

NEWS OF NOTED PERSONS

Clarence Lexow, who, as chairman of the senate investigating committee, hared a scandal in New York's police department in 1894 that shocked the nation, died at his home in Nyack, N. Y., of pneumonia.

The estate of Henry O. Havemeyer, of the American Sugar Refining Company, is appraised at \$17,107,165 in the report of the transfer tax appraiser filed in New York.

Andrew Carnegie brought his benefactions to the enormous total of \$130,750,000, by a gift of \$1,250,000 to the foundation for German life-savers.

Mrs. Mary Beniche, widow of the late Chief Beniche, of the Chippewa tribe of Indians, died at her home at Barona, Mich., at the age of 115 years.

Simultaneously with the signal of "30" to his last sheet of copy for the *Atchison (Kansas) Globe*, Edgar Watson Howe, or "Ed" Howe, for 35 years editor of that paper, severed his connection with the publication.

Mrs. Isabella Martin was for the second time given a life sentence in the courts at Oakland, Cal., for the dynamiting of Superior Judge Ogden's home. Judge Wells denied her motion for a new trial, but granted a 30-day respite on the sentence.

BRIEF NEWS OF THE WEEK

Occupying a whole floor of the Merchants' Exchange building at San Francisco, with 200 stenographers busy eight hours a day, promoters of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are campaigning for the endorsement of Congress.

Charging fraud in entries on coal lands in Routt County, Colorado, Ethelbert Ward, assistant United States district attorney, appeared before Federal Judge Lewis in Denver and made requests for subpoenas duces tecum to compel officers of the American Fuel & Iron Co. to produce the company's books in court.

Three hundred and fifty thousand immigrants entered Canada during the year, according to an estimate by government officials. Of this number 150,000 came from the United States.

A distinct earth tremor was felt in San Francisco Saturday morning. It continued several seconds.

There will be no children in the United States under five years of age in the year 2020. Babies, accordingly, will have disappeared from this country as early as 2015. This is the mathematical conclusion of Professor W. W. Wilcox, of Cornell University, announced to the American Statistical Association.

FOREIGN NEWS BITS

Activity of the rebels in Mexico is spreading.

The rumors that a republic has been proclaimed at Monaco are without foundation.

"Greater Berlin" claims a population of 3,690,565 souls. The figures are yet to be formally confirmed, but they are believed to be approximately correct.

The Republican and Socialist deputies in the Spanish cortes have brought forward a bill for the payment of members, the suggested salary being \$1,200 per year.

Trouble is again becoming acute in Macedonia. Bands of Macedonian insurgents are active in the hills and are carrying on a particularly irritating system of guerilla warfare.

In order to be prepared for any emergency, which may arise in the far east, the British admiralty have decided before the new year grows much older to send a number of submarine boats to Chinese waters.

Hit It Right.

Kegan Paul in his reminiscences speaks in one case of his bishop as "an astute and insincere man," giving this instance of his insincerity: At a meeting of the clergy at Clapham his chaplain told him that old Dr. Blank, who had been many years in the diocese, was vexed at having been forgotten. "Yes," said the bishop, "I have not the smallest recollection of him, but I will make it all right and will go and speak to him. Which is he?" He was pointed out, and the bishop made his way to him. "My dear Dr. Blank, I have not had a moment for real conversation with you. I need not ask you how you are after all these years. Do you still ride your gray mare?" "Yes, my lord. How good of you to remember her!" etc. The chaplain, who was within earshot, said when he again came near the bishop, "Then you did remember Dr. Blank after all?" "Not a bit of it," said the bishop. "I saw the gray hairs on his coat, and I changed the sex."

CATCHING HERRINGS.

Practically the Same Method Used For a Thousand Years.

