

STRANGE ROW BOAT OF INDIA



From Singapore, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. On the rivers of India the clumsy-looking craft above seen are common sights. The vessel is considerably different from the American row boat; the prow of the craft is open and the oars are long, overlapping each other, and are lashed to upright posts fastened to the sides of the boat.

AUSTRALIAN INSURANCE.

Scheme by Which State Provides Cheap Protection to Settlers.

Consul General John P. Bray of Melbourne reports that the government of the Australian state of Victoria is about to undertake the experiment of state insurance in connection with the houses of settlers, which the government has erected on a scheme by which repayments by the occupants are extended over long periods. It is estimated that the settlers will have to pay the government for the state insurance of the houses what is equal to an annual premium of not much more than one-fourth per cent. upon the value of the property, whereas if companies did the insuring the men would—according to departmental estimates—have to pay at the rate of between one-half per cent. and one per cent. The government has already accepted the responsibility for the 250 houses which have either been erected or are being built. The houses are wooden, and many of them are situated in localities where the fire-fighting machinery is not of the most modern type. The companies offered to insure the places at premiums varying from \$2.55 to \$4.25, allowing ten per cent. discount. This would have cost the 250 settlers the price of about two houses a year. The government program provides for the building of 500 new houses within the next two years. This will bring the total number up to 750 houses. According to the departmental estimates, if the government were to accept the insurance companies' terms it would cover the cost of six houses a year in insuring this number. The government hopes instead to charge the settlers less than would the companies, yet establish a substantial fund from which to meet all losses.

TRADE MARKS.

Sherlock Holmes Picks Out the Vacationists and Labels Them.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the board walk, languidly injected a pipe of cocaine into his snubnurt arm. My dear Watson, said the doctor, let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white flannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion! "There goes a waiter, waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down. "The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for living ones. "She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her firm, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No, cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it? "The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a groom. All groom boys are small and bow-legged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown. "Do you see, my dear Watson, the staid man whose avocation the girl in white just pointed to? Well, he is an actor. The muscles in his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher.

Where the Octopus Abounds. The rocky coast of Brittany, said a life guard, abounds in octopus—the pensive as they say down there. "Walk a little on beach at low tide—the beach of St. Lualice, for instance—and you will easily find in a half mile a score or more of perfect cuttlefish of those fragile white bones that birds love. "They are from six inches to a foot or more in length, sleek and very prettily shaped; they make nice ash trays. The peasants gather them for bird food, for ash trays, and also, I believe, for cigarette cases. "They are bones of the octopus, and their abundance is a convincing proof of the octopus in those rock strewn waters of France.—Minneapolis Journal.

More Important. "Ah! Mrs. Newcomb, said the impish Mrs. Subbing, my night social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day. "Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Asked to Stay In. In Changsha the other day all the foreigners received a communication from the Taoist requesting them to remain within their own doors for a period of four days, as a religious festival was in progress, and the Taoist could not hold himself responsible for the safety of foreigners who would venture among the crowds.—Hong Kong Daily Press.

How to Fish. On many occasions one might imagine the fish saying to the anglers: "Take me while I am in the humor," but they take no notice of it, and often attempt the feat when they are not. It is little use trying to catch fish either in the sea or fresh water when they are not in the humor to bite.—Fishing Gazette.

A LONG GOLF DRIVE.

James Braid Made It in 1905, But the Ground Was Frozen.

In an autobiographical sketch at the end of his new book on golf James Braid tells of his longest drive. "So far as I can recollect," he writes, "it was in 1905, when playing a round at Walton Heath with Mr. Riddell. The course was frostbound and the wind was at our backs when we were playing the fifteenth hole, and I hit my tee shot a distance of 395 yards, carefully calculated afterward. "Of course you can drive a ball wonderful distances when the turf is frozen, and such a feat as this is no test of one's general capacity, but, on the other hand, it was so cold that I could scarcely grip my club, and I feel sure that if I could have held it properly I should that day have driven very much further. "At the eighteenth hole in the same round I drove to the bunker guarding the green, which was another drive of nearly the same length. As to what distances I have driven under normal conditions I really do not know. "Once when I was playing a match against Harry Vardon, at Hylbe, I made a carry which was generally remarked upon at the time as being something very much out of the ordinary, but I do not remember what was the exact length of it."

KISSING DAY AT HUNGERFORD. Curious Old-Time Custom Which Still Prevails in an English Village.

The little town of Hungerford was recently the scene of the quaint celebration of Hocktide.

