

LAST OF STONE AGE MAN.

Tasmanian Aborigines Not Appreciated Until It Was Too Late.

The visitor to Tasmania can have an experience that is novel—he can see on the last of the native race of the land.

There is only the skeleton left, but judging from that she was a well-developed little body of about four feet.

The Tasmanian aborigine was a clean sort of person, moving every day so as not to have the dirt or ash of yesterday in his camp.

The mode was uncut hair for men, shaven heads for women. Both wore at times a necklace and also on occasions tied a strip of fur around the calves of their legs.

When this face had disappeared the "paleontologists" discovered that these Tasmanian aborigines were probably the world's only specimens of the people of the stone age.

But the discovery came too late. The folk who had mixed up with them were not of the caliber to give the world a very good, to say nothing of reliable, record of the inner characteristics of this extra primitive people.

Their principal record left is that they did not worry—a fact from which it may be reasoned that baldness and gray hairs were probably not known in the days when slabs of granite were legal tender.

MAGGIE WAS AN OPTIMIST.

She Would Persist in Looking on the Bright Side of Things.

Maggie's mind is so organized that recognizing trouble is, for her, next to impossible. Indeed, Mr. Carter maintains that if ever a cloud does contrive to catch Maggie's attention, it straightway turns itself inside out, the result being that it exists for Maggie as a "silver lining" only.

Maggie's sunniness was a distinctly grateful feature of the domestic atmosphere—following two sour-voiced, grumpy parlor maids. Indeed, it was this quality that repeatedly saved her from discharge, for neat, smiling, industrious little Maggie, alas, would break things!

When her ravages—for it amounted to that—included a rare and valuable vase, Mrs. Carter felt that the time had come when, in desperate defense of the bric-a-brac, as well as for Maggie's future good, she must adopt severe measures.

"Maggie," she said, "this vase cost \$400."

"The saints forbid, ma'am," cried poor Maggie, quite overcome.

"Yes! But I shall count only half that amount against you. I dislike dreadfully to do this, Maggie, but I must teach you to be careful, so I'm going to keep back one dollar every week from your wages until the \$200 are paid."

"Anyhow," she said, half-archly, as her characteristic smile made its way out, "I do be thinkin', ma'am, that I'm sure of me nice job here wid you for some time ahead!"—Youth's Companion.

Expensive Peace Guards.

Some idea of what it costs to have military protection in Russia can be gathered from the following figures: Prince Naryshkin, whose estates are in Lithuania, near the Courland frontier, is afraid of strikes and riots. A year ago he asked for some dragoons, who were sent to the manor house and had been there ever since. For this he pays £190 a month to the government.

They have already cost him £2,280 to each, to say nothing of huge quantities of meat, wood, straw, hay, oats and clover, which he is obliged to give them free of charge. All told, he has reckoned that his "protection" costs him about £4,000 a year. At such a rate only rich men can afford to feel secure in Russia. The poor ones must run the risk of being looted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

His Sacrifice.

"I fear that you must have sacrificed your conscience occasionally," said the sincere friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "a man ought not to expect to be as successful as I am without some sacrifice."

Couldn't Get Off.

"Well, how did you get on at your first appearance?" asked a man of a friend who had just joined the theatrical profession.

"Oh, I got on well enough," was the reply, "but I couldn't get off half quick enough!"—Exchange.

Strong Part.

Footie lights—Has your sister a strong part in the new piece?

Miss Sue Britt—Why, yes, who has to carry around one of those heavy spears.—Youkers Statesman.

WHY HE COT IT.

Youngster's Ice Cream Was to Precipitate Him for Tribulation.

It was so hot, even on the airy top floor of the settlement house, that the kindergarten member of the "family" decided to brave the glare of the myriad electric lights—which for some undiscoverable reason East side ice-cream parlors find attractive—in quest of some frozen refreshment.

