

CLAIMS EGGS ARE LIVE STOCK.

Importer Seeks to Evade Tariff by Novel Proposition.

Washington.—Is an egg live stock? If it is bought for the purpose of hatching, is it live stock for breeding purposes? G. F. Statter of Sioux City has the Department of the treasury worrying about these and sundry collateral questions.

PRAYS FOR COOL MILLION.

St. Louis Woman Expects to Get It; First Asked for \$10,000.

St. Louis.—Mrs. Francis De Moss, who sold her furniture for \$91 and gave up her home in St. Louis to obtain money to pay the rent for a small mission she has been conducting at Ewing avenue and Olive street, said she will go to Chicago to engage in mission work.

CLAIMS TO KNOW SEX SECRET.

Woman Declares She Made Discovery Which Will Benefit World.

New York.—Mrs. C. E. Calhoun declares she has discovered the secret of sex. After 30 years, devoted largely to studying the subject, she asserts she has proved by actual demonstration that parents can have boys or girls at will, that stock breeders and ranchmen can produce cow or bull calves as they see fit, and that horticulturists can grow male or female plants at will.

HANDCAR IS THE FAST MAIL.

Dublin, Tex., Postmaster Proves Equal to Emergency.

Dublin, Tex.—The difficulties of being a postmaster in Texas when train service is suspended by floods and high water have been experienced by Nicholas D. Smith, postmaster of this place, during the recent rise in the river here and the consequent cutting off of all railroad communication.

Measles from Buttercups.

Darby, Pa.—Although there has been an epidemic of measles in the borough among the school children, so that it became necessary to close the Ridge avenue school three days, the local doctors laugh at the theory of Dr. W. W. Chalfants, the Philadelphia practitioner, who declares that measles is caused by picking buttercups.

FIGHT FOR SALT BED

ENORMOUS UTAH DEPOSIT COVERS 38,000-ACRE TRACT.

Federal Government, State and Railroads Engaged in a Contest for Ownership of Lands Worth Four Hundred Millions.

Washington.—Title to lands in Utah containing salt deposits of an extent and purity hitherto unknown is involved in a contest now being fought out in this city.

About 38,000 acres of land lying along the western border of Utah have been discovered to be overtopped with salt, and an attempt is being made to acquire them by the filing of placer mining claims on the part of individuals.

Now the state has awakened to the possibilities of this salt deposit and the aid of the senate and the president has been invoked in an effort to retain the product, which the commonwealth claims under a section of the enabling act making it a state.

Discovery of the deposit was made during the survey and preliminary excavation for the tracks of the West-ern Pacific railroad. This line will connect Salt Lake City and San Francisco and crosses the Utah Desert.

Under an act of congress passed in 1901, saline deposits may be taken up in claims of the same extent as for placer mining—that is, of 20 acres. Proceeding with this in view they filed claims on the salt lands, and every effort was used to keep their existence a secret until these claims could be proven and title acquired.

This explains the fact that no attempt has yet been made to place the salt on the market. But it was too large a secret to be kept and the news began to spread through the state that deposits of salt of untold richness had been located and were to become the property of individuals. Steps were taken to prevent the consummation of the plans.

While those who drew the enabling act under which Utah was made a state knew nothing of the existence of this great deposit, they wrote better than they knew. Embodied in it was a provision that, in addition to the lands, to the extent of two townships which it is customary for a state to reserve for the establishment of a state university, "10,000 acres of land, to be selected and located as provided in the foregoing section of this act, and including all saline lands in said state, are hereby granted to said state for the use of said university, and 200,000 acres for the use of an agricultural college therein."

Senator Southerland of Utah has been induced to introduce a bill in congress amending the enabling act so that there can be no question as to the meaning of this section. James R. Garfield, secretary of the interior, has been appealed to and has recommended that the bill drawn by Senator Southerland be made law.

FOOTLESS GIRL TO WALK.

Artificial Extremities Provided for Unfortunate Aeronaut.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Victoria Peterson, aeronaut, is to walk again. But it will be on artificial feet. The girl, who fell from a parachute at North park last summer, breaking the bones of the limbs into bits when she landed, injuring the vertebrae, so that for months she lay helpless, now sees a ray of hope ahead and the dreariness of existence has taken on a new and brighter aspect.

