

CEMETERY IS A GOLD MINE

Cemetery Claim Is Jumped by an Enthusiastic Prospector in Montana.

Butte, Mont.—The Jewish cemetery has been "jumped" as a gold mine. So has the entire south half of the Mount Moriah cemetery.

Herman Mueller, a wealthy saloon keeper, declares that there is gold in the cemetery. He has located his placer claim in ground around the two graveyards and his corner posts touch the Catholic cemetery fence, the boulevard and the common, and one sacrilegious stake has been driven in the Mount Moriah soil not far from the W. A. Clark plot.

The Jewish cemetery has been completely enveloped by the location, and, technically, the Jews have now no cemetery.

Jews about town are boiling with indignation, and public protests have been made. Indignant citizens have pulled up the northwest corner post of the Palm Leaf place, driven near a headstone, and have thrown it over the fence.

RIDDLE BOW IN COW'S LEG

Animal Had Evidently Swallowed It and Owner Thinks It Also Ate the Violin.

St. Paul, Minn.—O. K. Stammen, a prominent business man of Alexandria, is the owner of a cow which seems to have a penchant for fiddle bows as an article of diet.

Stammen purchased the animal about three months ago. The cow was a fine one and he was well satisfied with his purchase with the exception that occasionally the animal would have a sort of fit. About two weeks ago the cow refused to eat and a veterinarian was called upon to prescribe for it.

He did so, and the animal apparently recovered and it seemed to be as well as usual. However, the other day a small bunch was noticed on the cow's chest just back of the front legs. Dr. McMaster was again called and decided to perform an operation for the removal of the "bunch."

He had not proceeded far when he encountered a hard substance. Removing the hard substance to be a silver of wood the veterinarian took hold of it with a pair of tweezers and commenced to pull. To his great surprise, instead of the object proving to be a silver it was a fiddle bow just 22 inches in length.

How the bow got there is a mystery, but Dr. McMaster gives it as his opinion that the animal swallowed it, as in a small opening in the bow was found particles of partially digested hay and grass. The bow evidently had forced an opening into the stomach and gradually worked its way to the spot where it was found.

The question now is, where is the fiddle to which the bow belonged? It is thought that possibly the cow may have made a meal of the fiddle.

MAN OFFICIALLY DEAD LIVES

Old Soldier Who Has Odd Record in Livery Business at Vineland, N. J.

For an officially dead man, Henry Hancock, a local liveryman, manages to enjoy his meals and surroundings fairly well, and his is one of the odder records. Hancock enlisted in the civil war from Atlantic county and was discharged from the Eckington hospital, Washington, D. C., on January 7, 1863. Somehow the dates got mixed and he was reported as dead to the surgeon, and so the records state today. It took him 20 years to prove he was alive enough to get a pension.

For 31 years Hancock has been in the livery business here, and during that time he has never entered a church, never attended a circus, never was in the local opera house or attended any amusement whatever, and never went to a Fourth of July celebration. The only place of entertainment he has visited was a reunion of the regiment, the Twenty-fifth New Jersey volunteers, in Atlantic City, a year or two ago. He says there is not another record like his in the state.

The old soldier has left his home every morning before the family was up, and returned most of the time after they had retired for the night, and hardly had a speaking acquaintance with his four children, all of whom grew up to fill prominent positions in life.

Kaiser Plans World's Fair. Berlin. The government has decided to invite the nations of the world to participate in a great international exposition to be held here in 1912.

It is proposed that the exposition shall surpass all world's fairs, not excepting the marvellous exhibitions for which Paris is famous, or the two great American fairs at Chicago and St. Louis.

PRISON TRUCK FARM

FRESH VEGETABLES FOR CONVICTS AS A RESULT.

Warden of Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson City Getting Returns from Experiment—Improvement in Health of Men.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Warden Matt W. Hall, of the Missouri penitentiary, is a gardener on quite an extensive scale. This year he has devoted a part of the state farm, located just east of the prison, to "garden truck," and is just beginning to realize some of the results that follow careful and intelligent tilling of the soil, in the way of palatable and healthy additions to the prison menu, and at a minimum of expense to the state.

The farm is in charge of John Bruner, who works several convicts in caring for the place. Just now the "snap bean" crop is in full bearing. The bean patch covers several acres of ground, and the crop on the state farm is unusually prolific.

The soil on top of the hill seems to be especially adapted to the bean, and there will be several "messes" for all hands in the warden's family of 2,800 persons.

Some idea of what it takes to go round in the prison is gained when it is known that it requires 75 bushels of snap beans for one meal. Recently that amount of beans was turned over to the prison kitchen, and it required all of it to give each convict all the beans he could eat. Several hundred pounds of bacon were required to cook them properly and give the right flavor.

