

GLORIFIES WATERMELON.

Italian Vender of the Fruit Is an Artistic Recommender of His Wares.

There is an old Italian grocer on Sullivan street who has been in this country 14 years and does not know how to say so much as "Five cents" in English.

He has, however, built up a prosperous business. His language is a Neapolitan dialect, and he calls with which he draws attention to his wares.

"Una feliuccia rossa," he calls over and over again, with a long drawn, wavering intonation. That is Neapolitan for "One little red slice."

"Che bella robba!" "What fine goods," in tones of rapt admiration.

"Boys, come and enjoy yourselves with this little slice red as tomato."

And far up the street his long drawn cry pursues the ear. "Magnate, magnate, rossa comm' a pummarola."

"Eat, eat, red as tomato." He is a coloratura crier.

CATCHING A HUGE SHARK.

Mammoth Man-Eater Took for Bait a Smaller Shark Just Hooked.

On hooks baited with chunks of a big sting ray, captured one day last winter in the sea of one of the Bahamas during a "stress of weather,"

three Bostonians, who were on a flamingo hunt in that part of the world, captured three man-eating sharks.

says the Boston Globe. One of them was 14 feet long, and was taken in a most singular manner.

Beginning at the tail of a smaller shark held fast by one of the hooks, it actually devoured its way along the body of that struggling creature up to the head, where it became firmly hooked and was hoisted aboard.

The full reach circled twice of two of the shark's captors barely girdled this tiger of the deep, and after being killed it weighed 1,500 pounds.

The man-eater shark attains an enormous size in tropical waters. The British museum having the jaws of an individual 36 feet in length, taken in Australia.

The man-eater, however, is an exceedingly rare species on the Atlantic coast. Prof. David Humphreys Storer, the historian of the "Fishes of Massachusetts," could learn of the capture of but three individuals from 1820 to 1860.

One of these measured six feet in length, the second nine feet and a third 13 feet.

KNOW OF NO OTHER WAY.

Chinese Sage Disliked Growing Old, But Wanted to Live a Long Time.

Kang Yue Wei, the Chinese reformer, was describing the hardships that are undergone for reform's sake in China, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"But reform," he said, "is never brought about except with suffering. They who carry the torch of progress make targets of themselves.

Reform and persecution walk hand in hand. It is always so. It is the only way. You remember our Chinese sage, Chang Wu? Chang Wu found one day among his disciples a beautiful princess.

She had come to propound certain questions to the sage, but the old man's great age, his manifold infirmities shocked her. She forgot her questions, and kneeling, she gazed at Chang Wu in silence.

"Daughter," said Chang Wu, smiling, "why do you regard me so strangely?"

"The princess flushed and murmured confusedly: 'O father, do you not find it very unpleasant to grow old?'"

"Yes, very," Chang Wu answered. "But is there any other way of living a long time?"

Faint Hope. Mother—I see a man out in Iowa proposed to a girl the other night while talking in his sleep.

Daughter—What about it? "Don't you think you could manage to give John a sleeping potion of some kind? He's been coming to the point for five years now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Definition of Reciprocity. "Mistuh Pinkley" said Miss Miami Brown, "what does you understand is de meanin' of de word reciprocity?"

"Well," was the answer, "you take de chicken coop. De chicken inside is layin' foh de man dat owns her, de man is layin' foh me 'cause he knows 's 's layin' foh de chicken. An' dat's reciprocity."—Washington Star.

New Explosive. Acetylene gas is now used as an explosive. By means of an air mixture a force is obtained from it which can compete with that of powder and dynamite.

A Volume. Knicker—Does your wife know anything of finance? Bocker—What she doesn't know just fills my check book.—N. Y. Sun.

POOR WOMAN WINNER.

HOLDS LOTTERY TICKET WHICH DRAWS \$200,000.

Widow Who Has Worked Hard All Her Life Will Now Assume the Role of Benefactor to Others.

