

DEFENSE OF THE STINGY MAN.

Wherein He Differs Occasionally from the "Good Fellow."

"They say I am stingy. All right, let it go at that: I AM stingy. But did you ever hear that I was a dead beat? There was a time when I threw my money away, and stood off my creditors, in order that I might be known as a good fellow, but now I save my money and pay my debts. There was a time when I spent ten dollars in an evening, bumbling around with the boys, and owed the tailor for the clothes on my back; when I went riding every Sunday with a liveried rig, and did not pay my board; when I thought it an evidence of smartness to buy cigars and drinks for other people, but now I think it an evidence of sound sense for a man to save the money for which he is compelled to work, in order that he may realize something from it. For this I am called stingy, but I can stand it; in fact, I rather enjoy the title, for there are so many shiftless fools in this town who imagine that they are good fellows, hoping to realize on their wanton waste of money, that I am glad I cannot be classed among them. Ask the bill collectors about the good fellows. The bill collectors will tell you a story worth listening to and they will also tell you that the stingy men pay promptly. There are a lot of old good fellows in Atchison who have not money enough to bury them, and there are stingy fellows in Atchison who began life under more unfavorable circumstances than the good fellows, and the stingy fellows are rich. I recommend that the young fellows deserve the name of being stingy, for a stingy man seldom asks himself or his family, but he often refuses to throw his hard-earned money away, and very properly. A stingy man is seldom bothered for donations, and, altogether, I like the name. (Found among the papers of an Atchison man who died rich.)—Atchison Globe.

KEEPS STRICT TAB ON CIGARS.

Melancholy Man Tells of Drawback to Wife's Gift.

"My wife," said the melancholy man, "always gives me a box of cigars on my birthday. No, I'm not going to say what you expect me to. They are excellent cigars; they ought to be, for I always give her careful instructions as to what to get. The trouble is that she can't seem to separate herself from the gift. I presume it is feminine human nature, but she exercises a watchful guardianship over that box. She has a notion that it ought to be like the widow's urn of oil, which, as I recall, lasted for a considerable time. Because the cigars are expensive the taking of one of them becomes in her eyes, an event. I have tried to smuggle other cigars into that box, but I've always been caught. Her proprietary interest increases as the number of smokes diminish. "Why don't you exert your ingenuity?" the melancholy man was asked, "and tell your wife that you will smoke those cigars as you like, at home, or take the whole box to the office?" "You don't know my wife," replied the melancholy man.

Test Case.

"I'm a beauty doctor," announced the stranger with the hand satchel full of cosmetics and massage machines. "Do you think I could get any practice around here?" "You make ugly things pretty, don't you?" drawled the old farmer in the speckled shirt. "That's my business, sir." "Well, if you'll go down back of my barn you'll find an old slate-colored cow with one eye and one horn and wrinkles like canals all over her face. She's the ugliest cow in seven states and if you can make her pretty I'll agree that you be a beauty doctor and give you a dollar."

Feminine Intuition.

They stood in the purple gloaming of the busy twilight. Above them dropped the wistaria; from afar drifted the fragrance of the dewy honeysuckles. It was an evening to inspire the heart and to thrill the soul. "Fragrant," sighed Hector Montmercy. "I cannot begin to tell you how much I love you." "You"—she hesitated—"you might at least try, mightn't you? If you give me but a talking porridge I can give you the rest." "He should have known better than to think of marrying a woman who was such a good guesser.—Judge.

Wary.

"So you heard my speech?" said the sailor. "Yes," answered Farmer Coratossel. "And you enjoyed it?" "Very much." "And you agreed with my opinions?" "Entirely." "Then, of course, I can depend on your support." "No, I've thought it all over, and I've concluded that as slick a talker as you are ain't to be trusted."—Wash. Post.

Quite Likely.

"We thought," said the reporter, "you might care to say something about these charges against you." "No," replied the crooked public official. "I believe that silence is golden." "Well," replied the reporter, "perhaps the public might believe it's merely gilt in this case."—Philadelphia Press.

PROMISES OF ELECTRICAL ERA.

Advancement That Will Open Nature's Heart to Man.

