

South America has the greatest unbroken extent of level surface of any country in the world.

There are 40,000 blind persons in France, nearly half of them from what is now known to be preventable.

Great indignation is expressed in Paris because for two years mining problems that cannot be solved have been set for the examination of the Ecole Polytechnique through the blundering of the examiners.

A writer in the St. James Gazette attributes the "anxious look and unwholesome pallor," the nervous exhaustion and headache, often observed among bicyclists, to the incessant, though unconscious, strain upon the brain and nervous system due to the constant effort necessary to maintain equilibrium.

Americans who go to Italy to be educated in music have a great advantage—if they master the Italian language and study its melodies. Otherwise they have none, maintains the New York World. The whole secret of the musical nature of the Italian people lies in the musical nature of the Italian language. No one can speak it habitually without becoming unconsciously educated in the laws of melody which underlie all music.

The Beyreuth, Germany, newspapers record a new sample of meanness. An inhabitant of that city was afflicted with cataract in both eyes. He contracted with a skilled physician to have two operations performed—one on each eye—for \$250. The first operation proved very successful, but when the doctor offered to operate also on the other eye the patient refused, declaring that he could see as much as he wanted to see with the one eye, and tendered half of the amount stipulated—i. e., \$125. The physician, however, says that he fixed the price as low as he did in consideration of the quantity of payment to be received, not in consideration of the quantity of work to be done, and the unique dispute is now before the courts awaiting a Solomonian settlement.

Judge Millen of the law division of the Postoffice Department has rendered a decision concerning the delivery of mail matter by jail officials to convicts; and the same ruling will apply to inmates of charitable institutions. He holds that "state and county institutions for the confinement and punishment of parties convicted of crimes have the right to prescribe rules and regulations as to communications from outside parties to convicts. While they have no right without the consent of the convicts, to open the letters addressed to them yet they have the power to refuse to deliver or permit to be delivered to the convicts any letters addressed to them, unless they will consent that the letters be opened in the presence of some officer. Where mail is addressed to a convict, it is proper to deliver the same to the officer in charge of the prison. While this would not authorize the officer to open such letters, he would have the power, if the state and county laws or regulations of the prison so authorized, to refuse to deliver such letters to the convict during his imprisonment unless he consents that they be opened in the presence of the officer."

General John Gibbon has written an article on "Can West Point Be Made More Useful?" which commands more than usual attention among officers of the Army. He cites that in some respects the Military Academy remains the same as it was fifty years ago; that, although the course of studies has undergone radical change, the number of professors and instructors increased, the scientific apparatus improved, and the number of cadets increased with the growth of the country, yet the qualification required by law, with some few additions, remain about the same. General Gibbon makes special objection to the rule that a candidate of a certain age and height should weigh at least a certain number of pounds. He maintains that this objection may be overcome in a few months with good rations and exercise, but that if adhered to strictly a Grant, a Sheridan, even a Napoleon would be shut out. He also says that there is a harmful prejudice against the Military Academy among the people at large, because of its supposed aristocratic character. He maintains that the academy can be made more useful by extending its education in such a way as to leave the military element in the country; and that, in case of war, the forces would be in a better state of preparation to take the field than they have ever been before.

## SAM JONES AT HOME.

WAS ONCE A LAWYER BUT BECAME A DRUNKARD.

He Afterward Developed Into a Successful Evangelist—Is a Lover of Animals and Helper for the Poor—Gifts as Liberal as Speech.

Lives in Cartersville, Ga. One of the most noted evangelists of the country is Rev. Sam P. Jones, whose home is at Cartersville, Ga. Here, when tired out with his public labors, he joins his family to recuperate. He goes about Cartersville in the slouch hat and plain traveling suit worn on the road, and usually carries a cigar or meerschaum pipe between his lips. He is a great smoker and uses half a dozen cigars every day, besides occasional pulls at the meerschaum. His nervous energy and restless spirit allow him no idleness, and when there is nothing else to do he walks vigorously up and down the veranda or about the yard. His reading is confined mainly to the newspapers.



REV. SAM P. JONES.

and he is a close student of current events all over the world. He does not pretend to have a library, and if he did, it is doubtful whether he would ever enter it. Books are too long and tedious for him. He has made some good investments and looks well after his property. He owns two excellent farms, a grist mill, and some valuable real estate in Cartersville. He has for several years been a director in one of the Cartersville banks, in which he is a stockholder.

