

WHITE WOMAN WEDS JAP

Oriental Restaurant Owner Marries Connecticut Girl—Courtship Is Brief.

Portland.—A marriage license was issued at the county auditor's office to a Japanese man and a white woman—Harry Hosoda, twenty-six years old, of Deer Lodge, Mont., and Georgia Franklin, twenty-three years old, of Roxbury, Conn.

The county auditor's force did not feel that it was the proper thing to do in granting the license, although the two were well appearing, but there was no alternative, as the law specifies that any one having the required amount of money and no nearer of kin than second cousins may marry.

The couple were married at All Saints' Episcopal parish house by Very Rev. William C. Hicks, dean of the cathedral.

Dean Hicks said: "Mr. Hosoda is a baptized and confirmed member of the Episcopal church in Deer Lodge, Mont., is quite Americanized and is proprietor of a restaurant there. Miss Franklin is a Connecticut girl. She came to Deer Lodge a few weeks ago and started to work in the restaurant. She and Mr. Hosoda evidently fell in love and decided to get married in Spokane. They left for Deer Lodge."

TURTLE 1,000 YEARS OLD

Shipped for Soup, Patriarch Will be Given to Zoo—Weighs Seventy-eight Pounds.

Philadelphia.—The patriarch of snapping turtles is in Philadelphia. He weighs 78 pounds and is thought by experts to be 1,000 years old. He was discovered in the woods of Illinois and captured. Then he was shipped to Henry W. Young in the Reading Terminal market, with instructions to sell for conversion into soup.

But when Young saw him he decided to present him to the Zoo. The turtle's head is as big as a St. Bernard pup's. His shell is 33 inches long, and when he pushes his face out from one end and his tail out from the other, he measures from tip to tip 62 inches.

Turtles, like elephants and whales, have been blessed with almost immortal life. There is no telling the exact age of this old fellow, but as snappers do not grow fast and start small and light, it is estimated that he was ambling around in the woods of Illinois for nearly six centuries before Columbus arrived.

He may, in his youth, have been the personal acquaintance of La Salle and Pere Marquette.

GRASS SEED BRINGS \$1,200

Other Dakotan Agriculturists Get High Figures—Departure from the One-Crop Idea.

St. Paul, Minn.—Such things as selling a load of grass seed for \$1,200 are helping the North Dakota farmers to get away from the one-crop idea, according to W. F. Cushing, editor of the Fargo Courier-News, who was here recently.

"Many farmers in the Red river valley who let their millet and timothy ripen instead of cutting it for grass are reaping a fortune this year," said Cushing. "I have seen a great many loads of this seed sold in Fargo and Moorhead for over \$800, and I know personally of one load that brought over \$1,200."

"North Dakota also raised some excellent corn this year and the displays at the Fargo corn show this winter will prove a revelation. The high prices for grass seed, flax and other farm products have given us a fair average year and nearly offset the loss from the short wheat crop. These two successive years of a short wheat crop have compelled the Dakota farmers to get away from the one-crop idea, and in that respect it will prove a blessing."

FINE FOR SOCIALIST SPEAKER

Remarks About Queen Victoria Cost Man \$10—Crowd Threatened to Whip and Shoot Him.

London.—John Bonnar Thompson, a Socialist speaker, of Kemble street, Drury lane, who was said to have made disgraceful reflections on the character of Queen Victoria, was fined \$10 at the Marlborough street police court for "an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace."

Witnesses stated that Thompson made insulting remarks about Queen Victoria, with the result that the crowd around him became disorderly. Some of the audience shouted out that he ought to be locked up, whipped and shot.

"I am a Socialist," returned Thompson, "and I claim the right to criticize every institution in the land. I have no ill feeling against royalty."

Ride Wave on Blanket.

San Francisco, Cal.—Using a sheet of cotton cloth about the size of a counterpane and weighing two and a half pounds for a raft, three men cruised about a local swimming tank, giving a demonstration of a life-saving invention.

The cloth had been saturated with a solution that gave it a peculiar buoyancy. It is the invention of a Dane. The three men were amply supported and left the raft dry shod. A pillow was used as an aquatic head rest, and two coats weighing less than three pounds did service as boats.