Fire made man master of the molecule; electricity makes him master of the atom and opens nature's heart. Fire melted sand to glass and prepared the path for a telescope for Galileo, a camera for Daguerre, a microscope for Pasteur, engines for Watt, Stephenson, Parsons and De Laval; all the streams of lead and iron, copper and zinc ever smelted from their ores, all the acids, oils and alcohols. But all these electricity can do, do it better than flame, and greater works than these, tasks beyond the power of fire. The electrical era is only dawning. There are motors and dynamos, heaters and lamps, chemical dividers and batteries. The larger the field of electricity the cheaper it will become and the bigger will be the demand. When there are not only telephones in every house, but sewing machines, motors, fans, smoothing irons, chafing dishes and the like, electricity will begin to mean as much for man to-day as, long ago, did the first kindling of fire with slowly won arts of furnace and lamp, oven and smelter, crucible and still. Thus saith a prophet of electricity.

TYPE THAT HAS PASSED AWAY.

Country Schoolmaster of the Early Days of America.

Appropos of the country schoolmaster of the early days of America, an old manuscript in the New Jersey Historical society contains the following characteristic anecdote: "A traveling person coming into a country neighborhood where was a vacant schoolhouse offered himself as a teacher. The neighbors convened to examine into his abilities. He was asked what branches he could teach. 'Almost any,' was the answer. He could instruct children how to read without first learning to spell, to write without first making marks, and it was indifferent to him in what rule they first commenced arithmetic. 'Are you acquainted with mathematics, sir?' was the next question. Supposing some great literary character was meant, the fellow assumed an air of great importance and quickly replied: 'Matthew Matlocks, sir? No, sir, I am not acquainted with Matthew, but I know his brother, Tom, very well!'"

Secret of Elaborate Wardrobes.

"You've heard of the little boy that had to stay in bed when his brother had to wear their one dress-up suit of clothes," remarked an exclusive dressmaker. "Well, that plan of trading clothes isn't confined just to little boys or to people in poor circumstances. I know of three sisters out in the East End who have all kinds of money and whose wardrobes are interchangeable. "The only objection to their plan is that some of their neighbors have been observant enough to notice their exchanges. "Aside from these sisters I know a number of prominent Cleveland women who think nothing of borrowing a gown piece from three or four of their friends when they are going away on a visit of a week or two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where Woman Excels.

"Woman's sense of color is better than man's. Where one in 30 women are slightly color-blind, one in five men are so."

The speaker, a physician, continued his experiments with the tinctometer, or testing machine.

"You," he said, "can't tell green from blue, and are therefore defective, sir. But you are not absolutely color-blind. Absolutely color-blind persons are very, very rare. I have met but one. He couldn't tell red from yellow, or yellow from blue."

"Why are men's eyes less reliable than woman's as regards color?" Some say it is the tobacco smoke that dulls and weakens them. This may well be, for I have noticed that non-smokers have a somewhat sharper vision."

Horse with a Speaking Tube.

Perhaps the only horse in the world provided with a "speaking" tube direct from its stall to its owner's living apartments is Birthday, a hunter, owned by Mrs. Walter Wadham-Petre, of London. Hearing it neigh at night, she concluded to have an arrangement constructed so that she could speak to it from her rooms. "Now," said she to a visitor recently, lifting up a trapdoor six inches square, which was hidden beneath a Turkish rug, "when I say, 'Hello, boy' you will hear Birthday respond with a cheerful whinney." According to a writer in a London paper, so sooner had Mrs. Wadham-Petre spoken than the horse set up a series of whinnies.

Those Married Men.

"That excellent actress, Clara Bloodgood, sat beside me one night at a dinner," said a Philadelphia playwright, "and with the fish some one began to talk about wifely extravagance. "Mrs. Bloodgood listened to tale after tale of the ruinous extravagance of wives and finally she said: "Wives' extravagance—oh, yes! You men are all alike. You are all like the broker who, at midnight in his club, hiccupped, wiped his eyes and said brokenly: "This is the sixth bottle of champagne I've drunk to-day, all through my wife making me lose my temper. It is terrible what a lot of money that woman costs me!"