The amount of Mr. Jones' charities is enormous. He gives away every year vastly more than is spent on his family. In addition to his public charities, such as gifts to churches, schools, and other institutions, requests come to him daily for help from individuals in every section of the United States. Every mail brings letters asking for money or help in obtaining positions, or donations for various societies. When it is known that Mr. Jones is at home, his yard is invaded by people seeking help. Poor people walk from distant places in the country to ask for a loan of money or help in obtaining work. Old negro "uncles" ask for "a few bushels of corn to make a crop on," or want indorsements to enable them to buy a mule, and numerous black "mammas" vociferously petition "Marse Sam" to give them a cow that they may keep "all des heah little black pickaninnies from a starvin' to dof." To all these applications Mr. Jones gives careful consideration, and no deserving individual is ever sent away empty-handed. He seems to learn by intuition who are the really deserving, and often his gifts are placed where no request has been made. The people of Cartersville love to tell of how Sam Jones goes down and buys dry loads of provisions and sends them to old and helpless people, who are usually left to guess the identity of their benefactor. It is in works of this kind that the evangelist finds a deeper satisfaction than in his most successful efforts in the pulpit and on the platform.

A Lawyer and Drunkard. Sargent Porter Jones was born in Chambers County, Ala., in 1847. While still a child his father removed to Cartersville after the death of his wife, and Cartersville has since been the home of the Jones family. During the war, when Sherman's forces began to pour into North Georgia, young Jones made his way to Henry county, Ky. While there he met Miss Laura McElwain, who, in 1869, became his wife, Jones being then a practicing lawyer in Cartersville. Unfortunately, during his boyhood he had acquired a taste for strong drink, which grew upon him until he was forced to abandon the law after less than a year's practice, and for three years he led the most wretched existence. He was driven to want and engaged in various kinds of common labor to obtain a living. He plowed, drove a dray and worked in the iron mines near Cartersville. This was the most gloomy period of his life. He had a family coming on to educate and care for, and to these were added the anxieties caused by ruined health and an empty purse. At this time his father, to whom he had always been devoted, died, and his death in August, 1872, marked the turning point in his son's life.

His conversion was as complete as it was sudden, and since then he has adhered to the cause of religion. His first sermon was preached at Felton's chapel, a few miles from Cartersville, during the absence of the regular preacher and was a success. The ore hauling was abandoned and Mr. Jones at once devoted himself to the work of the gospel. He preached at the country churches and was soon admitted to the conference. He was assigned to a rural circuit in Polk County, but he went to work with a will and soon his churches were all prosperous. From this he went to other obscure circuits and the following ten years were devoted to the routine work of the rural Methodist circuit rider, and it was not until the great

revival at Memphis in 1883 that the public had even so much as heard the name of Sam Jones. He has quite an interesting family of two sons and four daughters, of whom the two eldest daughters are married.

## UNIQUE TRIP ON STILTS.

Two Young Men to Go Around the World in that Manner.

Some of these days somebody will probably try to walk on his head around the world in an effort to eclipse previous attempts of "globe trotters." In these days of steam circumnavigating the globe is a thing of everyday occurrence.



THEOPHILE CUNY.

ence. The recent feat of the two men who walked from Buenos Ayres to Chicago has inspired two young men of Chicago with a desire to eclipse that undertaking. They propose to walk around the world on stilts. For several weeks past one of them has been conspicuous on State street, as he



ROBERT B. THOMPSON.

strode along on stilts, dressed as "Uncle Sam." His right name is Robert B. Thompson, and he comes from New York State. His companion's name is Theophile Cuny. The young men expect to complete their tour and return to Chicago in about three years.

