

THE HARD TO PLEASE.

There ain't no pleasin' people on this blomin' earth below; In the mornin' days of summer they're bolleerin' for show; An' when the snow comes a-fallin' through the winders of the sky, They're bolleerin' for summer an' weather hot an' dry!



Fernando Jones Talks of Chicago

Pioneer, Now 82 Years Old, Grows Reminiscent.

Science AND Invention

Aluminum and magnesium have recently been combined in Germany to produce an alloy which does not rust, and which is as light and tenacious as pure aluminum, while it can be worked with the file and the lathe. It is named magnalium.

Dr. Ludwig Mand has discovered a method for producing illuminating gas and coal gas at an expense of 4 cents a thousand feet. It is thought that this will effect a revolution by cheapening electric power and it will also have an important bearing on the production of open-hearth steel.

The sun's surface is known to be subject to greatly increased disturbances every eleven years, known as the sun-spot period. Auroral displays and disturbances of the earth's magnetism have a similar period, and the pictures of the corona which have been obtained show markedly characteristic varieties of form dependent also upon the sun-spot period.

A remarkable discovery by Captain H. P. Dewar, in the Keweenaw Mountains, is that of a species of marine plant, called grass-wrack, at an elevation of 10,500 feet, more than 10,000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington. The plants were not growing, but were found, with their leaves and fruit, deposited in a bed ten or twelve feet thick, which was covered and interspersed with strata of blue clay. The explanation offered is that the deposit once formed part of the bottom of a salt lake.

Mr. Beddard, of the London Zoological Society, calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.

The earthquake waves due to the Japanese shock of June 15, 1896, were recorded on the self-registering tide gauges at Honolulu and at Saucello, in the bay of San Francisco. Dr. Charles Davison has recently compared the calculated velocity of the earthquake waves with the velocity formerly calculated from the usual formula. He found that at Saucello, for example, the first crest of the waves reached the tide gauge ten hours and thirty-four minutes after the shock, having traveled in this time the distance of 4,787 miles at an average velocity of 664 feet a second.

It has been observed that on account of the absence of an atmosphere on the moon, and the consequent lack of gradation in shadows, the eye of the observer is seriously misled in judging the actual relief of objects forming the lunar landscape. Professor Prinz, of Brussels, has recently developed a method of avoiding this difficulty, and of seeing the craters and other details on the moon in their natural proportions. Taking advantage of the fact that as the moon travels around the earth the eccentricity of its orbit produces the effect of a slow libration, or balancing to and fro, which causes its face to be inclined now a little one way and now a little the other way, Professor Prinz makes two photographs of the lunar object to be studied, at opposite points in the libration, and then combines them in a stereoscope, whereupon the object stands forth in full relief. This principle has hitherto been applied only to photographs of the moon as a whole, and not to particular craters or regions.

ONE CENT POSTAGE COMING.

Likely to Be Brought About by Increase in Business.

"All over the country men engaged in the postal service are watching intently the progress of affairs in the various branches of the mail business," said A. J. Ball, chief clerk of the railway mail service, to an Indianapolis News man. "The signs in all directions point to the greatest year the service has ever had. On the Indianapolis railroads, which form the main channel for the movement of mails between the East and West, the volume of business during the winter has been without precedent. There are more postal cars in service, they are hauling more mail and utilizing more postal clerks than ever before. During the early spring the volume has been tremendous and this movement of mail shows the pulsations of business affairs generally throughout the country. Reports say that, with the beginning of the new fiscal year, the financial results will show a profit of \$2,000,000 to the postoffice department of the United States. If such a showing is made I predict that the people of this country are on the eve of penny letter postage. It is bound to follow soon after the postal receipts show a profit of \$2,000,000 to the postoffice department of the United States. If such a showing is made I predict that the people of this country are on the eve of penny letter postage. It is bound to follow soon after the postal receipts show a profit of \$2,000,000 to the postoffice department of the United States.

