

SKIN FISH TO CHEAT

Boston Dealers Resort to Mean Trick to Reap Profit.

Common Varieties Sold to Buyers for Higher Priced Ones by Removing Skin, Thus Rendering it Difficult to Detect Fraud.

Boston.—That "pigs is pigs" and fish is always fish are statements undoubtedly true, as is the fact that persons often ask for one kind of fish, and are served with a kind quite unlike that for which they asked.

As a rule, any one buying fish, whether in a hotel or in the fish store, thinks mainly of the freshness of the denizens of the deep, without considering whether it is bluefish, cod, hake or pollock that is given him.

The person buying fish at a store has an advantage over the patrons of hotels, because usually the difference between the color and markings of the several varieties of popular food fish is very noticeable, and while many of the most inexperienced of housewives might be competent to distinguish at a glance between many of the common varieties, the hotel patron who depends on his palate to tell him the difference is quite likely to be deceived.

At one time the chief cosening method employed to reap illegitimate profits in the trade was to sell old fish, but the present day trick of unscrupulous dealers is to dispose of plebeian fish at an advanced price by simply changing the name.

Under any other name the pollock tastes just as sweet, but when trimmed and weighed and handed out at "Boston bluefish" or "deep sea bluefish" it commands a higher price, and the buyer gets more elation, if not better flavor, than would have been the case had the transaction been effected under the name of common pollock.

During the mackerel season the small pollock makes a good substitute for mackerel, so long as one does not know the difference, and when mackerel are scarce in the market the fishmonger driving a cart laden with these make-believes may often be seen and heard crying, "Mackerel! Fresh mackerel!"

In the same fashion the broom or redfish, when skinned, passes for the red snapper, and the horse mackerel are sold in some places as albacore.

In a few cases, where even an inexperienced buyer might detect the fraud practiced, the skin of the fish is removed, and when this is done even the most experienced piscator may as well give up in despair, for it is like finding a needle in a haystack to distinguish between the varieties of some of the fishes when the skins are not there to help identify them.

There is considerable difference between cod and hake when both have their skins on, but once the skin is removed a hake easily passes for a white cod, and in many cases the deluded purchaser is deceived still further by eating the hake with as much relish as though it were the cod he ordered.

FINDS HISTORIC TRANSCRIPT.

Minnesota Discovers Transcript of Indian Trial in 1862, When Thirty-Eight Were Hanged.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dr. W. W. Folwell, historian of Minnesota, has solved the mystery connected with the disappearance of transcripts of the testimony in the trials of Indians charged with participation in the Indian massacres of 1862 and the Minnesota Historical society is to receive a valuable addition to its library.

Dr. Folwell, who is in Washington, has found the original transcripts of testimony and will send them to the Minnesota society by permission of the government.

More than 300 Indians were tried by a military commission in 1862 and of these thirty-eight were hanged in Mankato, Dec. 26, 1862. The record of testimony, a valuable historical document, was sent to Washington for examination by President Lincoln. The documents disappeared, and efforts to find them have always been unsuccessful.

Dr. Folwell has recently written a history of Minnesota, and realizing the value of the documents giving the testimony in the Indian cases, he made a personal search for the records in Washington. He found that the senate had asked President Lincoln to submit the documents to congress, and, after a long search, he found the transcripts in the senate archives. The documents are the nucleus for a complete and accurate history of the Indian outbreak, as they contain all the testimony given before the military tribunal.

Secret of Longevity.

New York.—A novel recipe for longevity is given by Miss Mary Cummings, who is facing death in Belleville hospital here at the age of 109 years.

"If you are a woman, never marry, and never for a moment lose your independence. These, she claimed, were her two rules of living, and she never let an opportunity pass of expressing her belief in their efficacy.

BOY IS LIKE HELEN KELLAR

Without Sight or Hearing He Lived First Nine Years with His Mind in Total Darkness.

Columbus, O.—Helen Kellar is coming to Columbus in July to attend a national convention of teachers of the blind, and Leslie Oren, a 12-year-old boy, now a pupil in the state school for the deaf here, and, like Miss Kellar, born without the sense of either sight or hearing, is enthusiastic over the prospect of meeting her.

