

POOK WALKED THROUGH GAR. Thrilling Experience of Motorcar and Conductor in New Jersey. This tale is solemnly sworn to by Motorcar Howard Hoffman and Conductor John Shaw, of the Bloomfield avenue trolley line, who took their car out of Caldwell, N. J., for the last of the night to Newark at 11:30 o'clock recently.

There was one passenger, an employee of the Fairfield Dairy Company, bound for Montclair. Hoffman rang his gong at the approach to Pompton turnpike. The headlights illuminated the road, which was deserted. Hoffman peered back over his shoulder, and when he looked forward again he saw a man, with bowed head and hands in his pockets, plodding along on 30 feet ahead of the car. Hoffman stopped the car, and the figure stepped back to the rear of the motor. Hoffman and Shaw and the passenger got off, but they did not find the mangled body they expected.

"It was all my imagination," said Shaw. "There he is now, is that my impression or is that a man?" Hoffman, pointing down the tracks ahead of the car. They looked and saw the man Hoffman had seen, hands in pockets, his head bent, and plodding slowly along. They ran after him. The figure stepped ahead at the same distance, with no apparent effort of treading them. The three men ran 100 yards beyond an electric light, and the figure suddenly disappeared. They stared at each other helplessly.

"I am all goosehead," said Shaw. "I swear I saw a man." The two others vowed it as solemnly. They turned around again, and they saw the man again. He was walking toward them, in the middle of the track. The three wheeled back to the platform of the front platform of the car, speeched. As the man passed under the electric light he caught a view of his face, but they could not distinguish his features. The man continued at his plodding pace, walking to the back of the car, and suddenly disappeared.

An Unrepentant Convert. In Burnham the drum major of the 4th infantry regiment, noted for his staidness, good humor and constant attention to his duties, one day suddenly disappeared from the barracks at Repton. At first it was supposed that he had gone on a spree in the town, and that he would turn up again when his mad fit was over, but as day after day passed and no news came of him it was at last assumed that he had gone off in one of the American ships which call at that port, it being no unusual thing for soldiers at Repton to desert in this way. About eight months afterward a native Burnham came to the barracks one morning and by means of the regimental interpreter made it known that he had been sent by a phoebus (native priest) from a neighboring Buddhist mission in the forest to say that there was an English soldier, three whom they wished to get rid of. An escort was dispatched and brought back not less a personage than the absent drum major. The only explanation he had to give was that the spirit of adventure seized him one day, he had taken a fowling; and so gone into the jungle to shoot. Coming across the monastery, the phoebus had behaved hospitably to him, and allowed him to sleep there that night. During the night the phoebus seized him to become a Buddhist, and making known his desire to the community next morning he was accepted. For a few months all went well. He remained quietly absorbed in the study of Buddhist mysticism, which had a peculiar fascination for him. But after a time the demon of unrest began to stir him up again. He made repeated attempts to escape into the jungle and each time returned laden with game. The taking of any form of animal life is contrary to the principles of Buddhism, and the phoebus expostulated with him, but without avail, so, finding him so obstinate, he was seized and got rid of him by communicating with his regiment—Golden Penny.

Easy Shaving. The Japanese agree, some of whom are famous dandies in their way, make a soap out of coconut oil and home-made lye, and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This coconut oil soap is used for shaving, says Horace. The men who use it shave in the morning he starts out with his coconut shell cup and his denbary-tail brush and a bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in a room, even in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirty people have lived there and thrown away the bottles. The man carries no mirror, because he has none to carry. Not one negro comb in a dozen is to be seen in the mountains. But Nature provides the mirror as well as the soap. The man goes to a convenient pool in the mountain stream, where the water is still, and there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and picks out a good sharp piece. Then he lathers his face profusely and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which works almost as well as a sharp razor.

THE CONVERSATIONAL BORE. Persons Who Prefer Their Own Talk. The most irritating type of conversational bore is he or she who cannot remain silent for more than a few seconds," said a prominent hostess whose opinion was asked on the matter. "I mean particularly the person who interrupts one with encouraging remarks, such as 'Yes,' 'How charming,' 'Yes, yes,' 'Quite so,' and a host of other idiotic interruptions.

"These persons give me the impression that one's conversation is rather dull and they are doing their best to cheer you up and make you bright. Of course, the natural effect of these senseless interruptions is immediately to dry up your flow of words, and you begin to stammer and trail off in miserable fashion. The perfect hostess should remain silent when somebody else is talking and never keep string of irritating interjections during a conversation.

