

DREAMS OF \$1,000

STRANGE VISION COMES TO MRS. RANCIPIER THREE TIMES.

Washington Woman Then Consults Lawyer and After Two Years' Litigation Gets Mother's Insurance Money.

Tacoma, Wash.—Dreams have been worth \$1,000 to Mrs. Clara Rancier, living at 445 St. Helene avenue, to whom the supreme court at Olympia awarded a judgment for that amount on a certificate of insurance issued by the Women of Woodcraft.

In January, 1904, Mrs. Minnie Sullivan, of Seattle, the mother of Mrs. Rancier, died. A short time before her death she had increased her insurance and changed beneficiaries, leaving \$1,000 to Mrs. Rancier. After her death Mrs. Rancier, not knowing she was a beneficiary, paid but little attention to the insurance.

A short time later the same dream came again. And a week after the second dream she dreamed it a third time. This decided her and she placed the matter in the hands of an attorney. He heard her story with doubt, but began an investigation and was surprised to find that she was the beneficiary to the amount she had dreamed.

A peculiar feature of the litigation was that in May of last year Mrs. Rancier dreamed that the superior court here would give her a judgment for \$1,000.

"And to cap the climax," said Mr. Rancier, the husband of Mrs. Rancier, "I was coming in from Steilacoom on a trolley car. A man across the aisle was reading a morning paper. Something prompted me to ask him for the paper and I told a friend near me that I must have it. It was just one of those curious subconscious promptings, and my friend dissuaded me from asking the man. I got down town and bought one of the papers and found that it had the story of the supreme court's decision giving my wife the \$1,000."

DISCOVERY OF STRANGE CRAFT SAID TO BE 1,100 YEARS OLD.

Paris.—An interesting communication has been made to the Academic des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris by Mr. Gabriel Gustafson, the curator of the Christiania museum, concerning the recent discovery in Norway of a Viking funeral ship at least 1,100 years old.

Its mortuary chamber contained the bones of two women, who, judging from the size of the craft and the elaborateness of its appointments, evidently belonged to a noble and wealthy family. The vessel, which is 70 feet long and 16 feet 6 inches broad, was dug out of a tumulus 2 1/2 miles from the shore.

A large and extremely valuable collection of historic remains was found in the ship, including a four-wheeled chariot, richly and quaintly decorated; four sledges, three of them curiously carved; several beds, lintels, a mill, spinning wheels and a variety of kitchen utensils.

One theory is that the second woman was a slave condemned to accompany her mistress in her last sleep. The ship and its strange cargo, which constitute one of the most important archaeological finds ever made in Scandinavia, after being carefully restored, will be placed in the Christiania museum.

Find Rare Spanish Coins.—Ransomun Ten silver Spanish coins bearing dates in the sixteenth century have been unearthed by tourists at a ruined castle in County Roscommon. A popular tradition in the locality is that the castle was a hiding place for months of many Spanish fugitives after the destruction of the Armada.

Printer "Champ" Potato Eater.—Waterbury, Conn.—George Benjamin, a linotype operator, earned the title of champion potato eater of the Naugatuck valley when, in a contest with Thomas Burke a watchmaker, he devoured 25 large tubers to Burke's 23.

STEALS TO HUNT TREASURE.

Youthful Dime Novel Reader Caught Before He Locates Wealth.

Philadelphia.—A prolonged literary diet of dime novels has caused all of little Bernard Katz' thoughts to be colored with pirates and buried treasure, and it was no wonder, after a careful perusal of "Captain Kidd's Revenge, or the Secret of the Buried Box," that Bernard should have decided to institute a treasure hunt of his own.

Young Mr. Katz started an expedition against the pirates, and to properly finance such a trip he took \$25 from his father's cash box. The father discovered the loss of his money and the disappearance of his son almost simultaneously and started in search of both. Bernard was found before he could ship on a vessel bound for the Spanish main, but the money was missing and he told his parents that he had hidden it under a tree in Franklin square. The exact location of the tree he could not tell.

