

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Copper money in France is to be gradually replaced this year by aluminum bronze pennies of a pale yellow color. One in seven of British landowners are women. In all there are about 24,000 women who own land in England and Wales. Out of the earth's 1,500,000,000 inhabitants only 500,000,000 live in houses, more than 700,000,000 reside in huts or caves, and the remainder have no permanent habitation of any kind. The proportion of married people to the population is highest in Hungary, where 497 per 1,000 of the people are married. Portugal stands at the other end of the list, with only 238 married per 1,000. The increase in the value of real estate in Berlin is illustrated by the fact that the well-known Cafe Bauer had to pay 115,000 marks rent last year. In its first year, 1917, the rent was only 40,000 marks. At the French Academy of Moral Sciences recently M. Levasseur presented statistics showing that since 1891 the population in France has increased by only 44 per cent, and in the rest of Europe by 129 per cent. An English country lad may expect to live 43 years and six months. A London boy can expect only 41 years of life. In Manchester the average of life is only 39 years. Girls, the country through, can look forward on the average to 3 1/2 years more than boys. Miss Kittie E. Bolton, of Mobile, Ala., is one of the six letter carriers in the United States. She is the 18-year-old daughter of the former carrier on the same route, and covers a distance of 23 miles daily, Sunday excepted. She was appointed by her father as his substitute, and now performs the duties regularly. She travels in a specially constructed wagon, carrying stamps and blanks, and can perform any duty of a rural postmaster, including the issuing of money orders and registering of letters.

ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE.

She Would Not Be Subjected to the Indignity of Taking Out a License to Marry. "Sir," he began, as he entered the county clerk's office almost as soon as the door was opened for business the other morning, "I am in love with a person of the opposite sex." "Meaning a woman," remarked the clerk, as he looked up, relates the Detroit Free Press. "Meaning a woman, sir, and one of the nicest women on the face of this terrestrial globe. I not only love her, but I have asked her to be mine." "And you want a license to get married, of course? What name, please?" "Sir, my name is Schuyler Jenkins White, but I don't desire a license. I have called here to say to you that any law demanding a marriage license is a relic of the dark ages." "Yes." "To force me to publish to the world at large my intention of making Amanda Jane Binkerkorn my wife is nothing short of an act of barbarism, and I don't propose to put up with it, sir—not for a moment, sir. Even if my feelings cannot be suspected here must be." "I'm sorry," replied the clerk, as he thought of how much hard coal he would purchase. "But that makes no difference to me," continued Mr. White, as he got more voice on him. "I find that I cannot marry in Detroit without submitting to indignity and insult. Therefore—" "You won't marry at all." "But will, sir. I am now about to proceed to the home of my fiancée and start with her to Buffalo. Upon reaching that city, where no license is required, we will be made one. Not only that, but I shall invest \$500 in that town and become a resident. Detroit not only loses that money, but a thrifty, law-abiding citizen and a widow who can make muffins to melt in your mouth. That's it, sir—that's it, and now you and your old barbaric law can go to Texas, and I will proceed to efface the name of Michigan from my memory and forget that I ever dwelt within her confines and had my neck under the heel of the despot."

Invaluable Artillery. The experiment has been made at Aldershot of painting guns and limbers with the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, as it has been found that guns thus painted harmonize with any kind of background so well that at a short distance they are difficult to locate. Six guns so painted were placed on the Fox Hills, and the artillery officers at Aldershot were invited to try to locate them at about 2,000 yards with field glasses, but although the officers knew the direction, none was able to locate them all. Some horse artillery sent forward to engage the guns advanced to within 1,000 yards before they located them. The painting on the guns is seen at close quarters to be in daubs and streaks.—London Times.

At Supper. "I may have my faults," snapped the landlady, "but I always respect old age."

"You do?" chuckled the comedian boarder. "Then why is it you handle the butter so roughly?"—Chicago Daily News.

Amateur Marketing. Mrs. Young Wife (on her first marketing tour): I want two pounds of beefsteak and have it rare, please.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DEATH FROM CARESSES.

