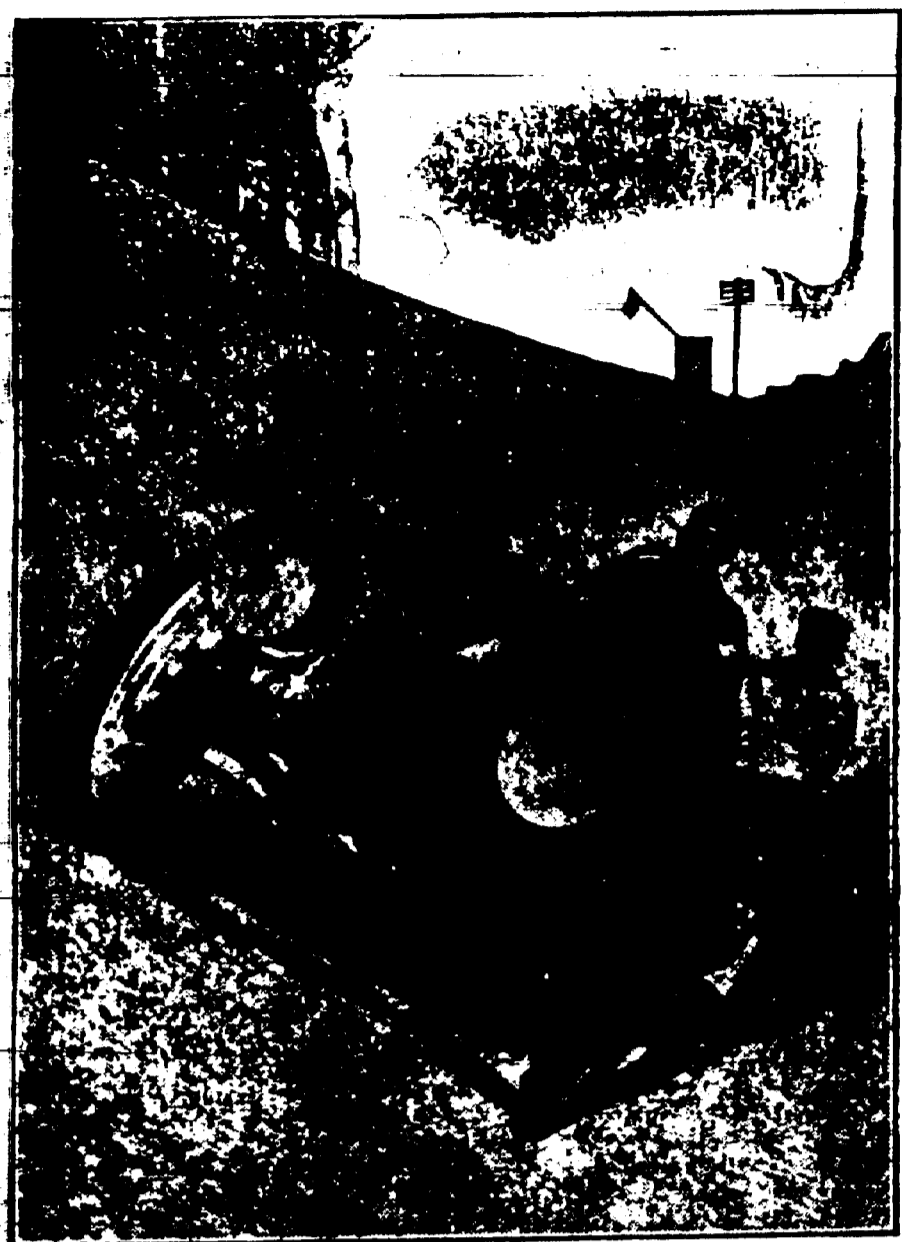


NEW ENGLISH AUTO TRACK



Mr. S. F. Edge Trying for a New 24-Hour Record.

FARMERS BUY AUTOS

NEW SIGNS OF PROSPERITY OBSERVED IN THE WEST.

Manufacturers of Motor Cars Cannot Make Machines Fast Enough to Supply Demand from Tillers of the Soil.

Lincoln, Neb.—Western agents of automobile factories assert that the machines could be obtained hundreds of autos could be old this summer to the farmers of Nebraska and Kansas.

The prosperity of western farmers has become an old story, and this prosperity is going to be augmented this year by another big crop of wheat and corn and oats.

When a Nebraska agriculturist adds to his machinery collection he buys only that which will be of use. That is why he is just now turning to the automobile.

If he uses his work horses to go to town or about the country, he deducts that much from their working capacity on the farm.

Former Baseball Pitcher Tests New Plan on Negro Murderer.

