

HANCOCK MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON



OWNS ENTIRE TOWN

UNIQUE DISTINCTION OF J. R. MECK OF MECKVILLE, PA.

Postmaster is Pooh-Bah of Only-One-Man Power Community in the Country—All Houses in the Village Owned by Him.

Meckville, Pa.—In this northwestern part of Berks county, at the foot of the Blue mountains, lives Jacob R. Meck, who can boast the ownership of an entire village, the only one-man-power village in this country.

He conducts the post office and it is named after him; the farmers bring their milk every morning to the creamery which is run by the postmaster; the village store is under the same management, and while the village is small, this mercantile establishment is one of the most enterprising found in the country districts of Berks county—50 feet square, three stories high and packed full from cellar to garret with all sorts of goods, from the tiny row of pins to grain drills and harvesting machines and commercial fertilizer.

While the village does not boast a hotel, the village owner has a wholesale liquor store.

Besides the business part of town, the village contains half a dozen houses, all owned by Mr. Meck.

It was established in 1836 by Michael B. Myers, and in 1871 a brother of the present proprietor became part owner, and the place was called Meckville.

In those early days the business of the place was tanning leather.

In 1879 Mr. Meck, the present owner, became proprietor of the entire village and postmaster, and has been holding the dual honor ever since.

The community is thickly settled, and the young folks needed some employment other than work on the large farms, and for months Mr. Meck studied how he could keep them in the neighborhood, so one day he drove half a dozen stakes on one of his corner properties and now it is the site of an enterprising shirt factory.

Meckville is near the Lebanon county line, and across the border Mr. Meck has operated a creamery and tanning establishment at Fredericksburg for years.

Doing all this keeps a proprietor of a village rather busy, and yet Mr. Meck finds time to travel, never missing a world's fair or exposition, and the jovial Berks county prince of county merchants always finds a minute or two to pass a joke, whether speaking with friend or stranger.

YOUNG ENOUGH TO WED AT 136.

Male Negro Obtains License and Marries Girl of Twenty-Eight.

New York.—Just to prove that Cupid is no respecter of age, William Brooks Mason, a negro, who gave his age as 136 years, applied for a license at the marriage bureau. The announcement caused the license clerks to grab their desks for support, for Mason, who says he is a street preacher, didn't look much over 60 years old.

When some lightning calculator had figured that the would-be bridegroom was three years old at the time of the Boston tea party, and was four years older than the United States, there was plenty of scurrying around by the city hall attachés to take a look at him.

He gave his birthplace as Havana, Cuba, and admitted that this was his second matrimonial venture in the last 100 years. His first wedding, he said, was a century ago, his first wife dying ten years ago.

Elia Haynes, 24 years old, was the bride-elect. When the license had been issued the couple stepped into Alderman Smith's office and he read the service, joining the two in matrimony.

DEPRIVES SELF TWELVE YEARS

Woman Lives on Bare Necessities That She Might Give Bell to Church.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Every time the bell just dedicated, in the tower of the Waterloo German Emanuel Lutheran church rings it will sound a tribute to a nameless heroine, who for ten years has gone without all but the bare necessities of life that she might donate the bell to her church.

The heroine, who is a woman past 70 years old, has a dislike for newspaper notoriety, and her identity is being kept secret from all but the pastor of the church and her family.

Some 12 years ago she conceived a plan to furnish the church with a bell. She was poor and had a family to look after, but she was determined. Her relatives noticed that she refrained from eating eggs, meat and relishes. To their questions she always replied that she did not care for them. When asked why she did not discard her old cape and bonnet she invariably replied that they were still serviceable and would do another season.

These things she denied herself that she might save the money toward the fund. She cultivated a patch of strawberries and worked many a day in the scorching sun to gather the fruit. She picked gooseberries at the coat of many scratches, and the money that she realized from the sale of these berries went toward the bell fund. Thus she denied herself in silence for a dozen years, and no one knew of the fund that kept slowly but surely increasing.

The other Sunday she saw the fruition of her hopes. The \$300 bell was hung in the loft of the church at Walnut and Vine streets, and special dedicatory services were held. The donor is in poor health, but was permitted to attend the services. When asked why she had been so steadfast in her purpose she replied:

"When I was saving all these years the one thought was uppermost in my mind that when I had gone from this earth and that bell rings forth on Sunday morning my children will say: 'That is mother calling us to church, and we must go.'"

DREAMED HE WAS BLIND.

