

WALL STREET IS INTERESTED

Fancy Job of Trucking That Takes the Minus of Financiers Off Money.

Finance is what engages it mostly, but Wall street can spare a moment for other things that are interesting, as it is doing occasionally just now to look on at some exhibitions of fancy trucking.

The structural steel for the new building going up on Wall and Nassau streets is loaded from lighters at a South street wharf at the foot of Wall street, so it is only a short haul from the wharf to the new building, though it's a lively one.

Some of the supporting columns on pillars going into this building weigh from 25 tons to 30 tons each, but they are handled easily. They back one of those long and ponderous trucks with low, broad-tired, heavy, solid iron wheels down on the wharf, alongside the lighter, and then the lighter's steam derrick lifts off its deck one of those 20-ton pillars and lays it gently on the truck, doing this quickly and easily.

To haul this load they have hooked to the team seven pairs of big horses, a team of 14 horses, all used to the business and all pulling ably.

All ready, the driver mounts to a seat on the forward end of the big pillar on the truck, which puts him high in the air, and gathers up his lines. There are three other men scattered along the team as leaders and guides for the horses, and then without hummy or ceremony they get away, starting the great load easily.

There's a broad, easy sweep from the wharf into the broad lower end of Wall street and the outfit makes this, describing a great arc, and then it straightens out for the run up Wall street. It's an up grade all the way from South street to Broadway, but the team takes it easily on a steady trot.

It's as good, if not better, than a circus, and primarily interested though it is to finance, Wall street finds time to look when one of these great outfits sweeps by.—New York Sun.

DOGS HUNT THE TRUFFLES

How That Table Delicacy is Obtained With Their Assistance in France.

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the family of the fungi, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants and subterranean, their position underneath the soil varying from two to three inches to two feet in depth.

They have no root, stem, or leaf, and vary in color from light brown to black. They are sometimes globular in form, and vary in size from that of a pecan to that of a duck's egg. Their surface is warty and covered with a skin. Their exact method of growth is not precisely known. They are, of course, regarded as a great luxury by the epicure.

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them, and a story is told of a bon vivant, who freed a whole family of slaves who had invented a delicious method of preparing them.

France has the credit of producing the finest truffles. Dogs are commonly bred to search for them.

The method of "breaking" these dogs is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases, pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as 18 months before a dog becomes skilled in the art.

In some parts of France—Poitou and Perigord, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle hunting, and by some they are deemed to be better fitted for the work than dogs.

Blind Girl's Poultry Yard.

Recently the writer had the pleasure of meeting a young Scotch girl, who though almost blind is active and accomplished to a very remarkable degree. One of her principal interests is her poultry yard, and there her almost unaided efforts have met with truly wonderful success.

Her yearly balance sheet shows substantial and increasing profits, while the care of her birds proves a source of much interest and provides a good deal of healthy outdoor exercise. She keeps careful and accurate accounts, a Braille slate being used for memoranda. She uses a typewriter for correspondence.—Feathered Life.

Preparing the Ground.

Here is one domestic servant who did not intend to lose her place—or her perquisites—through any lack of frankness with her employer.

"Cook (on the day of her arrival)—Please, mum, I'm a bit fierce at times, and when I'm fiery I'm apt to be a bit rough-spoken; but you needn't let that put you out. With a little present you can always bring me round again.—Youth's Companion.

Why She's a Suffragette.

"The lady declared the suffragette movement."

"It's her belief that women ought to vote?"

"Oh, I don't know that women formed any opinion about that. But the suffragettes in our neighborhood have been giving such lovely teas. And Dora wanted to get in on them."

LIFE IS GROWING LONGER

Present Rate of Increase is Found to Be Greater Than Ever Before.

Life is not growing shorter, but Dr. O. H. Howe, a Massachusetts physician, finds that the world's statistics indicate a steady lengthening for 350 years, with a present rate of increase greater than ever before.

Records for Geneva show an average increase in the average age of all deaths from 21 1/2 years in the sixteenth century to 39 7/8 years in the nineteenth. In Massachusetts life is now lengthening about fourteen years in a century; the average length at the time being about forty-five years. In Europe the increase per century is about seventeen years, and in Prussia, the land of medical discovery and its application, about twenty-seven years.

