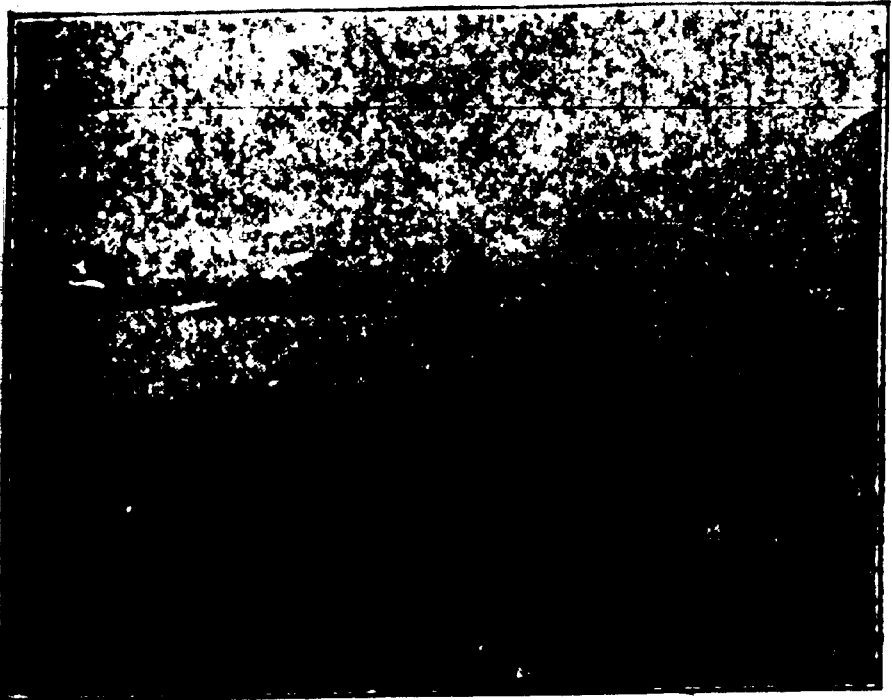


HARBOR FRONT, MONTREAL, QUEBEC



Montreal is the second city in Lower Canada; it was built by the French about the year 1642.

A SKELETON MYSTERY

BONES OF INDIAN CHIEF UN-EARTHED IN TEXAS.

So Clothed in Uniform of a Brigadier General of United States Army—Remains in Almost Perfect State of Preservation.

Brownwood, Tex.—The skeleton of what was probably once a famous Indian chief has been taken from a lonely and unmarked grave at the top of one of the Twin mountains, ten miles east of the spot where once stood the historic old fort of Camp Colorado.

Jim Byrne, a farmer, who discovered the skeleton, has lived near the Twin mountains for nearly 50 years, and has no recollection of any human body ever having been buried there. His 12-year-old son was on a hunting expedition recently and strolled to the top of the West Twin mountain when he suddenly came upon two big brass rings lying half embedded in the yellow clay of the hillside.

With pick and shovel the father and son began digging at the spot where the rings had been found, and had hardly scratched the surface of the earth when they uncovered the bones of a human being. By careful work the slay was removed from all sides of the bones and the sight that greeted the eyes of the explorers was most strange and fascinating.

Old army men here are highly interested in the find and declare that the savage had at some time killed a brigadier general and took his uniform, which, in true Indian style, was buried with the aborigine when he started on his journey for the happy hunting grounds.

The Twin mountains, where the skeleton was exhumed, stand ten miles east to north of the old Camp Colorado, which once formed the only protection for the pioneers of this section, and where was once stationed the afterward famous southern general, Robert E. Lee, then a young lieutenant. The fort was abandoned more than 30 years ago, and the oldest settlers have no memory of anyone having been buried on this mountain. The grave was nearly at the top of the mountain and on the east side, facing the sun.

The good state of preservation in which the bones and the uniform were found is accounted for by the fact that the impervious qualities of the clay in which they were buried excluded all moisture from the grave.

At 57 He Goes to College. Washington, Pa.—Peter Murray, of Buena Vista, at the age of 57, has gone to college.

He is a student at Jefferson academy, Canonsburg, and the teachers say he is one of their most diligent pupils.

In his youth Murray had to work for a living and sacrifice his schooling. He has accumulated money till his large business interests, he says, demand that he be better educated.

Holds Salary Is Immune. Washington—The war department has taken the position that the salary of a retired army officer is not subject to income tax, but that his other property is not exempt. The question arose in Massachusetts, where the state sought to levy the income tax upon a retired officer.

PARK ROAD'S CHAMPION CAT.

Wins Neighborhood Medal by Whipping Two Belligerent Dogs.

