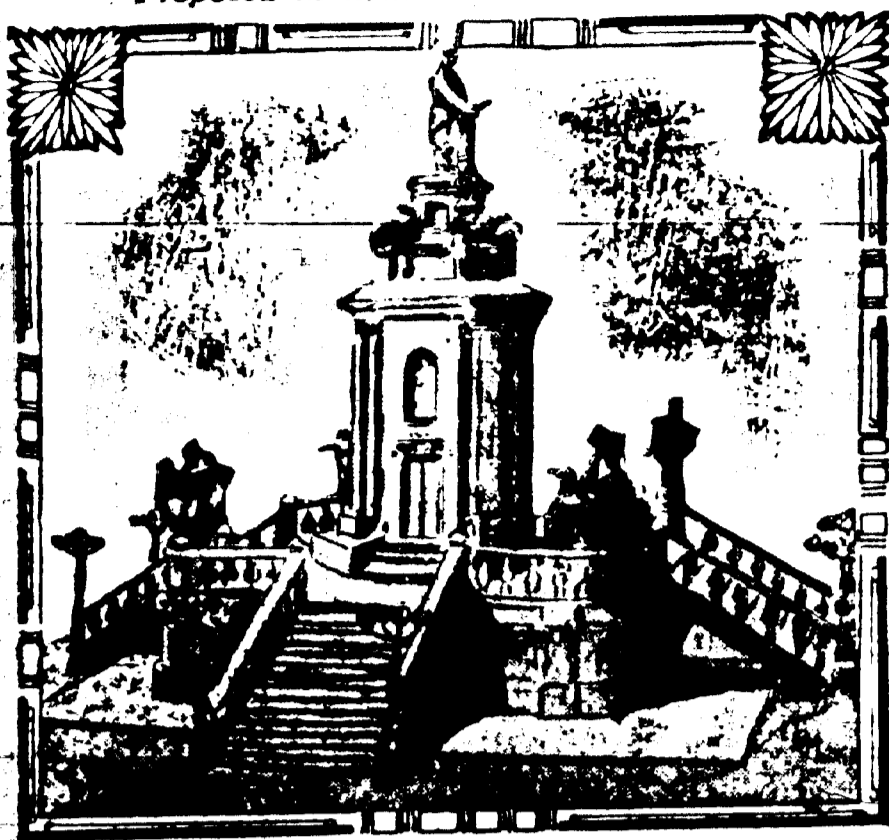


Proposed Monument to Robert Fulton.



To be erected at New York city in honor of the man who made the first steamboat.

TOWNS BUILT IN DAY

FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES ERECTED IN 24 HOURS.

Custer, Col., and Other Boom Sites That Sprang Into Existence as If by Magic—Quick Work in Oklahoma.

Denver, Col.—The town of Custer, Col., named after the great Indian fighter, came into existence in a single day. It consists of some 500 wooden houses, all of which were constructed between sunrise and sunset. Material was shipped from...

Each piece of each building was numbered and laid in order near the site it was to occupy so that it could be more readily handled. As in the building of King Solomon's temple, all the pieces were made to fit into each other, the work of construction being therefore only a matter of fitting the pieces together and driving a few spikes.

The sites had all been cleared and leveled in advance, and 2,000 men in addition to the settlers were engaged in the building of the town. The largest of the houses was a boarding house, which was two stories high, and shops were erected for bakers, butchers and other tradesmen.

In Oklahoma more than one town sprang up in a day. Thomas City was a case in point. Indeed, according to report, it came into being in a single afternoon. Within a few hours 2,000 persons were comfortably settled and business was in motion. A newspaper was likewise printed and circulated among the new community, and a big birthday celebration was held on the following day.

Another Oklahoma "boom" town which ran up like magic is Snyder. It was born on a Friday. In anticipation of that interesting event, thousands of people flocked to the place, among whom were shopkeepers, land agents and many others who were anxious to secure the best sites on the new day. Until then nobody was allowed to enter the town area.