In India, which has neglected medical science, the life span has remained stationary at only about twenty-five years. The lengthening of life in Massachusetts has been promoted by the diminution of infant mortality, by the almost complete disappearance of smallpox, and by the lessening of the mortality from scarlet fever and especially from diphtheria to a small fraction of what it was a few years ago.

Continued study of disease germs, of which the number has increased in twenty-five years from only two to between twenty and thirty now known, will further lengthen life. Modern conditions, however, partially offset the beneficent work of medicine, and Massachusetts statistics show five times as many deaths from heart disease in 1895 as in 1850, with Bright's disease and other kidney disorders and cancer more than doubled.

WAGES IN UNITED STATES

Large Proportion of American Workmen Unable to Maintain Efficient Standard of Living.

An estimate was made some time ago that a New York family consisting of a man, wife and three children under fourteen could maintain a normal standard of living on an annual income of \$900. Then the question arose as to the number of families whose income equaled that sum.

Scott Nearing, the economic writer of the University of Pennsylvania, studied the question for many months and in a book, "Wages in the United States," which was published recently, he states the conclusion that a large proportion of American workmen are unable to maintain an efficient standard of living. Three-fourths of the adult men and nineteen-twentieths of the adult women, he says, actually earn less than \$600 a year, or to give his conclusions more in detail, one-half of the men are earning less than \$500 a year, three-fourths less than \$600, nine-tenths less than \$800, while less than ten per cent. receive more than that figure.

Of the women, one-fifth earn less than \$200 annually, and three-fifths less than \$325, while only one-twentieth earn more than \$600.

To arrive at these figures Doctor Nearing takes up various state wage statistics. Massachusetts, New Jersey, Kansas, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania are considered, while special wage reports from Wisconsin and Illinois are included.

An Oregon Woman's Conscience.

Confessing that she had told a train ticket agent her child was under five years of age, when in fact she was over six years old, and under such pretence succeeded in securing free transportation for her, a woman appeared at a local Southern Pacific ticket office this morning and tendered the agent \$3. She said the incident occurred about three years ago, and that she had since been troubled by her conscience.

"I do not think I could right myself with God until I had paid the debt," declared the woman as she hastened from the ticket office.

The woman refused to give her name. Southern Pacific officials here declare that today's donation is the first "conscience" money ever received at this office.—Roseburg correspondence, Portland, Oregonian.

A Modern Bookshop Now.

At Chiswick is a little, old-fashioned bookshop which has lately changed proprietorship and is being "modernized," one-half now given up to stationery and the old books being "cleared," no reasonable offer refused.

The writer thought it a likely place to pick up a good edition of Pepy's Diary, and asked the dapper little proprietor if he had one. "No, sir; but we have Lett's. Oh, I can assure you they are vastly superior to the old-fashioned sort." And as the writer fled he heard shouts of "insurance coupon" and "Wages table" hurled after him.—London Chronicle.

The Way It's Done.

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the lady patients off to Europe."

Expensive Instruction.

"Experience," said the ready-made philosopher, "is the best teacher."

"Yes," replied the man who has had troubles with Wall street, "but you're so liable to go broke paying the first installment on tuition."

Monkeys and Gum.

In tropical countries the natives have many unique ways of catching monkeys. One of them, as explained by a traveler, is this: The hunters walk about in short boots in sight of the monkeys. Then they take the boots off, place some gum in the bottoms and leave them on the ground, withdrawing themselves to a great distance. Presently the monkeys come down from the trees and try on the boots and when the hunters come after them the boots stick to the feet of the monkeys and they are unable to climb. Thus the imitative little animals are captured.

Her Habit.

"I don't like the woman you made me take out to supper. She has such a way of pleasing you down."

"That's merely a force of habit with her. She's a dressmaker."

OLD CHINESE ROLLS FOUND

Thousands of Manuscripts on Silk Discovered in Grottoes by a French Explorer.

Paul Pelliot, the young French explorer of Chinese Turkestan, found five caverns at Tuan-Huang, silk rolls which are Chinese manuscripts, some of them embroidered by artists who seem to have stepped out of "The Arabian Nights." These rolls have been unrolled in these grottoes for nine hundred years, and when deciphered and translated will tell the story of a civilization that flourished over a thousand years ago and is dead.

