

Uncle Sam And the Sugar Trust



W. B. THOMAS, PRESIDENT OF SUGAR TRUST.

MOST people let their general housecleaning go until spring, but Uncle Sam is not so particular in this respect. Here it is cold weather, and yet he's got one of the biggest housecleaning jobs on his hands ever undertaken by him before. In fact, from now on, before he gets through with the American Sugar Refining company, otherwise known as the sugar trust, and the customs service you won't know the places. The present cleanup began recently with the arrest of James F. Bendernagle, superintendent of the sugar company's refinery in Williamsburg, on an indictment charging him with conspiracy to defraud the government by means of false weighing of sugar importations.

This arrest, however, was only a step in the government's plan to prosecute the frauds by which it has lost millions in duties, and the work is going ahead until the men "higher up" are called to account. It is estimated that through the connivance of customs officials the trust has stolen more than \$30,000,000 from the government in duty on false weights of sugar, mostly taken in at the Williamsburg refineries in the last twenty years. Bendernagle had been superintendent there for the past thirty-five years, and the indictment charges the entry of 27,580 bags of raw sugar from Cuba on the steamship *Eva* on Aug. 24, 1907, the true weight of which was 9,159,494 pounds gross. It is alleged that the importation was falsely weighed at only 9,052,928



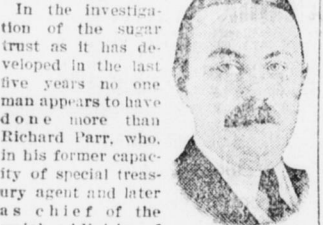
RICHARD PARK, CUSTOMS AGENT WHO EXPOSED SUGAR FRAUDS.

POUNDS GROSS. According to the indictment, the government in this case was cheated out of \$1,694,976 in duties. It was in 1887 that the sugar trust was organized, sixteen concerns, headed by Havemeyer & Elder, making up the combination. In exchange, however, for the \$6,500,000 worth of securities that the concern represented stock for \$5,000,000 was issued. On this capitalization a return of 10 per cent was steadily paid.

Owing to the popular agitation against the trust in New York in 1891 it was dissolved, but immediately reorganized under the name of the American Sugar Refining Company of New Jersey, with a capital stock of \$50,000,000.

As is well known, this isn't the first time the sugar trust has been in difficulties. It is one of the oldest of all trusts and for years was more bitterly assailed both in and out of the courts than Standard Oil. During the nineties Havemeyer was a veritable "bogey" man. He was sued in courts, denounced on the stump and investigated by Lexow committees and legislatures. The Pennsylvania Sugar Refining company brought suit against the trust last June under the Sherman anti-trust act and forced a settlement on the basis of a payment of \$2,000,000 in cash, the return of \$7,000,000 par value of securities as collateral and the cancellation of a loan of \$1,250,000. In Roosevelt's term a judgment for \$135,000 smart money was obtained against the sugar trust, and in Taft's term \$2,000,000 back duties were paid up.

In the investigation of the sugar trust as it has developed in the last five years no one man appears to have done more than Richard Park, who, in his former capacity of special treasury agent and later as chief of the weighers' division of the treasury department, has kept his eyes open every minute, and he has made some startling revelations. Among others who he accuses of being under the influence of the trust is James Reynolds, former assistant secretary of the treasury, in charge of customs, and now a member of the tariff board.



JAMES REYNOLDS.

All the Difference.
"My wife is very bad," said a man at the Bloomers county court.
"You mean she is very ill. I hope she is not bad," replied the magistrate sympathetically.—London Telegraph.

A Dreaded Contingency.
A young girl of fourteen was taking a trip on Lake Michigan in a small steamer. The lake was somewhat rough, and many were seasick. The girl sat in the bow and was unusually quiet for her. "Are you feeling sick, daughter?" inquired her father. "No, I don't think I am sick, but I should hate to yawn."—Life.

FOOTBALL TANGLES.