An Instance of Fatality Resulting from the Affectionate Demonstration by Lively Women. On the arrival of the Australian soldiers at Melbourne from the seat of war they were welcomed by a crowd whose enthusiasm the police were quite unable to stem. The female portion was particularly demonstrative, the men being in many instances literally torn from the ranks to be the recipients of a veritable hurricane of favors from fair lips. Many were completely overcome, and one actually fainted under the labial smites of 300 Victorian damsels, relates a London paper. Though these victims escaped without actual hurt, such immunity has not always been the case. In the autumn of 1900 a doctor was called in to see a young woman who was said to be suffering from an attack of pleurisy. On examining her, however, he discovered that one of her ribs was fractured—an injury which, it subsequently transpired, she had received at the hands, or rather at the arms, of her fiancé, who had too ardently embraced her on the occasion of their last parting. Betty, the infant Rosetta, when at the zenith of his juvenile fame, was on one occasion walking with some ladies when another body of female admirers bore down upon him and, pulling him away from his companions, commenced to lavish upon him endearments and kisses. The others promptly rushed to their idol's rescue, who between the contending parties—each determined to possess the boy actor—was thrown to the ground and so much bruised and injured as to be unable to appear for a couple of nights. Insignificant, however, was this mischance to the fate that befell M. de Langy, a courtier of the time of Louis XV., whose supreme conceit so irritated certain ladies of the court that they resolved to inflict upon him a novel punishment. Feigning one day to be overcome by the beauty of his face and person, they fell upon him in mass, hugging and kissing the wretched dandy till he cried for mercy. Deaf to his entreaties, the ladies continued their merciless caresses until the object of their mock love—who, indeed, was but a sorry weakling—endeavoring to break away from their clutches, broke a blood vessel and died a few days later.

Amurath IV., the Turkish sultan, suspecting one of his ministers of having designs upon the sash of his sash, ordered the culprit to be hanged to death by his female slaves. This sentence was actually carried out, the miserable victim being securely fastened to the ground and then suffocated by the caresses and kisses of his female executioners, who were stimulated to undying exertion by the unrelenting rods of the tyrant's amouch. Musical "Horns" seem fit especial danger of this novel method of assault, and many of our most famous pianists have run the gauntlet, only to emerge crushed and exhausted from the ordeal.

HAIR BUYING IN GERMANY.

Tresses of Young Girls Sold by Their Parents to Merchants Who Make It a Business. An interesting, if not pathetic, custom of annual occurrence took place a few days ago at a village 20 miles from Berlin which will probably be witnessed nowhere else in the world. This is the ruthless shearing of the tresses of some scores of young girls for purely commercial purposes, reports the Chicago American. The girls do not seem to mind it. The pathos is all on the side of the unaccustomed observer. The young women who sacrificed their locks so willingly are descendants of the original Slav inhabitants, the Wends. These people preserve the Wend language and costume. The women and girls wear large headresses which completely cover their hair. Thus their tresses are rarely seen until they are sheared off by the merchants who periodically flock to that region at the specified shearing time. The locks mostly in demand are those of girls between 12 and 17 years of age. The merchants, equipped with combs and shears, arrive on a certain advertised day and establish themselves at the village inn. Thither come the young women who have locks for sale, accompanied by their parents. The hair dresses are removed and the tresses critically examined, whereupon the bargaining begins. When a merchant has named a satisfactory figure for a certain head of hair, the girl's father or mother accepts the price, which is paid in cash on the spot and the shears do their work. When a young woman has been deprived of her tresses she demands as her right by long standing custom a glass of schnapps, for which the merchant pays. According to their length, tint and profusion, these heads of hair bring from ten to twenty dollars each. The trade is an important German industry since Germany exports human hair to all the principal cities of Europe. Prices are continually advancing, as it is becoming very difficult to supply the demand.

COFFEE HUSKS FOR MALARIA.

A decoction of coffee husks has been used as a remedy for malaria by Dr. Restrepo, of Medellin, in the state of Antioquia, Colombia. It was found effective in cases where quinine failed, and in other diseases as well, such as enteric colic and chronic dysentery.—Medical Journal.

HUNTED WITH SENATOR VEST.