Next Day the Bridge Tender Suddenly Lost His Sight.

New York.—Dreaming that he had been stricken blind while at work, Thomas Pendergast, age 25, of Hoboken, employed as a bridge tender at the Lackawanna ferry, awoke suddenly while in bed, and finding it only a dream, turned over and went to sleep again.

In the morning he told his wife of his strange dream, and she told him not to worry. He also told his fellow workmen, and they laughed at him. Shortly before time to quit work the other night, at seven o'clock, and while he was winding the hawser about the drum at the ferry, he became blind suddenly as the crowds of commuters were rushing for their trains.

His comrades were quickly at his side in response to his terrified cry. He was taken into the waiting-room and a doctor summoned. Pendergast was placed in a cab and taken home, where several doctors worked over him all night in a vain effort to restore his sight.

Has Eaten Twenty-Seven Miles of Pie. Winona, Minn.—W. H. Frye, a veteran railway mail clerk of this city, has been in the service ever since 1869, and next July will celebrate his seventy-fourth birthday anniversary. He is a pie lover and naturally has eaten many pies at railway lunch counters.

He has figured it out that if a line of pies were laid between Winona and La Crosse, a distance of 27 miles, he has during his service eaten pie equivalent to a strip 18 inches wide through those pies as this laid out. He has traveled about 2,000,000 miles, or about 80 times around the world.

HAD HIS SCARE FOR NOTHING.

Little Man's Humorous Recollections of Uneasy Period.

All of a sudden a little man who had a seat about midway of the car, and who looked like a tailor, burst out laughing, and he laughed so long and so heartily that the man next to him inquired:

"My friend, something tickles you?"

"Yes, it does. I can't help but laugh every time I think of it."

"Well?"

"Well, I was in the run on one of the banks in October."

"I see. You were one of the crazy ones."

"Crazy as a loon. I was so scared that I went all to pieces. I heard of it while at home, and paid three dollars for a hansom to hustle me right over there. Then I stood all night in line, and didn't get into the bank until next day at two o'clock. Lord, but how I did fume and sweat! A fellow had to give me a drink of brandy to prevent a collapse—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, you got into the bank?"

"I did—ha! ha!"

"And you got to the teller's window?"

"Yes—ha! ha!"

"And drew your money?"

"No. That's where the laugh comes in. I got there to find that the balance wasn't a blamed cent, and that I'd gone through all that scare for nothing—ha! ha! ha!"

SMALL TALK IN "GIDDY WHIRL."

Couple Impressed Each Other with Their Mutual Knowledge.

Miss Agnes Reppiler, the essayist, at a dinner in Philadelphia, repeated an overheard conversation as an example of mental erudition.

"It was," she said, "at a reading, I won't say where, that this conversation was overheard. A young man and a girl conducted it. It ran like this: 'Good good here.' 'Yes—literary, too.' 'Oh, very. Are you fond of literature?'"

"Oh, very. I just dote on it! 'I suppose you like Shakespeare, eh?'"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Do you?"

"Very much. I like Dryden, too."

"So do I very much, indeed."

"Do you like Browning?"

"Oh, very much. Do you like Goldsmith?"

"I adore him. And Byron, do you like him?"

"Oh, yes, naturally. Do you like Shelley?"

"Very, very much. And Pope?"

"His fine. I'll tell you a good writer."

"Who?"

"Milton."

"Yes, he is good, isn't he?"

"Afterward," said Miss Reppiler, "the young man told his friends that the girl was wonderfully well read, while she declared of him: 'Oh, he has read everything!'"

ARMOR-PLATED WHALES.

The remarkable fact that the earliest known ancestor, or primitive type, of the modern whale bore heavy armor on its back, in the form of strong, bony plates, has recently been set forth by the German paleontologist, Dr. Abel. The plates occasionally found associated with the remains of the primeval form of whale, have generally been regarded as having belonged to gigantic turtles, but the German investigations show that they were part of the skeleton itself. They resemble in their character the impenetrable bony shells of the huge glyptodonts that formerly inhabited South America.

The suggestion is made that at the time when they carried armor whales were amphibious creatures, living on the coasts and needing special protection from breakers and from sharks.

SEND WIVES TO COLONISTS.

In the German colonies there are large tracts of land, larger even than Germany, where men and women could make a good living. At present there are about 10,000 men in these colonies and only 1,000 women. The Woman's German Colonial union has been organized under the patronage of the grand duke of Mecklenburg, nearly every member being the wife of a government official or army officer. The union is working to interest women in the colonies and to help them to emigrate. Many German women have been sent to make wives for the colonists. The union also looks forward to helping families by establishing schools and other necessary aids to good living.

