

WHY UMBRELLA WAS RETURNED.

Something of a joke on the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Among the financial friends of the great preacher was one old broker in New York—an aggressive Unitarian, which set he often said bore "the grade mark of honesty."

"Take my umbrella," said the broker. "I don't need it; the coming rain takes me by door."

At the ferry Mr. Beecher met a lady, a prominent church worker of a sister church, who, having no umbrella, was lamenting her inability to reach her car safely.

"Dear Mr. Beecher—My husband, Mr. M. demands that I return the umbrella you so kindly loaned me at once, and join him in saying that under the circumstances the pleasure of an anticipated call is unregretted."

"The great expounder of truth and honesty was horrified when upon opening the umbrella he discovered a faded slip upon which was written in bold round hand: "Stolen by some Presbyterian thief!"

TUNES FAIL TO KILL; MAY BUY.

Aged Flute Player Makes Sure by Trying Score of Piece.

A little old man entered a large music shop and asked the assistant to show him a book of flute music.

"Here, sir, is a very fine selection," said the assistant, "and cheap at half a dollar, seeing that it contains no fewer than 50 airs."

The old man took the book, opened it, and laid it on a shelf. Then he took the flute out of his coat pocket, screwed it together and began to play softly the first tune in the book.

When he had finished the first tune he turned the page and played the second. Then he played the third.

An hour later he was still playing. The assistant thought it was time to hurry him up a bit.

"Well, sir," he said, "do you think the book will suit you?"

"I like these so far very much, thank you," said the old man, putting his instrument to his lip again, "but I have only played half the tunes so far!"

The Beam and the Mote.

Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing-net. It was slow work, for the frogs were nimble and exceedingly shy, but whenever he succeeded in capturing one he made sure that it did not get away by putting it in a tin bucket.

"That had a perforated lid. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady, who was out for a walk, happened along.

"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's very cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"

Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention.

"I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said.—Youth's Companion.

Marriage of Widows in India.

We are glad to note the number of widow marriages increasing every year. Following on the heels of one to high life in Calcutta, there have been lately three such marriages in different parts of the country. This is a noteworthy record, which should cause the social reformer to take heart for the ultimate success of his work.

The agitation that has been kept up for years by the social-conference has been successful, if only in impressing all classes of the Hindu community with the necessity of widow marriage. It is, however, well known that those who still take exception to it and offer sentimental objections have no widowed daughters at home, and consequently have no means to judge their sad condition.—Indian Mirror.

Permanent Rose Scent.

A word about the making of rose paste. Steep the petals in water until they are soft enough to be macerated easily. Mix in a few drops of attar of rose and a little gum.

This is a very suitable mixture to enclose in amulets or charms, for it is sweet but not sticky, and it keeps its sweetness, and, if run into a little fancy mold while soft and allowed to set and harden there, when turned out it will make an ornamental as well as an effectual perfume for a box of handkerchiefs or some of our pet possessions.—Girl's Realm.

Coal Cheapest "a la Carte."

An English town boasts the possession of a coal vendor who knows some French. He is not sure of it, but his pride in it is prodigious. Little Gallic phrases keep slipping into his casual speech, and they light it with a quaint charm. As, for instance, when he was asked his price for coal he replied, "If you take it 'a la carte' it's 20 shillings the ton, but if you take it 'en-de-sac' it's a shilling extra for the bags."

PUPIL NAMES "GRATE" PAINTER.

In Response to Teacher's Question He Promptly Answers "My Father."

In these days children are taught things their fathers never worried about. One class recently had a lesson on the famous painters of the world—the "old masters."

"Now, boys," concluded the master, "try to remember the names of some of those wonderful artists—Michael Angelo, Raphael and Salvator Rosa. I shall expect you to know one of those names when I ask you."

Next day he thought he would test the memories of his pupils. "Who can tell me," he asked, "the name of some great painter?"

"That's odd!" continued the master. "Come, now, you must remember some of those names I told you. Ah, Jimmie remembers! Name a great painter, Jimmie!"

But the teacher in turn had forgotten that Jimmie had been absent the day before. The boy's answer, however, was prompt.

"My father!" he said. "Your father?" replied the astonished master, while the class giggled hysterically.

"Yes, sir. He paints grates, furnaces and all sorts of ironwork!"

GRIEVING FOR HIS OLD HOME.

Possibility That Unfortunate Was Not Altogether Deserving.