Paris.—The grand lottery got up for the benefit of the Press Association of France has lately been responsible for great excitement throughout France. Prizes amounting to 3,000,000 francs were divided between 50,000 fortunate holders.

The ceremony of deciding the winners took place at the office of the Credit Foncier, one of the best-known financial institutions of the country, under the patronage of a number of financial and political personages.

All the numbers were placed in two big wheels, turned by two children from the founding asylums. Every precaution was taken to insure complete fairness.

After turning the wheels five minutes the children thrust their hands through an aperture and pulled out one number, the first wheel containing the numbers of the tickets, the second wheel the number of the series.

It was announced amid a momentary, awed silence, that No. 2,374, series 77, was the winner of the grand prize, \$200,000.

During the afternoon wild reports spread, naming various prominent persons, most of them rich, as the great prize winner. But evening discovered the lucky winner, Mme. Hofer, a humble cantiniere in the dragon regiment of Sedan.

When Mme. Hofer heard the news she offered champagne punch to her entire regiment, but did not seem greatly excited, remarking that she contentedly expected to win. A press representative telephoned her, and immediately she replied:

"I am a widow with no children, but perhaps for that reason know all the better how to spend the money they say I am to have. I am superstitious, but this time superstition worked well for most of the numbers sold in this part of the country included the number 12, and were put on sale the first time on Friday. At the risk of not getting any at all, I waited till Monday, then I bought three, none containing the fatal number."

"I am only 40 years old, so I expect now to have a good time, after working since the age of seven."

"I shall settle near Paris and adopt two orphan children I know and give them a good education. My husband has been dead only a year. I never want to marry again, though told I will have many offers now that I am rich."

REMARKABLE NEVADA FISH.

Carson River Product Recently Caught Possessed of Nine Legs.

Reno, Nev.—State Comptroller Sam Davis, Warden John Considine, Attorney General James Sweezy and Louis Bevier, all of Carson, lately landed one of the queerest freaks in the fish line ever seen in Nevada.

It was caught in the Carson river, close to the Holstein ranch, by Mr. Davis. It measures about 18 inches in length and has nine legs. It has a head, fin, gills and scales of the fish, but the nine legs are covered with fine downy hair.

No one has yet been found who can in any manner classify the strange freak.

Mr. Davis and his companions were fishing with the regular flies when the animal fish sprang from the water and hooked on Mr. Davis' line. For ten minutes a battle royal took place, the fish being finally landed on the bank nearly exhausted.

As he was about to pick up the strange creature, however, it began to walk away. It was not until then that the party noticed that the fish had legs. So taken back were the men that the strange creature came near escaping in a near-by alfalfa field. Unfortunately, both for science as well as for the curiosity of the party, the animal fish was killed by the excited men in their efforts to capture it alive.

Mr. Davis, who by the way, is one of Nevada's most respected citizens, states that in all his experience he has never seen a fish similar to the strange catch of the trio. From one who claims to have seen the freak it is learned that it is to be embalmed and sent to the Smithsonian institute.

NEW LIFE-SAVING COAT.

London Tailor Contrives One with Air Belt That Is a Novelty and Seems Practicable.

London.—A tailor has invented a new life-saving coat and gaiters, with which it is possible for a person clothed therein to maintain an upright position when immersed in the water, even if not possessing any knowledge of swimming.

The coat resembles in appearance an ordinary pilot coat, but is fitted with an air belt, which is inflated with air through a tube. The gaiters each weigh two pounds, and are fitted with two brass wings or blades fastened to the back of the heel. As the wearer moves his feet in the water these wings open and shut, and not only propel the wearer along like oars, but enable him to maintain an upright position from the waist upward in the water.

A practical demonstration of the utility of the invention was recently undertaken in the River Thames by the inventor, and its efficiency and life-saving qualities clearly shown, even when moving against the tide.

EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENTS.

Handsome Los Angeles Home Has Piano and Organ Costing Small Fortune.