GREAT STRATA OF COAL.

It is announced from Hazleton, Pa., that the Lehigh Valley Coal company has opened at Lattimer what is believed to be the largest stripping in the world—a solid bed of anthracite, 1,300 feet wide and 30 feet in thickness, extending from Lattimer to Drifton, a distance of at least six miles. It is estimated that with an output of 500 tons a day it would require steady operation for 250 years to exhaust this newly discovered deposit.

A FAR-FETCHED ARGUMENT.

"The earth," remarked the professor, "pursues its mighty pathway through space without interruption and on what you might call schedule time." "Which," remarked Mr. Dustin Stax with confident emphasis, "goes to show what a good thing a perpetual franchise is."

HIS EFFORT NOT APPRECIATED.

Young Man's Voice Really Impressed Congregation, But—

Jacob H. Schiff, on the way to Egypt on the Caronia, was criticizing in the smoke-room the tenor singing of a young man who gave, all by himself, a little musicale every night after dinner.

"With a voice like that," said Mr. Schiff, "one is apt to meet with extraordinary experiences."

"I have a friend with a voice like that, a young broker. For his Christmas holidays my friend made a little tour of New England, visiting many quaint old houses, many picturesque churches."

"One Sunday he went to church in Salem or Gloucester or some such place, and lifted up his tenor voice in the hymns and responses with a fervor and force that made the congregation stare."

"Pleased with the attention he attracted my friend threw back his head, puffed out his chest, and abandoning the last vestige of restraint, sang with all his might and main. A high note was approaching. He collected all his powers to meet it. They were staring at him now—well, he would give them something to stare for. What a glorious thing this congregational singing was. He must have more of it! Every Sunday, on his return to New York—"

"A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He turned with a start, and saw the sexton, an old, bent man, glowering at him."

"Here, young feller, hold yer noise," said the sexton, in a wheezy whisper audible all over the building. "We pay people to do that here."

FINDING THE SILVER LINING.

Wherein All Might Do Something to Make the World Better.

"Please say: 'I guess you didn't mean to!'" sobbed a child pitifully when it was discovered in some childish misdemeanor, and the comforting words not only eased the sore heart's trouble, but plainly helped to ward a better life for the rest of that day, and perhaps for other days. A little boy in one of the kindergarten primaries in a country town a few years ago begged wistfully for a "gold star" when he saw the other boys and girls all getting them. "But," said the teacher, "you do spell so dreadfully, you know, and you don't half make your letters yet so I can read them!" "Don't you s'pose that maybe you could 'scuse a little?" he pleaded; "cause I'm doing just the very bestest that I can!" It is the cry our human hearts are always making. Often the world seems hard and cold and does not heed it. But we might heed it. We might turn every cloud of action round and find the silver lining. Wrongdoing is wrongdoing in ourselves or in another, but we might at least set the worst deeds in the best light, and see what comes of it. That is the rule of fairness for a picture—why not for people's failings? It was a sweet eulogy pronounced on a sweet woman by her grieving friends. "She was such an excusing sort of person—always so good at finding excuses for everybody."—Congregationalist.

ACCOMPLISHING RESULTS.

When President Garfield was in college he was striving for honors in Latin. He was strongest rival for the honors lived in a room directly across the campus from his own. Garfield found out that the rival studied his Latin the last hour before retiring. Garfield adopted the plan of studying his Latin at the same hour—in fact, he studied until the rival turned out his light each night. And then he studied just 15 minutes longer. He won the honors. The 15 minutes extra each night gave him the necessary slight advantage over the other man in the final markings.

The man who puts forth effort accomplishes results. But the man who puts forth extra effort accomplishes greater results.

WHY HE WAS INVITED TO DINNER.

"One of Lord Palmerston's colleagues in the cabinet—well known for his love of dining out—asked him why a certain ambassador was constantly asking him to dinner. Lord Palmerston replied: "Don't you know? His government always pays for the dinner if a cabinet minister is present. The ambassador knows that in you there is a sure find. In fact you pay for nearly half of my dinners. The rest are distributed among our other colleagues."—From "Rambling Recollections," by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

DISCOVERED.

Church—I am disappointed in Cuthbert. Gotham—Why so? "I took dinner with him the other day."

"Have a poor dinner?"