The New Navy of the United States. Battle ships, Iowa, 11,000 tons; Massachusetts, 10,200 tons; Oregon, 10,200 tons; Indiana, 10,200 tons. Armored battle ship, Texas, 6,300 tons. Armored cruisers, Brooklyn, 9,100 tons; New York, 8,150 tons; Maine, 6,648 tons. Const defense monitors, Puritan, 6,050 tons; Monterey, 4,138 tons; Manitowish, 3,800 tons; Terror, 3,950 tons. Protected cruisers, Columbia, 7,350 tons; Minneapolis, 7,350 tons; Olympia, 5,500 tons; Baltimore, 4,900 tons; Charleston, 4,040 tons; Cincinnati, 3,183 tons; Raleigh, 3,183 tons. Partially protected cruisers, Chicago, 4,500 tons; Philadelphia, 4,324 tons; Newark, 4,083 tons; San Francisco, 4,083 tons; Atlanta, 3,183 tons; Boston, 3,183 tons; Detroit, 2,000 tons; Montgomery, 2,000 tons; Marblehead, 2,000 tons. Gunboats, Yorktown, 1,700 tons; Concord, 1,700 tons; Bennington, 1,700 tons; Castine, 1,650 tons; Machias, 1,650 tons; Petrel, 850 tons. Dynamite cruiser, Vesuvius, 930 tons. Torpedo boats, Alarm, 800 tons; Ericsson, 120 tons; Cushing, 116 tons; Stiletto, 15 tons. Harbor defense ram, Katahdin, 2,183 tons. Practice cruiser for naval cadets, Bancroft, 828 tons. Dispatch boat, Dolphin, 1,485 tons.

Colonel Joseph Mulhatten seems to be spending his vacation in New York. The Chicago Tribune the other day contained one of the colonel's gems which deserves to be embalmed in journalistic history. His "special dispatch" gives an account of the wonderful work done by a pet lion which recently chewed up a burglar, and concludes by saying that the "noble beast" saved the life of an old egg peddler who had been attacked by a savage mastiff. Here is the picture: "Suddenly the sympathy of the gallant lion was aroused. It had seen the one-side battle. It sprang over the gate and made a bold attack on the mastiff until the dog ran down the street yelping with pain. The small boys climbed up trees and crept into drain pipes in their terror. When the dog was gone the lion stood on its hind legs, lashed its tail, and roared with elation. The old egg man held out his hand and the wild beast licked it. It turned out that the peddler once gave the lion an egg, and the creature out of gratitude saved his life to-day. The old man said he was sure if the lion had not interfered he would have been a dead peddler." This certainly is lyn' extraordinary.

## HER HOME IS RUINED.

PATHETIC CONDITION OF FLEMING SARVER'S WIDOW.

She Tells the Story of Her Quiet Life in Her Humble Home—She and Her Husband, She Says, Lived There Two Years and Loved the Place.

Homeless and Hopeless. The little home of Fleming Sarver and wife, who were poisoned July 6 by their foster-daughter, Dollie, is located in the southeast corner of Jackson County, Ind., some twelve miles from the town of Seymour. It is a small, weather-stained cabin, set away back in the fields, among the rose bushes and scrubby fruit trees, half a mile from the main traveled road, and flanked on two sides by heavy timber. To reach the place after leaving the highway it is necessary to drive first through a woods pasture, then a wheat field. Once there the visitor always found a hearty welcome.

They were simple, plain, hard-working country folks, well liked by their neighbors, says the Chicago Tribune, but only moderately prosperous. Three days after her husband had been bur-



MRS. FLEMING SARVER.

ied Mrs. Sarver, rather a large, swarthy woman, looked out over the fields and with tears in her eyes said she supposed somebody else would take the place and come there to live. It had been theirs only two years, still in that short time they had become greatly attached to it. But as she was born and raised in the immediate vicinity Mrs. Sarver declared there was no far away place to which she had any desire of going. One child was born to them. It died in infancy. They felt lonely, so when John Belknap started out to find a home for his orphan girl Mr. and Mrs. Sarver at once offered to take her. She had been christened Viola Belknap. "Because of her size," said Mrs. Sarver, "we always called her Dollie. She was about five years old when we got her, and she lived with us nearly eight years."

At school Dollie got acquainted with Josie and Dottie Derringer, girls of nearly her age and size, daughters of poor parents with a large family. They were compelled to live away from home as domestics, working for their board and clothes. They three became chums, and in time got to speculating upon Dollie's prospects of one day owning the Sarver farm. In fact, it was the talk among them that Mr. Sarver had said to her if she would be a good girl and work for them, when he and Mrs. Sarver came to die she should have all their property.

So, according to the story told by Dollie, Josie Derringer conceived the idea that it would be a good thing for her to make sure of the inheritance by doing something that would hasten the old people into having a will drawn up. "What if they should die suddenly," she argued, "and without leaving a will, you have never been adopted and would be left without anything?"

