

OLDEST HORSE IN AMERICA

Samuel J. Tilden, Veteran Maryland Animal, Is Forty One Years Old.

Chestertown, Md.—Chestertown lays claim to the oldest horse in America. This horse, which is the property of Joseph Guest, a retired merchant here, was foaled May 6, 1869, and was then owned by the late Thomas Van Dyke of near Kennedyville. Mr. Van Dyke sold the horse at public auction to Thomas Booson, who subsequently sold it to the present owner.

On April 19 last Enoch King of Millington called on Mr. Guest to take a look at the old horse, and said: "I am forty-nine years old. When a small boy my father lived on Thomas Van Dyke's farm and I often drove up the horses from the pasture field, and Stonewall, as his name was, was among them. On the day of the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for president of the United States Mr. Van Dyke drove the horse to Middletown, Del., a distance of some 25 miles, and, being a great admirer of Mr. Tilden, Mr. Van Dyke then and there changed the name of the animal to Samuel J. Tilden, by which he has since been known."

Mr. Guest has made numerous efforts to discover an older horse in the country than Tilden. He has written to the owners of all the horse reviews in the country, but up to the present he has been unable to find a horse in the country that is as old. The nearest approach to it was a horse owned by a gentleman in Pennsylvania who claimed the honor of seniority. A comparison of ages, however, revealed the fact that the Pennsylvania animal was several years younger than Samuel J. Tilden.

Mr. Guest says he will let the horse spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet, enjoying the verdure of his pasture lot and the comfort of good stable quarters.

RABBIT LED DOG TO DEATH

Pet of New Jersey Man Ran Under Trolley Car and Its Pursuer Was Crushed.

Montclair, N. J.—A pet white rabbit belonging to Heber DeWitt of this place, by its ingenuity saved its own life and was the cause of its enemy's death. The rabbit was first seen entering Bloomfield avenue from Orange road on a run for its life, closely followed by a collie. Motorman and conductors of the public service corporation were standing in front of the car sheds, and several of them ran out to the street and tried to beat the dog off, but it eluded them.

The chase continued down the street past fire headquarters, where several firemen also unsuccessfully tried to stop the pursuer. The dog was wearing down the rabbit's strength and was gaining on it. As the rabbit neared Midland avenue a trolley car was bowling along up Bloomfield avenue. The rabbit suddenly turned at a right angle and ran under the body of the swiftly moving car to the other side of the street. The dog, in following, was too late, and the wheels of the rear trucks of the car passed over its body, almost cutting it in two.

The rabbit, on reaching the sidewalk, turned around as if to see the effect of its maneuver, and evidently being satisfied by what it saw, hopped up under a store window and stretched itself out, exhausted. John Hendrickson, a store keeper, picked it up and carried it into his store where it remained until its owner called for it.

TREASURES GROUGH 31 YEARS

Farm Gone, New Jersey Man Kept Silent and In Until His Death Came.

Somerville, N. J.—When Silas Hoffman died in Redman township he had spent nearly one-half of his 87 years in silence, though his vocal organs were not affected, and in bed, though his health was excellent until shortly before his death. For years he had been known as the holder of the world's record for treasuring up a groch. Gossips speculated on whether or not Hoffman would get up or speak again or die first. He died without saying a word, his silence having been maintained from the day, 31 years ago, upon which a mortgage was foreclosed on his farm. During his long rest Hoffman ate only one meal a day. One of his sisters kept his house and waited on him, the township authorities paying her for his maintenance, as he was practically a pauper after he lost his farm.

Mosquitoes Attack Motorists. London.—John Thompson of Liverpool, who was on a motor run, reported, on his arrival the other afternoon at Eccles, that while his party was running through Hollins Green about noon they were attacked by mosquitoes, and had to seek shelter in a cottage for a time.

The district has been affected for some days, and many persons have been bitten. The mosquitoes are supposed to have come up the ship canal on some of the cotton-carrying boats.