"It wasn't that; but, you know, he's a well-known sculptor."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, I noticed that he couldn't carve at the table any better than I can!"—Yonkers Statesman.

QUALIFYING HIS REMARK.

Henry Peck—Such weather! I'm free to say the—

Mrs. Peck—What's that, Henry?

Henry Peck (meekly)—Beg pardon, my dear, I mean, with your permission, I am free to say this is the worst climate under the sun.—Philadelphia Press.

ICE BOXES HER SPECIALTY.

Woman with a Mania Is Betrayed by Burglar Alarm.

Stamford, Conn.—Refrigerators and clotheslines breathed easier when Mrs. Edwin Arnold was arrested and confessed that she is responsible for the disappearance of about \$500 worth of meats, butter, eggs, and wearing apparel from the back yards of a score of houses. For five weeks the police have been baffled in their efforts to locate the thief. Mrs. Arnold was caught robbing the ice box of Harry C. Hoyt and admitted her guilt.

"I don't know why I stole," she said; "there was no necessity for it. I've got everything I want."

There was considerable sympathy for Mr. Arnold. He has a responsible position and makes enough money to keep his wife and baby in comfortable circumstances. Mrs. Arnold was formerly Helen Roberts Temple of New York. She is 29 years old and comely. Her husband attributes her mania for stealing to a recent illness. He claimed to be ignorant of his wife's penchant for other people's edibles and lingerie, although the police found a room filled with it when they searched his house.

Mrs. Hoyt's ice box was robbed. She rigged up a burglar alarm and when Mrs. Arnold came on a return visit the buzzer betrayed her presence. She started to run, but Hoyt pointed a revolver at her and held her until the police came. She was released on a small bond on account of her baby.

OLD BILL PAID; CURSE LIFTED.

Woman Retracts, in Odd Legal Document, Appeal for Wrath.

Philadelphia.—A strange legal document by which an aged woman lifts a curse she pronounced 32 years ago has come to light in this city.

In 1876 Dennis Comey, a laborer, aged 28 years, who was out of work, quit his boarding house owing the boarding mistress, Mrs. Mary Costello, \$30.

Mrs. Costello, who was then 62 years of age, fell upon her knees and called down the curses of heaven upon him and his. Some time ago Comey fell heir to money, and Mrs. Costello, who now lives in Atlantic City, attempted to collect her bill through attorneys. Comey informed the lawyers that he remembered the "bill" but would not pay it until Mrs. Costello removed the curses. The retraction reads:

"Know all men by these presents: That I, Mary Costello, do hereby retract, recall and retract to the utmost of my power the curse which Dennis Comey claims that I put upon him in 1876, calling down upon him and his, as he claims, ill luck, disease and disaster through life and eternally living and dead, at all times from the present to the end of the world, even unto the tenth generation, and do hereby declare that I hold for him nothing but sentiments of good will and respect."

POCKET PHONE SAVES LIFE.

Man to Escape Drowning Climbs Pole and "Cuts In" on Line.

Seaford, Del.—H. W. Carty, district manager at Salisbury, Md., for the Diamond State Telephone company, had a narrow escape from death on the march across Nantuxee river near Vienna, a town 20 miles from here.

That he did not succumb to the cold and exhaustion was due to the fact that he had a telephone receiver in his pocket and strength to climb a pole.

His horse got off the road into the river, taking the vehicle and driver with him. Mr. Carty had strength enough to swim to a near by pole placed in the water, and then climb it. He "cut in" with his receiver and told the operator at Salisbury of his plight, and asked that help be sent him.

After considerable delay men in boats were sent to his rescue, finding him partly unconscious, his spike in the pole holding him.

NO CHARM IN MILKING COWS.

That's Why Girl Now Suing Him Would Not Wed, He Said.

Washington, Pa.—L. H. Hepler of Buffalo, N. Y., who was arrested here several weeks ago at the funeral of his father on a capias issued at the instance of Miss Evelyn Mae Moss, who has brought suit for \$5,000 breach of promise to marry, filed his answer.

He admits a marriage engagement, but contends that after he had secured a farm in Beaver county and arranged for its occupancy she refused to marry him.

"She said she would not go down there and milk cows all her life," says Hepler. He claims that when another marriage arrangement had been made Miss Moss refused to allow the ceremony to be performed unless "she carried the pocketbook and handled the funds."

"And this was asking too much," says Hepler.