Washington.—Somewhere up on Park road there lives a mangy, undistinguished looking black cat which could win championship honors against any of the creatures of the nature fakers. That cat may not look like a winner, but a dozen reputable citizens can vouch for the fact that, single pawed and alone, she did up two of the neighborhood dogs so badly that they have both been obliged to take treatment in a canine sanitarium.

In the wee sma' hours the other morning the cat, having been out late at some function in feline society, was peacefully ambulating homeward when two dogs, a large white bulldog and a black and yellow hound, sighted her. Barking joyously, they started for the cat. All at once the bulldog broke away with a yelp of distress and dashed madly across the street, where he watched the rest of the fight from a safe distance.

The hound kept his hold of the cat's neck and shook her viciously until, feeling that it was time to brag a little, he released his grip long enough to emit a boastful bark. This was the cat's opportunity, and she sprang up on the hound's side. After a brief but bitter combat the hound managed to scramble to his feet and started painfully down the street. The cat watched the bulldog for a minute, and then, casting a glance of contemptuous pity at the hound, smoothed her fur and started off at a dignified pace for home.

MOUSE NEST IN A WOUND.

Everything Was Found in a Negro's Scalp But the Mouse.

Kansas City, Mo.—"I have run across lots of things sewed up in wounds," said Dr. J. P. Neal at the Emergency hospital the other afternoon, "but to-day is the first time I ever struck a mouse's nest—rather the proper materials for such a nest." Dr. Neal had just finished treating a wound on the head of William Wright, a negro laborer, 27 years old, who arrived here from Herrington, Kan. Wright was struck over the head with a monkey wrench by Henry Clark, a fellow laborer. The wound was attended by a Herrington physician. It pained Wright so greatly that he called at the Emergency hospital to have it redressed. In the wound the following foreign substances were found:

Several bunches of kinky hair. One piece of felt from Wright's hat. One piece of leather sweatband from same hat.

The pieces of felt and leather sweatband were oblong, and fitted exactly the places in the hat from which they had come. If round they would have been about the size of a dime.

ROOSTER MIGHTY WEAPON.

Wielded by Owner, Speedily Puts Hold-Up Men to Flight.

Cincinnati.—A variant blackjacks, smoke wagons and loaded canes. That most useful array of barnyard fowls, the rooster, has mounted the pedestal of superiority, and to-day all the members of Cincinnati's chicken population save one are holding their heads a little higher. It happened while Warren Edwards, a conductor, was on his way home. In his right hand he held by the legs a plump rooster that was destined to grace the Edwards' dinner.

"Halt! Hands up!" came a brusque command, and out of the darkness two highwaymen stepped and confronted Edwards.

Instead of obeying the command, Edwards swung the rooster into the faces of the robbers and put them to flight. It was fatal to the chancier.

Catch of Seals Low.

Victoria, B. C.—The sealing catch of this season is the lowest on record and is about one-third that of last year. Last year 17 schooners took 9,645 skins. This year 15 schooners will take about 3,500, to which are to be added 28 sea otter skins, as compared with 13 taken the previous year.

The average Behring sea catch is 250, as compared with 504 last season. The schooner Victoria, which returned from Behring sea with 443 skins, reported the other eight schooners still absent.

DIFFERING VIEWS ON ART.

Practical Citizen's Ideals Far Behind Those of Polish Laborer.

"See that measly little picture!" exclaimed an indignant, practical-faced Chicagoan at the art institute on free day. He grasped his solemn friend by the arm and pointed to Van Ostrade's "Jubilee." "Thirty—thousand—dollars! That's what they claim it's worth. Look at it." Two long looks of withering scorn. "A little touch of graft in the air, eh?" he added. "Two feet square. Not an inch more. And showpans at that. Thirty—thousand—dollars! Come on!"

A Polish laborer turned and looked after them, his long, big-boned face breaking into a smile. Then he drew a deep, contented breath, and looked back at a dark-brown Van Dyke, and at once forgot the crowd.

He was a giant, but his threadbare clothes hung loose and his hands were thin. One hand slowly tugged on his soft yellow mustache and his big, deep-blue eyes shone. Now and then he smiled and nodded slowly to himself.

"That big Pole!" said a guard to an inquirer. "O, yes. He comes every Sunday. He doesn't speak to me or any one else, but when he first came, long ago, he had me mark down on some paper the way to walk back to the stock yards. That's a good two hours' walk, and I guess he walks both ways. He never misses a Sunday, even of there is a blizzard, and he stays till closing time. I've seen him spend two hours at a time in front of that one Van Dyke."—Outlook.

SIGN OF APPROACHING AGE.

