

SPIRIT WATER CAVE.

An Inaian Legend That Proved to be True History.

E. L. Furlong of the University of California was commissioned by his university several years ago to search the Quaternary caves along the McCloud River in Shasta County. He has discovered a number of limestone caverns containing animal remains of scientific interest. The most interesting of these is called the Samwel or "spirit water" cave, from the fact that the Wintun Indians have thus named a pool which it contains. They have a legend to the effect that a Wintun maiden while searching for water in the cave fell into a fathomless well and was never again seen. This story led to some interesting discoveries. The Samwel cave is situated on the east bank of the McCloud River, about sixteen miles above the mouth. It is 355 feet above the river bed and about 1,500 above sea level. The entrance is a low arch, which leads to a series of galleries and large chambers. On the sides of the main chambers are several small openings which lead to a series of series of galleries, one of which contains the "spirit water" pool. High up on the south wall, and very difficult of access, is the opening of a small tunnel, running to a second and still larger cavern. At the farthest end of one of several grotto-like extensions of this chamber, Mr. Furlong found the "well" down which the maiden fell. Steel pins were set in the floor and by means of a rope ladder he descended to another vast cavern seventy-five feet below. He found the skeleton of the Indian maiden immediately beneath the opening to the legend proved to be true history. The floor of this chamber was covered with the bones of animals—chiefly the larger carnivora and cave inhabiting rodents—whose presence there could only be accounted for in some previous time been another entrance to the cave.

OVERWORKED POLITICIAN.

(Brooklyn Eagle.) The sidewalk on Atlantic avenue, near Court street, was swaying from side to side with a gentle though unnecessary sway. It also had a tendency to rise and fall in the foreground and abate; also had a circumferential centrifugal motion. A bewildered gentleman, who had just been trying to swell the malt liquor statistics for the year 1904 held to an imaginary post in the middle of the pavement. It is a difficult matter to maintain one's balance along Atlantic avenue with but a few feet to a fall off the curb on one side or grinding one's face against the architecture on the other, while the Atlantic Ocean is obviously rolling under the sidewalk. The lacerated pedestrian struck a balance by stubbing his toe on his instep, then looked astonished and grieved as if some one had left him and gone into a saloon without inviting him along. Then a thought came to him and he indulged in seven footsteps. "Between you and me and the lamp-post," he said, "I'm getting the best of this street." Then he went up to an elderly gentleman. "Say, m' friend, d'you know what's the issue in this campaign?" The elderly gentleman probably knew, but was not disposed to say. So the questioner went up to a youth getting into a delivery wagon. "Say, d'you know what's the issue in this campaign?" "You're the issue," answered the other and drove off. "Strangest people ever saw," soliloquized the searcher for truth. "Been going all around; nobody interested in politics. Election coming on. Country in effervescent state of melancholy. Must tell Roosevelt all about it; file petition. People all going to sleep. Pretty soon all got to vote. Nobody knows vital point got to vote for. I know but can't expect me to see to the whole country at once. Too much work for one man; somebody got to help me. "Say, m' friend, d'you know what's the issue in this campaign?"

IN RURAL ENGLAND.

The condition of the leading manufacturing centers of Great Britain is most deplorable. Complaint is universal. Manufacture in many districts is at a standstill and the greatest anxiety exists as to the outcome. All this, of course, lends force to the agitation for a modified tariff started by Mr. Chamberlain, but the cry of cheap food for the workmen still continues to be the controlling force in industrial agitation. The sorry fact is that while England is enlarging her cities, building larger factories and crowding the laboring classes closer together, she is permitting the rural classes to decay. Automobilsts who have "done" England crosslots this summer find the ancient manor houses with their windows boarded up, their gardens grown to weeds and things generally in a tumble down condition. Dilapidation seems to be the rule everywhere. Meanwhile 77 per cent. of England's population lives in cities, and the percentage is rapidly increasing. It is bad enough in the United States, where 40 per cent. of the people live in the cities, but as a matter of fact, no country in the world is so badly centralized as England.

