

A MEXICAN CROSSING

An Elusive Poet's Wonder of Accumulation of Riches.

Sanctuary Open on Contraband... of Goods and to Poor...

Living in a 10-room mansion, with a piano in each room, carrying thousands of dollars on his person...

Four years ago Pedro Alvarado was penniless, except for the wages a day he earned by ten hours' toil underground.

A little more than three years ago Senor Alvarado, who was then just plain Pedro, was wandering over the mountains...

In a lonely canyon on an outcropping of quartz attracted his eye. With a small bowler he broke off a piece of it.

Through the hills quartz in every direction ran lines of native wire silver. He realized that he was a rich man!

All the latent ambition of this obscure toiler was awakened. Powers that he himself had not realized were aroused in him.

Through all its steady growth Alvarado retained its executive head. Though practically without even the splendor of a school education...

That is how Pedro Alvarado became worth \$40,000,000 in less than four years.

Moreover, this remarkable silver producer is still obtaining an enormous amount of high-grade ore, and the wealth of the multi-millionaire...

With the acquisition of great wealth Alvarado did not lose his head or his heart. He became a great philanthropist...

He built at Parral a great cathedral, and on its completion gave it to the Roman Catholic church, of which he is a devout member.

Senior Alvarado is coming to the United States before long. He has a great admiration for Americans...

Recently Alvarado dictated a long telegram to the Mexican minister of finance, Senior Ives Jose Limantour...

"I stand ready to make my offer good at any time the government gives me the word," said he. "I have no millions. It all came out of the ground."

But Minister Limantour could not see it in that light. He at once advised the philanthropist that his generous plan was impracticable...

Chloroform and Gaslight. In general the profession in this country is united in the belief that ether is a much more satisfactory anesthetic than chloroform.

Ready for the Blow. Mother—Johnny, your poppin' well, so you better run for the doctor. Johnny—Yes'm.

The German government proposes the acquisition of six private railways in Prussia. The railroads of Germany are partly owned by the government and part by private corporations.

FOUND IN THE HOLY LAND

Most Interesting and Extraordinary Discovery in the History of Palestinian Exploration.

A remarkable testimonial to the truth of Bible history has recently been discovered in the Holy Land.

The method by which this interesting and valuable discovery was made was most unusual one, and perhaps the most extraordinary in the whole history of Palestinian exploration.

About eight years ago a mosaic map was discovered at Madaba, in the hilly country east of the Dead sea.

A native Christian, seeing this map, noticed that one of the sites was named Beth Zahar, which means "the house of Zacharias."

More than this, an inscription was discovered on the pavement, which, when interpreted, was found to be the names John and Zacharias.

The place where the excavations have been made is 20 kilometers from Jerusalem and 16 kilometers from Hebron.

The domed church was situated near the point where the road crosses the river Ain Harub, whose waters flow into the Jordan.

The name given by the natives to the site was found in Hebrew Beth Shakhar, which means "the ruins of the house of Zacharias."

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STEAMER GRAVEYARD

New Jersey Town Where Many Old Eastern Vessels Lie.

Well-Known River Craft That Have Become Wrecked—Old-Fashioned Sloop—Ship Wrecked on the Maritan's Shoals.

It appears to have been left for the residents of the little town of Perth Amboy to prove that the Hindoo belief in the transmigration of souls is a reality, at least, as far as boats are concerned.

The gravestones of old vessels has had a day of resurrection. The valiant spirit of each has left cold boiler and paralyzed engine to take up its abode in dwellings, decorations and the hundred and one things into which its dismembered but resurrected body has been transformed.

The worst-off ferryboat Central and the ill-fated Northfield are rubbing their noses in a friendly way with the rise and fall of the tide against the Drew's port quarter.

The half-burned Thomas McManus keeps well under water on the river side of the fleet. The side-wheel steamer Colonel, of Philadelphia, which was condemned as unseaworthy after the last international yacht race, and the famous old ferryboat Chancellor, the only craft to cross the bay during the blizzard of 1916, have both settled high up in the sands.