As she gave her order she heard a suppressed whimper behind her. The whimper sounded young, so she turned to investigate. A real sociologist can no more resist investigating than can the Ethiopian refrain from retaining possession of his destined color—if one may be permitted a trifling liberty with a time-honored simile!

At one of the tables was seated a family group consisting of the whole of one side of the table—a space intended by the designer of the table to accommodate two persons of ordinary girth—and two small sons, the head of one of them barely reaching the top of the table. It was this youngster who was mourning, evidently, as it developed, because his older brother had a piece of ice cream "all for himself," while the littler fellow was being regaled only by a very occasional spoonful from his mother's plate.

As his audible unhappiness increased she shook an impressive finger at the top of his head and said: "Don't you get fresh, because there's a policeman outside, and you," to the other youngster, impartial with discipline, even though inclined to distribute refreshment with discrimination, "don't you forget that you've got to take a bath to-night. That's the reason you're getting ice cream!"—N. Y. Times.

HAD HIS OWN IDEA.

And It Is Very Probable the Irishman Was Right.

A Cincinnati doctor who thinks that all the ills of the human race can be traced to the drinking of coffee and tea, entered a restaurant recently and seated himself opposite an Irishman who was buying himself trying to dispose of a steaming cup of coffee.

"How often do you use coffee?" queried the doctor.

"I drink it morning, noon and night, sir."

"Don't you experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?"

"Indeed I do, sir, very frequently."

"You have a sharp pain through the temples and in and around the eyes?"

"Right you are," replied the Irishman.

"You are possessed with a drowsiness when you wake in the morning, and your head often aches and feels very heavy?"

"Right again," answered the Irishman, sitting erect in his chair, "aren't you now convinced that the coffee is the cause?"

"Is that so?" said the Irishman in astonishment. "Faith, I always thought it was the whisky!"—What to Eat.

Ancient Fish Story.

In Shingle street, some seven miles from Oxford, England, the fine old Norman tower still remains in which, according to Ralph de Coggeshall, a strange creature was once incarcerated. The legend goes that in the year 1180, near unto Oxford, in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish having the shape of a wild man in all points; he had hair on his head, and a long picked beard and about the breast was exceedingly hairy and rough; which fish kept by Bartholomew de Glanville, the governor, in the castle of Oxford, six months or more. He spake not a word; all manner of meats did he gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish. Oftentimes he was brought to church, but never showed any sign of adoration. At length, being not well looked to, he stole to the sea, and never was seen after.

The Laziest Man.

One of the contractors in Panama was much annoyed by the exorbitant laziness of the 60 native workmen under him. He resolved to try to make them ashamed of their indolence, so one day he lined them up and said:

"Now, I've got a nice, easy job for the laziest man in this company. Will the laziest man step forward?"

"Fifty-nine of them stepped forward. The contractor turned to the other, who stood still, looking almost too indolent to stand, and said:

"Why didn't you come forward with the others?"

"And the answer came in a weary voice:

"I'm too lazy!"—Judge's Library.

A Happy Family.

A boy and a girl in Alabama whose parents are named Ashmead have gathered together a happy family consisting of a cat, a rat, a dog, a mouse and a canary bird. The dog will brace his feet and let the cat jump on his back. Then the rat will climb on her back. Then the mouse and the canary will complete the pyramid. Then all will grab each other by the tail, the canary coming last, and march around the room. They have been taught to perform many other tricks, and the young people are quite proud of their circus.

BUGS OVERRUN TOWN.

Lock Haven Has Snakes, Toads and Worms to Burn.

Lock Haven, Pa.—The plagues seem to have struck the city. Some days ago a blacksnake was discovered in the cellar of the Copper & Nitscha tobacco house, on Bellefonte avenue, but it continually eluded its would-be slayers.

Later a blacksnake, supposedly the same one, entered the rear door of the Louis Claster grocery, causing a hasty retreat on the part of the clerk, Miss Miriam Sykes, who, as might be imagined was greatly frightened and fled to the street. His snakehip was left in full possession for a few minutes and was then shot.