The boy was in his ninth year when placed in the state institution and up to that time his mind was in total darkness. His parents had done nothing with him but to restrain him. Now he is in the seventh grade of school work, so that he has almost wholly made up the time lost in the beginning.

Miss Ada Lyon, his first teacher, had endless patience and slowly led his eager mind out of the darkness in which it was left by the accident of birth. He was fortunate in having her for a teacher and unfortunate in losing her. Three years ago she married and left the institution. She retains her interest in her remarkable pupil and they exchange letters every week. Leslie is an expert on the typewriter. Like Helen Kellar he reads oral language by placing the tips of his fingers on the speaker's lips, or communication can be as readily made with him by spelling the manual language in the palm of his hand.

As is usually the case when some senses are lacking, the other are abnormally developed. The sense of smell in Leslie's case is developed to a remarkable extent. When a letter from his old teacher is held a distance from his face he recognizes it in an instant. He says he does it by the odor, though no one else can detect it. He claims to have a notion of color and declares that red is his favorite color. He wants to go to college when he finishes the course at the state institution and already \$3,000 has been subscribed to be used in paying his expenses.

"UNCLE TOM" AS A VISION.

Son of Mrs. Stowe Tells of Writing of Story and Church Starts Negro School Fund.

New York.—Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Stowe related to a large number of wealthy members of the Church of the Ascension how his mother came to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when he concluded by saying that Mrs. Stowe's principal object in writing the book was to obtain sufficient money to found a negro educational institution, in which she had failed, the members of this Fifth avenue church agreed to start a fund to carry out her project.

"My mother had always been deeply affected by the stripes of negro women slaves being separated from their babies by the auction sales and otherwise, and one day in church the story of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came to her as a vision," said Dr. Stowe. "After church she went home and wrote feverishly for several hours until she had finished that best-known chapter, 'The Death of Uncle Tom.' Then she called her six children around her and read the story to them until they cried as much as she did. Others read it and cried, and then her friends insisted that she should finish the story.

"My mother made little money out of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' She received nothing for the foreign rights or for the dramatization. She had hoped to make enough to start a school for negroes, but the income was not sufficient."

BRIDE SEWS UP HELPMATE.

He Agrees to Be Nice to Mamma, Beat Carpets, Never "Cuss," Ad. Lib., Ad. Infm., and Then Some.

New York.—A woman married a man in Montclair to-day and she thinks she is going to keep him at home. Justice of the Peace Williams married the couple. He would not give their names, but he gave out the following document that the man had to sign before the ceremony was performed:

"I solemnly promise before the justice of the peace and the woman I have asked to be my wife to give her my pay envelope, unopened, every Saturday night, to be at home every night by 9 o'clock, unless my wife is out with me; never to go to parties without her, and never to dance with anybody else without her permission. "I promise to be kind always to her mother; never to join any lodge that does not admit women; never to smoke more than three cigars on a week day, and not more than five on Sunday; never to smoke cigarettes at all, and never to use profane language; to beat carpets every spring without grumbling; to do up my own laundry package each week; never to drink intoxicating liquors, except at the annual spring house cleaning, and never to keep a dog."

Skeleton in Quarry.

Pottstown, Pa.—Workmen at the Silver Dale stone crushing plant, near here, were horrified when they unearthed the skeleton of a human being.

It was found at a depth of ten feet, with a jumbled mass of stone around it, and there was not a remnant of wood to indicate that the body ever lay in a coffin.

When exposed to the air, it crumbled, and the workmen could not tell of what sex it was. The skeleton was found in a perfectly upright position.

OLD MULE ASSISTS

Antiquated Animal Helps to Raise Church Fund.

Story of "Bill Crow," Once Turned Out to Die, Stir the Hearts of the Members of Congregations to Benevolence.