Quicker Situations That Have Developed on the Gridiron.
In the fall of 1890 Young, the Cornell quarterback, received a bad bump on the head during the first half of one of the early games and was so dazed that he gave the signal for the same play eight times in succession. The rival eleven, unable to comprehend such generalship, or, rather, lack of it, became just as bewildered as the injured quarterback and in the effort to understand the unintelligible let the Cornell backs through for a quick touchdown.

The calling out of numbers while the opposing quarterback is trying to give his team the signal for the next play has resulted in numerous tangles. In one of the Army and Navy contests the quarterback of the latter eleven became so confused in one instance when the Army players were shouting out various numbers while he was trying to direct the next play that he actually gave his men one of the series of numbers the Army men were suggesting. The incomprehensible signal and the subsequent mixup may be better imagined than explained.

On the Yale squad in 1906 there was a man who was not only a good player, but an excellent comedian. It was told of him that more than once he put this gift to good account in a game. An amusing remark here, a bit of a story there, then a touch of burlesque, and his rival in the line would forget for the moment that it is still too serious a matter for laughter. It is unnecessary to add that the comedian was never so interested in his own dramatic efforts as to fail to take advantage of their effect on the other man.—Outing.

A LITERARY SIN.
The Fabrication of Quotations is a Consistent Practice.
Plagiarism is hardly so great a crime as the fabrication of quotations—a practice which has caused many an earnest student to waste hours in a fruitless endeavor to trace the passage of a quotation. Among the guilty Samuel Warren deserves special mention. On one occasion he took part in a debate during which Roebuck boasted that he was not a party man, whereupon Warren rose and said that "my learned friend's boast reminds me painfully of the words of Cleo, 'He who belongs to no party is presumably too big for any.'" At the conclusion of the debate Roebuck came over to compliment his adversary on having made a successful hit, adding, "I am sorry well up in Cleo, but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted." "Neither have I," said Warren. "Good night!"

That literary sin, the fabrication of quotations, leaves its legacy of trouble behind it long after it has been committed. Only the other day a weekly journal's correspondence column came the venerable question as to where in the Scriptures is to be found a reference to "all on the troubled waters," a quotation countless preachers and writers have used for centuries, but neither Cruden's "Concordance of the Bible" refers to it nor Notes and Queries or its industrious correspondents ever been able to throw a light upon its origin.—London Chronicle.

WHAT TO DO.
Hints on First Aid to Everybody on All Occasions.
When a man rushes into your office hurriedly and says:
"By Jingo, Dawson, I hate to speak of it, but I need \$500 like the very old Dickens today."
Answer—"What a singular coincidence. Blinks I do too!"

When the lovely young maiden at the seaside to whom you have been paying court all summer shakes her head violently and says:
"No, Mr. Blithers, I cannot imagine any circumstances under which I could be induced to marry you."
Answer—"Thanks, Miss Jones. This is a great relief. I was afraid you had misconstrued my attentions and, of course, desired to live up to my implied obligations."

When you run face to face with your tailor upon the street and he turns a cold, beady eye upon you and says:
"Excuse me, Mr. Bump, but what have you to say about my little bill?"
Your little Bill, Mr. Snipperton. Indeed, I didn't know you had any children at all!"

While he is recovering from this jump into a taxi and proceed to break the speed laws.—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Weekly.

How to Hit.
With one swift, straight right to the jaw the little man had knocked the big, fat bully out completely. Now he was boasting modestly about the matter.
"I learned how to hit," he said, "from Gentleman Jim Corbett. Gentleman Jim claims that in street fighting if you land one clean right you win. But few men know how to hit out straight and clean. They swing. And a swing is no good because it can so easily be dodged."
"To hit out with the right straight and swift—this is how Jim taught me to do it. You step forward with your left foot toward the enemy. You hit straight out with your right arm as hard as you can, at the same time shoving your body forward and pushing off with the ball of your right foot as though you were going to shove the whole earth from under you."
"That is how to land a straight right. It is easy, and it wins every time."

