

NEW YORKERS CREDULOUS

Show Amazing Ignorance of Country Outside of Tight Little Manhattan Isle.

This true story was told by a western merchant at one of the recent dinners given by a commercial organization here, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star.

"I told the head of one of the biggest houses in town the old story," said he, "of the youngster who returned to New York after an absence. 'I've been away out west,' said he. 'And where were you?'" asked his friend.

"In Syracuse," said he. "And do you know," that merchant smiled a kind of doubtful, polite smile—the sort of a smile which is a tribute to one's business rating, and not to one's humor. He didn't see the point at all. But I thought that he was an exception until I walked down town with a friend of mine, who is at the head of a big commercial organization in the southwest. He specializes in Navajo blankets, and usually gets \$35 to \$50 for extra good ones from the jobbers here in the east. He called on the jobbers, to look over their stock of blankets, and finding that the man in-charge did not know him, he priced the stock.

"A good blanket," said the man in charge, "is worth from \$250 up."

"It surprised my friend, for he knew what he sold those same blankets to the same firm for. And he asked the reason. And that fog-brained, varnish-headed, white-eyed salesman told him this, in all seriousness, and believing every word he said.

"You see," said he, "collecting blankets is a very dangerous business. Three men out of every five we send to the wilds are killed by the savage Indians."

ITALICS USED FOR EMPHASIS

They Reveal the Writer's Sense of the Relative Importance in Things He Has Written.

Doctors of style in the writing of English declare that the use of italics for emphasis is a positive fault, showing weakness of construction and inability to express ideas strongly by a right arrangement of words. Nevertheless, italics are used deliberately by some forceful writers to gain added effect and to fasten the eye and the mind of the reader upon important points, somewhat as a speaker will strengthen his oration by vocal emphasis and gesture. Whatever may be said for or against the use of italics, they certainly reveal the writer's sense of relative importance in the things he has written. He has selected certain words and hence, as we note their significance we begin to know more of the man behind the words. His choice of emphasis tells us what manner of man he is. His italics are an index of his mental or moral character.

We are all writing history day by day. On every page some things are written small, others stand out boldly in italics. Take up the book at night and read the story of the day. It will be an interesting record—perhaps a startling one. Doubtless we shall feel very much like correcting the proof when we find where the italics are set.—Christian Herald.

Interesting Spire.

Since the sudden fall of the great Campanile at Venice a few years ago scientific experiments have been made to afford assurance of the stability of other famous architectural piers in Italy.

Among these is the unique cathedral of Milan, built all of marble, with scores of slender pinnacles, and a lofty main spire terminating in a great marble statue of the Virgin. The experiments on this spire, while demonstrating its complete stability, show interesting effects of the wind and solar rays. As with other lofty towers, the point of the spire describes daily an elliptical curve, the size and precise form of which vary with atmospheric conditions. But the greatest displacement seldom amounts to more than a single minute of arc, in this case less than a third of an inch. A tempest of uncommon violence in 1866 displaced the top of the spire eight millimeters.—Harper's Weekly.

Makes Protest for Miners.

The Transvaal Cornish association, says a Johannesburg telegram, has passed a resolution declaring that, in view of the revenue which the state derives, directly and indirectly, from the mining industry, the state should contribute not less than 50 per cent. of the total required for the compensation of miners from miners' phtisis, and that no part should be contributed by miners as proposed in the government bill.

Wooden Vessel Superior.

Admiral Peary says that in some respects the old-fashioned wooden ship is less vulnerable to the dangers of the sea than the huge steel liner. He once tracked into a fully submerged iceberg while going at full speed in broad daylight. "The stout little ship" (the Roosevelt), he says, "caromed off the berg like a billiard ball, without injury, a steel ship would have had her mizzen torn open from bow to quarter."

IS SURE SIGN OF SUMMER

Irish Woman Shows Great Solicitude for Lady Bug She Plucked From Longpole's Neck.