Kansas City, Mo.—When the Missouri conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, meets at Savannah this August, Rev. H. R. Cooper, agent appointed by the conference to raise an endowment of \$100,000 for the benefit of aged preachers and their widows, expects to report the successful completion of his task. He now has raised about \$75,000, and is diligently seeking the balance.

Down amid the cotton woods of Audrain county sleeps a typical Missouri mule, which departed this life at the age of 80. To this mule and the story connected with it Rev. H. R. Cooper does homage for the success which has followed his efforts in raising the endowment fund. When the assignment was made by the bishop two years ago Mr. Cooper realized that he had hard work ahead. Some of the churches were taxed to their utmost to meet the church extension work, and to pile \$100,000 on top of that looked like crowding the mourners. He knew that his appeal for the poor preachers and the widows would have to be something out of the ordinary to reach further down into the pockets of his people. After he had toured the state a little while some one told him about Brother Jones' old mule down in Audrain county. He went there and investigated and came back home with a smile upon his face. Then he began telling the people about the four-footed patriarch in this way:

"Brother Jim Jones was a Methodist of the old school; always at his place in church, ready to shout, sing or pray with the best of them. He was always honest with his neighbors and his God. Among his stock was old Bill Crow, a black mule, nearly a third of a century old. His service had been almost as long as his years. One morning Brother Jones hitched Bill Crow up to the plow and started across the field.

"Git up!" said Brother Jones. "Bill Crow didn't move. He just turned his head and looked kinder mournful like at his boss, and then lay down. His working days were over. Brother Jones saw that, because it was the first time Bill Crow had ever refused to move when commanded. He went up and looked into the mule's eyes and saw tears in them. He knew Bill Crow had done the best he could, and that he hated to quit. There was no help for it, and so he turned the mule out in the woods to die.

"That night Brother Jones' boy, Joe, came to him and said: "Pap, what've you done with old Bill Crow?" "Why, son, he fell down at the plow this morning, and so I turned him out to die. Guess his working days are over."

"You turned old Bill Crow out to die?" "Why, sure; he ain't no good any more."

"But see here, pap; ain't he been working all his life for you?" "He sure has, son, and he worked good, too."

"And you goin' to church every Sunday and singin' 'I want to be an angel'?" "Pap, do you reckon an angel would a treated old Bill Crow that way after he worked for him all this time?"

"This was putting the thing in a new light, and the old man began to feel like he had been pretty mean to old Bill Crow. He spoke to his wife about it, and she told him that if he didn't go out and get Bill Crow and bring him to the barn and feed him and treat him well from then on, she'd leave him. Every person about the place seemed to think that Brother Jones had treated his old mule outrageously mean. Brother Jones got so ashamed of himself that he sneaked down into the woods and hunted up the old mule and brought him back to the barn, and from that time on every day was Sunday to old Bill Crow."

The story of old Bill Crow excites the sympathy of the congregation before they see the application, and when the story is finished Mr. Cooper stands up his aged preacher and asks them if they are not going to be as good to him as Brother Jones was to his old mule. The homely illustration has done more to loosen pocketbooks than a world of fine spoken oratory.

Clock on Rampage.

Coatesville, Pa.—The inhabitants of the borough of Honeybrook were aroused from their beds, when the town clock struck 11 and continued to toll until it had sounded the alarm of the big bell nearly a thousand times.

The town was alive with people, and many persons attempted to clamber to the top of the steeple to ascertain the strange actions of the old town clock. On the strike of the 1,061 the clock ceased its mournful tolling.

Youngest Railroad President.

Boston, Mass.—The youngest railroad president in the world is the distinction of Daniel A. Sottwell, a young broker clerk. Only 25 years old, and less than ten years out of college, Sottwell at the last meeting of the Barre railroad stockholders was elected president.

HERMIT'S HUT ISLE MARVEL.

Genius Who Lives a Recluse's Life Twenty-Five Years Wants Electric Light—Has Quaker Devices.

Trenton, N. J.—James Willis, one of a prosperous Philadelphia stationer, but who has lived alone on an island in the Delaware river, has decided to light his lonely home with electricity. In fact, he is planning to illuminate his entire island to show the world the spot where a man can live in peace, with water as his only companion.