A large blacksnake got away in the St. Charles hotel, and was found in the rolled curtain above the transom over the door, from which it was dislodged and killed.

After the recent rain thousands of tiny hoppers appeared on the streets and sidewalks of the city. They were especially numerous on Water street, about the mayor's office and attorney's row.

But a pest far more destructive is the cutworm, which devours vegetation. It is something over an inch in length and as thick as a lead pencil. The worm remains under the ground during the daytime, working on the roots of the plants, and at night comes forth and devours the leaves of the red beets, beans, cabbage, tomatoes, potatoes, and even eats holes into small green tomatoes on the stalks. It is also doing bad work in many of the tobacco fields.

CANNED PEARS WITH HISTORY.

Put Up 32 Years Ago, and Kept Intact by Successive Owners.

Washington.—In the window of a lunchroom on Pennsylvania avenue is a giant glass jar of branded pears that were put up by Mrs. Ella C. Haller, in Paterson, N. J., on the 25th of February, 1875. They have changed hands many times, but each time they remained untouched, their owners seeming to lack the heart to break the seal of the jar.

John Keenan, well-known to the old inhabitants of Washington, brought the jar to this city about ten years after it was put up, and for several years it stood on exhibition in the old Riggs House bar. There it attracted the attention of many prominent men and statesmen. Large prices were offered for it, but all were refused.

Finally it was raffled and the proceeds given to charity. As much as \$1,000 was netted. Subsequently the new owner raffled it and gained \$250 thereby. The man who last won it presented it to his sweetheart, who, upon marrying another, gave it to her relatives, in whose possession it now rests.

The jar stands about three feet high, and the fruit is in perfect state of preservation in peach brandy. It is possible that the jar will be again disposed of at the Elks' fair this fall.

ROW IN ANTI-WHISKERS CLUB.

Some Members of New Cult to Be Punished for Not Smoking.

Newport, Ky.—Mayor Helmbold, president of the Anti-Mustache and Whiskers club, which was recently organized in Newport, will call a meeting to investigate the charges that have been made against some of the members for violating the rules of the organization.

Over a month ago the club was organized in the city building with a membership of 15. Rules and by-laws were adopted, whereby each member was compelled to dispense with his mustache or whiskers until October 1, when the sweltering hot weather will have passed.

It was but a day or two until the hirsute adornments were missing, but since then one or two of the members have been unable to stand the "jolly" from their friends and have allowed the whiskers to grow again.

The president of the organization will have the club demand that these members abide by the laws as adopted. City Clerk Pete Krebs and Deputy Arthur Liwellyn are the members who have failed to continue to wear a smoothly shaven face, and they will be dealt with according to the rules of the club.

RUNS AWAY WITH AN INDIAN.

Mother, However, Spoils Boy's Dream of Wild and Woolly West.

Hammond, N. J.—White Tiger, who claims he is a full-blooded Apache Indian and has been giving wild west exhibitions here, was arrested charged with attempting to kidnap John D. Laughlin, aged 13 years.

The boy left his home in the morning to work in Skinner's glass factory. Instead of going to work he saw White Tiger and went to Winslow's Junction with him. There they were arrested by Officer William Keyser on a warrant sworn out by the boy's mother, just as they were going to leave on a freight train for Jersey City.

At the hearing before Justice J. H. Gaston the boy said the Indian had told him that if he would go with him they would make lots of money giving shows, and would go to White Tiger's Indian home in Oklahoma.

The Indian showed that he was a United States prisoner out on parole from the Lawton (Okla.) penitentiary. He was discharged by Magistrate Gaston, who decided that the boy was too old to be kidnapped and went with the Indian voluntarily.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT

IS BECOMING MORE POPULAR AMONG CHICAGO WOMEN.

Smoking Outlets for Ladies in Department Stores an Indication of Practice—Some Shops Cater to Sex.

