SENATOR FROM COLORADO

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

With the retirement of Henry M. Teller from the upper house of congress, Simon Guggenheim becomes the senior senator from Colorado. Prior to donning the toga Senator Guggenheim was engaged with his brothers in the mining and smelting business in the United States and Mexico. He is 41 years old and his term of service will expire March 3, 1913. He succeeded Thomas M. Patterson.

MAY STIR UP FEUD

TROUBLE BREWING IN HAWAII OVER ROYAL TOMB.

Queen Liliuokalani Prepares Eligibility List of Occupants Which Does Not Satisfy All the Chiefs of the Tribes.

Honolulu, Hawaii.—There is tribal trouble among the chiefs of Hawaii, and the old family feud between the Kalakauas and Kamehamehas is about to be resumed.

The Kalakau descendants, as represented by former Queen Liliuokalani, refuse to allow their family dust to mingle in the same royal mausoleum with the dust of the descendants of the great Kamehameha, while the former queen, who is now in Washington after an appropriation, has also drawn the line between royal bodies that are the real thing and royal bodies that are only so through courtesy. The matter is only known to a few here as yet, but all Hawaiian Hawaii will be stirred up as it has not been since annexation when the actual trouble breaks out.

This comes about through the fact that the Hawaiian legislature set aside $20,000 to build a new mausoleum for the bodies of the high chiefs of Hawaii and the fact that the selection of the chiefs who are to grace the new tomb with their bones was left to Queen Liliuokalani. The queen, accordingly, has just forwarded a list of those whose blood used to be blue enough to warrant their removal to the vaults where she herself will lie some day, and the list omits the names of practically all the Kamehamehas.

Prince Jonah Kalanianaole, the present delegate to congress, is also not on the queen's tomb list, and that fact is also expected to help on the excitement.

At the same time there are some named as eligible whose bones will not be removed from the present resting place to another, no matter how dignified, without a fuss being made. It is proposed by the queen, for example, to have the body of Princess Pushi, the late Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, the wife of a Los Angeles capitalist, taken from the grave and placed in the vault.

If this is done, it is asserted, the trustees of the Bishop estate, the big land owning corporation of Hawaii, will obstruct in every possible way, through court injunctions and otherwise. This would bring the government up against one of the richest institutions of the island, backed up by the Bishop millions.

The removal of the present royal mausoleum, in which are bodies not included in the queen's selection, would mean that these would have burial outside the royal inclosure, and this would possibly result in lawsuits. One of the bodies that would be affected in this way is that of Prince David Kawanakoa, only recently entombed.

Violet Lamp Milk Sterilizer.

Paris.—Special interest was taken at a midnight meeting of the Academy of Sciences when Prof. Gilignard stated that M. Courmont and M. Nogier of Lyons had discovered that the ultra violet emitted by Kromayer's mercury vapor electric lamp will completely sterilize milk in which the lamp is placed. The sterilising influence of each lamp extends over a distance of nearly five feet in every direction. The Lyonese scientists consequently devised a quartz tube or holder in which the electric lamp is placed. This lamp is put in the pipe through which passes the milk to be sterilized and effectually rids the liquid of all pathogenic microbes.

WILL SQUANDER A MILLION.

Private Soldier Promises to Spend Uncle's Fortune.

New York.—When Gustavus Williams, a private in the coast artillery at Fort Hamilton, the other day received news that he had been left $1,000,000 by an uncle who died in Sweden, and was asked what he intended to do with it, he replied:

"Blow it in."

Williams, who is only 25 years old was hard at work in the power-house at the barracks dressed in a dirt-begrimed suit of blue jumpers.

"It's a great surprise to me," said the young man. "My uncle, who left me this money, never had any use for me after I ran away from home in Sweden when I was only 14 years old.

"I heard that my uncle went west and accumulated a large fortune, but I never dreamed that I would get in on it. I have a brother, Alphonso, who is also in this country, and a sister, Ella, both of whom will share in the legacy left by my uncle.

"The estate, I understand, amounts to over 11,000,000 Swedish crowns, or nearly $3,000,000 in American money.

"I've always worked mighty hard for every cent I ever got," said Williams, as he rubbed his chin with an oil-soaked hand, "and you can take it from me that I'll have some fun from now on."

When it was suggested that the "great white way" was an easy place to spend the money and that there were usually obliging chorus ladies willing to assist in such a good work, his eyes sparkled.

"If I get that million," he declared, "I'll show 'em a few things along Broadway that they never saw before."