The property of the manor, which comprises a valuable trout fishery, has lately come within the purview of the charity commissioners, who have established a scheme for the future administration by popular trustees, but with the proviso that the holdings of the manorial court, with its picturesque old world customs, should be allowed to continue. The functions began with a series of blazes on the historic bote, and then the tuff men, armed with staves, set forth on their perambulations, their duty being to demand a penny from every male householder and a kiss from each lady who crossed their path. As a rule the privilege is granted with much good humor, and husbands look on with equanimity. Meanwhile the Hocktide jury were sitting in solemn conclave, appointing the constable and coroner and other ancient officers whose duties are more or less obsolete.—London Standard.

Women Tougher Sex. Although men, as they run, are perhaps miserably stronger than women, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament, men use them as a protective covering. A group of men, manhood clothesless on an island in the temperate zone, might be expected to die off in a month from drafts and colds and rheumatism. The breath of women similarly placed would suffer little from exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

Women Fishermen. On the coast of Holland, Belgium and Northern France the fish-women are a familiar sight, with their great head nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognized anywhere. Those of Mana-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose houses, while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional fish or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.

The Sunflower. In some countries, notably in the Russian provinces north of the Caucasus, the sunflower serves other purposes besides ornamenting gardens with its huge golden bosses. The seeds are used to make oil, which is employed both in the manufacture of soap and cooking. The stems and leaves are burned and the ashes used to make potash. Last year the sunflower factories of the Caucasus produced 15,000 tons of potash.—Youth's Companion.

Colors and Heat. "Some people add to the heat of the day by the clothes they wear," announced the woman observer. "By their lack of taste they make it worse for others as well as themselves. One recent hot day I saw a woman in a black dress and a red hat. The dress was thin and the hat light, but the colors on a broiling day proved too strong for me and I was immediately driven to a soda fountain for recovery."

The English Landlord. In England there has been no agitation similar to that which we have known in Ireland, because the English country gentleman is taught from childhood to take a more liberal view of his responsibilities than the Irish landlord.—Country Life.

OASES OF CHILE'S DESERT.

They Play a Great Part in Development of Nitrate Beds.

Northern Chile, which is so largely mountain or desert, is generally regarded as a forbidding wilderness, but here may be found a number of oases, the most conspicuous of which are Pica and Matilla. It has been found that in various parts of the great Atacama desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficiently moist to grow crops, capillary attraction spreading the water through the soil. The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest industry of its kind in the world, yielding enormous quantities of nitrates used to enrich the fields of Europe and the United States. The oases play a very important economic role in the industries of the region, supplying vegetables and food stuffs for the support of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle and various fruits, and also serving as timber producers for the nitrate works, which require much fuel. There is no part of the world where agriculture is more intensively carried on than in these green spots in the Atacama desert.—Zion's Herald.

WHITE ISLAND. One of New Zealand Group Always Enveloped in Clouds of Steam.

White Island derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres and its height about 850 feet above sea level. In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior, with its gray, weather-beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook. The water of the island is of a pale green hue, and anything dipped into it becomes a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible. On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to anyone who will sit in an open boat in one of the lakes of the island. Covering an area of 50 acres is an immense caldron, hissing and scurrying and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.—British Australian.

American Coinage. Ninety per cent. of the coinage by the United States in the fiscal year of 1908 consisted of gold eagles, a coin which probably not one in a hundred people sees as often as once a year. Altogether the coinage of the country comprised 17 different varieties, seven of which were for the Philippine islands in pesos and centavos, and one of which of the same denomination was for account of the Mexican government. The number of pennies turned out averaged a little less than one for each inhabitant. The total coinage for continental United States was \$2,571,882. This has been one of the most active years in the history of national minting. Of this amount \$17,225,227 were in gold, and \$2,554,657 in silver, or about the ratio of one of silver to 12 of gold.—Wall Street Journal.

Disappearance of the Eland. Among the rapidly disappearing wild animals is the eland, or Cape ox, which is a native of South Africa and one of the largest antelopes, and is especially prized as furnishing the best of all venison. Schemes for preservation include a plan for domesticating it and making it perform an important share of the farm work of Cape Colony. The beast is easily captured, thrives under the new conditions, and in an experiment in the M'Choke district of Madagaland two eland stags were used for a considerable time for drawing wagons, proving docile and tractable. Healthy calves were born in captivity. The animal seems to be proof against the common diseases of farm stock, and its flesh is desirable for beef and its hide for leather.

The Queen's Coachman. A queen's coachman is a personage of no small importance. Certainly the coachman to her late majesty, Queen Victoria, had a befitting sense of the dignity and responsibility of his position. On the occasion of the jubilee of 1887 he was asked if he was driving any of the royal and imperial guests at that time quartered in Buckingham palace. "No, sir," was his reply. "I am the queen's coachman; I don't drive the riffraff."—London Telegraph.