Telephone to England. New York.—Telephone communication between England and America may soon be a possibility if a new experimental submarine cable recently laid across the English channel by the British postoffice answers expectations. The cable extends from Dover to Cape Grisnez and is the first of the kind to be laid in tidal waters.

PAYING OLD DEBTS

Man Living in Gotham Liquidating Obligations Contracted by Father.

Advertises for Addresses of Creditors of Firm Which Failed Twenty-Eight Years Ago—Many People Suffered.

New York.—"I should be very sorry if an honest desire to pay a man's debts in this world is so rare that it is worthy of a newspaper story."

This was what Fred Tench of the contracting firm of Terry & Tench replied when asked why he had advertised for the addresses of several of the creditors of the firm of W. E. Tench & Son, which failed in 1888. That he should be anxious to pay off obligations for which he is not legally responsible did not occur to Mr. Tench as anything out of the ordinary or especially meritorious.

For twenty years it has been the dream of Mr. Tench to gather all the creditors of the old Tench firm and pay them what his father and he owed when they went down to financial ruin. Now his dream is being realized. Thousands of dollars is being sent to men the Tenches were unable to pay at that time.

The firm of W. E. Tench & Son was in business in Chippewa, Canada. The failure of the firm was a heavy blow and many people there whom the firm owed for material or work suffered.

From the moment of the failure it was the desire of the elder Tench as well as of the son to pay all the firm's debts, but the father never realized his ambition. He never recovered from the shock of the collapse of the firm, and when he died he handed over these obligations to his son as a sacred trust.

The younger Tench went to work with a will. The firm of Terry & Tench was organized. It built the Manhattan bridge, is at work on the Pennsylvania railroad terminals and is a recognized leader among firms which take enormous contracts, for structural steel work, excavations, and do other work of that sort. No undertaking seems too big for Terry & Tench, and they try to do things a little better and a little quicker than others.

As the firm prospered Mr. Tench began to pay the debts of his father. The claims of all persons whose whereabouts he knew were settled with interest. A couple of weeks ago the residents of St. Catharines, Ontario, were surprised when they read in their local papers advertisements for the addresses of the creditors of W. E. Tench & Son, who had failed in 1888.

Some of these creditors were dead, some were near the end of life's journey, and others had moved away years ago. Among those who answered the advertisements was Capt. William Ross of Port Robinson, Ontario. He is now ninety years old and has very little money. He wrote immediately setting forth that his claim amounted to \$145.46, and that when Mr. Tench found it convenient to pay the money it would be greatly appreciated. He was gratified to get a few days later not a check for \$145.46, as he had expected, but a check for \$288.39, the amount of the claim and the interest accrued.

BETTING IN MILLINER SHOPS.

English Society Women Inaugurate Plan to Charge Loss on Races to New Hats.

London.—The ruses adopted by some society women to indulge in betting on the turf without letting their husbands know anything about it, as revealed in the West London county court the other day, very much shocked the judge, Sir William Selfe, who, with all his experience, never before had such a case tried before him. It must, too, have been something of an eye opener to some husbands, who have been at times puzzled to understand the immensity of their wives' millinery bills and ought to induce them to scrutinize more closely these accounts in future.

In this case the fact was brought to light that society women not only bought hats from a certain West end milliner, but induced her to back horses for them, and that the item in the bill, "To one hat, \$10," really meant "Desmond's Pride, \$5 each way."

"The correspondence appears to disclose a shocking state of affairs," declared Sir William. "I wish that husbands who imagine their wives are purchasing expensive hats knew that instead they are investing the money on horse races."

Interesting Skeletons Are Unearthed. Cambridge.—Unearthed during excavations at Barrington, Cambridge, portions of what is declared to be a skeleton of hippopotamus and remains of a lion and a lynx have been removed to the Sidgwick museum to be put together.

Catch Fish With Club. Huntington, Pa.—Walker Everhart the other night captured a trout measuring 24 inches and tipping the scale at 8 1/2 pounds, in the waters of Spruce Creek. The line breaking, he jumped into the stream and captured his prize with the aid of a club.