Radishes were grown in great quantities earlier in the season, and onions have been served several times from the farm. There is a great quantity of the onions still in the ground. This beautiful, if somewhat odoriferous, vegetable is eagerly welcomed by the convicts as in fact in all the garden truck.

"John," said Mr. Hall, to Bruner, the man in charge of the farm, "we must have a little idea for the Fourth of July dinner. How many heads of cabbage can you let down here for that day?"

"About 1,400 or 1,500 heads," was the reply. These cabbages will average perhaps two pounds to the head, so it will be observed that several thousand pounds of raw material enters into the problem of providing the prison population with the one item of a little cold slaw for their holiday dinner.

The cabbage patch on the state farm includes 18,000 growing plants, and the crop is flourishing, but big as the patch is a few rounds of "cold slaw" will make heavy breads on it. There are several acres of potatoes, a roasting ear patch of two or three acres, but the crowning glory of the big garden is the tomato field, where there are 13,000 or 14,000 flourishing plants growing that give promise of a great yield of this most delightful of all vegetables.

Some of the vines are loaded with tomatoes that will be ready for use in a few weeks, while others have just reached the blooming stage. If nothing happens to injure the vines there will be an abundance of this crop, for the vines will continue to produce until frost kills them.

Warden Hall and Mr. Bruner figure that after the season is over they will have unripe tomatoes enough on hand when the frost comes to make several hogheads of chowchow.

It is worth a trip to the state farm to see the gardening on a large scale that Warden Hall has inaugurated. His theory is that whatever expense is involved in growing the vegetables for use of the convicts is more than offset by the diminution of the sick list.

The land has deteriorated somewhat during the last few years, when it was leased by the state to private individuals, and Mr. Hall will by systematic effort seek to build it up and restore it to a high degree of productivity. To this end much of it will be sown in cowpeas this summer, and this will be turned under early in the fall.

HERE'S A NEW HOLDUP GAME

"Dead Man" in Road Comes to Life, Bobs Autoists, and Then Takes Machine.

Phoenixville, Pa.—A party of four Philadelphians, two women and two men, who left Philadelphia the other morning for an automobile jaunt through the Perkiomen valley, were skimming along when the chauffeur discovered a dark object lying in the middle of the road that resembled a man.

The machine was stopped, the men alighted from the auto and were about to make an examination when the "dead one" jumped to his feet, and drawing a revolver, ordered the inquisitive autoists to throw up their hands.

Another roughly clad man emerged from the woods and joined the hold-up. All of the party were then relieved of their valuables, which included \$94 in money, three gold watches, several diamond rings and a pair of diamond earrings which one of the women was compelled to remove from her ears.

The women were then forced to vacate the machine and the highwaymen took their places on the front seat. About two miles from where the hold-up occurred the autoists found their machine at the bottom of Perkiomen creek.

CARE FOR MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Colorado Game Laws Have This Animal Under Their Special Protection.

State Game and Fish Commissioner Jim Woodard declares that the mountain sheep of Colorado is in the same class as the sacred bull of India. It must not be touched, says Woodard. If the animal is seen browsing upon the mountainside the gun of the hunter must not be pointed in its direction. The animal, therefore, may be called the "sacred sheep of Colorado." There are not many of them left, but under the protection of the law they are increasing every year.

There is a band of them on the hills between Florence and Victor, and Mr. Woodard has a photograph of a bunch grazing on a hillside a short distance from Florence. But for the passage of a law which heavily fines those who kill this animal, the species would have been extinct long ago.

A letter received in Mr. Woodard's office recently tells of the arrest and conviction of one Fred Klantzky for killing a mountain sheep. Klantzky was fined \$300 and costs in the county court at Canon City. The costs amounted to \$149, and if the accused man does not settle he will have a long term to serve in the county jail.—Denver Republican.

LESSON HE EASILY LEARNED

At Least on One Occasion George Convinced Wifey That He Could Say "No."

"I dined at the Carlton with the Howard Goulds in London," a globe trotter said. "Afterwards we took our coffee on the raised platform of the foyer, where the orchestra plays and where you get an excellent view of the smart London world. Mrs. Gould entertained us with the story of her last balloon trip. She had stayed up much longer and gone much farther than had been intended.

"The trip," she said, "was a little too successful."

"Oh," said I, "can anything be too successful?"

"A temperance sermon was once too successful," Mrs. Gould said. "Then she told us how a woman preached one morning a temperance sermon to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before. The great trouble with you, George," the woman said, "is that you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' George, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?"