THEY HAD PLENTY OF CLUBS

Postmaster of Cherrydale Village Names Over Its Various Organizations for the Stranger.

"I suppose that your town is almost too small for the club movement to have asserted itself much. A town of only eight hundred inhabitants seldom has many clubs, I believe," said the stranger within the gates of Cherrydale to the postmaster.

"Well, we ain't clubbed to death as some places seem to be, but when you come to count 'em up we got considerable many clubs for a town of our size. We got a Woman's Club of two hundred members, an Village Improvement Club, an Ladies Social Club, an a Friday Afternoon Club, an a big Choral Club, an a Current Events Club, an a Library Club, an a Dickens Club, an a Thought an a Work Club, an a Art Club, an a mixed club that calls itself the Progress Club, an a Dancing Club, an five whist clubs an a Euchre Club, an a Saturday Night Club. Then the W. C. T. U., an the Odd Fellows, an the masons, an Knights of Phythias, an the D. A. R., an the G. A. R., an the Ancient Order of Hibernians, an the Eastern Stars, an the Sons of Temperance an the Christian Endeavorers all have societies here, an they are trying to start a Y. M. C. A., an a Y. W. C. A. Then with the Grange, an the Boys' Brigade, an five churches, an some Boy Scouts, an a Lenox Hand Society, an a Handicraft Society, an the Good Samaritans, an the Helpers' Guild, we got considerable many clubs, after all. Each of 'em has a fair an a couple of entertainments a year, an there's something goin' on a good deal of the club time, even if the club movement ain't hit us very hard yet."—Judge.

HOW BETHLEHEM WAS NAMED

Pretty Story of the Origin of the Pennsylvania City, Now Industrial Center.

It was not unfitting that Bethlehem the center of missionary enterprise and social service should have the name of the birthplace of the Christ. But the name was given it under doubly fitting auspices. In December, 1741, Count Zinzendorf, the friend and protector of the Moravians in Saxony, came to visit them. The original log dwelling sheltered both the people and the cattle. It was in this house that they were sitting on Christmas eve. Suddenly Count Zinzendorf arose and led the way past the partition to the part where the cattle were stabled, and there around the manglers they sang Christmas songs. After that they could think of no name quite so fitting as Bethlehem.

But in spite of church institutions Bethlehem is no longer a religious community. It is industrial. With the coming of industry have come conditions of which David Nitschmann, founder of Bethlehem, never dreamed. It wasn't an example of the old brotherhood when, in 1909, five men were discharged because they had signed a petition to the management of the Bethlehem Steel corporation asking for the elimination of Sunday work. It wasn't an example of brotherhood when in 1910 another man was discharged for avoiding Sunday work, and then three more because they served on a committee that protested against this man's discharge.—John A. Fitch, in The Survey.

In Imminent Danger. Mr. and Mrs. Aschenbrenner were touring Europe, and had just arrived at Pisa. Mrs. Aschenbrenner was all excited upon reaching the Leaning Tower and eagerly pattered up the spiral stairway, leaving her husband languidly awaiting her return.

As she weighed a shade over the 200 mark, her husband always dug up an excuse when it came to accompanying her on any altitudes above easy falling distance.

He was just pondering on the beautiful flow of unintelligible language used by their guide, when from the topmost parapet came the "Hi-lee Hi-lee" yell from his wife, who was leaning far out and waving a scarf.

Mr. Aschenbrenner obligingly looked up and then came to life with an anguished roar: "Gretchen, for your life, get back! You're bending the building!"

Her Nationality.

In the lowest grade of a New York public school the teacher was gleaming from the children who had newly entered the class statistics of nationality for her annual report. They are extremely interesting in New York public schools, for they include youngsters from every known corner of the globe. Having enrolled Germans, Syrians, Poles, Irish, Australians, Natakians, Arabs, Montenegrians and others, the teacher asked a fixed haired mite—hoping to hear the rare word "American"—"What are you, Florence?" Mindful of her home training, Florence promptly and cheerfully replied: "I'm a suffragette."

