

MOON AN IDEAL BALL PARK

The Rare Atmosphere of Martian Satellite Described by a College Professor.

Phobos, a satellite of Mars, is the ideal place for baseball players, according to Prof. Ray Forest Moulton of the University of Chicago...

For the inhabitants of Deimos, the other satellite of Mars, to play catch with his neighbors on Phobos would be a simple morning's recreation.

MOST DANGEROUS LIQUID.

An Acid That Can Be Kept in None Other Than Bottle of Solid Gold.

A solid gold bottle stood on the chemist's table, says the Minneapolis Journal.

"That bottle," he said, "my hydrofluoric acid is kept. Hydrofluoric acid is used in glass-etching. The etching on glass thermometers is all done with it. It is colorless. It looks like water. A drop of it on your hand would burn clean through to the other side like a bullet. Its inhalation is sure death."

SHE WANTED THE MONEY.

Clever Japanese Actress Declined Vase Proffered by the President of France.

Sada Yacco, the charming little Japanese actress, is a great favorite in Paris. She is, moreover, exceedingly frank—apparently so—as may appear from the following incident which her friend, Lois Fuller, is telling just now.

Envelope in the Wind.

If you were in a certain Irish town and were looking out for lodgings you would probably come to the conclusion that none were to be had, for search as you might for the familiar "apartments to let" notice so often seen in the windows of houses in other places, you would search in vain.

All Got Home.

Buskin—Your "Hamlet" company didn't take very well in the provinces, eh? What's the matter? Didn't the ghost walk?

JURIES SHOULD BE CAREFUL

Circumstantial Evidence, Even of the Strongest, Not Always Reliable.

"As to circumstantial evidence, it's a queer thing," said the man in the brown suit. "Five or six years ago I was in a certain town for a night when a bank was robbed. Next morning I was arrested as an accomplice, it being contended that I was seen idling in front of the bank and evidently acting as sentry to those within."

"The landlord asserted and swore that I was sitting in the office at ten o'clock p. m. Two servants swore they saw me going to my room half an hour later. A man having rooms opposite the hotel swore that he saw me smoking at my window at midnight."

"But about it's being queer?" was asked.

"Why, all the people on both sides were mistaken. I was not outside the bank at the time named and neither was I in the hotel."

ONE MAN TO GET IT ALL.

Millions Amassed in Seventy Years of Toil and Fasting by "Economites."

At Economy, Beaver county, Pa., the world may learn what becomes of the millions which fasting enthusiasts amass. After much litigation the wealth of the Harmony Cooperative society—commonly called the "Economite society"—has passed practically into the hands of one man, John Duss, the bartender.

The "Economites," under the leadership of George Rapp, settled in Beaver county about 70 years ago. They believed that Rapp had divine attributes and that when they died they would all ascend into heaven in a body with him.

Consolation in Cold Waves.

We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations, says Century.

Picture Missed Her.

A Kansas City girl, who was visiting on a farm near Topeka, Kan., noticed on the front porch of the farmhouse some plants growing in tin cans. On one of the cans was a picture of a tomato. The girl, strange as it may seem, had never handled canned vegetables, and she was puzzled about the picture.

Greatest Razor Market.

A Sheffield (Eng.) writer, in commenting on the desirability of the American market for razors, declares that more razors are bought in America for each man than in any country of the world.

MAINE'S SCALLOP FISHERS.

Industry of Recent Inception, But Has Proved to Be Profitable.

A new industry for the fishermen of the Maine coast is that of catching scallops. It has already proved profitable, and hundreds of men are engaged in the work. They drag with huge nets the bottoms of the bays and harbors and take out thousands of gallons of these shell fish.

The scallops live in deep or shoal water to suit their taste, and, in a sense, are migratory. They are found in shoal water during the summer, and in the winter they live in deep water. In the summer they cling to soft bottoms, and in the winter prefer sandy places.

