

NEW TURKISH MINISTER



MEHMED ALI BEY. Recent photograph of the sultan's representative at Washington in his gorgeous court costume.

GOATS OVERRUN HOME

WANT AD. FOR "NANNIES" BRINGS RESULTS.

Residence in Best Section of East St. Louis, Ill., Assumes Appearance of Stock Farm—"Butt" of Neighbors.

St. Louis.—The supply of goats in the Mississippi valley is plentiful, and the farmers are trying to get rid of their surplus crop of goats as the approaching winter days nip the autumn leaves and makes pasture feed mostly a memory of the good old summer time.

At least that is the conclusion of Elbert E. Henry, of East St. Louis, Ill. Three months ago he advertised for one goat and up to date has received 27. This does not include the army of young kids that accompanied the mother goats.

In straggling packages the goats have arrived until Mr. Henry's goat farm at his home on Pennsylvania avenue, East St. Louis, in the midst of a fashionable residence section of East St. Louis, assumed unwieldy proportions. The latest arrival came in a stock car and answered to the name of William.

What Mr. Henry wanted and advertised for was milk goats. His family physician had prescribed goat's milk for his one-week-old baby. In addition to the advertisement Henry wrote a few letters to country customers of Charles E. Henry's Sons, a commission company with which he is connected, asking for a goat. Two days later, when five goats had arrived by express, freight and on foot, he disturbed the telegraph wires long enough to countermand his order for goats.

His stable at home was not large enough to care for the unexpected quantity of goats, so Henry built an addition and some pens. The constantly increasing supply of the next few days furnished additional worry. The baby drank the milk and grew fat. It was soon discovered that an emergency appropriation would have to be made to feed the animals. He sold some and gave others away.

When the woods and miscellaneous old food in the stable yard disappeared before the appetites of the goats the neighbors diplomatically complimented Mr. Henry upon his new idea in stock farms.

When he ordered a cellar dug under his house they asked him if he was adding another story to his goat farm or if he was simply providing winter quarters for the overflow bunch.

As soon as the goats of the William variety arrived they were presented to boys in the neighborhood and soon became useful. More than one runaway goat story with details of the smashup of the hastily constructed wagon can be traced to the present made to the boys by Mr. Henry.

Most of the goats came from Illinois and Missouri by express or crated to Charles E. Henry Sons. The last arrival came in a car load of hogs, and the tired looks of the hogs showed that there had been an animated disturbance on route.

One industrious farmer from Armstrong, Mo., bought a ticket to East St. Louis and checked his goat as baggage in lieu of a trunk. He led the goat from the depot in East St. Louis to the stock yards and presented it to Mr. Henry in person. His home-made halter broke several times before he reached the stock yards, but he delivered the goods.

Corn Shocked for Sure. Bristol, Pa.—The championship that starts at the corn shock is elastic. It covers all futurity. It seems Charles Cannon of this place, who has held the victor's tassel and stalk for several years, has just concluded another triumph, and this is what he claims:

"I can cut more corn in a given time than any man who ever lived, or who will ever live hereafter. I broke all my former records this year, cutting 5,450 shocks, making an average of 110 or 112 a day, or 235 shocks a day. I challenge any man in the world."

CIGARETTE MENACE TO NAVY.

Intemperate Use Deplored, by Surgeon General Rixey.

Washington.—"Cigarette smoking is becoming a serious impediment to robust health in the navy," says Surgeon General Rixey in his annual report.

"This habit seems to have taken a decided impetus in the service since the Spanish war and has spread in incredible proportions.

"While wishing to avoid any discussion on the alleged evil effect of the cigarette itself, which is still a mooted question, it is desired to bring to the department's attention its increased and immoderate use by the young enlisted men. In the opinion of the bureau it is not the cigarette itself but its intemperate use which is to be condemned and corrected.

"To give an idea of the number of cigarettes and the amount of cigarette tobacco consumed on board ship Surgeon Norton has taken from the books of the Missouri's canteen the following statement of what is regarded as a three-month's supply for the crew, the average complement being 700: Cigarette papers, books, \$1,500; smoking tobacco, pounds, 1,200; cigarette number, 37,000."

The Surgeon General recommends that a naval sanitarium for consumptives be established from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, with the maximum of sunshine and dryness. He states that statistics show the proportion of tuberculosis in the German navy to be 2.4 per 1,000, in the English navy 3.2, and in the United States navy 5.6.

SOCIETY FOLK AROUSED.

Fear Indictment for Serving Wine at Receptions.

Americus, Ga.—"It is as great a crime to serve punch, champagne, or other intoxicants to young ladies or minors at a reception or card club as it is to furnish it from a saloon," said Judge Z. A. Littlejohn, of the superior court, in charging the grand jury.