Chief Clerk Ball has been in the railway mail service since May 12, 1889. He tossed mail in a railway postal car for years, and worked his way to the head of the mail service between Pittsburgh and St. Louis, the second largest branch of the service in the United States. "I think it was in 1883 or 1884," Mr. Ball says, "that the postal business made a profit. From the year it was established, up to that time, there had been a deficiency every year. As soon as there was a profit Congress cut the cost of sending a letter. Before that reduction the price was 5 cents for a half-ounce. The reduction was to 2 cents. The day 2-cent postage went into effect people throughout the land began writing letters in greater number. I do not remember that the year

following the reduction showed any perceptible difference in the volume of mail handled in the railway service, but I do know there was a gradual increase every year after that time and in recent years the increase has been enormous. "To cut the price of sending a letter through the mails to 1 cent will mean to swell the volume of letters all out of proportion to the present number that people are writing. It will cause a new age of letter writing, both in business and private correspondence. One of the bugbears of the railway-mail service now is the circular-business letter that commercial houses and corporations of all kinds send out. The letters are unsealed, carelessly addressed, and are tedious for postal clerks to handle. With 1-cent postage I believe the old business circular will become a thing of the past."

SHE FOLLOWED HER CUE.

The Elderly Aunt from the Country and Her Conversation. When the elderly aunt was here she was invited out to dinner with the family and had no thought of refusing. She has a heart in her as big as the proverbial Yankee cheese, but by way of comparison, her bump of inquisitiveness is as large as the new county building. That is why the nephew had a little private talk with her, says the Detroit Free Press.

"You see, auntie," he began, diplomatically, "it is different in the city. There is not the same freedom of speech among friends and neighbors. We are more conservative, as it were."

"Don't gossip so much, you mean," her nose and chin rising in unison. "You think I'm grass-fed, as some of you metropolitans people of culture and refinement put it. I'll not disagree you, Tommy. I'll ask no questions that are not suggested by the conversation. Is that a safe rule?"

"Perfectly, auntie. Pardon me for thinking that I might give you a hint."

"Worked splendidly," the aunt reported after the affair was over. "I had heard you talking over a good many reports about these people, you know, so I knew how to set my stakes. When he told me he had made a pile on stocks I asked him if he had an idea of settling up the debts he ran away from in New Jersey. You never see a man get so red and he changed in a wink to talking about his family. 'Is it true,' says I, 'this scandalous report that you and your wife were both divorced before you married each other?'"

"Heaven's!" "I thought he was going into a convulsion, but I talked sympathetic and told him that the world wouldn't care how much he owed or how many previous wives or husbands there was, now that he is rich. That did the business, for he told me in the pleasantest way that people who had never married were the best judges of such matters and said he was sorry that he and his family would be unable to see any more of me while I'm here. I knew I could take care of myself."

FLOWERS FOR MARKET.

Strangely Neglected Opportunities for Profit in the South.

Florida is growing Bermuda onions, Bermuda potatoes, etc.; is it not reasonable to suppose she could grow Bermuda lilies as well? As a matter of fact, lilies as fine as can be produced in the world are already being grown in Florida, but so far nobody seems to have gone into the business regularly for supplying the Northern markets. Florida lilies might be shipped to a Northern destination in shorter time and arrive in better shape than is possible from the island of Bermuda, says the Savannah, Ga., News. The semi-tropical climate of South Georgia and Florida is especially suited to the growing of flowers. The floral wealth of the Peninsula State, indeed, gave it its name. Oddly enough, however, the north of the flowers are grown in the South. Down here we pay little attention to their commercial possibilities.

In cold Pennsylvania and New York and colder Michigan several men have become millionaires in the seed business, notwithstanding they were under the necessity of providing expensive glass covers for their young plants. In Southern Florida there would never be necessity for covering young plants. Bulbs for hyacinths, tuberoses and the various other bulb plants could be brought practically to maturity in Florida in time for shipment to the North to catch the early spring warmth and delight the Northerners with strong, perfect, early open-air blooms. It seems there ought to be money in the bulb and seed business in South Georgia and Florida to those who go about the business intelligently and are willing to give time and patience to the work of building up a reputation.