AUTOMATIC COUPLERS.

A member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of Great Britain, in making a complaint against the present coupling methods in use there, cites the following interesting statistics: In 1893 about 180,000 trainmen were employed in coupling and uncoupling cars in the United States. Of these 11,710 were either killed or injured. In 1903, owing to the compulsory use of automatic couplers, despite an increased number of trainmen, the killed and injured had fallen to 1,800. "Thus some 64,000 men in the intervening period who would otherwise have died or suffered, and left widows or orphans, were spared to their work and to their families by the legislative enforcement of automatic couplings." In England, on the other hand, during the same period there has been an increase in yearly coupling accidents of over 2,000.

Most of our maps of Asia are drawn to a small scale, and, on such maps, the Japanese Archipelago fills little space, but she is larger than England and more populous. She has 6,000,000 more people than France. She sent six armies over sea within six months, every one of which was as big as either army that met at Waterloo. She has sent to Manchuria twice as many soldiers in six months as England sent to South Africa in two years.

AMONG THE HUMORISTS.

"The doctors have ordered Bilkins to be quiet and under no circumstances to use his brain." "But how does he pass his time?" "I believe he is writing a novel." —Lile. Minnie—"I must be losing my good looks." Harry—"Whys?" Minnie—"I sold only twelve tickets for the charity raffle against twenty-one last year." —Chicago Daily News. "When a person's 'wool gathering' that means he's lazy, doesn't it, pa?" "Not necessarily, my son. He may be gathering the wool of the lambs in Wall street." —Philadelphia Ledger. "But you have no rails, no grand old piles in the country," said the complaining foreigner. "Say, come back to the safe and let me show you my pile of Steel common certificates." —Chicago Record-Herald. Clara—"How under the sun did Edith happen to marry Mr. Awkward?" Dora—"He was the bane of her life at every ball she attended, and I presume she married him to keep him from wanting to dance with her." —New York Weekly.

If people had to sit on an uncomfortable seat at a church as at the circus how they would roar. This is one of the things that prove the influence of mind over matter.—Archibald Globe. "Whiskey" roared the temperance lecturer, "has filled more graves than anything else in the world." "What's the matter with the doctors?" queried a small voice from the gallery. Eunice. "Actually, Uncle George, I haven't anything fit to wear." Uncle George—"Yes, I've noticed that all your gowns are in the height of fashion, you know." Aunt Jane—"I suppose that little book you carry in your bag contained improving quotations, but the leaves were all blank. You said it was your book of self-help, you know." Henrietta. "So it is. It's the latest thing in toilet powder."

Bertha—"You don't mean to say you have refused Frederick?" Edith—"I had to. He told me he had never done anything he was ashamed of. I never could think of marrying a shameless man, you know." She—"There's nothing so beautiful as a mother's love." He—"And there's nothing so mysterious as a boy's love for his mother—the woman, you know, who used to cut his hair and make him look like a guy." Felix—"And where did you get the black eye?" Dolor—"It was given to me by a gent who was quick at repartee. I said he was a liar, and he replied by giving me a punch in the optic."

Little Mabel asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." She was told that it meant "the world." "Some days after the teacher of the class to which Mabel belonged asked, "What is the equator?" After some hesitation Mabel said, "I know; it's the belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

The three important wheat states of Australia produce 35,000,000 bushels. The yield to each acre in New South Wales is 10.6 bushels, in South Australia 6.9 bushels, and in West Australia 4.6 bushels. Willie—"Why do firemen wear red shirts pa?" Pa—"To keep themselves warm, my son. That is to say in winter; in summer they wear them to keep the heat from getting to them."

