

PRETTY LEGEND ABOUT CORN

Truly Poetic Fable That is Chronicled in Tales Told by Iroquois Indians.

There is a beautiful Seneca story of the origin of corn in Canfield's "Legends of the Iroquois," as follows: "Long and earnestly a young brave wooed a beautiful maiden and at last gained her consent to live in his wigwam. Fearing that she might be stolen by one of her many admirers he slept by night in the forest that he might be near to protect her. One night he was awakened by a light footstep and, starting up, saw his loved one stealing out of her lodge as a sleep walker. He pursued her, but as if fleeing in her dreams from a danger that threatened her life, she ran from him like a fleet-footed hare. On and on he pursued and finally drew so near that he could hear her quick breath and the rapid beating of her heart. With all his remaining strength the lover sprang forward and clasped the maiden's form to his breast. What was not his grief and astonishment when he found that his arms clasped not the maiden he loved, but a strange plant the like of which he had never seen before. The maiden had awakened just as her lover overtook her, and frightened at her surroundings, she was transformed. She had raised her arms just as her lover caught her and her uplifted hands were changed to ears of corn and where her fingers caught her hair the maize bears beautiful silken threads."

JAPANESE TEST OF MADNESS

How It Was Applied by Order of the Court in the Case of a Convicted Murderer.

Recently at the Tokyo appeal court, before Judge Miyamoto, a farmer named Gisel Haseba, 26 years old, convicted of murdering his parents-in-law and severely injuring his wife at Oosotogori, Satsuma prefecture, in 1908, appealed from the judgment of the Urawa local court, where he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Since April last year, during the public trial of the accused, he has not uttered a single word. This attitude led the judge and the public prosecutor to conclude that he feigned madness as the last resort, hoping to get released. He was medically examined by Dr. Kure and Dr. Miyake, and in this examination Dr. Miyake adopted a singular method.

There is a belief that the blood of a venomous snake is soluble with that of an ordinary man, but not with that of a madman. The doctor applied this principle to the examination of the suspected lunatic, and sure enough the blood of the venomous snake did not dissolve in the blood of the accused. Thus the doctor concluded that he was really mad.

The other doctor also gave evidence about the lunacy of the defendant. The judge ordered that the trial should be postponed until the accused was recovered from his abnormal conditions.—Japan Advertiser.

Choosing a Career.

"What are you going to do when you grow up?" This is the favorite conundrum which the kind aunts and uncles put to the boys when they come home from school; and of late they are beginning to put it to the girls also, since it has been reluctantly admitted that a girl may rightly have something to say about what she would like to do in the world. But how is it possible to make anything more than a blind guess at the answer, unless the boy or girl has some idea of the practical which is to be worked for. To choose a trade, a business, a profession, without knowing what kind of a result you want to get out of your labor, is to set sail in the dark. It is to have a course, but no haven; an employment, but no vocation.—Henry Van Dyke.

Profitable Glass Eyes.

"Nobody is going to poke out a good eye just for the sake of getting a glass eye," said the city salesman. "But I know a man who makes money on his glass eye. He goes to Europe three times a year on business. While there he does a little trading in jewels as a side line. It is on the home-ward trip that he turns his glass eye to good account. In the cavity back of it he carries two or three small but valuable diamonds. Half the duty saved is his commission on these stones alone. The customs inspectors have never got on to him. Naturally they can't go around jabbing their fingers into people's eyes."—New York Sun.

Had High Hopes.

A tourist once happened to meet the usual "oldest inhabitant" of a village. In the course of conversation he asked the ancient how old he was.

"I be just a hundred," was the reply.

"Well, I doubt if you'll see another hundred years," said the tourist, trying to make conversation.

"I don't know so much about that, master," was the hopeful response. "I be stronger now than when I started on the first hundred."

A Chance in Any Case.

Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know.

Malcolm (bitterly)—It strikes me as more like a raffle. One man gets the prize and the others get the shake.—Smart Set.

CAME AS PLEASANT CHANGE

Hand-Written Business Letter Appealed to the Man of Old-Fashioned Ideas.

"Yesterday," said an old-fashioned man, "I received a handwritten letter, the first I had received in a long time, and do you know I was much impressed by it? Much. "You know that for a long time now almost all business letters have been typewritten, dictated. With the vast multiplicity of letters to be written, we could no longer find time to write our letters by hand. That handwritten letter that I got yesterday did please me. "There was a man who in answer to mine had sat down and actually written me a letter, and there was a sense of personal attention in that that pleased me very much, and I think there might still be found profit in the handwritten letter. Many such letters that we used to get we couldn't read, but we certainly only with much labor; certainly the typewritten letter is a great convenience and comfort, and still I do think that it would pay a business man occasionally to write a letter with his own hand. It would please his customer, I do believe, to receive such a letter that was obviously a personal communication. I know that such a letter pleased me."