At sunset on Thursday Snyder was nothing but a name, for it was minus houses, railway and inhabitants. But soon after sunrise next morning fully 10,000 people were on the spot. The town was being rapidly mapped out; the erection of buildings was in progress; trains were running; a railway station had been erected, while two hotels, three banks and a number of shops were each doing quite a brisk business.

Almost as marvellous was the creation of Lawton. Within 55 minutes after the site of the town had been selected no fewer than 5,000 lots were taken up. Two hours later the population had increased to between 7,000 and 8,000 persons.

A score of eating places and double that number of grocery and other stores opened for business during the day. A bank, which was conveyed to the town on wheels, was able to start operations at once. A fully equipped newspaper office was likewise wheeled into the town, ready for action, so soon as the great business of the day was over. Speculation, some thousands of lots changing hands before the vendors had owned them many minutes.

Buy City Lot for Five Cents. Norfolk, Va.—Acting under a statute enacted by the late legislature, S. W. Lyons, treasurer of Norfolk county, today began to sell land for delinquent taxes. Two Norfolk city lots in an outlying district were bid in for 5 cents each. But one bidder was on hand for the sale, land speculators not yet knowing just what the extent of meaning of the law is, being slow to take chances. Many authorities think the law does not apply to these lots, but the treasurer thinks otherwise. He has a list of 500 of them, most of them being now in Norfolk, although they were in the county before the districts in which they lie were annexed to the city.

HEN DOES WORK ON TRAIN.

Brood of Chickens Comes to Light While Train Speeds Away.

St. Louis.—In some corners of Kirkwood it is not considered polite to inquire too closely as to the origin of a man's chickens or whether they were raised in Missouri, in Arkansas, or from a low roost on a dark night. Horace E. Hood of that town, however, is much interested in the nativity of 17 fowls he received from George E. Dent of Lawrence county, Arkansas, a few days ago. He had asked Mr. Dent to send him some baby chickens for his little girl, and Mr. Dent, who had no small chickens on hand, shipped to Plymouth Rock, Mo., and her nest of 15 eggs.

Soon after leaving his Arkansas home the old hen began to announce with exultant clucks that her three weeks' work had not been in vain, and fluffy little chickens began to appear. At Imboden, Ark., there were six chickens, and back counties on the train became greatly interested, and made frequent inspections to count the brood and speculate on the next edition. As the train approached St. Louis 15 of the eggs had produced chickens and the passengers were disposed to agree that the old hen had accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of her.

At Tower Grove station, ten minutes before the train was due at its destination, the old hen triumphantly clucked the announcement that her maternal labors were crowned with complete success, and the sixteenth chicken was a St. Louisian.

STORES HIS CIDER IN CISTERNS.

Apple Grower Introduces New Method of Keeping Pressed Juice.

Waterville, Wash.—A new method of storing cider was introduced into the apple growing section of Big Bend county, John Wardinsky, a farmer in southern Douglas county, has a dry well on his place which he lined with cement in approved sanitary manner. This was used as a "cider cistern," placing his cider in it for storage through the winter. The well is equipped with a pump.

Mr. Wardinsky formerly lived in the great apple growing sections of northwestern Arkansas, and says that it is not uncommon for farmers there to keep cider in this manner, where it is regarded with almost as much favor as storing in barrels. Convenience for drawing it for use is another argument favoring the cistern method. A chemical is used to prevent the cider from acquiring too great a degree of "hardness."

RAILROAD LINES GROW FAST.

Add 4,716 Miles in Year 1905 and Increase Capital.

New York.—There were 217,341 miles of completed railroad in the United States at the end of 1905, according to the figures compiled by Poor's Manual for 1906, of which the advance pages have just been issued. There was a net increase of railroad mileage in 1905 of 4,716 miles. The capital stock represented amounted to \$6,741,956,825, according to the same authority, and the bonded debt to \$7,426,361,901. The total liabilities of the lines aggregate \$16,232,880,823, against \$15,495,504,651 in 1904.

The cost of the roads and their equipment is figured at \$12,143,997,561, against \$11,664,191,134 in the previous year. The total traffic revenue was \$2,112,197,770, with operating expenses of \$1,368,549,574. The passenger numbers numbered 754,446,641, and they were carried 23,906,429,658 miles.