King's Long-Sought Photograph. After waiting about twenty years the king has come into possession of a photograph for which he has sought ever since his marriage to Queen Alexandra. It is a photograph of the queen herself as she was just before the king first met her. It is said that for some reason only one copy remained undestroyed, and this could not be traced until twenty years ago, when it was accidentally seen by a high personage at court in the album of a well known society lady. The latter on being approached was not disposed to part with the prize even to the king, who, when turning over the album which contained it from time to time, used jokingly to refer to it as "my portrait." Since he ascended the throne it is understood that the owner of the photograph has sent it to Windsor.—Sussex News.

Any Old Thing. Mr. Spunk—Oh, you needn't indulge in heroics, my dear; you know you were ready to marry any old thing when I came along. Mrs. Spunk—I admit it, Henry; that describes perfectly what I married.—Ohio State Journal.

Nothing in It. "Mersey" exclaimed Mrs. Schopper, "I've lost my pocketbook!" "Never mind, dear," replied Mr. Schopper, "pocketbooks are cheap. I'll buy you another."—Philadelphia Press.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Mr. Hoon—I am convinced that the groom at last night's wedding was either a widower or a bigamist. Mrs. Hoon—Good gracious! What makes you think so? Mr. Hoon—Why, didn't you notice that he looked neither scared nor sneaking during the ceremony?—Puck.

Just So. Mrs. Jinks—Why are people who get married often called the "contracting parties?" Mr. Jinks—I don't know about the bride, but think how small the groom usually looks!—Puck.

A Note-Taker. Parson—What are you here for? Prisoner—I was a stenographer in a bank, and was caught taking notes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Their Way. Farmer Honk—What sort of people are your city relatives that are visitin' up at your house, 'Gustus? Farmer Bentback (grimly)—Aw! They're the kind that when they pay you a visit act like they wanted a receipt for it!—Puck.

As to the Catcher. "Cool player! Great presence of mind!" "That's right. He never forgets that the umpire can fine him ten dollars."—Puck.

One Against the Horse. "There's one good thing about an automobile." "What's that?" "It doesn't try to run up to every watering fountain it comes to."—Puck.

He Knew the Symptoms. Charlie Loveday—Um, ah, Er, er—er! Er—! he! he! Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—Stray Stories.

Inherited Traits. "How ignorant Miss Swamper is of history?" "She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."—Life.

Exchange. "You owe this country nearly everything you possess in literature," remarked the Englishman. "Yes," answered the American business man. "But by the time our capitalists get locomotives and other things to more than offset the account."—Washington Star.

A Clear Case. "Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" "I do," he replied, "as long as the fittest has the patronage to distribute."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Emphatic Evidence. Dear me! I'm afraid Mr. Grouch didn't like his breakfast this morning.

Nested a Egg. Mrs. Suburban—How are you getting along without a hired girl? Mrs. Cities—Very badly. I never could work right unless I had some one over me.—Philadelphia Record.

The Old, Old Story. Jack—I saw a deaf mute man talking on his fingers to a deaf mute girl today. Kitty—What was he saying? Jack—"I love you more than words can utter."

Not a Life Office. "Are you afraid to be engaged to that Boston girl?" "No, I'll mispronounce a word some day, and she'll throw me over."

Acquisition of Knowledge. "Well, and what have you learned at college, Clarice?" we asked, anxious to know how our niece had profited by her residence at a distant institution of learning. "I learned to do up my hair in nineteen different ways," replied she proudly.

Artificial. First Menagerie Keeper—What's wrong? Second Menagerie Keeper—Keep that curtain down until I get the sacred cow's hump on straight.—Ohio State Journal.

A Money Separator. "Young Myrrune has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it." "Why doesn't he go into politics?"—Ohio State Journal.

Her Idea of It. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish you would save up your money and buy a yacht." "What for?" "We need so many things for the table. And winning races seems such a cheap way to get silverware."—Washington Star.