Select Experience of an Englishman with Dogs That Liked a Strong Scent. Senator Vest has told many stories, but one experience of his has not reached the general reader. It occurred many years ago, but the senator telling it not long ago was still chuckling, relates the Boston Globe. In his younger days Senator Vest was an ardent hunter and an authority on the wild life of the prairie. He was living on the advance line of civilization, and his home was known far and wide for its cordial and abundant hospitality. There Mr. Vest one day received a visit from a rich and famous hunter from London who brought a letter of introduction from a friend living in the English capital. And the Englishman had brought with him his own hunting dogs. Senator Vest had dogs of his own, and he could not repress his surprise, but the Englishman asked him to wait and see. The animals from the other side of the sea would do wonders when they got to work. In order to get the best shooting-quail was the game sought—it was necessary to drive far out on the prairie beyond even the suggestion of civilization. The hunters and the attendants got in the big wagon, and the dogs followed. They drove for many miles, and finally the wagon was left in the care of the men, and Mr. Vest and the Englishman started out on the quest. They did well. The dogs of the Englishman were not worth much, but the Missouri breed gave excellent sport. "Just wait and give my dogs a chance," declared the Englishman. "All they need is a stronger scent." "They got it," said the senator telling the story. "Yes, they got it. Some distance away was a little hill, and in the side of the little hill were little holes. Suddenly the Englishman's dogs got the stronger scent and started for the little hill with the little holes. "Call them back," I shouted to the Englishman. "O, no," he replied. "Now they've got it. Now they've got it." "They will get it if they don't keep away from there," I answered. But with all I could do I could not call him back. He would not listen and he got so excited that he started on a run after his dogs. "Well, it was my time to be moving too, for I knew what was coming; so I called my dogs and made for the wagon as fast as the good Lord would let me. Just as I crawled in I turned and saw the show, and I never pined anybody in my life as much as I did that Englishman with the dogs that wanted a stronger scent. Out of the holes came little animals, and you never saw such a mixup in your life. The dogs ran for the Englishman and jumped around him for protection. Then the Englishman tried to get away from the dogs for protection, too, and the whole combination started for the wagon. "Put the whip to the horses," I told my man, "and don't let them get within half a mile of us." "Hi there, wait for me!" cried the Englishman. "Keep your distance," I responded, and to the driver I said: "Whip 'em up." "So we went mile after mile over that prairie. I pitied the Englishman from the bottom of my heart, but there are times when pity must not get too close. I kept him in sight so that he should not miss the way, but he had to walk. Once in while he would run, as though I would allow him to catch up with the wagon, but every time he did we put on more speed. When we neared the town I had to call back to him that his company would not be desirable for at least 24 hours. I never saw him again." "And the little animals in the little holes in the little hill, senator?" Mr. Vest was asked. "Polcats," replied the senator. "The Englishman had read about quail living in holes in the prairie hills and he wouldn't change his mind when I tried to explain things to him. But those dogs of his certainly did get all the scent they wanted—there was no mistake about that."

Her Complaint. Jane was a patient in one of the large public hospitals. She boasted a cough which was more than suspected to be a "fake" cough rather than bronchial or pulmonary. The kindly young physician in charge of the ward showed her some harmless remedies. One day he said to her: "Ah, Jane, I fear you are a bad case of hypochondria."

"Is that it, doctor?" said Jane, much impressed.

The next morning there she was again, asking for her little dose.

"I'm very bad with it the day, doctor."

"With what?" asked the doctor.

"With what ye were nam'in' fer me yesterday," she replied. "It gave me no peace at all last night."—N. Y. Times.

Rice and Cheese. Boil one cup of well-washed rice half an hour in rapid boiling water (salted). Do not stir while boiling, but shake dish occasionally. When done, put into a buttered baking dish and add to it one cup of grated cheese and one cup of milk. Toss all together and cover top with bits of butter. Brown in quick oven and serve hot.—Good Housekeeping.

Musical Position. Sharpe? They say since Bolton got that new job he is putting on airs. Wheaton—Well, he has to. "Why so?" "Because he is employed by a cafe to put records on their phonograph."—Chicago Daily News.

LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

Old Rag-Picker in Cork Slams Inheritance American Fortune.