"The liquor laws are being continually broken at social functions," the judge continued, "and it is the grand jury's duty to indict those who allow punch, wine and other intoxicants to be served on such occasions."

The judge's charge caused consternation, as the society season is at its height. This alarm was intensified when the grand jury began to gather evidence against society leaders, who have been serving wine and other intoxicants. It is said that several prominent persons will be indicted. Over-indulgence by some young persons at receptions is responsible for the action of the court.

DISLIKES TOO MUCH LOVE.

Farmer Gets Injunction Restraining Wife's Affection.

Detroit, Mich.—Alleging that his wife, Bertha, constantly annoys him with untimely and unwelcome protestations of everlasting love, George W. Robson, a prosperous farmer of Van Buren township, got a temporary injunction from Judge Brooks restraining the woman from exhibiting any further bursts of affection.

Mrs. Robson, who some time ago started suit for divorce, is also restrained from interfering with the housekeeper now employed by her husband, and must stay away from his farm. The order was issued after Robson filed a cross bill, in which he said his wife persisted in stopping him on the highway or wherever they met and telling him of her love.

Robson is 70 years old. He says he thinks that his wife is shamming with the love stuff so that she may get some of his property.

Had Newlywed's Baby.

Philadelphia.—William had arranged to have his firstborn christened at 9 o'clock in the morning. All the guests were assembled and all was ready for the christening, when the baby could not be found. After a hasty search the police were notified. At 4 o'clock there was a wall from an old "grandfather's" clock and the baby was found inside. One of the guests had hidden it there as a joke.

SHOULD BE THE "SIMMER ON."

Original-Story of Naming of Cimarron River in Oklahoma.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Many stories as to how the Cimarron river in Oklahoma was named have been told.

It is claimed by some that the name is an Indian word and it means red. It is true the river looks red when it is high and the whirling water stirs up the red sand at the bottom. The most likely story, however, is thus related:

Many years ago a band of explorers and hunters, probably from New York or Boston, were going over this country and came to this river, where they camped for several days. While in camp a large pot of beans was prepared for boiling, probably to break the monotony of the fresh meat which had been about their only food for some time.

A man was left in camp to look after the beans, and the others went for their daily hunt. On returning to dinner the cook informed his comrades that the beans had not cooked enough and would not be ready for eating before supper. Accepting the situation as best they could, the little band ate dinner and all except one returned to their hunt. The fire was kept going under the pot all afternoon, and the hunters, with their appetites keenly whetted by the day's exercise, felt that they would certainly eat beans for supper.

But on returning to camp in the evening the same story greeted them as at noon. They were disappointed and resolved to cook those beans, if it could be done. Every possible effort was made, but to no avail. After the third day they decided to break camp, and as the crowd was taking its departure they looked back at the beans, which were still cooking, and all joined in saying, "Cimarron."

The exact place they stopped is not known, but it was there they told their story, and from that day to this the river has been called the Cimarron.

TREASURES IN LONDON BANKS.

Sultan of Morocco Has \$5,000,000 Worth of Jewels There.

Abdul-Aziz, sultan of Morocco, is taking no chances of losing his personal jewelry in the course of one of the frequently recurring disturbances in his country. Locked up in the vaults of a bank near Charing Cross, London, the jewels, valued at \$5,000,000, are guarded night and day. They occupy a space less than the size of a bushel basket and lie about thirty feet below the level of the Strand.

Not far away, in the same vault, are several million pounds' worth of unclaimed jewelry, some of which was deposited there during the French revolution. French people, fearful of being robbed in the reign of terror, secretly conveyed their possessions to London and a vast quantity has been left unclaimed for. The bank authorities have failed in every effort to locate the original owners' heirs.

An offer of \$1,250,000 as a loan on the sultan's jewelry has been made, but the sultan is anxious to raise much more than that.

GOALS AT NEWCASTLE.

If fish is the greatest brain food, as scientists have said, then Boston is in a fair way to outstrip the rest of the country in brain development without half trying. In a recent two days there were brought to T wharf—the greatest fish mart of the country—more than two million pounds of fish, including large and small cod, haddock, hake, pollock, halibut and various other species of the deep. This enormous catch has been brought by 100 schooners, round numbers, 65 of which arrived on one day and the remainder the day following.

Granting that the feet of 100 schooners average 20 men to the vessel (which probably is a high estimate), and the average sum coming to each fisherman, outside of the captain, is about \$20, representing from five days to between two and three weeks at sea. Of course, the sums vary, according to the vessel, the catch and the time spent at sea. Some schooners brought in as high as 75,000 pounds and some little more than 5,000; some had five men in the crew and some 25; some caught plenty of large cod and some very few.—Boston Transcript.