Love Finds the Way. Laura—Her father cast her off without a penny when she married without his consent. Claire—How did they manage? "Oh, they published two volumes of their love letters."—Life.

As It Seemed to Him. "Papa, what does the phrase 'in due time' mean?" Benny Bloomer asked. "First of the month, I guess," replied Mr. Bloomer.

Crusty. "Yes," Miss Frocka went on, "Mr. Templeton and I are to be married. Why don't you offer congratulations?" "Oh, I've no grudge against Templeton," replied the crusty bachelor.

Always Something Going On. "Any June news out in your suburb?" "Yes, oh yes; three new kinds of bugs on our rose bushes." "Skittis is utterly lazy and worthless." "Oh, I don't know; he is entitled to some credit for not letting anything worry him."

Quick Action. "I got quick action on my garden seeds," said Cumso. "They came up next day." "How do you account for such rapid germination?" asked Cawker. "My next door neighbors' hens did it with their little scratchers."

The Tricks of Trade. Mr. Jacksing—Ye see dat pomperous lookin' gen'l'man 'cross de street? Dat am Cuhnel Snowball, de riches' gen'l'man in Dahkville. Mr. Johnsing—Shoh! you don't say! Whah'd he git dat money? Mr. Jacksing—Manufacturing face powder, sah. An' (confidentially) to tell de homes' 'troof I inspect dat de hull proposition of dat powder am authin' mosh dan powdered chahoon, sah."

An Achievement. "Did you succeed in arousing any interest in your recent political campaign?" "I did better than to arouse interest," answered Senator Sorghum. "I managed to stir up a few dividends."—Washington Star.

Fifty. Mrs. Ruddy—I want some trimming to match this dress. Shopwalker—Yes, madam. Mr. Jakes, some trimming; Shtump Pink, to match this Lobster—Ally Sloper.

The Cloud. He—There, dear, after toiling and planning for years, we have at last been able to buy this beautiful home, and you ought to be perfectly happy. She—But I'm not. He—What's the matter? She—I know we shall never be able to sell it.—Harper's Bazar.

Something Wrong. Willie—Say, pa, my Sunday school teacher says if I'm good I'll go to heaven. Pa—Well? Willie—Well, you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I want to know who's lyin', you or her?—Philadelphia Press.

An old pew-opener in an English country church was in attendance on the rector, the church warden and a city architect with a view to church restoration. Said the architect, poking the woodwork with his cane: "There's a great deal of dry rot in these pews, Mr. Rector." Before the latter could reply the old woman cut in with: "But, law, sir, it ain't nothink to what there is in the pulpit!"

Neil—She used to boast that she was one of the charter members of the Woman's Suffrage Club. She doesn't appear to be as proud of it now. Belle—Oh, she's just as proud, but you know the club was organized fifteen years ago, and she must have been at least 20 when she joined.—Philadelphia Record.

Sue—You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist. Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Under the Strain. "What makes him stoop that way, papa. What makes him stoop that way?" "The thousand cares that weigh upon the poor man day by day."

"Why doesn't he cut loose, papa. Why doesn't he cut loose?" "Because the more he gets the more He wants, you little goose."

"And if he strikes it rich, papa. Oh, do you think he'll quit?" The father merely shook his head. And gravely answered, "NIT."

"Why will he bear the strain, papa. Why will he bear the strain?" "He and his wife see dizzy heights. That they are vain to gain."

"And when they gain them will they have Contentment?" asked the lad. "No, there will still be other things That they will wish he had."

"How will it be at last, papa. How will it be at last?" "He'll search for pleasure when the time For happiness is past."—Chicago Record-Herald.

You can tell a man's age as soon as he turns out his whiskers.

Jerry Lowe's Fool Luck.

"It does seem," said the old man thoughtfully, "that folks ought ter get along in this world without quarrelin'. We had an awful feud here years ago, an' the end ain't in sight yet. An' a yaller dog started it. What old man Bascom saw in the dog, an' what the dog saw in old man Bascom is more'n I know. It jes' seemed to be a sort of mutual admiration society; one of them beautiful an' touchin' illustrations of a dog's devotion to man that folks are always talkin' about, losin' sight of the fact that it sometimes shows a lack of common sense on the part of the dog."