Accordingly, the Katz family began excavations in the square, and for more than an hour they dug, while Bernard stood by and pointed out likely trees to be undermined. The police were attracted by the commotion and took Bernard to the station house before all the trees were removed. The roll of money was found on him and he was held in \$300 bail for the juvenile court by Magistrate Gorman.

FIND BONES BOUGHT 172 YEARS.

Skeletons of Indian Victims Discovered on Island in Canada Lake.

Winnipeg, Man.—The skeletons of Jean Baptiste de La Verandrye and Father Aulneau, a Jesuit missionary, and the skulls of 19 French-Canadian voyagers, all killed by Sioux Indians in 1736, have been found.

The discovery was made on an island in the northwest angle of Lake of the Woods by a party of priests of St. Boniface college of Winnipeg, accompanied by Judge Prudhomme. The party also found the site of Fort St. Charles, built in 1732 by the explorer, Sieur de La Verandrye.

Jean Baptiste de La Verandrye was 40 years old at the time of the massacre. He was the son of La Verandrye, the explorer. The memory of the victims has been solemnly preserved by the Roman Catholic church, and many attempts have been made to identify the scene of the massacre and recover the bones of the victims.

St. Boniface college is located on the Red river, opposite Winnipeg. John Greenleaf Whittier immortalized the place in a poem in which he referred to the bells of St. Boniface at the "Holy Roman mission."

CARRIES NITRO, RIDES ALONE.

Passengers Flee When They Find Out Man Has Powerful Explosive.

Tulsa, Okla.—An oil well shooter with a large valise filled with nitroglycerin precipitated a riot on the division of the railroad entering this city.

The man got on the train at Ramona, just south of Bartlesville, bound for Owasso. The way he deposited the valise on the floor of the car and the surveillance he exercised over it made a number of old oil men sitting near him in the car suspicious, and they demanded of the man to know if their suspicions were correct.

When planned down to it the man confessed he had 40 quarts of nitroglycerin in the valise, enough to blow the train and passengers off the map. When the passengers became aware of the jeopardy they fled the car, leaving the shooter in complete possession of it until Collinsville was reached, when he was ejected from the train.

In some states it is a felony, akin to manslaughter, to bring nitroglycerin into a train.

Accident Reveals a Hoard.

Williamsport, Pa.—The contents of a dirty bundle, a handkerchief, tied into a little bundle, created a big surprise at the Williamsport hospital the other night. The bundle belonged to David Lewis, a woodman, who was brought here from Sullivan county with a broken leg.

Before being asked anything about pay, he declared that he had but three dollars in money, and he produced it. When his belongings were being put in a locker, the handanna bundle fell and was untied. Out of it rolled a lot of bills. A count showed \$1,517 in all, the savings of a year in a lumber camp.

Calf Born Like Turtle.

Eldora, Ia.—At the home of William Cookburn, in Cherokee county, there has been born a freak calf. The covering of the body, instead of being of hair, is of hard shell like that of a mud turtle. It is the owner's belief that the mother cow had been frightened or perhaps bitten by a mud turtle in the river which runs through his farm.

The tail of the calf was a perfectly formed turtle's tail, being six inches long and tapering to a point. A. J. Anderson, a taxidermist, says the internal arrangement of the calf resembled those of a turtle.

Hoosier Collects 100,000 Bugs.

Richmond, Ind.—One hundred thousand insects, properly catalogued and labeled, are the results of the work of Isaac Woods of this city during the last five years. Mr. Woods is an ardent entomologist and has devoted his time almost entirely to the collection of bugs during these years. His collection is said to be the most superb outside a public museum.

EXPERTS FOOLED BY MASTER.

Are Not Always Able to Judge Authenticity of Pictures.