The Amateur.
"Yes," said the person who had attended the party, "Miss Keeponder was there, and we had to beg and beg her to play."
"And did she play?"
"Oh, yes. I thought for a time that we would have to beg and beg her to stop."—Exchange.

No Fun.
Peter and John seeing a large plate glass pane being put in—We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall.—Pilecords-Blatter.

THEODORE N. VAIL.

President of the Big Company That Has Secured Western Union.
The deal recently made in which the American Telephone and Telegraph company gained control of the Western Union means the biggest merger since the formation of the steel trust, with a capital stock amounting to more than \$1,000,000,000. The deal is regarded as marking a long stride toward complete control by one corporation of all wire communication in the United States and the possible extension of the telephone service to the far corners of the land without duplication or extra construction.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph



THEODORE N. VAIL.

company, is a self-made man and forty years ago was a sun tanned farmer's boy working upon his father's farm in Iowa. Today he receives a salary of \$100,000 a year as head of the big company. Successfully he taught school, was a telegraph operator and when twenty-three years of age entered the railway mail service. In 1874 he was general manager of the service, but a year later resigned and attached himself with the telephone interests of which he is today the president.

FRAUD ORDERS.

The Way Our Postoffice Inspectors Protect the Public.

When a person or firm that is unknown to the postoffice inspectors begins to receive large quantities of letters the inspectors begin to investigate. They visit the office of the concern and learn what they can. If it is a legitimate and honest business it is not interfered with. But if it looks shady, if it happens to be a mining or land scheme that offers large returns upon the investment of money, the inspectors abstract a dozen or so of the incoming letters from the mail, get the names and addresses of the writers and then reveal the letters and permit them to be delivered.

The next move for the inspectors is to visit the persons whose names and addresses were taken from the letters and to get from them the correspondence of the supposed fraudulent concern. With this the inspectors "make" a case and either cause the arrest of the dishonest persons or cause a "fraud order" to be issued against it.

A "fraud order" is simply an order made by the postal authorities at Washington declaring that such a business is fraudulent and warning the public against sending money to it. After that each letter coming addressed to that concern is stamped "fraud" in red ink across its face and returned to the sender.

Thousands of schemes for defrauding the public have been stopped by the postal authorities, and they are always on the watch for them.—Kansas City Star.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

The Discovery Made by a Poor French Peasant Boy.

A shepherd boy with a poor appetite discovered the secret of making Roquefort cheese. True as gospel: They swear by that story today in Roquefort, France, and if they only knew the lad's name they'd raise a monument to him. He was out tending sheep, and the sun smiting down hard, he went into a cavern to eat his cheese and rye bread. He failed to get away with all of it and threw a hunk of the cheese off to one side. It happened to drop on a natural shelf, and a few months later he saw that the cheese still there. He saw that it had undergone a constitutional change, for instead of being dry and hard it was moist and creamy. Besides, there were veins of greenish mold running through it. The boy took a nip, and the taste was so pleasing he carried a crumb home to his mother. She must have been a woman of intelligence, for no sooner had she tasted than she took one of the largest rolls of cheese from her dairy, and her son guided her to the cavern and placed it on the shelf. In due time the same change was wrought, and Roquefort cheese had arrived as an article of commerce. All the natural caverns around the quaint old town now are used for ripening cheese, and the women work in them with small oil lamps strapped around their chests.—New York Press.

World's Largest Leather Belt.

What is declared to be the largest and most expensive leather belt ever made for power drive was recently shipped to the south from New York city. The belt is 240 feet long, six feet wide, three ply thick and was constructed at a cost of \$5,900 by a company in New York city. Into the belt went the hides of 540 Texas steers. The belt was built for a great lumber company of Bogalusa, La.

Young America on Thanksgiving Day.

Of course Thanksgiving doesn't mean just sports for every one. Our nation has to preach that day. And that can't be much fun.