REAL UTOPIA FOUND

PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA, OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

In This Land of Plenty Cattle Are to Be Bought for a Song and the Laziest Man Can Earn Seven Dollars a Day.

Philadelphia.—Paraguay, in South America, is to be the real Utopia, if the plans of the Universal Co-operative brotherhood, which is at work in this city gathering in sympathizers, is successfully carried out. Talk about your "seventh heaven" of delight for the workingman! Esplanada city, on the beautiful slopes of the Parana valley, bids fair to be the tenth, or even twentieth heaven. If there is really any possibility of reaching such a summit. But list to the announcement of the brotherhood's plans, as contained in a voluminous pamphlet on the "new system of living," for which a prospective co-operator pays one dollar, and which the brotherhood officers say contains information worth \$10,000. After pointing out the fact that if the Pilgrim fathers had sent out some pioneers to Parana "they would never have made the mistake of landing on the bleak spot known as Plymouth Harbor," the high-sounding phrases in the announcement paint a glowing picture of the wonders of the Parana region, where the new "model city" is to be built whenever the promoters get together enough men and women to start the thing going.

It tells of thousands of cattle to be had almost for the asking, and of the wonderful vegetation that abounds—all waiting for some one with a milk-pail and a plow. Prospective members of the colony are told that they need not work more than seven hours a day, and after a while only five days a week in order to earn the regulation seven dollars a day. And when a member gets along in years, and feels that he is unable any longer to put a hand to the plow, he is to be pensioned for life. What a snarl!

This is how the brotherhood figures the financial scheme of the Utopia will adjust itself: "On an average one man, with the aid of modern machinery, will produce at least \$10 of new wealth each day, or \$2,000 each year. This 1,000 men will produce at least \$3,000,000 worth each year. Allowing that two-thirds of this wealth is consumed by the workers and their families, there will still remain \$1,000,000 to be added to the collective capital each year. Thus, in five years, our society will be a workingman's trust, capitalized at \$5,000,000."

But the story is only half told. When 1,000 workmen have started such a trust and at the end of the first year have added to their fixed capital \$1,000,000 and divide among themselves \$2,000,000, thus giving each worker an income of \$2,000 a year for the remainder of his life, what a life of peace and prosperity the workers will lead. But there is only one drawback to the success of the scheme—the brotherhood hasn't been able to get enough members together who will each put up \$100 for the privilege of becoming a member of this colony. So the date for the opening of this Elysium has been indefinitely postponed. The fact is, the brotherhood hasn't even got the land it proposes to turn into the Utopia. "But we have a concession on it," says its officers, "and can clinch the bargain when we get the money— if we ever do."

Meanwhile hundreds of would-be Utopians in Philadelphia are waiting patiently and anxiously—and are paying five dollars a month for the privilege—for the formal dedication of this land of milk and honey.

CHICKEN FINDS GOLD MINE.

Nugget in Its Claw Leads to Valuable Strike.

Danville, Pa.—Experts engaged by Henry Dunkleberger to ascertain the value of the mineral deposits on his farm at Seven Points, a village in Northumberland county, near here, have discovered what they believe to be paying veins of both gold and silver. At a depth of 20 feet beneath the surface, a vein of silver was found. Several days before a vein of gold was discovered at a depth of ten feet. A few weeks ago Mr. Dunkleberger was led to believe that there might be valuable mineral deposits on his farm, when a small gold nugget was found in a chicken's claw. Mr. Dunkleberger argued that as the chicken had never been off his farm it must have picked up the precious nugget in its wanderings about his premises. His friends laughed at him, the theory that was most generally accepted being that the gold was the filling from a tooth that the chicken had found. Mr. Dunkleberger, however, employed an expert and laborers to come to his farm. His neighbors have stopped laughing now, and have started digging on their farms, hoping to make a "strike."

Indiana Have Historic Bible.

Marshallfield, Wis.—Rev. Joseph Brown, a Sunday school missionary, has found among the Indians in Oconto county, Wisconsin, a Bible given to the Onondaga tribe in 1754 by the secretary of the prince of Wales. The present was made in behalf of the Church of England. At that time the Bible was living in Massachusetts. The historical Bible is in two volumes, each weighing 20 pounds.