Kermitt to Hunt in Maine.

New York.—Kermitt Roosevelt is soon to go on a hunting trip on Mattawamkeag lake, Arnoostook county, Maine, where William Sewell, President Roosevelt's old Maine woods guide and western ranch superintendent, has been building new camps. Some time ago Sewell invited the president to come on a hunting trip but thus far the head of the nation has been too busy to accept. He may it is said, come later in the season.

MOONSHINING IN NEW YORK.

Illicit Still Constantly Working in Crowded Sections of the City.

"Don't talk to me about moonshining in Kentucky," said the internal revenue agent. "There's more moonshining going on all the time in little old New York than could be done in ten Kentucky. In the crowded sections of the East and West sides stills spring up right along and for awhile conduct a flourishing business in the low grade whisky they manufacture."

"You see, it doesn't take much trouble to equip a still with corn and yeast and start in to make the mash which is finally turned out as a pretty poor sort of whisky. The great difficulty is in getting rid of the peculiar smoke and odor from the stills without exciting suspicion. This is usually attempted by running the still in connection with a dye shop or some other chemical enterprise as a blind. We keep watch on all such establishments and have the town well covered by sharp-eyed and sharp-nosed agents besides."

"We are constantly arresting these small moonshiners and sending them to jail. But enough spring up in their places for you to say with safety that, as I say, there's more moonshining going on in New York city right along than there could be in ten Kentucky." —N. Y. Sun.

CODICIL WITH A POINT.

Jocular Bequest of David Hume to His Lifelong Friend.

A jocular bequest of David Hume to his friend John Home was curious. Home liked clear and distilled port, calling it poison, and the two friends had many discussions on the subject. They also used to have disputes as to which of them took the proper way of spelling their common family name. The philosopher, about a fortnight before his death, wrote with his own hand the following codicil to his will: "I leave to my friend, Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret of his choice and one single bottle of that liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port provided that he attests under his hand, signed John Hume, that he himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."

Mouse Killed Cat.

It is not often that a mouse kills a cat. Such a death, however, was meted out recently to a fine black cat in a Cape May hotel.

The cat caught the mouse, and began, as cats will, to play with it, to tease it. For some ten minutes this went on. And then, all of a sudden, the cat found herself struggling for her life. In mousing the mouse, without desiring to hurt it, she had inadvertently half swallowed it. There it was, stuck in her throat, choking her to death.

For three or four minutes the cat choked and gasped. Then it fell over dead. And the mouse, oddly enough, was disgorged at the moment the cat died. The mouse was alive. It lay on the floor a moment resting. Then it stole away after one triumphant look at the dead body of the cat which it had killed.

Beardless Americans.

The fantastic trimming of beards into formal shapes corresponding to old-fashioned box-hedges began during Elizabeth's reign, and has continued to a greater or less degree to the present day. In England now a gentleman is supposed to wear a mustache, and until comparatively recently the growth of one was the first ambition of the youth of this country. It is hardly ten years since the American usage changed, but the revolution was so complete, when it did arrive, that nowadays, young men are almost invariably clean-shaven, and their elders are gradually yielding to the new fashion.—North American Review.

An Uncertain Obituary.

A Georgia man has written the following on an oak slab which marks a supposed grave in a meadow: "This spot is sacred to the memory of a faithful animal—a white mule, born ten years before the civil war, and went through that war on a rush, from Bull Run to Lees' surrender. We ain't certain that the mule died here, but when last seen the faithful critter was grazing on this identical spot and trying to kick a lightning flash back to the clouds."

Lucky Horseshoe.

"I see you have a horseshoe nailed over your door. I hope you are not so superstitious as to believe that they are lucky," remarked the visiting friend. "That horseshoe was on the horse that kicked my uncle to death. My uncle left me nearly a million dollars. I am not superstitious, but somehow I can't help but think that there's some luck about a horseshoe."

Turk in Michigan University.

Frank M. Malican, a native of Swaz Turkey, has entered the medical department of Ann Arbor university. Mr. Malican is an accomplished linguist. It is his intention to become an American citizen as soon as the law will allow.