A piano that, so far as known, is the costliest in the world, was lately placed in the music room of a handsome home in Los Angeles, Cal. It is a concert grand, the case fashioned in Louis XV. style, and heavily enamelled in 14-karat gold leaf.

More than two years elapsed between placing the order in New York and its delivery in Los Angeles. The instrument is so exquisitely toned that its bell-like clearness and depth of melody would distinguish it instantly among a score of fine pianos. It cost \$10,000.

The case is the work of a noted New York master of decorative art. The face of the lid is adorned with an allegorical scene—Apollo with his harp, surrounded by goddesses and cupids, central among them being the face of the owners' son and heir from studies made when the boy was two years of age.

A local factory has about completed for the same home a \$15,000 organ, the pipes of which will be gold enamelled like the piano. An electrical attachment will make possible the playing of both organ and piano from either the first or second floor of the house. The attachments will be connected also with "organ chimes" on the open staircase, and with an "echo" above the stairs.

HOW TUNNEL WAS COOLED.

Intense Heat of Idaho Bore Moderated by Hydraulic Spraying of Walls.

The boring of the Ox Bow tunnel in Idaho is one of the great engineering feats of the age. The Payette river at this point makes a loop, and by putting a tunnel through 1,200 feet, the river bed is left dry for two and a quarter miles. It is the intention to mine the river bed for gold, reports the Scientific American.

Ordinarily the putting through of this tunnel would be a simple matter, but at 300 feet from the upper end and 250 feet from the lower hot water was struck. The heat at first was from 95 to 105 degrees, increasing as the work progressed to 132 degrees at the hottest point. Different fans and blowers were experimented with to cool the air in the tunnel, but without success until the superintendent of the work thought of spraying the walls of the tunnel with water pumped from the river.

Very simple pumping apparatus and common garden sprays were used with complete success. The tunnel is 23 feet wide and nine feet high, and the flow of hot water amounted to 75 miners' inches. The cold water cooled the hot water, and it was pumped out with common pumps.

MAKES PEACOCKS SILENT.

Dealer Furnishes Lovers of the Birds with Those That Do Not Cry.

Peacocks for the lawns of country houses are becoming more popular every year. There are dealers who make a specialty of these decorative birds. There is even one dealer, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, who sells noiseless peacocks, for which he gets readily \$75 apiece.

The one objection to the peacock is his hoarse and piercing cry. The dealer in silent peacocks operates on the birds' throats in such a way as to quiet them forever. The operation is not painful nor perilous, and yet it increases the peacock's value fourfold.

A good peacock can be bought for \$15. The bird eats corn and barley, its actual living expenses are not great, but it is apt at any time to die. The peacock in this matter of sudden death is almost the monkey's equal.

They who keep a dozen or more peacocks have among them always a few plain little peahens. Hens sell at a lower rate than cocks, for they are not so beautiful.

Her eggs are large and brown, and when she is nesting the peahen must be fed by hand.

GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD.

Chances Taken by Men Who Yield to the Allurement of Slot Machines.

"If you want to get an idea of the way most men hate to give up a cent without getting anything for it, watch them at the slot machines," said a man who notices things to a New York Times reporter. "When a man finds that the cent he has dropped results in a penny in the slot brings no results he generally gets mad. But that does not, as a rule, prevent him from dropping another penny in the same slot, hoping to get his money's worth back. I have seen men go to the news stand and lose 50 cents' worth of time in doing this. Then they would go away with a grim smile, showing satisfaction that they at least had a run for their money. One minute later another man who dropped into that same slot wondered how in thunder he got six times as much as he had paid for. I can't explain it, but I have seen the same thing happen two or three times. I'm a slot machine fiend, and both experiences frequently happen to me."

Not Dead Yet.

Casey—Yis, the poor fellow's gittin' along purty well. Casey—But I ought yis said he was mortally injured? "So he is, but his injuries ain't quite as mortal as they thought at first."—Philadelphia Press.

DESTROY FOOD FISH.

DOG-FISH DRIVING MAIN TRAWLERS OUT OF BUSINESS.