WAIL OF THE MARRIED MAN

He Explains Why in His Opinion Separate Prayer Meetings Are Advisable.

A Kansas City preacher is experimenting with a separate prayer meeting for men and women, and the experiment will be watched with interest. He argues that the men are afraid to come out and ask the Lord for what they want, their wives being present to hear; that they will be more free if only men are present. "There is something in that," writes a mean man to the Globe. "I want the Lord to change my wife's disposition. She nags and is extravagant, and is always watching me. If I were to take such a prayer to the throne of heavenly grace, with her kneeling beside me to hear, there would be a row when I got home that would shake all the mottoes off the walls. I would also like to ask for a lot of things I want no women to hear about. I have noticed that if a man at prayer meeting sidesteps in his prayer, and asks for anything material, the women talk about his worldly ambition next day. I have a notion that a lot of us men want things we don't want the women to know about."—Atchison Globe.

Sneezed at Her.

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling pins and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand undergoing a grueling cross-examination. The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out: "I sneezed!"—Everybody's Magazine.

How Many Gentlemen?

Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very center and bullseye of the fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.—Thackeray.

When You Can't Sleep.

There is an odd theory (that many people believe and which is certainly harmless) that sleeplessness may often be cured in the following odd way: Move your bed out into the room so that no part of bed or covers will touch the wall. Then place under each corner of the bed a piece of rubber or a rubber overshoe, or set the caster in a thick glass dish. Then go to bed, making sure the covers do not touch the wall. Thus the bed and yourself will be cut off from all electric contact with the floor or wall. Such absence of electric current contact, it is claimed, will make you sleep better. It is said to have cured stubborn cases of insomnia.

Apologetic.

The theologian of the latest school, however, did not weakly waver between the two horses, but forthwith mounted both.

"No," he made answer. "I do not deny that the apostles raised persons from the dead. What I contend is that if the apostles had been educated men, in the modern sense, they would have known that such a thing is impossible. That, briefly, is my position." And how, in the face of so signal a reconciliation of reason and revelation, was unbeliever to maintain itself?—Puck.

COMMERCE AS A BUILDER

The Rage of Nature or of Men Powerful to Destroy the Great Centers of Trade.

The resurrection of Messina will be only another illustration of how difficult it is to destroy a city which sits on a trade route or which becomes a center or school of industry. Commercial cities rise or decline with trade routes. Venice began to lose its primacy with the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope route to India. Nevertheless it was not ruined, and though its population is only three-fourths of that it had when it "held the gorgeous east in fee," its inhabitants to-day number 150,000. The mad men of the French revolution decreed that Lyons should be no more. They leveled the city which had resisted them to the ground, they wiped out its name, and in a dozen years Lyons, the center of the silk industry, the great distributing point of the region, was what it had been before the terrorists turned it into ruins. To-day it is the third city of France. A great San Francisco looks out on the Golden Gate, despite the catastrophe of 1906. Cities are stubborn facts. It has been said that if New York were overwhelmed the necessity of the United States would compel the reconstruction of a great city where the Hudson reaches the sea.—Boston Transcript.

CHARM OF DUTCH KITCHEN

American Housewife Easily May Reproduce the Pretty Picture It Presents.

The attractiveness of the Dutch kitchen is admitted by every visitor to the land over which Queen Wilhelmina reigns, and no small part of the charm is due to the blue and white Delft utensils which serve a decorative as well as utilitarian purpose.

The jars and jugs, plates and patterned bottles and pitchers, spoons, ladles, etc., in clean white porcelain with lettering, ships and windmills, etc., in vivid blue make the kitchen where they are found a very pleasing workroom.

The American housewife who desires to fit up a Dutch kitchen will find an excellent collection of Delft utensils at her command. Some of the articles on the list are new and all are serviceable. In the line of caddies or cereal jars, there is practically no limit to the assortment, and the same is true with regard to platters for meat or fish.

The most recent additions to the Delft equipment for the kitchen are a bottle designed for salad oil—a cabbage cutter, colander and pitchers holding from one-half to four pints.

The Orang-Outang's Nest.