Pittsburg.—To save the nerves of tender-hearted officials, Sheriff A. C. Gumbert, formerly a pitcher on the Chicago National league baseball team, the other day successfully put into use a self-hanging device of his own invention.

While the deputy sheriff stood on the trap placing the noose about the condemned man's neck the sheriff stood with a wire held tight in his hand.

Green's body darted through the opening in the floor of the gallows and death, the physicians said, was almost instantaneous, the man's neck being broken.

Woman of 92 Fine Sprinter. London.—Sydney Talbot, the 98-year-old American marine engineer whose activity has been told of, has rivals.

LITTLE COIN BLOCKS CARS.

New York Motorman Searches Tracks Fifteen Minutes for Quarter.

New York.—There was much excitement on the Bowery the other day when a motorman on a south-bound Third avenue surface car tied up the line for nearly 15 minutes trying to find a 25-cent piece he had spied in the center of the track.

This the motorman did not know, and he crawled under the car to search for the coin. A large crowd soon gathered, thinking something was wrong.

Several men and boys, including a couple of street-cleaning sweepers, immediately joined in the search. After crawling about for ten minutes in vain the motorman had an inspiration that the coin might be under the wheel.

By this time the street was blocked, and the drivers of trucks were yelling like madmen. A string of cars extended back almost to Fourteenth street. A crowd of nearly 1,000 persons had gathered and the police had their hands full in dispersing it.

GETS BEAVER WITH FLY.

Fisherman Makes the Quickest Catch on Record.

Bangor, Me.—While W. E. Dill, of Eustis was fly fishing on the Dead river, near Ledge Falls, he noticed a young beaver suddenly come to the surface of the water within 50 feet of where he was casting from a rock in the stream.

When completely tired out by his struggles of 20 minutes, the beaver consented to be captured, and after exhibiting him at the Shaw house for a few hours Mr. Dill carefully returned him to his native home.

Wed Again to Please Mother. St. Louis.—To satisfy the bridegroom's mother, who was ill, Robert Elliott Chamberlain and his wife, who had until a few hours before been Miss Maud Cronhardt, were married a second time from Alton, Ill., where the first ceremony was performed.

KEPT UP BY EXCITEMENT.

Japanese Attacking Party Had Not Known They Were Wounded.

Owing to the small caliber of the bullets used during the Russo-Japanese war many soldiers did not know that they had been struck by them until the frenzy of an attack had passed.

MANY USES OF HONEY.

Compound One of the Best and Most Nutritious of Foods.

"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 pure and unadulterated, and this pure honey will keep its friends free from sore throat and bronchial troubles."

A Too Hasty Interruption.

A prominent citizen of a certain New Jersey town is a Sunday school superintendent, a druggist, and an editor. A New Yorker called upon him recently for the purpose of purchasing his drug store, and found him in the barroom of the hotel.

Waste of Wood in America.

"Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times as much wood as all the forests of the United States grow in the meantime."

Wanted to Help the Little Fellow.

Two men were engaged in sawing timber in the Maine woods. One was a big, brawny and very fierce-looking fellow, the other a meek and inoffensive little chap. They were using a cross-cut saw. A big Irishman happened along, and after standing there a few minutes watching them pull back and forth, decided that the big one was trying to take advantage of the other.

Help for Tony.

A passerby, seeing smoke issuing from a window on the first floor of a two-story wooden building, rang in an alarm, and the fire engines soon appeared on the scene. A crowd quickly gathered only to find that the smoke was caused by a defective stovepipe.

Washing in the Philippines.

"I am glad to get back home," said the bronzed young soldier, "because I'll be able to get some washing done now. They don't understand washing in the Philippines. They don't pretend to get the dirt out of your clothes. They take them down to the river—the water is salty—soak them in, lift them out, lay them on a board, and pound them full of holes and break all the buttons with big stones that they hold in each hand. To conclude, they smooth them out with a stick."

MAJESTY OF THE FAMILY.

Coachman Could Not Understand That Train Had Precedence.

Every one who has lived south knows that peculiar brand of loyalty among old servants that expresses itself in a profound conviction that their family is the "first family." Consequently, every southern town and city is still full of "just families."

NOTHING THERE FOR HIM.

Farmer Evidently Was Not Considered Matrimonial Prize.

An old farmer in the English Midlands was anxious to marry, but could not make up his mind because of the charms of a certain comely widow in the neighborhood and her equally charming daughter.

Canary Birds in Church.

Children's day was celebrated recently by the largest Methodist Episcopal Sunday school in Pennsylvania, that of Siloam church, East Susquehanna avenue, says the Philadelphia North American. The school has 2,148 pupils and all but a few of them attended the special services.

Herbs.

