

THE MORAL OF PORT ROYAL

Something We Can Learn From the Teachings of History. It is possible to crush and destroy that which was meant in the mind of God to be a power for good in the church...

BIG FORKS FOR ESKIMOS.

Table Implements That Had to Be Made to Order. Six hundred and forty forks, silver plated and each a foot long, formed a part of the baggage of E. Tunnell Doer...

Jack does not like a noisy car, and when riding in one will make a quick shift if a quieter vehicle happens along. He has no use for a wind shield either...

Gigantic Potatoes.

Big potatoes which weigh as much as a man are not often seen. A small assignment of them, however, has just been sent off from the West Indies...

Seven Years After.

A married man sat in a roof garden, looking up at the starry sky dreamily. "Why are you so sad?" "I'll tell you," he replied...

Cause of Napoleon's Fall.

There is no doubt Napoleon fell through the sheer dizziness of the height he had climbed to. "The Duc de Raguse," says Comtesse de Boigne, "once explained to me the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to the whole nation..."

La Belle Sauvage.

We may educate and civilize woman as we will, but the instinct of savagery will cling to her still. If every woman can adorn herself with anything in the nature of scalp or set herself a jangling with beads and tinkling kew-kaws, she never loses her opportunity...

WORK HARD AND DON'T WORRY.

Rules for Living to be 100 Given by Mrs. Brown, Who is 105.

Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Johanna Harper Brown, who celebrated her 105th birthday recently, delivered a short lecture on the value of hard work for prolonging one's days. The boys and girls have too easy a time, Mrs. Brown thinks, and depend too much upon their elders to clothe and feed them...

A CANINE MOTOR FIEND.

Pittsburg Dog Jumps Aboard Any Auto That Comes Along.

Pittsburg.—This city has a canine automobile enthusiast. He is a black bull terrier, now quite old, who attached himself to the fortunes of Dr. M. W. Everson in puppyhood.

Honest Jap Servant Rewarded by Indiana Man's Estate.

New Albany, Ind.—Nearly \$1,000 in gold, silver and greenbacks was found several days ago in the basement of the house at Los Angeles, Cal., built by the late Merrill A. Weir, a native of Salem, Ind., and for many years cashier of the New Albany National bank in this city, who died two years ago, his wife dying a few months later. The money was found by a Japanese, George Mokogawa, who had been employed to clean up the premises by a tenant. The latter gave the money, amounting to \$975, to the administrator of Mrs. Weir's estate. The administrator of Mr. Weir's estate was also notified, and by agreement \$100 was given to the honest Jap and the remainder was turned into the joint estate.

Stomach Acts as a Buffer.

Woonsocket, Pa.—John Swallen, 50 years old, a man weighing fully 225 pounds, probably owes his life to the fact that he has a large stomach. While Swallen was making repairs on an iron bridge over the Pennsylvania lines' tracks a scaffold gave way, letting him drop 27 feet to the paved street below. Swallen landed on his stomach, which upheld the fall. He was uninjured beyond spraining his wrist, although unconscious from the shock for several hours.

Britain, Too, Has War Airship.

Aldershot.—At least one military secret has been well kept in England. It is now learned for the first time that for the past two years the construction of a military airship has been in progress here, and it is probable that within the next month Aldershot will see the first of the British aerial fleet floating over the parade grounds. It is believed that the new airship will approximate the type of La Patrie, the French military balloon. It will be named for King Edward, who recently inspected it.

FREAK CORPORATIONS

STATE OF MAINE FOSTERS GROWTH OF ODD CONCERNS.

List of Those Which Have Died Late-ly Through Failure to Pay Taxes Shows Some Organized for Peculiar Purposes.

Portland, Me.—Do you want a company to supply the people of Mars with steam shovels to dig their canals? Do you want to form a company to raise bananas in Alaska? Do you desire a concern to trade in the spirits of the heroes of the past? Well, if you do, come to Maine and file your papers. You can form a corporation with a capital limit only exceeded by the skyline and it won't cost you enough to set you back very material-ly either.

For years Maine has been the Mecca for those who wished to launch companies. The fees for granting a charter are merely nominal. The taxes are still more so, something like an annual franchise tax of \$5 on \$50,000 capitalization. Almost no questions are asked, and it is as easy for a company with any object whatever, and a few dollars to pay the necessary fees and printing, to get a full-fledged charter as it is for a man to get a drink in the city of Bangor—and no man who ever went to that city and wanted the stuff that cheers but inebriates ever went very dry either.

All sorts of fanciful corporations are filed in the office of the secretary of state in Augusta, and gaudily printed shares of the stock are offered to the public. You need not limit your capitalization—to be sure, the more capital you have the more tax you are supposed to pay, but after you have disposed of your shares you probably won't pay your tax anyway, and will let the charter of the company expire. The other day a list of delinquent corporations was published, corporations whose charters were to expire on account of unpaid taxes. It filled two pages in nonpareil type, with close spacing at that. But hundreds of others are formed every month, so a few more or less aren't missed very much.

