Another Murder Mystery of Early Kansas Days Believed to Have Bein Unearthed.

Another murder mystery of the early days of Kansas is believed to have been uncovered when workmen level : what was supposed to be a meund on the farm of John Notation near Junction City, uncovered a tomb 30 feet in diameter which contained portions of three skeletons believed to be those of white people

The skulls do not resemble those of Indians, and in one skull a small hole end as could be made by a bullet was found. The forehead bone of each is prominent, like that of the white race. One man was of unusual stature, as is shown by the bones found in a cerner of the room.

There is a tradition among the older residents of Junction City that a The live of whites disappeared mystericisly years ago and was thought to have been murdered, but this cannot be verified

When the first white settler came to this section the mound was there. Recently John Nolan decided to level it and use the land. The workmen struck what appeared to be a stone , wall. They dug deeper and around it and soon uncovered a tomb 30 feet in diameter with stone walls 10 feet thick. The top, which had been farcard over at one time, had caved in. It was 4 feet high,

Entrance was gained to the tomb by a passageway 3 feet wide and a chamber 10 feet long. The tomb had been constructed of natural surface

The tomb contained no trinkets, guns or other articles by which identification could be made possible. The authorities who have taken charge of the find have not yet been able to tell whether any one of the three skeletons is that of a female.

#### COUNT HAD OTHER PROSPECTS

Financial Smash-Up of Prospective Father-in-Law Did Not Cause Him to Worry.

Col. Alexander S. Bacon, president of the Men's Equal Suffrage League of Breoklyn, said the other day to a reporter:

Yes, it's true that you won't find many American peeresses enrolled under the suffrage banner. The girl who lets a foreigner marry her for money is, anyways, a rather poor specimen."

Colonel Bacon frowned. "There's a New York man," he said. "whose daughter, during a winter in Nice, got engaged to a certain Count Reau de Beaumont. The New York man was rich at that time, but a few weeks before the date set for the wedding he went to smash.

'My dear Count Beau de Beaumont, he groaned that night, T'm wery sorry for you. You are to marry my daughter-you were to have had \$35,000 a year—but the crash has scome. I'm ruined now. How sorry I

am, count! "But Count Beau de Beaumont gave the New York man a reassuring slap on the back.

> 'Oh, don't you worry about me, sir, he said, with an easy laugh. With a title like mine, you know, I can find another beiress tomorrow."

> > "Made It So."

At Fort Monroe some time ago (this

is an old story), where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily fawaiting orders, a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulaition that nothing can be so on board iship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship, twelve o'clock strived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute: "It is twelve o'clock, sir." "Make it 'so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions and gets

sold, or that this was a bit of foolery,

got up to joke the land warriors. Some

time after, a party of the army offi-

ocers invited the officers of the war-

ship to dine with them. The dinner,

was progressing when a lieutenant

entered and, saluting the senior off-

cer present, said, gravely: "Colonel,

the major's blind horse is dead."

"Make it so," responded the colonel,

with the greatest gravity, and the din-

ner proceeded. Nothing was said at

the time, but the navy officers tell the

More Pay, More Love. "New York city school ma'ams are soing to be an attractive target for Cupid's shafts in the near future?" said a principal the other day. "With salaries ranging from \$1.850 to \$2.400 yearly, even an extravagant spinster will be able to boost the credit side of a savings account. Some of my women teachers already report an increase in the number of suitors, and

> An Endless Chain. "We're kind of irritated in our flat," said the worried-looking man.

they say there is an appreciable in-

crease in the fervor of their beaus'

protestations of affection."

"What's the trouble?" "Our children keep the next-door meighbors awake, southey pass the time by playing the plane; that makes the pet dog next door to them bark. and that keeps the children next door swake, and there's so much noise through the building that there's ro whance whatever of our children gning CALLS FOR WILD ANIMALS

Indians Are Very Skilful in Attract-Ing Came by Imitating Their Calls.

The Indians have a call or tole for nearly every animal, writes Mr. John G. Millais in "Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways." They can bring a for right up to within twenty yards by making a sibilant noise produced by sucking the back of the hand. Reynard takes it to be the cry of a mouse' in difficulties, and seldom fails to advance close to the sound.