And mother has to supprintend the roasting of the turkey. While father sharpens carving knives—This all means lots of work.

But, then, for me 'tis a dandy time. I simply take my seat. At table when the dinner's on 'N' eat, 'n' eat, 'n' eat!

HILL'S WARNING TO THE NATION.

Why Railroad Men Fear Our National Extravagance.

RATE WE LIVE AT DANGEROUS.

Believes It Will Destroy Whole Moral Fabric of the Nation—Too Many Consumers, Wants More Producers, Says Money Should Be Spent on Farms, Not Guns.

James J. Hill, the pioneer of the northwest and one of the most conspicuous railroad men of the world, believes that the United States must recede from its extravagance, the Lullucian way of living, and get back to the old way of hog, hominy and milk or else go to destruction.

"Not only America, but Europe," he said recently to an interviewer at his office in New York, "is afflicted with the germ of recklessness. Our national legislature sets the pace.

"We are spending millions on top of millions for the army, for the navy, when we need neither. For congress to appropriate to several hundred millions annually, as it does, for the guns of the war is encouragement for the individual to talk about warfare when there isn't any war cloud apparent anywhere.

Commercial War Needed.
"Grant said, 'Let us have peace.' But Napoleon desired foreign time and his reign, this country seems to wish war. And why and for what? What reason have we to combat, except commercially, any foreign power? And yet, speaking soberly, I will say that we must do something quickly toward regaining our trade with other countries.

"Germany, England and France are advancing and pre-empting territory that naturally belongs to us. We can recover that trade only by encouraging shipping industries, by more marked methods of inviting trade, by systems of reciprocity, by competition—the latter, after all, being the real key note of commerce.

"Were I in control of the finances of this government I should spend more for the development of the farm and less for the fitness of firearms. I should have agricultural stations situated in all parts of the nation where one might come to be taught how to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before.

Have Too Few Producers.
"Think of the congestion in the cities. How long can this nation survive under present conditions? We have few producers, a multitude of consumers. I have forgotten the figures, but somewhere I have read that 70 per cent of the people live in city houses, steam heated flats, in homes unsuited for health, unequipped for the sturdiness necessary for the development of our manhood. I should like to see the government spend millions in the encouragement of men and women going to the country, there to live as God intended they should live—to raise children, produce grain, meat and milk.

"We must get out of the notion that we are living for the present. It is a bad system of society that prompts the well being of today, caring nothing for tomorrow, for those who come after.

People Should Go to Farms.
"Millions upon millions of acres lie undrained in the west, in the south and even in the east. You have poor, ery stricken people in your great cities, children who are denied the privileges of education, mothers who must go through life with tear stained eyes, husbands and fathers with burdens they can ill afford to carry. And why? Because of their nonproductiveness.

"This country as a government ultimately must go backward unless we induce the people to go to the farms—in the country where health may be obtained, where a man may make a living, where the boys and girls may gain strength with every step.

"The desire seems to be for the young to get to the city. That desire must be circumvented, dissipated by some sort of method. We must make the country life as attractive to the young as the city is. We must teach them that where the city affords a dollar the rural communities will contribute \$2. And that is true unless one is a genius.

"You ask about the prosperity of the nation. It was never better. Crops have been good, mortgages have been wiped away by the millions, new fields have been opened, new cities built, new railroads constructed, others planned. Peace reigns. I can see no black spot anywhere. There will be no central bank. The country will not stand for it.

"Let congress and the various state legislatures take a more catholic view of the railroad situation. Let them remember that the railroad investor has his money at stake, that he has contributed something toward the development of the country, that he is neither a thief nor a robber, as some would have his countrymen believe, and then we will have a more homogeneous nation, less trouble, more flour and bacon sides in our pantries, fewer suicides, greater bank accounts in our savings institutions, better morals, and a more contented and happy people.

"We must learn to be less extravagant. We must be taught to understand that at the rate our people are living destruction to the whole moral fabric of the nation is inevitable."