Implacable Enemy of the Mackerel, Cod and Other Fishes Is Growing Numerous on the Coast.

Old Orchard, Me.—The hotels here have been driven to the conclusion that their supply of fresh fish will have to come from a distance this season. The schooners which used to circulate about the bay do not now seek the mackerel and porgies.

Some visitors saw the cause of the trouble a few days ago in Casco bay. They had gone out with a couple of old fishermen for a night's trawling. Some new lines had been carefully set and then the buoyed half mile of line put out a day or two previously was visited. Hardly, however, had the two men begun to pass the heavy cord with its dependent lines over the roller in the bow of the boat when one of them began to swear and wound up by saying: "No use, I guess; dogfish has spoiled the whole thing."

As line after line came up it was found that all the bait was gone and most of the hooks missing and many of the cords broken off short. There is no chance of catching one of the thieves at such times, the men explained. When one of them has been hooked in such a manner that he cannot cut the line with his hundreds of wedge-shaped teeth, his mates tear him to pieces.

When once the tough skin of the brutes is broken so that the blood comes, the other dogfish will scent the carrion from an incredible distance and hurry to the feast.

Near Prout's Neck, at the east corner of the beach, the school was seen a day later from a coasting schooner. They were chasing an immense drove of small mackerel, young cod and porgies, which were leaping out of the water in every direction in vain endeavors to escape the implacable enemy.

There was some generalship about the attack. The fish were headed into a little bay, with rocks at each of its points. The school of dogfish were in a crescent formation, completely cutting off all retreat in the shallow water. The food fish quite realized their hard fortune, and many tossed themselves against the teeth of their pursuers. The flashing of the gleaming bellies as the dogfish turned under the piglike snout was incessant, and like short sticks the back fins stood above water almost as far as one could see.

No one who has not seen them would believe the immense size of these schools of dogfish, or mackerel sharks, as some of the coast fishermen call them. The fishermen say that until a few years ago a pack of 50 would be a large body. Now they travel in thousands, perhaps tens of thousands.

AUGUST SNOW IN NEW YORK.

Steam Was Called For at the Top of One of the City's Sky-scrappers.

New York.—The man on the top floor called through the speaking tube to the janitor: "It's snowing up here," said he. "Turn on the steam heat."

"You're a liar," was the prompt response, as the janitor in the basement, 32 floors below, turned away from the tube, with an indignant growl about being waked up for nothing.

But the man on the thirty-third floor of the skyscraper was right, just the same, although the time was the other day, and the place New York.

It really did snow, although the weather man will probably deny it, if you will ask him. There wasn't much of it, and it melted long before it reached the sidewalks. In fact, it didn't approach nearer than 300 feet of the surface.

There were those who professed to believe that it would snow again the next day, when they woke up the following morning. There was a decided chill in the air, but nothing in the way of snowflakes came down. Why they did so the day before is a mystery, as the temperature on the streets was never lower than 75, and snow can't fall at that degree of torridity.

Fig Has Cribbing Habit. The farmers in and about Mountaineer, near Calton, N. J., are amused over the action of one of Willard Sutton's young pigs. The pig acts like a horse that has the cribbing habit. "In all my life I never saw a pig or any other animal, except a horse, do cribbing stunts," said a farmer who spent two hours watching the animal's movements the other day. The pig gets hold of its oak feed trough with its teeth and makes a noise similar to that made by a "wind sucking" horse.

Wild Dogs Hunt in Pack. Letting dogs run at large on Sharp mountain, in Pennsylvania, has resulted in some of the canines relapsing into their original wild state. A pack of dogs as fierce as wolves chased a cow belonging to Dairyman Kuhl, of York farm, into a swamp and tore pieces of skin from her head and body. The cow was rescued just in time to save her life. The game associations have decided to hunt down the wild dogs, as they are killing off all the young game.

Australia's Wheat Crop. Bessemer says of the Australian wheat crop of 1904-05 that a total crop in the commonwealth of 50,000,000 bushels is considered to be certain, against 75,000,000 bushels last year.