What He's Going to Give Up.

"For ten years I have been trying to give up smoking." "That so?" "Yes, but this year I am going to give up trying."

An Endless Job.

"How do you pass the long winter evenings at your house?" "Studying the magazine club offers, trying to select a combination that will suit the entire family."

BOUY FLOATED SIX YEARS

Belonged to Ship Wrecked Off Japan and Ocean Currents Carried It to Scotland.

A strange story of the seas and their mysterious currents was told in a letter received by Stanley Dollar, of this city, from John Gear, at Lerwick, Scotland, inclosing a clipping from the Shetland Times, published at Lerwick.

The item is to the effect that there was picked up on the beach at Cul-livoe, Papastour, north of Scotland, a life buoy tattered and stained, bearing the inscription: "Passed by J. Guthrie, San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1905."

Capt Guthrie is an assistant local inspector of steamboats for his district.

The Stanley Dollar was wrecked off the west coast of Japan in August, 1905, and the buoy must have been floating in the ocean currents until it landed over in Scotland. Whether it went around the Horn or through the Northwest Passage or down by Australasia and around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic, is a mystery of seafaring men. The buoy holds the world's record for drifting the longest distance ever known.

Equally marvelous is the fact that it was not found before, but this may be explained by the theory that it floated in parts of the two oceans unfrequented by many vessels.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ANTS ARE SMART GARDENERS

They Are Known to Grow Grain, Sowing and Harvesting Like Real Farmers.

Man is not the only animal who has discovered the division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little six-legged workers, the ants, have anticipated us in this, as in so many other useful inventions and discoveries. There are ants in Texas which grow grain, and each nest owns a small claim in the vicinity of its mound on which it cultivates a kind of grass, commonly known as ant rice.

The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the ants allow no plant but the ant rice to encroach upon the cleared space anywhere.

The produce of the crop they carefully harvest, though authorities are still disagreed upon the final question whether they plant the grain or merely allow it to sow its own seed on the protected area.

One thing, however, is certain—that no other plant is permitted to sprout on the tabooed patch. The ants wage war on weeds far more vigorously and effectively than our own agriculturists.

Linguistic Donnybrook.

"I observe that the natives of Terre Haute are indulging in a controversy over the proper pronunciation of the name of their fair city," said the commercial traveler. "Some insist upon the good old home favored 'Terry Hut,' while the more cultured, affecting horror at such provincialism, declare it should be 'Tear-h-Hote,' and still others prefer 'Tear-Hautay.'"

"I see opportunities for extensive trouble in this discussion. What if other places which have suffered by rank Anglicizing in their names should follow the example of the Indiana town? The result would be a linguistic Donnybrook. Consider the possibilities of these common methods of pronunciation. "Baton Rouge, Batten Ruge; Bellefontaine, Belfountain; Boise, Boys; Charleroi, Charley Roy; Des Moines, Dee-moyns; Detroit, Dee-troit; Dubois, Duboys; Fond du Lac, Fondelak; Gallipolis, Gal-police; Montpelier, Montpelier, and Prairie du Chien, Prairie doo-Sheen."

Vanity in Wearing Hair Long.

The church for hundreds of years fought strenuously against long hair, declaring it to be vain, as doubtless it was, and is. Most of the merry, pleasure-loving monarchs in history and their subjects wore the hair in fastidious and elaborate ways. On the other hand, the Spartans, and the Puritans wore their hair short. The wax figures in hair-dressing shops, adorned with masses of puffs and curls, lead one to think that the present-day methods of hair-dressing are not unlike those practiced hundreds of years ago. It seems certain that, while women still continue to consider puffs and switches as part of the necessary paraphernalia of the head, men have discarded long hair for good and all, with the exception of the few musicians, poets, or painters who think it incumbent on them to let their locks grow long.

Not a Bad Precedent.

Some of the beauties of ancient Rome had marble busts sculptured of themselves, on which were placed different wigs corresponding to the changes of style and coloring. If modern woman followed suit there would be fewer atrocious coiffures.