Stag caribou are toled by grunting loudly in two different ways, a vocal effort which requires little skill or practice on the imitator's part. The "berd" stag will quickly answer the caller, and advance for a short distance, but the "traveling" stag will come very close if the calls are prop-

erly made at suitable intervals. Wild goese can be called when they first arrive in the spring, by waving a white rag and indisting their "houking" call, his after the first fortnight they take little notice of the lure. A small white dog is also attractive to geese in the spring, and one Indian I know of his killed numbers of these birds by using one for a decoy.

Beavers, when they have been undisturbed for long, are very curious in relation to strange sounds. They will come swimming out of their house even at the firing of a gun. The Indians usually call them with a hissing noise, or one produced by munching the lips. Another favorite tele is a sound made by tapping the trousers with the hand. The most successful beaver-caller in Newfoundland killed great numbers of beavers, in the open season, by making a sound that resembled the cutting of chips off a tree. It is said that the unfortunate beavers never fail to respond to this

The Indian has no call for the lynx, but one or two of them can attract the otter by imitating its shrill whistle.—Youth's Companion.

#### HE HAD TO STRIKE OR BUST

Colored Man Was Afraid White Folks Would Think He Was Just Common Trash.

"I keep a colored man around the house who waits on the table and does various things," said the lawyer. "Up to a year ago he was getting \$25 month. Then he came to me one day and said he must have more money or he would strike We talked it over, and settled on \$28 a month. He has got along at that figure ever since until the other day, when he walked in on me and said:

"'Mistah Hlank, I'se sure got to go on strike dis time." "'But I thought you were satisfied,

Robert,' I replied. 'No, sah-no, sah. I hain't dun sat-

isfied. "'Well, how much do you want?"

"'I don't want any mo', sah.' "'Then's what's the trouble?"

"'De trouble am, sah, dat de strike business am in de air all 'round me, an' I's got to strike or bust." "'Are you going to leave?'

"'No. sah.' "'But you want more money?"

"'No sah." "Well, what then?"

"'A year ago, sah, I struck ford's fur \$28. Now I'se gwine to strike backward for de same \$25. Sorry sub but I must dun strike or dese white folks round yere will think Pm jes common trash and hev no respect fur me!"-Cincinnati Commercial Trib-

A Canine Negotiator. An amusing story concerning the Morocco negotiations is going the rounds of the French press. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter possesses a beautiful dog of the boarhound type. The dog and his master are inseparable. One lives for the other; in fact, they remind one of Wordsworth's "Two; Thieves" for their attachment. The dog takes part in the negotiations lying at the feet of his master and for the most part motionless. But in the course of the conversation sometimes the French diplomatist unconsciously raises his voice. Then a low growl from the dog leadsM. Cambon to modulate his voice. When von Kiderlen-Waechter had to visit the kaiser on hoard his yacht at Kiel some time ago the dog, more suo, accompanied him. The two friends a the port seemed likely to suffer a short separation, but the kaiser saw what was going on between the statesman and harbor officlass, and solved the difficulty, observing: 'When two brothers come to

Beyond Understanding. A young man just returned from college was out cycling one day when suddenly he came to a steep gradient. While he was descending he lost control of his machine and was thrown. Two men came and found him lying on the ground. When asked how it hap-

see me I cannot do otherwise than re-

ceive them together."

pened he replied: "Well, I came down that decline with the greatest velocity and lost my central gravity and was precipitated on

the hard macadamized road." "Away, lad: let him alone" renlied one of the men. "He's a foreigner."

Vigorous Performer, "Does your boy Josh play on the football team?"

"No, replied Farmer Corntossel. "Josh wouldn't stand for no mullycoddle job like that. He's the feller that leads the mob and wrecks opry houses after the game is over."

#### BUT WHAT WAS THE ANSWER?

Instance of the Remarkable Encyclopassic Knowledge of Dr. Talcott Williams.