Her Cousin, One of Seattle's Founders, Was Inherited and Lawyer Took Out Only Heirs in Ireland.

It is doubtful if a fortune ever tumbled into the lap of a person less likely to use it to advantage than the \$300,000 which the United States supreme court recently awarded to 86-year-old Hannah Callaghan, of Cork, as her share in the estate of her cousin, John Sullivan, who died in Seattle, Wash. Wrinkled, baggard, with a narrow, pointed nose, thin lips, a bitter tongue and aggressive disposition, the woman who has just inherited \$300,000 earned her living until a few days ago as a rag-picker. For years she has made her home in a squallid little room in a narrow alley appropriately named as Crose's lane, in Cork's worst slum, writes a foreign correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle. She began life as a crocheter and once earned as much as five dollars a week. Then she got to be a scrubwoman and made less, and of late years she has collected bones, sold fruit and generally lived from hand to mouth. She has been somewhat partial to gin. When the news reached Hannah Callaghan the other day that she had inherited half of John Sullivan's fortune—Edward Corcoran, a poor Dublin artisan, got the other half—the old woman was so bewildered that she could hardly realize what it meant to her. She heard that her cousin had died intestate, but had thought so little of her own chances of getting a share of his estate that when American lawyers came to her several months ago and offered to push her claim she made no trouble over signing an agreement that they should take half of any sum they succeeded in getting awarded to her. This does not mean, however, that the old woman was fooled by her American attorneys. For six months they have worked like beavers to get her inheritance, and the trouble they took and the ingenuity they manifested certainly entitle them to a pretty sizable fee, if not as large a one as they have gained. Since Hannah Callaghan became an heiress a clergyman in her neighborhood has been looking after her to see that no one takes advantage of her. The precaution is necessary, for the old Irish woman, who hasn't yet decided to leave the dirty little room in which she has lived for so long, is being harried by people who have suddenly discovered themselves to be "relatives" of hers, disinterested souls who would be willing to assist her to invest her money as well as gallant suitors who love her for herself alone. John Sullivan, the builder of the fortune which Corcoran and Hannah Callaghan have inherited, was born in the same Cork slum in which the old rag and bone picker has lived so long. He became a sailor and finally was shipwrecked on the coast of the state of Washington. He built himself a cabin and afterward a second one, which he rented to a man who happened along. Finally he had a whole village of shanties which he owned, but just as it was beginning to bring him in a little something in the way of rent the whole settlement was burned down. Sullivan still owned the land, however, and he rebuilt upon it, and eventually, as one of the founders of Seattle, grew rich.

PROPOSE TO BEAT NATURE. Diamond of Powerful Ray May Be Made by the Use of Hg-Beam's Power.

The manufacture of artificial diamonds has long been regarded as an impossibility. A score of men learned in chemistry and skilled as apidaries have spent years in a fruitless endeavor to equal the product of nature in this direction. Now, however, the prospect of the manufacture of diamonds by scientific means is considered so likely as to be predicted in a government report, says the Chicago Chronicle. T. G. Martin, an expert special agent of the census office, has written a long and very interesting report on the electrical industries of the United States, in which he incidentally refers to the attempts that have been made to produce diamonds artificially. He recalls the fact that Moissan, the Frenchman, pushed the employment of the electric arc so far as to produce minute fragmentary diamonds in his furnaces. Moissan also noted the production of graphite from a diamond heated in the arc and from the similar treatment of sugar charcoal purified by chlorine and of purified wood charcoal. "In fact," says Mr. Martin, "it was due to his investigation in this field that he was led to his celebrated observation on the formation of diamonds by the sudden cooling in mercury or lead of molten iron saturated with carbon. Out of all such work it was but natural that fanciful speculations should arise as to the possibility of establishing factories for the regular manufacture of genuine diamonds at Niagara falls, where the cheap current and other essentials would be available, but nothing has resulted within the period under consideration from these plausible and sanguine theories. The fact remains, however, that in our modern electrical furnaces diamond dust has been produced, and the steps leading to the manufacture of larger crystals will be but sequential."

BUILT NEAR A FOGHORN.

The Distressing Motive That Was Made by a Lover of Music in Boston.