The housekeeper who has a kitchen garden—some women have conducted quite successful herb gardens in boxes on window-sills—need not be dependent upon the put-up herbs for seasoning. The herbs raised in the home garden are much more pungent when dried, and when thoroughly crumbled should be packed in air-tight receptacles.

The Legal Fare.

Ambassador Bryce, at a dinner, gave a young lady some tips on European travel. "And above all," he said, "don't fail to tip your cabman liberally. Hansoms and four-wheelers would be cheap in London if one only paid the legal fare for them, but he who tries to pay the legal fare—well, he doesn't try it more than once. One day I saw an old lady stop a hansom, look up at the driver, and say timidly: 'Driver, I want to go to Ludgate Circus. I see by the book that the legal fare is two shillings. If I give you three will you promise not to swear at me afterwards?'"

Stung!

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged, tenderly. She fell for it, and he was busy for the next 15 minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly said. "Nope," she murmured. "It's hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Cleveland Leader.

Girl is Expert Violin Maker.

A 16-year-old Hungarian girl, living in Denver, is said to be the only female maker of violins in the world. She has just completed her fourth, and all of them are said to be of fine workmanship and excellent tone.

Her Offense.

"Why do her feminine acquaintances regard her as distant and un-social?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "she seems unable to take any interest in the gossip they exchange about one another."

WOMEN LOATH TO DOCUMENT.

Few Mothers Leave Wayward Children Out of Their Wills.

"One feature of women's wills is the infrequency with which they disinherit their children," remarked a lawyer. "It is quite unusual for a mother to cut off a child. Fathers frequently exhibit such spurts of temper. A son or a daughter may do something that displeases him, and to get even he simply wills the disobedient offspring five dollars and lets him go. BUT mothers can't do that. They are too soft. If ever they show any partiality at all it is in favor of the black sheep of the flock. No matter what a child may have done or how deep his disgrace, the mother only wills him an extra slice of her property to make ducks and drakes with. I have written hundreds of wills in my time, many of them for women. Often I have known my client to begin the interview by declaring: 'Now, there's Willie. He has behaved very badly. I shall cut him off with-out a penny.' 'You saw it coming,' and deliberately drove upon the track? What made you do such a crazy thing?' 'Well, you see, Marse George,' explained that bewildered individual, scratching his gray wool. 'Ah thought when dey see it's we-all's hal'dge, dey'd stop.'—Success Magazine.

THE WORK OF A MOTHER.

Surely Here is a Record Worthy of All Honor.

In a recent issue of a New York newspaper some one, signing himself "A Son," has thought it worth while, in a few brief words, to tell the most interesting story he knows. There is so much in it of interest to other mothers, we pass it along. "My mother brought up a family of 13 children on a small income. She is 74 years of age, and is sound and well. She has all her life done most of her own housework. The meals she cooks with her own deft hands are not only the most nutritious and the most palatable that any of her children or her guests have eaten, but have always been the most bountiful. I estimate that, during the 57 years of her career as the head of her own commissary department this lady has put upon her table before her own family and her guests no less than 375,000 meals. I submit this as a record worthy of honor."

What Great Writers Work For.

No great writer has ever consciously striven for a deathless fame, writes H. M. Alden, in Harper's. Such a writer is wholly absorbed in his work. Any vague desire he may have hitherto nourished is displaced by a distinct vision of beauty and truth which eclipses every ulterior object, demanding only and imperatively its own embodiment. Like Horace, he must be able to say ereg monumentum before he exclaims Non omnis moriar. The prosperity of writers with readers of their own generation is no security for their hold upon posterity. In present conditions it would almost seem that the near regard is won at the expense of the future. It may be that hereafter each new generation must, because of its new and more exigent demands, have and cherish only its own authors.

Smiling.

A smile is not a contortion. This statement would seem scarcely necessary were it not for the fact that one so constantly sees men and women distorting their faces in a spasmodic effort to seem friendly or witty. Ridiculous as it sounds, there is a proper way even to smile. First of all, do not smile at all unless there is real occasion for it. Next, smile slowly. Next, do not grin. And last, do not smirk. Abolish the sarcastic smile of contempt or patronage, the smile of sympathy. That is to say, realize that a sweet, amiable smile can come only from a sweet, amiable personality—and "go thou and do likewise."

Innards and Vitals.

As old Farmer Mullins urged his horses up the steep ascent of a Vermont hill he observed that one of the new boarders cast a pitying glance in the direction of the off horse as it labored to do its share. "Now, I suppose," said old Mullins, "that some of you city folks think it kinder tough to make these critters take such a hill; but it ain't so mean as you think. It's a big sight meaner to run 'em down hill, an' I'll tell ye why. Now, when a horse runs up-hill, his vitals presses on his innards, but when you run him down-hill, his innards presses on his vitals. An' that's a dern sight wuss, now, ain't it?"—Judge.