"No," said George, with apparent ease.

The Guardian at the Gate.

"How do you like the position of official watchdog?" a man asked of the grizzled veteran who sits at the door leading to the office of the Cook county board of review.

"This man's business it is to examine credentials of those who deem themselves undertaxed shall be admitted."

"Call me not that," said the guardian. "I am St. Peter at the gate."

The other sought to have his taxes reduced, and as he was entering the office he said: "So then this is heaven, where the heavy laden are relieved of their burdens. That's not bad." After a long wait his turn came. His tax assessment had been "confirmed," the "ruinously high valuation" stood.

"All the heavy laden are not relieved," said the doorkeeper. "St. Peter turns some away bound for another place."

The victim smiled wily as he passed out.

Reading Made Easy.

In a study of the physiological aspect of reading the curious fact has been brought out that the characteristic features of letters are found for the most part in the upper halves, so that as the reader's attention is here directed he is often able to read a line with the lower half of the letters covered. It has, accordingly, occurred to some French scientists that some considerable improvements could be made in typography, working along these lines, and that increased legibility and rapidity of reading would result. Some of these suggestions have received a practical application in some European advertising signs, where legibility is a prime essential, and the results have been most satisfactory.—Harper's Weekly.

Vital Difference.

Arthur Stringer, the author of "The Wire Tappers," has retired for the summer to his Lake Erie fruit farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario. Like most amateur farmers, Mr. Stringer does not find his fruit raising a source of any great revenue. He explained this not long ago by pointing out the difference between the so-called gentleman farmer and the everyday farmer. "For it's very simple," said the author over a dish of his Bismolau black grapes. "The first sells what he can't eat, and the other eats what he can't sell."

Opportunity.

Stranger—Is there an opening in this town for a young man who don't use tobacco or liquor, of irreproachable ancestry and some capital, who is willing to work and— Postmaster—That is—there's just about two dozen widows here that's simply dying to throw their hooks later some such pudding ez that!

Knob Lineage.

"Do you know any best barons?" "No, but I know a mayonnaise marquis, a cucumber count and a tomato czar."

THE LITTLE THINGS

SMALL COURTESIES WOMEN LIKE AND EXPECT FROM MEN.

About All That Is Left for the Starmer Sex to Do, the Best May Safely Be Left to Woman-kind.

The woman said chivalry was dead. The man acquiesced and said it was all the fault of women themselves.

"You see," he went on, "you women have become so independent that there is little left for men to do for you. You can do almost everything for yourself nowadays, and we have been forced into the position of standing one side and watching you. There's hardly a thing I can do for you but what you can do for yourself, and I feel absolutely foolish offering to do things. For instance, what is the use of me helping you off and on a car when you golf, bowl, walk miles and, in fact, are more athletic than I am? It's really presumptuous of me to think of offering my aid."

"Why should I rush to take you to the theater when you run into a matinee whenever you feel like it? I cannot even order a dinner better than you can. You are so used to ordering when you are on a shopping trip or are delayed downtown for some reason, that my menu would not be so good as yours. Why should I presume to hustle to hall a handbag when you have done it 100 times yourself and do it better and more gracefully than I do?"

Why should he buy you a bad nickel in change when I've heard you tell again and again how you had given such individuals a piece of your mind on similar occasions?

"Why should I ever suppose you are pleased to get flowers from me when you proudly boast that you can save money enough to buy your own flowers whenever you feel like it? These things are the matter of confectionery. You discover the new candies the minute they are on the market and buy a sample before I have got wind that there is anything new."

"Time was when a young girl never went driving unless a young man took her. Now you go out to a livery stable and hire a rig whenever you have the desire to take a little spin, and, of course, I feel that I'm offering you something very tame if I ask you to go driving. You even automobile, so there's no pleasure in asking you out in a machine. I can't even offer you new books to read, for ten chances to one you get hold of them before I do."

"So what is there left for the men to do? You women yourselves have shown us how unnecessary certain little attentions are, so we naturally have shrunk from offering them."

Just then the woman dropped her handkerchief, and the man stooped to pick it up.

"That's what you can do," she said. "Those little things that show you are thoughtful and considerate, and will readily forgive you for not doing the big things which you say all we women can do for ourselves."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Joke.

Despite her advanced years she recently celebrated the eighty-seventh anniversary of her birth in her charming home in Boston, surrounded by her children and friends. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe retains her aptitude for the making of clever phrases. A few days ago, on her return from Baltimore, when she had been recuperating from a slight illness—Mrs. Howe was driven through one of the side streets of Boston with friends, and passed the charitable eye and ear infirmary. That institution does much good, and no one knows it better than Mrs. Howe. But as she looked at the building and slowly read the name, she said, without the shadow of a smile: "I don't see the good of that place." "Why, what do you mean?" asked a friend, in astonishment. "This," said Mrs. Howe: "I did not know there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston; so what is the use of an infirmary for them?"