The old man was seated in the park, great tears coursing down his cheeks. He was such a pathetic picture that the sympathetic passer-by stopped and asked him if he were ill.

"Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I have just had bad news from home. The house that has sheltered me for years is to be sold and torn down, and I haven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody in it will be turned out, and Heaven knows what will become of them."

"Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passer-by, slipping a dollar into the old man's hand. "That isn't much money, but you are welcome to it."

"Thank you, sir," said the old fellow, smiling through his tears. "Every little bit helps, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Where is this old home of yours, my friend?" asked the philanthropist.

"Up at Sing-Sing," replied the old man. "It's the jail, sir. I've lived there 25 years altogether."

And the philanthropist passed on.—Harper's Weekly.

Jap View of Baseball.

One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by soft pillows which he wear on hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front of that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. Hon. Pitch in hand hold one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness. He raises that arm lofty—then twist—a sudden! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon. Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss and them deathly ball shoot Hon. Stop in gloves. "Struck once!" decried Hon. Emperor, a person who is there to gossip about it in a loud voice.—H. Togo, in Atlantic.

Subtle Criticism.

A certain young artist in New York, who is on terms of comparative intimacy with the janitor of the apartment-house wherein he maintains his studio, is in some doubt whether the said janitor is a cynic, or something of an art critic, or both.

"One day, while doing a bit of repair work in the studio," says the painter, "Mike scrutinized a bit of my work with ominous solemnity. When I indicated a portrait of myself the blow fell. Said I:

"The paint on this is badly cracked, which spoils the likeness."

"With no more expression in his countenance than is to be seen in the face of a representation of Buddha, Mike replied:

"Not at all, sir."—Harper's Weekly.

Late Hours for Rising in England.

There is one signal disadvantage in London—and, indeed, in English life, for the practice apparently embraces for the entire country—and this is the appalling late hours for rising. Everywhere is nine o'clock the breakfast hour, nothing, so to speak, is open till ten o'clock, and this absolute loss of all the morning makes a great difference if one has anything to do. On the continent one may always have breakfast by seven o'clock, as in our own country; but the universal late breakfast here, with luncheon at from 1:30 to two and dinner at eight or nine o'clock, makes conditions difficult for those accustomed to earlier hours.

Strange Case.

One of the New York hospitals has a patient—a young athlete—who has normal vision when lying at full length, but is blind as a bat when he sits up or stands on his feet. This has been his state for six months or so. The hurt to the eyes that brought it on was received in a game of basketball. The specialists who are trying to remedy the mischief done to his eyes at that time employ a new X-ray process. "This consists," explains a New York paper, "of periodic flashes of the rays—of great intensity—against the retina, instead of the older method of a steady application of the rays for a considerable period of time."

Guaranty Made Big.

The three leading sugar refineries of Japan have put up \$245,000 gold as a guaranty to an agreement that their combined production would be restricted to 279,000 bags.

A LOST SEA BATTLE

FIGHT NEVER BEFORE RECORDED BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Historian MacLay Learns of Naval Action Occurring in 1779 in Which Yankees Were Defeated by Scotch Vessel.

New York.—Edward Stanton MacLay, author of the "History of the United States Navy and American Privateers," announces that he recently discovered in the archives in Edinburgh, Scotland, the record of a naval action in which an American ship figured that was never mentioned in any American history.

The combat was between the Yankee privateer Skyrocket and the Scotch vessel Sharp, and occurred in 1779. Mr. MacLay's story of the action follows:

A sea fight between an American and a Scotch armed vessel, which seems never before to have been recorded in American annals has just been brought to light by the discovery in the library archives of Edinburgh, Scotland, of a copy of a letter from the commander of the Scotch craft to his employers.

The name of the Scotch boat was the Sharp, Capt. Archibald Bogg, owned by merchants in Glasgow, while the name of the Yankee craft was Skyrocket, Capt. Burke, a brig, mounting 16 guns and manned by more than 120 men—an armament and complement that made the Skyrocket more formidable than many of the regular American warships in those days. The Sharp, according to the letter of Capt. Bogg, was armed with 14 carriage guns, six of them 12-pounders, besides six swivels.

The only note there is of the Skyrocket in American records is the bare mention of her name in Emmons' Statistical History of the United States Navy, which was published in 1850.

But the most important feature of the Scotch's armament was that six of the carriage guns were carronades—a new weapon in those days and one that at first carried considerable terror to the enemy—as will be seen in a letter from Capt. Bogg. The carronade was a gun of large bore, having a shorter range, but greater smashing power.