WALKS 96 MILES FOR BRIDE.

Sweetheart's Coldness Yields to Proof of Devotion.

Waterbury, Conn.—Trudging all the way on foot from New York city to Union City, 96 miles, Samuel Osten has found his sweetheart, Margery Matin, and gained her consent to marry him. He had covered the circuit of her relatives in six towns before finding her.

Miss Matin was a governess in the Bronx and Osten was caretaker of an estate in Staten island. The two were inseparable all summer till George Babin, a broker's clerk, began to aspire to Margery's hand. Then she cooled a trifle toward Osten, and when she left her place in the Bronx lately it was a week before he learned that she was with friends in Connecticut.

As she had friends in New Rochelle, Stamford, Norwalk, Bridgeport, Ansonia and Union City, Osten said he would walk it, and he did, but it nearly killed him. Now they are to be married and he is rewarded besides with a position here in charge of a large estate.

NO PERFECT HUMAN SPINE.

Doctor Also Says Its Curves Are Evolutionary.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Dr. Earle S. Willard, 1524 Chestnut street, of the faculty of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, delivered an address on "The Formation and Shape of the Human Spine," in the Igorrote village, 811 Chestnut street. Aside from the large number of persons attracted by the Igorrotes, there were a number of students of the college present and several doctors.

Dr. Willard has devoted considerable study to the human bones. He claims that no human spine is perfect and that its curves are evolutionary. He has examined the spines of whites, negroes and Indians, and he declared that the aborigines show retrogression in this particular toward the ape. Dr. Willard said that the spines of the Igorrotes are more abnormal than any he has ever examined.

CURED OF "SWORD-SWALLOWING."

Knife-Eating Incident Calls to Mind a Little Trick.

"While seated in the dining-room of one of our best hotels my attention was attracted to a dignified, well-groomed, prosperous-appearing man, who was deliberately eating with his knife. He also had a sort of strangle hold on his fork which he used backwards and sideways," said a western Pennsylvania man, according to the New York Morning Telegraph.

"I cast my eyes about and noted a number doing the same thing. Folk of whom you would expect better manners, if from no other cause, from pure instinct.

"It recalled to me the time when I was a young fellow and my uncle—a judge in a country district of Pennsylvania—gave a reception to many of the farmers thereabout, at which a gigantic old-fashioned spread was placed before them.

"I knew well how these sons of the soil would gobble up all they could hold, shoving the food into their faces with their knives.

"I was full of mischief at this time, so I got hold of all the knives on the quiet, took them to the grindstone and sharpened them like razors. Then slipped them back to the cupboard.

"When the guests began their sword-swallowing, one after the other cut their lips with the keen-edged weapons, while I sat in a corner bubbling over with laughter at the affair and hoping the lesson they were being taught might be of advantage to them in the future."

INSTRUMENT FOUND ITS SOUL.

The Story of a Violin That Was Wrecked in a Fire.

After the Lucky Baldwin theater and hotel fire in San Francisco years ago there were nine feet of water in the basement, where the instruments of the orchestra were stored. When a little of it had been pumped out, August Hinrichs, leader of the orchestra, hired a man to swim in and get out his famous Amati violin.

It was wrecked—water soaked, warped, twisted and broken up into 68 pieces. The hot water had soaked out all the old glue, and every piece had fallen away from its neighbor, besides a good many patches of wood put in when repairs had been done. To all appearance the thing was smashed beyond recall.

Nevertheless, Herman Muller, a local violin repairer, who knew and loved the old fiddle, took it in hand. Twice he carefully joined the time-darkened pieces of wood. Twice he decided that the Amati would not do.

So once more he soaked the 68 bits of wood apart. Then he carefully modeled out of clay an arch such as he remembered that of the old Amati to have had, and for nine weks kept the bits of wood bound to it until they had gained the proper shape.

Once more he put the bits of wood together. Then for five weeks more he patiently varnished and polished the more than 200-year-old fiddle until it shone. Then Hinrichs once more drew his bow across the vibrating strings, and the violin spoke. It sang, wept, bubbled with life and joy.

The Amati had found its soul.

Barn Dancing a Fashionable Exercise.

Barn dancing is being turned into a fashionable exercise. But don't think "barn dancing" means dancing in a barn. It simply implies an old-fashioned, vigorous "square" dance. Fencing has made many a woman gracefully slender and developed her wits as well as her arms, yet fencing is not as much in vogue as it used to be. The barn dance is the thing to bring a fat girl down to the right proportions for the bolster case empire gown. When a half dozen girls get together now it is likely they will fling about with great vigor in the barn dance. But there is one drawback. Such dancing does not suit the way most women wear their hair. Puffs and curls strew the floor and such exhibits are embarrassing.