A Word to the Wise.

A corporation conducting a series of quick lunch places accords conspicuous position to a placard reading as follows:

"A Suggestion—Perhaps a large number of our patrons who daily favor us with their money, instead of taking luncheon at 12 o'clock could just as conveniently come at 12:45 p. m., and thus find more comfortable seats; or they might arrange to fix 1:30 as lunch time, and thereby be afforded still more elbow space."

Managers at several of the branches situated in business sections are authority for the statement that since the advent of the signs the high noon attendance has been larger than before.—N. Y. Press.

Charity's Biggest Achievement.

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging; but to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, or as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this, the best way of practicing it, is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries to treat us as if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis de Sales.

Lucid, But Wrong.

When the steam engine was invented a learned Englishman wrote a book in which he set forth his theory that it would be impossible to propel a vessel across the ocean by steam power. The writing was lucid, the reasoning was correct, but the premises were wrong, and the first volume of this excellent work that came to America was brought over in a steamboat, thereby demonstrating that one hot may carry away a volume of theory.

READ THE WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

American Intellectual Life, as seen by Living Authors.

The Journalists who write almost all that is read in America read, says W. D. Howells in the Atlantic. This is a fact that we love to believe because about it we talk about "measure" and we talk about "measure" implying that the reader is a creature. The truth is that we write, we read little else than the writings of the hacks—living hacks, that is, men and women that write for pay. We may hug the notion that our life and thought are not really a mere by-product of literature, that we read the living literature, that we read the living literature, that we read the living literature, that we read the living literature.

At a critical time in the life of John Wesley, when, to save his soul, he was about to retire into a remote privacy and give himself up to prayer and self-discipline, an unknown adviser, a "serious man," gave him back to England and humanity by saying to him: "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to Heaven. Remember, you can not serve Him alone. You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion." A few words spoken by a servant maid to Charles Wesley led him to step, before his long-struggling brother, into life and liberty of soul. And when Whitefield was setting out for America some wise friend said to him: "If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood." He went to the Kingswood colliers, and in his sojourn the great evangelical revival in England was begun.

SHOWED THE PATH OF DUTY.

Timely Advice That Shipped the Destinities of Great Men.

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GOLD IN FOUR-POUND CANS.

New System Adopted in Alaska Owing to Frequency of Thefts.

Fairbanks, Alaska.—Gold dust for the exterior is now being sent out in four-pound cans. This new system was adopted after the series of big thefts from the sacks of registered mail while they were being transported from Fairbanks to Dawson to be sent to Seattle. Three times the mail bags were robbed, and all told more than \$75,000 in gold dust was taken.

Under the present system, the gold is carefully weighed after it comes from the assayer and put in separate gold boxes. The mailing clerk of the bank takes the gold, weighs out enough so that the entire package, gold dust, tin box, sack tags and all weights exactly four pounds. He seals the box and package and puts on the package \$1.36 in postage. The package is then turned over to the registry clerk and a separate registry receipt is made out for each package.

The packages are put into a sack and a rotary lock is placed on the bag. The bill on the inside shows the number of the lock, and this rotary lock is not opened until it reaches its destination. When it is opened, the number contained inside the bag and the one on the lock will show if the lock has been tampered with.

All the banks in the Tanana country have established mailing departments, so the miners, after having their gold assayed, can have it wrapped and properly fixed for shipment through the mails.

POSSUM LIVES IN TOMB.

Burrowed into Grave and Made Home in Coffin.

Dickson, Tenn.—While some colored men were digging a grave at a burying ground out in the country from Dickson, an incident happened that has completely severed the friendship of people of their race and the Tennessee opossum in this neck of the woods. Some dogs that accompanied the diggers bayed at a nearby grave. Investigation revealed that a smoothly worn hole extended from the side of the mound to the interior. Into the hole a switch was thrust, and was answered by a hideous, sepulchral growl. The switch was given a vigorous twist and withdrawn, and out with it came a big, fat opossum. The old varmint had burrowed into the grave, gnawed through the coffin and there made its nest. The grave was a little less than a year old. The old fellow was almost white, and gave evidence of having been an inhabitant of the tomb for some time.

CAUGHT WHISKERS IN SAFE.

Manayunk—Man Held Prisoner Until Locksmith Came.

Philadelphia.—In locking his safe prior to going home for supper, George Edgemont, a paperhanger, who lives at Jefferson street and Hermitage lane, Manayunk, shut the safe door upon his flowing whiskers and was held prisoner until released by a locksmith.