There are some persons—they are chiefly women, I am afraid—who are powerfully attracted by persons who begin to talk. They go on in ruthless fashion, even when other persons are in the middle of a story or some important discussion, until the other victims are forced to die away. They never have anything really interesting to say, but they love to hear themselves talk, and are incapable of following the conversation of anybody else."

TWO SMART ACTORS. Interesting Situation Concocted by an Inventive Dramatist. In a very serious drama a prisoner was obliged to read aloud a letter which the jailer brought to him. To save himself the trouble of committing it to memory the actor had been accustomed to have the actual letter handed to him. One evening the jailer thought it would be a good joke to hand the prisoner a blank sheet of paper. The prisoner, starting to read it for a moment, then threw it of his balcony, but, recovering himself, said, with the most serene calmness: "Jailer!" "Yes!" "I am obliged to make an appeal to you, in that a man?" Hoffman, pointing down the tracks ahead of the car. They looked and saw the man Hoffman had seen, hands in pockets, his head bent, and plodding slowly along. They ran after him. The figure stepped ahead at the same distance, with no apparent effort of treading them. The three men ran 100 yards beyond an electric light, and the figure suddenly disappeared. They stared at each other helplessly.

The British Crown. The present crown of the English king was originally made for Queen Victoria at her coronation in 1838. The principal jewels were taken from older crowns. The most noted stone is the great ruby which was given to the Black Prince by Peter the Cruel after the battle of Navarre in 1267. It was also worn by Henry V in the crown encircling his helmet at the battle of Agincourt in 1415.

The Usual Penalty. Little Dick, who was in the habit of receiving a good old-fashioned punishment when he said naughty words, was much excited the other day when he found his mother washing out the new baby's mouth with an antiseptic. "Roory for her!" he cried, looking at Little Sister with daring admiration. "Aw, mother, tell me what she said, won't you?"

Striking the Hot Iron. The following is the conversation carried on between a blacksmith and his helper; both, as it happened, students. Blacksmith's Helper—"Oh-shall I b-b-bit s-s-saw?" Blacksmith (who is holding a piece of heated iron on the anvil for the helper to hit)—"Y-y-yes, b-bit it s-s-saw." Blacksmith's Helper—"Oh-shall I b-b-bit it b-b-bard?" Blacksmith—"Y-y-yes, b-bit it b-b-bard." Blacksmith's Helper—"Oh-shall I b-b-bit it b-b-bard?" Blacksmith—"Y-y-yes, b-bit it b-b-bard."

AS A KING RETURNS

BY ALPHONSE CORTLANDER. Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company. The judge said it was time that some check should be put upon the influx of criminal foreigners to this land. He thought it scandalous that men of other nationalities should regard America as a dumping ground for criminals. He for one was anxious to show that he had the interest of the nation so much at heart that he would make personal sacrifices to carry out his idea.

He did not believe in commissions, sitting in years to inquire into the state of affairs, and finally doing nothing toward a remedy. He himself would pay the thief's fare back to Russia when the time of his imprisonment expired; thus the country would be rid of at least one undesirable alien.

A man shuffled into the village of Nikolok, government of Tobolsky, as the first shadows of evening were falling. Every now and again he paused and looked wistfully around him as if he were endeavoring to bring to some familiar spot memories of long-dead days of youth. In the market-place he stood for quite five minutes spelling out slowly the names above the shops; and when he reached the wooden pump in the square, he searched it eagerly for some inscription. At last he found two, initials—roughly, boyishly carved on the handle—and he regarded them reverently.

Then he slouched on and came to a little drinking-house, and entered. Behind the counter an old white-bearded man was seated at a long table, pulled down over his ears, only his red shirt visible above the counter. In one corner sat over their cups of lemon-tee, laughing and spitting upon the sand straw floor. "Hello, tobi!" ("God be with thee!") said the old man behind the counter as the stranger ordered his beverage. "Hast thou come from afar?"

"Aye, old one—from very far." At the sound of his voice the old man peered curiously at him from beneath his fair-shadowed brows. "What are you looking at, little father?" asked the stranger gruffly, pulling at his unkempt beard. "Thy-shy voice," replied the old man hesitatingly, "reminded me of my son." "Thy son? Hast thou a son?" "Most assuredly, little friend. Of course, I have a son. Oh—and he is doing well. He is a great merchant in faraway America, the land of the free. He left here many years ago."

"How? Hast thou known him, that thy son is doing well?" asked the stranger, sipping at his drink. "Eh? What a question, to be sure, is not America the land of the free, where all men prosper exceedingly? He had a business of his own. Leather was his trade, and he sent me two roubles regularly every week for many years. A year ago he sent me five hundred roubles—five hundred roubles—think of that! And then he was silent for a time.