Then the scheme, says Dollie, of putting poison in their coffee was hit upon and she declared repeatedly that Josie



THE SARVER HOMESTEAD.

urged her to do it a long time before she finally consented. When Mrs. Sarver expressed a lack of ability to understand how Dollie could be so wicked as to enter into such a sinful plot and venture upon such a bold undertaking she cried like a child.

"She has always been obedient and was good to us. She is a pretty girl and we thought everything of her," she said.

Among the inducements held out to Dollie by Josie Derringer, so she relates, was marriage with young Robbins, a new house by the road side, and a buggy to ride around in. She could then get away from the old cabin and live stylishly.

Sally—An' after we are married, will you keep on lovin' me? Rube—I'll love you till—the cows come home, as the feller says. Sally—Y-a-a-s, an' then go down to the grocery an' let me do all the milkin'.

Bellefield—I understand that Mrs. Spiffins claims to be a self-made woman. Bloomfield—It isn't quite true. My wife has seen her add the finishing touch—put on her complexion.



FERTILIZER FOR PEAR ORCHARDS. An experienced pear grower recommends the use of 400 pounds of muriate of potash with 800 pounds of ground bone per acre each year. One half of this mixture he applies to the orchard in the autumn and the other half in the spring, when plowing. The necessary nitrogen is supplied by sowing crimson clover with the fertilizer—New York World.

TAGGING THE SHEEP. Tagging the sheep is a necessary thing to be done if the shepherd would avoid the injurious fly. The heat, as well as the effect of the green soft feeding when sheep are on pasture, loosen the droppings and this soils the wool. The ever watchful fly lays its eggs on the filthy wool, and before anything is known the sheep are fly-blown, after which a few days is time enough to cover the whole hindquarters with the maggots. It is a very difficult thing then to save the sheep. It is worth while to save the tags and after a few days' soaking in water to have them washed and taken care of.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

BRAN AS A FERTILIZER. Thirty odd years ago the late Solon Robinson, after making some experiments with wheat bran and corn meal as fertilizers on his lawn, declared they were fully as cheap for this purpose as any of the commercial fertilizers then on the market. Several experiments have been made with bran and what are called "middlings" as fertilizers for grass, and with good results. All planters at the South know what a change has been wrought within the last two or three decades in the use of cotton seed, and cotton seed meal and waste from the oil mills for enriching the soil for all kinds of crops. At a recent meeting of mill owners at Louisville this subject of using wheat bran as a fertilizer was again brought to the fore and highly endorsed by those who have tested it practically. If chemical analysis is worth anything as a test of the fertilizing value of wheat bran, then at the price at which it has been selling for the last year or two it is worth more than its cost as a manure. Most farmers, however, will prefer to feed it to their animals and then save the manure, but it cannot be maintained that anything is added to the value of the bran as a fertilizer by this process.—New York Sun.

TREATMENT OF AN ORCHARD. The treatment of an orchard is a subject of importance and should be well studied. If the land is so wet that it needs drainage, it is not fit for use on this account. The land must then be drained, or the trees will not thrive. The roots will run into the drains and choke them, making double mischief, for the land will soon be as wet as before and the labor and money will be lost. Clay land is not the best for an orchard; a lightish, gravelly land is better, and still more so if it is limestone. It would be better to set the orchard far from the house in lighter land than in clay because of its nearness. If the land is clay, but not wet, it may be improved by subsoiling it; that is, by plowing in the furrow of a common plow and immediately after it with a bar plow—that is, one with a long bar like a counter that will break the subsoil and loosen it. This might be done in a strip between the rows of trees and about six feet wide, but near the trees the land should be plowed no deeper than a few inches, lest the small roots be broken and the trees checked in growth. It is a good thing for an orchard to be sown with clover and pastured by swine or sheep.—American Farmer.

HARDY WINTER OATS. Winter oats are one of the best paying crops that can be grown, writes a Delaware farmer. Wherever introduced they are superseding spring oats entirely. Oats are essentially a cool weather crop, and failures either partial or total with spring oats, on account of the hot, dry weather of June and July, are so common that many farmers are entirely discouraged from growing them. This trouble is entirely obviated by substituting winter oats. They are sown at the same time as winter wheat, and ripen with wheat the following season, so that the harvesting and threshing may all be done at the same time. The variety we grow in Delaware is perfectly hardy—as much so as Fultz wheat—and withstands the severest weather perfectly. On good soil a yield of fifty to eighty bushels is common. They grow a strong, stiff straw, which stands up well. They are a very heavy cut, a measured bushel weighing from thirty-eight to forty-five pounds. I have known crops of these oats this season that gave an average of eighty bushels per acre on twenty to thirty acre fields. One and a half bushels per acre are enough to sow. Winter oats are also a good crop to seed clover with. The same fertilization and tillage that will produce a good wheat crop will give a big crop of winter oats.—American Agriculturist.