One hears so much about false "old masters" and fake art treasures that it is interesting to recall the following anecdote, which is vouched for by M. Jean Bernard, so well informed on all that concerns art and artists. The story concerns a Rembrandt, which formerly figured at the Anwerp museum, under the description of the "Jeune homme a la cuirasse," during the exhibition of Rembrandt's works.

To-day the canvas belongs to the German emperor. Twenty years ago the owner of the picture went to a collector, M. Seldemeyer, and showed him the Rembrandt, offering to sell it to him for \$1,600. M. Seldemeyer in turn showed the picture to his usual experts, who declared it to be an imitation, and the next day it was returned to the owner, with the remark that he could not get a couple of guineas for it in Paris. The possessor of the "Jeune homme a la cuirasse" said nothing, but took the picture to M. Antonin Proust, who at once recognized it to be one of the best examples of the great Dutch painter.

The German painter Knauss, purchaser for the imperial museums, happened to be in Paris at the time, and when the Rembrandt was shown to him he immediately offered to buy it, and the deal was concluded for \$1,600. The transaction was one which the German emperor has never had any reason to regret, for if he wished to sell the picture to-day he could easily obtain \$100,000.

DEVICE OF VENETIAN PRINTER.

Aldus Manutius Author of System of Punctuation.

Punctuation by means of stops and points, so as to indicate the meaning of sentences and assist the reader to a proper enunciation, is ascribed originally to Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexandria, Egypt, who lived in the third century B. C.

Whatever his system may have been, it was subsequently neglected and forgotten, but was reintroduced by Charlemaigne, the various stops and symbols being designed by Warnefried and Alcuin.

The present system of punctuation was introduced in the latter part of the fifteenth century by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, who was responsible for our full stop, colon, semicolon, comma, marks of interrogation and exclamation, parentheses and dash, hyphen, apostrophe and quotation marks. These were subsequently copied by other printers, until their use became universal.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. In many early manuscripts the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

Liberty—Principle and Sentiment.

No theory is of much service in the matter without a character responding to the theory—without a feeling which prompts the assertion of individual freedom and is indignant against aggressions on that freedom, whether against self or others. Men care nothing about a principle, even if they understand it, unless they have emotions responding to it. When adequately strong the appropriate emotion prompts resistance to interference with individual actions, whether by an individual tyrant or by a tyrant majority; but at present, in the absence of the proper emotion, there exists almost everywhere the miserable superstition that the majority has a right to dictate to the individual about everything whatever.—By Herbert Spencer, in letter to M. D. Conway.

Beneficial Sneeze.

There is no more sure cure for an attack of faintness than a hearty sneeze. It immediately stimulates the blood vessels of the brain. In many persons fainting never goes so far as a loss of consciousness or loss of control of the limbs. And in these the sudden weakness is often brought to an end by a sneeze caused by nature herself without any external aid. A grain or two of pepper, snuff or tobacco introduced into the nose or tickling its interior lightly will usually insure a sneeze. These simple procedures or others similar in character may prove invaluable when smelling salts and other elegant aids are absent.

Unchanging Laws of Etiquette.

It is astonishing to see how little the standard of good manners seems to have changed since the middle ages. The strenuous life and the higher education have not altered our conception of the laws of good breeding, even if they leave us little time for the carrying out of them, and the rules of conduct upon which we have all been brought up are in many respects the same to-day as those propounded in the manuals of etiquette of hundreds of years ago.—Ladies' Field.

Valuable Medicine.

No family medicine chest should be without peroxide of hydrogen. This is of the greatest value in disinfecting any abrasions of the skin which may have been suffered. It destroys all germs with which it comes in contact and should be immediately applied to pin, prick or any other of the so-called irritating hurts. As a matter of fact, a pin wound is often more dangerous than one a hundred times its size, for the point may contain some deadly poison which is injected before the prick is even noticed.

HISTORICAL RECORD OF RINGS.

Have Important Part in the Annals of the World.