Although he has been a hermit a quarter of a century, and believes in strict seclusion, Willis, who is close on the three-score-and-ten mark, has modern ideas and believes in every comfort.

The island on which Willis lives is now named after him, Willis island, and is situated near the famous Scudder's falls, in the Delaware, just above the city. The officials of the Johnson Trolley Company have consented to allow him to stretch a supply wire from the trolley cables at the Yardley (Pa.) bridge to the island. He is contemplating doing all the work of electrification himself, although this will necessitate his leaving the island for the first time in years.

Willis lives in a cosy little cabin, fitted with all modern improvements by his own work. Unlike all other hermits, he does have communication with the outside world in the nature of a telephone, but has this luxury only in case he is taken suddenly ill with a malady for which his own remedies would be of no avail. There are but two rooms in the cabin, and one of these is fitted out with a porcelain bath tub and the other a neat iron bedstead.

The hermit is an electrical genius. He has arranged many electrical devices which allow him to live in comfort. When he awakens in the morning he presses a button at his bedside and the shades on the windows fly open. A revolver shot announces to him that the telephone bell is ringing, in case he is on a distant part of the island.

SNAIL AN AID TO SCIENCE.

Professor Finds Remarkable Illustration of the Theory of Evolution in Specimens from Tahiti.

New York.—Prof. H. E. Crampton, curator of invertebrate zoology in the American Museum of Natural History, has left New York by way of San Francisco for the South Sea islands. He will be absent for about eight months, and will continue his study of snails begun for the museum in 1896 and continued with a grant from the Carnegie institute in 1907 and 1908.

"You may think that there is not much in snails," said Prof. Crampton yesterday. "The fact that some snails are red and some are brown, that some twist in one way and some in another does not seem very thrilling. Most of my friends ask me why I don't come and dig snails in their back yard. But the fact is that under the topographical conditions of Tahiti and surrounding islands snails offer about the most remarkable illustration of Darwin's theory of evolution that we have at the present time.

"Notice in the map of Tahiti the valleys extending from the inland to the coast. In each of these valleys the snails live in the warm, moist jungle. They cannot get over the ridges, and so each colony develops along its own lines. Sometimes a few manage to wriggle over a ridge and start a colony of their own. There are a great commotion and many signs of an evolution going on now among them.

"It is necessary to make a very exhaustive study of them. I have already obtained 70,000 specimens from 173 valleys."

BRIDE'S BIG HAT UPSETS BOAT

Headgear, Rakishly Adjusted, Causes Couple to Fall into Water, 18 Feet, But Are Rescued.

New York.—Peter Sheeringer of 1145 Westchester avenue took his bride to Bronx park, and together they strolled through the zoological gardens to the long wharf on the Bronx river. Young sweethearts and happily married couples were out in the stream in rowboats, canoes and launches, and Mrs. Peter asked Mr. Peter to take her out in a canoe.

Mrs. Peter's large peach-basket sat squarely on the young woman's head, but she wanted it to assume a rakish, yachting angle. Just as Mr. Sheeringer paddled out to a point where the water is 18 feet deep his wife got her hat on the side of her head. This caused the canoe to take such a decided list to port that it overturned and the two Sheeringers went into the water. Everybody in a nearby boat reached the scene first, according to their stories, and dragged the Sheeringers to a launch. After they had squeezed most of the water out of their clothes the Sheeringers went home with their right hands raised.

War on Two Evils.

Owensboro, Ky.—A crusade on tobacco-shedders and dogs has begun in Owensboro. Spitting on the sidewalks of the city, on street cars, in public buildings, and on public platforms is made punishable by a fine of from two to ten dollars, and the police have instructions to enforce the law at once. Owners of dogs must pay \$1.50 each as a city tax on their dogs or the animals will be killed. Both new ordinances have produced innumerable howls.

INDIAN CAVE FOUND

Interior of Place Covered with Crude Carvings.

Stronghold of Aborigines Was Dug Out of Solid Rock Along Shore of the Columbia River in State of Washington.

