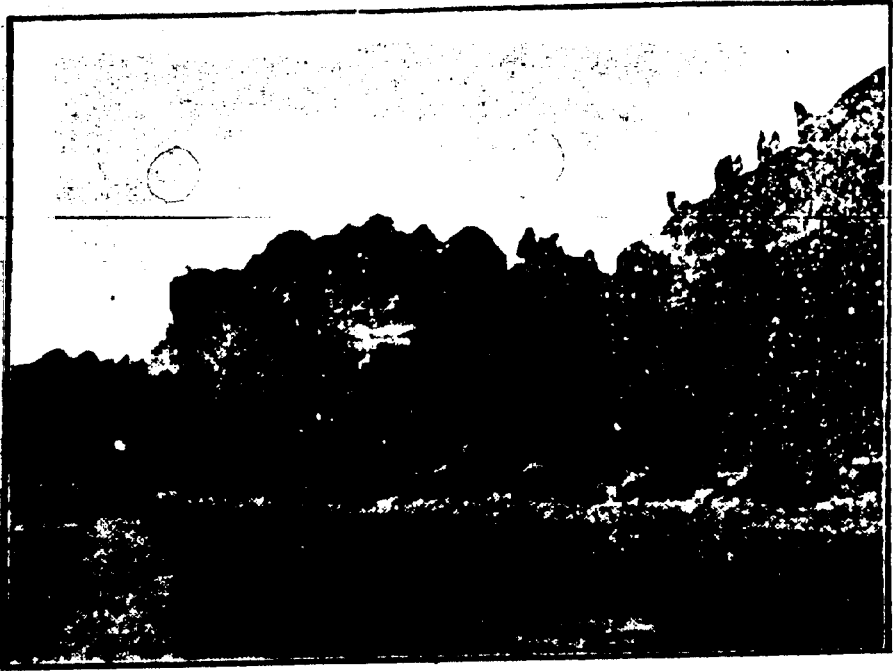


ILLINOIS RIVER, ABOVE ALTON, ILL.



For a considerable distance along the Illinois river the scenery compares favorably with the famous Grand Canyon country, the rocks rising in stately grandeur for many miles along the water's edge. The route of the proposed deep waterway from the great lakes to the gulf is along this river.

INDIAN PRINCE LANDS

TAKES ROOM ON TOP FLOOR OF GOTHAM HOTEL.

Young Royal Potentate, Ordered to Mountains for Health, Packs His Wife and Baggage on Steamship for U. S. A.

New York.—Mehander Perdah Sinha, a Hindoo prince from Brindadia, India, and his princess were passengers the other day on the St. Louis from Southampton. His highness is traveling for his health, and had been ordered by his physicians to go to the mountains. Instead of obeying orders he jumped as quickly as he could upon a steamship and started out to round the globe.

As there are no mountains in New York city except those artificial masses of steel, stone and brick, called skyscrapers, the prince wanted to find a very high hotel. He was directed to the Hotel Belmont, which is a property mountain.

He found the atmosphere sufficiently rarefied in the top story. The prince also found, to his surprise, that the higher he went the cheaper were the rooms, but it would have made no difference to him if the rooms had been high-priced, for he said money to him was no object.

He is the owner of 10,000 acres of land in India, and he and his princess are traveling incog. He looks to be still in the 20s. His princess is a charming little woman, dressed according to the eternal edicts of Hindoo fashion.

He wore an American frock suit and a turban, his only concession to his native garb. The princess, although dark-skinned, has delicately molded features and an intellectual face.

She wore a sari, the Hindoo robe that envelops both head and body. The sari was pink and green, the waist of deep sea color, showing her shapely arms, adorned with filigree ornaments. In one ear the princess wore six rings and seven in the other. The upper portion of her ear is pierced, instead of the lobe.

In her nose the princess wears the deol, the ornament which is like the head of a gold stick pin.

In the center of her forehead was the tiny black dot bespeaking her royal rank, and in the center of her hair a flaming ruby. On one arm was a heavy gold bracelet, with a watch set within the circlet.

"I have been a student at the Mohammedan college at Aligarh," said the prince, "but I became ill and was ordered by my physicians to the mountains. Instead of that I went to sea. I left Bombay on August 13 and jumped through Europe in 20 days."

Princess Sinha is a Buddhist. It is against her religious principles to be photographed, and she would not consent to pose until her scruples had been overcome by the arguments of the photographers.

SILVER TO MAKE BOY TALK.

Unusual Operation to Be Performed on Injured Boy.

New York.—Physicians attached to Bellevue hospital will perform an operation on a 12-year-old boy, who, through an accident a few days ago, lost the power of speech. It is hoped that when the operation is completed the boy's speech will be restored.