It was claimed, and with truth, that the smashing force of a 12-pounder carronade at short range was equal to that of a 24-pounder. In fact, the invention which took its name from the town of Carron, France, was quite as much of an advance in ordnance in those days as is the rifled shot of today over the solid round shot of 40 years ago. In Capt. Bogg's report of this action is had the first account of the effect of these "new" guns in actual battle.

It appears that the Sharp was bound on a voyage to Jamaica, but had scarcely proceeded beyond sight of the Irish coast when she was attacked by a hostile craft—whether an American or Frenchman Capt. Bogg was unable to state.

"On the 17th (March, 1779), being a little to the westward of Tulker, a cutter privateer passed the Sharp; she dogged us till the 18th at night, when she attempted to board us. I halted her with a broadside, which made her crew cry out in a most horrible manner, but did not understand what she said. She immediately sheered off and I saw no more of her."

Six days after this encounter, or on March 24, while the Sharp was standing off from the Old Head of Kinsdale, Capt. Bogg discovered a sail ahead of him steering westward. About two o'clock in the afternoon the stranger (which afterward proved to be the Skyrocket) by her superiority of sailing managed to gain the weather-berge of the Sharp, and then, working her way to an advantageous position of the Sharp's quarter, wore ship and scowling on all sail came up with the Scotchman at little after four P. M.

Down to this time neither craft had showed colors. When Capt. Bogg hailed and asked: "What ship is that and where do you hail from?" the answer was: "From America," upon which the American unfurled his flag, and delivered a broadside. The Skyrocket then displayed the "13 stripes" and "returned the fire smartly."

According to Capt. Bogg's report, the battle lasted "four glasses" or two hours, "when the privateer thought proper to sheer off, crowding on all sail." Bogg says that he gave chase, "but was soon left astern."

It appears from this same record that, previous to the Skyrocket's action with the Sharp, the former had captured the British merchantman Betsey, Capt. McArthur. The Betsey was from Clyde, bound for Oporto, when she was overtaken by the Yankee and captured.

Capt. McArthur was a prisoner aboard the Skyrocket when that craft fought the Sharp. Subsequently McArthur was released, and arriving at Greenock, reported that "the weight of the Sharp's metal," together with the quickness of firing, particularly of the carronades, threw the privateer's people into the utmost astonishment, and that the execution on board the privateer was such that they would have struck to the Sharp had she been able to come up with them."

Logansport, Ind.—William Slagle, rural mail carrier of route No. 34, out of this city, was attacked by a swarm of angry bees while covering his route, and was so badly stung that when he returned to the post office fellow employees were unable to recognize him. Goaded to fury by the sting of the angry bees, Slagle's horse ran away, and the United States mail was scattered along the roadway for two miles. The bees settled about the fleeing horse, and they made merry, jabbing their stingers into Slagle and the animal.

In an effort to bat the bees from his face and head Slagle dropped the reins, and the horse in swaying the light ris from one side of the road to the other, dumped out the mail.

The fleeing animal finally out-distanced the bees, and slowed down to a walk. First assuring himself that the bees had gone, Slagle turned the animal about and drove back and picked up the scattered letters and other pieces of mail. As the result of the attack he is in pretty bad condition.

TOWN WHERE NOBODY DIES.

Six Undertakers Move Out in Despair and Doctors Turn to Plow.

Carver, Mass.—This town is now known as the "undertakers' despair," and there are those who actually believe that the town pump is a veritable fountain of youth, which the Carver people have all to themselves. All of this because of the phenomenal health record of the 2,500 population. Two years ago Carver stood about on a par with other Massachusetts towns of the same size. Then came a marked decrease.

In 1907 but 16 deaths were reported, and all of these were over 50 years of age. This year, however, in the last six months the climax has been reached when not one single death has occurred.

A year ago there were six undertakers and four physicians in the town. The undertakers have dwindled away until the other day the last one sought more paying fields. All but two of the physicians have gone and these two do farming on the side.

Boys Stole Girl's Clothes.

New York.—When Miss Hannah Muentz of Hodson street, Hoboken, goes bathing again she will carry a bathing suit. She went to the Bay-one city park for a dip in Newark bay. All the bathhouses were taken, so Miss Muentz slipped into a clump of bushes, where she dozed.

Watching her chance, she ran into the water without being seen. Small boys, however, were wise, and they stole all Miss Muentz's clothes.