STRAW AS FEED. The value of straw for feeding purposes depends almost entirely on the method of harvesting. The riper the grain is allowed to become, the drier

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Fisherman's Romance—Retrospection—True Afloat and Ashore—An Honest Man, Etc., Etc. He walked the stream the lifelong day. With rod and reel and fly. And then went home and reveled in One long, luxurious lie. —Philadelphia Record

A SLOWLY ACQUIRED ART. Dora—"Can't you ride a wheel yet? Why, Mr. Silverspoon has been teaching you for three weeks!" Cora—"I know it. But he hasn't proposed yet."

FRANKLY HOSTILE. Mrs. Dotell—"What is your policy with reference to old bachelors?" Mrs. Tenmore (mother of a large family of marriageable daughters)—"Extermination!"—Pack.

ON THE PLAZZA. "How long has Miss Short been a summer girl?" "Well, I've been coming here ten years—oh, here she is—why, Miss Short, how young and pretty you look this morning?"—Boston Gazette.

CIRCUITOUS. "Why did she marry Fiddleback?" "Because she was in love with another man, and the man was in love with another girl, and the girl was in love with Fiddleback. It was the only way she could get even with other girls you see!"—Life.

RETROSPECTION. Nuwed—"According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married." Mrs. Nuwed—"Oh, George, you weren't quite as bad as all that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?"—Life.

THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS. Stiffkins (a neighbor)—"Hello! Jones, what you doin'?" Laying down a carpet? "Jones (who has just whacked his thumb)—"No! you blasted idiot—the carpet was here when we moved in. I am just putting the floor under it."—Truth.

TRUE AFOAT AND ASHORE. "Why," asked the new boarder, "why do you say that there is a resemblance between riding a bicycle and sailing a boat?" "Because," said the Cheerful Idiot, "because you lose the wind when you get on the wrong tack."—Indianapolis Journal.

A LOT OF TROUBLE. Lottie—"It's a very inconvenient custom to wear the engagement ring on the third finger of the left hand." Kattie—"Why? What difference does it make?" Lottie—"Because it's so hard to learn to use your left instead of your right hand."

SEE MEANT NOTHING. "Do you know," he was saying, "that I never can keep my head under water when I go swimming. I've tried and tried." "Perhaps you don't try long enough," she said in an absent-minded way, and he is still wondering what she meant.—Detroit Free Press.

A PROPHECY. "This is a hot summer," said Jiggles, as he and Mr. Wilton sat on the piazza. "Yes," said Wilton, with a nod at Mrs. Wilton mounting her bicycle out on the driveway—"yes; but if Mrs. Wilton doesn't take care, I think we shall have an early fall."—Harper's Bazar.

AN HONEST MAN. The Blind Man (in loud voice)—"Hi, there! you varmint! Set that 'ere call's liver alone. I'm poor, but I'm honest, an' I wouldn't let even a dog of mine steal." Sympathetic Old Lady (overhearing)—"Here is a quarter, poor man! I always like to reward honesty and truthfulness."—Pack.

TOLD THE TRUTH. Boarder (from the city)—"You wrote me you were never bothered by mosquitos; and they have nearly stung me to death before I've been here five minutes." Farmer—"I didn't say anything 'bout 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bothered me, and they don't; I'm use 'to 'em."—Pack.

GREEN ENOUGH. "Country raised?" asked the more cultivated raspberries, with a supercilious sneer. The watermelon flared up at the intimated insult. "I'm not so green as I look," it retorted hotly. But the doctor who came in at night and felt of the boy's pulse said he wasn't so sure about that.—Rockland Tribune.

TOOK CHANCES AND LOST. "If you're the man that answers the questions," said the lanky personage in the faded brown suit who had climbed four flights of stairs in search of information, "I wish you would tell me who it was that shrieked when Kosciusko fell?" "Freedom," replied the answer-to-questions editor, glancing up at him and resuming his work. "Then I've lost a good hat," rejoined the lanky caller, sighing heavily and turning to go. "I thought it was Marco Bozzaris."—Chicago Tribune.