A Forest Under the Sand.

What some believe to be a buried pre-historic forest on the New Jersey coast near the Sandy Hook military reservation, has been discovered by army engineers while boring for an additional water supply. When the test pipes were down nearly 400 feet a broad strata of wood was found. At one point the borers reported that they went through 20 feet of wood. Investigations are being made in the interest of archaeology. If a forest flourished where the sand dunes are now, it is believed it was covered with sand by the action of the sea until buried.

A Church Saloon.

A number of well-known churchmen of Montclair, N. J., are planning to open a model saloon similar to the one favored by the late Bishop Potter in New York. The movement was started at a church meeting recently and at the next period for filing applications for liquor licenses steps will be taken to secure a license for the ideal saloon. Besides the spirituous drinks, the "church saloon" will furnish coffee, lemonade and soft drinks, as well as light luncheons. Qualified bartenders will be employed.

Depends on the Sculptor.

"Do you think posterity will recognize you?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "not unless I am lucky enough to strike a sculptor more than ordinarily successful in preserving likenesses."

RETAIN LONGING FOR ROMANCE.

Frequent Cause of Tragedy in the Life of a Woman.

It is because women are always striving to keep love at some emotional height, while men, after a few years of marriage, are quite content to let romance die out and settle down to a placid, comfortable, humdrum existence, writes Mildred Herbert Urner in the Red Book.

How often does one see a woman past her first youth, and yet with her insatiable longing for romance still strong within her, striving with all her arts and wiles to make of her stolid, prosaic, middle-aged husband an ardent, romantic lover. Usually the man is blandly unconscious of her efforts; or at most mildly wonders why Mary after all these years, could not take his love for granted and not insist on being constantly told of it.

And there lies the tragedy of most women's lives. They want to be told—constantly, repeatedly told that they are loved. They can never be reconciled to taking it for granted. However faithful and devoted they may know their husbands are at heart, they want it in words. They want, through all their married life, all the little love phrases and tender attentions of their honeymoons. And not one woman in ten thousand gets them! Yet with what pitiful persistency they keep on wanting!

LAST OF THE MEDICINE MEN.

Hut-cho-nu-pah Had Long Been a Power Among the Indians.

Hut-cho-nu-pah, last of the medicine men, died last month in the Snake hills of the Creek nation. He was 95 years old. For half a century he had been one of the most turbulent spirits in Oklahoma.

Hut-cho-nu-pah led the last rebellion of the Creeks in 1890. His faction was subdued by the Creeks themselves before the United States troops got there. In a battle Hut-cho-nu-pah's band was annihilated and he was condemned to death.

But so great was the awe in which the old medicine man was held that no one could be found to be his executioner. With his adherents dead and himself imprisoned, his influence was so potent that he compelled the election of a friend as chief and was pardoned.

The medicine man fought for the northern forces during the civil war. He always asserted that he was under the special protection of the Supreme Being.—Indian's Friend.

Modern Pekin is Progressive.

Changes in Pekin are striking: Macadamized roads, improved drainage, streets kept clean, side stalls removed into markets, traffic handled by uniformed trained police, modern public buildings, electric light, carriages and broughams in place of chairs or carts, improved schools with students in uniform, female education, public reading rooms and lecture halls, an intercourse with foreigners never before known, daily newspapers with tropical illustrations, zoological and botanical gardens, and a crusade against opium.

Pekin, exclusive of its unimportant suburbs, has a population of 623,044 persons, represented by 128,008 families. The children number 173,261, one-half of whom are of school age. The city has 183 schools for boys and 17 for girls, with a staff of 1,200 men teachers and 160 women teachers. The average daily attendance is 15,282 boys and 771 girls.

Reports Seeing Leprechaun.

A real live Leprechaun, one of the little folk, is reported to have made his appearance at Newport, Tipperary, where people are credulous. A well-known resident of the district, whilst on his way home with a creel of peat, was startled at the appearance of a diminutive man. He was dressed in tightly-fitting pants, coat of brown, white shoes, grey stockings, and a brown cap, set off by a red tassel. Apparently years are telling even on the Leprechaun, for he walked with a limp. The gentleman who saw the mannikin was so anxious to capture him that he forgot that to lose sight of him even for an instant is fatal to one's chances of getting the pot of fairy gold. The man stopped to pick up a missle with which to "level" the Leprechaun, as he expressed it. When he looked up the cute little fairy had vanished.