An old saying has it that a man will build two houses and then buy one already built before he is satisfied. This does not apply usually to the selection of a summer cottage, for the true summer resort uses a house only when weather conditions impel. That mistake in summer residences do occur is evidenced by the following story which is going the rounds, according to the Boston Herald: A Bostonian, well known in select musical circles, planned last spring for the erection of a summer cottage on one of the beautiful islands off the southern coast of Massachusetts. The site selected commanded an unobstructed view of the ocean and the regular channel for shipping, and a pleasant grove offered the necessary shade. Nature and art had combined to make the spot an ideal one for the man of music. To add to the picturesque scenery, a pretty white lighthouse stood on the hill above, not a hundred feet away, whence revolving flashes of light gave warning of a dangerous coast-to-weather in the dark. This was the site selected and a cozy little cottage was built by order of the music man. On the christening night a dame fog surrounded the island. The occupants of the cottage had retired, slumber expectant, when a dull boom, boom, boom, drove thoughts of sleep away and brought the scared, would-be sleepers to the windows. The first impression was that a vessel in distress was signaling for help, but investigation showed that the sound proceeded from an innocent-looking building on the lighthouse grounds, within 50 feet of the newly-built cottage. It was a huge steam foghorn, peeping above the roof, which had for years been sounding warnings, as an auxiliary to the lighthouse, but unknown to the Bostonian, who had unwittingly placed himself in the lion's mouth. Report says that the music lover, who is not given to profanity, forebore to swear, but preserved a blasphemous silence, and finished his broken rest by crawling into the woods, away from the dread sound, where he managed to shut out the din by wrapping blankets about his head. A sleeping bag is now a part of the cottage equipment and the name given the foghorn, "the conservatory symphony," promises to stick.

THIS VERY FAST AGE.

We Are Still Dismasted, Notwithstanding Our Tremendous Speed Development.

The more civilized men become, the more restless. The aboriginal brother was never in a hurry, but he managed to get around to his last resting place on time. It is said that the old Dutch galleymen of the last century was always satisfied if he got to the West Indies in his slow-moving "yacht" in a year. We now cross the ocean in less than six days, but are no better satisfied than the mariner of old. Recently the Kronprinz Wilhelm made the voyage from Cherbourg to New York in five days, 11 hours and 57 minutes, making an average gait of 23.00 knots. Her owners are no better satisfied than though she had not beaten her own best previous performance by three hours. They are still looking for another record, says a New York exchange. We now have a running horse that does a mile in 1:27.4-5. A great trotter has been nearly blowing its lungs out to make a mile within two minutes for some time past. Vanderbilt's automobile has been driven a mile in 41 3/4. Great locomotives now pull heavy express trains a mile a minute. Not less wonderful are our records for speed on the water. On September 5 the Arrow steamed a mile in less than one minute and twenty seconds. Other rivals had formerly crept up to nearly the speed, but the Arrow now bears the champion's record. Her record means that she can travel 45 miles an hour, which is the speed of an ordinary locomotive, and if it could be made more continuous, would send her to Europe in three days. On the strength of the Arrow's performance they are now figuring on a three-day ship to Europe, and say that the plan is very feasible. It is a mere question of mathematics to lay out a ship after the pattern of the Arrow, 700 feet long, and with a proportional driving power, that would send her across from New York to Liverpool in three days. On paper we already have it.

No Overcrowding Here.

There are more than 20,000,000 acres of the finest arable land in the world in Manitoba, says a Winnipeg dispatch. There are perhaps 20,000,000 acres more of prairie grass which needs little or no cultivation to feed cattle on. In Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca there are immense tracts of agricultural country sufficient to supply the United Kingdom with all the corn and cattle required. Including Manitoba, they are estimated to comprise over 30,000,000 acres of farm lands. Of this vast territory not more than 15,000,000 or 14,000,000 acres are occupied. Manitoba and Assiniboia have already done much to justify Canada's title to be the granary of the empire.—London Express.

A Howling Success.

Mrs. Hatterton—The ladies of the parish got up a baby show for the benefit of the hospital. Mrs. Catterton—Was it a success? "Oh, a howling success."—Smart Set.

A NEW TERRITORY.