A mirror should reveal unbecomingness, but it does not seem to do so. A bust of oneself, bedecked with chignon, psyche, Greek coils or the present daguerreotype disfigurements, could not fail to be a convincing proof of ourselves as others see us.

The greatest beauty cannot afford to trifle with her hairdressing. It is only the plain woman who boldly declares looks to be in the style.

FIGHT OF DUCK AND OYSTER

Bivalve Conquered by Clinging to the Fowl's Bill Until the Bird Was Drowned.

Not long ago there occurred a lively contest in Maryland waters between a duck and an oyster. The oyster was victorious, but it was a fatal victory, for when the bivalve had killed the duck, it appeared a man who killed the oyster and ate them both.

The combat between the duck and the oyster was of the rough and tumble kind. The duck was large and full grown. It was of the diving species frequently seen in those waters.

Now when the oyster feeds it opens its shell so wide that the full oyster itself is plainly visible. The sight of such a morsel was too great a temptation for the duck. He made a head-long plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell.

Like a flash the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came a struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller bivalves clinging to it, the oyster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water.

In this way the bird drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float it with the oyster, and thus it drifted near the duck, where it was captured. When taken from the water the oyster was clinging to the bird's beak with such force that considerable difficulty was had in breaking its hold.

WAS HER EYESIGHT FAILING?

Woman Who Could Not See the Tail of the Comma Went to Oculist.

Sometimes a comma makes a good deal of difference to the meaning of the sentence you happen to be reading. A woman who has reached the age of being called "Madam" by most shopkeepers, but whose friends always tell her how young and girlish she looks, was reading a newspaper paragraph. It didn't make any sense, so she read it again. Then she yanked the paper up close to her face, leaned toward the window and studied it out in a better light. Then she saw the tail on the comma. What had looked like a perfectly good period was after all but a division of a sentence.

She sat for a moment with the paper in her lap. Then she rose, walked to her looking glass, studied herself for a few seconds, put on her hat and hastened to an oculist. "I will not wait," said she to herself, "until I try to thread the point of a needle or humiliate myself by stooping to pick up a coin on a car platform and find it is a nail head worn smooth. I will turn my old age misstep as gracefully as possible. I wonder," said she with a sigh, "if the tail of that comma was perfectly plain, or was it blurred in the newspaper I was reading?"

Feeding a Convalescent Child.

When my small son was convalescing from a recent illness the doctor ordered hot gruels, broths, etc., and I realized that it would require some finesse to get him to take them.

So after I had prepared the little dishes for the tray I rolled paper into cones and stood one up over each little cup. Then I pinned a penny flag onto one cone and lo! I had Company "D" in camp and sonny and I went visiting.

We stopped first at the captain's tent (where the flag was) and he partook of the treat offered. Then he went gayly from tent to tent, eagerly lifting up the paper cones to see what was beneath.

The next day I made a log cabin out of toasted bread strips piled log cabin fashion. It inclosed a cup of beef tea, which he drank because it was presented in a way that appealed to his imagination.

We played soda fountain and he paid for his hot drinks with toy money, and thus I accomplished my purpose without friction.—Harper's Bazar.

Natives Eat Earth in West Africa.

Natives of West Africa, in French Sudan, practice "geophagy." Although the practice is common in many parts of the world, this particular case is remarkable for the systematic way in which the dirt is collected, and for the fact that it occurs in a well cultivated region, where food is abundant. The earth consumed is a clay, which is found intercalated among the grits of the region in beds of various thickness. The deeper layers are preferred, and for this reason the natives dig galleries, which are so crudely constructed that falls of earth frequently occur, sometimes with fatal results. When an unlucky miner is thus buried no attempt is made to rescue him, as it is believed that the divinities of the mines require an annual victim. It is stated that individuals not infrequently consume seven and a half pounds of clay daily.

Man Gets a Bouquet.