A Carlyle Wedding. Craig-in-puffook, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craig-in-puffook, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, a farmer of Pingle, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Keelofchan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Ennuph of "Sartor Resartus."—London Standard.

The Pope Got It. A keen struggle for the possession of an extremely rare coin between the pope and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, both numismatists, has just ended in favor of the former.

Largest Flowers. The raffia of Sumatra is the largest flower in the world. It has five petals, each one foot wide.

THERE WAS A GREAT SURPRISE.

What Caused a Queer Transformation in an English Coach.

A lady and a gentleman were traveling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other, according to Sphero. "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes, I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is completed and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," said the gentleman in lady's attire and immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat," said the lady. To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. I have robbed a man. What have you done?" "I," said the whilom lady, as he mysteriously fattened his companion's wrists, "I am Detective J— of Scotland Yard and in female apparel have shadowed you. Now,—drawing a revolver—"keep still!"

COLLECTOR FOR A BREWERY. So His Wife and Children Didn't Mind His Visiting Saloons.

The man had hardly emerged from the dingy saloon on the corner, when the well-dressed lady stepped up and accosted him. "My poor fellow," said she, "do you spend much of your time in such vile places as that?" "Heaven and earth be critically!" he said, and on that day he had.

"Got a wife and five children." "And yet, while your wife and children are home crying, doubtless, for food and clothing, you are going for saloons to saloon like a fool?" "They ain't cryin' for food nor nothin'," retorted the man, humbly, "and I ain't no fool 'cause I don't drink." "What? You don't?" "And what's more, my wife and children be beked to have me gin' into these places all day." "What do you mean?" "And besides, by gin' from saloons to saloons spendin' money I'm doin' my duty to them; myself, and my employers, ma'am." "What is your business?" "I'm collector for a brewery."

Pugilist Is Not Proud. San Francisco is chucking over a story about Battling Nelson, the conqueror of Joe Gans, the "old master." Nelson appeared in a fashionable restaurant a day or two after the fight. His presence made a sensation. He was stared at as though he had been a pretty girl in a sheath skirt. It happened that an English woman of title was dining in the restaurant. She expressed a desire to meet the champion, and one of her companions quickly arranged the matter with Nelson's second or third assistant business manager. "Battling Nelson—Countess Eves, Shakes hands with him, countess. There ain't no pride about him. He'll let you."

His Act. "Father," said young St. Conall, "I have long desired to go on the stage, and now, with your permission—"

Hosea Cornish thoughtfully stroked his flame-colored chin beard. "All the world's a stage, my son," he said, gently. "Take that hoe and dig up the potatoes in the half-acre field behind the hog pen."

A Bit Absent-Minded. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absent-mindedness. "Well," said the witness, cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go home to get it—I should say that feller was a little absent-minded."

Guessed His Idea. The young man had gone to the business father—always a ticklish job—but he took his courage with an iron grip. "Sir," he blurted out, "I want to ask you for your daughter's hand." The old man, not in the least disconcerted, said: "Which hand? The one she signs checks with, I suppose."

This Is Terrible. "Don't you know that lots of people consider Rockefeller a bright and shining light?" "Well, he's this much like a lamp. He depends on his coal oil and is certainly wicked."—Kansas City Times.

LIVE ON BUTTERMILK

TWO BROTHERS TRYING TO REDUCE WEIGHT.

One Had Previously Tried It For Fifteen Days and Had Lost Twenty-Four Pounds—Sold Foods Barred by Agreement.

St. Louis. The "Buttermilk Brothers" is the name by which Sam and Joe Weisman, tailors, are now known to their friends. Sam, after fasting for 15 days and taking a week's rest, has induced his brother to enlist in the ranks of the starvation army, and they are trotting along side by side on the road to Thilville.

Under the terms of their agreement all they are permitted to take is one gallon of buttermilk each day and all the water they care to drink. All solid food is barred.

"I am going to stick until I reach the reasonable and gentlemanly weight of 165," Sam said to a reporter. "Fat will be all right for Mr. Taft, but I'd rather be lean than be president."

"When I started on my first fast, a month ago, I weighed 202 pounds. When I gave up, because my good old mother was afraid I would starve to death, I weighed 181 pounds and never felt better in my life."

"All of my friends told me to be careful not to eat too much after breaking my fast. They were afraid I would founder. But there was no danger. I couldn't eat much. I didn't hanker after double portouche steaks like I used to. I think that's the best thing about fasting. It reforms your appetite. I feel ashamed when I remember what a glutton I used to be. And Joe was worse."