The Lowestoft fishermen say that the method of catching herrings has scarcely changed during the last thousand years or more and that their nets must be the same in principle as those which were employed before Richard the Lion Hearted and his Crusaders sailed for the Holy Land. The statement has much of truth in it, and when we drift at our nets on the lonely sea, with our great lamp-like riding light burning steadily amidships, we present much the same spectacle that could have been witnessed many centuries ago. It was at night when the herrings were caught, and night on the vast and melancholy waste of water hides that modernity which only day reveals. There are other riding lights and here and there the masthead and side lights of a steamer going north or south, but the steel and iron hulls are only guessed by some chance glimmer from a port or deck house.

And the men have changed but little surely! Their dress for work is primitive, hiding all that is suggestive of the modern landsman. There is a jumper which the skipper and crew wear—a garment made of stout canvas and barked with the sail cloth. It covers the arms and trunk nearly to the knees, almost as the coarse smock garbed the serf of old, and the men of his rank who would alone in those days go to sea to fish. The jumper in its long variety is like a nightdress. Its short form is generally favored, but skippers often use the long garment, as the covering keeps the cold out, and skippers, being leaders, have spare time in which to feel the drafts that invade all unprotected crevices. There are rough, thick woolen stockings and boots which may be thigh boots or half boots or clumpers, according to the weather, and, as for headgear, that is anything in the way of covering which comes handy, but mostly a cap, except in bad weather, when it is the so'wester.—Scribner's Magazine.

Stopped the Dreaming.

It was a custom among Canadian Indians, when they dreamed of receiving a favor from another, to apply to him for its fulfillment, and whenever possible the conditions of the dream were complied with.

A chief one morning came to Sir William Johnson, the governor, and told him that he had dreamed that his excellency had made him a present of the suit of regimentals which he wore.

The governor immediately agreed to make the present asked for, but as the chief was about to leave, told him that he also had had a dream, to the effect that the chief had given him a certain large tract of land of his.

The chief was silent a moment. "Well, you shall have it," he then said. "But if you please, Sir William, we will not dream any more."—Canadian Magazine.

The Baby's Bath.

The baby's bath should not be too hot. On the other hand, it should not be too cold. If the baby screams it is a sign that all is not right. In that case, dip the hand quickly into the water to ascertain the temperature. The defect may then quickly be remedied. If too hot, add cold water; conversely, if too cold, add hot. Avoid the use of sand soap or of chemicals. Frequent baths should render such heroic treatment unnecessary.

Great care should be exercised to keep the baby's face constantly above water. Enough may be swallowed in a few minutes by the little stranger to cause chronic biliousness.—Judge.

Mortality of the Human Race.

Thirty-three million people die annually. This is equal to 90,410 deaths per day, 3,767 per hour and 62 per minute, or one in less than every second of time. One-fourth of all the people born into the world die before arriving at the age of seven years. One-half die before reaching the age of seventeen. The average duration of human life is about thirty-eight years. Of 10,000 persons one attains the age of 100 years, one out of 500 reaches the age of ninety years, and out of 100 only one will live to be sixty.

Storms Kill Filipinos.

Manila.—Unprecedented storms have swept Mindanao and Zamboanga, flooding the country. Twenty lives have been lost and property damaged to the value of \$360,000.

STARS AND LIGHT YEARS.

A Peep into the Eternity of Space That Surrounds Us.

While it is interesting to know the distance of some of the stars in miles, when stated in that way the numbers are so large that they frequently convey very indistinct conceptions to the mind. For this reason it is customary to estimate stars' distances in "light years." A light year is the distance that light, moving at the rate of 186,300 miles per second, travels in one year. This amounts in round numbers to 5,880,000,000,000 miles. The distance of Alpha Centaur is 4.35 light years; that of Sirius, the dog star, is almost exactly twice as great, or 8.6 light years—in other words, light requires 8.6 years to come to us from Sirius. And these are among the very nearest of the stars. Some whose parallaxes have been rather estimated than measured appeared to be situated at a distance which light could not traverse in less than one or two centuries. The great star Arcturus, for instance, has a parallax of only eighteen-thousandths of a second. Its distance must in that case be about 181 light years, or more than a thousand million miles. And if its distance is so great, then, since light varies inversely as the square of the distance from its source, it can be shown that Arcturus must actually give forth 5,000 or 6,000 times as much light as the sun yields.