Chicago.—The cigarette habit is growing in popularity among Chicago women. This is vouched for by the tobacco dealers, the beauty doctors, the hairdressers and by certain physicians. The tobacco dealers, who ought to know, say they did not realize, until a few weeks ago, the extent to which the cigarette craze had spread among women. How they did learn it was through the scare that was caused by the announcement that after a certain date cigarettes could not be sold legally in Illinois.

Shortly after the newspapers printed accounts of the cigarette's obituary the tobacco dealers say they were flooded with telephone calls from women, all of whom wanted to know how much truth there was in the report that the new law was to become effective. Of course none of the women who called up would give their names or addresses, but the fact that they called convinced the dealers that some of the cigarettes had not gone over their counters had not been smoked by the men who took them away. The dealers say that comparatively few women purchase their own cigarettes.

The beauty doctors learn of the cigarette habit as it applies to women by the presence of the odor on their customers' breaths when they visit the beauty shops. Most of the women smokers indulge the habit at night, the beauty doctors say, so that all traces of the weed may be removed from their breath before the following evening. Some of the beauty shops have operators whose duty it is to remove cigarette stains from the fingers of their patrons.

That women smoke cigarettes to no small extent is proven by the presence on the counters of the department stores of complete cigarette smoking outfits. There are dainty little hand-painted ash trays and match boxes; silver scissors and holders, the latter designed to prevent the fingers of the smokers from becoming stained. Also there are cigarette boxes made especially to hold the small, tightly rolled Mexican cigarettes, which are the kind used largely by women. In one of the State street stores the young woman behind the counter in which these things were displayed said that business seldom was dull in her department.

The physicians of Chicago rapidly are learning that women smoke cigarettes to an extent that is none too good for their health. Some of those women who have called in a physician to treat them for certain nervous maladies have been indignant when the same physician ordered them to give up cigarettes. Always they deny that they have used tobacco in any form, but the doctors say that excessive cigarette smoking never fails to leave its peculiar effect on the heart action, and that they seldom are deceived by those who try to make them believe they never smoke.

Over on the west side are several small cigarette shops which cater especially to women. The brand of "coffin nails" made by them differs materially from those smoked by men. They are longer and not so thick. On one end is a mouthpiece of hardened paper to prevent the tobacco from coming in actual contact with the lips.

None of the downtown dealers could estimate, in figures, the extent of the habit. They all agreed that most of the feminine smokers were women of the fashionable world and that the passion for cigarettes is on the increase because the cigarettes consumed by the women seldom are bought directly by them there is no way of telling, the dealers say, just how many women are taken with the habit.

STORK LIGHTS IN DEPOT.

Saves Cleveland Man's Boy from Being Native of Canada.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The stork is a most patriotic American bird. He showed it at the Lehigh Valley station in Washington street, when a bouncing baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Ripley, of Cleveland, O.

Mr. Ripley is a prominent business man of that city, and expecting the arrival of the heir, the young couple took a train for Buffalo, hoping to arrive at the home of Mrs. Ripley's parents in Hamilton, Ont., before the happy moment arrived. They went to the Lehigh Valley station, where they were waiting for the Grand Trunk train. Mr. Ripley lit a cigar and strolled around the block while his wife rested herself in the ladies' waiting room. She complained of feeling ill and was cared for by several young men passengers who were in the room.

After the birth of the boy, a buxom chap with a lusty voice, Stationmaster Charles Sandl summoned the ambulance from the general hospital and mother and child were taken there. Both were doing well at last accounts.

Concerning College Degrees. It takes an astute millionaire to avoid being dubbed "doctor" of something he knows nothing about.

A COED A MAIL CARRIER.

Miss Mary Matthews, of Baker, Kan., Ran a Rural Route.

Babetha, Kan.—Miss Mary Matthews, an attractive young girl of 24, is a rural mail route carrier now. Miss Matthews is a daughter of J. P. Matthews, a rural mail carrier. Mr. Matthews was one of the best rural mail carriers records for promptness in the United States. For two years he has not had a vacation. This year he took a month off and his daughter is delivering the mail.