THE TRICK A DUSKY RULER WANTED A MAGICIAN TO PERFORM.

Thurston, the magician, had many interesting experiences during his professional tour of the globe several years ago. He went to all sorts of outlandish places and appeared before rulers of many strange lands and communities. On one occasion his manager had arranged that Thurston should give an exhibition before the ruler of a province called Papogapoa, in the Fiji Islands. In the crowd that saw the exhibition were many of the black and yellow slaves of the chief. All the spectators were amazed at the black art that Thurston offered, but no trick appeared so strongly to the assembled multitude and to the chief as that in which a white duck was made to appear with a black head and a black duck, after a moment's manipulation, with the head of the white duck. The trick had to be repeated, and then the chieftain engaged in a long whispered conversation with the interpreter.

"What is desired?" queried the obliging trick player.

The interpreter coughed apologetically and then responded: "Respected sir, our honored sire wishes you to take two of his slaves and put a yellow head on a black man and the black head on the body of a yellow servant. Our honored sire thinks it would be very funny."

"Tell his royal highness," Thurston replied, "that I could give a yellow man a black eye, but I would not like to attempt to make his entire head black."—Philadelphia Record.

MONEY IN JUNK.

The Stuff is Always in Demand, and the Profits Are Large.
Up and down the dirty back alleys drives the junkman, singing his mournful, nasal cry, loading his rickety wagon with broken scraps and pieces of old iron, an object of pity or of ridicule to most of the uninformed public. Let him be admired or envied, rather, for if not he himself, at least his employer, is probably making more money than nine out of ten professional men.

Few things are more depressing and sightly than a little pile of junk as high as a ten-story building. One may see such a pile in every city, and so far as the eyes are concerned, a determining none of the stuff is ever moved. The piles increase apparently from month to month and grow rustier and rustier, but the men in the business keep on buying.

How are they able to keep so much money tied up? Where do they get the large amount of capital which seems to be necessary?

They borrow from the banks, like any other business man, on the security of their stock in trade.

"No better security," the president of almost any bank will declare. "It can neither burn nor blow away. It can't be damaged by water or smoke. Where is there a collateral like that? It is absolutely safe. The foundries and the nut and bolt works and the stove factories can't get along without it. It pays the largest interest of any business to which we lend money, and these profits fluctuate very little. Junk is always in demand. The men in that business are excellent customers."—Technical World Magazine.

He Who Laughs Last, Etc.

The old colored man had climbed into the dentist's chair of torture.
"Shall I give you laughing gas, uncle?" queried the tooth carpenter.
"Not till after de tooth am out, boss," replied the old man. "Reckon mebbe Ah'll feel me' lak lakkin' den."—Chicago News.

The Man of the Hour.

Little Charles was sent to Miss R.'s to return a basket. He was received very cordially and invited to come "some time and stay to dinner." "Thank you," said Charles very solemnly. "I will. I'll stay today."—Delinctor.

ONE RAIL CAR.

Colonel Brennan's Novel Gyroscopic Invention Being Shown in England.
Worldwide interest is being taken in the public demonstration in England of Louis Brennan's gyroscopic car, which runs on a single rail, and some of the foremost railway engineers declare that the invention will revolutionize land transportation all over the earth. The car weighs twenty-two tons, is forty feet long, thirteen high and ten wide and is mounted not on regular tracks, but on one single line of four wheels. In this manner it carries forty passengers during the demonstration with perfect safety, running freely about curves of all sorts of angles.



MODEL OF BRENNAN'S GYROSCOPE.

It was in May, 1907, that Mr. Brennan made his invention public, successfully demonstrating a model a few feet in length. Later he built a full sized car capable of carrying passengers and freight, which is now being shown. A subsidy from the Indian government makes the work possible. Upon its completion the experimental car was given the most rigorous tests for over six months, and now the results of these trials are given to the world.