The ring began when man thrust his finger through a hole in a pretty shell, and later learned to make rings of jet. The ring is very magical. Lord Ruthven, who helped to kill Rizzio, gave Queen Mary a ring which was "sovereign" against poison, and she generously repaid with the present of her father's wonderful jeweled dagger of French work, no longer in existence. Whether Ruthven toiled with this magnificent weapon in the affair of Rizzio or used a cheaper article is uncertain. At all events Mary based on the ring that was an antidote to poison a charge of sorcery against Ruthven. The judges of Jeanne d'Arc regarded with much suspicion her little ring of base metal, a gift from her parents, inscribed with the sacred names Jesus Maria.

It was usual to touch the relics of saints with rings; Jeanne d'Arc said that her ring had touched the body of St. Catherine, whether she meant of the actual saint or a relic of the saint, brought from Sinai to Perlebois. The ring might contain a relic, or, later, a miniature. I fear that I do not believe in the virtues or vices of poison rings. Our ancestors practically knew no poison but arsenic, and Cartesianian science can scarcely have enabled Hannibal to poison himself with a drug contained under the stone of a ring.—Andrew Lang, in London Post.

ALWAYS THE SAME ANSWER.

Little Bride Simply Made Trouble by Asking Useless Question.

"It was a very warm night, and people in the boarding house had left their bedroom doors slightly ajar. Thus any conversation of persons who were so indiscreet as to forget the fact was distinctly heard down the hall, and that accounts for several persons knowing that the little bride, who is not more than 20 years old, said to her equally youthful husband: 'Are you telling me the truth?' His answer was not heard, but it failed to be convincing, evidently, for the little bride repeated the question, even unto the third time, and at the last her voice by no means expressed conviction.

And then those who were older in worldly wisdom pondered and commented.

Because, they said, that of all useless things, it was for a woman to ask her husband if he were telling the truth. Even if he were not, and knew that his wife knew that he was not, he would still declare that he was, not in such a masculine nature to go back on such a statement once it is made, said the experienced, and so the little bride was simply making trouble for them both.

Dissecting a Violin.

Not one person in a hundred has the slightest notion of how many parts or pieces there are in a violin. Here is a list of them: Back 2 pieces, belly 2, coils and blocks 6, sides 5, side lings 12, bar 1, purflings 34, neck 1, finger-board 1, nut 1, bridge 1, tail-board 1, button for tailboard 1, string for tailboard 1, guard for string 1, sound post 1, strings 4, pegs 4, total 69 pieces. Three kinds of wood are used—maple, pine and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side pieces and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coils and blocks, the side lings and the sound post. Ebony is used for the finger-board, the tailboard, the nut, the guard for string of tailboard, the pegs and the button.

Comparatively Young.

When John Goodnow was consul general at Shanghai, China, he was an ardent collector of antique brasses, and, having acquired a great many, was inordinately fond of showing them off, particularly a small Buddha, studded with uncut turquoises and garnets. One day he invited a number of Chinese connoisseurs to see his collection and upon their departure, Dr. Barchet, the official interpreter, overheard one of them remark in Chinese: "I heard this Goodnow had some pretty good brasses—why, he hasn't got a piece that's more than 1,000 years old!"

Rustic Chivalry.

An attractive young miss of ten years got on a Washington street car that was pretty well crowded. Just inside the door she encountered a lad of about the same age as herself, and this polite youngster immediately offered the girl his seat.

Just as quickly the little girl put up her hand to check his movements. "I'm ever so much obliged to you," she whispered, "but you ought to offer your seat till you're ready to get off, because people might think you're from the country."—Harper's Weekly.

Obedying the Impulse.

Slowly, almost reverentially, the young clergyman who was taking his first trip across the Atlantic bowed his head over the vessel's rail: "I'm doing this," he muttered with pale lips, "in response to an inward prompting." Thereupon the others drew away in silence and left him communing with the great deep.

Giving It Away.

Young Lady.—I should like to embroder a nice pair of slippers as a birthday present for my aunt. Shopman.—We happen to be quite out of new patterns just now. Wouldn't something else do you well? Young Lady.—Perhaps a cigar-case. —Stray Stories.