Miss Matthews has hardly failed in an instance to keep up her father's record for promptness. Mr. Matthews' mail wagon is at the appointed house on the appointed moment, with probably greater regularity than the average railway train. And Miss Matthews has kept this record up. All along Mr. Matthews' route people go to their boxes at certain hours and they invariably find their mail.

The fact that Mr. Matthews changes horses half way on his route, it was feared, would cause Miss Matthews to lose time. But it did not. She made the change in four minutes, which is all her father devotes to the work. Of course, the man at the house where horses are changed has the animal harnessed and all ready for hitching to the cart. Miss Matthews was paid \$65 for the month's work, as any substitute would have been paid. Her father also drew his salary.

Miss Matthews is a student at Baker university, in Baldwin. She is taking a five-year course. She is assisting in her college expenses by acting as librarian in the English library a few hours each day. Miss Matthews is fitting herself for a librarian. She will leave soon for Baldwin to take up some special summer work in that line. She is just 20 years old.

WOOLING TERMS ARE MADE.

"Composite Mother" Sends Them to Bachelor.

Huron, S. D.—A few weeks ago a number of Westington Springs girls adopted an orphan girl and now are giving her a name.

Some of the girls have presented numerous applications to adopt other children, but the most interesting feature of the whole affair is that a wealthy Nebraska man offers to marry any one of the 12 foster-mothers, and also to adopt and educate the child.

The girls gave the proposition a businesslike consideration, and in reply to his letter made a counter-proposition. It was that the oldest of the 12 accept his offer of marriage on these conditions:

That he prove that he is sincere.

That he is qualified in every way to contract marriage.

That he is able to provide a comfortable home for his bride and is willing to make provision for her every need and comfort.

That he shall abstain from the use of cigarettes, tobacco and intoxicants.

That he spend his evenings at home.

That he will not flirt with other women and will attend church at least once each Sunday.

The Nebraska man's answer is awaited with interest.

WANT A ROYAL PALACE?

The Old One of Richmond, Where Kings Have Died, Is for Rent.

London.—A rare opportunity of leasing an English royal palace is now offered to any one whose ambition tends that way. "The Old Palace" of Richmond, which has come into the market, was formerly part of the royal palace at Sheen, once the home of Anglo-Saxon monarchs, and has a history almost as interesting as the Tower of London.

Edward III. died there in 1377. After his death the palace was pillaged by the servants. Richard II. with Geoffrey Chaucer as Clerk of Works, added greatly to the building, and Edward IV. settled it on Queen Elizabeth. At the end of the year 1497 it was burned down. It was rebuilt in 1501, and Henry VII. died there in 1509, leaving it, it is said, treasure of the value of \$9,000,000 hidden in vaults which have not yet been discovered.

The last royal person to reside in the palace was Queen Charlotte, in 1817, whom a lease was granted in 1817. The palace faces Richmond Green. It contains five reception rooms, ten bed rooms and two bath rooms, with stables and coach houses.

Now It Is Telephone Neck.

Derby, Conn.—The women of the farming districts of Connecticut are getting the "telephone neck." Doctors say that the sex is destined to be deformed. Some time ago the telephone was installed in nearly every farm house. Since then the women have used the phone by the hour, standing to a position which throws their heads to the left side. The muscles of the neck do not fully recover and half of the women walking the streets incline their heads severely to the left, as though standing at a phone with the receiver at their ear.

Old War Sloop to Be Sold.

Washington.—The old sloop of war Saratoga, a relic of the navy of the United States, has been stricken from the official list of naval vessels and offered to be sold. It was built at the navy yard at Kittery, Me. in 1842, was ship-rigged and carried 30 guns. It had a length of 147 feet six inches and a beam measure of 36 feet one inch. Its mean draught was 16 feet, and it had a displacement of 1,025 tons.

