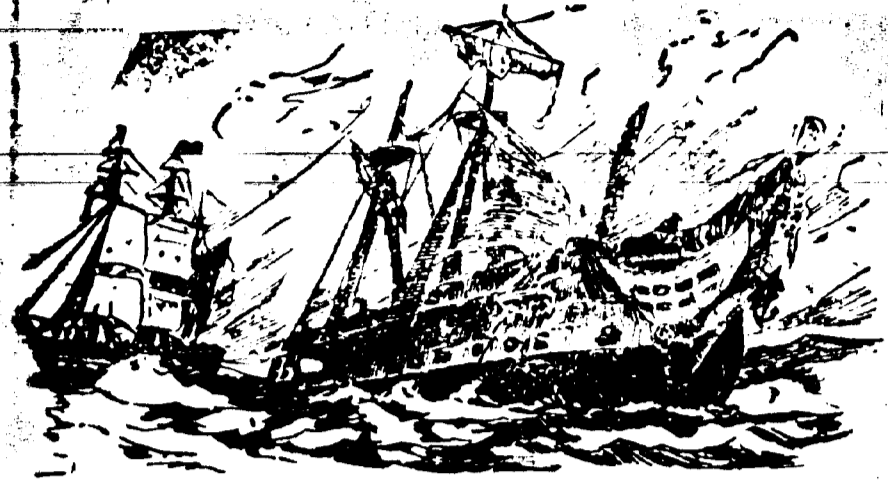


FAMOUS OLD FLAGSHIP NIAGARA TO BE RAISED FROM LAKE ERIE

Vessel Made Memorable Through Heroic Deeds of Commodore Perry to Be Preserved as a Naval Relic.



Washington.—The rate bill, pure and simple, is a type of the Panama canal...

The bill provides for the salvage work under the direction of the secretary of the navy...

The site contemplated by the board of trustees of the soldiers' and sailors' home of Erie...

The size of the building may be judged from the fact that the Niagara which was built after the same model...

Every American knows of the heroic deeds of Perry at the battle of Lake Erie in the war of 1812...

Contrary to an impression that has gained currency the Niagara did not sink during the battle...

The water at this point is not very deep and the location of the wreck has been well identified...

At the beginning of the present Congress Representative Bates announced his determination to see that a relic of such value should be carefully kept...

The raising of the Niagara should not take a great deal of time and the suggestion has even been made that it be rushed so that the ceremonies attendant on placing the old craft on the lawn of the home may take place on September 10...

The battle of Lake Erie has always been regarded by Americans as their crowning victory on water in the second struggle with Great Britain...

Perry not only fought both the Lawrence and the Niagara with consummate skill, but he also built them, an achievement not possible to the naval leaders of today...

Early in the war he was assigned to go to Lake Erie and build two brigades of 500 tons each and 20 guns. So imperative was the haste that timber cut in the forest was put into the ships on the same day...

DIAMONDS OUT OF SPACE.

Samples Mined on Earth Fragments of Immense Meteorites.

The only real perfect diamonds which are to be found on this globe are those which fall from the sky in meteorites...

That is a startling statement, but a still more startling one is that all the diamonds to be found on this planet have fallen on the earth from the skies and have not, as most persons suppose, been produced here like coal and other mineral products...

Yet this is the latest scientific assertion with regard to the world's stock of the precious stones. The whole stock of the Kimberly mines, with their unknown resources, and all the gems of this character to be found in any part of the planet—all have fallen from space at some time or other...

Somewhere in the illimitable distance there is a vast diamond factory, the only place where perfect gems are produced. The first piece of evidence is that the whole of the rock in which Kimberly gems are found is similar to nothing else on earth...

In plain language, the whole of that vast mass of rock fell on earth from the skies at some late period of the world's formation. This is rather staggering, but it must be remembered that there is a mountain in Arizona which is acknowledged by all scientists to be a meteoric mountain...

Diamonds are found practically in superficial layers of the earth's crust; that is another proof of their celestial origin. Further, the diamond crystals are formed like no others that are of earthly origin...

It is curious that earthly diamonds are not perfect and that some of them when first brought from Kimberly mines and exposed to the air explode and crack into several pieces. Now the stones which come down in meteorites also explode when they are taken from the protecting mass which covers them completely...

This is due to the peculiar conditions which prevail where the stones are produced and these conditions can not prevail on the earth as the oxygen prevents them.

In order to make a diamond it is necessary that the constituents should be very hot and that cooled quite suddenly; nothing else will account for the peculiar shape of the crystals and the general formation of the gem.

DR. FRENCH'S WATERMELONS.