While playing with a crowd of boys in Fourth street, Joseph H. Gleicher, 12 years old, of 143 Goreck street, was struck on the head with a piece of coal. An ambulance was called and the boy was taken to a hospital suffering from a concussion of the brain and a depression of the skull behind the right ear.

Dr. Sears, Rice and Woolridge found that the muscles and nerves about the boy's mouth were paralyzed. The lad, however, was in full possession of his other faculties and wrote on a piece of paper what he wanted and also sent messages to his relatives. Later the surgeons performed an operation that resulted in the boy being able to move his lips.

The surgeons are elated over their success and say they expect that when they remove a portion of the boy's skull and substitute a silver plate the boy will regain his speech.

VARIETIES OF YPSILANTI.

Nearly Four Hundred Ways of Spelling It Found.

Detroit, Mich.—Curious postal officers in Michigan and Washington have been keeping for years past a record of the different ways Ypsilanti has been spelled on mail matter, and by comparing the notes they have preserved a list of veritable orthographic wonders has been compiled. This list easily establishes the claim that more different ways for spelling Ypsilanti have been devised than for spelling any other geographical name in America.

In all no less than 372 distinct ways of spelling the name have been counted, and it is probable that the greater number, perhaps all, have been used in good faith by persons who actually believed that the orthographic combinations reproduced were the correct combinations for representing Ypsilanti on the written or printed page. Every letter in the alphabet except "R" has been used as the initial letter of the name, though why so obvious a combination as Ypsilanti should be neglected when others much less obvious have been employed is difficult to explain. As a matter of fact, the variations in the spelling are chiefly confined to the first syllable, "Y" being a letter lacking or having only an indifferent standing in many foreign languages.

Tipy Lanti and Zyp Silanti are met with, and among the spellings farthest away from the accepted and official standard are Whyssorlanti and Hipaalalander.

GIANT FIR TREE WORTH \$423.

Contained 42,000 Feet of Lumber and Required Four Cars to Move It.

Raymond, Wash.—Four fir logs, all cut from the same tree, and containing more than 42,000 feet, were shipped to the Kalk-Gilbert Lumber company's mill at this place the first of the week from the company's camp near Raymond. Each log occupied a car. The larger was 191 inches in diameter at its small end and 36 feet in length, containing 17,000 feet. The measurements of two other logs were 80 inches in diameter and 36 feet long, 87.18 feet; 52 inches in diameter and 49 feet long, 5,900 feet. In addition to these four logs another smaller one was cut from the tree, but has not yet been shipped to the mill. This would bring the total up to more than 45,000 feet. The large logs are perfect specimens, and perhaps the largest sawed by a mill at this place. The stump from which the tree was cut measured ten feet eight inches in diameter. At \$10.50 a thousand, which is the price paid in this harbor for high grade fir, the four logs would bring more than \$123.

WAITED 25 YEARS FOR BRIDE.

Farmer Weds Woman He Courted a Quarter of a Century Ago.

Rochester, N. Y.—Released by the death of her invalid mother, uncle and aunt from a vow made 25 years ago, Miss Viola Woodin has at last wedded Clayton B. Baldwin, who patiently waited to lead her to the altar.

The bride and bridegroom played together as boy and girl in a village in western New York. Twenty-five years ago Miss Woodin's father was killed by a fall. Turning her back on her admirers, the girl resolved to devote her life to caring for her invalid mother, uncle and aunt. Baldwin pleaded for her hand.

"If you care enough for me to wait until I am free," she replied, "I will marry you."

Baldwin said he would wait. Going to Nebraska he became a farmer. The wedding has just been celebrated here.

Bees Confirmed Toppers.

Hampton, N. J.—Honey from dahlias which grow in rich profusion in this vicinity has been found to have a peculiar effect upon bumble bees. After they have filled themselves with the sweet stuff they appear dazed, and when brushed off the flowers fall to the ground and act like intoxicated men. The honey seems to act like opium upon the insects, and those who have observed declare that one "drunk" is not enough for them, but that they return and become confirmed topers.

Only Sixteen Seedless Oranges in 1879. Now Ten Million Boxes.

Mr. La Salle A. Maynard tells "The Story of the Seedless Orange" in The World To-Day. Mrs. Luther C. Tibbits of California obtained in 1872 four orange shoots from the agricultural department at Washington, sent there by William F. Judson, American consul at Bahia, Brazil. They were presented to him by a native, who had several shoots of a seedless orange tree growing in a swamp on the Amazon.