All kinds of companies are being floated all the time. Companies to dig tunnels in regions where travel is absolutely nil; companies to raise mussels and put them on the market; companies dealing in oil; companies dealing in insurance about all of them have plenty of this for their stock in trade, although it is more commonly known as gull; companies dealing in patent medicines of all kinds; "synthetic coal," if anyone knows what that is; in amusements and women's wear; in rubber, concrete, paving stones, crinoids, foods and land are only too common.

The most interesting ones are the freak ones. They abound, from the propagation of cats to the saving of souls. Among a few in the advertised list which haven't paid their taxes are the Baldwin Airship company, the Blue Blazes Heater company, the College of Physiognomy and Sublime Wisdom of Life, the Boston Ethical union, the Conscience Law corporation (one corporation evidently has a conscience, a concern organized up in Kittery, for the purpose of dealing in bananas, a company known simply as the Super-lative company, which didn't appear to have any business at all; a company for the development of two republics, according to its title, and so on ad infinitum et ad nauseam.

WILDCATS FOR EMPRESS.

China's Ruler Commissions Hunter to Get Grizzlies, Too.

Seattle, Wash.—Stephen Mason, an old hunter and trapper, known all over the west as one of the most remarkable of shots, has just received an unusual commission from the empress dowager of China. Through a fur company of this place Mason is commissioned to capture a pair of real live grizzly bears and four live wild-cats.

The empress is contemplating an imperial museum of the world's noted but fast disappearing animals, and is to include in the collection the above-named species. Mason will endeavor to fill the order in the wilds of the Cascade mountains near the Canadian international line.

Several months ago a Seattle firm sent three buffaloes and a cago of cougars to her majesty.

It is said the Chinese empress is endeavoring to acquire the menagerie that her subjects may know of the animals of all the earth.

LONGEVITY IN IOWA.

Centenarians to Be Found in Many of the Hamlets.

Eldora, Ia.—It is becoming the fashion nowadays in Iowa to live to be 100 years old. Every day new names are being added to the list of centenarians in the Hawkeye state.

Probably the oldest man in Iowa is William Ox, of De Witt, who is 103. At Des Moines recently Mrs. Ruth McPherson Morris celebrated her one hundred and first birthday.

At Ottumwa, George M. Lentner celebrated his one hundredth birthday, and at Wall Lake lives a woman who remembers George Washington, and who claims to be about 110.

At Davenport is a negro who says he is 127 years old, and there is scarcely a town in Iowa but can claim inhabitants who are from 95 to 98 years.

NOT SOLID ENOUGH FOOD.

Nuts Seem to Fail to Satisfy the Human Animal.

Next as the darlings of the would-be food reformer come nuts of all sorts, says a writer in McClure's. These are urged upon us with special fervor and enthusiasm by those who regard all foods of animal origin as "tainted money," besmeared by the foul crime of murder. Here, we are told, are foodstuffs—walnuts, hickory nuts, Brazil nuts, pecans, peanuts—of a high degree of toothsome and attractiveness, and containing a larger percentage of both protein and fat. Analysis made in the laboratory absolutely confirm the truth of the statement: Fats and proteins are both present in large amounts and in readily digestible form; and yet practically no "unemaciated" specimen of the human race—except the Shawnee Indian in hickory nut time—will attempt to make a meal on nuts, regarding them simply as a bonne bouche, to be taken after the serious business of the meal is over, merely as a dessert. The tacit phrase of "the walnuts and the wine" expresses precisely where they are in the scale of the normal diet list.

OLD WALL USED AS A SAFE.

Vermonters Finds Purse and Coin Hidden Nearly a Century Ago.

While Louis Granelle of Bridgewater, Vt., was tearing down an old wall of the Bridgewater town farm he unearthed a purse hidden in a small vault built for the purpose between the stones. The leather was rotten with age and fell apart as soon as handled, but the several coins which it contained were as bright and fresh as on the day they left the mint. As the newest coin in the lot was struck off 70 years ago and the structure was built about 1832, it is believed that the purse has lain in its vault three-quarters of a century. The money found in the old wallet included 12 silver half dollars, ranging in date from 1812 to 1832, and another coin, probably an English fourpence, dated 1776. There were also three dimes coined in the '20s. Mr. Granelle would not part with his souvenirs at any price.

Giants of Other Days.

According to an account in an old folio book, 1752, the ancient giants reached the enormous height of 33 feet. It says: "Fazellus relates, and from him Cluverius, that 1547 A. D., near Panormum, in Sicily, the body of a giant was dug up about 18 cubits, or 27 feet tall. The same author states that A. D. 1518, near Maxerone, in Sicily, there was found the body of a giant 20 cubits, or 30 feet tall. Further, that A. D. 1544, near Syracuse, was dug up another body of the same dimensions. A. D. 1550, near Entella, in Sicily, was dug up a body 33 feet high, and whose skull was about 10 feet in circumference. There is described the corpse of a giant cave near Depranum, in Sicily, A. D. 1342, whose staff was like the mast of a ship, and the forepart of whose skull would contain a Sicilian bushel, which is about a third of an American bushel.

What He Wanted.

An Italian recently entered the store of a Portland street hardware and paint dealer, says the Boston Record, and in his broken English asked the clerk: "John—a, you got—a de machine make—a bot—a cold?" The clerk tried hard to understand what the customer wanted, but was unable until he started taking him around the store and pointed out individually every conceivable apparatus pertaining to heating in the store. Finally the Italian spied a small spring balance suspended on an upper shaft, with the indicator displayed. "John—a, see dis—a one," he said, "just de same—a kind, wid numbers; make—a bot—a cold. You got one?" He wanted a thermometer.

Benediction.

They were eloping, and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't. On the contrary, a telegram awaited them at the next town. "Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth, as he handed it to the angelic one. She read it through and burst into tears. Then she started youth took it and read it aloud. "Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your hasty action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated, and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up housekeeping and go into a flat!"

Puzzle—What Did He Find?

She had just returned from Europe, and had been met at the pier by a New York friend who was bearing her off to the seashore. En route to the ferry she was regaled with the news—social, personal, and what not—and among other things the dinner given at Newport to honor the chimpanzee. "Hm," she meditated, "well, you know we are told that water will find its level." "Wonder," retorted her escort, "what the chimpanzee found."

Knew How to Manage Her.

Mr. Kraft—Henry, while you're at the telephone, just tell my wife I'll bring Mr. Topnotch home to dinner with me tonight. Clerk—Reg pardon, sir, but Mr. Topnotch is out of town to-day and won't be back. Kraft—I know it, but I feel as if I'd like to have just one good square meal.—Stray Stories.

CAUSE OF ROME'S FATE.

Decay of the Citizen, a Prelude to Its Downfall.

Not long ago the Esquiline cemetery was excavated, and there was discovered a pit 1,000 feet long and 200 feet deep. It was an ancient burial ground for slaves, who were thrown into it along with the carcasses of animals and the refuse of the city. If it be true that methods of human burial indicate the value which is placed on human life, these Roman slave pits are in themselves sufficient to indicate the spirit that lay behind Roman civilization. The collective tyranny was reproduced in the acts of the single citizen. His voracious egotism was expressed in the boast of Roman capitalists that their own domains and their own slaves supplied them with almost every article that they needed, and made them independent of the fluctuations of the markets. That is the picture of a society breaking up. It is for such reasons that if the decline of an empire is, as Gibbon called it, "the most awful scene in the history of mankind," it is a scene which cannot find its ultimate explanation in the narrow formulae of politics and economics. For a nation is a collection of individuals whose actions contain elements of surprise, and are incalculable, and the sum of their characters is the national conscience. Hence the national conscience may vary from century to century. On the private tombs of the Romans there have been discovered dedications to Nemesis. But we cannot measure every step of that long and insidious process of deterioration in their private character, which at last caused her name to be written, with deeper meaning, on the tomb of the state.—From "The Nemesis of Nations," by W. Romaine Paterson.

ONIONS GROWING IN FAVOR.

Aromatic Vegetable Very Much in Order for Lunch Baskets.

Surely the famous London divine who has sorrowfully declared that more fortunes have been wasted in dining out than in any other way must approve of the simple luncheons which society packs into its baskets when whirling away on an auto tour or some other pleasure excursion. In fact a well known woman was heard to say when giving orders as to what should fill a lunch basket which was to be taken along on a fishing trip the other day, "Please have 15 or 20 onion sandwiches put in." They evidently struck the waiter as something new, for he ventured to ask, "Did you say onion sandwiches?" "Yes, put thin slices of Bermuda onions between slices of bread. They are delicious, and in the woods one can eat as many as one likes." They have the added virtue of being good for the complexion and good for the health, and that is something which women look for in their diet in these days, when invalidism is out of fashion. Interesting invalidism the foolish used to call it, and the real sufferers were generally those who paid the bills.

Couldn't Stick Him Again.

A bishop accented in Fifth avenue by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a spruce dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pony up. "Never mind," exclaimed the guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted: "Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with: "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for carriage.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Try It Once.