The explorer brought back five thousand rolls, but as there are five hundred grottoes, he believes many more libraries will be found.

In the last few years archaeologists at work in the Mediterranean island of Crete have unearthed ruins and pottery which prove that civilized people inhabited Greece as far back as the year 2600 B. C. The system of drainage in the prehistoric city of Gnosus in Crete, is more sanitary than any found in any historic site anywhere on earth until the nineteenth century.

The life of the human race upon this planet is being traced further and further back. The earliest known civilization is being found to have been preceded by one still earlier. One curtain of the past unrolled reveals another curtain which the scientists are certain conceals still more secrets.—Minneapolis Journal.

OLD GAME IS WORKED AGAIN

Confidence Men in Paris Substituted a String of Imitation Pearls for Good Ones.

A Paris dealer in precious stones, M. Lagnel, was the victim of an audacious theft perpetrated by means of the time honored confidence trick. A few weeks ago M. Lagnel made the acquaintance of a young man who called himself Sogler. He was anxious to act as agent for M. Lagnel, and declared that he would be able to introduce wealthy clients.

A few days ago Sogler introduced to M. Lagnel a "wealthy friend" of his, whom he called M. Chevalier of Clermont-Ferrand, who desired to buy a pearl necklace for his wife. The two men called at M. Lagnel's office in the Rue du Temple, and M. Chevalier selected a necklace valued at \$20,000. When about to pay he found that he had left his purse at his hotel. In order to be sure that the necklace would not be exchanged for another while he was absent in search of the money, Chevalier asked if it could be placed in a sealed envelope. This was done, and Chevalier and his friend disappeared.

As they failed to return, the jeweler made inquiries, but could find no trace of them. He then opened the sealed envelope and found it contained imitation pearls worth but a few francs. The thieves had cleverly substituted a second envelope for the one containing the necklace.—Paris Letter to the London Chronicle.

An Infant Cuvier.

Miss Griggs easily induced the wealthy Mrs. May to let her son Freddie join the vacation class in natural history that she was organizing for children.

"I'm sure he'll love it!" said Mrs. May, with surprising enthusiasm. "And you will find that he knows a lot about natural history already."

"Indeed! That is very pleasant," murmured Miss Griggs, vaguely, for she was not prepared for scientific attainments in a spoiled boy of five.

"Yes," said Mrs. May, complacently, "ever since Freddie was a baby the chef has made all his blanc-mange in the shape of rabbits and squirrels, and only lately he has begun to make him marshmallow frogs and chickens and turtles, and Freddie simply worships them—you can't get him to touch anything in a plain mold."

"I am sure," concluded Mrs. May, "that you will find Freddie very advanced for his age."—Youth's Companion.

When Artists Can't Agree.

Lodging complaints against artists is a common diversion of their fellow tenants who lack the artistic temperament, but the most unusual grievance and from her standpoint the most vital has been registered by the janitress of a building largely occupied by struggling painters.

"Let them daub away all they please in their own rooms," she said; "that is nobody's business, but for goodness sake let them leave the clothes poles in the backyard alone. They paint them fresh every few days because no two of the artists can agree on an appropriate color, and when plain people who don't mind looking at a plain clothes pole hang out their wash the clothes get all smeared with fresh paint."

Fitness.

"Do you think Mrs. Garish's fine plumage looks natural and proper to her style?" said the envious woman.

"Entirely so," replied the woman who is sarcastic. When she puts on one of those elegant ostrich feathers she looks like the original ostrich."

No More Pudding.

Margaret, a little girl of four, was visiting her grandparents. There were a number of aunts who were somewhat careful of her looks as well as morals. When ready to go home Margaret said: "When I get home I'm not going to wash my feet. I'm not going to say my prayers, and I am not going to put pudding on my face."

Two of a Kind.

"I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife. He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."

CANADA HAS 5,000 HINDUS

Parliament of Religions in Chicago at World's Fair Times Started the Immigration.

The present Hindu population of Canada numbers about 5,000 all men, for no women are allowed to accompany them to Canada or to follow them after they have arrived and settled.