"Not I have not heard of him for quite a long time. But what of that? He is a job. Look—he sent me five hundred roubles. Of a truth, one can be proud of a son like that. Would that my wife were alive to know how wealthy he has become!" The stranger's glass slid from his fingers and crashed to the floor. "Chort yourself!" ejaculated the stranger. "Nevil take it—that a clumsy one I am!" His voice quivered as he spoke. "So—your wife is dead?" The old man brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "She died two years ago. What a treasure she was! She died with Pavel's—my son's—name of her lips. Oh, but I told her, Pavel is a rich merchant in America; grieve not, bolubohik—he will be a credit to us!" "Ah, a credit!" cried the stranger. He shook his shoulders uncomfortably and stared thoughtfully ahead of him. The old man reddened a glass and set it before him.

LED TO BE DRIVEN



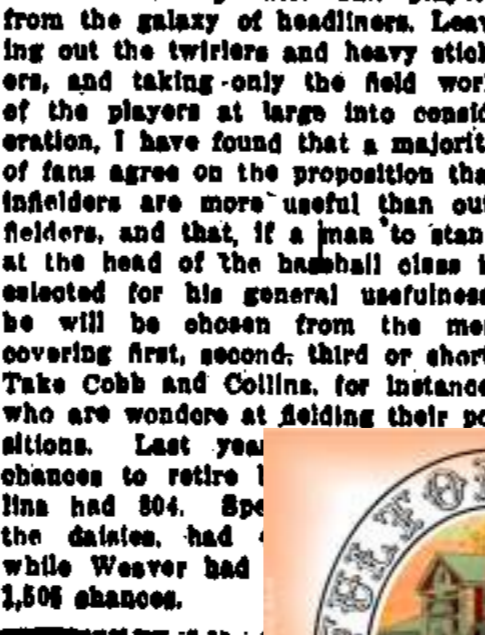
Go in to marry wider, Jones, he yet. Can't see what the int-ment is. She drove her last husband to grief. Yes. That's just it. A DIFFERENT KIND.



Ragles—What did that sign say that you were reading? Wagles—Aw, that was a dentist. Ragles—Tooth inserted for five dollars. Wagles—Gee, I wish I had five dollars for all de teeth I've had inserted in me.



Lady—What was the cause of your dog's death, my man? Convict—A banana skin, lady; you see, while running away I slipped on one and the dog caught me. DIDN'T HAVE TO.



Young Girl—Did you ever go to military ball? Old Vet. (with one arm)—No, but I had a military ball come to me.

ORIGNON AGATE

A Home Industry in Which We Can Know but Which is Overlooked. Walter H. Whitten of Newburg Ore., speaking of the mineral resources of Oregon, said that the first rough agates in the world were found on the Oregon coast at Newburg.

"The winter is the best time to find them, for during this season the ocean current changes its direction and washes away the surface sand and silt, in which deposits the rough agates of all sizes may be found. Sometimes the agate season last but a couple of weeks, depending entirely upon the inexplicable caprices of the sea, the winds, the tide and current. The pure grayish white efflorescence on the carnelian and the jasper, and where both iron and manganese occur we have the moon stone. The coral and the cloudy are the finest and most delicate of tint and sunset quality, while the carnelian and the jasper are the warm, rich, glowing stones, perhaps the most valuable and most eagerly sought. The agate making is a home industry, steadily developed, and one in which we can not only excel the foreigners in the reality of the raw material but in the variety and supply."

Tree Life. Brazilian cocconut palms live from 800 to 700 years, and the Arabians assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of 800 to 900 years. Waltham's oak near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be more than 700 years old, and there are eight olive trees on the island of Olives near Jerusalem, which are known to have been flourishing in 1059. The Jews of Pountaine Abbey, Yorkshire, were old trees when in 1182 the abbey was built. The oldest tree in California is a sequoia in Sequoia National Park, California. Sequoia trees of Africa have been computed to be more than 5,000 years old, and the deciduous cypress at Chantepoix is considered to be of a still greater age. Sumner said that the Dromedary Dingo at Crotoy, on Teneriffe, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth.

England's Old Guns. One who has armed a fifth rate Power with the severest guns which were sold by auction at Woolwich Arsenal at old metal prices. However, before the sale the War Office authorities took the precaution of having the guns tested together. A 40-pounder breech-loader went at a bargain of \$8 10, while a 7-inch Krupp only fetched \$7, in spite of its 3 1/2 tons. Two 12-inch guns, weighing together seven tons, were also cheap at \$14 10, and two 16-pounders brought only \$1 20 each.—London Daily Mail.