The principle of the gyroscopic car is that of a spinning top, and the car runs smoothly and without vibration. Some thirty years ago Mr. Brennan, who was then in Australia, became beset with the idea that this principle could be applied to railroad construction and operation in a way which would revolutionize land transportation all over the earth, and he has been working on it ever since. Brennan was the inventor of the Brennan torpedo, controlled by the British war department.

A CHANGE OF HEADS.

The Trick a Dusky Ruler Wanted a Magician to Perform.
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PLAN TO PREVENT MINE DISASTERS.

Coal Operator Would Imprison Violators of Mining Laws.
LAXITY IS TOO PREVALENT.

Colonel W. P. Rend Believes More Drastic Laws Are the Only Remedy. Favors Courts Imposing Severe Punishment For Least Violation of Rules.

Colonel W. P. Rend, president of the Rend Coal company and one of the largest coal operators in Illinois, recently declared in speaking of the catastrophe in the St. Paul coal mine at Cherry, Ill., that in order to prevent future disasters the courts should be called upon to send to prison for a long term of years any one who in the slightest way neglects or violates the coal mining laws.

"It makes no difference whether it is the operator, the mine boss or a miner," said Colonel Rend, "if he violates the law in the least respect, thereby endangering the lives of other men, he should be sent to prison. As things are now conducted, if a mine boss or anybody else violates the law he is taken before a justice of the peace and given a small fine. This must be done away with. If an inspector finds the law being violated, he should be able to have the violator brought before the criminal court and sent to prison for a long period. Pennsylvania has stringent laws of this character, which were brought into being after the last big mine horror, and one man was sent to prison."

In addition to advocating prison sentences for violators of the mining laws, Colonel Rend declared that every mine should be compelled to equip its tunnels and shafts with asbestos curtains, so that in event of a fire they could be quickly placed in a corridor and the fire held back until all of the men had escaped.

"Not only should they be compelled to have asbestos curtains," he said, "but the mines should be equipped with sandbags and cement, with which walls could be thrown up in the workings to stop the flames.

Prison For Lighting Pipe.
"Another thing which should be insisted upon is that all powder and hay should be lowered to the workings at night and not in the daytime. Then every miner should be compelled to use safety lamps in place of the naked ones now prevalent in Illinois. These lamps should be carefully looked by a foreman before the miner enters the pit, and any man seen trying to expose his lamp or light a pipe or cigar while in the mine should be at once arrested and sent to prison."

Colonel Rend also was emphatic in saying that smokeless explosives only should be used in the mines, and he was more than emphatic in declaring that the miners must be forced to use the explosives in such a way that no "blowout" shots can occur.

"Nine out of ten explosions are caused by blowout shots," he said. "Very few are caused by gas or powder, and blowout shots are simply the result of shiftlessness and laziness.

How Explosions Occur.
"In a vein of coal eight feet high the miner should undercut it before putting in the explosive and then put in three or four small shots to bring down the coal. Well, he won't do it. He simply bores a hole in the solid coal, puts in a big charge of powder, stamps it with coal dust instead of clay, which is usually just under his feet, and lets it go. The result is that the charge is unable to break the coal, and it blows out in the hole. And when it comes out it comes as flame. The flame coming into contact with coal dust in suspension causes a terrific explosion, and there you are."

Fatal Mistake is Made.
In speaking of the recent disaster at Cherry, Ill., Colonel Rend said that it seemed to him the fatal mistake was in reversing the fans after the explosion had occurred.

"Now, it is evident," he said, "that the fire was caused by some one in some way igniting a bale of hay which was being sent down into the pit. At the time the fans were forcing air down into the mine, and when they were reversed they began to draw the air out of the mine, and naturally drew the flames with the air down the elevating shaft, through the main corridors and up the air shaft. Why the fans were reversed is a mystery to me.