PRISON TRUCK FARM

ONE OF FEATURES OF MISSOURI PENITENTIARY.

It Started Because Warden of Institution Likes to See Things Grow—Welcomes Change in Convict Fairs.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Truck gardening on a large scale has become one of the features of the management of the Missouri penitentiary, under Matt W. Hall, who is a farmer when not in the public service, and has the inborn desire of all farmers to see things growing around him. On what is known as the "state farm" he has this year produced a tremendous amount of garden stuff of all kinds, all of which is utilized on the prison table, affording a very welcome and healthful change of menu for the convicts.

The "state farm" consists of 47 acres of land. Part of it has been cut away in supplying clay for the prison brickyard, part is utilized as a pasture, and about 14 acres are tilled for the prison garden.

Some idea of the magnitude of the output of the prison garden can be gained by the statement that 470 bushels of "snap" beans have already been sent to the convicts this season. It takes 70 bushels to go around at one meal in the prison dining room.

On three-quarters of an acre of ground 25,500 pounds of cabbage have been cut this season. This is not all of the cabbage crop, but this was an early and unusually prolific "patch." There are several acres more of the garden in cabbage.

Onions to the amount of several hundred bushels, besides several heads of young onions, served early in the spring, radishes, rutabars and other stuff were grown in the greatest abundance.

The pride of the warden and his superintendent, John Bruner, crenata, however, in the tomato crop. Eleven thousand seven hundred vines, covering something over three acres of ground, are in full fruit and will now something like 40 bushels per day. A more welcome addition to the prison fare than sliced tomatoes could not be supplied. The crop is exceedingly prolific and fine this season, and the vines will keep on bearing until frost.

Col. Hall figures on having enough green tomatoes to pick late in September to make several hogheads of "chow chow" and other pickles to add to the prison larder.

The garden lies on top of some of the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri river. The land originally was not the best, but has been brought to a high state of productivity by fertilization. Six or eight crippled and superannated convicts are employed in the garden under the supervision of Mr. Bruner.

It is the intention of Warden Hall to put in next spring a small herd of cows for the purpose of supplying milk and butter for the prison hospital. They will be kept in connection with the garden and will work a considerable saving to the state, as the milk and butter supply for the hospital now costs something like six dollars per day.

SNOOZES ON PHONE POLES.

Lineman Twice Takes Naps in Perilous Places.

Baltimore, Md.—John Lettner, 27 years old, lineman for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company, has a mania for falling asleep on telephone poles.

Twice within 48 hours Lettner has slumbered peacefully on the top of a pole, and in both occasions the police have been called upon to take his supposed dead body from the wires.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock the superintendent of Timanus Mills telephoned to the Northern police station that an employee of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company had been stricken by electricity and that his body was resting on the wires.

A moment later the Mount Vernon Mills, the Timanus Mills and other industries in the neighborhood were emptied of their workmen going to dinner; but nearly all of them halted and with pitying glances and horror-stricken faces leveled their eyes upon the still figure on the top of the pole.

The men lay perfectly still. One leg was thrown over a cross beam, and the other arms were extended and partly crossed, his drooping head on the beam above him. Just as the ambulance approached the pole the supposed dead man awakened, but lay down again.

The policemen recognized him as the same individual who had fooled them before and they ordered him down. Lettner descended, and when he reached the foot of the pole he staggered so perceptibly and talked so vaguely of the "wires being hot" that he was taken into custody and charged with being drunk.

Winds Way to Make Ice Last.

Rhineland, Wis.—J. M. Darrow, connected with the paper mills here, claims to have discovered in a waste product of the mills a preparation which will preserve ice indefinitely. The compound, it is said, can be manufactured at a cost of 47 cents for 1,000 gallons, and is called dinitrocellulose. Housekeepers with this preparation in hand can buy a cake of ice, coat it and have no need to trouble the ice man again all summer.