Irish Object to Cromwell Statue.

When the British parliament reassembles a motion will be made, at the instance of the Irish party, for the removal of the statue of Oliver Cromwell from the precincts of the house of parliament, where it now stands.

M-LE HAS APPETITE FOR BEER.

Also Has Tobacco-Chewing Habit and Won't Work Without Weed.

Leavenworth, Kan.—More than one hundred persons saw a mule led into the Star of the West Saloon, where it lined up at the bar with a number of coal miners and drank its fill of beer from a galvanized bucket, after which it was led out into the street, there hitched to its cart, which it had drawn through the streets in the Labor Day parade and after being given a chew of tobacco, started off for the Home mine.

The mule works in the mine and is a great pet, but it is badly spoiled. It absolutely refuses to work in the morning until one of the miners gives it a chew of tobacco, when it starts out and slaves all day. When hitched to the coal cart for the parade there were four little boys in the cart. It was quite restless and remained so until the men gave it a chew of tobacco. Wash Liff is authority for the statement that it was fed a dime plug of tobacco during the entire parade.

It was after the parade John Wery said it would be impossible to get the mule inside his place. Liff not only had the mule taken into the saloon, but lined up at the bar, where a bucket was provided. The animal seemed to enjoy the beer hugely and was somewhat averse to being led out. He didn't stagger when driven out.

A REMARKABLE APPETITE.

Champion Shot-Putter Can Eat Three Dozen Eggs a Day.

New York.—The ability of Dennis Horgan, champion shot-putter, and one of the star athletes of the New York Athletic club, as a consumer of raw eggs is a subject of interest to physical culture students, and of much good-natured joking among his friends. It is not an unusual thing for Horgan to eat a dozen freshly laid and well beaten raw eggs at a meal, and three dozen raw eggs a day, when the big shot-putter feels real well, is not a hard stunt. The eggs are beaten up in a bowl, and milk and sugar added.

Horgan believes this is about the best form of diet for athletes who are doing heavy work, as is weight-throwing.

"I have always been a good feeder," said Horgan, "and I am very partial to freshly laid and well beaten eggs, with milk and sugar. I have eaten as many as 15 at a meal, and have experienced no ill effects beyond a possible desire to cackle a little when putting the 28-pound weight over 36 feet, as I have done many times in practice. My present weight and in hard training is 250 pounds, and I find that the harder I work the stronger I get, and also the larger I grow. This weight gaining is a peculiar result, I am told, but due entirely, I believe, to the fresh-egg diet. Eggs are better than meat for training, although I do not turn up my nose at prime roasts." Horgan measures 48 inches around the chest.

BIG GIFT FOR POOR BRIDE.

Senator Clark Sends Wedding Present to His Niece in Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia.—Miss Grace A. Baker, niece of Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, and F. A. Nicholas, a young railroad man, were married here, but the senator was not present. Instead came a \$10,000 wedding present by telegraph.

The senator had fully determined to attend the wedding of the niece, whom he had never known until a few weeks ago. The bride is a poor clerk in a local dry goods store. She is the daughter of Senator Clark's dead sister. Clark was formerly an Iowa man and when his sister died he believed he had lost practically his last close relative. Until he received an invitation to the wedding he never knew she had left a daughter. Then the senator determined to attend the wedding at all hazards and wired asking if the ceremony could not be delayed a few days. The wedding was postponed, but again the senator could not come because of business engagements.

However, when he wired that a wreck was delaying him in Kansas the superstitious bride would not consent to a third postponement.

Well Gives Light and Heat.

Pierre, S. D.—From an artesian well, which was bored by contractors for the railroad company, is pouring an ample supply of water, but as its temperature is 135 degrees, it is too hot for the uses intended. The same pipe is also supplying an abundant flow of gas, and it has been suggested that houses near the well be piped to supply the residents with the water for heating and gas for lighting. Every well sunk in this section of the state emphasizes the fact that an abundant gas supply exists if it can be located, and it is expected to send the drill deep enough in the well to be sunk at the Indian school in this city to give the matter at least a partial test.