These are resident entirely in British Columbia and chiefly in the cities of Vancouver and Victoria and on the farms in the neighborhood, where they are industriously employed in the many forms of manual labor, for which they appear to have both special adaptation and desire.

I am indebted to Dr. Sunder Singh, the accredited agent for these people in Canada, for the statement as to how the eyes of the Hindus were first turned toward America and Canada and the first beginnings of modern immigration from India were inspired.

He says that the visit of Hindu religious reformers to the great parliament of religions which was held in Chicago in connection with the world's fair first aroused these people to an appreciation of the advantages of occidental civilization and democratic institutions.

The educational work carried on by American missionaries in the high schools of India also prepared the way for a sowing of good seed in a ready soil, the fruitage of which turned the eyes of educated Hindus toward this new world. Economic conditions in India furthered a movement of emigrants to Canada in 1905, when and continuing until 1907 not a few came to this country.—Victoria Daily Times.

EVEN BLACKBIRD HAS SENSE

He Limits His Hours of Labor as Strictly as Any Union Workman.

There's some common sense even in a blackbird. A small army of those dusky feathered fliers have been demonstrating each day that they observe hours of labor just as strictly as any workman in town.

Living in the big aged trees on Bethany College campus are thousands of these blackbirds. Each night they perch in the topmost branches of these trees. Each morning at day-break they leave their homes and fly in great numbers to the east side of the city. There they remain all day, doing their work of gaining a living in the fields at the outskirts of town.

But they don't work overtime, not these birds. Each evening at exactly six o'clock the leaders fly west to their homes at Bethany grounds again. The leaders are followed by hundreds of other birds of the black wing. They fly in a straight line several blocks in length. Many persons in Topeka have been watching the birds for some time and have observed that they never fail to return from their day's work at the same time each evening.—Topeka Capital.

Sufficiently Permanent.

Mrs. Cameron was seventy-two years old, but she was so well-preserved that there seemed no reason to think that her days might not be lengthened to reach the family standard—over eighty-five.

"When her trusty maid of all work fell ill, Mrs. Cameron, saying that she should pension the faithful Nancy, set about to obtain another. She advertised for a girl who wished a "permanent place," and offered high wages. The first applicant was a grim Scotch-woman who looked Mrs. Cameron over, and then spoke her mind.

"You're well-favored, ma'am," she said, "but you're fair old for a that, an' I'm lookin' for a permanent."

"You stay here till after my funeral," said Mrs. Cameron, with an appreciative twinkle in her eye, "and see if it hasn't been pretty permanent."

"Aweel, I'll try it," said the woman, after another survey of her future mistress; and she held her "permanent" for fifteen years, at the end of which time she attended the funeral of her mistress, and after it learned that a goodly sum had been left to "my cautious Tina," on the receipt of which she retired from active service.—Youth's Companion.

Ivy at a Funeral.

Standing beside a coffin containing the body of her husband, Mrs. Charles Buhland of Indianapolis carried out his last requests. Dressed in white, she sang two hymns, read his requests and delivered a brief eulogy.

Buhland did not want any crepe at the door and he insisted that no black should be worn in mourning for him. He wanted his wife to dress in white. He desired that in the place of somber decorations there should be flowers and other symbols of joy at the funeral.

Buhland was 52 years old and was ill a year before he died.

He Called It Luck.

Michael Meehan was the proud possessor of a brand new silk high hat. At the wake of his dearest enemy he had guarded it carefully, and as a consequence was strolling home with the tile unscathed. As he passed the site of a building operation, a woman acquaintance nodded pleasantly with an ostentatious wave of the hat, which exhibited it to excellent advantage. Michael bowed. At the same moment a brick sailed down from an upper floor and bounced from his bare skull. Upon coming to, he inquired anxiously for the hat. A bystander restored it unharmed. Mike felt the greasy lump on his head occasioned by the impact of the brick, and then regarded his undamaged tile. "Bgorrr," he sighed in satisfaction, "it's lucky it is I saw the loidy in toime!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Ats Nuts in Church.

The Sunday before Michaelmas day saw, until recent times, a curious custom at Kingstons-Thames. The parishioners attended in force at the parish church, armed with nuts, which they cracked and ate throughout the service. "Nut cracking," however, was not peculiar to Kingstons. Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners: "They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate panaches at Shrove-tide, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve."—London Chronicle.

