,
CHRISTIAN MEIER,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners
ISAAC N. POWELL, Chief Clerk.

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LIFE AT THE NORTH POLE.

POSSIBLE THAT HUMAN BEINGS ARE LIVING THERE.

Polar Animals and Birds—Not a Frozen Mass of Ice, but Land and Clear Water During Certain Seasons.

What is the North Pole like? Is it all a continent of solid ice or is there some land there? Is there any life there, any vegetation? Can human beings exist there? The answers to these interesting questions are given below, based on the best scientific knowledge.

That the North Pole is situated on land seems to be almost a certainty. There is land bare of ice in that part of the world, and clear water, too. Good and scientific reasons lie back of these assumptions. That the region in question is inhabited by various animals is an undisputed fact. It cannot be asserted with confidence that human beings do not live there.

It is known that several species of birds live and breed in regions far to the north of any point reached by explorers. They are seen migrating toward the pole, their flocks vanishing into the unknown beyond. Obviously, they cannot lay their eggs or rear their young on ice floes or bergs and so it must be taken for granted that they find bare land suitable for the purpose.

The rosy gull, most beautiful of all its fleet-winged tribe, spends summer and winter within the mysterious and unexplored area. Its species is actually restricted to that area, only occasionally specimens being seen outside of it, driven to the southward by storms. Only once has a flock of rosy gulls been seen; it passed Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska.

There must be no small extent of land in a region that exclusively maintains a whole species of animals. Open water there must be all the year around, else the rosy gulls would starve. Doubtless the bird skirts the ice fields in winter, looking for fish. Two species of sandpipers breed in the unexplored area. The same may be said of at least one species of goose. Every spring brant are seen from Point Barrow, flying northward, whither no human being has yet been able to follow.

If there be a polar continent there is no reason for picturing it as devoid of animal or vegetable life. In its surrounding waters are plenty of fishes doubtless as well as numerous species of crustaceans; in its bays seals disport themselves, perhaps, and possibly walrus are not absent. As for the flora, there is apt to be as much of it as is found in Spitzbergen—that is to say, plenty of moss and lichens, with even a few flowering plants such as the yellow Arctic poppy.

The most interesting question about the North Pole is as to whether human beings are to be found in its vicinity. Such a notion is not so absurd as might be imagined. From decade to decade bold explorers have ventured further and further toward the northern extremity of the earth's axis, but however high the point reached people have always been discovered dwelling there. A short time ago Nansen outlined the north coast of Greenland, proving it to be an island. Yet at the north end of the island he came across a colony of 279 Esquimau pursuing a contented and fairly prosperous existence by means of hunting and fishing.

The man who is lucky enough to discover the North Pole may well feel somewhat discouraged if he finds a lot of people living there. Yet why not? The climate cannot be so dreadfully severe; it is certainly not so cold as north latitude 78 degrees. On that coldest latitude is situated the town of Werkojansk, in Siberia. And just here may as well be told a remarkable story that rests on the authority of Captain Herendeen, formerly engaged in the Arctic whaling service, and now employed in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington. The event he describes occurred in the winter of 1885, which he spent at Point Barrow.

There is an Esquimau village at Point Barrow, and also a whaling station. One day there was a great commotion, and Captain Herendeen saw half the people of the village running evidently much excited. They came to him and told him that three strange looking men had been seen on the ice of the Point. They were dressed peculiarly, not in deer skins, but in a white fur, which was supposed to be that of the polar bear. They acted as if very tired, and it was noticed that they had no guns. This last point was particularly surprising, inasmuch as nobody in that part of the world ever goes without a gun. Now the Esquimau are proverbial for their hospitality and amiability toward strangers, and they were astonished when the three men took fright on seeing them and ran away over the ice toward the northward. This was what had caused the excitement.

The Esquimau declared positively that the three men were not of their people. Their dress and actions made this a certainty. If so, whence did they come? The only tenable theory seemed to be that they had drifted on an ice floe from an unknown land far to the north, the existence of which was asserted by a tradition among the Esquimau. They say that some of their people were once carried away by a storm and reached this land, subsequently returning. One of the natives was so confident of the truth of the story that he begged Captain Herendeen to secure for him a passage on a north-bound whaler, in order that he might go with the ship as far as possible, and then leave it to complete the adventurous journey in his little boat.

General Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, believes that the North Pole region is a continent. He says that immense masses of land-made ice are seen floating southward through Kane Sea and Smith Sound under such circumstances as render it certain that they must come from a land area far to the north. The very size of the bergs proves that the land area must be of great extent. On one occasion he saw, in Smith Sound, such a floeberg that was 800 feet thick, and that must have required something like 2,400 years for its formation.