The other day Mr Longpole went over to Brooklyn on business. He boarded a Fulton street car, and scarcely had taken his seat when an amply-proportioned, good natured looking Irishwoman plumped down next him. A few moments later Mr Longpole felt that the woman had turned part way round and was regarding him attentively. Presently she raised one fat hand and, with the fingers brought closely together at the tips, cautiously approached it toward his neck, saying at the same time in a loud, cheerful voice:

"Excuse me, but you've a lady boog crawlin' on yer neck, an' I'll take it off for ye, careful-like, so as not to frighten the poor baste." With that she advanced her hand still further and gently plucked the insect from Mr. Longpole's neck. "There!" said she triumphantly. "I have it in me two fingers. See!" and she held the bug up for his inspection. Then, contemplating it more closely and cordially including all the passengers in her remark, she said: "Lady boogs do be a sign of summer, I'm tould."—New York Press.

SUICIDE BUREAU A SUCCESS

More Than 4,000 Persons Saved From Self-Destruction in London Since It Started.

Many interesting pages from the great book of life are to be found in the report of the operations of the Salvation Army's anti-suicide bureau. Since it was started 4,754 persons have called to lay their embarrassments before Colonel Emerson, and have asked him to "show cause"—as the lawyers say—why they should not put an end to their lives. The largest number put down the cause of their trouble to financial reasons; after this come drink or drugs, and melancholia.

The applicants come from almost every class except the workers. There are clergymen, missionaries, military officers, doctors, solicitors, schoolmasters, clerks and company promoters. They have all been dealt with according to their needs, and such help has been given them as their cases seemed to demand.

Legal and medical advice has been afforded; creditors have been reasoned with; reconciliations have been brought about with relatives. And the work, according to General Booth, has been successful beyond highest expectation.—London Chronicle.

Snakes That Bother Fishermen.

Poisonous snakes, driven to higher land by the high water in Lake Pontchartrain, have been playing havoc with fishermen, two of whom were bitten so severely the other day that they had to be sent to the Charity hospital.

James Nary, nineteen years old, a resident of Bucktown, occupies a cot in Ward 66 as a result of being bitten on the great toe by a "lemon-tail" snake he encountered near West End shortly before daybreak while hunting bullfrogs. John Gallaty of Milneburg, the other snake victim, is not so seriously affected, although bitten in the same place by a "cottonmouth" snake.

"The 'cottonmouth' and the 'lemon-tail' are the only two snakes fishermen fear," said Nary at the hospital. "Moccasins and the other poisonous snakes amount to nothing. I catch moccasins in my hand and twist their heads off. It is the 'cotton-mouths' and the 'lemon-tails' that bother us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Individuality.

"Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike." So says Emerson, and the mothers of young families might do no worse than take this saying as a nursery motto.

It is curious how few parents, comparatively realize the wisdom of this, and consequently how many homes are marred and rendered unproductive by being made "forcing" instead of "temperate" houses for the young lives they contain.

The creeds, ideas, thoughts and opinions of the parents are forced on the child; he is molded or "patterned" by the parent, according to that parent's standards. He is taught to be like this person, or that, to take such a one for his example and object of imitation.

He either becomes a nonentity, or, when he finds that his shape is unfitted for the parental mold, he rebels, and then parent and child become antagonistic one to the other.

Antiquity of Rheumatism.

It may not greatly console modern people, but a paper read at the Paris Academy of Science last week established the fact that rheumatism "was as common among our ancestors of the polished stone age as it is at the present time." Researches made by Dr. Marcel Badouin of a scythic burial place at Vendrest left no doubt that thirty skeletons among one hundred skeletons showed the effects of this disease. The skeletons of the women showed that the left side was the more often affected, while the men seem to show the effects on the right side. Dr. Badouin's paper concluded that the affection which nowadays is called osteoarthritis difformis is the oldest known disease. It has been found in the cave of a bear at Arège, the oldest quaternary stratum, and also among the most ancient Egyptians and prehistoric Nubians.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE

Distance at Which Recognition of a Person May Be Considered Reliable.