GOLD-HEADED CANE SWINDLE

Clever Genius, in Sheer Bravado, Writes His Dupes, Telling How He Did It.

London.—Sir Robert Anderson, formerly head of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, in his reminiscences in Blackwood's Magazine, tells the following story:

"A genius claimed to have discovered the secret of making gold, and he offered to sell it to a great city firm—a house whose name is in high repute not only in England but in all the capitals of Europe. By means of a process which he had discovered, the bulk of any quantity of gold could be increased by one-half, at trifling expense.

"His dupes accepted his terms, subject to his giving proof of the value of his discovery, and to test it they proposed to supply him with a hundred sovereigns and the needed plant. He thought scorn of working on such a petty sum as that; it would be waste of time, for the process was a tedious one.

"Finally it was arranged that he should have \$100,000 in sovereigns, and a house was taken in Leman street, Whitechapel, and there a laboratory was fitted up for his use. The gold was placed in tanks provided for the purpose, the needed chemicals were supplied, and the experiment proceeded, with elaborate precautions against larceny or fraud.

"The man was emphatic in insisting on two points; no one was to be allowed to enter the laboratory, and he was to be rigorously searched every time he passed out. After many weeks, during which his visits were frequent, he disappeared; and when eventually the door was forced, the tanks which had contained the gold were empty, and the bottles which contained the chemicals were full. What had become of the \$100,000? The fullest inquiry only served to elicit proof that the man had been searched with exemplary care at every visit.

"The mystery would have remained forever unsolved if the criminal had not himself supplied the solution of it. In sheer bravado and pride in his achievement, he wrote to the firm he had swindled, telling them of his appreciation of the money, and of his confidence that they would rather lose twice as much than incur ridicule on every exchange in Europe by a prosecution which would disclose their folly. And then he revealed his method. Every time he left the laboratory the gold-headed cane he carried was packed with sovereigns."

BITE OF FLY IS DANGEROUS

Prominent London Physician Tells of Necessity for Care During Hot Summer Season.

London.—Yet another cause for crusade against that pest, the common fly, has come to light. "The bite of a fly upon badly sunburnt skin may be attended by very painful—even fatal—results."

This is the dictum of a well-known London doctor, consulted the other day with regard to a recent death in Hackney, where a man died after being bitten by a fly while sleeping in the sun. Death ultimately ensued from blood poisoning or erysipelas. "In the first place," said the doctor, "skin that has become blistered, sore and broken from exposure to the sun is very prone to an attack of erysipelas. Now take the results of an insect bite on skin that is already painfully sunburnt."

"Even supposing the fly—perhaps the worst of germ-carrying insects—to be free of germs, irritation will be set up by the bite, which, when scratched, will probably become impregnated with poison conveyed from the fingers or nails of the sufferer."

"Of course, the bite or sting of a house fly is not in itself poisonous, but the dangers of such bites are that noxious germs may be introduced into the system. A gnat or harvest bug rarely harbors dangerous germs, whereas a fly can carry anything."

"Visitors to the seaside should choose their holiday quarters with care, for a flea infested lodging can be a source of great danger."

"These pests are already notorious as plague carriers, and there is no reason for supposing that they do not harbor other germs."

CROSSES OCEAN 175 TIMES

Captain John Fendt of Hamburg-American Liner Pallanza Celebrates His Record.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Capt. John Fendt of the Hamburg-American liner Pallanza the other day celebrated on his vessel at Washington avenue wharf his one hundred and seventy-fifth voyage across the North Atlantic. During that time he has never met with a serious mishap and has been the recipient of many medals given by the German and American governments. He began his seafaring life as a whaler and abandoned that industry to go in command of steam craft. The Pallanza was dressed with flags of many lands, and the veteran master mariner received many friends who called to congratulate him.

No More "Short" Potatoes. New York.—Clement J. Driscoll, commissioner of weights and measures, has notified members of the local branch of the National League of Commission Merchants that after a date to be agreed upon later there shall be no short measure potato barrels in Great or New York.