Letter "E" Caused Trouble.

The letter "e" has caused a quaint quarrel between the parish council and the overseers of Brockenhurst, Hants, England. The parish council decided some time ago to add "e" to the name of their village, but when the overseers received precepts for Brockenhurste they refused to pay, as they said they did not know of such a place. Consequently the council has no money and has got into debt, and now the overseers are being begged to pay, at all events, under protest, and leave the "e" question to be threshed out at the annual parish meeting.

His New Job.

"Assistant to an inventor! Oh, how delightful!" the young man cried.

"Salary a hundred a month. Hours ten to four. Is it a go?" inquired the other.

"Well, rather!" said the young man. "And what," he added lightly, "will be my duties?"

"The simplest," was the answer. "I am an inventor of aeroplanes, and you will merely have to go up in my various new machines."

HER MOMENT OF COMPLETE JOY.

When Grandmother Reads First Letter from Her Grandchild.

You may talk about great state papers, of presidents' messages, of royal exchanges of salutations, and all that sort of thing, but when you want to strike a chord that beats in harmony with the human heart, just see that grandmother reading that first letter from her grandchild. All time and space, and things created and uncreated, are concreted into the bliss of the moment, when the dear woman drinks in the meaning of those awkward, hesitating, incongruous lines, which with all their crudities, still seem stately and dignified under the emotion of a first great effort.

There is nothing like it. Shakespeare never matched it. Dante reads like an almanac by the side of it. It is a revelation that makes St. John's seem insipid and pale. The good woman reads it over and over, and thinks away back when she was a little girl, and when the child's mother was a little girl, and then of this little boy, just starting to open a path into the mystery of life; and she reads another passage of the sweet, blundering letter, which closes with the very formality of affection—"Your loving friend"—and then her thoughts rush out of the window into the gray skies, but after a while they come back, bringing her the assurance from somewhere, that of all the blessings of life, one of the sweetest has come to her—that of getting the first epistle from her first grandchild.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

Only Occasion on Which Casey Was Admitted to Parlor.

An old Irishman named Casey made a lot of money as a contractor and built a fine house for his children.

The sons and daughters were much ashamed of the plebeian father, and Casey was always kept in the rear of the house when they had a party or a reception. One day Casey died, and there was a great to-do about it. The children had a fine coffin, with plenty of flowers, and Casey was laid in state in the parlor.

That evening an old Irish woman, who had known Casey when he was a laborer, came and asked to see the face of her dead friend. They conducted her to the parlor.

She walked up to the coffin, took a long look, and said:

"Faith, Casey, an' they've let ye into th' parlor at lasht."

Grizzlies Eat Violets.

In one locality the grizzly of the Rockies is found eating the fresh sprig of the dog-tooth violet and the green leaves of the spring beauties, says Fur News, while a few hundred miles further on, to the north or south as the case may be, the grizzly doesn't touch them.

Instead he may be discovered munching at the young shoots of the shooting star, down in the Bitter Root mountain country, for instance, among the towering peaks of the higher Rockies. Upon this question of locality which is often overlooked or even ignored by nature writers, lies the solution of many warmly disputed points between those who tell the public at large all about nature and its animals.

First Freedman in the Army.

The first muster of freedmen into the United States army occurred on November 7, 1862, at Gen. Saxton's headquarters in Beaufort, S. C. It was on the first anniversary of the capture of Port Royal and at the time of the organization of the department of the south.

Capt. James had his men drawn up in line and as he read their names from the roll each man answered "Here." Then with uncovered heads and right hands raised the men took the usual oath of allegiance, which was administered by Gen. Saxton. This simple ceremony over, the newly made soldiers marched back to their camp.—Southern Workman.

When Lent Commenced.

Lent is said to have been instituted by Pope Telesphorus. In early days Lent commenced on Sunday, now known as the first Sunday in Lent, but in 487 the four days preceding were added by Pope Felix III. (483-492), thus increasing the number of fast days to 40. It was first observed in England in 640. Previous to 1543 the use of meat was prohibited during this season, but in that year Henry VII. (1509-1547) of England issued a proclamation permitting the use of white meat. The use of meat was wholly forbidden by James I. and again by Charles I.

Making a Record.