Cliffs, Wash.—A large Indian cave has been discovered in the solid rock about two miles from town. No one knows anything about this cave, not even some of the old time inhabitants of the Goodnoe hills, who have resided in the Columbia valley for more than forty years. Nor do the oldest Rock Creek Indians know anything about the cave.

W. P. Rauch volunteered to lead the first exploring party of 20 of Cliffs' citizens to this wonderful cave a few days ago, and since that time everybody wants to see it. The cave is a mile from the railroad track. The opening of the cave is reached by a roundabout walk up a gradual ascent of from one to two miles. The doorway of the cave is between two and three feet high and about four feet wide, and on account of the loose boulders lying near a footman might pass very near to it without observing that it was a cave. These loose rocks show by their color that they have not been moved for ages, and the quantity of them indicates that they were placed there so as to wall up the mouth of the cave, if desired. The entire party went inside, and it was estimated that there was room for 200 more people.

The cave is of circular form, and from eight to nine feet to the highest point of the ceiling. The formation is that of burned lava rocks, and the condition of the walls and ceiling show traces of the work of man. A number of paintings, Indian hieroglyphics, etc., are still to be seen on the smooth rock in the ceiling. Parts of the walls appear to be smoked, and owing to the formation it is easy to break off fragments of the lava rock which show very plainly that it had at one time undergone a high degree of heat. A smooth sand floor at the bottom of the cave, and an obstructed opening on the side toward a perpendicular cliff only a few feet away, give conclusive evidence that the cave was once used by wild Indians.

The sand used at the bottom of the cave must have been carried there, as there is no soil of this nature within a number of rods, practically everything being rock formation.

About fifty yards from this cave is another wonder—the handiwork of the Indians of years ago. This consists of an opening cut through the cliff to the perpendicular wall which overlooks the level valley of hundreds of acres below. This window is nearly a foot wide and about three feet in height. No doubt many deer, buffalo or other wild animals have been killed on the flat below by Indians, who shot through the opening.

The oldest white settlers tell of the remnants of a once large Indian village on the grounds where the town of Cliffs is built, and some of the oldest Indians tell of their "ancotta" fathers living here many years ago, when the first white man (supposed to be the Lewis and Clark expedition) drifted down the Columbia river and stopped at this Indian village several days. The finding of many Indian curios, such as stone axes, mortars, pestles, battleaxes, flat arrow points, etc., gives further evidence of a tribe once occupying these grounds. Some of the best curios in the Stewart collection that were on exhibition at the Lewis and Clark fair, in Portland, were found on these grounds. Some splendid specimens have been found since.

A. C. Butt has a mortar picked up last summer that is perfectly carved, having for an outside border many of the various carvings found on totem poles, and W. P. Rauch has what is said by many to be the best specimen of an Indian pestle. It is nearly twenty inches long, of black stone, carved as perfectly as a lathe could make it, and has a perfect animal head, with protruding eyes, and a collar around its neck. It gives evidence of having been used hundreds of years and is still unbroken.

DREDGE UP RELICS OF WAR.

Federal Officials Think They've Located Old Treasure Ship in Delaware River.

Chester, Pa.—Government officials are agitated over the discovery of an obstruction in the Delaware river in the vicinity of Fort Mifflin, which they think may prove to be a treasure ship which went down with one of the English fleets in one of the early wars.

It is known that there is a boat at the bottom of the river at that point, and that war equipments of value, as well as gold and silver, are still confined within the hold of the ship. While the government boat Cataract was working in the vicinity the suction pump became clogged, and when it was brought to the surface it was found to contain several fancy and costly helmets that had been worn by the English soldiers, and equipments of other description.

This discovery has led to the belief that it is one of the boats of the English government which brought gold to this country to pay its soldiers. For the purpose of trying to bring the boat to the surface, the Hell Gate, which has been dredging the river off this city, will be sent to Fort Mifflin.

STRETCHED MIDDY GRADUATE

Kansas City Boy Who Had Ripped Pulled Out of His Spinal Column Has Good Record.