Needed Support of Bedstead Is the One Infallible Sign.

They were arguing about the signs of approaching old age.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said one. "When a girl ceases to take a lively interest in you and doesn't mind your seeing her with her hair slightly untidy and listens to your conversation indulgently, where formerly she manifested interest and sympathy—then you may know you are growing old."

"No," said another; "that isn't an infallible sign, because some young women show interest and sympathy to everybody. It's when your bones crack slightly on arising from a chair and you no longer swing on a moving car with full confidence and you walk up a flight of stairs a step at a time, where formerly you ran up two at a time—then you are growing old."

"Not so," chimed in a third. "For young people with rheumatic diseases sometimes exhibit these signs. When the early eye-opener and the nightcap become a necessity instead of a luxury, when the workings of your liver come to be of more importance than the affairs of your heart—then you are growing old."

"You are all wrong," announced a fourth. "When in pulling on your trousers in the early morning you are compelled to gain the support of the bedstead when you slip in the other leg—then—then—you are growing old!"

Only Spent Three Cents a Year.

The measure of economy in expenses possible in rural communities was illustrated upon the death recently of an old Dutch farmer in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. He had for many years been rated as a "miser" by his neighbors, and at his funeral it was learned that shortly before his death he had boasted that he had only spent "three cents" in the preceding year. It was also well attested that before that he had spent seven cents, this being made possible only by the fact that he had lived exclusively upon the produce of the small tract of land he owned and cultivated. These expenditures were, of course, exclusive of the taxes on the small piece of land he lived on.

Rouse Religious Animosity.

A picture has been used with success in eastern Bengal by the Hindus against the Mohammedans. It claims to represent a group of Hindu idols broken in a riot by Mohammedans. This picture has been paraded in processions in all parts of India, and excited Hindu orators have been pointing to it as a reason for breaking the heads of every one who is not of their faith, be he European or Indian. The images in question are merely roughly made mud figures decked in tinseel, which the Hindus carry in procession at their festivals and throw away afterward.

Accept Gift of Nathan Straus.

The municipality of Liverpool, England, has accepted with gratitude the offer of Nathan Straus, of New York, to furnish the city a pasteurizing plant for the preparation of milk for infants. It is not yet known what the decision of the Dublin city council will be with reference to a similar offer made to Dublin by Mr. Straus, through Richard Croker. Mr. Croker, in communicating the proposal, described Mr. Straus as one of the greatest philanthropists in America.

Odd Scrapbook.

Probably the oddest scrapbook in New England is that of William F. Fernald, of Old Orchard, Me. It is a big book, devoted exclusively to the preservation of news items pertaining to appendicitis. Every person, great or small, who has had an attack of appendicitis and a newspaper notice within range of Mr. Fernald acquires a space of record in his book. All phases of the case are noted.

STORY OF A BLACK CAP.

Sentence of Death Was to Be His Portion.

Here is an amusing story that Capt. Christopher Craddock, skipper of the Swiftsure, a vessel now in the British Channel fleet, is fond of telling. A court-martial was being held on board the Hibernia at Malta for the trial of a gunner who had been drinking not wisely but too well. The evidence had been taken, the finding decided on, and the court cleared to consider the sentence. The court was reopened and the prisoner ushered in. Hardly had he crossed the threshold when, to the astonishment of the members of the court, he threw himself face downward, uttered a wild shriek, and pleaded piteously for mercy. Every one looked at the president, and the reason for the prisoner's strange behavior at once dawned on their perplexed minds. The president's hair on top was conspicuous by its absence, and in private life he invariably wore a black skull cap. Now, the Hibernia was one of the draughtiest ships in the navy, and the deliberations had been somewhat long, so in the prisoner's absence the president had covered his head with its usual protector, but on the man's reentry quite forgot to hide it by putting on his cocked hat. The unfortunate gunner, whose nerves somewhat unstrung as a result of his recent debauch, jumped to the conclusion that the wearing of the black cap by the president signified that he was to be hanged for his offense, instead of which his punishment turned out to be a few days' confinement. P. T. O.

ARBOR DAY IN IRELAND.

Land of Shamrock Would Like to Be Known as "Island of Woods."

Ireland is trying to reestablish its claim to be known as the "Island of Woods," says Forestry and Irrigation. It is interesting to know that an American importation, Arbor day, is being made use of largely in furthering the ends of forestry.

Since Arbor day started in Nebraska 35 years ago its observance has spread all over the United States. The tangible result in this country has been the planting of over 6,000,000 trees, for the most part by individual school children, besides the interest aroused in animate and inanimate nature and in forestry. In Ireland a similar movement is now fairly launched and is rapidly spreading throughout the country. The time set for planting trees is in the fall, instead of the spring, as in most American states, namely, the week commencing October 29 of each year.