It has been said that no pretension is more dangerous than to lay claim to encyclopaedic knewledge; it culy needs the casual question of a sixyear-old to kneck you from your pedestal. But occasionally there develops a man reasonably well fitted to be set. upon such an intellectual elevation, and such a one is Dr Talcett Wil-Hams, journalist and publicist, of Philadelphia. He seems to know all about rost things, and pretty nearly all of some things besides, and within the month the Ounter City has heard another instance of his practical infallibility, "right off the bat."

During an evening conversation at the home of a suburban hostess the talk, upon art, centered on Michael Angelo. Then passing reference was made to the great mr. ter's broken nose-and some had never known his nose was broken, while none of the few who had accurred that fact could recall how the accident occurred. The daughter of the house started for the library to look up the matter, but some one said:

"Call up Dr. Williams; he'll know. and I've an idea it sort o' pleases him to belo the world along that way."

So the 'phone took was turned to instead of Vassari's "Lives," and when the sought-for "party" was on the wire and the question put to him,

the answer was delightfully instant. Then the apology was sent in with the thanks, and Dr Williams replied. "I'm only too glad to have been of any help-and, believe me, I've often been called up on matters of far less importance than Michael Angelo's nose."—W. J. P.

## MUST LEARN NEW LANGUAGE

Amusing Difficulties of English People in Making Themselves Understood in This Country.

In his recent book, "Memories of a Labor Leader," Mr. John Wilson, M. P., gives an amusing instance of the confusion which arises from the differences between the names of articles of home use in England and their names in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson formerly lived in America. They had as a neighbor, in a Pennsylvania mining town, an old lady who had left Typeside some years prior to their acquaintance with her. She gave them an account of her first attempt to make herself understood at the general store. She described to them the many misunderstandings which arose between her and the storeman until she came to the last article, which was treacle. She had never changed her dialect.

burr untouched. "Aa want some treacle," she demanded, in unadulterated Northum-

"I don't understand what you mean, ma'am."

"That in there," she said, pointing to a hogshead.

"That is molasses." "That's what As want. Gi' me a pund of it."

"We don't sell it by weight, ma'am; we sell it by measure."

The old lady gasped in utter amaze-

"Dee ye mean to say," she faltered. that we sell treacle by the yard in this country?"-Youth's Companion.

Joseph Pulitzer's Ambition. One day while cruising off the Atlantic coast our talk had drifted from actors whose performances we had seen and heard to the plays of Shakespeare, and Mr. Pulitzer spoke of the beautiful scene between Brutus and his wife. He began to repeat it, and never have I heard a finer recitation. It was so full and rounded, so tense with proper emphasis. From that he gave both Forum speeches. I grew more and more surprised. He would stop at the corner of the deck and while still holding my arm, he declaimed to the open sea.

"It was my desire once to be an orator, my great ambition. I used to practice those speeches by the hour." It was the only time in all my acquaintance with him that I found him in this mood. But I never shall forget it-his tall, gaunt figure on the swaying deck, and the strength and melody that seemed so suddenly to have been born into his voice. It was a note that I cannot remember ever hearing again.—James Barnes, in Col-

To the Manner Born. Max Muller, the famous Sanskrit scholar, was fond of recalling that he had once seen Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie enter a Paris theater together. The audience cheered Itself hoarse; but what interested Professor Muller was the contrast in the. conduct of the two royalties.

Both bowed in answer to the plaudits, and then sat down: but whereas Eugenie gianced behind her, much as you or I would do, to make sure of the chair being there to receive her. Victoria kept her eyes to the front,

and took the chair for granted. That was the difference between being born into the purple and marrying into it.—Youth's Companion.

Just Dying to Do It. Servant-No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message? Old Woman (cheerfully)-Well, tell him that Martha Higgins would like

to be buried at two o'clock tomorrow

afternoon!-London Opinion.

LAST APPEARANCE OF RACHEL

Death of Great French Actress Due to Brothur's Master Stroke of Economy.