The Punishment He Meted Out to the Juvenile Thieves.

Of all the favorites of the "storied past" in the matter of original cleverness and quaintness of humor, few surpass Dr. French of the little village of Bath, N. H.

One summer he possessed a crop of watermelons that made his heart glad and the small boy envious. One night the sun of envy was transmuted into larceny, and the doctor was bereft of the finest of his patch.

He said nothing, thought much, and apparently did nothing. But some evenings later, before midnight, he received sudden summonses to the bedside of half a dozen small boys in the neighborhood. They were very ill, and vomited copiously.

Dr. French then knew who had taken his melons, as he had injected a stiff dose of tartar emetic into some of his melons. Since he collected his usual fee from each patient, he was quite indifferent to the further punishment of the bad boys, and discovered a new source of profit in melon raising.

Lady Curzon's Voice. In the later years of her life only very intimate friends knew that Lady Curzon possessed a remarkably fine singing voice or that she had been a pupil of Mme. Marchesi.

To Prohibit Barmaids. A movement is on foot in England to prohibit women from acting as barmaids. If passed, the proposed bill will affect between 30,000 and 40,000 women.

Unless She's His Sister. "How long does it take a young man to teach a girl to swim?" "If she's pretty it ought to take all summer."—Houston Post.

Always Fetches It. Wade Parker—What do you take for seaickness? Glen Viller—A sail on a yacht.—Cleveland Leader.

THE DESTINY OF WOMEN.

She Should Be Satisfied With Being a Woman.

The first requirement in the ideal of a woman is that she shall be a satisfied woman, and that she does not at all wish to be anything but a woman.

Woman should not be satisfied to accept herself at this valuation, though that, doubtless, is better than to revolt against her fate; but she should appraise herself, feel the high dignity of her position, recognize the advantages of life under the special form in which she receives it, and which in nobility is equal to that bestowed upon man.

We often meet young ladies who would like to be boys. In speaking among themselves of certain others of their set they say: "There is a girl who ought to have been a boy; she is a boy lost!"

It amounts to saying that certain young girls have aptitudes which ordinarily are characteristic of young boys. But these have never prevented a woman from being truly and gracefully womanly.

What we wish to indicate and stigmatize here is silly scorn of that which we already possess; a refusal to put it into operation, to employ it, and the dangerous illusion which lies in thinking that we should have done greater work in this world if God had wished to make us something other than that which he has desired.

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD.

Gleanings from the Scrap Book of an Old-Time Actor.

The late William F. Owen, an old-school actor, who toured with Booth, left behind him an interesting scrapbook of press notices. Though famous in later life, Mr. Owen in his youth often toured with companies that were none too successful.

"Next Monday evening," ran the advance notice, "our people will be favored with a treat such as we seldom enjoy in our little city. The world-famous Garrick Dramatic company, presenting the sparkling comedy, 'Wood and Won,' will appear at Dub's hall with a company of artists whom it is a pleasure and a duty to commend to the favorable notice of all lovers of pure and refined comedy."

After the company's departure without paying the editor wrote: "Last Monday night a tenth-rate gang of barnstormers held forth to a slim and suffering audience in Dub's hall. They performed, or rather murdered, a piece called 'Wood and Won,' a dreary collection of gags, jokes and conundrums older than the ark."

Former Senator Thurston's Humor. Former Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, who was representing the defense in a recent trial in one of the state courts, arose the other day to reply to argument of counsel for the government on a point of law.

John Doyle's Generosity. The late William Plummer, of Newburyport, who was a contractor and mason, had in his employ as a tender an Irishman named John Doyle.

Silas N. Clark, of Winthrop, Me., celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday recently. In that occasion there was quite a gathering of relatives and friends at his house.

Mentality Light. "It seems to me," said the visitor, "that your city authorities are lacking in many things. For instance, they have no mental force."

Always One End. It's easy to name the winner of an argument in which a man's words are pitted against a woman's tears.

The Mink Raker. The man who contends that the world is growing worse always goes about armed with a mink raker.

Brave and Fair. The Man—I'd give anything if you would kiss me. The Maid—But the scientists say that kisses breed disease.

Wade Parker—What do you take for seaickness? Glen Viller—A sail on a yacht.—Cleveland Leader.

CRYING SHELLS OF CEYLON.

Sounds They Make Like the Notes of an Aeolian Harp.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent, having heard a story about musical sounds issuing from the lake at Batticaloa, in Ceylon, paid a visit to the place, says Chambers' Journal.

"In the evening," says Tennent, "when the moon rose I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about 200 yards northeast of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind or a ripple except those caused by the dip of our oars."