"Mrs. Tibbits brought the infant trees carefully home and her husband planted them in the garden. One died, another was chewed up by a predatory cow, but two lived, and five years later produced 16 oranges. These 16 golden globes and their immediate successors produced results comparable only in value to the famous discovery of another kind of gold in Sutter's millrace, and brought fame and no small fortune to their lucky owner."

The new orange could be produced only by budding, and the first buds sold at \$1 each, and later at \$5 a dozen. One box of naval oranges was grown in 1880; since then the annual product has risen to 10,000,000 boxes, and "the two trees which the cow did not chew have multiplied to over 4,000,000." The original parent tree living in 1903 was transferred to the yard of the Glen wood hotel at Riverside, Cal., President Roosevelt aiding in the ceremony of transplantation. Last year the tree bore two bushels of choico fruit, which, of course, were expressed to the White House. In southern California alone \$100,000,000 is invested in citrus fruit culture, chiefly of oranges, and in related industries.

ESKIMO IS NATURE FAKER.

Thinks That Bears Should Be Treated Like Gentlemen.

The Eskimo can say that he had a friendly feeling toward all living things, notwithstanding that he fed on fish and that wild beasts sometimes fed on him, says the Contemporary Review. Not that he ever talked of wild beasts, for he had no tame ones. He had not a vocabulary of rude terms about animals. He was inclined to credit every species with many potential merits. The Eskimo is afraid—very much afraid of bears. Yet he is the first to admit that the bear is capable of acting like the finest gentlemen. A woman was in a fright at seeing a bear, and so gave him a partridge; that bear never forgot the trifling service, but brought her newly killed seals ever after. Another bear saved the life of three men who wished to reward him. He politely declined their offer, but in winter time they should see a baldheaded bear will induce their companions to spare him? After so saying he plunged into the sea. Next winter a bear was sighted and they were going to hunt him, when these men, remembering what had happened, begged the hunters to wait till they had a look at him. Sure enough it was "their own bear." They told the others to prepare a feast for him, and when he had refreshed himself he lay down to sleep and the children played around him. Presently he awoke and ate a little more, after which he went down to the sea, leaped in, and was never seen again.

The Sultan's Kitchen.

The imperial kitchen of the sultan of Turkey is more like a fortress than a place to cook his meals, for it has an armor-plated door, and is fitted with locks which can be opened only by one man. As each course is prepared it is placed on a silver dish, which is sealed with red wax by the official responsible for his sovereign's food, and then a black velvet cover is placed over the dish to keep it warm, says Home Chat.

A procession of people follows the meal into the imperial chamber, the seals being broken in the sultan's presence, and often the keldarji is requested to taste some particular dish. The cost of the sultan's food does not exceed £1,000 a year, for it is mostly entrees and bottled eggs; but to feed the numerous members of his household and pay all domestic expenses lessens his annual income of £2,000,000 by £150,000 a week.

Just the Other Way.

Miss Minny Somers—By the by, you are not the boy I have always had before?

Caddie—No; you see, we tossed to see who'd caddle for you.

Miss Minny Somers (lawfully pleased)—Oh, tut, you had boys—and you won?

Caddie—No, I lost!—Tart!

Has Given Away 1,200 Brides.

E. J. Lupton, parish clerk of Yarmouth, who has completed 44 years service, has attended 12,000 weddings at the parish church, and has been absent from church only three times out of nearly 2,300 Sundays.

He has given away more than 1,200 brides.—London Standard.

At His Old Work.

Mr. Hardapple—Our boy Zeke writes from the other side of the ocean that he is going to take in Cowes.

Mrs. Hardapple—Take in cows? Lands sake, Ultram, didn't he see enough cows when he was down here on the farm—Chicago News.

Children of Wealthy Families Educated in San Antonio.

Ten carloads of school children from Mexico have arrived in this city since the influx began about two weeks ago, says the San Antonio Express.

Scores of them were accompanied by their parents, and the hotels of the city have been indented, in no small degree, to this class of visitors for the brick conditions which have been experienced by them during the last several weeks.

Many of the children traveled from their distant homes alone or in pairs or trios, while it was no uncommon sight to see parties of nine or ten from the same localities across the Rio Grande at the various hotels.

Nearly all the school equipment and wearing apparel for the entire year are purchased for these children here in San Antonio before they enter their respective schools, and the commercial importance of their annual visit can easily be imagined.

Their parents, too, before returning home, spend several days in the city, purchasing large quantities of American goods to take back with them to Mexico, and as the majority of them are persons of great wealth and social position at home, their expenditures amount to thousands of dollars.