The injured aeronaut lay in the hospital for months. Pieces of backbone were removed, the broken limbs were amputated, and now the girl is growing stronger.

The representative of the typewriter company loaned Miss Peterson a machine and she has learned its use. Citizens of Grand Rapids also gave her \$300. Victoria is to take a course in stenography and then she will open a little office in this city and become a public stenographer and typewriter.

Artificial feet are being made for the former aeronaut.

When she has them and her back becomes a little stronger, Victoria Peterson, the day she takes her first step, will be a proud and happy girl indeed.

BACKSLIDING OF OLD SAM.

He is a Gray Horse and This Tale About Him Carries a Moral.

Caldwell, N. J.—The old gray horse belonging to a local grocer and known to all the women and children as Sam is now numbered among the lapsed and lost. It is felt that there is no hope for him, and sooner or later he will be swapped off.

In his days and in his middle years Sam lived a sober, dignified, and altogether exemplary life. He was safe company for the most innocent. But now mothers silently lift both their hands and eyes when his name is mentioned, and always one of the whispered questions at parlor and front porch meetings is:

"Can nothing be done for poor Sam?" About six months ago the gray horse had the colic one morning. A veterinarian gave a prescription. A drug store around the corner from his master's store filled it. Whatever it had in it, the medicine cured Sam's colic immediately.

The next morning Sam walked around to the drug store, though his driver was not with him, and, putting his head in the front door, whinnied pleadingly. After a little while the druggist gave him the prescription again. He went away happy. The druggist laughed and Sam's master laughed and all the neighbors laughed.

But it isn't a joke any more. Sam at first insisted on his prescription soon after breakfast, or he would grow unmanageable. Now he is peevish all the afternoon if he doesn't get a second dose about noon. He is losing flesh, and his dignity is all gone.

MEN SMOKE IN CHURCH.

Atlantic City Pastor Holds Unique Service and Entertainment.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Five hundred men packed the new "men's church" one Sunday night recently and puffed cigars and pipes, furnished by Rev. Sydney Goodman, during the sermon, which was sandwiched in between a special entertainment, also provided by the new idea pastor.

Moving pictures, stereopticon slides illustrating the parables, and singing by professionals who volunteered from the beach front cafes and theaters made up the remainder of the program besides the address, in which Rev. Mr. Goodman talked of the necessity of character upbuilding.

The meeting hall has a stage on which there is a piano, and the contributions taken up go for the cost of cigars and pipes instead of toward the pastor's salary.

Conservative members of the church, who at first objected to the innovation of smoking and entertainment at a religious service, have been won over by the success of the idea, and larger quarters will probably be secured to accommodate the crowds drawn by the novel methods of attracting men.

Bankers and bartenders, business men prominent in local affairs, and laborers rubbed elbows at the service, and the happy minister claims that he will have an audience that will fill the largest hall in the city at the services which are to be conducted every Sunday night.

OLD CANNON A CLOCK WEIGHT.

Ancient Smooth Bore Used During Civil War, Put to Odd Use.

Kennebec, Me.—The quaintest clock weight in Maine is that of the Baptist church at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels. It was brought to fire salutes, as the striding days of the civil war were at hand.

After announcing many union victories during the war, at the surrender of Lee, in 1865, it was taken out for a final and great salute. Robert L. Willey, a soldier of the war, who was at home on furlough, was in charge of the cannon, and, through some mismanagement, a premature discharge of the gun threw Mr. Willey high in the air, filled his face with powder, and tore one arm off close to the shoulder. The old gun was then spiked by the angry citizens and did no more salute service.

When the Second Baptist church building was built, in 1873, a weight being wanted for the clock, the old gun was used. For 30 years it did clock duty, until 1903, when it once more received a baptism of fire and fell in the ruins of the church conflagration that December. When the new clock was installed in the new church building, in 1906, once more the old cannon mounted the tower to do clock duty.

Gets Mumps Via Baseball.

Hazleton, Pa.—Charles Shermer, aged 30, of West Hazleton, played baseball at Weston with a team from the borough, and was struck on the jaw by a batted ball.