DEPUTY SHERIFF'S ODD JOB.

Maine Official Is Called Upon to Serve Writ for the Recovery of a Bear.

Bangor, Me.—Deputy Sheriff Mark Huson, of Presque Isle, had an unusual piece of professional work the other day. A man coming in from Portage Lake early last spring caught a pair of young bear cubs, which he sold to William L. Fields, who lives on the north bank of the Aroostook river, about two miles above Washburn village. They soon became strongly attached to Mr. Fields.

One afternoon in June Mr. Fields left home, shutting the cubs in the house. They became restless, and the female succeeded in climbing through an open window. She saw a man at work on the opposite side of the river, and swam across. The man saw the cub coming and caught her as she came from the water. The little animal appeared so friendly that the man started to his home in Mapleton bearing the cub in his arms.

A week later he came to Presque Isle looking for Judge George H. Smith, whose reputation as a lover of pets is widely known. Unfortunately, the judge was absent, and the man then tried to sell the cub to Charles F. Daggatt, an all-round useful animal to protect his lawn from young baseball players and dogs. Mr. Daggatt, however, declined.

In the meantime Mr. Fields had learned of the whereabouts of his little pet. As life had been made miserable to him because of the cries of the other cub, Mr. Fields sought out his pet, but the new owner would not consent even to show the animal. Then Mr. Fields hurried over to Carthou and got a writ of replevin. Coming back to Washburn, he telegraphed to Huson to come to his assistance, telling him of his writ of replevin.

Huson was on hand at the appointed time, and together they went to the man's house, where Mr. Fields recovered his missing pet without a struggle. The sheriff thinks it is the only case on record of replevining a bear.

FRENCH FARCE IN REAL LIFE.

How the Wrong Man Landed in Insane Asylum When Escorts Got Drunk.

Paris.—There are all the elements of a three act farce in a true story from Cholet. A certain M. Legrand, a member of Cholet's town council, having become insane, was placed by the mayor in charge of two citizens, who were ordered to take him to a madhouse at Angers.

Legrand was not very docile and the escort took him to a saloon and filled him with drink. The result was that all three arrived at the asylum in such a state of intoxication that the director was unable to tell which was the lunatic, so he telegraphed to the mayor of Cholet asking which was the crazy man. The mayor replied "Legrand," but the operator transmitted it "le grand" (the tall one). The trio were the measure and the tallest, who was one of the escorts, was placed in a straitjacket.

After eight days the victim's wife complained of desertion. She had received a visit from Legrand, who told her sympathetically that her husband had gone mad and that he himself had taken him to the asylum.

The whole affair thus came to light. But the truly farcical conclusion of the affair is that the same man was reason was so unhinged by his confinement that he could only be provisionally released under strict medical surveillance, while the lunatic, Legrand, was declared not to be sufficiently insane to be placed in an asylum.

RAISING MONEY ORDERS.

The Adroit System of Counterfeiters Working in the Atlantic Coast States.

Washington.—For 18 months there has been operating, mainly in the eastern and South Atlantic states, a gang of money order raisers who have an adroit system of changing the value of a money order between the office of issue and that of payment.

The gang seems to be operating from Georgia to Maine. Most of their work is done by the use of acids, and at times requires microscopic inspection to detect.

The passing of raised money orders is almost invariably done by indorsing them in partial payment of store and hotel bills. Then they go through banks that send in to the paying office a batch of orders.

The life of a money order being 12 months, some time elapses before the raised order is detected. That comes when the account of the paying office is balanced in the audit for the post office department in Washington.

For the last five years, the auditors for the post office department have recommended that the life of a money order be changed from 12 months to 60 or 90 days. This change, if it is contended, would limit the chances of the counterfeiters.

Old French Guards Passing. A reminder of the rapid flight of time comes in the fact that only five survivors remain of the famous Garde Nationale, or its successor, the Garde Republicaine, which disappeared as a body during the commotion after the fall of the empire. Their united ages exceed 400 years. Each of the survivors is more than 80 years of age.