All of the children from Mexico who are educated in the United States the schools of San Antonio secure over 70 per cent. Not only on account of the proximity of the city to the border, but also because of the general excellence of the schools and the beautiful climate and surroundings existing here. San Antonio has always been the favorite place with the Mexicans for their children to obtain an English education.

LIMITED FOOD SUPPLY.

There is Not the Great Variety We Generally Imagine.

"Certain great food-staples have proved themselves within the aging experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility, and other good qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them, when we come to consider them broadly: the flesh and the milk of three or four domestic animals, the flesh of three or four and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains—wheat, rice and maize—and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, one hundred or so species of fishes and shell fish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

"Instead of wondering at the variety and profusion of the human food supply, the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: 'Nothing but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef!' His my opinion, it's a high time some new animal was invented!"

"No News in the Paper."

Frequently you pick up one of the local papers, and after glancing at the headlines wearily, thrust it aside, remarking: "Nothing in the paper today." Did you ever stop to think what that phrase—nothing in the paper today—means? It means that in the day or week just passed that no misfortune has befallen any one in our city; that no fire has wiped out a neighbor's worldly goods; that the grim angel of death has crossed no threshold of a friend; that no man, driven by liquor, hatred or fear has taken the life of a fellowman; that no poor devil, haunted by the past or the misdeeds of some other, has crossed the great divide by his own hand. So the next time you pick up a paper that doesn't announce a tragedy, give a little thanks instead of grunting because there is no news.—Nevada Mail.

Some Feminine Snap Shots.

The dollarless man is still a millionaire if he hath not been robbed of his dreams.

Experience is life's queer merchandise that we buy with gray hair and shattered illusions.

She that stints her heart to feed her brain will sooner or later die of starvation.

The jealous wife shouldn't try to lay the ghost of her husband's first love. No man remembers any woman that long.

The Naval Militia Sized Up.

In the whole naval militia fleet of 22 vessels, there are only two or three upon which the naval militia can learn anything which will fit it for service in the navy in time of war. The fleet consists of one old monitor, one old cruiser, seven naval gunboats, nine yachts, two sailing ships and a nondescript.—Army and Navy Life.

Explained.

Prue—She claims that she tells only white lies.

Doll—Phaw! That girl's a color blind.—Smart Set.

Thousands of Them Caught, Numbered and Put Back in British Channel.

Catching fish, measuring and marking them and then returning them to the sea with the chance of retelling them later is part of the work carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain, says Discovery.

By means of a steam trawler the fish are caught in the usual way. Each haul is carefully recorded, the fish are counted and measured and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quality of food available, etc. These data are subsequently tabulated and charted.

The method of marking the fish is interesting and has been attended with valuable results. The fish chiefly used during the few years the experiment has been in progress have been plaice, because the proposals which have been made to interfere with the catching of them were based on inadequate knowledge.

The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a very thin convex metal disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the under side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The thoroughness with which the North sea is swept by the nets of the fishing fleets is demonstrated by the fact that out of 5,029 marked plaice of all sizes 922 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent, or nearly one-fifth, but for the medium-sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.4 to 33 per cent for the whole of the North sea and to 43 per cent in the more northern portions.

The men of the regular fishing fleet cooperate by forwarding to the laboratory of the association at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory reference to the records easily establishes how much the fish have gained in size and weight since the previous catching. Moreover, the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

PUTTING HIS LOGIC TO TEST.

John Seemed to Have Made His Point, but He Got No Chicks.

The old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college. "Tell us, John," said the father, "what have you learned at college?" "Oh, lots of things," said the son, as he recited his course of studies. "Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic," said the old man. "What is that?"

"It's the art of reasoning," said the son.

"The art of reasoning," said the father. "What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?"

"Two," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "I can prove there are three." Then he struck his fork in one and said, "That is one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the father.

"And this is two," sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied the father, again.

"Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John, triumphantly.

"Well, I declare!" said the father. "You have learned things at college. Well, mother," continued the old man, to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat, and I'll take the other, and John can have the third. How is that, John?"—Judge's Library.

The Hungry Parrot.

Everybody knows one or more of those conscientious egotists who cannot rid themselves of the idea that no one can be trusted to carry out the simplest details of routine work without personal supervision. It was one of these men who called for America, leaving his brother's care a parrot of which he was very fond. All the way across the Atlantic he worried about the bird, and no sooner had he landed at New York than he sent over this cablegram to his brother:

"Be sure and feed parrot."

And the brother cabled back: "Have fed him, but he's hungry again. What shall I do next?"—The Bits.

Mining in Sweden.