One foggy morning recently a Lackawanna ferryboat was in collision with a tug. No great damage was done, but for a few moments considerable excitement prevailed among the commuters. One woman in particular rushed to the rail, and in her panic seemed bent on leaping overboard. An athletic young man restrained her, assuring her there was no danger. At length she was sufficiently calmed to speak, and then, clinging to her preserver's arm, she gasped: "You know, I'm a spinster and a suffragette, but there certainly are times when a man is a mighty good thing to have around."—New York Press.

WHEN THEY HARVEST COFFEE

Guatemalan Pickers Are Paid Little, but Make Attractive Scene on the Plantation.

The harvest season on a large coffee finca in Guatemala is the busiest time of the year. At the first hint of dawn a great bell calls the Indians to work, and men, women and children, laden with wide, flat baskets, start for the fields, where all day long they pick the bright red berries. The result of a good day's work for each picker is about three bushels of berries. At sunset the great baskets, piled high with the crimson fruit, are brought to the weighing house, where the contents are weighed, each picker receiving a check for the amount due him. The Southern Workman says the wages are 7 or 8 cents a day, paid in full every Saturday night. There is no more beautiful or attractive scene in the world than a vast coffee field in this country when the harvesting is in full swing, for the costume of the Guatemalan Indian is the most effective and picturesque in all Central America. The woman's dress usually consists of three pieces: a long cloth (generally of many hues, red and yellow predominating) wound several times around the lower limbs; the jupil, or shirt, richly embroidered with curious designs—birds, animals, arrow patterns or geometrical figures in many colors; and a gaudy belt or sash holding the two garments together. The hair is worn in two heavy braids, often intertwined with gay ribbons. In the north the women wear curiously woven head bands several yards in length, wound around and around the head and tied in a double knot over the forehead. They are made of silk, richly colored, ending in heavy tassels of silver, and are very effective.

HORSE TAILS ARE IMPORTED

They Come From Many Lands and Are Used in Making Brushes and Cloth.

An item that seemed odd in the manifest of a steamer lately arrived from Japanese and Chinese ports was this in the list of her cargo from Tientsin: Fifty-five cases of horse tails.

As a matter of fact horse tails, or the hair thereof, are a common article of importation into this country from China and from pretty much every other country on earth. The American market gets large quantities of them from China, but more from Russia; and horse tails are imported here from every other European country and from South America, from Australia, all round the world. On the other hand there are more or less American horse tails exported.

From various causes the supply of horse tails, like that of anything else, may in one country and another vary from year to year, and there may be years when the world's supply is short and years when it is plentiful, with corresponding changes in the range of prices. Horse tails have sold as low as 20 cents a pound and they have sold for as much as \$2. If stocks are scarce and high in London, and ample at lower prices here, New York importers ship horse tails to London; in the contrary circumstances London importers might ship horse tails here. Horsetail hairs are sorted for length and colors and they are used either alone or mixed with other fibers in the manufacture of various sorts of brushes and mixed with other materials in the manufacture of hair-cloth.

Tuning Bells.

When bells in a chime produce discord they can be tuned. The tone of a bell may be raised or lowered by cutting off a little metal in the proper places. To lower the tone the bell tuner puts the bell in his lathe and trims it out from the point where the swell begins, nearly down to the rim. As the work proceeds he frequently tests the note with a tuning fork, and the moment the right tone is reached he stops reaming. To raise the tone, on the contrary, he shaves off the lower edge of the bell, gradually lessening or flattening the bevel, in order to shorten the bell, for of two bells of equal diameter and thickness the shorter will give the higher note. A noteworthy instance of bell-tuning was at Lausanne, where twelve bells, in three neighboring steeples, produced only seven distinct notes, and gave out a most curious discord.

Wear of Traffic on Roads.

A machine that measures the wear caused by traffic upon public highways is among the scientific instruments on show at the exhibition of the Physical Society of London at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington. In speaking about this machine an official of the road board referred to the wear on the various main roads of London. "Wood pavement," he said, "wears down one inch in about six years, except in places where the traffic is particularly intense. The asphalt pavement in the city wears down about half an inch in ten years. The ordinary country highway wears down two inches in from three to ten years, according to the amount of traffic."

How He Knew.

"How do you know that man is a parlor fisherman?" "No man could find time to do any real fishing and at the same time learn the names of so large a collection of trout flies."