How often we say "I recognized him" sometimes at distances that make us doubtful. Now the German government has made scientific investigations showing the distance at which this recognition may be considered reliable. According to their report, a man with good eyes will recognize a person seen once before at a distance not greatly exceeding 32 feet. An intimate acquaintance may be recognized at from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty feet; and a very dear friend or relative up to five hundred feet.

The rifleman can discern the different parts of his adversary's body, and every decided movement at about three hundred feet, and a movement of the legs or arms up to a little more than twice that distance. At six hundred yards a moving man is a mere creeping blur on the landscape, and at eight hundred yards any movements of the arms or legs are no longer visible.

Of course, there are averages such as the jurist must recognize in weighing the evidence of witnesses, and the military leader in noting the position of his antagonist and the outside limit of effective rifle and pistol fire. Then, there are exceptions to these rules. Hunters, seacoast dwellers, prairie cattlemen and farmers whose sight, unweakened by civilized life and trained by constant exercise of "long sight," will often nearly double the averages given. So, too, the clearer air of the elevated prairies and table lands certainly doubles the power of the human eye.—Joe Chapple's News Letter.

FORESTRY PROBLEM IN JAPAN

Little Brown Brothers Have Safeguarded Themselves Against Destruction of Forests.

Just at the time when this country is beginning to struggle with the problem of husbanding its forest resources, of protecting its mountain slopes, and of improving the waterways, it is interesting to know that the Japanese have successfully attacked the same problem, before the land suffered severely from the evil effects following deforestation. The far-sighted people of Nippon have foreseen the results of the destruction of their extensive mountain forests, and have safeguarded themselves by placing all of these under government control.

The practice of forestry has been carried on in Japan for a longer time than in any other country. For 1,200 years the people of Japan have been planting and growing forests, with a success that has been a little short of marvelous. Under careful management, the Japanese forests yield very high financial returns. This high yield is only made possible by the close utilization of every bit of the tree so that scarcely a twig is wasted, and by the improvement of the growth of their forests by carefully conducted thinning and tending. The woods are first thinned at the age of thirteen years, and then every five years after that up to the time of the final harvest, at 120 years.

Statue That Sprang Up in Night.

In London, where one of the most luxurious and beautiful parks in the world, the Kensington Gardens, is a vast playground for children, the fairies' own month of May was celebrated this year with a rare gift. A statue of Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up, prettily lifting on an ancient tree-trunk and blowing his pipe, which brings the birds and squirrels and field mice out to listen, was set up in a single night and when the little children came next day to play they believed that the beautiful image of the little boy who plays with them at make-believe was left by the fairy folk themselves. And who would be so sadly grown up as to tell them any different?

The statue, presented by Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of the story, "Peter Pan," is of exquisite beauty. The inscription is: "Peter Pan, Friend of the Fairies and Little Children."—The Christian Herald.

The Main Thing.

Arnold Bennett, the English romancer, was much impressed in New York by the beauty of the girl stenographer.

"It isn't your attractiveness or your society belles that I'd award the palm for beauty," Mr. Bennett said at a luncheon. "It's to your stenographer."

"I won't say it's their beauty alone that gets these girls their positions, but I'll tell you a story.

"A male stenographer was talking about a girl who had displaced him. 'Is she really an expert?' his listener asked. 'Oh, no,' was the reply; 'but she's as expert as you'd expect a girl of her beauty to be.'"

Woman's Unfitness.

An anti-suffragist once said, "Woman's unfitness for the ballot necessitates her continuance in a narrow environment." This reminds us of the old negro who was asked why he did not seek religion. He replied, "Boss, I ain't fit." "Well," said the other man, "why don't you get fit?" "Little Pete answered, "Boss, I ain't fit to get fit."—Woman's Journal.

WHERE LIFE IS VERY CHEAP

Danger of Getting in Front of the Guns During Russian War Maneuvers.

Forty-two soldiers were shot during the recent maneuvers of the Russian army. The announcement is stolidly made by the minister of war. He adds, "These men were in advance of the guns."