Last year a circular was issued by the Irish Forestry society to all the bishops, clergy and public bodies urging them to organize an Arbor day in the various districts. A hearty response was received, and the support came from all sections of the community, from peers, peasants, clergy and artisans, not omitting the school children.

Watches Baked and Frozen.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish baking this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said, as he worked: "I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch baking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate; yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish this. The watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

"I am regulating these watches to heat. Afterward in a refrigerator I will regulate them to cold. Then, when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate.

"Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."

Bamboo Skyscraper.

A remarkable skeleton skyscraper, which has not a nail or a screw in it, has been built around and over the new southwestern gate of Peking. It is made entirely of bamboo poles and ropes. The enormous scaffolding was necessary for the rebuilding of the Chien-Mou, or southwestern gate of the famous city, which was badly battered in the Boxer troubles. The new gate is to be an imposing affair, twice the height of the great wall of the city.

Blow to Medicine Cranks.

"There is one good thing about the passing of the boarding house," said the sad-eyed man, "and that is, it has done away with the man who ostentatiously takes his medicine at the table. It is impossible for a man to do a thing like that at a cafe. He would be ignominiously ousted, if not by the outraged guests, by the waiter in attendance or by the watchful proprietor, who usually has the feelings of his guests at heart."

A Purpose for the Change.

"I thought that mirror in your bedroom had a black frame," said her visitor. "Didn't it?" "It did," she replied, "but you see, it isn't mine. It belongs to some people in the next flat, who asked me to keep it for them until September, and so I have painted the frame light blue to match my bedroom, and, too, so they won't know it is theirs when they come back."

MADE TIDINESS A FETTER.

Woman's Love of Neatness Exasperated Her Friends.

"I have a friend," she began, plaintively, "who is so neat that I hate to cut on her. I stand on her threshold and say to myself: 'Will it be possible for me to go across that waxed floor without risking my life?' One of her friends fell and sprained her ankle going over it. Her maid has to go down on all fours every morning with brushes fastened to her hands and knees, polishing it.

"I am afraid to sit on her couches, they are so immaculate. There might be some dust on my dress. I started to lie down on one one day when I was tired, and she hurried to get a cloth to spread over the pillow. I put my hat on her bed another time. She ran to it with a cry, snatched it up and hung it in the hall on the hat-rack. Nothing must touch her bed, she said. She slept on it. It's awful!"

"I know just such a woman," said the man who was with her. "She has a whole house to herself. She needs a whole house, and she'll soon have it all to herself. The number of her friends is rapidly diminishing. Every time I go there, and my visits are few and far between, I just wish I could bring my two boys to see her. My two boys ride two Shetland ponies. Nothing would do me more good than to start them up her front steps on those mad Shetland ponies and let them ride straight through the house better skelter from garret to cellar."

BEFORE THEY WERE HATCHED.

This Young Lady Preceded to Count Her Chickens.

Perhaps she read the statement made by the department of agriculture that the value of the eggs laid by the hens of the United States in a year would be enough to pay off the national debt, or, anyway, she "just thought it up," but, anyway, this pretty little Baltimore girl was convinced that she had everything all fixed. She has been engaged to a very nice young fellow for some time, but to most people the amount of his present salary would appear an insurmountable obstacle to matrimony. This was the view of her father, but when expressed she met it with a happy smile.

"Oh, I have thought that all out," she declared.

"You have, eh?" papa asked, knowing something of his daughter's business abilities. "Yes. And it was so easy," she bubbled. "I was passing the market the other day, and I saw a dear little polka-dotted hen for only 60 cents, and I bought her. I read in a poultry paper that a hen will raise 20 chicks in a season. Well, next year we'll have 21 hens, and so, of course, there'll be 420 chicks the next year, and 8,400 the next, and 168,000 the next, and 3,360,000 the next. And just see what that amounts to—why, selling them at 50 cents each would give us \$1,500,000 in five years, and that won't be so long to wait for that much."—Harper's Weekly.

Trees Not Overized.

Brazilian cocconut palms live from 600 to 700 years, and the Arabs assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of 200 to 300 years. Wailan's oak near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be over 700 years old, and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, which are known to have been flourishing in 1099. The yews at Fontaine Abbey, Yorkshire, England, were old trees when in 1132 the abbey was built, and a redwood in Mariposa Grove, California, is a manifold centenarian. Baobab trees of Africa have been computed to be over 5,000 years old, and the deciduous cypress at Chapultepec is considered to be of a still greater age. Humboldt said that the Dracena Draco at Orotava, on Teneriffe, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth.