LITERARY JOB EASY

Professor Has Snap, No Matter What He Talks Of, Says Critic.

So Says One of Editors of Independent, Recognized Authority on University Life, in Article in Cap and Gown.

Chicago.—It is easy to be a literary Professor—comparatively. Not for him the stern and unrelenting pursuit of cold facts, long hours in laboratories, excursions into dangerous parts of the world or dabbling in disagreeable materials. The literary professor gets paid for what others gladly do for nothing.

At least so asserts Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, one of the editors of the Independent and a recognized authority on American university life, in an article contributed to the Cap and Gown, the University of Chicago annual.

"The greatest advantage which the literary man has over his scientific colleague is that it does not matter what he says," writes Dr. Slosson. "That is why he is such a brilliant lecturer, or can be. We could any of us be brilliant if we did not care what we said. The easiest way to get a reputation for pungent philosophy is to take some common saying and reverse it. The most ordinary cook looks funny when you wear it inside out."

"The scientist has to stick to facts. The belle-traitist hasn't many facts to stick to, and if he gets them wrong there is no harm done. If the lecturer on chemistry gets confused and tells his class to run ammonia into chlorine water instead of chlorine into ammonia water, he is likely to lose a student or two; perhaps a wing of the laboratory. But if the literary lecturer, in telling his students to trace the influence of Swinburne on Matthew Arnold, should get his instructions reversed the student would get blown up—except by his professor."

"A professor of English literature aims to get his students to love Browning's poetry, not necessarily to understand it. A professor of chemistry aims to get his students to understand chemistry, not necessarily to love it. It is easier to learn to love something than to understand it. It is not necessary to understand a young lady before falling in love with her. Unfortunately, otherwise few of us would ever have married or even now be in love with our wives."

"The literary professor is not expected to write novels. It is regarded as rather discreditable if he does—especially if they sell well. He lectures on the essential qualities of good fiction and the causes of its success, but he can not pick the winners out of the thousands of new novels that appear each year. If he could he would not be teaching. Any publisher would give him \$10,000 a year as a reader of manuscript."

"But it is the summer which is the special silly season for literary professors in common with others, Dr. Slosson declares. "The temptation is irresistible," he says, "when one gets up before the usual summer audience of culture seekers in Kent theater or Cobb hall to make them open their eyes as well as their ears, to shock them, to galvanize them into a semblance of life, to get some kind of a reaction from them indicative of independent thinking, of anything but tame acquiescence."

"Schoolmasters in long hair and spectacles, placid old ladies and ardent-eyed girls make up the audience. The lecturer in vain shakes before them the insanities of Nietzsche, the vulgarities of Whitman, the vagaries of Shaw, the crudities of Tolstoy, and sets off some epigrammatic fireworks of his own as a grand finale, but the most startling things he can discover in literature or invent they calmly listen to and take down in their note books."

"Two things they never think of doing: To question what they hear, or, fortunately, to apply it to their own lives. One is appalled at the thought of what would happen if they took the lecturer either less seriously or more. If they took him less seriously they would act in accordance with some of his suggestions, which would demoralize society."

Eye Ailment Recorded.

London.—In an address before the international electro-homeopathy congress at Carlton hall the other day Dr. W. Andersson of Norway described how the new system of disease diagnosis by the eye was discovered by Prof. Poesely of Poland.

In capturing an owl as a boy Poesely broke its right leg, and he noticed that a black line at once appeared in its right eye, which faded away as the fracture healed. Many years later he became a professor of medicine and by studying the eyes of hundreds of patients formed the theory of diagnosis of disease by lines on the iris.

"Easy Marks" Writes Burglar. Paterson, N. J.—When William T. Allen, a soda water manufacturer at Washington and Fair streets, opened his place, he found that safe burglars had been there. They left a note saying the people of Paterson were "easy marks," and if it were not for the watchmen they would have stolen the safe.