Two of a Kind.

"I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife. He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."

LIVES AND WRITINGS UNLIKE

Men of Letters Often Have Described Best That Which They Never Have Experienced.

Finally, a man of genius, when he writes a book and "all the good comes rushing into his soul," is in an abnormal state, and hence, the lives of men of letters have often been in glaring contrast to their writings. Montaigne tells us that he always observed supererogatory opinions to be accompanied with subterranean morals; on the other hand, the most illustrious professors of epicureanism have often lived like anchorites or trappists. Some of the best sea songs have been written by men who never snuffed a salt water breeze; stirring war songs have been written by timid men and women who would have shrieked at the sight of a mouse; and hymns steeped in the very spirit of devotion have been written by men of doubtful morality, who were never less at home than in a Christian church. Charles Lamb was ready to wager that Milton's morning hymn in Paradise was penned at midnight, and we know positively that Thompson, who sang the praises of early rising in the "Seasons," used to lie abed till noon. Sir Richard Steele could discourse eloquently on temperance—when he was not drunk; Woodworth, in his "Old Oaken Bucket," sang the praise of cold water under the inspiration of brandy. Doctor Johnson, who wrote so well on politeness, interrupted his opponents with "You lie, sir!" "You are a vile Whig, sir!" Burns was a compound of "dirt and delity;" Rousseau, who was always filling people's eyes with tears, betrayed and slandered his benefactors in turn, and sent his children to the foundlings hospital. When Moore proposed to Scott to go and see Melrose Abbey, as Sir Walter had described it, by moonlight, "Pooh, pooh," said Scott, "you don't suppose I ever saw it by moonlight!"—William Matthews.

RULER MAKES THE SEASONS

When Emperor of China Declares It Is Summer People All Doff White Clothing.

The emperor of China has some strange duties. One of these is the ordering of the seasons. It is summer in America when the sun warms the earth, and not until then, but in China, it is summer when the emperor tor, at the present time, the regent) says it is summer. As soon as the emperor declares that summer has come everybody in China puts off winter clothing, and arrays himself in summer garb, no matter what his feelings on the subject may be. All domestic arrangements are made to suit the season, as proclaimed by the emperor, although they may not suit the individual at all.

The nearest approach to the Chinese system of ordering the seasons is the practice observed in France in all public buildings. There it is winter on and after October 1. Fires are then lighted in all government offices, and the employes exchange their white summer waistcoats for the thicker and darker ones of winter. At that date the public libraries are closed at four, and in the streets the sellers of roasted chestnuts make their appearance. In official France it is winter, no matter what the weather may say, and no matter what unofficial France may think.

Toenail Surgery.

The reason why most attempts permanently to remove ingrowing nails fail is because they are not sufficiently radical, says a New Orleans physician in the Times-Democrat. The proper procedure is to anaesthetize the patient with ether or some other general anaesthetic, then remove, surgically, the entire side of the nail which tends to grow wrongly. The anaesthetic permits the surgeon to dissect out the entire section of the nail to its remotest attachments. One great difficulty about treating ingrowing nails is that the sufferer cannot be persuaded to wear a sufficiently roomy shoe to permit the new nail tissue to grow naturally. Thus do vanity and hygiene contend.

Smoke or Ride, Which?

In the early days of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway the regulations against smoking were strictly enforced. The Mechanics' Magazine of September, 1842, records that "a foreign gentleman was recently smoking a cigar in a train coming from Brighton to London. The guard warned him the practice was not allowed. Nevertheless, he continued to smoke, and finished his cigar. At the next station he was asked for his ticket and ordered out of the coupe; and the guard, addressing one of the officers on the platform, warned him that that person was not to be allowed to proceed to London by any train that night. So there he was left."—London Chronicle.

Ats Nuts in Church.

The Sunday before Michaelmas day saw, until recent times, a curious custom at Kingstons-Thames. The parishioners attended in force at the parish church, armed with nuts, which they cracked and ate throughout the service. "Nut cracking," however, was not peculiar to Kingstons. Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners: "They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate panaches at Shrove-tide, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve."—London Chronicle.

Two of a Kind.

"I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife. He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."