These boats represent more than \$1,000,000 in original cost, and are in all stages of dismantlement. Probably one of the greatest booms that ever came to Perth Amboy was the steamer Drew.

From the outside she appeared to be a great unwieldy hulk of little value, but within she has proved to be a veritable treasure ship. Houses have been built from the well-seasoned planking of her superstructure.

The pleasant memories of his honeymoon still linger with it. From one end of the craft to the other it is the only spot which will not feel the sharp edge of the wreckers' tools.

An elderly widow is the proud owner of a comfortable home made entirely from the Drew.

Her dog and chickens are also snugly housed within a portion of the resurrected craft.

So extravagant were the builders of the boat in the selection of materials used for her construction that carpenters and decorators of the town have purchased almost the entire superstructure, although it is as yet not more than half dismantled.

In the building trade there is a demand for "Drew timber" and among decorators a call for "Drew trimmings."

The foregoing is the spirit of the Drew made manifest in Perth Amboy. It is not confined there alone, however, for all over the country there is a demand for some part of her construction.

The giant parts of her engines have already gone to the steel works of Pennsylvania and Connecticut to be fashioned into car wheels, axles and building material.

Epitaphs was the subject; the Riggs house, Washington, was the place, and Late Pence, former representative, was the speaker. He said:

"I remember one that adorned the cemetery at Leadville, in the palmy days of that great mining camp. It seems that in the course of a barroom brawl one Jim O'Brien, a well-known character, had his existence terminated prematurely. He was a good fellow in the main, and not without friends. One of the dead man's associates, in deep grief over his demise, erected a wooden slab over his grave, on which he had written in large letters:

"A local humorist happened along soon afterward and appended the following: 'Heaven, 4:30 p. m.—O'Brien not yet arrived. Intense excitement. The worst is feared.'—Buffalo Times.

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Which kind are now freed with poison, 250 pounds of oil being sufficient to burn a ton of brick.

A notable feature of Wyoming scenery is the predominance of shrubs. Among 124 species of woody plants less than one-sixth are certainly to be ranked as trees.

It is only within the last 60 years that coal has been mined on a large scale in France. In 1900 the output was only 100,000 tons. In 1920 it was barely 4,000,000 tons. Last year it was 22,000,000.

The French factory laws permit the employment of children 12 years of age, provided they show certificates of having attended primary schools four years, and are in vigorous health, attested by a medical officer.

The aggregate capitalization of the industries at Pittsburgh, Pa., is more than two billion, five hundred million dollars. The production of steel at Pittsburgh, in 1901, equaled half that of England, more than that of Germany, twice that of France, five times that of Russia or Belgium, and 23 times that of Spain.—Success.

Dr. Patrick Manson has recently shown that Chinese tobacco often contains appreciable quantities of arsenic, introduced apparently mainly with the idea of giving the weed a garlic flavor. The belief is gaining ground in English medical circles that the presence of arsenic in tobacco and food products is responsible for the great increase in the number of cases of cancer.

The sky within the orbit of Mercury was carefully photographed at the Lick observatory during the 1901 eclipses, in the hope that the hypothetical planet of Leverrier and others might be discovered. Later examination of the negatives has practically proven that no such body exists.

Louis Gorrilline has a peculiar and unique history. His name and picture have appeared in both state and national papers, and thousands of people who have never seen him are familiar with the peculiar points in his life.

Some years ago he was a trainman on the old Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad. He lost his right hand in an accident at McBein, and when he was able to work the company gave him a place as a flagman. He was restless to increase his income, and began to hunt sparrows, receiving the bounty of two cents a piece then provided by state law.

He shot them and trapped them at odd times until he found the work so profitable that he hired a man to do his work as flagman and gave his whole time to sparrow hunting. He afterwards used a preparation in which he soaked wheat and millet seed, and two or three kernels of this was enough to make any sparrow his in a few minutes' time. In this way he would take thousands in a day.