Mexico Proposes to Carve One Out of Rich Yucatan.

Has Obtained a Foothold in the Stronghold of the Natives and Will Open Up the Country to Immigration. Quintana Roo is the odd name of a new territory which the federal government of Mexico proposes to carve out of the long unconquered portion of Southeastern Yucatan, says Thomas E. Dawley, Jr., in the Outlook. For many years the independent Mayas of this region not only have bid defiance to the Mexican arms, but at one time they carried the war to the very walls of Merida, the capital of the country. Last year the Mexicans established a landing upon the coast just above British Honduras, in the Chetumal bay, and took possession of the abandoned town of Bacalar, the inhabitants of which had been massacred by the Indians on one fatal night some 10 years ago. With Bacalar as a base, the troops worked north in combination with a column from the opposite direction and succeeded in taking the mythical city of Chan Santa Cruz, the Indian stronghold. The city proved to be an old mission town of the Franciscans which had been abandoned by them years before the Mayas rose in rebellion, and which had been forgotten in the legendary history of the natives. With the taking of this stronghold the power of the rebels was broken; since that time the federal government has been studying various plans to open up the country to immigration and foreign investments. It is now proposed to give it a territorial government, separating it from the state of Yucatan. President Diaz, according to the provision established by law, has fixed the price of land at two dollars per hectare, and a large colonization company has already obtained a concession of 72,000 hectares, which it intends to exploit immediately for the rich cabinet woods, dyewoods, and gum which.

Some idea of the size of this new territory may be formed by comparing the peninsula of Yucatan with England, which it nearly equals in area. Although the bounds of the proposed territory are as yet undefined further than the coast line bordering the Caribbean sea and the River Hondo, which separates it from British Honduras, it will probably take in one-third of the peninsula, or 16,000 square miles of territory, all of which is to be opened up to the immigrant and venturesome capitalist. This country is covered with great forests of logwood, mahogany, gum chicle and cedar trees, and in the interior, beyond the forests, are great savannas, or plains, covered with luxuriant grass, suitable for cattle raising. The soil of this country is so rich that the Indian who inhabited it never required the use of a plow, not even a hoe, to raise his much-needed corn, which is his chief food. He simply cut down the trees, let them dry through the season, and then, setting fire to them, the ground was ready for the corn, which he planted with a sharpened stake, simply making a hole in the soil, dropping the corn in, and covering it up with his foot.

All that this rich territory now requires for its development is a population, and that the Mexican government is seeking to the best of its ability. Criminals and many of the undesirable residents of Mexico are being sent there, as are also the wives and children of the Yaqui braves who are carrying on a war against the federal government of Sonora. Once in the territory, they are kept under surveillance, according to the degree of their crimes, or made to work out a sentence accordingly. Plans have been submitted to the government for dredging out a canal at Bacalar Chico into Chetumal bay, to enable vessels drawing 15 feet to enter from the sea, thus avoiding the necessity of going further down into British waters around Albergria Key. The establishment of a port in this vicinity is already looked upon by the merchants of Belize as a great injury to their fast disappearing trade. But what will be the greatest achievement of the Mexican is the establishment of a port and the building of a future city on Ascension bay, further up the coast. While Progress, the only port of Yucatan, is merely an open roadstead on the north coast, Ascension bay is a tranquil sheet of water, furnishing a safe harbor for a fleet of vessels if need be. It is anticipated that a port in this bay is destined to become a great city, as tropical cities go.

Basest Royal Kitchens.

More meals are served daily at the court of Madrid than at any other court in Europe. At eight o'clock in the morning comes the first breakfast, consisting of tea, chocolate, coffee, cakes and hot and cold meat. At 11 o'clock a second breakfast is served, consisting of soup, two entrees, roast meat, vegetables, and dessert. Four o'clock is the lunch hour, and the royal family then partakes of tea, cakes, sandwiches and Spanish wine. At seven o'clock the grand dinner, to which several guests are invited, is served and it consists of two kinds of soup, two entrees, roast meat, several Spanish dishes, dessert, cheese and fruit. At 9:30 o'clock the final meal is served, consisting of tea, chocolate, cold meats, cakes, and wine.—N. Y. Times.