Largest Banner in World.

Washington, D. C.—The largest flag in the world is to hang in the great court of the post office building as soon as a contract for its manufacture can be awarded. Sixty feet long by about 35 feet wide is the approximate size. A few measurements of the court of the building will have to be made before the bunting is cut. The actual cost of construction is to be about \$200. Each of the 13 stripes will be almost three feet wide.

COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN.

Worthy Scheme for Higher Education That is Unique.

In London there is a college for working women, the aim of which is to supply women occupied during the day with a higher education than is generally within their reach. The whole of the teaching staff is unpaid, and the college, which has existed for 32 years, owes its being and its present success to Miss Frances Martin, who is its honorary secretary, and has devoted a lifetime to its interests. In connection with the college there is a benefit club, a penny bank and the rooms in the college for reading and refreshment practically make it a delightful clubhouse for girls who are engaged during the day. There are several social clubs, and during the winter monthly dances and Dorcas meetings are held, says the Chicago Daily News. The special classes in ambulance and dressmaking are exceedingly popular with the members and in the former subject at the last examination every one of the candidates succeeded in taking her certificate.

CONSIDERATE OF THE COOK.

Rural Guest Surprises Hotel Clerk by His Thoughtfulness.

"This story may sound a bit fishy, but it is true, nevertheless," said a city hotel clerk. "A few days ago a young man came in and registered and I immediately sized him up as a resident of the rural districts. He was very verdant and that was demonstrated beyond doubt later when he asked me what time dinner would be ready. I told him the hours for meals and he left the desk. Shortly afterward he came back. I saw there was something on his mind and thought I'd help him out.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I inquired. "Well, I dunno," he replied, "but I was just thinking I'd tell you I won't be here at dinner time, so you needn't bother about waiting for me. I've got to meet a feller about the time you said was meal time, and I don't know whether I'll be able to get back. I don't want to put you to any trouble, so you had better tell the cook about it. I guess I can get along without dinner for one day anyhow."

"We don't often have guests who are so considerate of the cook," mused the hotel man.

Escaped Their Fool Friends.

A young couple married the other day in Brooklyn disappeared in spectacular fashion from the gaze of the guests who had gone over from New York to view the ceremony. As they were preparing to depart two beautiful, spirited horses were brought to the front of the house. The happy pair appeared in immaculate riding dress, mounted the horses, which were wearing presents, and rode away at a gallop rapid enough to avoid the showers of rice and discarded footwear and the usual delay that attends such departures in a carriage or a motor car. In spite of the general impression of the guests, the blissful pair did not ride far. They changed the horses for an automobile a short distance away.

Stone That Bends.

The stone looked like a piece of dark granite. It was a foot long, and several inches thick. Lifted, it bent this way and that, like rubber.

"It is Isacolomite or flexible sand stone," said the owner. "It is found in California, Georgia, and several other states. Besides bending it will stretch.

"Look at it closely and you will see that it is formed of a number of small pieces of stone of various tints, all dovetailed together loosely, so as to allow of a slight movement. "This movement is what causes the stone to bend. See how it bends! Like rubber, precisely, eh? But if I bend it too far it will break!"

Only London Humor Genuine.

All the best humor that exists in our language is Cockney humor. Chaucer was a Cockney, he had his house close to the Abbey. Dickens was a Cockney; he said he could not think without the London streets. The London taverns heard always the quaintest conversation, whether it was Ben Johnson's at the Mermaid or Sam Johnson's at the Cock. Even in our time it may be noted that the most vital and genuine humor is still written about London.—Illustrated London News.

Welshmen in Business.

Cymric settlers in the British metropolis seem to concentrate their enterprise on only two trades. When a London Welshman is not a draper he is a milkman, with the result that practically all the draperies and dairies in London are owned or run by Welshmen. Incidentally, it may be noted that there are some 30 places of worship in London where the services are conducted in the Welsh language.

Long Talk on the War.