Though she had lived all her life in Boston, Mrs. Howe never had lost sight of the peculiar characteristics of the residents of the Hub.

Sardinia Once Wild Country.

Sardinia was a wild place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goat-skins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort; and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardinians are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

King Dictates Train's Speed.

When King Edward is about to take a railway journey his majesty is invariably consulted as to the speed at which the royal special shall travel. Charles Santley, the famous bartone who is still sinking at the age of 72, is probably the greatest linguist in the concert world, speaking fluently French, German, Italian and Spanish and has a wide knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Not Exhausted.

She—Henry, I'm going to give you a piece of my mind. He—I thought I'd had it all.

ROOSTER HATCHES CHICKS

Deserted by Mate, He Sits on Eggs and Is Now Taking Care of Four Little Ones.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Probably the most domesticated rooster in Los Angeles is "Ben," the bantam pet of Mrs. H. D. Becker, of Cordova street, which has set on a nest of four eggs for the last three weeks and is now rearing four little chicks with the care of an old and experienced mother.

When "Betty," which for two years was Ben's mate, deserted him nearly a month ago and abandoned a nest full of eggs, the grief-stricken rooster took the crisis in his domestic happiness in a stoical manner.

Instead of pleading with Betty to return to him, or going away in some dark corner to commit suicide, he immediately took possession of the abandoned nest.

The happiest moment of Ben's life came the other morning, when his long wait was rewarded with a tiny peep and a fluffy yellow head thrust from one of the bursting shells. He has since been a devoted father for the new-comer and crows of delight at his final success. Ben announced the event to the members of the Becker barnyard.

Before noon he had a family of four, and as he stepped proudly from his little coop into the bright sunlight of the chicken yard he was the most self-centered fowl for miles around. In his very first walk he met his former mate, but there was no sign of recognition as they passed. The father gave a low cluck as if to warn his children against mingling with the mother who had deserted them and him in their time of need.

What he will do with the chicks now that he has hatched them out is the question that is being asked by the Becker family among themselves, but from the manner in which he watched over his little charges, the question is already half answered.

WEARS RED TIE; IS JAILED.

Schoolboy Punished at Leipzig, Germany, for Appearing with Forbidden Color.

Berlin.—To those who may travel in Germany in the near future it will be well to remember that there is in existence a law passed in 1849 against the wearing of red ties, etc. This law covers all sorts of clothes of a red hue, including socks.

A youth at a school in Leipzig wore a red tie when he answered his name at roll call, and the teacher ordered him to take it off instantly. He refused for his little sweetheart had given it him for a birthday present. A convulsion of teachers was held, and the boy was again ordered to take off the tie. On again refusing a policeman was summoned and the boy marched to jail. The tie was confiscated.

The boy was indicted under the old law for wearing republican colors calculated to offend loyal subjects and invite to a breach of the peace. The judge, however, acquitted the boy, but ordered the red tie destroyed and cautioned the prisoner not to repeat the offense.

"EIFFEL TOWER A NAIL."

Removal of Famous Structure Is Demanded on Aesthetic Grounds by Reformers.

Paris.—"An immense nail disgracefully transfixing the sky," is the effective description of the Eiffel tower with which a band of aesthetes has started a crusade against the offending structure.

The aesthetes have consecrated themselves to preserving and increasing the beauty of Paris and cry loudly for the destruction of the ridiculous excrement as their first effort in this direction. The inventor, Eiffel, has a contract with the city allowing him to exploit the tower until 1910, but he may be bought out cheaply, for since the novelty has worn off the thing scarcely brings more than running expenses.

Its value even as a center of commerce has fallen off, and the shops in the air, as the establishments on its second tiers are called, by no means do a thriving business.

FUEL TO REPLACE COAL.

Daniel Drawbaugh, Opponent of Bell, Announces New Discovery Said to Be Cheaper.

Carlisle, Pa.—The aged Daniel Drawbaugh, whose litigations in the federal courts many years ago against Alexander Bell made him known as the prior inventor of the telephone, and who has been turning out wizard-like inventions at Eberly's Mills for the last 25 years, has announced that with the aid of Dr. E. E. Gamble he has discovered a practical fuel to take the place of coal. This new fuel is being manufactured now at Bowman's Dale, east of Carlisle, by a secret process. It is composed of chemicals and of fibrous matter and weighs only half as much as coal. The new fuel will be made in different sized molds. Tests made show that it does not splinter, burns to a fine ash, emits little gas and burns freely, gives off more heat than coal and lasts longer. This artificial fuel probably will cost about half as much as coal.