ALL MATTER OF PROPINQUITY.

It is the Event Near at Hand That Counts Most in Everything.

The death of hundreds of people in a distant part of the country from where we live hardly arouses more than passing interest, and the more or less sudden taking away of thousands of lives in some far remote land evokes no more than a word of sympathy from those a long distance away. But the single death near at hand, the funeral across the street, makes the strongest possible mark on the mind.

Propinquity, in that as in everything else, is what counts. The death in the family cuts into the heart for years. If accompanied by details that make it a horror, the shock often remains with the survivors to the end of their own lives. If the lost relative has met a violent death, by accident or otherwise, the anguish of those left behind is all the more poignant and enduring. Worst of all, and most lasting in its effect upon the survivors, is the death where unexpected financial distress or ruin follows the loss of the family head. It is a wretched home circle for many a year when the chief is taken away, leaving only debts, with no property, not even a little insurance policy behind.

PRICE OF LAMARTINE'S POEM.

Pecuniary Value Which the French Poet Put Upon His Work.

The Paris Gaulois tells a good story of Lamartine's estimate of the pecuniary value of his poetry.

It was in 1848, when he was at the acme of his glory and a cabinet minister. He had just contributed "La Revue des Deux Mondes," and Buloz, the editor, called on him at the ministry. "I believe I owe you £20. Here is the money," said Lamartine, producing a bundle of banknotes.

"Pray deduct the amount of the Revue's indebtedness to you for your poem," said the editor.

"I meant to make you a present of it," rejoined the poet.

"Not at all! I insist upon paying you."

"How much?"

"Your own price, whatever it may be."

"Ah, well, if you will have it as I must oblige you," said Lamartine, and with a magnificent gesture he swept up the whole bundle of notes representing the £20 and restored them, with solemn dignity, to his pocket.

Royal Chickens of Japan.

The most beautiful and extraordinary chickens in the world are those bred by the royal family of Japan, the privilege of raising them not being accorded to any of the Mikado's subjects," said Mr. L. J. De Courcy of Yokohama. "These chickens are celebrated for the wonderful growth of their tail feathers, a full grown rooster's tail often reaching a length of 20 feet. The tail is of a lovely deep blue shade, while the body is buff and about the neck is a white ring. A pair of these chickens has been known to sell to a wealthy Englishman for \$1,000 on condition that he would take them out of the country.

"I believe that ere long the species will entirely disappear as I heard before leaving Japan that it was the intention of his majesty to cease their breeding."

Hay on Church Floor.

A curious custom was observed at Old Neston church on Sunday. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor laid a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to new footwear. On Sunday the hay was duly laid down in the church.—London Standard.

Gave Names to Diseases.

The naming of a disease after the doctor who described and prescribed for it, as was done with Bright's disease, is no new thing. The chapel near Ux, which was dedicated to St. Vitus, was the object of an annual pilgrimage of people afflicted with the nervous affection which from this fact acquired the name of St. Vitus' dance. Except for this accident the name of Vitus would probably have passed into oblivion, for we know little of him beyond the fact that he was a Sicilian who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian.

Splitting One at a Time.

"Gracious, Nora," called the housewife, impatiently. "Isn't dinner nearly ready?" "No, mum," responded Nora, through the speaking tube, "awn it won't be ready for two hours yet." "Two hours! Why, what in the world is the cause of the delay?" "Why, mum, you said you wanted split pea soup, awn, faith, it has taken me two hours awn twenty minutes to split three hundred peas, awn there are four hundred awn sixty-six to be split yet. Oi counted them meself!"

Felt the Same Way.

The Major (after detailing pig sticking experiences for 15 minutes without a check)—You can't imagine my feelings when, weaponless as I was, that great boar and I were face to face. She.—O, yes, I can, major—exactly!

THE MEMORY OF A BUSY MAN.