His cheek became inflamed and the doctors are now treating him for a well-developed case of mumps. How Shermer contracted the disease from a baseball is puzzling the medical profession here.

Clock That Strikes.

London.—A curious feature of the clock first erected at his Worsley depot in the eighteenth century by the duke of Bridgewater, and replaced, after renovation, in the entrance to Lord Ellesmere's new hall (Worsley), is that it is so designed originally as to strike 12 at one o'clock, and still does so.

AGAIN SEEKS PEARLS

WOMAN REOPENS LITIGATION FOR \$400,000 NECKLACE.

Seized by Uncle Sam Ten Years Ago in Dispute Over Duty—Famous Case Followed by Experts Here and Abroad.

Cleveland, O.—Mrs. William B. Leeds, who was Miss Nonnie Worthington, a Cleveland belle, is again making an attempt to recover the \$400,000 pearl necklace seized by the government ten years ago.

Once more jewelers here and abroad will follow with renewed eagerness the course of the hard-fought controversy.

Was that handful of marvelous stones—the finest single collection in the country—a necklace at the moment it reached American soil? Or was it a bag of loose, unmatched jewels?

In other words, must M. Citroen, the French dealer who brought the pearls to the United States, pay a duty of ten per cent. or of sixty? "Ten per cent. more would be robbery. I carried them here unstrung. Loose stones are dutiable at only ten per cent." That is the attitude of Bernard Citroen.

These were matched pearls, intended for a necklace. They were a necklace in Paris and became a necklace soon after arriving in New York. As such not a penny less than 60 per cent. That is the attitude of the government.

"Ten per cent. or 60, either or both—throw the stones away—anything to end this wretched litigation." That is the attitude of the exasperated wife of the railroad magnate.

Into the hands of Secretary Shaw, from those of the customs inspector; out of the hands of Secretary Shaw into the federal courts to and for the luckless pearls have traveled. Traveled by proxy, of course, for most of the time they themselves have been locked in the vault of a safe deposit company.

Again and again Mrs. Leeds has been called upon to make affidavit, to assert, to deny, until, thoroughly wearied, she repents of having admitted the jewels in the first place, or at least of having expressed a desire to own them. Her husband, however, instructed M. Citroen to engage one of the best-known experts on tariff law in the country and to fight the case to a finish.

The latest contention of the government is that the price paid by Mrs. Leeds included the expected duty at the rate of 60 per cent., and that M. Citroen took the chance of saving all except ten per cent. of this.

It was upon Mrs. Leeds that the government relied to prove that the pearls were really a necklace. On a number of occasions she wore the necklace while she was in Paris, she admitted. The pearls being loose when they arrived in New York, the complainant declared it to be immaterial whether they had been a necklace in Paris or again became one after reaching Newport.

There were 37 pearls in the necklace, said Mrs. Leeds, and she has added six since the original string was bought. The combined weight of the 37 was 955 grains, an average of 26.62 grains. The central pearl weighs 53 grains, and the first pair 83%. Succeeding pairs are graduated, each being within two or three grains of those preceding.

SHUN A "HOODOOED" HOUSE.

Workmen Refuse to Enter Dwelling Bearing Numbers 13 and 23.

Des Moines, Ia.—Because the house of Samuel W. Baker, secretary of the park board, happens to bear the unlucky number combination of 13 and 23, in East Ninth street, two linemen for a telephone company struck and refused to enter the home to make changes on the house telephone. Both men were former ball players and refused to accept the numbers so unlucky as 13 and 23.

The men sat on the porch an hour and fought it out between themselves. Neither would make the first move to enter the house. As a last resort the men called Mrs. Baker to assure themselves that it was the Baker house. When informed that it was the men refused to enter, and later less superstitious men arrived and completed the changes.

"It was the first time I ever thought about the number combination," said Mr. Baker. "I have raised my family there and have four boys who are making a success in life. So far the house number has been no hoodoo for me."

WILD CAT SPOILS SIESTA.

Guests Are Quick to Forget the Comforts of a Spring Day.

Pottstown, Pa.—Guests at the French Creek hotel in Chester county, who were sunning themselves on the porch, made a bee line indoors when a strange animal with an ominous cry bounded upon a rock only a short distance away.