Odd Proposal of Marriage.

That celebrated painter of flower and figure subjects, William Hunt, was on one occasion commissioned by a gentleman to paint his portrait in the attitude of kneeling and holding in his hand an open scroll whereupon was written a declaration of love and an offer of marriage. The lady to whom this unusual proposal of marriage was sent, replied with a chalk drawing of herself with a sheet of paper in her hand on which was inscribed a laconic "Yes."

Even Nature Needs Advertising.

It is worth while to note the stern fact that even the wonders of creation do not actually attract any special attention unless some advertising man gets busy. The railroads really make Niagara falls go, the Philistine truly says. They are advertising it continually as a continuous performance and filling people with a desire to go there, then transporting them for a consideration.

WASNT PREPARED TO SWEAR.

Of Course His Friend Bill Never Stole Those Chickens, Etc.

A tall, rusty-biped, loose-gaited colored man walked into the office of O. P. McIltrath the other day with an official looking document in his hand. McIltrath recognized him as a man who had done some whitewashing for him once. "Boss," he began, "I want to git ole Bill Johnson outen de work-house. His family ain't got sca'cey 'nough to eat, and Bill never stole them chickens nebaw. Bill never stole nothin'. I's been over to see Mistah Cooley, an' coase he didn't know me, but I said I knowed you and you'd tell him I was all right, an' he said if you'd sign this paper maybe he could let Bill out." "Well," said McIltrath, "you just sign right down here, that you know that Bill didn't steal the chickens. Just take oath to that before me as a notary, and then I'll sign it." "Whut's that, Mistan McIltrath? You mean I must swear to it? Huh?—" He scratched his head and began to edge toward the door. "Of course, boss, I never likes to swear to nothin'. Bill never stole no chickens, but I don't want to take no oaths, cause I's 'lible to git mysef into trouble." And Bill served out his sentence at the workhouse.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DENTISTRY OF LONG AGO.

Proof That Ancients Had Some Degree of Skill in Art.

While unthoughtful moderns regard dentistry as being virtually a science of our own age, archaeologists know that it was practiced among the ancients. The museums of Rome and other places in Italy possess various specimens of dentists' work dating from before Christ, and another such specimen has recently been discovered in the jaws of a skeleton found in a tomb at Teano. The skeleton is that of a woman, and from the jaws there was extracted a gold mouth containing six teeth. A peculiar fact about the find is that the teeth, although "flapped" with gold, were undoubtedly natural, and the theory is that the ancients used gold flaps or rims to steady loose teeth. For artificial teeth the dentists of the old world had a fancy for animal teeth, especially bovine, by reason of their hardness, though occasionally a person in poverty would sell one for sufficient compensation.

The Earth as a Bell.

Studies of the violent earthquakes which occurred in the Balkan peninsula April 4, 1904, made by Dr. Emilio Oddone, professor in the University of Pavia, show that the shocks were transmitted through the entire body of the earth, and were reflected from the antipodes back to their place of origin in about 23 minutes. Comparing the records of other great earthquakes, Dr. Oddone concludes that the average time required for a vibration to traverse the globe and return by reflection is from 22 to 33 minutes. The earth thus appears to be not altogether unlike a great bell suspended in space and vibrating throughout its whole mass under strokes, which, comparatively speaking, observes the Youth's Companion, are no more than the tapping of a finger nail. Dr. Oddone calls attention to the interesting coincidence between the time taken for a vibration to traverse the globe and that required for light to cross the diameter of the earth's orbit.—Philadelphia Record.

The Old Melodrama.

Above the howling of the wolves the heroine's shrill voice rang over the pastebore mountains. "Give me those papers," she screamed, "or I shall tear out my hair! Do you hear, Roycroft Rolflingston! You heavy villain displayed his white teeth and rolled another cigarette. 'Yes, Julia Livingstone, I hear very distinctly,' he replied, in measured tones; 'but do be careful, little girl. You know the last time you bought your hair they said they were afraid they couldn't match it any more.' Crushed to earth, the poor heroine threw herself to the mercy of the mechanical wolves.

A Stolen Trade Secret.

The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into the tinplate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.

Chat.

A gentleman once remarked to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that one rarely found genius, wit, memory and judgment united in the same person. "Surely, there is nothing astonishing in this," replied the prince. "Genius takes its daring flight toward heaven—he is the eagle. Wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper. Memory marches backwards—he is the crab. Judgment drags along slowly—he is the tortoise. How can you expect all these animals to act in unison?"

His Position.

"You say the trouble arose over an argument you had with your wife?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the prisoner. "What position did you take in the matter?" "One just inside the woodshed, sir."