As guns do not ordinarily shoot backward, the minister's cryptic explanation may be considered superfluous. The incident is, perhaps, interesting chiefly because of the light it throws on Russia's official attitude toward the value of human life. It fits in aptly with the reports of executions, imprisonments and exiles which, coming from all parts of the czar's domains, keep the world informed of the progress of heartless oppression.

It is not surprising that the empire is rocked with discontent, that observers believe the government faces another costly revolution. A nation cannot place so low a value on the lives of its subjects without ultimately reaping its reward in blood and terror.

Accidents in military maneuvers are not uncommon. They have occurred in the United States, and, doubtless, will continue to occur from time to time as long as military training is held a necessary part of every nation's list of obligations. It has remained for Russia, however, to send soldiers "in advance of the guns" to be shot, and for a minister of the czar's government to announce the blunder to the world with as much unconcern, apparently, as he might announce the departure of a detachment for patrol duty on the Persian frontier.

VISIT WAS MOST OPPORTUNE

Artist Calls to Exhibit Work at Moment When Its Desirability Was Being Discussed.

Some years ago a publishing house was preparing to issue a new edition of the writings of Thoreau, writes Charles S. Olcott in Art and Progress. The head of the house and a member of its staff were in consultation about the method of illustration. It was agreed that the pictures must be true to nature; but how to get them was the problem. Artists who do book illustrating could not be expected to go into the woods and make pictures which would in any way assist the text to reveal nature as Thoreau saw it. Photographs would be admirable, but where was the professional photographer to be found who would undertake to go into Thoreau's country in sunshine and rain, in summer and winter, to catch all the phases of nature which Thoreau recorded in his "Journal"? While the two men pondered, a caller sat in the outer office with a large portfolio under his arm. Five years before he had read Thoreau's "Journal," and had taken up his residence in Concord that he might visit the scenes there described. In all seasons and all kinds of weather he had wandered through the woods and over the fields with his camera; passionately fond of nature, he was no less devoted to art. To him, photography was a pastime—it was not his profession. For the pure love of nature and of art, and with no thought of pecuniary gain, he had accomplished the very feat which the two business men had thought so difficult, and with a curious coincidence he appeared at the office to exhibit the result of his work at the precise moment when its desirability was being discussed.

Church Music.

Music has long been notoriously a provoker of discord. Once in my new-hunting days I suffered the ignominy of a scoop on a choir rumpus, and I thereupon formed the habit of tending an anxious ear to rumors of trouble in choir lots. The average ladder-like Te Deum, built up for the display of the soprano's vocal prowess, has always struck me as an uneasy thing. I even believe that the horrors of highly embellished offertories have done much to tighten pursestrings and deaden generous impulses of a languid quartette praising God on behalf of the bored sinners in the pew. Music has always seemed to me the protagan of anomalies. Nor has long contemplation of vested choirs in Episcopal churches shaken my belief that choir music should be an affair of the congregation.—Mercedith Nicholson, in the Atlantic.

Habit That Pleased.

"So you have thought it over carefully and decided that young Money-blower is the man you must marry?" said her father gravely. "Yes, father," the young woman replied. "Are you sure that his habits are such as will make for a happy married life?" "Yes, indeed. He buys a new motor car every year, and that's just the sort of habit I want my husband to have."

Believes in Work.

Anne Morgan, daughter of the financier, who does much work among poor girls and others who earn considerable money through their own efforts, advises the girls constantly to save something. Her advice to them always is: "In times of prosperity, prepare for adversity." Miss Morgan, in fact, is a firm believer that every wealthy girl should be equipped to earn her own living should anything occur to take her fortune away.

\$5,000 BUTTERFLY IS FOUND

Wings Have Spread of 11 1/2 Inches and It Has a Body Like a Mouse—Killed With Arrow.

London.—A jet black butterfly, valued at \$5,000 as big almost as a robin, with wings measuring 11 1/2 inches from tip to tip, has been brought to London from New Guinea by A. L. Mock, an explorer in the service of Hon. Walter Rothschild, millionaire owner of the famous private museum in Tring Park.