For the first time Londoners have now an opportunity of seeing an orang-outang in its "nest," or sleeping platform, Dr. Charles Hose having recently presented to the national museum a fine adult male of this Bornean ape, together with a specimen of the nest.

Dr. A. Russel Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago" states that orang-outangs build their sleeping platforms comparatively low down on relatively small trees at a height of from twenty feet to 50 feet above the ground, probably for the reason that such a situation is warmer and less exposed to wind than one higher up. According to Dyak report, each orang builds a fresh platform every night, but this, as Dr. Wallace remarks, is improbable on account of the relatively small number of these structures to be met with. It may be added that the large amount of materials in the nest in the British Museum affords further evidence of the same kind. Photographs are extant showing three or four orangs' nests in a single tree.—The Field.

The Price of Fame.

It was in the office of one of the big theaters. A lot of actors were hanging around, a couple of journalists and a secretary or two. A young woman dropped in for a hasty greeting, and then paused a moment to speak to a very well-known actor whom she evidently met for the first time. The press agent's desk was open, and in a corner lay a package of pictures of the celebrated actor.

The latter looked them over, and as the young woman exclaimed that he should give her one he said, with an insinuating smile to the press agent: "Alas, they are not mine. They belong to Mr. Dash!" "I can't give any away," said the latter. "Each one costs me 20 cents." "Surely that is cheap!" the young lady suggested.

The press agent ignored her and turned to the actor. "Cheap? Do you think anybody would pay that much for you?" And the young lady laughed and went without her picture.

Two Virtuous Counties.

Venango and Forest counties in Pennsylvania are believed to hold a record for goodness. The former, with a population of nearly 60,000, has only one prisoner in its county jail and he is a non-resident. Forest county, with nearly 10,000 residents, has no prisoners.

This is the first time in 30 years that the Venango jail has thus been all but untenanted. The one prisoner is serving a year's sentence for robbery. The Forest county jail has been empty since Christmas eve, when the only prisoner escaped. The man's offense was not serious and Sheriff Maxwell made no effort to capture him.

DIAMONDS IN CANADA

Sparklers Unearthed in Ancient Mounds in Rainy Lake District.

Experiences of Old Miners and Prospectors Support Theory of Head of Geological Survey That Rich Beds Exist.

Fort Francis, Ont.—Old mining men and prospectors in this region did not need to be told by Dr. Ami of the geological survey that great diamond wealth undoubtedly lies hidden in that part of Canada between the great lakes and Hudson bay. In the Rainy river district and in the auriferous valley of the Seine many "sparklers" have been obtained from Indians and French Canadian voyageurs, who in their wanderings had picked them up without any idea of their character or value.

At the hamlet of Mine Center, in the Seine river country, George R. Douglas is the resident agent and assayer for the Rothschild interests, who are buying large tracts of land in the district that gives evidence of gold-bearing quartz.

Mr. Douglas was long a resident of South Africa. He says the geological conformation of the Rainy lake and Seine territories is almost identical with that of the Kimberley district, which has given to the world the famous diamond mines.

Forty miles from the mouth of the Big Fork river, which empties into the Rainy from northern Minnesota, are many ancient mounds whose origin extends beyond the traditions of the Ojibways. Until recently these mounds had been inviolate, for they are in a wild region but little visited by white men, and accessible only by canoe.

One summer, however, a party of scientists from the University of Toronto came out to explore them. From one of the mounds on which a sturdy oak was growing a large human skeleton, perfectly preserved, was exhumed. It was not that of an Indian, and in the cavity whence it was taken were evidences of prehistoric civilization, in the form of many articles of pottery, some stamped with unique and beautiful designs.

Around the skeleton's neck was a massive band of pure copper and on its bosom rested a curiously wrought necklace of the same metal. Into which were interwoven shells and colored stones. What arrested the attention of the exploring party, however, was a stone which gleamed from the center of a pendant to the necklace. At first it was judged to be nothing more than a clear piece of quartz, but closer examination and testing proved that it was a diamond.

Although half a dozen mounds were opened up before the party left the region, and copper ornaments and pottery were found with skeletons in all of them, no more diamonds were unearthed.

On going out a band of Ojibways was met, to whom the articles found in the mounds were shown, in the hope of obtaining traditions concerning their origin. As to the copper the Indians were ignorant, but they grunted disdainfully when shown the pottery and the diamond. Specimens of the former, they said, could be obtained in almost any quantity from the remains of an ancient pottery works that once existed on the banks of the Big Fork, near the Big Falls, a few miles up the stream, while in the same region glittering stones of the sort the palefaces seemed to regard so highly had frequently been found.