"In the week that I was back on the foot wagon I lived mainly on soft-boiled eggs. I ate chicken once, to please my brother, and I ate some fish that my wife cooked, but it didn't taste so good to me. I was glad to get back on a buttermilk diet. It's great, but don't let anybody tell you that it's fattening. I now weigh 170 pounds. Maybe I'm not as strong as I would be on a diet of beefsteak, potatoes, an gratin and things like that, but I am healthier."

But Joe is having a harder time. Originally he was even heavier than his brother.

"If I don't do trying I'm going to stick to buttermilk until I get down to 170. Before I started to fast I weighed 204 pounds. I've lost about nine pounds so far."

"My head aches all the time," said Joe. "I was never subject to fits, but I feel one coming on every time anybody says that sweet word 'beefsteak.'"

"Everybody tells me that after the fourth day I will be all right. It's pretty hard pulling, but I can stand it if Sam can."

Friends entered him into a restaurant the other night. He sat there with a glass of buttermilk and watched them eat good things.

"It seems kind me, but I stick," says Joe proudly.

Many fastidious physicians have written letters to the Buttermilk Brothers. Dr. J. C. Kugel of Belleville, who fasted 31 days, sent them a copy of his book on starvation as an aid to health. He suggested that they might fast longer if they drank lemon instead of buttermilk.

Girls Indicted for Groggling. Harborside, Ark. Miss Ethel Sizer and Miss Marie Eddy, belles of Harborside, have been indicted by the grand jury on the charge of drugging groggling. They gave bond for their appearance in court.

It is alleged that the girls talked and snickered as they exchanged cognac in church.

Friends of the young women declare that the girls were amused by the appearance of some one in the congregation and were anxious to keep from hitting on. They are highly respected in this community.

PENSION OFFICE SAVES \$1,343,656.

Commissioner Warner Reports, Showing Results Since He Took Post.

Washington.—An increase of 371,089 pensions issued, with a saving of \$1,343,656 out of the reduced appropriations for the maintenance of the bureau during 1905-8, covering Pension Commissioner Warner's administration, as against the period of 1901-4, is announced in a compilation of figures given out at the interior department. The figures are taken from Commissioner Warner's report, which will be issued shortly. The statement follows: "From 1901 to 1904, inclusive, there were issued 516,251 certificates of pension. From 1905 to 1908, inclusive, there were issued, not including 302,577 increases under the act of April 19, 1908, again by directions to pension agents, 887,340. This makes an increase of 371,089. "From 1901 to 1904, inclusive, there was paid as pensions \$554,888,977, as against 1905 to 1908, inclusive, \$571,321,648, an increase of \$16,532,671. "The operating expenses of the bureau from 1901 to 1904, inclusive, were \$15,281,748, and from 1905 to 1908, inclusive, \$11,077,162, a decrease of \$4,204,586. "While the appropriations for the maintenance of the bureau have been reduced each year since 1904, there have been saved and covered into the treasury an unexpended of such appropriations since that year \$1,343,656."

UNKNOWN MAKES HIS MARK. Then Leaves Bank with Other People's Money.

Frankfort, Ky. Officers of the Farmers' bank of this city are looking for a man who comes to the bank and deposits himself as being a depositor, draws out other people's money and disappears, and no trace of him can be found.

When he is arrested they will be puzzled to find a charge to place against him, for on the several occasions he has visited the bank and secured the money he has made his mark, the clerk simply skulking the name of the depositor.

This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde visited the bank and, stepping up to the window of the bookkeeper, asked him how much money he had to his credit.

"I don't know who you are," said the clerk, and the man replied, "I am Babe Terrell."

He was told the amount of money to the credit of Babe Terrell, and the man said: "I want \$12."

When asked to make out his check the man said: "I can't write, but will make my mark."

The check was written out, the man got the money and walked out of the bank.

This is the third time this man has played this trick on the bank. The largest amount he has ever drawn is \$20.

Eats Fifty Ears of Corn. New York.—In the presence of Capt. J. J. Coppes, as referee, and witnesses David Benson seated in a chair before an improvised table in the corridor of the criminal courts building the other night, are in rapid succession 50 ears of green corn.

The ears of corn, which were served up to him boiling hot, were of unusual length, but the kernels were tender. Mr. Benson consumed a pound of but-ter, with the corn.

Autos Get Mail Service. Cerrito, Montenegro. The prince of Montenegro has contracted with a large automobile firm to take over the entire mail and parcels post service of the country, likewise to carry passengers at the old mail coach rates.

By this contract expectations of establishing a railway system in the peninsula have been postponed for at least 15 years, as the agreement with the auto firm is to run for that length of time.