Pencil Point Signs.

A noted graphologist states that there is almost as much in the manner in which a man sharpens his pencil as there is in the formation of his letters. Take, for instance, the man who habitually gives to his pencil a short, stumpy point, showing but little of the lead. Meanness is the key to his character. He has acquisitiveness largely developed, and his temper is as short as the point of his pencil. In calligraphy he would make his "ys" small, with short tails, and physiognomically speaking, he would have a protruding under lip, which generally indicates avarice, and in walking he would not swing his arms.

The commercial man would give his pencil a moderately long, very even and carefully sharpened point. His writing would be the sloping business hand which everybody knows, and, as a rule, he would have an even shaped head with a square chin.

The man who gives his pencil a long, narrow, uneven point, showing much of the lead, is generous to prodigality, careless and frequently hasty-tempered. His writing is loose and uneven and he is likely to have literary ability.

The artistic taste is shown by a long, irregular point and finely sharpened lead. The cutting in the wood is delicate, with many furrows. This kind of point shows individuality, and is open to more variations than one would suppose.

POISONOUS FISH.

They Are Very Plentiful in Some Tropical Waters.

"Visitors to tropical countries," says J. C. Duncan, an extensive traveller, "should eat no fish down there without first ascertaining whether it is safe as well as palatable. Poisonous fish are very plentiful in warm waters, and have often been eaten by ignorant fishermen with fatal results. These fish are most abundant in the Brazilian and West India seas, but they are also found in the East Indian and Australian waters.

"So far as I know there are five kinds of poisonous fish, three of the mackerel and two of the herring tribe. Of the mackerel a species called the jurel is most numerous. It can be distinguished from ordinary mackerel, which frequent the same waters, by certain marks. The jurel has no black spot on the gill covers, and it has scales on the back, while the harmless kind has three black spots and no scales on the back. The poisonous variety grows large and often weighs as high as twenty pounds, but the others seldom run over two pounds. For this reason mackerel weighing over two pounds are not allowed to be sold in Havana.

"The chicaro is another poisonous mackerel, which is also found in the West Indies, although it is not considered poisonous by the natives. It is highly poisonous during spawning time, the people of Guadaloupe using its flesh to poison rats. But at other times it is comparatively wholesome. The third variety is called the bonito mackerel, and is very dangerous at certain times of the year, while at others it is safe and palatable. Even the oldest fishermen, however, do not always know the periods when it should be left alone, and every once in a while some one is taken with colic after eating of bonito.

"Two kinds of herring are also dangerous, but the milletto herring is the only one which is found in the Northern Hemisphere. This fish sometimes gets as far north as New York. The most dangerous part of it is the roe, and I know of several deaths which have followed the eating of it. It is most frequently found in the Indian and Australian waters, and is very dangerous because not easily distinguished from another variety which is perfectly harmless. The only difference between the two is that the poisonous fish has a black nose and a black spot on the dorsal fin, while the other has not these distinguishing marks. In other respects it perfectly resembles the harmless variety, which has silvery scales and a bluish back, and attains a length of from five to six inches.

"The strange thing about poisonous fish is that most of them are not harmful at all times and places, but only in certain seasons and within certain bodies of water."

AFRICAN ETIQUETTE.

The Wisest Plan to Follow in Visiting the Big Native Chiefs.

In African travel it is always wise to visit the biggest chief in any part of the country. One can always learn from other points at a distance who they are and something of their character. In approaching them, always send word of your coming, and get, if possible, information in advance of the feeling of the chief toward whites. Upon nearing the village, send on ahead to announce your arrival, and wait until your messenger returns with some of the villagers to escort you to their chief. Greet the chief civilly, and ask him to send one of his people to show you a good place for your tent, if you decide to camp in the village, which I have done invariably in this country, though it is not always advisable in every part of Central Africa. When you have rested, the chief will come to see you. Then state to him your business, talk frankly with him and explain plainly your needs, whether you want guides or to buy food.