Jason was gazing at the Herpiee. "Homely old girls, aren't they?" said the pilot. "Yes, indeed," declared Jason. "The middle one looks like Carrie Nation." Loading a cannon with bird shot, he took careful aim.—Milwaukee Sentinel. WIVES OF THE SOCIETY EDITOR. "In your column this morning, madam" observed the caller, frostily, "you refer to me as 'Mrs. Suddyn-Klymer, formerly the beautiful Miss Amibish of amateur dramatic fame.'" "Well?" "Well, madam, have I become so hopeless plain that you think it necessary to speak of me as 'formerly beautiful'?" —Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Boardman—What did those pies taste like which we had for dinner. Mr. Boardman—Sawdust. "Exactly. That accounts for it. I heard the boarding house woman tell her husband to order some kindling wood as she wanted to make some pies for dinner!" —Yonkers Statesman.

The bugs pounce on what man has planted. The eager turkey follows. And through kind Nature's scheming fattens. Upon the bugs he swallows. Then man proceeds to eat the turkey. Thus reaping from his sowing— It seems a long way round and foolish. That Nature keeps him going. —Chicago Record-Herald. Dolly Wings—The leading lady has been married six times. Kitty Flies—And does she intend to remain on the stage? Dolly Wings—No, she thinks she has been married enough to enter high society.—Chicago News. Hon. Peter—Charmed to have met you, Miss Dufraine. I hope you will have a good time. Honorific (as he prepares to depart)—Thanks, there is every prospect.—Judy. COMING TO THE POINT. The lovely girl tapped softly at the door of her father's private office. There was no response. She tapped a little louder. She turned the knob and entered. The gray haired money grabber looked up from his little desk. "Hello, Lucile!" "Hello, pa!" "Money?" "No, pa." "Eh! Anything wrong?" "No, pa." "Talk faster, my girl." "Well, you see, pa, I want—" "How much?" "Wait pa. Give me time." "That's something I can't spare." "Just a minute, pa. I want to give—" "What will it cost?" "Don't interrupt pa, I want to give a young man something." "Birthday present?" "Yes." "Well, don't come to me. I haven't any idea what a young man wants." "But I have, pa. I—I know just what he wants." "But why do you come to me?" "Because what he wants is—" "Oh, that's all right, of course. Give him anything you please. Want a check?" "No—no, pa." "Oh, speak up." "I want you to say it's all right pa. I want you to say again that I can give him anything I please." "Silly girl. Of course you can. You've always had your own way. Is that all?" "What he wants is—" "Well?" "M—m—me!" "Tableau.—Manchester (England) Chronicle.

HIS INTENTIONS.

Has the man who has been asked his intentions by an irate parent ever given a satisfactory account of himself? asks Margot in The London Daily Chronicle. Men who have to be taken to task about "intentions" do not generally mean what is vulgarly called "business." Certainly to further matrimonial developments nor make him, who is so severely brought to book, anxious to link his fate with the questioner in relations by "law." There are several ways whereby men may drift into situations laying them open to this form of inquiry. By merely accepting repeated invitations they may do so. Yet surely those who extend such unwisely lavish hospitality are themselves first of all to blame. They have a pleasant house, perhaps one only daughter—we will call her Violet. The man is eligible, solitary, and glad to join when he can a home circle, to him all cordially. In the parents' view Violet looms large on the horizon; the comforts and intimacies of their home are quite secondary—matters of habit they scarcely heed them. How often the eligible comes! True, they invite him; but in "quiet" times as in gay he is constant alike. They jump to a very natural conclusion, and of course, think he comes to see Violet. If later he is "cornered" about his intentions, he is supremely astonished, the parents humiliated and vexed—and the girl, if she hears of it, knows not where to hide her bowed head. As a rule, the man who needs asking means nothing. Those really desirous of marrying rarely dangle a bait in a compromising fashion that lays their intentions open to suspicion. Hangers-on there are, though whom poverty keeps dumb. They long but they dare not. Such parents are not anxious to bring to the point by uncomfortable queries. It would be more merciful to invite them little—they only singe their wings. And a man who, finding his presence more than tolerated, then gets his proposals received with scorn and indignation, has just cause for grievance. Indeed, I often feel not a little inclined to ask some of those pressing hosts and hostesses, who are also parents of daughters—What are their "intentions" towards some unfortunate youths?