Several years ago at a G. A. R. camp fire Capt. Knott V. Martin was the principal speaker. A belated comrade asked Joe B. "Who is talking?" The response was "Capt. Knott. He's giving a history of the war, and has been talking an hour and a half, and hasn't got through with the first three months' men."

A Candid Estimate.

"What do you think of that bank robbery of a hundred thousand dollars?" "Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "when I consider the magnitude of most operations nowadays, it looks to me like petit larceny."

DREAM PAYS HIS DEBT.

Wilkesbarre Hunter Presents Veracious Story of Squirrels.

Bill Anderson of the Bushies tells the latest squirrel tale, and it heads the list. Bill owned a merchant in town here 50 cents, and he had promised to pay it Saturday. Friday night just before day he dreamed. In his dream he remembered the 50 cents and how the merchant expected it the next day. He also saw a large hickory tree in a secluded spot in the woods, and on it were many squirrels gambling and playing on its branches. He saw himself shooting them with deadly aim and how he had brought them to town and settled with the merchant. His dream was over, he awoke, and without waiting to put on his shoes, he grabbed his gun and went to the tree. The squirrels were there, and without moving from the tracks he killed 12. As he killed the last one he saw a weasel climbing the tree and killed it. About that time a crow lit in the tree and it was brought down. He turned for home and saw another squirrel near by and killed it. His dream had been realized. To corroborate his story, he brought the squirrels to town Saturday, paid off the merchant and had cash over—Wilkesbarre Chronicle.

LIFE IN OCEAN DEPTHS.

Carnival of Tragedy Among the Deep Sea Fishes.

"All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters," says a naturalist. "There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every faculty for killing and devouring is provided—luminescence to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife-blade teeth for tearing, abnormally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey, or how ever large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth yawns like a cavern and the stomach distends to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in fishes seems never wanting and complete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour. For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly." —Scientific American.

All the Same to Him.

It was Sunday, and a huge crowd was loitering upon the turntable awaiting the Geary street car. An elderly lady, red in the face, flustered and fussy, dug elbows into the ribs of all and staid in her search for information.

A fat man on her right got a particularly vicious jab below the belt she flung at him. "Say!"

He moved in front of her. She thumped him on the back with might and main. Finally he turned. "What the—"

"Say! Does it make any difference," she asked, "which of these cars I take to the cemetery?"

"Not to me, madame," he answered, and left her wondering why the crowd roared.—San Francisco Star.

Manfield's Awful Pun.

On the banks of the Thames just above Windsor was moored for years a house boat belonging to Lady V., who is a lifelong friend of Richard Mansfield. Her son is in America and called on the distinguished actor the other day. Mr. Mansfield's second inquiry was after the house boat, where he had passed so many enjoyable days.

"Oh, mother weared of the water," explained the young Englishman, "though she loves the old house boat. So she had piles driven in the bank and raised the house on them and there it stands high and dry and comfortable."

"What does she call it?" queried Mr. Mansfield, unblinking. "The house boat on the sticks!"

Tart Reply Well Merited.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, apropos of begging letter writers: "I receive hundreds a month, but one which came the other day beat any application I had ever read before. The applicant was from a woman, and it ran something like this: 'Please send me \$50 by return of post, otherwise I shall be forced to part with my honor.' I just wrote back: 'My Dear Madam—I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., and in reply would state that if you don't put a greater value than if your honor than \$50, it doesn't seem to me to be of much consequence whether you part with it or not.'"

The Climate of Cuba.

The annual mean temperature of Havana is 77 degrees Fahrenheit. There is only a slight range of extremes. Trade winds temper the heat, and it is most uncomfortable early in the morning before the winds develop. The nights are cool.

May to October inclusive are rainy months, while the remainder of the year is dry. Even in the rainy months the nights are generally and the days partly clear.

You Have Seen Them.

First Flat Dweller—Those people over there are always kicking on the meals.

Second Ditto—Then why don't they move?

First Flat Dweller—They're the kind that would rather kick than eat.—Detroit Free Press.

Mistake.

First Spirit—Well, how do you like the place? I used to be a reporter when on earth and—

Second Spirit—Goah! Then I've come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven.—Judge.