Yet Arcturus is evidently much nearer than the vast majority of the stars are. Not one in a million is known to have a parallax large enough even to be intelligently guessed at. There may be stars whose light requires thousands instead of hundreds of years to cross the space separating them from us. We thus see that only a few points on the nearer shores of the starry universe lie within reach of our measurements, here and there a jutting headland, while behind stretches the vast expanse over which the hundreds of millions of stars known to exist are scattered.

She Was Frank.

Counsel (cross examining)—What is your age, madam?
Witness—Forty-seven, sir.
Counsel—Are you married or single?

Witness—Single. I have never been proposed to in my life, and if it is of any interest to you I will add that I have worn false hair for nearly twenty years.

Counsel—Thank you, madam. I shall not put any other questions to you. In the presence of so much frankness it is impossible for me not to admit the truth of your evidence even to the slightest details.

Jack and Gill.

Jack and Gill is an abbreviation of the once feminine name Gillian or Juliana. In Icelandic mythology Jack and Gill are two children kidnapped by the moon while drawing water, which is carried on their shoulders in a bucket suspended from a pole. The Swedish peasants still account for the moon spots in that way. A play with the title "Jack and Gill" was popular at the English court between 1567 and 1578. How far back the English nursery rhyme with this title dates is not known, though every school child is familiar with the lines.

Most Valuable Faculty.

"The late William James," said a Bostonian, "used to smile at the brain fag that so often attacks the American business men. Professor James had his own opinion of the average business man's hard work. He thought that brain fag came more frequently from an excess of whisky and tobacco than from an excess of mental application.

"Apropos of this he used to tell a story about a little boy who asked his father:

"Papa, what is executive ability?"
"Executive ability, my son," the father replied, "is the faculty of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows."

Tit For Tat.

Here is a story in which the bishop alluded to is supposed to be the bishop of London. The eminent ecclesiastic was staying the week end with friends, and on Monday morning he was playing a young man (whom he could usually beat) a single at lawn tennis and was faring badly.

"I simply can't stand your service today, my boy," said the bishop, with frank generosity.

"Tit for tat, then," replied the impertinent youth, "for I couldn't stand yours yesterday."—London M. A. P.

THE POTATO DUEL.

Laughable Battle Between a Bad Man and a Preacher.

Not all the duels fought in Kentucky have been bloody or even dangerous. Many years ago Bill Bowman, a noted circuit preacher and a muscular Christian, once employed unique weapons with effectiveness.

At one of his meetings a local desperado had created a disturbance and on being publicly rebuked by Bowman sent him a challenge to fight. Bowman as the challenged party had, of course, the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes as big as his fist for each man and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure. The desperado was furious at being thus insulted and made an indignant protest, but Bowman reminded him that the challenged man had a right to choose his own weapons and threatened to denounce the "bad man" as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out but to fight the desperado reluctantly consented.

The fight took place on the outskirts of the town. Everybody was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with potatoes hard as bricks.

Bowman threw the first potato. It struck his opponent and flew into a hundred pieces. A yell of delight went up from the crowd. That disconcerted the bad man, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance. Every time the desperado stooped for a potato another potato took him in the side. The sixth potato took him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him and doubling him up on the grass.

The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as sober as if he had just finished a funeral service. The bad man was taken home and put to bed, and there he remained for more than a week before he recovered from the effect of his potato duel.

The Point of View.

"No newspaper in the place!" exclaimed the tourist, really horrified. "Why, what a way to live! You never know what is going on in the rest of the world."

"Oh, well," returned the old innkeeper, resuming her knitting, which she had laid aside for a moment to answer the sojourner's questions, "it's about as broad as it's long, ain't it?"