"LEAVES THEIR TIME TO FALL"

"Mr. Dooley's" Discourse as to the Everlasting Foe.

"The most perilous iv human occupations are usually the lowest paid. An' why is this so? Is it because we're not afraid iv death? Faith, no, but because we don't know anything about it. We don't appreciate it. If our simple minds cud grasp th' sublimity th' bravest man in th' wurld wud be found under th' bed sobbing, it's there but it isn't there. It happens to iv'rybody but ye can't see it happen to ye'erself. Ye walk briskly up to it or maybe ye even run. Ye niver see it till it's too late an' th' 'tis too late to recognize it. 'Tis no good runnin' away fr'im it. Manny a man dodgin' a throlley car has been run over by an automobile. Ye hide fr'im th' lightning an' a mickraeae fr'im th' scratch yer thumb with a carpet tack an' 'tis all over. Ye expect it fr'im wain side iv th' street an' it comes fr'im th' other. Ye think that must be it in th' block ahead an' ye make up yer mind to walk slow when it steps up behind ye, slaps ye on th' back an' says: 'Ye're wanted at headquarters. Ye'd better come along peaceable.' To which, havin' no further interest, ye make no reply. 'Tis th' thin fr th' first time ye'd have an undherstandin' an' a fear iv death. 'Tis ye're alive. But ye're dead."—F. P. Dunne, in the American Magazine.

HERE'S PRETTY POINT OF LAW.

Full Confidence Between the Accused and His Defender.

The ethics of the difference between the professional opinion of a paid advocate and the honest conviction of a learned man were set forth by a well-known English barrister who died recently. It was a case of murder, and the client and counsel were closeted together. "Smith," said the barrister, "of course, I know you didn't murder the man, but, as a matter of fact, did you do it with the butt end of a revolver or with a stick?"

"Sir," said Smith, "I swear I am innocent. I know that perfectly well, but you must tell me. For if you do it with a revolver I shall say in the prosecution, 'produce the stick' and if you did it with a stick, I shall say, 'produce the revolver'." The client paused and scratched his head meditatively. "It was the butt end of a revolver, sir." "That's right!" said the counsel; "I think I can get you off now."

Remember These Blessings.

It is well for persons not contented with their lot to remember that even a Croesus cannot eat more than three meals, or sleep more than eight hours a day with comfort, and that most of the purest pleasures in life are free to all capable of appreciating them. Dr. Brown of Edinburgh, author of "Rab and His Friends," said in musing over such thoughts:

"What a blessing it is to be able to enjoy these innocent plain things—a bit of green earth, of the sky, a flower, a child's eye twinkling from under the long eyelashes, these are the common things which I would not give up for the treasures of silver and gold."

"Helpful Hints" That Hinder.

Many of the "helpful hints" followed by our mothers are now proved utterly useless, if not more harmful than helpful. For instance, no one now uses moist tea leaves to clean a carpet or rag, because of the inevitable staining. And salt used on a carpet collects dampness and rusts the tacks. Newspapers, dampened and torn, answer the purpose much more satisfactorily. Rugs should be shaken from the sides, for the strain of the weight on the end is very apt to loosen the woft.

Let the Whistle Blow.

Did you know that a short whistle from the mouth would stop a rabbit? It surely does. Next time you see little molly cottontail leap from her burrow and make off, don't shoot; just whistle. Whether from fear or curiosity I cannot tell, but she will stop still in her tracks. An antelope has been known to do likewise. An African hunter once said that the elephant is the most timid of all animals, and can be frightened into a cold sweat by a mysterious noise.

Where Ladies Learn to Wo.

A Simple Life School for Dames and Damsels is the name of a London school where gentilewomen are taught all the mysteries of housework, in order that they may know how to train and govern their servants. The theory is that the mistress should know exactly what is to be done if she would get the proper service from her servants.

Heavily Armed.

"Would you like to see the latest 'bayonet' collar?" asked the polite clerk in the big department store. "No, sonny," drawled Uncle Heshkiah, as he mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. "I've just bought a pair of gunmetal shoes and canvas-bale suspenders, and I reckon they are warlike enough for an old man like me."

Aware of That.

"Pardon me," began the new acquaintance, "but are you the Mr. Cadley Nuritch, who wrote that magazine article last month for us?" "Yes," interrupted Nuritch, "but, of course, you'll understand that I don't make a business of that sort of thing." "Of course, I know that. I read the article," said the other.

LIVE IN GEMETERY

PARENTS OF IROQUOIS DEAD TAKE UP ABODE NEAR TOMBS.

Aged Couple, Whose Children Perished in Chicago Disaster, Will Spend Last Days in Sight of Graves at Evansville.

Evansville, Ind.—In a small cottage built as close as possible to the graves of their children, who died in the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago in 1903, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Muir are living here. Their strange domicile is located in Oak Hill cemetery, amid tall pines and gravestones. A few days ago they gave up their farm in northern Ohio and moved into the cottage in the cemetery. Not an hour in the day passes that the aged couple do not visit the graves and place flowers upon them and shed tears.

One of the dead was S. A. Muir, living at the time of the fire on Winthrop avenue, Chicago. He and his wife perished in the panic. The other child was the wife of Emery Hewins of Petersburg, Ind. Mrs. Hewins was visiting Mr. Muir in Chicago. The parents at that time lived in Evansville.

The death of the two children and the son's wife crushed the parents in Evansville. They had the three bodies brought here and interred in the same grave in Oak Hill cemetery. For several months the aged couple visited the graves daily and then the mother's health became so poor and her nerves so wrecked that Mr. Muir decided to leave Evansville. He bought a farm in northern Ohio in four years ago and moved there in the hope that absence from Evansville would quiet Mrs. Muir's grief.

On the contrary, she became all the worse, and as a last resort, to quiet her longings to be close to the graves' treasures, Mr. Muir decided to come back to Evansville. Nothing would satisfy Mrs. Muir but that they should take up their residence in the cemetery.

Mrs. Muir told the pathetic story of their leaving Evansville and their return to be near the graves. She said: "Mr. Muir purchased a farm in northern Ohio, near Cleveland, and we moved there. It was a beautiful location. The country was fertile and to anyone else I know it must have seemed a good place to live.

"I hadn't been there many months, however, until I began to wish that I could see the graves of my children. Day by day the desire grew until I was almost frantic. I knew my husband was prospering, and I could not bear to say anything to him that would open the hurt, although at times it seemed to me that he was nervous and ill at ease.

"Mrs. Halbrooks, wife of the superintendent of Oak Hill cemetery, is my cousin, and I wrote to her telling her how nearly crazed I was to see the grave of my 'babies.' In my next letter I asked her if we couldn't have the small cottage that stands near their home in the center of the cemetery.

"It was finally agreed that Mr. Muir should assist Mr. Halbrooks in the work of keeping the cemetery for a small salary and the use of the cottage. Then I broached the subject to him. I found out then that his nervousness had the same origin as mine, he wanted to be near the children. Well, we packed up our things and came on here. We arrived here January 8 and have been living here since."

"Have you found happiness in your new home?" "With a smile of rare sweetness Mrs. Muir stepped to the front door of the cottage, which faces the north, and pointing her finger 50 yards to the east, where the three stone slabs that mark the one grave were plainly visible, she said:

OIL WELL BLOWS OUT A TREE.

Petrified Wood Shot Up from 200 Feet Below the Surface.

Humble, Tex.—One of the most unusual blowouts that ever occurred in the Humble oil field happened recently when a well drilled by Harry R. Decker blew out and brought from the depth of 200 feet below the surface of the earth a whole tree. Pieces of the tree were collected and are now being kept for verification of the remarkable occurrence.

The wood is in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding its many years in the earth.

The well that blew out is the fifth in this tract of land. The pressure here seems to be much greater than in any other part of the oil bearing territory.

Geat Eats Puroe and Check.

York, Pa.—A billy goat upon the farm of John Powden, near Luckey, this county, extracted a pocket-book from a coat which the farmer hung temporarily upon a low tree, and masticated it, together with a check for \$99.58, which it contained. Powden had secured the check in payment for a crop of tobacco, which he had delivered at Red Lion, which he declared void, as of course it is, and another will be issued to him.