NO RESPECTOR OF PERSONS. While James Jeffrey Roche was having a chat with President Roosevelt in the White House last week the telephone bell was ringing somewhat persistently. There being no attendant at hand the President excused himself and went to answer the repeated call. This is the conversation that took place on the line, according to the testimony of the distinguished gentleman at the President's end of it. "Well, what is it?" "Hello, is Archie there?" "No he's not." "Who's this I'm speaking to." "The President." "Well, you'll do. Tell Archie to come over and play ball." And the President proceeded to execute the order, as directed.—Boston Herald.

MEXICAN SOCIETY.

It is of Ancient Date and Possesses a Rare Charm. Long before the Pilgrim Fathers knelt on Plymouth, Rock, Mexico boasted of society. Following the Conquistadores came families introducing refined Latin civilization as it was known in Europe. Hence Mexican society of today has a tradition. Unlike the mushroom growth which is known in more protentious countries this Mexican society does not vaunt itself. Like the charity recommended by the Apostle, it is not puffed up. It is stately and exclusive. It has to be sought. It has the charm of quietude. When found it opens with warmth. It is the essence of hospitality. It is self-contained, free from arrogance, and content. The patios and corridors of the homes are bright with foliage. The atmosphere is musical with the songs of birds, and the dreamy splash of fountains. The paintings on the walls suggest a spirit of devotion. The welcome extended is genuine and cultured. The visitor feels at once at home.

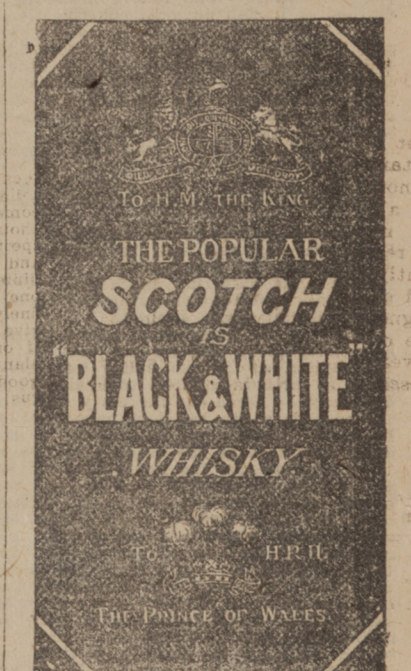
CANCER IS INCREASING.

Dr. Roger Williams, in the Lancet (London), treats of the prevalence of cancer. He states that it is reported that the Imperial Research Fund has come to the conclusion that there is no real increase in the number of cases of cancer. This statement he disputes, and gives his reasons for believing in a most decided increase. His statistics from 1840 to 1900 show that the death-rate per thousand has changed from 177 at the earlier date to 828 in 1900, and that the proportionate number of cases to the population has changed from 1 in 5646 to 1 in 2107.

According to these figures, which are presumably trustworthy, there is no question of the increase. He then takes up the various ways in which this apparent increase is explained. Many have thought this increase due simply to the increase in the population, but it is shown that the cancer mortality has increased threefold, while the population has doubled. It is not true that it is due to increase of average age, because of better hygienic conditions, for this increase is in the ages below those most subject to cancer. He then takes up the claim that the increased number may be due to more accurate diagnosis, and claims that this is balanced by the fact that old practitioners classed as cancer many tumors not of a malignant nature. The greater increase in men as compared with women he explains as probably due to urbanization, by which men are, to a large extent, living under conditions to which women were formerly more especially subject.

Lady Marcus Beresford, who founded England's cat club, is said to have the best cattery known. It contains over 150 felines. She has, of course, the choicest breeds, rare Persians, Chinchillas with husky tails and Manx cats with out any tail whatever. She has a cat cottage where every provision has been made for comfort and cleanliness, ventilation and warmth.

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