Several new varieties of butterflies, by far the largest in the world, were discovered in New Guinea by Mock. "I had to take up from the coast," he says, "cases of pearl shell, tomahawks and beads of all kinds before I could get the assistance of the natives in capturing the butterflies. The natives shoot them with four-prong arrows, which they use for killing birds.

The female giant butterflies are all black, or brown, or white, but the males are splendidly marked in green and gold. I brought back also with me a butterfly which has a hairy body on account of the intense coldness of the Snow mountains.

"I had a couple of my native boy hunters killed and eaten by New Guinea cannibals, who kindly sent me back the bones."

The hairy butterfly described by Mock, now in the Rothschild collection, is almost furry, so thick is its covering, and it has a wonderful appearance. The explorer, who has been twenty-three years in New Guinea, brings back with him also specimens of the famous birds of paradise.

FULFILLS HIS DEATH DREAM

Vision of Hearse Waiting for Casket Finally Induces Man to Kill Self.

Phoenixville, Pa.—Tortured for weeks by a constantly recurring dream, in which was pictured a funeral cortege with a hearse opened to receive a casket which has been carried from the house in which he boarded, Peter Lusvardi died shortly after he had cut his throat with a razor.

Witnesses, called at the inquest held by Deputy Coroner C. H. Howell, told the story of the strange apparition which had so long oppressed Lusvardi and which drove him finally from loss of sleep into insanity. His fellow-boarders told of accounts of his strange dream which the suicide gave them at breakfast each morning, and in which he declared that it forecast his own death and pictured to him his funeral.

Within the past few days Lusvardi was apparently suffering from a great nervous strain, and could talk of little else than what he termed his coming funeral.

Recently a groan was heard, evidently coming from the room which he occupied, and investigation revealed the man lying in a pool of blood and fast bleeding to death. He died half an hour later. He was unmarried and had been a resident of Phoenixville for seven years.

SEEKS TO MATCH GOLD FISH

Woman Gets Them in Department Store, Too, and Friend Won't Know the Difference.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—There was not the slightest trace of a smile on the face of a fashionably dressed woman in a Fulton street department store in Brooklyn as she opened a package containing a dead fish.

"I wish to match this exactly," she said to a saleswoman. Had the woman smiled, the clerk would have considered her a practical joker, but the request, unaccompanied by a smile, seemed so unaccountable that the clerk, impelled by fear, passed a secret sign to summon Manager Neaderland, who asked:

"Why do you wish to match this, madam?"

"I died in the aquarium of a friend while the friend was out of town, depending on me to care for her fishes, and I want to replace the dead fish with a live one exactly the same."

"Third aisle to the right," said the manager, leading the way to a goldfish tank, and an exact duplicate of the dead fish was transferred to a globe.

HE HUNG ON SPIKE IN WELL

Superhuman Acrobatics Finally Released Impaled Man—Collapse After Reaching Safety.

Allentown, Pa.—As John Dougherty was chasing a chicken he ran across an old well 80 feet deep, whose covering crushed beneath his weight.

By rare luck a rusty spike in a beam, which did not go down, caught in his coat, and he was enabled to grab the beam.

Nobody was about and his cries for help were unheard. He hung by the rickety old beam for ten minutes, when, by the exercise of superhuman strength, he managed to perform acrobatics which landed him on top of the crosspiece. He then crawled to safety, so unnerved that he collapsed.

HUMOR IN JAIL SENTENCE

Man Sent to Prison for Beating Wife—Mercy Asked as to Mother-in-Law.

Pittsburg, Pa.—"For beating his wife, guffly as indicated, for beating his mother-in-law, recommended to the mercy of the court." On this verdict, returned in court recently, Joseph Nejdly, a machinist, was sentenced to pay the costs, a fine of 6 1/2 cents, and serve 30 days in jail.

GUANACOS OF THE ANDES

Texas Ranchmen Seeking Information With a View to Domesticating the Animals.