Living Books.

An Indian library is an interesting one. An Arizona judge, who has been studying this tribe, says that they select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for living libraries of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago.

More Practical.

"Did you hear that the professor had succeeded in squaring the circle?" "No, I didn't; but if he would figure a while longer and tell a man how to square his wife when he comes home at two a. m. I think he would have a more appreciative audience."—Nashville American.

FISHER ARCTIC MOSQUITOES.

Calcium's Crew Fought Them a Pest in Greenland.

Philadelphia.—The captain of the British bark Calcium, which arrived in port recently from Greenland, brought the first news this year from that frigid country. The bark left here on August 25, and notwithstanding the fact that she was the last of the cryolite fleet to sail, she was the first to get back. Her sister ship, the Alkaine, was forced, through stress of weather, to put into Newfoundland in distress.

The natives reported last winter an unusually stormy one, and Capt. Zureker, the master of the Calcium, found that the summer had not been unpleasant, with the exception of attacks by swarms of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. The general idea that mosquitoes are not to be found in the arctic circle, the crew stated, is a great mistake, as the pests frequently forced the men to retreat while she was loading a cargo of cryolite at Ivigtut.

The Calcium found on her arrival on Greenland that the coast was ice-bound for a distance of 50 miles, but despite this barrier, she managed to work her way to her lead-lug berth at Ivigtut. By the time the vessel was loaded the wind had changed and driven the ice far to seaward, leaving a clear channel, and there was no further difficulty. The Alkaine, a sister vessel, which has been all summer making the run, is expected home this week. The Calcium made the return trip in 33 days.

SAW 'BAR' IN TREETOPS.

Old Circus Act, According to Farmer Noted for Veracity.

Boston.—Alcibiades Brown, truthful Burlington (Vt.) farmer, almost got into a fight with his wife when he asserted that he had "seen the bar" that has been waiting in the North Woburn treetops during the past few days.

Alcibiades, crestfallen, hurried away to the center to tell the folks at the store what he saw in the woods earlier in the day.

Brown, according to the story, was taking a cow to the pasture just after sunup, when a loud "Gr-r-r-r" from the top of a high pine tree made him look up. It was the bar he had heard so much about.

With an angry toss of the head the animal bit off a few branches, turned three complete "feet-springs" and landed safely in another tree, where it snarled and grinned in turn. Then the bar stood on its nose and wiggled its feet in the air with glee.

It is the belief of Burlington residents, judging from Alcibiades' description of the animal's mirth, that the bear is glad to have reached the town and is preparing to take up winter quarters there.

TO FLY LIKE A KITE.

The "String" to Bell's Machine to Be Attached to a Tree.

Baddock, N. S.—For the purpose of conducting the preliminary tests of Mr. Alexander Graham Bell's first flying machine, a boat has been constructed which supports a cradle capable of being tipped in either direction. On it will be placed the airship, and the boat will then be towed behind a powerful tug, and while going at high speed the cradle will be tipped and the airship, existing for the first time its immense area of silken surface, will rise—so the inventor says. A flying line from the tug will provide it with the necessary momentum to keep it in the air.

The navigator will be stretched out in the place provided for him, and he will be employed in making observations. By taking into consideration the velocity of the wind and the pull on the flying line of the ship the exact power required of the motor will be determined.

NO HOARDING BY PRESIDENT.

Monthly Salary of \$4,166 Deposited Regularly in Bank.

Washington.—Theodore Roosevelt is doing his part, as a private citizen, to maintain the national banks on a sound foundation. He gives an example on the first of every month of the foolishness of hoarding money by depositing in one of the leading national banks of Washington the full amount of his monthly salary as president of the United States.

On the first of each month a treasury warrant is drawn to his order for \$4,166.66. The president indorses it on the back and it is sent to the bank. Owing to autograph fads, the president is never able to tell the amount of his balance. Scores of checks signed by the president fall into the hands of souvenir-hunters and are never presented.

Chickens to Pass Judgment.

Columbia, Pa.—It will soon be known whether the adage "Chickens come home to roost" is as sound legally as it has long been metaphorically. Justice C. H. Stover, having heard three witnesses on each side swear respectively that seven chickens belonged to Farmer R. Miller and Mrs. A. M. Sherk, has resolved to see which three witnesses are lying.

The justice will take the chickens, just before dusk, to a point midway between the Miller and Sherk homes, scatter feed enough to keep them busy for a few minutes, retire from the scene, and observe which roost they go to. Then he will enter judgment for either the plaintiff or for the defendant, according as the fowls shall direct.