Great herds of them have been discovered in Bluehill and other bays ten feet in depth. Near Bartlett's Island last winter Ernest Moore, of Bass Harbor, and his companion, ran their boat upon what they supposed to be a ledge.

In the winter scallops bring the fishermen in Boston and New York about \$2.50 per gallon. A hundred scallops will yield a gallon of sweetmeats. The fishermen last winter, in some instances, made as high as \$150 in a single day, and an average day's catch ranged from \$40 upward.

CITY TUNNEL UPSIDE DOWN

A Town in Montana Shows Wonders in Mining on a Large Scale.

The sightseer has a pleasant experience at Helena, Mont., but to get a glimpse of the internal wonders of mining he must go to Butte, says World's Work.

The scallop boat has power and derrick. A large, strong net with a five- or six-foot iron plate at its mouth, attached to 100 fathoms of rope, is the equipment for scraping the fish from their deep sea beds.

It is the practice of lobstermen on the Maine coast to build huge pounds and when lobsters are plentiful and cheap in the summer to put them in these pounds and keep them until the following winter.

The scallop fishermen believe that they can reap a harvest in the same way by catching up scallops in summer and keeping them in pounds or cars until the price of scallop meat goes up.

CHEERFUL AND EXPERT LIAR

But His Best Efforts Were Set at Naught by His Best Beloved.

"The truth is a mighty scarce article nowadays," remarked a business man, relates the Cincinnati Enquirer. "Nine persons out of ten seem to think nothing of telling a lie, even when there is no reasonable excuse for it. My bookkeeper came down to the office an hour late this morning, and when I remarked about it he began at once to stammer excuses."

"My watch stopped and I missed my train," he said weakly.

"Is that the only reason?" I asked.

"Then the ferry got blocked and was delayed and I took the wrong trolley, an—" he went on to say when I interrupted and said:

"See here; what in thunder is the use of your attempting to string me with those old gasps? Tell the truth, man, and confess that you were out late last night and overslept."

"No, sir; it wasn't that," he protested. "The fact is, our baby had the colic last night and I had to walk the floor with him until four this morning. I didn't get much sleep, and naturally I didn't hear the alarm go off. I'm sorry, but—"

"There, that's more like it. I said, 'Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? Now you go right home and make up your sleep. You can have a day off.'"

"The man thanked me very heartily and went off. I felt sorry for him, because I had been in the same fix myself when my children were young. I lost that sympathy, however, an hour later when a telephone message came, inquiring for the bookkeeper."

"Are you his wife?" I asked through the phone.

"No, not yet, but we're engaged!" flapped a feminine voice at the other end.

The Jostling Train.

"Did you have to stand up all the way on that excursion?" said Miss Brown.

"Yes, but I didn't mind," said Miss Jones. "I was jammed right up next to that snippy Mrs. Snifty, and it gave me such a fine chance to accidentally trample on her toes!"—Detroit Free Press

RIDE IN KNICKERBOCKERS.

Women Thinking Only of Their Comfort Are Shocking California Society.

California society has been quite upset by the forwardness of some society women who have had the hardihood to ignore public opinion and, thinking only of their own comfort and safety, assumed knickerbockers and coat instead of the conventional riding habit, and "Lady Algy" in the San Francisco News Letter sets forth in lively fashion the excitement this action evoked.

On the whole, the question seems to be, is there any sensible reason why an equestrienne should not wear knickerbockers? They are not unbecomingly white on horseback, and the wearer certainly does not intend to use them elsewhere.

"Lady Algy" affects to think that riding astride and a sensible costume destroys all grace, but admits there is much less danger to life and also that New York and Washington women wear knickerbockers.

She refers to the daughter of Senator Elkins and Miss Roosevelt as proof that the thing can be done without losing standing in society.

CITY TUNNEL UPSIDE DOWN

A Town in Montana Shows Wonders in Mining on a Large Scale.

The sightseer has a pleasant experience at Helena, Mont., but to get a glimpse of the internal wonders of mining he must go to Butte, says World's Work.