When she discovered her loss Miss Muentz sought shelter beneath one of the bathhouses and fell asleep there. She was taken to police headquarters and provided with clothes by the matron.

Convicted by Wooden Leg.

Springfield, Mo.—The imprints of a wooden leg which Charles Dukes wears were the cause of his being convicted of a burglary charge in the criminal court here. He was given three years in state's prison. Following the robbery of a store here, Dukes became active in aiding the police to run down the robbers. Detectives caught a glimpse of the imprints of his wooden leg and arrested him. Then he confessed.

MESCALE BAD FOR INDIANS.

New Drink Threatens Extinction of Winnebagos.

La Crosse, Wis.—Cultivating a habit of imbibing a strange new liquor of great power, which leads to insanity, the Winnebago Indian race in this vicinity is threatened with a rapidly growing form of degeneracy which in time, it is believed, will wipe out the tribe.

For the purpose of appealing for congressional action to stop the traffic in the new drug, John Stacey, a Winnebago Indian who is assistant to Father Stucki, in charge of the mission at the reservation, in Jackson county, came to La Crosse and laid the facts before Congressman Each. The report he had to make was of a startling nature, and so serious as to warrant the assurance by Mr. Each that the facts would be presented to the Indian commissioner at Washington at once, and an investigation ordered.

Mr. Stacey reported that, owing to the difficulties encountered by the Indians in endeavoring to secure liquor in the towns near the reservation, they had finally, through the assistance of the Nebraska Winnebagos, secured knowledge of the qualities of the "mescale buttons," the flower of a plant belonging to the cactus family, which thrives in New Mexico and other southwestern states. This flower, stewed into a tea and allowed to cool, makes a drink which is highly intoxicating and leads to insanity of a violent form. The drink saps the mentality of the Indian and soon makes him a hopeless imbecile, if used to excess.

Through the Nebraska Indians, Mr. Stacey reported, the Jackson county Winnebagos have secured a steady supply of the mescale buttons, and the habit of drinking the dangerous tea is spreading with great rapidity in the tribe. Efforts of Father Stucki and his assistant to check the traffic have proven of no avail, and it was finally decided to have the government interfere.

BEES DELAY THE MAIL.

Rural Carrier in Indiana Has a Strangely Experience.

Logansport, Ind.—William Slagle, rural mail carrier of route No. 34, out of this city, was attacked by a swarm of angry bees while covering his route, and was so badly stung that when he returned to the post office fellow employees were unable to recognize him. Goaded to fury by the sting of the angry bees, Slagle's horse ran away, and the United States mail was scattered along the roadway for two miles. The bees settled about the fleeing horse, and they made merry, jabbing their stingers into Slagle and the animal.

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TO SAVE LIVES AT SEA.

Experiments with Life Line Guns for Ships Show Good Results.

New York.—According to Capt. Arthur Mills of the American liner Philadelphia, the experiments carried out in Liverpool recently by the advisory sub-committee appointed by the British government to report on the question of British ships compulsorily carrying life line throwing apparatus were successful, and may have important results. The experiments were conducted with kites, buoys, and different styles of guns and rockets.

"The cannon," said Capt. Mills, "threw a line a distance of 1,850 feet, which was a remarkable feat compared with the old life throwing gear. The gun is loaded with a projectile and is fired by friction, which propels the projectile a certain distance, and from that point a rocket is discharged, which carries the line to destination. One of the features of this new gun is that during the daytime the smoke indicates the direction in which the line is carried, and at night the fire of the rocket answers the same purpose."

"The shoulder guns made a good impression on the sub-committee, as they are light, easily handled, and may be fired from any position by man or boy. Of the two shoulder guns that were tested the more powerful one carried a line 345 feet and the other 342 feet."

WIDOW WILL SINK WELL.

Boring for Oil on Strength of Dream by Husband.

Lebanon, Ind.—A dream is being tested near Whitestown in an effort to strike oil. James Webster, some years ago, purchased a 40-acre farm, a half mile east of Whitestown. He lived in Ohio, and died there two years ago. He had a dream that there was oil on his Boone county farm, and when he next visited the place he drove a stake in the exact spot indicated in his dream as the oil well site. He willed an interest in the farm to his twin brother, with the provision that the latter sink the well. The brother has made no effort since then to drill the well.

The widow has now taken the matter up, and, on behalf of herself and the brother, will sink the well. Her home is in Sandusky, O.

NIGHT TRIP IN AIR

TWO WOMEN TRAVEL 126 MILES BY BALLOON.