ROMEO CAUGHT IN CHIMNEY

Curious Antics of a Breton Loves Arouse Excitement in Village in Brittany.

This story comes straight from Morlaix, a very modern place in Brittany. Our Romeo, like Chaucer's hero, was caught in the chimney. He was going to his sweetheart, instead of running away from her. The pretty Juliette was a distance of some seven miles from his home. The enamored Romeo tramped it on foot all that distance. At night he reached the house, and called, but got no answer. As the door was shut he decided to try the roof. On the roof he found the chimney, and it seemed to him that was quite wide enough to let him down. He descended for some distance, but then, as he came near the fireplace, the chimney narrowed. He slipped and got in a narrow neck. Here he was caught, unable to move up or down. Before long he felt a suffocating sensation. If the thing lasted much longer it would be the end of him. He could stand it no more. After groaning he yelled, and he bellowed so well that not only was his sweetheart disturbed in her slumbers, but the whole village was excited.

The nearest chimney-sweep was called, but he could not help him out. The gendarmes woke up the mayor, and he, with all the notables of the place, went to look. They consulted among them, and the only way to liberate the captive lover was to pull down part of the chimney. This was done by some masons, and he was presently released, but before being allowed his freedom a police report was drawn up, with a view to inflicting a series of fines for breaking into a private inclosure, damaging other people's property, waking up the authorities unnecessarily, and causing a public scandal. Poor Romeo was very sad when it was all over.—Paris Correspondence, London Telegraph.

ROTHSCHILD'S OF THE EAST

Mitsui Family of Japan Is Famous for Unsullied Honor of Their Name.

The Mitsui family of Japan have been called the Rothschilds of the East; but while the fame of the latter has gone abroad over the world, says the Atlantic Monthly, the Mitsuis have remained practically unknown except to a few western merchants who have had extensive dealings with the Orient.

The European family owes its great renown to the fact that for a century there has been no slightest stain upon its commercial honor. But its career, it should be remembered, has been passed in a world where business itself has been held in honor; while the Mitsuis, engaged in a pursuit utterly condemned by public sentiment, for three centuries, in spite of the demoralizing influence of the social ban, have been trusted by government and people alike and have kept the honor of their name unstained. Now, thanks to the new spirit animating the nation, they no longer stand so conspicuously alone.

Other great commercial families are being ranged with this one, their members not only enrolled among the peers of the realm, but ranking with the merchant princes of the west as exponents of all that is honorable in the conduct of mercantile affairs. To their number are yearly being added many of the Samirai, or nightly chivalry of old, who once scored all contact with trade, but who are now returning to bring to the rescue of their country the fine sense of honor in which they were educated under the ancient regime. That they will eventually succeed in their task, backed as they are by the instinct of common honesty pervading the rank and file, there can be no manner of doubt.

Apparatus for Finding Water.

The hazel twig as a water finder has been supplanted by a remarkable invention, consisting of a simple apparatus. The principle on which the instrument works is the measuring of the strength of electric currents between the earth and the atmosphere. These are always strongest in the vicinity of subterranean water courses, the flowing waters of which are charged with electricity to a certain degree. The apparatus takes the form of a box-shaped instrument fixed on a tripod, with a dial on which a needle is used to indicate the presence of water. If the needle remains stationary it may be taken for granted that no subterranean spring exists; the spot where the greatest movement of the needle is obtained is that where well boring operations should be made.

How to Clean Tapestry.

Shake the tapestry gently but well to remove loose dirt and then immerse it in a cleansing fluid composed as follows. Take four ounces of soap to a quart of water and boil it until it becomes a jelly; then divide this equally in two tubs of hot water, adding a cup of bran to each tub to prevent the colors from running. It is best to sew the bran in cheese cloth bags, so that it will not stick to the fabric.

After washing the tapestry alternately in the two tubs, rinse in water strongly flavored with vinegar (to prevent colors fading) and dry.

After the heavier weight of the water is out, stiffen with a thin broiled starch and iron quickly on the wrong side with a rather hot iron.