LETTER LIES UNDER CARPET.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The wife of Mayor Stoy has received from a messenger from the city hall a letter, unopened, which was mailed to her more than three years ago. That the letter did not reach her on schedule time is not due to the mayor's memory.

The letter carrier had shoved it under the door of the executive offices, and it was buried under the carpet. There it remained until the other day, when the carpet was turned up. The postmark on the letter was "November 13, 1904."

DOG ALTOGETHER TOO SMART.

Freeman's Good Reasons for Refusing to Train Another.

Freeman will never train another dog—in the way his wife thinks he ought to go. When Freeman bought Peppercot he was a likely-looking and appearing alredead, with a heart for any kind of a "scrap" and a bark for every sound he heard or imagined. Then Miss Freeman thought it would be lovely to teach him to carry things, like the Atwoods' Prince, who was so clever at it.

"And Priny is only a cocker!" finished Mrs. Freeman, by way of emphasizing the superiority of their dog.

So Freeman began. And Peppercot responded immediately to training. But it had come to him too late for him to take it lightly; in a week he was carrying everything he could grip with his determined teeth. The rest is Freeman's story, as he told it on the train the morning after their summer cottage had been looted of all its cooked food.

"Something waked me," Freeman said, "and I got up and crept down to the kitchen just in time to see three hoboes going out of the back door."

"What about your dog—your scrapper?" his seatmate asked, with surprise in his voice.

"He was there all right," answered Freeman. "He was trotting ahead carrying the hoboes' lantern in his mouth and looking round and wagging his tail now and then."

"You can teach an alredead anything," he continued, complacently. "All you've got to do is to give him a start."—Youth's Companion.

PARTING SHAFT A WITTY ONE.

Expelled Preacher at Least Left a Sting Behind Him.

Rev. John R. Clemons, for about 30 years following the close of the civil war, traveled back and forth through the north middle states preaching the gospel wherever he could find a crowd of listeners. His doctrine was independent, his manner supercilious and his discourses both sarcastic and witty. The different sects after enduring his extremely radical and fanciful sermons for a long time, at last closed the doors of their churches against him and thereafter he was forced to preach wherever he could.

Once he turned up at a basket meeting in northern Ohio just as the services were closed for the noonday feast. When the people, seated around on the grass, were busily engaged with the contents of their baskets, he mounted the improvised pulpit and began to speak to the hungry members. His denunciation, on this occasion, of all churches and their creeds was unusually severe and the committee at once ordered him from the grounds. This order the Rev. Clemons utterly ignored, whereupon four stalwart members gathered him up and made a bee line for the gates.

He continued his discourse unchecked until at the outskirts of the crowd when he shouted lustily back: "The Lord rode into Jerusalem upon an ass, but I'm riding toward the new Jerusalem upon four!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

WOMEN NOT IN DEMAND.

Mr. Arnold Shanklin, just returned from Panama, says that men who go to Panama seem to think a wife one of the first necessities, but generally they are provided with sweethearts, who either come to them properly chaperoned or they go back to the states for them. The government builds nice six-room houses for the married men, and there is a very pleasant social set being formed. He did not seem to agree with Miss Helen Varick Boswell that old maids or bachelor girls are wanted there, the inference being that the right sort of men are either married or about to be when they go to Panama.

SEASICK IN SKYSCRAPERS.

After the fierce gale accompanying last week's blizzard many occupants of top-story offices in tall skyscrapers complained of nausea, says the New York Press. No wonder. Such structures away considerably, and the sensation produced is not unlike that experienced in an earthquake. Then sickness at the stomach affects thousands. Let us style this earthquake feeling mal de seism, and the inclination to give up all the luxuries of the season on the top of the lofty buildings mal de scraper.

IN DANGER.

"Bobby will develop into a joke writer if he is not squelched," said Bobby's father, with the gleeful expression which always accompanies a mythic story. "We have been discussing the south's going dry pretty frequently lately, and that may account for his choice of subject. At table last night he said: 'Papa, why is a postage stamp not a prohibitionist?' 'Give it up, son.' 'Because,' said my kid, 'it sticks to its lick.' 'Not bad for a ten-year-old, was it?'"

WAS TOO SINCERE.

"Yes, ma'am," said the convict, "I'm here just for tryin' to flatter a rich man."

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am; I jist tried to imitate his signature on a check."

SCENTING A NOVELTY.

"My word!" exclaimed the first British gent. "It's queer the way Brutelley beats 'is wife."

"Queer, eh?" remarked the other British gent. "What way does 'e do it?"—Philadelphia Press.