"On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots, and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed."

"They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support the conjecture that they could be the reverberation of noises made by insects of the shore conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at points where the nature of the land and the intervention of the fort and its building forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction."

Against Hard Proposition. Herbert Knox Smith, the brilliant deputy of the bureau of corporations, said in Washington apropos of certain illegal acts: "Those acts are illegal, but the question is: Can the law get at the perpetrators? I am afraid it can't."

"Honey is Nutritious. Honey, one of the most nutritious and delicate of foods, should be eaten more than it is," said a cooking expert. "Bought in the comb, it is found to be undiluted and this pure honey will keep its friends free from sore throat and bronchial troubles."

"The other day," at the Cafe Neapolitan, a favorite haunt of journalists and men of letters, French and foreign, says a Paris correspondent, "I sat beside three tourists—an Austrian, a Bulgarian and an Italian—who, ignorant of one another's native tongue, talked in Esperanto. To me it was a revelation, in the sense that hearing or seeing a thing is so much more conclusive and impressive than reading about it."

Kind Lad. Tommy—Pa gave me a framed note to the 't said, 'Little Boys Should Be Seen, and Not Heard.' Hobby—Where'd yer put it—in yer room? Tommy—Naw! I sent it ter th' deaf an' dumb kids at th' asylum. I thought it'd cheer 'em up.—Cleveland Leader.

Unemotional. "You should be grateful for the applause your constituents give you." "Perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I am inclined to regard applause as a popular diversion habitually indulged in. The pretext is largely a matter of chance."—Washington Star.

A Difference. Mrs. Jawback—You don't love me as much as you did before we were married. Mr. Jawback—Oh, yes, I do. I just don't love you as much as I said I did then.

Wise Precautions. "Who put up that stovepipe?" "My papa." "Did he have any trouble?" "I don't know. Mamma made me go out of the room before he started."—Cleveland Leader.

HERMITS LIVE!

Rise at Dawn and Cook Sun with Setting Sun.

The strange colonies of hermits who have taken up their abode in the neighborhood of Lourdes, Ronco and Orselina are increasing in numbers. One group, which occupies the wooded plateau known as Monte Verita, is 125 strong, and counts in its members six German professors, three military officers, one of whom is married to a countess who also belongs to the sect, two doctors and a priest, says a correspondent for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The majority are well to do, and some are wealthy. As these pay well for anything they buy and do not trouble about making converts, the inhabitants are on friendly terms with them.

They sleep in caves, are vegetarians and do not wear ordinary clothing. A linen hood and a shroud of the same material are the only garments they wear. Their feet, legs, arms and necks are uncovered, and the hair is never cut, though the men trim their beards in a patriarchal way. The women allow their tresses to float in the air.

The motto of all is "Back to nature." "The height of wisdom and philosophy," they say, "is to understand nature; that alone brings peace and happiness."

They rise at dawn and go to sleep with the setting of the sun; they eat only fruit and vegetables and drink only water. In the summer they have daily sun baths and in the winter snow baths.

Some of them have extraordinary theories, which they carry out with great perseverance. One beautiful woman of 30, who was formerly a well-known singer at the Berlin opera, refuses to touch money, which she says is the root of all evil. Her theory often lands her in difficulties, from which she occasionally extricates herself by singing to her debtors.

Another member only eats vegetables that ripen underground. A third confines himself strictly to raw eggs and potatoes. A fourth spends \$25 a week among the poor villagers and keeps the doctors busy by bringing to their notice cases for which he pays.

All the colony are in the best of health and always appear perfectly happy, amiable and polite.

Foiled the Grocer. T. Augustus Heinze, at a dinner in Butte, praised a western orator. "At the start," said Mr. Heinze, "this man secured the sympathy of his audience. There was, for instance, a little fellow who entered a grocer's shop and said: 'I believe I am an injured husband, sir, and I desire to verify my suspicions by watching a house in the next street. But I can only do this safely from the rear of your shop. Will you let me sit by the open window there for half an hour?'"

"To be sure, my friend. Make yourself at home." "Some time passed. Then the jealous husband rushed through the shop, rolling his eyes and muttering: 'I'll kill her! I'll go home and get the gun and kill her now.'"

Your wife," said the grocer. "Yes," groaned the man. "My false wife, my beloved May. I can not doubt her guilt, and before sundown I shall be a murderer."

The grocer tried to detain him, but he got away. Nothing happened in the way of murder for an hour or more, and then, a little disappointed and suspicious, the grocer made an investigation in the back of his shop, to find that there had been passed out through the open window three tubs of butter, a crate of eggs, two bags of flour and a dozen hams.

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