The mineral output of Sweden is interesting, for few people know that this country has a mineral field. There are 225 iron mines worked in Sweden. The total production for 1905 was 4,464,833 tons of ore. Total value of the ore products was \$6,164,784 for that period. During 1905 there were 129 furnaces producing 529,437 tons of pig iron, worth \$10,091,396. The value of the gold ore produced in Sweden during 1905 was \$36,450; silver, \$52,801; copper, \$114,253; manganese, \$7,961; zinc, \$796,666, and coal, \$608,520.

Saved.

Once at a dinner at which List was present the hostess suddenly exclaimed in alarm that there were 13 at table. "Don't let that distress you, madam," said List, with a reassuring smile. "I'll eat for two."—Democratic Telegram.

Quite a Neat Evasion.

Pastor Givind Not So Drawn Into Giving Direct Testimony.

The wealthy parishioner had with him his pastor, and miles of road were thrown into clouds of dust by the plunging automobile. "Halt!" commanded the wealthy parishioner, but no more attention was given to him than to the sifting telephone poles. Over those poles, however, sped a message, and at the next crossroads a barrier was encountered and also another representative of the law. "Not only did he break the speed law," complained the constable, when the party had assembled in court, but he also told me to go to the devil." "You lie!" thundered the wealthy parishioner. "I never used such language." "We must protect our officers from profanity," intoned the justice. "Then turning to the clergyman, who will not make a misstatement, will tell us whether or not the devil was mentioned in this controversy." "Your honor," pleaded the clergyman, "I and my brethren refer to his satanic majesty so frequently that any additional allusion to him would not impress upon me sufficiently to remember the incident."

NO LIVING IN THE PRESENT.

Devotion to Business Precludes All Nonsense Like That.

The messenger from Mars surveyed the multitude which had gathered to meet him with undiagnosed interest. Nor did he hesitate to propound such inquiries as his curiosity prompted. "Where do you all live?" he asked, speaking generally. "I live in the future," said a young man, good humoredly. "And I in the past," said an old man. "How old?" And does none of you live in the present?" "Pardon me," said the Martian, hastily. "Perhaps I press my questions too closely." At this a voice from the outskirts of the crowd spoke up, saying: "We have not yet learned how to live in the present without interruption of business, don't you know?"—Puck.

Ancient "Public Penance."

One of a number of ancient manuscripts which have just come to light at Taunton, in England, bearing the date 1424, refers to "orders of public penance" imposed on persons behaving badly in church, railing each other, and other offenses. The offender had to stand in the middle aisle of the church during the whole service and sermon, generally wearing a white sheet and holding a white wand. After the sermon a full confession had to be made and pardon asked before the whole congregation. One instance of this form of punishment occurred at Hulligate in 1703, when James Webber made a confession of quarrelling and fighting with another woman in church during service.

Where Mark Twain Had Gone.

When Mark Twain was working hard on one of his earlier books that brought him fame he sailed for Europe with his family. He wrote up his writing on a shipboard, leaving it only for brief recreations. One day an approaching storm drove him to the cabin, and as he retired to work he left word with his daughter, then a very little girl, to explain his absence. "If they ask for me," he said to her, "say that I won't be long. I have only gone to write an anecdote." A little later a passenger asked the child: "Where has your father gone?" "He won't be gone long," replied the child, "he's only going to ride a mazy cat."

The Mines in Malaya.

A correspondent from the Malay peninsula states that the projected railway from Hongkong will be likely to traverse the rich mineral regions of Malaya. Lang Suan has a "tin supply that cannot be exhausted in a hundred years to come, while the same may be said of Rejang. There are 50 mines in the region of Lang Suan, most of which are worked by natives, but the European concessions in the latter place, as well as in Rejang, are exceptionally encouraging and already are giving excellent returns. There is no lack of capital, even the natives making themselves writers acquainted with modern machinery and bringing it into use.

Giving Herself Away.

"Gracious, Katherine, why are you blushing?" "I-I never was so embarrassed in all my life. That handsome young man kissed me in the dark hallway and then said: 'I beg your pardon, I thought it was your sister.'" "And what did you do, my dear?" "Why—why, I was so flustered I thought I was being introduced to some one and said: 'The pleasure is all mine.'"

Amusing.

"I suppose your family had a good time in Europe." "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't think mother and the girls enjoyed themselves all the time. You see, they had so much trouble figuring foreign money back into dollars that every now and then they were embarrassed by finding they had accidentally ordered something that wasn't expensive."

The Result of Habit.

"Just think what professional habits will do for a man!" "In what way?" "I know a fellow who used to belong to a minstrel troupe, and he says daily custom so hardened his sense of shame, that he never heard mention of the family skeleton in the closest without wanting to rattle his bones."