"I remember one time I was drivin' a particular good lookin' hoss that appeared ter be somewhat of a trotter, and a bystander who'd ben a-watchin' his movements finally stepped up ter me, and seemin' ter know who I was, sez 'Jim, jest 'bout how fast kin that hoss trot?'

"'Oh, I dunno,' sez I. 'I take 'im out and drive 'im like hell fer 'bout three minutes and call it a mile.'"—"Old Jim Case of South Hollow."

Dangerous Literature.

"Let me leave you some of our booklets," said the steamship agent; "they give illustrated descriptions of a number of our trips to the most remote parts of the world."

"Take them away," said the bank cashier fearfully; "if the directors saw 'em on my desk they would have my books overhauled sure."

LIKED THE FIGHTING APOSTLE.

Name of St. Peter Appealed to Heart of Soldier.

It is well known that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, not only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid soldiers out of his own pocket. Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum used to tell this story:

"While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a clergyman, entered the tent and said he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation.

"'Church, church,' said Mr. Howe without looking up from his bills he was counting; 'building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is it?'

"'St. Peter's church,' replied the clergyman.

"'Oh, St. Peter's,' said Mr. Howe; 'well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle—he cut a man's ear off. I'll go $500 on St. Peter, but I am spending most of my money on saltpeter now.'"

A TREE THAT IS WORSHIPED.

Ficus Religiosa Held Sacred by Buddhists and Hindoos.

In most of the countries of southeastern Asia, the Indian Ficus religiosa, the sacred and consecrated fig tree, or peepil tree, is found. It is held pre-eminently sacred by the Buddhists, and is revered also by the Hindoos, the birth of Vishnu having occurred beneath its branches.

It is a handsome tree, growing frequently to a great height. It is an evergreen, which puts forth its flowers in April, and the bark yields freely upon incision an acrid milk containing a considerable proportion of india rubber. The leaves are heart-shaped, long, pointed and vibrate in the air like those of the aspen.

A branch of one of these trees, having a notable history, was sent to a city in the interior of Ceylon, where it was planted, and became known by the name of the bo-tree. For 200 years it received the highest reverence, and is still the chief object of worship to the pilgrims who every year flock to the ruins of the city.

Trim Your Nails.

There is a certain eminent physician who, wiser than the children of light, plods his way along in an unbeaten track and has no peer as a diagnostician. He is always accompanied by an expert manicurist, instead of a white or colored valet. "The human nail, like the human hair," he said to me, "is much affected by physical conditions. Barbers will tell you that in certain seasons the beard, for instance, grows nearly twice as fast as at others. It is so with the nails. At times, according to how we feel, the free edge may be a month in growing; there is some retarding agent. At other times it may grow in a week. Sometimes the nail has transverse furrows, indicating periods of illness. At other times it bears furrows running lengthwise—a sure indication of gout. My manicurist can tell by these indications when your last sickness occurred, and I can tell what the malady was."

She Got the Letter.

The post office official put on his severest manner.

"You say you mailed the letter about half an hour ago at a window in the east corridor?" he asked.

The beautiful woman dabbled a handkerchief at her soulful eyes and at the tip of her classic nose.

"Yes, yes," she said.

"To whom was it addressed?"

She told him.

"And now you want to stop that letter?" he went on, still more sternly. "You want to get it back? Why?"

"Because," said the woman with unpremeditated frankness, "I am afraid his wife will get it."

"Oh," said the stern official.

She got the letter.

The Psychology of the Badge.

"I've always noticed," spoke up Old Jim, "that us farmers, when we git on a biled shirt and a derby hat, feel about the same as a city feller wearin' a soft shirt and a slouch hat. We sort o' b'lieve that it's our duty to over-in-dulge. In the old days I wus one o' them kind what couldn't even pin a badge on my coat without a-feelin' that I had a license ter paint the town red."

"Yes," laughed Cal, "there hain't no sadder sight than ter see a perfectly sober man all covered with ribbins and badges."—From "Old Jim Case of South Hollow."

Resentment.

"Does you charge 30 cents foh dat little box o' strawberries?" asked Aunt Hannah, superciliously.

"Yes," answered the grocer.

"An' it 'ud take about a thousan' of dem berries to make one ten-cent watermelon! I doesn't mind de price, but I does hate sech impidence!"—Washington Star.

Dead Dog.

"What's become of your dog? I haven't seen him for a long time."

"You notice what a cold I've got?"

"Yes, but what's that—"

"Well, a lot of people told me things to do for my cold, and I was wise enough to try 'em on him first."

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