Mr. Gorrilline says that he does not remember ever finding but one bird aside from the sparrows that had eaten the poisoned grain, and that other birds do not eat grain. He has caught the pests in nearly every county in the lower peninsula and has also worked in the upper peninsula. Over \$14,000 was paid to him by the state in bounties and nearly three-quarters of a million birds were killed by him in the five years he followed the work as a business.

Once upon a time there was a fair young girl who had many suitors, but she received them all with equal graciousness and waited for her affections to dictate which should be the especially favored one.

Finally, she heard that a rich uncle of one of her wooers had died leaving him a clear and unencumbered title to many acres of very valuable land. When next she met the young man she showed quite plainly that her affections had begun to dictate.

The result was that they were married when the next June came around. Moral:—Titles are attractive, even in America.—N. Y. Herald.

What a Waste Editor! An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said:

"If the work is not up to the mark, I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else."

Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it, with the following brief remark: "Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."—Stray Stories.

TONES AND COLORS

Discovery of a Remarkable Phenomenon by a Scientist.

Beams of Light Which Produce Certain Colors Correspond Exactly with Certain Tones—See in Medical Instruction.

It has been the dream of poets that some subtle, sympathetic relation exists between tones and colors; that the harmonizing of one and the artistic blending of the others appeal to the same sense of the beautiful; that sweet sounds and pleasing color effects are very much akin. It has remained for a Philadelphia professor to trace this phantom to its source; to materialize the vague impressions of dreamers and to reduce them to a matter of science, says the New York Herald.

It is amazing to learn that the seven colors of the rainbow exactly correspond with the seven notes of the gamut, and that red, being the dominant, has to the other colors the same comparative refrangibility, or "wave lines," as the dominant in any chord has to the other notes in the scale. It will blend artistically and pleasingly only with such colors as represent notes which in music may be harmoniously used with the dominant.

It is claimed by the discoverer of this phenomenon in science, and he has devoted the last 20 years to the study of relationship between tone and color, that the rays of light which produce red, at the base of the spectrum, correspond exactly with sound waves responsible for "do," the keynote at the base of the tonic scale. Orange corresponds with "re," yellow with "mi," green with "fa," blue with "sol," purple with "la" and violet with "si."

Before scientific experiments and research established these facts, argues the professor, impressionists, poets and painters felt this close union between tone and color. Artists knew that a warm splash of red, giving an impression of prominence and nearness to the eye, would dominate the whole picture. "Do," the tonic in music, is recognized as the centrifugal force. Opposite in effect is the cool, limpid blue, which is in agreement with "sol," the clear, ringing "fifth" of the scale, the tone of centrifugal force, while midway and in perfect harmony is "mi," the yellow, the sweet but unobtrusive "third" of the scale. These three colors combined form a most pleasing group, while the corresponding tones form the tonic chord, the basis of all harmony.

This remarkable science, or theory, whichever it may properly be called, has been put to practical purpose in the artistic and musical training of little children, at an age when their minds are especially susceptible to impressions of sweet sounds and bright colors, when the intelligence is mainly working through the medium of their senses.

For this purpose an ingenious arrangement of colored balls and sticks has been devised, by which the first instincts of harmony are implanted into children who have scarcely learned their alphabet. At the same time they become acquainted with the artistic arrangement of colors.

While certain sequences of combinations of colors are being exhibited, sympathetic melodies and chords are heard, and the little ones quickly learn to associate the two. After awhile they will sing tunes hitherto unlearned or unheard by them, merely following the exhibition of the different colors, which to them have become associated with and expressive of tone. For instance, should the following sequence of colors appear: Red, Red, Orange, Violet, Red, Orange, Yellow, Yellow, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red.

Orange, Red, Violet, Red, they would instinctively recognize the melody of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and heartily join in singing. To have taught this by musical notation would have been impossible.