Ever since there were men and women and horses there have been balky horses and bad men. When a horse gets the habit of balking he might as well be taken out and shot. No one knows exactly why he does it, but it is supposed to be ugly temper. Some six months ago a lad named William Fraser, living in Bristol, England, astonished a lot of people surrounding a balky horse by holding one of the animal's forefeet up for about ten minutes. Then he lowered it and the horse started off. The thing is being tried all over England to-day, and there has not been a failure so far. The boy says the idea "just came to him," and if it turns out a perfect cure it will be too bad that he won't make any money out of it.

Early Proof.

The head of a printing establishment in Richmond, Va., was called upon not long ago by a clergyman, bearing the manuscript of a sermon. "I would like to have the proofs of this by to-morrow," said the divine. The printer answered that the time allowed was insufficient. "You must give us a few days longer," he said. "No, I must have it to-morrow." Insisted the minister. "Must deliver this sermon to-morrow—must the day after, or the next day—but to-morrow. It's a special sermon, suitable only for to-morrow. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."

Evidently a Belle.

"Pashie turns up her nose at offers of marriage." "Why so?" "The only things she considers are abject pleas."

PASSING OF THE ROUNDUP.

Railroads Reaching Into Cattle Country Will End Picturesque Scene.

That most picturesque feature of cattle raising on the western plains, the great "round up," will soon be among the things of the past. The railroads are stretching their long lines through the very heart of the range country and in place of the terminal station at which thousands of cattle were gathered from the surrounding country to be shipped to eastern markets there will be many stations at convenient distances and within easy reach of the diminishing herds that still crop fatness from the buffalo grass. The range "round up" was always a thrilling sight. Cattle by tens of thousands were sought out from the hills and valleys by scores of range riders, those bearing brands to be put out in herds by themselves. There were many days of hard work for the cowboys, followed by many other days and nights of drinking and carousing, which lasted until the last train started on its eastern way. The great range is rapidly passing and in its place is coming the fenced pasture of the small farm. This change is gradual but rapid. Thousands of range cattle are now sent to the corn states every year to be fattened for market, but with the development and settlement of the great range country the grassed steer will soon be a curiosity in the large stock yards.

HE'LL STICK TO HIS PIPE.

One Man, at Least, Has the Courage of His Convictions.

One particular objection many of the men patrons have to the big palatial hotels in the cities is that they can't smoke their favorite pipes in the public halls without becoming the cynosure of all eyes. "The other evening," said a guest at the St. Regis, "I sat down in one of the comfortable armchairs in the hall to enjoy my old pipe that's been my constant friend for the last seven years. There were several people sitting near me, most of whom were men, and one or two were smoking cigars or cigarettes. I didn't see a pipe in sight anywhere, and that made me a little uncertain as to whether I should be violating an unwritten rule of the house. I drew out my briar and, after I had got it going comfortably, I noticed that the guests near me began to melt away by ones and twos until presently I was left with a good share of the hall to myself. Some of them did not leave the hall altogether, but moved to seats farthest from me. Of course, I knew what the cause was, but I didn't care. In my opinion, the man who smokes a pipe is a heap sight better than any dozen men who smoke cigars and cigarettes."

New Interest in Chemistry.

The establishment of pure food commissions has inspired many young men to take up the study of chemistry with a view to securing a position on one of those commissions. Scores of men, who already have qualified for the regular drug store trade, are now devoting additional time to the study of extra courses in chemistry. All hope to gain a federal appointment as an expert on pure foods. Not more than one-third of the ambitious fellows now licensed in experimental laboratories will get the position they are working for, but the public will profit directly by their present enthusiasm because every last one of them will become more competent druggists through their studies of the adulterations of foods.

Betting a Rat.

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rats is to catch one and fasten a bell about its neck. A boy in Delaware tried the experiment two months ago. His was badly bitten in making the bell fast, but he turned the rat loose and expected the thinking of that bell would have great results. It did have. In the first place, the rat who wore it was constantly on the move all night, and the tinkling bell kept the family awake, and in the next the sounds brought scores of new rats to the house. Instead of being afraid of the bell, they were charmed with the music. Had the boy tied a harmonica to another rat's tail, the rodents would have had a dance every night.

A Peripatetic Investment.

When the scallop is full grown it is able to swim with great rapidity by opening and closing the valves of its shell. This curious fact, says What to Eat, was unknown to an unfortunate Frenchman who undertook a few years ago to establish a scallop plantation on a quiet New England beach. He deposited several thousand scallops in shallow water, expecting them to breed, but when he looked for them the next day all of them had fed.

A Difference of Extremes.

Some one wrote in a paper that a cure for fatigue after a hard day was to hold the feet in mustard water for ten minutes, but, reading hastily, the lady read, "hold the face in mustard water for ten minutes." She tried it, but did not continue the cure for ten minutes by any means, and she did not go shopping for several days afterwards.

A Cynical Instructor.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?" "A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a corps of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while he gets the credit for any good ideas."