"Old man Bascom an' Jerry Lowe used ter be ez thick ez two peas on a dog's tail. Like every self-respectin' community we have a story of buried treasure, an' them two was always lookin' fer it together. It was a common sight to see the old man diggin' fer dear life with Jerry sittin' not far away playin' 'Down in a Coal Mine' on a cornet that he had. It never seemed to occur to the old man ter let Jerry do some of the work, an' folks said that it was jes' some of Jerry's fool luck. But one day the dog got under Jerry's feet an' he gave it a kick. That started the feud an' they never hunted for the treasure together again. Old man Bascom swore that he would get even with Jerry; but somehow or other it did not seem ez if he never would, jes' because Jerry had so much fool luck. Once the old man threw a dead cat under Jerry's house, an' when he crawled under ter get it out he found a hen's nest with sixteen eggs in it. An' once Bascom tied a cord across a path when Jerry was comin' with a pail of water, an' he fell an' split the water; but I'm blowed if the water didn't wash up a two-bit piece that somebody had lost. But Bascom stuck to it that he would get even."

"It did seem ez though the old man had trouble enough of his own without worryin' Jerry, fer it was his misfortune ter be married to a female buzz-saw. If a man ever wanted an excuse to remain single old man Bascom's wife furnished it. The way them two fit an' fought was awful to see. Jerry lived near them an' when he heard the racket start he would get out his cornet an' play 'Home, Sweet Home' an' 'Jes' Before the Battle, Mother,' an' times like them. I ain't denyin' that it was sort of aggravatin' to have a neighbor throwin' out insinuations through a cornet; but that's what he did. Folks got so that they knew from Jerry's playin' jes' how things was goin' on down at Bascom's. An' when they heard Jerry playin' 'See, the Conquerin' Hero Comes,' they knew that the fight was over an' that the old man was win'n' fer peace."

"Well, one day the neighbors heard Jerry playin', 'We Shall Meet Beyond the River.' That wasn't in the code, an' nobody knew what he was drivin' at till they heard that old man Bascom was dead. Assumin' that Jerry was right, an' that they do meet, I give it out ez my humble opinion that there will be a fight!"

"Well, after the funeral was over I was called upon in my official capacity ez justice of the peace ter read a paper that Bascom had left. I knew what it was, 'cause I drewed it; so I gave out the tip, an' everybody was there, includin' Jerry. It read like this:

"To all those present I wish to solemnly declare that I believe in the belief that it is good for man (or woman either) to be alone. It is my last an' most sacred wish that my wife should marry again, an' I hereby declare that I have no objections to her doin' so. To hasten this end I leave to the man who shall marry her the contents of the brass box that is in the corner of the room. I make but one condition, an' that is that the man must play the cornet. To my neighbors (with one exception) I leave my kind regards in this advice: Waste no more time lookin' for the buried treasure. My dear friend Seth Bugby has the key to the box an' I command him to hand it to the man who shall meet all these conditions."

"Hold on," said I, ez everybody started talkin' at once, "this here paper has an error in it! I drewed it an' I know! This paper is in old man Bascom's handwritin', an' I guess that when he copied it from the one that I wrote an' what he wanted me particularly to write was: 'I command that the man must not play the cornet!'"

"I'm thinkin'," said Jerry, "that the dockymint stands." "There ain't no gittin' around that," said I, "but it ain't what Bascom meant!"

"Well, sir, it did beat all what a rumpus that dockymint kicked up! The single men an' the widder was fer goin' ter law an' try an' have it corrected. But the married men grinned an' said it was no use tryin' to buck agin' Jerry's fool luck, an' they give it up. Of course everybody saw at once that Bascom had found the treasure, an' in tryin' ter keep Jerry com' ever gittin' hold of it he had thrown it right into his lap!"