The greatest track actress that France ever produced was Rachel. Her last appearance in New York was on November 17, 1855, at Tripler hall, as Phedre in "Le Moinean de Lesbie." "While pinying at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, an inci-

dent occurred that was the cause of her death. It was an extremely cold night, and between the acts Rachel, instead or going to her dressing-room or green room, where a fire rendered it pleasant and comfortable, sat beside a small table placed near-the prompter's seat. On the table she had placed several wax candles, the book of the play and some papers. There in the extreme cold, with but a slight covering, sat this tragile, classic form, the cold air rushing down, around and about her, chilling with its ley influence even those who were seated in the parquet. Raphael Fellx, Rachel's brother, had taken the theater in its entirety, assuming all the expenses of heating and lighting, and he thought it probably a master stroke of economy to suppress the furnace fires, or possibly he did not trouble his head about them. But Rachel awoke the next morning gasping with pneumonia, and Raphael's saving in fuel resulted in the untimely death of his great sister. Rachel sailed for Charleston, S. C., where she was able to give one performance, December 17, 1855 and it was her last appearance on any stage. She acted Adrienne Lecouvreur. From Charleston she went with her company to Havana, expecting she would be well. enough to act, but she never did. Day by day she grew weaker, until at last, finding that it was useless to prolong the struggle, she returned to Europe. took up her abode at the Villa Sarden, at Cannes, France, where she died, almost alone, January 5, 1858."

# DON'T KNOW OWN SLANG

Mack the Mick Returns Highly Disgusted With His Experience Among the Britishers.

"Chee," said Mack the Mick, as he disembarked from the second cabin gangway of the Lusitania, "dem Britishers dunno deir own slang. No, dey don't. Straight!

"I took in deir law courts one day in Lunnon. Chee! dey didn't know what a toff was dere. Toff-delr own slang, mind ye-and dey didn't know

it! Straight! Chee! "A custer—dat's a buckster—he sez. sez he, dat a guy wot he'd swiped was

a toff. 'Wot's a toff?' says his nibs, de head jedge.

wot wears fine close, yer honor. But, yer honor, a real toff is a gent, a genuwine gent.' "'Why, I t'ought,' says another law-

yer, 'dat a toff was a bloke wot wore an eveglass. "Den de head jedge he dropped his own eyeglass outer his eye and he

"O' course, dough dere's many well-known exceptions to de rule." "Den dey all laughed, but flew de

coop disgusted. 'Lawyers!' says I to meself. 'And dey dunno deir own slanguage!""

Leaders at Harvard. There was at one time a popular belief-it never had much foundation-

that undergraduate affairs in Harvard college were directed and controlled by the men who came from Boston. Whatever may have been the facts in years gone by, a glance at the list of officers elected from time to time by the present undergraduates will show that the Boston men have

no monopoly of the positions of trust

and responsibility. The members of the sophomore class elected their officers the other day. They chose for vice-president a man. from Portland, Ore., and their secretarytreasurer claims Buffalo for his home. The president of the junior class is registered from Denver, Colo.; the vice-president from New York, and the secretary-treasurer from Santa Bar-

bara, Cal. The student council, which is the leading undergraduate organization, has elected as president H. L. Gladdis of McCune, Kan., and one member of the executive committee comes from Chicago, another from Saco, Me., and a third from Honolulu.-Harvard Alum-

Height of Humility.

Senator La Follette, at a dinner in Madison, said of a certain notorious trust: "That trust's Thanksgiving won't be this year so boisterous and blatant as it used to be. That trust has certainly become subdued. Its spirit is as humble now as that of a very ugly man who visited a matrimonial agency and said he'd like to find a wife. But the agent, looking the man over, returned sternly: 'I'm afraid it won't be easy to find a wife for you, my friend.'

'I thought,' said the applicant, 'you might have something short-sighted on your books."

Beet Cultivation Spreading. Beet cultivation has been raised from a production of 1,000 tons in 1865 to more than 500,000 tons in 1910. There is so much beet-sugar territory in this country that if only one acre in fifty were planted with beets once every four Fears the entire United States demand for sugar could be supplied.

#### ANCESTOR OF A PRESIDENT

Poter R. Taft Gained Wide Prom-Inence in His County by His Discharge of Duties of Surveyor.