"The rest of the world's no better off. They don't know what's going on here. Ye told me yourself as how ye hadn't so much as heard o' the name o' this place 'fore ye landed here by accident, and we all's known about it all our lives through."

"I'd like to know what ye call that, now."—Youth's Companion.

Fable of the Ape and the Goat.

A well meaning ape, sitting up in a coconut palm, looked down and saw his friend, the goat, browsing on the grass directly below. Said the ape to himself:

"I ought to let old Whiskers in on these good things, and I will."

Acting upon this generous impulse, he leaned over and let drop an armful of coconuts, which, landing in quick succession, like shots from a rapid firing gun, right in the middle of the goat's bump of knowledge, broke his neck.

Moral.—More men are done by their friends than undone by their enemies.—Judge.

No Cause For Alarm.

"I have decided," said the theatrical manager, "to give you a trial, Miss Arlington. Please be ready to begin rehearsing Monday afternoon."

"Thank you so much. But before we go any further I must inform you that I shall positively refuse to wear tights or a gown that is cut low in the neck."

"Oh, that's all right! In the part that I'm going to give you you will merely have to stand behind a shed and help to scream when the cyclone strikes town."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Judging by the Looks.

Little Margaret has the usual inquiring mind of youth. Recently her Great-aunt Charlotte was visiting the family, and Margaret boldly asked the lady's age.

"How old do you think I am?" returned the aunt.

The little girl gazed at her earnestly for a moment and then said: "Well, I don't know, Aunt Charlotte, but you don't look new!"—Woman's Home Companion.

ITALIAN HUMOR.

Story of the Ingenious Nephew and His Witty Uncle.

While this perhaps has nothing to do with current literature, we jot it down because it impressed us as being particularly good and because it illustrates as well as any story that we have ever heard the peculiar quality of Italian humor. Fasolacci is a youth of much elegance and little discretion. He has been spending right and left, and one day he finds himself unable to pay his hotel bill. Owing to the avarice of his father, he appeals to his uncle:

"Dear Uncle—If you could see my shame while I write you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for 100 francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude.

"No, it is impossible to tell you! I prefer to die.

"I send you this by a messenger, who awaits an answer.

"Believe me, dear uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, FASOLACCI."

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I could not catch up with him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may be lost. F."

The uncle receives the letter, is touched by its contents, considers and replies:

"My Beloved Nephew—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Goodby.

"Your affectionate uncle, "ARISTIPPO."

—Bookman.

Leeds Pottery.

Leeds is probably the most cosmopolitan center of industry in all England, that of pottery being the most ancient. This industry rose to some eminence at one period, both in regard to domestic and ornamental ware of the white flintware order, but now the only branch which remains is that of artistic majolica, in which we find real works of art in the choicest of designs and coloring. Such productions, worthy of special note, are the flower vases and pedestals for the same, small vases and other ornaments, and it is doubtful if either the Moors, who founded this industry, or the Italians, who developed it, produced anything superior to the modern pottery from Leeds.—Consular Reports.

Ready Example.

The school managers were present—all of 'em—and the teacher was anxious that her scholars should do well. She picked upon Tommy as the most likely to do her credit. Tommy's knees showed through his trousers, and because the managers were present Tommy sat with a hand on each knee.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "will you please give me"—the teacher was always polite when the managers were present—"will you please give me a sentence with the word 'toward' in it?"

Then Tommy rose and in a graceful attitude, with a thumb on each knee, answered:

"Please, teacher, I toward my trowsis."—London Answers.

Cleverer Than He.

The confirmed bachelor came back to the club lunch from the end of the earth, and we all asked him if he was married (he is nearly fifty). "I shall marry a clever woman if I do," he replied grimly. "Thought you didn't like those clever women," said the youngest member simply. "I don't," said the bachelor, whose views are well known and widely spread. "But if ever I marry it'll be an infernally clever woman who does it."—London Chronicle.

The Marechal Niel Rose.