BIGGEST ARMY DEPOT TO RISE.

Government Selects Site in Frisco and Will Spend \$2,000,000.

San Francisco.—It is announced that the federal authorities have taken definite steps to secure a site here for the biggest United States army depot in the country. The institution is to be located on part of the existing army reservation at Fort Mason and then run forth on land at present submerged.

This submerged land is owned by the Dore family of this city and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York. The land is to be condemned in the United States circuit court. Assistant United States District Attorney Clark has planned a suit for that purpose. Congress has appropriated \$1,500,000 to pay for the site and filling in the submerged section. Outside the price of the condemned land the depot with its many buildings and wharves is to cost \$2,000,000.

The site to be condemned lies between Laguna and Lewis streets and Van Ness avenue and now is a small, shallow arm of the bay, on which the headquarters of Gen. Funston looks. It is also announced that Fort Barry is to be occupied at once by United States troops. Maj. George McK. Williamson, now constructing a quartermaster at Fort Mason, has advised Gen. Funston that the quarters at Fort Barry are ready for occupancy.

RICH; WORKS IN SMELTER.

Son of Daniel Guggenheim a Laborer in Mexican Plant.

Agua Calientes, Mex.—The many millions of dollars of wealth of Daniel Guggenheim of New York, head of the smelter trust, are not standing in the way of his son, Harry Guggenheim, in learning the practical side of the smelting business. Young Guggenheim is working with a gang of poor Mexicans shoveling ore in the bins of the big smelter at this place. He receives the same wages as the Mexicans—one peso a day, which is equivalent to 50 cents in the money of the United States. It is said that the young man took his position with his father's consent and that he is to work his way up through the several departments of the smelter. After finishing with the manual and mechanical sides of the business, he will enter the office and learn how the books and records are kept. The American Smelting and Refining company, which is usually called the smelter trust, virtually controls the silver, gold and copper smelting business of the United States and Mexico. It is said that young Guggenheim is equipping himself so as to be able to succeed his father eventually at the head of the business. He is 19 years old and is strong and healthy. He came down here in a private car and went to work the next day.

ACCIDENT REUNITES NEIGHBORS.

One Grasps Other's Hand and Pays Back Costs of Lawsuit.

Middletown, N. Y.—Ten years ago Theodore Woolsey and Samuel Sellen, farmers, had a quarrel over a line fence which resulted in a lawsuit. Sellen was beaten, had to pay costs and vowed he would never speak to Woolsey again. The men sold their farms soon after that and left the neighborhood. Neither had seen the other until the other day, when an accident sustained by Woolsey brought about a reconciliation.

Sellen was driving along the highway when he overtook a supposed stranger whose horse had fallen in the road. He stopped and assisted him in getting the animal on his feet. When Woolsey recognized him as the man with whom he had quarreled he grasped the hand of his old enemy and exclaimed: "God bless you, Samuel Sellen. Won't you forgive me for the wrong I did you years ago? You shall be reimbursed for all the old lawsuit cost you."

"Yes, I will forgive you," replied Sellen, wringing Woolsey's hand, "and you need not pay me either."

Woolsey insisted upon paying the money, however. The map now live in different parts of the state.

Girl Worried into Disease.

South Orange, N. J.—In ignorance of the fact that her sister, Miss Helen Halsey, is also a patient in Dr. Runyan's private hospital, Miss Jeanette Halsey underwent an operation for appendicitis there. It was soon after the one sister was taken to the hospital that the other became ill with the same disease. Both were in good health until the other day, when Miss Jeanette became so sick her immediate removal to the hospital was advised. Miss Helen brooded over Jeanette's illness until she showed unmistakable symptoms of the malady.

White Coal in Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky.—McLean county, Kentucky, is the scene of the latest discovery of natural frocks in the finding of a vein of white coal. It was discovered on the farm of a man who lives near Wrightsburg and who proposes to form a company and open a slope mine. A minister of Madisonville has returned from conducting revival services in the mountains with several specimens of the mineral. It is of a clear white color and very light, leaving neither soot nor cinders after burning, and makes red ashes resembling those of a wood fire.