New Husband Forget Dinner Engagement and Gave a False Excuse.

Dinner had been ready and waiting 20 minutes. The wife of the tardy guest was very much embarrassed. Just to think that her husband was so rude as to be late at a dinner engagement and keep all the guests waiting! After a while the belated one arrived, redfaced and perspiring.

"So sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "But I was detained at the office with an out-of-town customer. Just couldn't get away."

The excuse sounded all right and was accepted by the hostess, but it was a myth.

The truth was, Preoccupied he had gone home from the office at the usual time and found the house locked, much to his surprise. Where in the mischief were his wife and children? he wondered. Why didn't they tell him they were going away?

He went all around the house and tried the doors, but they were locked. Then he found a piece of iron in the backyard and broke open a window and crowded in.

He crowded out through the window for the evening paper and crowded back. He read the paper, and still the wife and children didn't return.

At 6 o'clock he remembered the dinner engagement. While he dressed and rode 20 blocks the guests waited. But others have made the same blunder.

CLEVER WOMEN THEN AND NOW.

Writer Objects to Undue Glorification of Past Celebrities.

"Believe me," said the Woman Who Thinks, "I'm a little weary of rhapsodies over the supposedly superior intelligence of the women of bygone days. Why don't those so generous of praise give modern women a chance?" It is a sort of mental fashion to assume that George Eliot and George Sand and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Blessington and others like them were peculiar to themselves and their periods, that no woman of to-day can hold a candle to them in any particular. I wonder if that's true. Seems to me there are dozens of women in New York

alone who are every bit as clever as those heroines of the past. Lady Montagu wrote delightful letters, but the art of correspondence has not passed from earth, and surely the cultured woman of to-day can be as aptly as for novelists and essayists, they flourish in abundance in this enlightened age. And when it comes to social knowledge, almost any Fifth avenue hostess is far ahead of those of yore. Let's bring our commendation up to date.—New York Press

The Business of Farming.

We are just awakening to the fact that the value of farm land is rapidly increasing in America. Ever since the discovery of the continent there have been vast tracts of unoccupied land subject to free settlement until now. We have at last filled up the continent and all the land worth tilling is under ownership. We are doing much by irrigation to reclaim the arid lands, but these are rapidly filled up as soon as they are made tillable.

Relieved of the pressure of vacant lands, there can be no doubt that the value of farms will continue to rise and the value of farm products will rise with them. The present depression in the commercial and industrial world has caused no drop in the price of farm products, no particular decrease in the cost of living. Indeed, it has increased, if measured by wages.—Indianapolis Star

The Whistling Boy.

But who beside the hand that bids the whistling boy be still! He is the sole survivor from an age of innocence into one of ill-starred knowledge; he binds the disparities of the present and the past. The same in country lane and on the city pave—compolite, blithe, Bohemian, a little pagan Pan!—is he, Amphibian of transient life, and endless preoccupations, is he, without rest, without haste, he shuttles back and forth between things as they are and things as they are dreamed of, in these transmigrations, from the inner to the outer world and back, he impinges on the edges of things a little sharply. He cannot arouse our ire—for there is a whistling boy within every man who keeps his courage up as he passes through the graveyard of his hopes.—Washington Post

Avoid Round Shoulders.

Are you letting yourself sag a bit at the shoulders? Don't, if you want to keep either young or well. There is nothing so fatal to a man as to grow round-shouldered. Keep a sharp watch on yourself to prevent it. Each morning stand up against the jamb of a door and see if you have begun to sag. Also walk around your room each day with a piece of broomstick or short umbrella under your arm and brought across the back. This keeps the chest up and head well poised. Deep-breathing exercises, whenever you think of them, will help ward off those round shoulders, also making a practice to work with the chest up. This last is the simplest of all preventives, for if it is always practiced the rest will follow.

Natural Question.

She.—How is it your sister didn't sing to-night? He.—O, the doctor has forbidden her. He says she must not sing for six months. She.—Does he live near her?