Are Enthusiastic Over Their Exhibition Experience—Ascend at Philadelphia and Land Near Elkton, Maryland.

Philadelphia.—After a successful flight from this city to a point 9,000 feet in the air above Lancaster, Pa., and thence southward, the balloon Philadelphia, which sailed from this port at 10:34 o'clock one Saturday evening, recently landed quietly at 9:15 next morning four miles from Elkton, Md. In this ship of the skies were two women, among the first to make a balloon trip in America. Miss Minnie Applebach and Mrs. M. E. Lockington, both Philadelphians. They came down enthusiastically, convinced as one of them put it:

"If horseracing is the sport of kings, ballooning is the sport of emperors." It was under the auspices of the Philadelphia Aeronautical society that the ascension was made. The pilot was George H. Simmerman, assisted by Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, both experts and both with Mrs. Lockington aboard the same balloon when a few weeks ago its ill-starred flight was ended by a swift descent in the Schuylkill river.

Not one mishap, however, occurred to mar the present trip. The highest altitude attained was 10,300 feet at eight o'clock in the morning, while the balloon was crossing the Mason and Dixon line into Maryland. The temperature was never so low as to cause discomfort and the descent was made with scarcely a jolting of the car.

"It was the most exhilarating experience of my life," emphatically declared Miss Applebach.

"It is the sort of thing," supplemented Mrs. Lockington, "that will make the most wretched forget all troubles. We traveled 126 miles in all, and though I have traveled a good deal on earth I never enjoyed any journey so much or anywhere nearly so much as I enjoyed this one."

"At the start as the ropes were cut," said Miss Applebach, "we shot straight up. The moon had not yet risen; the stars were obscured and it seemed as if we were taking a sudden plunge into an unknown world."

"As soon, however, as we had gained an altitude of 2,000 feet we struck a strong current of fresh air and it began to carry us northeast. The current continued for the better part of the night and brought us into the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pa., and no one can appreciate by hearsay the wonders of the ride."

"About four o'clock, just as we approached Conestoga, the sun leaped into view. We were between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the surface of the earth. As the sun rose, its rays warmed the gas in the balloon and we ascended until we reached an altitude of 9,000 feet. It was then that we came into a new current of air that carried us southeast and landed us without incident on a farm near Elkton, Md."

AD RESTORES HIS MEMORY.

Young Man Finds Out Who He Is by Reading Magazine.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—A young man who was racked up here suffering from a total loss of memory has been identified as Frank McGlynn of Poughkeepsie. The circumstances under which the identification was effected were peculiar.

McGlynn got a bundle of magazines to read and came across the advertisement of a Cleveland clothing firm, which brought back to his memory a familiar name, and he suddenly cried out, "I've got it, I've got it," and dropped the magazine on the floor. The nurse in attendance rushed to his side, but he was unable to remember what he had read. For an hour the attendant examined every page of the magazine with the young man, and finally found it. He declared he had a brother-in-law by the name of Slutz with a Cleveland firm.

The latter was reached by telephone and said he did have a brother-in-law answering the description, named Frank McGlynn, who was injured in a football game in the east and who was subject to loss of memory.

TRACED TO A BULL CALF.

Wild Animal Mystery in Indiana Town Has Satisfactory Solution.

Bloomington, Ind.—The wild beast which has been frightening the people in the vicinity of Bullocktown, this county, proves to be a bull calf owned by Cardin Rice.

It develops that G. W. Hadley, a peddler, amused himself and confidential friends by catching the calf after nightfall, tying a brush to its tail, and permitting the frightened animal to run through the woods, bawling with every jump.

One night while three of the "jokers" were trying to catch the calf, the animal jumped a ditch, into which its pursuers fell, and they nearly drowned before they could scramble out.

Several men, who were trying to solve the strange animal mystery, were witnesses of their plight, and in this way the secret became known.

The bull calf is no longer flurging in the role of a strange wild animal.

Bees Raid City Street.

Canandaigua, N. Y.—The busy bee was at work the other day, and when a swarm of honey-makers gathered on a trolley wire of the Rochester & Eastern for over an hour traffic on the line was held up and the broad main street of Canandaigua blocked.

The swarm was so large that it was impossible to see across the street at times. They drove a gang of "haven't workers" away, emptied two trolley cars of their passengers, and chased three touring automobiles for three blocks.

Near by doctors were busy all the afternoon taking care of persons who were stung.