Annapolis, Md.—Four years ago there was much interest in a Midshipman from Kansas City, Mo., who had an appointment as a midshipman in the United States Naval academy within his grasp, but who was shot by an inch or two of reaching the required height and who, with great spirit and determination, had submitted himself to a specially constructed instrument similar to the rack of I. Quiffittion days, and that succeeded in pulling out the reefs in his spinal column until he measured up to the full standard of an American midshipman.

The name of this ambitious young Missourian is Luther Welch. A few days ago this under-sized young man received his diploma and stood out as one of the top-notchers in his class.

Welch graduated No. 4 among 174 picked young men who composed the class. He has shown great brilliancy in mathematics and kindred subjects, and scarcely less aptitude in languages and other scholastic branches. Welch also developed as an athlete. Last year Welch was captain and conducted the lacrosse team through a successful season, the crowning result of which was a victory over the Harvard twelve in a game in which Welch did yeoman's work.

Welch is one of the popular men in his class and there is no one of this year's graduates who has indicated greater all around efficiency in the qualities that go to make up a soldier and an officer.

HUSBANDS FOR THE ASKING.

Young American in the Philippines Has a Home, One Thousand Acres, and He Wants a Wife.

New Haven, Conn.—In the Union the other day there was published an appeal for young women to go to the Philippine islands and become the wives of young Americans over there. The letter follows:

Malabang, Mindanao, P. I.—Dear Editor: I have been requested by several young Americans of Malabang to write you these lines, requesting you to aid us in finding some good American girls, preferably of your city (New Haven), who are looking for husbands and would like to live in the tropics.

There are lots of young men over here who are in good circumstances, and simply plunk away for the love of a good woman from the dear old United States of America. I can account for at least twenty young men, besides myself, who would be grateful to you if you could aid us. I am located on a plantation, have 1,000 acres of hemp, coconuts, and rubber under cultivation, and have a good income. I am in a position to care for a wife in every way. Have a large home, with all conveniences, and live over here in fine in this land of everlasting sun and summer. I am sure any good woman will be well satisfied over here. GEORGE P. GRAY.

WAS AFRAID OF LIVING TOMB.

Author and Playwright Had Strange Premonition That He Might Be Buried Alive.

San Francisco, Cal.—Fearing that he might be pronounced dead when he wasn't, William Emmett Coleman, author and playwright, who dramatized "East Lynne," left a provision in his will requesting that before he was buried the red-inked artery in each wrist be opened, to make sure of death.

Coleman had a strange premonition that he might be buried dead while lying in a state of coma. He begged those at his bedside to carry out his wish and make sure that life was extinct before he was buried. His request was heeded.

Coleman had collected many books of literature and science during his lifetime. These volumes, he provides in his will, shall be distributed among the libraries of San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda. They are to be selected by the three librarians, and remaining books to go to the surviving relatives. The aged author was a bachelor, and his only relatives were nephews and nieces. He said in his will that he did not believe his estate would reach more than \$300.

Coleman made a study of the occult and of archeology. He wrote many articles dealing with these two subjects.

SNORE SILENCER BRINGS WOE

Device to End Nocturnal Sneeze Subtracts \$500 from Barber Who Causes Inventor's Arrest.

New York.—David B. Date, 62 years old, an inventor, who lives at 15 Ford Green place, Brooklyn, was recently arrested on the complaint of Henry Pfedekamp, a barber, who charges that Date defrauded him to the extent of \$500.

Pfedekamp says that Date invented a device to attach to the nose of persons addicted to snoring and which he guaranteed would completely cure them of the habit within a few nights.

Pfedekamp says he invested \$500 and was to receive half of the profits of the more silencer. He says Date converted the \$500 to his own use. Date told the detectives when he was arrested that he had not defrauded Pfedekamp, but the trouble was that Pfedekamp hadn't advanced enough money to get the device on the market properly, and that \$500 was a mere bagatelle anyhow.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÈANS

Journal de la Nouvelle-Orlèans, Samedi, 26 Juin 1909. Contient des nouvelles et des annonces.