WAIK AWAKES IN MIDOCEAN

West Indian Orphan Falls Asleep After Eating Discarded Biscuits In Ship's Hold.

New York.—Phillip Ingraham looked as if he might be about six years old when he arrived here from Jamaica on the steamer Tagus. He wasn't sure of his age, but thought he might be nine. His mother told him a year ago that he was nine, and he thought it must be correct. He remembered that she had died in a but near Kings-ton a short while ago and his father had been killed in the recent earthquake.

The little fellow did not seem to have a care in the world as he told his story in the ship news office. The little stowaway from Kingston aroused enough sympathy from passers-by to fill a small envelope with dimes and nickels.

No one cared for him, he said. He was merely a child of the beach, sleeping by the shore near Kingston at night and in the day doing errands for people of his own race. Hunger drove him to the steamship Tagus, and he went aboard. He found a few discarded biscuits in the hold, and after eating them fell fast asleep. He did not wake up until the steamer was some ten hours out from port.

Then Phillip Ingraham came up on deck for a constitutional. It was colder at sea than on the beach at Jamaica, and the chief steward abbreviated a cadet's old uniform and gave it to the youthful stowaway. Phillip was taken to Ellis island and will be deported on the Tagus.

BUYS FARM FOR FRESH EGGS

Disgusted Pittsburg Millionaire Builds Model Henhouse to Foll Cold Storage.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Alexander R. Peacock, multi-millionaire, one of the men who became rich overnight when the Carnegie melon was cut, has just started to carry out a resolution that recalls the exploit of the late George Harding, the famous patent lawyer.

"No cold storage for Mr. Peacock! The other morning his breakfast egg shocked him. He got up and hurried away from it. "If I can't get eggs fresher than that I'll grow my own," he declared, and he rang up a real estate man. "I want a farm," he said, "a farm that will grow chickens—a lot of chickens that will lay eggs. It seems that the only way one can get a fresh egg in Pittsburg is to have his own farm."

Two days later Mr. Peacock had the farm out in Plum township. It cost him \$60,000. Now he is building a chicken house that is to be one of the wonders of the district. It is to have steam heat, electric lights, tile floors and the finest incubators.

Agents are out buying fancy breeds of chickens and good layers. It is expected that within a short time the cold-storage egg will have had its last chance to offend Mr. Peacock and spoil his breakfast. The thing is to be done completely. In time everything needed for the chickens is to be raised on the farm.

"SPOONERS" FORCED TO PAY.

Small Boys Near Lincoln Park in Chicago Form Combination to Get Money From Lovers.

Chicago.—An "anti-spooners' trust" has been developed by scores of youngsters living around Lincoln park. Similar to its larger brethren, this trust has an ulterior motive. Its coffers have been filled with the wealth of its victims. The "modus operandi" follows:

When dusk begins to envelop the trees 100 duds steal quietly out of places of concealment. A command is given and they scatter to all corners of the park. Then comes the real work! Each youth lingers on a bench till a couple hit by Cupid's artillery comes strolling by.

The couple wishes to sit down and rest. All the shaded benches, however, are occupied by little Johnnies-on-the-Spot. After a few futile efforts to dislodge the tormentor the gallant deposits a fee in the boy's hand and—thereby hangs the tale.

CATTLE FED MIXED SAWDUST

Not Wholly Worthless as Food, Declares Lord Carrington, in House of Lords.

London.—Lord Carrington, president of the board of agriculture, was asked in the house of lords the other day why he had not prosecuted in a Devon case of cattle food found to contain 40 per cent. of sawdust. Lord Portescue thought it opened a new prospect for owners of timber.

He replied that it consisted of a mixture of molasses and some absorbent material which was undoubtedly derived from wood sawdust—but had undergone some chemical treatment which made it more or less digestible. His board was still investigating the case. He was informed that the sawdust so treated was not absolutely worthless as food.

Pigeons Save Lives.