"And speaking of the fans brings me to another much mooted question, which is simply this: Haven't we gone too far in the matter of putting in fans? We have always thought that the more fans the better ventilation, but it is a question whether all this air we are sending into the mine doesn't keep the coal dust suspended too much, thus very highly increasing the danger of explosions. In all my mines I have installed sprinkling systems in order to keep the dust settled, and that should be required by law in every dry mine. I don't mean these automatic sprinkling systems; just a hose and a couple of cuts are all that is necessary. The keeping of the dust on the ground and not in the air is necessary in order to minimize the danger of explosions."

In conclusion Mr. Rend said that in all of his mines the shot firers had explicit instructions not to fire any shots which were not properly laid.

CLASHING STARS.

A Greenroom Quarrel in Which Marie Rose Triumphed.
Minnie Hauck and Marie Rose had quarreled over "Carmen." One night "The Marriage of Figaro" was announced, with Rose as Susanna and Hauck as Cherubino.

"At 3 o'clock that afternoon," writes Mr. Upton, "Hauck went into the theater and pre-empted the prima donna's room by depositing her things there. In an hour later Rose's maid reached the theater and proceeded to the same room, only to find it filled with the hated rival's trappings. Rose notified the colonel (Henry Mapleson). He was promptly on the scene and began moving Hauck's belongings to the opposite room and instructing his wife to be at the theater precisely at 6.

"At half past 5, however, Hauck sent the chevalier (her husband) to the theater to see that everything was right. The chevalier found that everything was not right and ordered Rose's belongings to be removed, replaced his wife's and had everything, including the door, stoutly locked.

"At 6 Rose arrived, prepared to 'hold the fort,' but as she couldn't get into the fort to hold it she sent for the colonel, who sent for a locksmith, who opened the door. Hauck's things were unceremoniously hauled out. At half past 6 Hauck came to the room to dress, and, much to her surprise and to the chevalier's chagrin, Rose was in there calmly dressing. What passed between them probably no one will ever know, but Hauck went back to her hotel and notified the manager that she would not sing that evening. And she didn't."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE BOROEDOOR.

A Hindoo Temple Built in Java in the Eighth Century.

The Borobodor mentioned by Sir Stamford Raffles when the English ruled in Java was built by the Hindoos in the eighth century and is by far the finest example of their work in the island. Standing on a hill in the middle of the valley, this imposing edifice, covering nearly ten acres, rises to a height of upward of a hundred feet above the summit of the hill. It consists of a series of stone terraces built on top of each other in diminishing magnitude so as to leave circumscribing galleries and crowned by a vast cupola. Entrance to the galleries is gained by four stairways—north, south, east and west—which run from the ground straight up to the big top terraces, in the middle of which stands the crowning cupola, surrounded by numerous smaller latticework cupolas, from which one may step aside into any of the intermediate galleries.

The whole is built of stone, showing an immense amount of carving, and, though there is no genuine inside to the temple, many of the galleries are covered in, innumerable images of Buddha occupying niches or prominent positions on the walls, and the sides of the galleries were paved with bas-reliefs, indicating the glorification of this god and other incidents in his history. When one considers that there are several miles of bas-reliefs alone the work expended on the pyramids of Egypt pales into insignificance before this stupendous undertaking.—Shanghai Mercury.

Secrets.

Young Mother (proudly) Everybody says the baby looks like me. Bachelor Doctor (amazed) The spirit's things. Don't say that to your face, do they?

Relative Strength of Arms.
As a result of some very interesting experiments made at Washington with a view to determine the relative strength of right and left limbs it has been ascertained that over 50 per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left, 16.40 per cent had the arms of equal length and strength, and 32.70 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women 46.90 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left, and 24.50 per cent had the left stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured, twenty-five of each sex. Of these twenty-three had the right arm and left leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in seven cases all the members were more or less equal in length.—Exchange.

Disadvantages of Poverty.

"We've scolded to move again in a month or two," said the little girl on the back porch. "We move into a new house every year."
"We don't," said the little girl in the adjoining yard. "My papa owns this house."
"And you don't ever move into any other one?"
"No."
"My, my! It must be awful to be as poor as that!"—Chicago Tribune.

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