CARING FOR TIMBER

GOVERNMENT FORESTRY WORK ON MILITARY LANDS.

Conditions Being Studied to Preserve Growth—Co-Operative Work in New Mexico—Strict Rules for Cutting.

Washington.—That Uncle Sam believes thoroughly in the conservative management of timber lands is shown by the fact that he is practicing forestry on lands other than those contained in the national forests in the west. Besides co-operating with private owners of woodland in assisting them to apply conservative management, and with various states in the study of their forest conditions, the United States forest service co-operates also with the other branches of the federal government. Chief among these branches is the war department. The military reservations that so far have been examined and reported upon are those at West Point, N. Y.; Fort Wingate, N. M.; Rock Island, Ill., and the Picatinny arsenal in New Jersey. At West Point the forest consists of second-growth hardwoods, and for some time has in part supplied the post with cordwood, lumber, hurdle poles, tan bark and other forest products. The forest service made a working plan for this forest in 1903, and since then cutting has been along conservative lines, with a view of perpetuating the forest, and at the same time supplying the post with a definite quantity of wood each year. Similar plans are in preparation for the forests of Rock Island and Picatinny arsenals.

By far the largest piece of co-operative work in which the service is now engaged is that at Fort Wingate, where under the supervision of forest officials the war department is selling 25,000,000 feet of western yellow pine. This timber lies in the southwest corner of the reservation of 130 square miles, is inaccessible to the post, and was consequently offered for sale. The top market price is being obtained for it, and it is being cut under a rigid contract according to forestry principles. Under this contract no trees under 16 inches in diameter can be cut except those which are dead or defective and those whose removal will benefit the forest, and no tree can be cut unless marked by a forest officer.

Two trees 16 inches or over in diameter are left an acre when needed for seed; stumps must not exceed 18 inches in height, and all merchantable timber, both standing and down, as indicated by the forest officer, must be removed. Failure to remove any timber so indicated and the intentional cutting of unmarked trees are penalized by a stumpage charge of double the contract price. All brush is being piled and burned, and thus the danger of fire is considerably lessened. The sale was started during the last summer, and it is expected to continue through a period of five years with a cut of 5,000,000 feet a year. Already about 7,000,000 feet have been marked for cutting by a forest officer. The sale is progressing without friction between buyer and seller, and from the start a forest officer has been continuously on hand to look out for Uncle Sam.

STOCKING AS HER SAFE.

Aged Dead Woman's Hoard of \$422 All Found There.

Reading, Pa.—Mrs. George F. Nichols, aged about 60 years, was found dead in the bathroom at 623 Washington street the other day. When an undertaker took charge of the body he found \$422.10 stuffed in one of her stockings. It is known that the woman was born in England, and that she lived at various times in New York, Brooklyn and Allentown, but beyond this nothing is known about her. Coroner Strasser opened her trunk, in which were a man's watch, a woman's watch, rings, jewelry, a locket with two photographs, silverware and several testaments, is one of which was written "Mrs. George F. Nichols, from grandfather, 1874." The coroner issued a certificate of death due to apoplexy.

Peanuts Basis of Odd Suit.

South Bend, Ind.—Whether or not a man has a right to eat peanuts and throw the shucks on the floor of an interurban car is to be tested in court by Leroy F. Kobb against the Chicago, South Bend & Northern Indiana Railway company. Kobb alleges that because he wanted to eat his peanuts the conductor threw him off. Kobb wants \$5,000 damages.

Makes Violin for the King.

Brockton, Mass.—A violin which is to be the property of King Edward of England has just been completed by Archibald McIntosh, a violin maker in Brockville. The instrument is made of curly maple, the wood having been taken from an ancient table, once the property of the duke of Kent.

Oil Found in New York State.

Albany, N. Y.—The annual report of the state mineralogist to the legislature announces that there is undeveloped wealth of oil in this state. The oil is contained in a vast deposit of dense black bituminous shales extending from near Canandigua lake, westward, to Lake Erie.