Within a radius of a mile from the court house there are 125 mines in operation and they are producing more than one-fourth of the copper mined in the world.

When the little white kitten tumbled down on the rug with a piteous "meow" the woman, who always knows what to do, picked her up and called for the camphor bottle, relates the New York Post.

"She has fainted, poor little thing," said the woman. "Camphor will bring her to."

All the other boarders laughed, but the woman continued to administer the aromatic spirits in her own motherly fashion. When the white kitten had revived the woman sought corroboration of her diagnosis from the veterinary surgeon next door.

"Of course, the cat fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats are especially apt to keel over in moments of excitement. These attacks are sometimes confused with fits, but they are really fainting spells, and the patient can be brought to with camphor. Dogs faint, too, and horses. A horse that faints is usually thought to have blind staggers or sunstroke, but anybody knowing the animal's constitution can tell the difference and apply the special treatment required."

Animal Hospital in India.

There is an animal hospital in Lodepur, near Calcutta, where there are usually about a thousand animals under treatment—horses, oxen, mules, elephants, dogs and even sheep, all comfortably housed and looked after by a staff of 80 native "nurses" under the orders of a British veterinary surgeon.

Distilled Misery.

One distillery company in Kentucky turns out every seven days, 1,200 barrels of sweet mash whisky. The output for a year would be 62,400 barrels. The cost of all this to the manufacturers may be fairly estimated at \$374,000.

SHIPPING GOLD FOR MINT.

The Government Declines All Responsibility in Transportation of the Metal.

Gold, whether in the shape of dust direct from the mines or in any of the many manufactured forms in which it reaches the United States mint, is so nearly invariable in its intrinsic value—the standard when pure, indeed, by which all other values are measured—that it is practically ready money.

It is a thought to far the theorists who believe in inflation and fiat money and who maintain that the government can actually "make" it in the sense of creating, all the money it wants to, to reflect that, with the exception of the defective coins above referred to, none of the gold which flows into and out of the mint is the property of the government.

The government recognizes no one in the transaction but the person who brings the metal to the mint. It comes in boxes, bags, sacks or in any way the shipper chooses.

As before stated, the government does not concern itself with the method by which this privately owned gold is brought to it. This is the shipper's business or that of his agent, which is usually an express company, and the amount of the treasure are supplied by the agent and not by the government.

A Troy ounce of pure gold is worth \$20.67 and a fraction. This is invariable. It may take more or less than \$2.67 of work or other commodity to get it, but the price of the other and not of the gold varies.

With a view to testing the time required by a post-card to go the round of the world, and to ascertain also the route which the card should take to accomplish its journey in the least possible number of hours, an interesting experiment in the form of a competition is being made in Paris.

At three o'clock one afternoon, at the Central post office, and in the presence of a number of witnesses, 470 post-cards sent by an equal number of competitors who had beforehand secured the service of correspondents in America and the far east were handed in after examinations by and on the certificate of a sheriff's officer.

Some will go by the Havre route, others by Marseilles, by Cherbourg, by Southampton. After a few brief resting places, necessitated by the time taken by the correspondents in the United States or in Asia to report them, the post-cards will return to Paris, when the sender of the one that arrives first will receive a prize of money.—London Globe.

Ingenious Device.

The Icelanders have a strange but effective plan for preventing horses straying away from any particular spot. If two gentlemen happen to be riding without attendants, and wish to leave their horses for any reason, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible for the horses to move on, either backwards or forwards. If disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be mutual agreement to turn their heads the same way.

Really a Good Mixer.

Johnny—Pa, what is a good mixer? Pa—A man who can mingle the mint of the moneyed classes, the ice of the indifferents and the whisky of the majority into one grand julep.—N. Y. Sun.

GREAT CITY FOR TWINS.

In Proportion to Its Total Births—Omaha Has a Very Large Percentage.