Started by the information, the Toronto party pushed on to the Big Falls, which marked in old days the disputed boundary between the Hudson's Bay Company and John Jacob Astor American Fur Company. There they found an old hermit squatter, Dan Campbell. He took them to the ancient pottery field opposite his cabin and, what was more, brought from a pouch which he carried three stones of a purity and brilliancy that greatly exceeded that of the one found by his visitors. These stones he had found during the 30 years he had lived by the Big Fork, while scratching the surface of the pottery field with his hunting knife.

Old Dan had no idea that his finds were anything more than quartz, despite the care with which he had preserved them. So skeptical was he of his visitors' assertions that the stones were diamonds that he intrusted them to their care to be appraised in Toronto. The four stones were pronounced real gems of an aggregate weight of 13 carats and worth \$2,500.

Co-Ed at 78.

Columbus, O.—Mrs. A. D. Whiship of Racine, Wis., although nearing her seventy-ninth birthday, has entered Ohio State university for the regular collegiate course. For the last two years she attended summer school at the university, taking special studies. She will study psychology and literature especially. She says that she has planned a course of study that will keep her occupied until she reaches her ninetieth birthday.

Tripe Over Burglar.

Shamokin, Pa.—Mrs. Martha Maroffe early the other day, hearing a noise in the storeroom on the first floor of her residence, investigated. As she did so she stepped on a burglar, who had fallen asleep on a door sill at the rear store entrance. A confederate was operating in the store, and as the first burglar awoke both escaped.

WINTER TO BREAK RECORDS

Alaska Indians and Animals Make Preparations for Coldest Winter Ever Known.

Sitka, Alaska.—Because it is believed that the coming winter will be the longest for years, hundreds of families are making a hasty exodus from the territory to their former homes in the States.

Many signs point to an unusually early freeze-up and heavy snows in the mountains. Nearly every steamer leaving Cordova, Valdez, Ketchikan, Nome, Eagle, Seward and St. Michael is carrying a capacity load of passengers southward to home ports. Many families are seeking the warmer climate in southeastern Alaska and are settling here and at Juneau.

There are many who doubt the weather signs, but there are hundreds who are taking the advice of old settlers. Some of the indications held significant are:

Walrus are taking up winter quarters south of the Aleutian chain of islands to escape the long period of solid ice in Bering sea.

Caribou are reported to be moving southward along the Mackenzie river in large numbers, seeking winter feeding grounds. Many herds have passed within sight of Dawson and White Horse.

Wild blackberries have been a gigantic crop throughout the north—a sure sign of a cold, dreary winter. Other berries and nuts have been plentiful.

Bears are so fat that many have been almost unable to walk. Geese and other water fowl usually stay in the north until late in September, feeding in the lakes and water courses, but this summer they remained only long enough to permit the young to gain strength to fly. Many flights were observed southward in August.

Indians have been preparing for a long winter by putting in store great quantities of smoked fish and dried meat. They say that the salmon run was big last summer, as a sign that the Great Spirit had sent plenty of food to last them until the coming of a belated spring.

All these signs are becoming household sayings and the people, with wisdom, are using the money saved from big fuel bills to purchase steamboat tickets to their old homes.

SHIP BAD BILLS TO RUSSIA

One Moscow Institution is Loser to the Extent of \$15,000 on the Spurious Issue.

London.—Up to the present over fifty forged £5 (\$25) notes have reached the Bank of England from bankers in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where they had been paid in by money-changers. One Moscow bank alone has been victimized to the extent of \$15,000.

It is not at present known how many forged notes have been put in circulation, or where they were made. It is, however, considered highly probable that they were made abroad by some one who has selected Russia as being a country where bogus notes would not be likely to excite too critical examination.

The notes which have come to hand are clever imitations of real notes, but are not calculated to deceive experienced bankers or money-changers. Casual holders of English bank notes might, however, easily take the notes for genuine. They have a water mark like the real notes, but the paper is thicker and rougher, and the printing not quite so clear as in real notes.

The chances of any of the notes being circulated through this country is remote, as the persons who have negotiated the notes have, as far as can be at present ascertained, changed them with money-changers. Forgeries of Bank of England notes have been infrequent of late years. An occasional forged note, usually traced with pen and ink, finds its way to the Bank of England. But the process is slow and unremunerative.

In 1904 a man was convicted of forging a number of notes by trading them through glass. A detective of the city force succeeded in getting an introduction to the man, and actually saw him at work making the notes.