The Specialist. Captain Spencer of the Church Army tells this incident. He asked a convict what he did for living when he left prison. "Well, in spring I do a bit of peapicking, and in summer I do a bit of fruit-picking, and in the autumn I do a bit of 'op-picking." "Yes," said the captain, "and what do you do in the winter?" "Well, mister, I may as well be honest with yer. In the winter I do a bit of 'pocket-picking." Captain Spencer next asked: "And what happens then?" The convict replied: "Why, I come 'ere and do a bit of 'corkum-picking!"—London News.

Grain to Bread Record. A record time for converting grain into bread has been established by a Canadian farmer. Wheat, which was in the sheaf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was made into scones before 5. When operations began a wagon stood in the barn with about half a load of grain on the sled. Beside it was a thrasher; connected with this was a gasoline engine. The engine was started, the shaves were fed into the thrasher, and the grain was deposited in a bin. The power was then transferred to the elevator, and the work of changing the awry threshed wheat into flour was quickly carried through. The rest of the task was easy.

A Choir With No Head. At the Chapel of St. Peter in Florence there is a choir of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. The birds—300 in number—are all in separate cages, which are arranged in the shape of a choir. The leader is a girl, who has had the birds under her own personal training for two years. The whole of the musical part of the service is most exactly regulated by them. The birds sing at intervals, and the first few notes, and then the birds take it up, in obedience to the movement of their instructor's hand.—Tit-Bits.

Observing the Sabbath. Melbourne has successfully re-elected the "Lord's day act of George III." That city is a Sabbatharian stronghold. No Sunday newspaper is allowed to appear, and every hotel is closed by law, although much illicit drinking is done.

VEGETARIANS IN A RAGE

Statement That Omnivores Eat Right. King of Food Stirs Big Row. The statement made by Dr. F. Gowland Hopkins in an address on "Biological Chemistry" at the Royal Institution in London that in consuming his own kind the omnivorous was eating exactly the right stuff, has acted a quaffer through the ranks of the vegetarians. Dr. Hopkins based his statements on the assumption that a cannibal by eating his own kind obtained just the right quality and quantity of protein.

When "Justice Miles had recovered from the shock of being requested to give an opinion on the subject he denounced Dr. Hopkins' theories as ridiculous. "Man's body," said the noted vegetarian, "contains not only protein, but also the products of his own work of bodily and mental work and work-out tissues." "When a man eats flesh food of any kind he adds to his body these solid waste products, which are hard to get rid of without abundant exercise. I admit, however, that the omnivorous probably gets healthy exercise by chasing his victims."

As Mr. Miles warmed up to his subject he became enthusiastic. "When an animal dies its struggles are emptied and its blood becomes thick and unhealthy. If Dr. Hopkins' ideas were carried out scientifically then man should eat man. But even a live man does not contain protein in such a concentrated form as a Parmesan cheese. "It is just possible, but quite unproved, that the proteid of human flesh might be better for man than other proteins, but I would not care to advocate the theory. The prospect of the unemployed being let loose on certain members of the city corporation would be appalling."

A correspondent has written some interviews with celebrities on the question of whom they would like to eat. Bernard Shaw, who was mentioned in the core of a green apple, remarked, however, merrily, that he had never made an "obscene remark" in his life. "That is one of the secrets of my greatness," he said. "Otherwise and if I were not a vegetarian from birth, I might have mentioned the Censor of Plays, a really excellent food, but I content myself with wishing that the majority of critics who write columns about my plays, could be bottled and then stuffed with chestnuts. They would appreciate my meaning. But I would not guarantee to eat them."

Out Finger—Photograph Rejected. An accident—a put on the finger—caused Edison to invent the photograph, or talking machine. Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time he said, he was sitting into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and round about, guided by the vibrations of his voice. He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel point, as he spoke, scratched the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark, or scratch.

This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper across it slowly over it. There was scratched forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it. Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of a voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite hacked off and no phonograph would have resulted.

Improvement of Japan's Laws. Japan's laws have been greatly improved during the last fifteen years. Decapitation and torture have been abolished and hanging remains the sole method of inflicting the death penalty. The 200 crimes calling for the full penalty of the law under the old system, capital punishment is now threatened for only four crimes. Penal servitude, imprisonment with or without hard labor, fines and police supervision are the punishments inflicted for the minor crimes. Corporal punishment is no longer permitted.

Shoddy British Leads. The soldiers of England have questioned the wisdom of the war. The original cognomen of the Duke of Northumberland was Smithson, the assumed name of the family Percy; the Marquis of Lansdowne was Percy and afterward Pittman; the Marquis of Epsom was Bayly, then Paget; Marquis Canningham was Burton; Lord Vestry was a Molesey; Marquis of Tallardine was a Murray, etc.

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