Omaha has the distinction of having a larger percentage of twins born than in any other city in the west. In 1904 the births were 1,800. In this number there were 25 pairs of twins and one assortment of triplets. Della Lynch, a physician of Omaha, who has always been interested in this subject, says:

"Twins are almost heredity. That is, the tendency to produce twins runs in families. Some cases it skips a generation or two, but I have a number known as a case of the kind in which there had not been a pair of double births on either the father's or mother's side of the family."

There is a family in Omaha in which the father and mother were each one of twins. Although they do not in a family of this kind, there are no twins among them, such to relief of both parents. "That's all right," said the mother, "twins look cute when they are up and up and out on the street in a carriage. My mother persisted in using a baby twin sister and myself exclusively until we married and could do our own clothes. And every time I went down town together we were called 'twins' people saying: 'Oh, just look at those twins.' Don't they look alike? Am I to crown it all, my husband proposed to my twin sister one night on the front porch in the twilight. Of course, he thought it was me; but it was embarrassing just the same."

"You are right, twins are no joke," said her husband. "I was always getting licked for what my twin brother did when we were kids. Even now it makes us lots of trouble, our resemblance. We travel over much the same territory, although he has a different line from what I carry, and people are constantly mistaking us for each other."

PIE FOR INJURED WOMAN.

A Native Massachusetts Housewife Offered It as a Substitute for Whisky.

Last fall an English woman of letters was staying as the guest of an elderly lady at a country house in western Massachusetts. While they were driving one afternoon they had the misfortune to meet the omnipresent automobile at a sharp turn of the road. The horses, being spirited, shied, dashing the carriage against a tree and throwing its occupants out into the road.

The English woman picked herself up uninjured, but was horrified to see her aged hostess lying on the ground unconscious, bleeding from a heavy farmhouse, she knocked for some time before she finally succeeded in bringing a sun-bonneted woman to the door.

"A lady has been hurt—thrown from a carriage. She is lying down there in the road. Can you give me some whisky for her?" cried the visitor, in breathless anxiety.

"Well, no, we don't never keep no whisky," said the native-born after some deliberation. "Would the lady like a piece of pie?"

Weather Reports Save Money.

In spite of the standing joke about the weather man, it is probable that for every dollar spent on the weather bureau \$10 are saved. At the time of the Mississippi flood of 1897 \$1,000,000 worth of live stock and other valuable property were saved as a result of warnings issued a week ahead.

Signals displayed for a single hurricane have detained in port vessels valued, with the cargoes, at \$20,000,000. The West Indian stations, established in 1898, inform us of hurricanes as soon as they begin. The course of the hurricane that caused the Galveston flood was charted for a week before it struck our shores—for hurricanes move slowly. Eighty-five per cent of the forecasts now come true, and by the aid of rural free delivery 25,000,000 forecast cards were distributed last year to farmers, many of whom could not have had them five years ago.—Country Life in America.

Catchy Music the Thing.

"A catchy melody," says a promoter of musical pieces, "will do more to make a musical piece go than all the incidental business and show girls in creation." To give a new turn to an old saying, the tune's the thing. The words of hardly any of the popular songs are worth memorizing. In most cases they are either stupid or vulgar. It is the same with the old-fashioned Italian opera; the libretto is wretched, but the melodies, like beauty itself, are a joy forever.—Boston Transcript.

Gold Output of the Rand.

Rand gold mines were rather slow in recovering from the Boer war, but they are now turning out more gold than ever before. The July production of a little more than \$9,000,000 was the largest on record for any one month, and the production of the last nine months is almost exactly equal to the production of the last full year before the Boer war broke out. The production is now proceeding at the rate of more than \$100,000,000 a year.—Philadelphia Record.

Decimal System in England.

John Bull bids fair to learn of France and be wise concerning the decimal system. An important step toward England's adoption of a decimal system of weights and measures was taken by the board of trade, which, in response to a request of the association of the chambers of commerce, has authorized weights of 20 pounds, 10 pounds and five pounds as aliquot parts of the cental.