I seldom stayed in a place more than one day, and generally the first night I called the chief privately into my tent, had a long talk with him, and gave him a present, consisting generally of a good cloth, four yards of Americani, four of wide blue, four of narrow calico, and about an egg-cup full of beads, and sometimes an empty bottle or two. Invariably I received next day the cooperation of the chief in every way, and also a big goat or sheep or bullock, and fifty or sixty pounds of flour. Sometimes I gave a small additional present before leaving. If the chief took a fancy to any particular thing, and I could spare it, I did so. Sometimes one wanted a sheath knife, and another a hat. Old Kambuidi was determined to have a shirt. He wanted a candle, matches, and needles, which I gave him; and as I had previously given him cloth, I suggested, as a feeble sort of joke, that, as he now had cloth and sewing materials and light, he might sit up at night and make a shirt. Immediately the old fellow replied: "It is the candle that is interfering with my success. Here take back the candle, and give me the shirt." I finally yielded, and gave him a much-patched garment, which satisfied him.

Walking 85,930 Miles an Hour.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out for an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled during your hour's stroll a thousand miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is by no means all. The earth makes a journey round the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is, therefore, 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,584,000. Then, to get the distance you rode round the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 66,000 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 166,000,000 miles in a year. This is at the rate of a little more than 454,000 miles a day, or 18,900 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey, and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour, 85,930 miles.

The Color of the Eyes.

It has been discovered (and not merely discovered, but also proved) that, taking the average of Europe and America, 44.6 is the percentage of men having light eyes, including blue and gray. The proportion of girls and women having blue or gray eyes is by the same computation 34.2 per cent. In other words, blue eyes are decidedly rarer among women than among men, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that blue eyes, especially in combination with blonde hair, are esteemed so highly as a feature of feminine beauty.

Men have light eyes oftener than women, but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black. The percentage of these among men is 43.1, and among women, 45.1. The percentage of dark, or, more properly, black eyes, is larger among women, being 20.7 per cent. of the whole number, while among men it is 12.3. Perhaps it is the relative rarity of dark eyes among men which establishes the rule that dark-eyed men are esteemed by women to be more fortunate in the color of their eyes than blue-eyed men.

The Sick Buried Alive.

A tribe of natives on one of the Philipine Islands, known as the Ahetas, have the custom of burying the sick before death. So soon as a high fever sets in the patient is taken out of his hut, wrapped in his old clothes, and deposited in a grave. No sooner has the body been placed in the grave than it becomes at once apparent to his relatives, that his death (which should more properly be termed murder) must be avenged. Accordingly, the warriors of the tribe sally forth with lance and arrow to slay the first living thing they encounter, whether it be man, woman or child, or wild beast.

When thus in quest of an expiatory victim they take the precaution of breaking off young shoots of the shrubs as they pass by, leaving the broken ends hanging in the direction they are going as a warning to travelers and neighbors to shun their path. Even should one of their own people be the first to meet the avengers they dare not suffer him to escape.

Whether an Aheta is buried alive or after death, his kinsmen at once assemble and destroy all goods and chattels he had accumulated during his lifetime, breaking his gong to pieces.

Distrust was Mutual.

Many stories are told of Daniel Webster, but this is one of the best. On one occasion when Webster was a senator and on his way to Washington he was compelled to take the night stage from Baltimore. It so fell out that he was the only passenger, and as he thought the driver had a sort of a highwayman-look about him the senator felt ill at ease. However, like the small boy, he kept up his courage by whistling till they came to a dark woods near the duelling grounds at Bladensburg, when he was accosted by the driver with "Where are you going?" "To Washington," replied Webster, as soon as he could recover his composure. "I am a senator and am going to my duties there." Upon which the driver grasped him by the hand joyfully and exclaimed: "How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for, to tell the truth, I did not like your looks and took you to be a highwayman."—Indianapolis Sun.

Mourning Wear for Gentlemen.

Some one has asked about mourning wear for a gentleman. This is seldom assumed except for a wife or a mother, and then it is worn for one year. During the year the business suit is of rough black cloth, and the frock coat, assumed for afternoon, is of the same material. The hatter puts a black band, which is of fine cloth and not crepe, on the hat. The gloves are black glazed kid, and the handkerchief is all white. The scarf should be of dead black silk and no pin should be worn. The cuff links are of white enamel or black onyx. The watch chain is a black silk guard.—Ladies' Home Journal.

France's Population Increasing.

France's population, according to the census taken last March, is 38,228,969, an increase of 133,819 in five years. The increase is confined to the cities, the rural communes all showing a decrease. The figures show that there has been only one birth in 1,500 inhabitants during this period.

Last year there were 4,875,519 persons in the United States who were savings bank depositors. Their deposits amounted to $1,810,597,023—an average of $371.36 to each depositor.

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J. H. Cutter Bourbon, 1877	3.00	Irish Whisky, John Jamieson	[illegible]
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