Quits Law to Herd Cows.

Seattle, Wash.—E. Holden James, a nephew of Henry James, the novelist, and of William James, professor of psychology at Harvard since 1872, has quit fashionable life and his law practice to become a cow herder on a milk ranch near Seattle. He is a follower of the socialist doctrine of J. G. Phelps Stokes.

MADE MUCH MONEY

CHARLATAN FLEECE DUPES IN ALL PARTS OF COUNTRY.

Large Fortune Garnered from the Credulous in Three Years—Love Powders and Magic Breast-plates in Demand.

Nearly 200 witnesses, representing 37 states, appeared in the United States district court at Baltimore to testify for the government at the trial of "Dr." Theodore White, charged with using the mails to defraud. There were present 27 pretty typewriters, who were kept busy by "Dr." White in conducting the correspondence incident to the immense business he had established concocting love powders, manufacturing magic breast-plates and dispensing diplomas conferring the degree of Ph. D. on the graduates, who had established their title to that degree by paying for "Dr." White's book, "Blessings for All Mankind."

The tables in the court room were covered with exhibits, a painful of the love powder and some specimens of the breast-plates being displayed there. Assistant District Attorney Soper made the opening statement in the jury. He said that "Dr." White's spiritualistic and hypnotic mail order business had attained such proportions that his postage bill amounted to \$1,000 a month, and that he had been obliged to purchase a horse and wagon to take his mail from the post office.

Mr. Soper said that "Dr." White had made a fortune during the three years he spent in the business. "You may get some idea of the magnitude of it," said Mr. Soper, "when I tell you that in one month 2,400 people, from Maine to California, each sent this man a dollar and a lock of hair in order to obtain a 'life reading.' And every inquiry was identical. The same reading was sent to every person who sent a dollar, and a husband and his wife both of whom sent to Dr. White for readings, were very much disgusted when they each received the same reading."

Among the spiritualistic "tricks" described in one of the pamphlets read by Mr. Soper were the following: Place an egg before the fire and watch it without moving or stirring a sound until nightfall. Then the egg will sweat blood, and when the spooks words 'Ara cadabra' are uttered a tempest will rise, and all the evil spirits which were ever heard of since the world began will appear."

The "Adam and Eve" charm was the one used to create love. Adam and Eve were represented by roots—Adam was one root and Eve was the other. Mr. Soper read the directions for their use to the jury. The roots should be placed in running water, he said, and the words—When God had joined together let no man put asunder—should be recited over them.

Mr. Soper also described the ancient Egyptian "breast-plate," containing the powders and prayers, and charged with "magic solar fluid."

Tracts of Norway's Queen. In a sketch of the new queen of Norway it is said that she is probably the sturmiest woman in her dominion. Her waist measures out 12 inches and she is so different in appearance that even in England, where the cult of thinness has as worshippers practically all the women of the kingdom and most of the men, she is called rather too frail and delicate in appearance. Queen Maud was the tomboy member of King Edward's family. She was the baby of the family and the brightest member as well. It was she who first nicknamed her brother, the late duke of Clarence, Collars and Cuffs, a name which clung to him through life. She called her eldest sister, the duchess of Fife, now called the princess royal, her royal shyness, on account of that retiring lady's almost morbid dislike of appearing in public. And it was this merry princess who collected all the quoted sayings and doings of the royal family in a scrapbook and labeled it "Things We Never Did or Said."

Wise Girl. Now, there was a certain girl, and she had three woovers. The first woover said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The second woover said she was the sun, moon and stars to him, but she bade him go on his way. "To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners, with eyes that might be a little bluer, with a nose that is a wee bit puggy, and with a few freckles, and an annoying habit of blurring out your thoughts."

She married the third woover. Being pressed for an explanation of her conduct, she said: "My goodness! I think I was sensible. I married the only one that had courage enough to tell me of my faults before marriage, instead of waiting to throw them up to me afterward"—Life.

Distinctly Eligible. He came hurriedly from the parlor to the piazza. "Who was that handsome young man who just left?" he asked. "The fair girl smiled and blushed. "That was Harry Parker, pa," she said. "He has just proposed to me, and he tells me that his income is \$15,000 a year."

Fifteen thousand a year at his age? Great Scott, what is he? A learned lawyer, an eloquent divine?" said the old man. "No, father," she answered. "He is a professional baseball player."