The day is not far gone when that historic farmer, on beholding the circus giraffe for the first time, exclaimed, "There ain't no such animal!" And the day also may not be far distant when more animals now seen only in menageries will be introduced into certain parts of America. Outrigger canoe was a curiosity with the great west shows. Now there are ostrich farms all over the west. An attempt was once made to introduce the camel in the great American desert places of Arizona and New Mexico. An attempt also was once made to train monkeys to pick prunes, but this latter venture was a chattering farce.

Now comes the Daily Consular Reports with a story to the effect that Texas ranchmen are seeking additional information concerning guanacos which are found in large numbers in the Andes from central Peru to Cape Horn. These animals are very shy and hunters capture them with difficulty. They may be tamed if taken when young, and Consul Winslow, at Valparaiso Chile, sees no reason why they could not be successfully raised in certain sections of the United States. Guanacos are said "to feed upon the pungent herbage of the Patagonian deserts, as well as upon the bitter grasses of the Pampas, and furnish to the wandering natives their principal flesh food and the only skins useful for clothing or tent making, except those of the llama. Over a large part of their habitat none but salt water is to be had, which they drink readily."

Guanacos are about a third taller than the average sheep and weigh about the same. There is no fixed price for the animal, as few have been domesticated. They must be picked up wherever they can be found, at whatever the owner may charge, anywhere from \$6 to \$20 gold each. Guanaco rugs are prized very highly and cost \$18 to \$25 gold, according to size, quality of the hair, etc. A rug 6 1/2 feet is worth \$20.

OLDEST SOLDIER IN BRIT

Recently Celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of His Appointment as Royal Gunner.

The oldest soldier in the British army is said to be Samuel Parsons, the king's gunner at Windsor castle, who lately celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of his appointment as the royal gunner in the round tower of Windsor castle. Although nearly 87 years of age, he is still on the active list, and has drawn full military pay for sixty-five years. Parsons still retains all his faculties, his sight being very good, and enjoys good health. He was born at Mortal, East Lothian, in 1825, and at the age of 19 years joined the Royal Artillery at Devonport. He was at Quebec with his regiment for six years, and after three years' home service was dispatched to the Crimea. After being laid up for a time with fever Parsons returned to the seat of war the day before the charge of Balaklava, although he did not take part in that memorable charge, but was present at the battle of Inkermann. After the Crimea he went to Woolwich and was appointed royal gunner at Windsor castle Oct. 17, 1858.

Parsons possesses six medals, including the Crimean medal, with bars for Sebastopol, Inkermann and Balaklava; the Turkish medal; the long service medal, Queen Victoria's jubilee medal, with a bar for the diamond jubilee; King Edward's coronation medal and King George's coronation medal. During the fifty-two years Parsons has been at the round tower there has never been an accident, relates the London Standard.

First Thimble. There is a tradition that a Dutch silversmith pondered over a certain notion which he had cherished long and silently in the slow working senses which he deemed his brain—a notion for a thimble, a fallal, for a dignified lady of Holland. It must be a useful thimble, albeit, a costly one, meet for so good a sempstress as Dame Alize Van Ransselaar. When the notion took definite shape the thing was quickly wrought in precious metal by fingers as deft as the brain was slow, and the industrious housewife proudly wore not only her first thimble, but the first thimble possessed by any Dutch frau.—Century Magazine.

The Oriental Dancer.

Charles Frohman, at a dinner at the Metropolitan club in New York, condemned a certain outrageously immodest Oriental dancer.

"She must have a nasty mind," Mr. Frohman said, "to dance like that." "Oh, don't be too hard on her," said a playwright. "She may not understand, you know. Consider how young she is."

"I deny," said Mr. Frohman, "that she's so young as you imply; but I'm bound to admit that, even though not young, she's certainly a stripling."

The Casino Woman.

They stood on Penn avenue and watched the girls go by, an endless procession.

"They say the clinging type of is disappearing."

"I believe it is. Modern woman, with the sharp-pointed buckles and her numerous hatpins, is more like a cactus than a vine."—Pittsburg Post.