COW TAKES REVENGE ON AUTO

Puts Swift Machine Out of Commission After Hot Skirmish for Death of Calf.

Burlington, N. J.—An automobile driven by William Brown of Trenton was wrecked on the Freehold road the other day after a hot skirmish with an angry cow.

A month ago, it is said, a swift machine killed a calf while its mother was grazing beside the road. The cow has since become frantic at every approach of an automobile.

James McCarty was taking the animal out to pasture when a speeding car appeared. The cow broke away, leaped at the car, was knocked down, but came out of the crash with flying colors, as the automobile hood was demolished and the mechanism so damaged that the car had to be towed to a garage for repairs.

Gets Shot That Hit Him.

Altoona, Pa.—With a 12-pound shot, which he has reason to believe is the very one that carried away his left arm on the Cold Harbor battle field on May 28, 1864, Alderman W. H. Stephens returned from the monument dedication. It was presented to him by the postmaster at Dudley, Va., and the circumstances connected with its finding leaves no doubt of its identity.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN INDIA

Statistics Show That Infamous Custom Still Prevails in Britain's Great Dependency.

So many months—Is it not more than months?—have passed without mention of child marriage in India that persons in other countries, notably the United States, have encouraged themselves in thinking that it has at last been really done away with by the strength of English rule. Unfortunately, this is not so. The Indian Spectator, as quoted by the London Daily News, reports the marriage of a man of 76 to a child of nine. It also quotes statistics to show "the number of female children in India married under four to be more than 200,000; of those married between the ages of four and nine, to be over 2,000,000, and those married under 14 the lowest possible marriageable age in civilized countries, to be 800,000." Is not this horrible? The Brahmo Samaj and the Sanatan Dharma preachers, where are they? Can the teachings of Ramabal and her disciples, the efforts of the Sorabji sisters and others like unto these, do nothing among their own people? Do missionaries, does the arm of the law, not prevail? Why so put down the suttee, that it is rarely practiced and yet allow this worst of customs? India still remains what the Bible describes when it says: "The dark portions of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

RATHER A MEAN SUGGESTION

What Might Be Called the Retort Sarcastic Made by the Returned Lover.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says; "and if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live!" They parted.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says; "probably my father."—Tit-Bits.

Bells of Mexican Ranch.

The ranch of Jocotlan, belonging to the Indians of the district, comprises 50,000 hectares of very rich land. The pride of the Indians is two old bells that hang in the tiny churchyard. They date from the year 1650 and, it is rumored, are cast with gold and copper and silver. They bear the date and some words in Latin. Of their history nothing is known. It seems probable that they were cast up by the sea or taken from one of the old Spanish galleons, as Jocotlan is only a day from the coast.

This immense ranch has a history. After the war of independence it was handed to the indigenous of Jocotlan, who now number 209. This gift was further ratified under the government of Comonfort in 1857.

Many have desired to get these bells, but the Indians will not part with them at any price.—Aurican correspondence Mexican Herald.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

The manager of a department store received the following order from one of his out-of-town customers, who wanted a bonnet:

"Measure of head from ear to ear under my chin, 9 1/2 inches; from forehead to back hair, seven inches. I want a black lace bonnet with streamers and rosettes of red or yellow satting ribbon and would like a bunch of pink roses or a blue plume with a black jet buckle. If artifshels air still the stle I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhere. I do not want anything too fancy but if you think a reath of pansiony would look good why put one on. I have some good pink ribbon heat at home so you need not put on strings."—Lippincott's.

D'Annunzio's Clothes.

D'Annunzio, like Macagni, another somewhat troublesome genius, pays great attention to his dress, and some time ago a Neapolitan paper published an amusing inventory of his wardrobe. It included the following: Shirts, 72; socks of all kinds, 12 dozen; socks of quiet-tinted silk, two dozen; hats, evening suits, smoking-coats, shooting-jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, 48 pairs; gloves for evening, 24 pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, three; walking-sticks, 12; umbrellas of violet hue, eight, green, ten; handkerchiefs, 20 dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, 150; waistcoats, ten, shoes for walking, 14 pairs; slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous," two pairs.

What She Missed.

Her friend was getting ready to go out to dinner. The grass widow sat up with hatching her.

"If I had had as good time as you do when I was married," said she, "I'd have stayed that way. I had an awfully slow time."

"Why didn't you have a good time?" asked her friend.

"I don't know," sighed the woman, "but I think it was because I wasn't in New York."—New York Times.