Among the early settlers of Townshend, Vermont, was a family by the name of Taft. They came from Uxbridge Mass, in the winter of 1798. Their household goods, writes Haintle ton Child in the "History of Windham County, Vermont," were loaded upon a sled drawn by oxen

Peter R. Taft, fourteen years of age, accompanied the family. He came all the way on foot, and drove the row. In the winter, like other farmers' boys, he did chores, helped prepare wood for the fire at home, and went to the district school. During the other months he helped his father on the farm. His education, however, was under the oversight of his father. Who was a college graduate.

Fondness for mathematics resulted in his becoming a land curveyor, and in a few years he received the appeintment of county surveyor. The accuracy of his work in establishing disputed lines brought him into pub-He notice, and by the time he was of age he was well known in every part of the county.

The duties of his office made necessary a long attendance on his part at the terms of the county court. Of such occasions he was a willing as well as an attentive listener, and so gained a knowledge of many legal principles, which led to his receiving

the appointment of trial justice. From bis first experience the public had great confidence in his fairness; and in his capacity as a magistrate, his decisions were received with approval. He devoted his spare moments to reading, and became a man of wide knowledge, whose foresight and executive talents were appreciated by those who came in contact with him. His grandson now lives in Washington -- Youth's Companion.

#### NAGGING HURTS THE CHILD

Constant Scolding Raises All That Is Unloyable in Young and Affects Whole Life.

Harsh language toward children, constant chiding and scolding, blows and taunting words do not presage a life of refinement of thought and action for the children so brought up. Constant naging and reprimanding do not improve the tempers of the little folk nor do they make them more considerate or faithful to their duties.

On the contrary, just this course raises all that is unlovely and unlovable in the child and gives its character a trend that places it in a falso position throughout the after years.

There are people born with irritable dispositions and none of them are ever improved by being kept in constant turmoil or by being allowed to have free reign in displaying them. Most children are amenable to persuasion and wonderfully responsive to kindness. Therefore, childhood should be the time for training the child to put forth the best that is in it and to repress its bad points until they are choked out, says an excharge. But no child can be improved under a regime of scolding, blows and rancorous bickering on the part of its elders, or the constant repetition of an attitude of hostility between those same elders.

The children of the home have er or later to take their places in the world and the character of those places is determined by the training given them through their earliest years. If love and sweetness of disposition are generated in their natures; if a fine sense of justice and & realization of the rights of others are given them as the underlying principles of life, they will reflect just these when they go out into the world and typify to that world exactly the type of home in which they grow up.

Crickets in Winter. It is curious how the chirp of a cricket affects listeners. To some persons it is irritating and exasperating; to some it is cheery and suggestive of good fellowship.

Of this latter class is a friend of the Office Window, a resident of the upper West side, who has two rollicking crickets as his guests for the winter season. Welcome guests they are, too, for their host avers that they have come to know him, and that the sound of his footstep when he comes home at nightfall is regularly the signal for a vibrant, joyous greeting from his jolly co-tenants.

It is easy to believe that these crickets recognize their host. There is something companionable in insects of that species. That quality was appreciated by the man who wrote: "The Kettle began it, full five minutes by the little wax-faced Dutch clock in the corner before the cricket uttered a chirp."

Red Wine and Eggs. The Duchess Hobenberg of Vienna eviave of the value of the value of red wine as an aid to the production of hens' eggs. The duchess is said to have been advised to try wine on her poultry by Prof. Jouhert of Fontainebleau. Selecting a flock of one dozen healthy hens the duchess fed six of them on wine soaked food, at the rate of one glass each a day. The other six had their same ration soaked with water. Within four months the wine-fed hens had laid 148 more eggs than those drinking only water. Eggs of the wine-fed hens are said to be much larger and of a finer quality. The cheapest grade of red wine was

## FRIEND OF THE YOUNG MEN

Undergraduates Make Themselves at Home in Apartment of Harvard Professor.