JOPLIN MINES ARE OVENS.

Heat Caused by Chemical Action Drives Out Workmen in shafts.

Joplin, Mo.—Chemical action caused by a mixture of iron sulphite and water has created unusual conditions in the mines of the Bankers' Land Company, near this city, and the attention of assayers and chemists over the entire district has been called to the phenomenon. In some of the deeper drifts the ground has become so hot that powder placed upon it will smolder, but will not explode. The temperature of many of the drifts is so abnormally high that a man cannot work in them. In some places the walls and floors of the drifts are so hot that a person's hand cannot bear the touch of the rock.

About six months ago the pumps on this land were discontinued, and since then the water has gradually risen until the lower levels are filled. Prior to the removal of the pumps the water was cold. Since it has accumulated it has not only become very hot, but the action of the chemical in the stagnant liquid is injurious to pumps and an iron pump is eaten to pieces in a few hours. Because of this condition the land will not be drained. A member of the Bankers' Land Company asserted that to drain the land now would mean the expenditure of \$30,000.

The iron sulphite in the ground of this property is more plentiful than at any other place in the district. The sulphite is commonly called "fools' gold," owing to its resemblance to the precious yellow metal. "HELLO" GIRLS WED QUICKLY. Washington Telephone Company Cried by Numerous Marriages.

Wenatchee, Wash.—"Wanted.—The name and location of some old maids' home."

This advertisement has not yet appeared in the newspapers, but it soon will, if the directors of the Farmers' telephone system here do not find enough girls to operate the lines. The company has been having trouble getting girls and keeping them for over two years. Most of the people in this vicinity are newcomers, and girls of the right age are scarce. In two years 31 girls brought to Wenatchee have left the company, after staying from three weeks to four months, all of them getting married. The inducement to become the wives of ranch owners was too great. Then the company offered a prize to all who would stay a year. A dozen girls started in the race, and one was left at the end of a year. She got her prize and then resigned to get married.

Now the managers suggest that the company find an old maids' home and make a raid on it. They want to run a telephone line and not a matrimonial bureau.

BOSTON IS TOO OSCULATORY.

Western Maid Says Hubbies Are Given to Promiscuous Kissing.

Boston.—Boston, long known as the city of puritanical ideas, of culture, of all good things and infinitum, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and Miss Martha Nangle, the fair weather, a handsome yet unkissed girl of 29 from the golden west, who is forced to stay here while completing her course in music at one of the local institutions, doesn't approve of it. Its girls or their complexions one bit. Promiscuous kissing and the use of cosmetics are the charges that she lays at the city's gates. Out in Great Falls, Mont., where she hails from, the kissed girl is the exception, over in South Boston, where she now lives, and throughout the city, in fact, the unkissed girl is the exception. Miss Nangle has pedestrian tendencies, and every morning takes a ten mile stroll through the suburbs, a la Weston. Walking is conducive to thinking, she declared, and evidently she has thought much about Boston during these short walks—and she is not the least bit backward in saying what she thinks.

WHEN A WIFE NEED NOT KISS.

Court Holds That Liqueur on Nub's Breath Is Legal Excuse.

Toledo, O.—Neither morally nor legally is a wife bound to kiss or accept kisses from a husband with the smell of liquor upon his breath. There may not be a specific ruling upon this question in the law books, but Police Judge Austin established a precedent when he handed down such a decision in the case of the state of Ohio against Thomas Morray for disturbance. Morray confessed in court that he had "acted up" the other night when he was drinking, but he claimed provocation in that his wife refused to either kiss him or accept his caresses. It happened that Judge Austin knew the prisoner personally and, after informing him that his wife was not bound to kiss him when he was intoxicated or had been drinking, he said: "It doesn't require any great stretch of imagination for me to see what a herculean task it would be for any woman to get within a red of you when you are drinking, let alone to kiss you."

Titles Found to Be Bogus.

St. Petersburg.—A revision of the College of Heraldry of Georgia, Transcaucasia, has resulted in the uncovering of monster forgeries of princely titles. Among 3,000 registered heraldic coats of arms 600 have been found to be bogus.