New Color for Army Uniforms.

After a series of experiments lasting over several years the Austrian military authorities have definitely decided upon the introduction of a pike gray colored uniform for the infantry, instead of the present blue uniform.

The lessons of the Boer war and the Russian-Japanese campaign have more than ever convinced the Austrian war office of the great importance of selecting a color, especially for foot soldiers, which shall be as nearly as possible invisible in the field. These last two wars have had much to do with bringing about the change. The new pike gray color cloth will be made up as fast as the present stock of uniforms is exhausted.

Peculiar Shrine in Burmah.

There is in Burmah a shrine built by a rich man as an offering to his favorite god. It is on the apex of a "balancing rock." The material transported to the rock on the backs of men and pulled to the top by means of a rope. To reach the top requires stout limbs and steady nerves, for only tiny steps have been cut in an almost perpendicular wall, and a slip means a fall to certain injury, and perhaps death.

Almost a Nature Faker.

Woodie Ritter.—You say my story is not true to life. Will you show me a single illustration of that? Publisher.—Sure. Here where the lovers quarrel the girl says, "Take back your ring!" Young man, it's very evident you don't know what you're writing about.

DESERVED ONLY A NICKEL.

Youngster Evidently Was Aware of His Own Shortcomings.

A charity worker of New York said the other day about Miss Gladys Vanderbilt:

"When this good and charming girl goes to Hungary, I know of certain hospital wards where she will be missed."

He paused and smiled. "But let me tell you," he said, "of an incident that befell Miss Vanderbilt last year.

"There was a children's hospital which she visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

"Miss Vanderbilt talked awhile with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said:

"See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Vanderbilt, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you, or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Gimme a nickel."

GERMANY TURNS TO SPORT.

All Kinds of Out-Door Exercises Are Becoming Popular.

Boating and rowing contests on German rivers and lakes are a constantly growing form of amusement, says a writer in The Circle. Iceboat racing and travel are becoming more popular every year; the large rivers flowing into the Baltic sea offer exceptionally good facilities for this kind of sport. Ski travel has been introduced only recently, but it has received an enthusiastic welcome at the hands of the sportsmen who live in the mountains of Harz and Thuringia. Tournaments are held in these mountains every winter, at which German devotees of this sport show great skill in speed and endurance contests.

While there are not so many automobiles in all Germany as there are in New York city and its vicinity, there are in that country 23 automobile clubs, with a membership of 4,125. The popularity of the bicycle shows no signs of decadence.

How popular are swimming and fishing may be judged from the fact that there are 212 swimming clubs with a membership of 26,459, and 23 fishing clubs with a membership of 1,718. Twelve balloons are owned by nine aeronautical societies. Among the sports mentioned especially popular are the following: Hockey, cricket, football and lawn tennis.

Canned Shark.

"They can shark in Sweden," said a butcher. "They make of sharks' flesh a very palatable and nourishing meat extract.

"For several years the business has been going on, and there are now several factories engaged in it. The stuff tastes exactly like extract of beef. The fish taste is eliminated—a secret process.

"The sharks, which are plentiful in those waters, are first chopped up fine in big hoppers and afterward boiled down to a liquid of the consistency of thin gruel. The oil is skimmed off, a second boiling follows, then a filtering. A clear fluid then remains. This is evaporated to the thickness of molasses, seasoned with salt and sugar and sealed up in jars, after the addition of some unknown chemical.

"It is an excellent meat extract. It hasn't a suspicion of fishiness about it. It builds up a consumptive or anemic person as well as the best beet would do."

Hint to Speed Maniacs.

"When I read about how Mrs. Robert M. Thompson took a eight-year-old boy, what she had run ovan in her kerridge, straight to a hospital wheah she had endow'd a bed of hnh own," said the Kentucky colonel, "I couldn't he'p thinkin' what a good thing it would be if all of these heah pepul what owns kerridges and automobiles would build a hospital all theah own wheah they could hubby with theah victims in the same way the minnit they had succeeded in disablin' them. A soht of cooperative kerridge and automobile disablin' establishment, as it wuh. Don't you think that would be a good ideah? Huh!"

Japanese Emigrating to Java.

A great many Japanese are now emigrating to Java. The movement appears to be conducted in a systematic manner, the number of Japanese settling in each large town being proportioned to the size of the town. Most of them are either opening furnished lodging houses or are engaged as barbers, small shopkeepers and assistants in stores. A few, however, are professors of the Japanese language in the Chinese schools.

Word Making.

"Is that young woman an author?" "No," answered the man who dictation affected forms of speech; "she is a newspaper reporter."