When Niel, the French general, was returning home from the scene of his victories in the war between France and Austria he received from a peasant who wished to honor the hero a basket of beautiful pale yellow roses. One of the stems the general took to a florist in Paris, in whose care it remained until it became a thriving bush covered with blossoms. Niel then took the plant as a gift to the Empress Eugenie. She expressed great admiration for the exquisite flowers and on learning that the rose was nameless said:

"Then I'll name it. It shall be 'the Marechal Niel.'"

At the same time she bestowed upon the astonished general the jeweled baton that betokened his promotion to the high and much coveted rank of marshal of France.

PAUL OF RUSSIA.

His Tragic Ending Was Like That of Julius Caesar.

The 25th of March, 1891, was the day on which the Emperor Paul of Russia was assassinated. Paul had received some whispers of the plot against his life and had arranged to leave St. Peter-burg the following day and go to Moscow, where he fancied he might be safer. On the evening of the 25th he retired to rest at an early hour that he might thoroughly rest himself before commencing his journey. At 11 o'clock about a score of the conspirators—officers holding high rank in the army—appeared at the gate of the palace. It was closed, but the officers presented an order, signed by the emperor himself—or, rather, with a forged signature attached—and, informing the sentinel that they were called to hold a council of war with the czar, were admitted.

The emperor's aid-de-camp was one of the foremost of the conspirators and went in advance of the others to Paul's bedchamber, before the door of which was a Cossack soldier on guard. "The emperor sleeps," said the man. "I must rouse him. There is fire in the city," replied the treacherous aid. The Cossack, seeing others push forward, shouted out to alarm the emperor and immediately fell, pierced by the swords of the conspirators. Paul attempted to bolt the door, but, being unable to do so, seized his sword and turned boldly on them. "What is your design," he demanded of Count Platon Zouboff, "and what do these men want who are with you?" "We demand your abdication," replied Zouboff, who then read a formal deed, which had been previously prepared.

"What! Do you, who have been loaded with bounties by me, turn thus upon your master?" said the emperor.

"You are no longer our master," replied Zouboff. "The nation has provided you a successor in the shape of your son Alexander."

Paul at this raised his sword, and the conspirators, who had not expected him to show so much courage, drew back, with the exception of a man named Beningsen, who urged the others forward, saying:

"If you hesitate you are lost." Then Count Valerian Zouboff struck the first blow, and the others quickly followed his example. As Paul still struggled an officer's sash was passed around his neck, and the life was choked out of him, his last words being:

"And you, too, my Constantine!"

Theodosia Burr.

The mystery attaching to Theodosia Burr has never been cleared up. At the urgent solicitation of her father she sailed from Charleston for New York, and from that day to this nothing has been heard of her or of the vessel on which she sailed. There are rumors and traditions about the finding of the body of a young and beautiful woman somewhere along the Atlantic coast, together with fragments of the vessel on which she set out to meet the father she so devotedly loved, but the mystery of her death remains as it was the day she disappeared.—New York American.

Indian Summer.

Indian summer in North America is a period of mild, balmy weather—usually occurring in November—characterized by a clear sky and a hazy or smoky atmosphere, especially near the horizon. The name is derived from the custom among the Indians of using this delightful time to harvest their corn. According to one of their traditions, they always had a second summer of nine days just before the winter set in. Indian summer corresponds to a similar season prevailing during the late autumn in England and the Mediterranean countries, called "St. Martin's summer," from St. Martin's festival, which falls on Nov. 11.—New York American.

Dredging to Begin.

Marshfield.—Dredging in the channel between Marshfield and the ocean, for which the Port of Coos Bay will collect a tax of \$300,000 and the government has appropriated \$50,000, has been begun, and it is expected that by the time the Panama Canal is completed Coos Bay will become a seaport of importance.

50 Years Is Age Limit.

Olympia.—No fraternal or beneficiary society in the State of Washington has any power or authority to admit to its membership any person over 50 years of age, by dispensation, by-laws or otherwise, according to an opinion handed down by Attorney General Bell, who maintains that the state law is mandatory.