Paris.—Some pigeons in a cage have been found in a field at Villepreux-les-Clayes, 300 yards from where a collision took place recently. They were thrown this distance by the impact of the trains, and had kept themselves alive by pecking through the bars at sheaves of corn in the field. When released they fled straight away.

TELLS OF LOLOLAND

Traveler Speaks of Savages He Met in Western Part of China.

They Are Warlike Race, Living in a District Which is Mountainous, but Very Rich in Mineral Resources.

Shanghai, China. Little is known even in China about the Lolo country in the western part of the empire but a short time ago a missionary came from this district and he was able to tell us that these savages are friendly to the white man who deals with them cautiously and that they are submitting to the teaching of the few missionaries that have penetrated into the district.

Lololand has attracted a good deal of attention in Shanghai, and even in America recently, on account of the travels in that district of Dr. Denenill, who accidentally shot a native of Tibet and had to be tried in Shanghai for manslaughter. Following this, an Englishman named Brooke was murdered by Lolos and the real facts have only come to light with the return of Mr. E. S. Little, who has been on an extended tour in western China. Mr. Brooke was stoned to death after shooting a Lolo chief in self-defense.

Mr. Little traveled through the country from Yachow, across the Tungbo river down to Ningyuan and across the Yangtze, at a place 500 miles above the highest point at which it is navigable, and he found that this country consisted of lofty mountains with passes 10,000 to 11,000 feet high. The mountains tower on all sides and throughout the district named they are held by Lolo savages, who are continually at war with the Chinese, or each other. When Mr. Little entered the country he immediately came into touch with a score of raids. On one occasion he passed through a valley on either side of which were opposing forces of Lolos. On another occasion he heard that the road in front of him had been the scene of two raids and he found that 40 people had been carried off captive and sold as slaves by the Lolos.

Mr. Little had many unpleasant experiences, but he was able to talk in Chinese with many of the Lolos, as they understand a little of that language. The men have copied to some extent the Chinese dress, but over all they wear a woolen cloak. The women wear shirts, but no shoes, stockings or underclothes. All of them are strangers to soap and water. Some of the women have pretty features and the whole race is dark, but of fine carriage and physique, and Mr. Little considers them superior in many respects to the Chinese. The Lolos are armed with antiquated firearms, long spears and all sorts of miscellaneous weapons. They are clever at stone throwing and when they cannot reach their enemy for a hand-to-hand encounter they hurl pieces of rock through the air with remarkable accuracy.

The whole country has great possibilities. Mr. Little saw gold, copper, zinc, lead and silver mines, some of which were being worked successfully in the native way, and others are waiting for the necessary capital. In the course of his journey he passed mountains of highly mineralized rock that had not been developed or touched in any way. Through all these mountains there are many streams of water which would give power for running factories and lighting them.

REACH EQUALITY OF SEXES.

May Never Be Brought About Under Present Conditions, Declares Prof. Willcox.

Wellesley, Mass.—That true equality of the sexes may never be reached under present conditions and that even the most kindly disposed friend of suffragism cannot help adopting a different attitude in his relations with the opposite sex are two of the striking views held by Professor Mary A. Willcox, who for twenty-seven years has been head of the department of sociology in Wellesley college, and who has just been made professor emerita.

"To insure the same treatment for boys and girls alike," says Professor Willcox, "it is not sufficient that the parents of the children dress the boys and girls alike, allow them to play the same games and in every sense put them on the same plane. Just as soon as a girl's sex is recognized, men and women unconsciously adopt a different and less stimulating attitude toward her than toward a boy."

"There is no essential difference between a man's mind and a woman's mind, in my opinion, but this is a question that cannot be answered conclusively until the treatment of the sexes from childhood is exactly the same."

Parents Given Hints.

London.—"Health Hints to Parents" is the title of a circular which the London common council's education committee recently resolved to issue. Among other "hints" which the circular contained are: "There are no scholarships for dirty children. "All dirty throats are suspicious. "Windows are made to open. "Children, certain circumstances, if you shut your mouth, you may save your life." The circular was not passed without considerable discussion.