If you climb the south stairway of Hollis hali, one of the ancient and honorable dormitories of Harvard, some Saturday night after to a o'clock you will find Charles Town end Copeland in his room up under the roof by the side of a "sea coal fire," and, overflowing from a chair and settled to the floor at his feet, a crowd of undergractuates. There are athletes, editors of college papers Sprialists, athelists, gentlemen, seelal stars and the lesser orbs whose light is hid under the college bushel.

It is a wonderful room, lined from floor to low ceiling with books. The broad mantel and the little wall space are covered up with signed pictures of great people that you read about and all the long generations of boys whose triefd he has been. Over the door is a horseshoe and a bunch of rowan berries. The only light is from the fire, perhaps a candle on the mantlepiece, and the reading light to the left of the fire, where sits the little man, interminably smoking an infamons trand of elgarettes Everybody talks of the thing pearest his heart: everybody finds himself, alert, quick, almost brillient. Startling the ories are expounded and strange systems of philisophy One tells of rowing another of throwing the hammer, of "parties" in town of clubs and books and college politics. I don't know whether the little man is interested in those things, which he has heard from so many classes, but he evidently loves the spirit of youth that is in them. Indeed, he once said that if ever he were cut off from youth he would wither up and die.

Assistant professor of English, Charles T. Copeland is known as "Copey" by the university and by hundreds of graduates, and the nickname shows how much be is loved. But there is no one of the teaching force more feared and respected than he.-American Magazine.

# YUAN PARTIAL TO AMERICANS

How Chinese Dictator Obeyed Orders of Late Dowager Empress and Saved Foreigners.

Maj. Henry Leonard of the United States marine corps, retired, who lost an arm at Tientsin and won a captaincy in Pekin, has seen a great deal of Yuan Shih-kai, who, according to the dispatches, is now dictator in the Chinese empire. "Yuan's son used to come a great deal to my quarters in Pekin," says Maj. Leonard. "He spoke English fluently, but his father did not speak the language at all. For all that he seemed to have a great liking for Americans. That he is a man of great sagacity and foresight was shown by the way in which he obeyed the orders from the throne in 1900 to march against Pekin and crash the foreigners who were cooped up there in the legation quarters. At that time there was only 1,800 of us, all told, and matters had become so desperate with us when we were relieved that we had already drawn lots to see which would kill the women and children in case the Chinese army attacked us.

"Had Yuan come against us be could easily have exterminated us, as we wouldn't have had a show. Yuan was not afraid to lead such an attack, but he never reached Pekin. He marched his army up and down in Shantung province, of which he was governor, for a whole month. He could always report that he was actively in the field against the foreigners, but he was careful not to get near enough to us to attack us.

"Therefore, when China decided It wanted peace the foreign governments had Yuan as the mediator, and the dowager empress thought so well of his services that he could have had anything he wished in China so long as he lived."

Odds and Ends of Time.

It is always easier to wish that we had more time than to use the time that we have. So, by wasting time. we still further reduce the precious asset of the actual and only time that is really ours.

The person who is not utilizing all the time he has at the rate of 60 seconds to the minute would not be much better off with 48 hours to his day. Those who turn out what is, to the

rest of us, a discouragingly large amount of work, have simply learned. the art of using all their time, particularly the nooks and corners, the odds and ends. of their time. They utilize a five or ten minute scrap of time as eagerly as they do a

half day. And so things get done, and their year's output seems stupendous. With the average man, unless he can see several hours clear for a piece of work, he will attempt little out of the ordinary; and that is why he remainsan average man.

Egyptian Customs Unchanged. Lord Cronner, speaking at a meeting of the Egyptian exploration fundin London of the fundamental resemblances between ancient and modern Egyptians, said that: "It was not only conceivable but highly probably that during those centuries most inaccurately enumerated by Napoleon. as forty, during which the Pyramids had frowned down on the Valley of the Nile, Egyptian manners and customs had, relatively speaking, undergone less striking changes than was the case with any other community of which we had any precise knowledge."

# L'ABELLE DEILA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

"13-4 and if dans bour lief Eteln da man i fin mabliebt jeftre douglies commerce derl avantagen errerblemeint. Prix de R'anexaggent van for it. "Ellis in Sun it flowe o tier ebio agiete \$8.00