"Well, the next day Jerry kim ter me



May 20, 1835, the brig Illinois dropped anchor at the partly completed north pier of the village of Chicago and her passengers came ashore. Among the first to land was Fernando Jones, a boy 16 years old, from Buffalo, N. Y. That boy is now one of the oldest residents of Chicago, has celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of that landing and also his eighty-second birthday anniversary, which came on the same date. Speaking of his coming to Chicago, Mr. Jones said: "There were only about 1,000 persons in Chicago when I came. The first day, boylike, I went fishing in the Chicago river with John C. Haynes, who was afterward Mayor of Chicago, and Alexander Beaubien. We were greatly interested in stories of the Indian massacre, and, meeting La Frambois, the son of an Indian chief, we went to see where the women and children were pulled out of their wagons and killed. The Indian showed us the spot. It is the same that has since been marked by Mr. Pullman's monument. There was only one grocery store south of Water street when I came, and that was owned by Thomas Church. Over it the new land office had taken rooms. I went to work for the land agent and helped register the lands that were open for settlement. A great deal of the property around here was first taken in that way and cost \$1.25 an acre. I helped pay off the Indians at the time they left here. Each Indian was given \$10. It was paid in silver half-dollars and was tied up in a knot in a corner of his blanket, but was quickly spent for liquor."

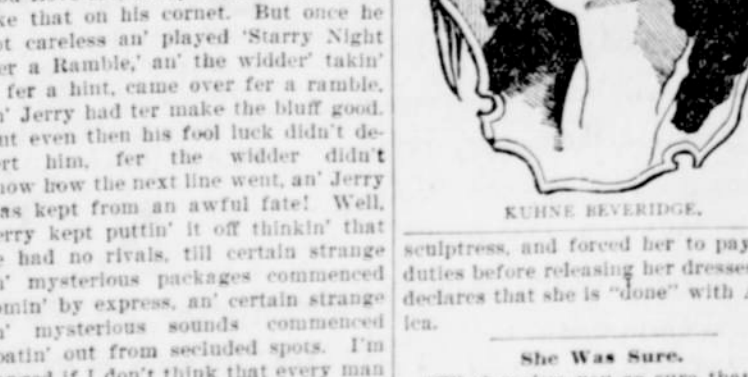
Mr. Jones is still in rugged good health and takes great interest in all that pertains to Chicago. In his home he has gathered many fine works of art from his trips abroad, both in statuary and paintings. He married in 1858 Miss Graham, who is a descendant of the Earl of Montrose, and among the family heirlooms is a portrait of the Scottish earl that has been handed down from generation to generation in the Graham family.—Chicago American.

Well, when Jerry grasped the situation he commenced throwin' fits on the floor, an' I took advantage of the opportunity to look the box over. It wasn't funny that Jerry hadn't been able to lift it, fer old man Bascom had screwed it to the floor.

"When Jerry kim to he gave one look at the bride, an' said kinder solemn like: "I guess my luck had changed." "An' I guess it had. Fer that was twenty years ago, an' old man Bascom's revenge has bin goin' right on without stoppin' fer Sunday or the Fourth of July!"—Detroit Free Press.

IS DONE WITH AMERICA.

On her arrival from London, it being her twenty-sixth trip across the ocean, the Inspector at New York plunged into the baggage of Kuhne Beveridge, the



sculptress, and forced her to pay \$105 duties before releasing her dresses. She declares that she is "done" with America.

She Was Sure. "What makes you so sure that man is less than 35?" asked the young woman. "There isn't the slightest doubt in the matter," answered Miss Cayenne. "He keeps bragging of what he knows about human nature."—Washington Star.

Not an Angel. First Actress—I thought he was your angel? Second Actress—I thought so, too. I was mistaken! "Lacks wings, eh?" "Well, his money lacks wings, at any rate."—Detroit Journal.

The man who makes trouble between two women gets more enjoyment out of it than the women do. It is better to make good use of what little you know than it is to know a great deal that is of no earthly use.