Does It Rain in Italy? A Kansas man traveling in Italy finds that the Italians are more honest in one respect than Americans. He has lost his umbrella in public places several times and it has always been returned to him.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE.

Outcome of Splendid Work for Neglected Children in New York City.

On April 15 an event of peculiar and significant interest occurred in New York—the farewell service of the New York Juvenile Asylum.

The asylum, states Youth's Companion, was founded in 1851, and in the half-century and more of its existence 39,000 neglected children have been cared for within its walls. It is a noble record. What it has meant to the city of New York and to the whole country no human calculation can ever measure. In a message sent to it four years ago, President Roosevelt wrote: "I want to tell you that some of the highest and best men I know, in professional, commercial and public life, have come from your institution and others like it."

Yet magnificent though their work has been, the age of the great asylums is passing, and their disappearance reveals the deepened insight of modern philanthropy. Half a century ago an institution that fed and clothed neglected children, that cared for them when they were ill and equipped them in some fashion to earn their own living, was regarded as giving them all that the largest demand could require. Those great rights of childhood, freedom, opportunity for individual development, above all, the need of "mothering," few had considered, and none supposed attainable for these forlorn waifs of life.

Yet these are precisely the things which the larger charity of the day is making beautifully possible. The removal from the Juvenile Asylum of New York to the Children's Village of Dobb's Ferry is one step in the process. Instead of huge, unhome-like buildings, there are cottages, each with its own gardens, its own family circle; above all—name of blessed promise—its own home mother. So at last the little lonely ones of earth are entering their kingdom.

Here's where I butt in," said the goat, making for the children, according to the New York Sun.

"I'm getting it in the neck," growled the bull, as Ursus gave him another twist.

"Come off your perch," growled the baboon, making another spring at the cage.

"I'm in the soup," gasped the oyster, as he dropped to the bottom of the plate.

"You're a bird," said the fox, as he gobbled up another hen.

"Don't try to string me," said the rattler to the black snake, coiling himself into a plumbline.

"It's a lead pipe cinch," said the rat, gnawing his way through another piece of pipe.

"I've got the drop on you," shrieked the hawk as he landed on another chicken.

"Things are comin' my way," said the bear, dodging another bullet.

"My goose is cooked," said the wild gander, dropping to the ground with a broken wing.

"Quit your kidding," exclaimed the fish, as the bait dropped into the water.

"Those fellows are nutty," said the rabbit, pointing to the squirrel family eating lunch.

"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting on the sticky paper.

"I can see my finish," murmured the lamb as he entered the slaughter pen.

PREFER NIGHT TRAVEL.

Left to Their Own Inclination Hogs Make Their Journeys During the Cool of the Night.

The Arizona Republican says the hogs were corn fed and exceptionally fat. They were started for town during the day, but by the time they reached a point a little less than a mile from home many of them were unable to continue the journey, and the march was stopped. During the cool of the evening they were taken back home.

A hog is a foolish thing, and in going a few miles many frequently take unnecessary steps, thus making the distance much longer than it really is. This partly accounts for their becoming so hot such a short way from their starting point. They were allowed to spend the night at home, but the next night the trail was taken up again.

This time after dark, or rather after sundown, for it was almost as light as day, from the moon. The hogs seemed to be delighted with the new order of things, and the way they capered to town was a caution. It was almost all the drivers could do to keep up with them. They gave no trouble whatever and reached the shipping yards in fine shape.

Caustic Comment. "Your old friend Barnes Torner made his debut in vaudeville last night," said the first actor.

"Yes, it was a monologue, wasn't it?" asked the other.

"Not exactly. He intended it to be, but the audience ohmed in with a few choice remarks before it got fairly started."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Philosphers Meet. "What's the difference between being married and being in jail?" asked the Publick philosopher.

"There's a heap o' difference," replied the sage of Plunkville. "A man in jail kin git some time off for good behavior."—Chicago Sun.