When they have grown older the ordinary method of musical tuition is aided by the pairing of each note in its corresponding color. This is claimed to show the causal positions of the scale in all its different positions to key and greatly to simplify the study of harmony by showing at a glance the real character of the chord.

Proceeds of a Pond. There is a thrifty man in England who makes his living out of a pond. The water is about 13 acres in extent and close to a village street. For several years he has worked it for profit with good results, the crops being three in number—reeds, fish and water fowl. The fish are chiefly eels and pike, which are taken during the close season for duck. The latter are caught alive by means of traps and are sold to people who want to stock ornamental waters. For these there seems to be a keen demand at prices ranging from \$3 a dozen for the humble water hen to as much as \$15 for a pair of scaups or golden eye. From a list of the takes it August it appears that the wild fowl taken are mallard, teal, shorelarks, tufted duck, gadwall, coot, moor hen, water rail and dabchick.—Chicago Daily News.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

his face when there are women standing in a circle?—Washington Star.

A concealed man admits his own mistakes because he makes them.—Chicago Daily News.

Madge—"I hear that photographer takes a very flattering picture." Dolly—"I really couldn't say. It's necessary for me to go to that kind of a photographer."—N. Y. Times.

A Journalistic Rejoinder—"Don't you think that a newspaper in smaller, more common form would be appreciated?" said the publisher. "No," answered his wife. "It must be large enough for a man to hold in front of him."—Boston Transcript.

Barney—"Charley appeared to be willing to acknowledge that he was in the wrong. He said he was quite aware of his shortcomings." Shedd—"Isn't that just like Charley? Always bragging about what he knows!"—Boston Transcript.

Teas—"You and Miss Berdon don't seem to be good friends. What's the matter?" Jess—"Why, she remarked that she was 34 years old, and—" Teas—"And you doubted it?" Jess—"Not at all. I merely said: 'Of course, but when?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Purposely Misunderstood—"I'm going on the stage," announced the ambitious amateur proudly. "Oh, well, everyone to his taste," replied his sarcastic friend. "If you like it, of course it's all right, but when I'm going anywhere I prefer to go on a railroad train."—Chicago Post.

The Literary Outlook—"What will be the theme of the great novel of the future?" I asked of the famous writer of popular fiction, who was resting after a wearisome effort to spend his royalties. "Really, I have not decided," he replied, with that charming smile for which he is so justly celebrated.—Indianapolis News.

HE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE

Was a Doctor, But Not the Kind to Which His Loved One Objected.

"I have always insisted," she said, after a long, sweet silence, "that I would never marry a doctor or a preacher."

He turned pale and a look of despair crept into his eyes, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

With a heaving sigh he answered: "Can't I induce you to overcome your prejudice? Ah, tell me, tell me that your decision against doctors and preachers is not irrevocable."

Six weeks before she had written a message on an egg and sent it out into the world. The frail messenger had fallen into Arthur Higginson's hands, and there they were sitting on the baggage truck at the railway station, waiting for the back, which they had missed, to return from town and convey them to the hotel, where they had planned to be married.

She looked up into his eyes with a wild yearning and cried: "Are you a preacher?"

"No," he groaned, "not that—not that."

"Oh, tell me, tell me," she wailed, "that you are not a doctor."

He hung his head. There was a guilty look in his eyes and she knew that the worst had come.

At last, pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he turned to her and said: "Yes, Emeline, you have guessed the truth. I am a doctor. But why should that matter? Why do you discriminate against preachers and doctors?"

"Because they have to be among women so much," she sadly replied. "I should want my husband all to myself."

"Love," he cried, "then we may still be happy. I am a horse doctor."

CONSENT WAS UNEXPECTED

Why a Little Girl Was Willing to Have an Operation Performed on Her Eyes.

There is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross-eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes, says the Washington Post.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital the mother took her daughter in her lap and nervously broached the real object of the trip. She set forth in all its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross-eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said, finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington.