

## THE QUIET LIFE

Forty years ago Ezekiel Anders, A. B. Yale, aged twenty, came out of the cultured East and settled in a little trans-Mississippi town as professor of mathematics in Blockitt College.

"Mr. Anders," said President Orson, as he met the newcomer at the steamboat dock, "I shall be glad to have you make your home at our house. We are rough and crude here in the West, and perhaps you may feel more at home with us than elsewhere."

"Thank you, sir," said Prof. Anders, a tall, thin young man with small brown side whiskers and a serious face. "You offer a pleasant solution to a problem which has perplexed me greatly."

Prof. Anders moved his chest of books and his trunk into two rooms on the second floor of President Orson's cottage. There he settled down to a lifetime of teaching trigonometry, solid geometry and the higher mathematics.

Before he was forty the irreverent students of Blockitt College called him "Old Zeke" and loved him as the personification of all that was scholarly, gentle and unworldly.

When Prof. Anders first came to live in the home of President Orson the other occupants of the house were the president, his wife and their daughter and only child Alice, then a happy little girl of eight. From the beginning the professor and Alice were friends and chums.

The professor read her little verses, told her wonderful tales of fairies, and on one occasion at least was detected down on all fours, with Miss Alice mounded in state upon his back.

"It's a lion!" explained the little girl, as the professor scrambled up in embarrassment from the floor, "and I'm the lion tamer."

Which was, perhaps, nearer the truth than she imagined.

When Prof. Anders had lived in the house ten years Miss Alice was a beautiful, blooming girl of eighteen. As the professor saw her budding into womanhood he started to shrink back into his shell. But the girl would not allow it. She insisted on remaining in her old position of friendly intimacy, and even went so far as to discover an unexpected fondness for the problems of higher mathematics.

Twenty years went by without at all disturbing the relations of the four dwellers under the Orson roof.

Miss Alice, a mature woman of twenty-eight, was looked upon as a maiden lady who had deliberately chosen that part in life. She was even more beautiful than in the boy days of her youth, and she took an active part in all the social life of the little college town.

Then suddenly came the deluge. President Orson died suddenly, and his wife, stricken by the shock, survived him only a month, leaving Miss Alice an orphan. Prof. Anders felt that his little world had been shaken to pieces by a convulsion of nature. For a week after the funeral of Mrs. Orson he was even more absent-minded than usual. Then one evening he sat down at his desk in the corner of his sitting room and wrote the following letter:

Dear Miss Alice, We—or at least I—am confronted with a most serious and perplexing problem. I realize the impropriety of my remaining longer in your house now that you are without your natural protectors. At the same time I feel a strong, and, I believe, a natural reluctance to remove myself and my possessions from their accustomed surroundings. This feeling has taken a most compelling hold upon me and makes me bold enough to suggest that possibly you, to some extent, may also be reluctant to see old associations broken by removal. If I am right in this suggestion, may I venture to suggest further that if you could see your way clear to a matrimonial alliance, with myself as one of the parties, I should feel myself honored far beyond my deserts, and at the same time the problem which confronts us would be solved.

"Awaiting your reply with more than my usual impatience, I beg to remain your most obedient servant, "EZEKIEL ANDERS."

Having folded this letter and inclosed it in a stamped envelope addressed to Miss Alice Orson, the professor slipped out of the house, and, with many a glance behind to see if he was observed, dropped it into the mail box two blocks away.

Next morning the professor left the house an hour before the mail carrier arrived, and he sent home word during the afternoon that he would not return for dinner in the evening. When he finally let himself in the house was in darkness. But on his desk he found the following note:

"Dear Professor: I am glad that your mathematical training has put you on the track of the only reasonable solution of the problem which confronts us. I shall be glad to see you before your classes in the morning."

Well, three months later they were married. That was nearly twenty years ago. Prof. Anders and his wife, Alice, are still living, and if they are not the happiest married couple in the country there is at least no visible sign of the slightest ripple on the even tenor of their married life. The professor can still reach out in the dark and find his Horace in the same old place, and Mrs. Anders is still counted one of the prettiest women in her native State.

And, in all essentials, this is true tale, in nothing exaggerated or overdrawn.—H. M. H., in Chicago Tribune.

## ON JAPANESE TORPEDO BOATS.

### Inconveniences to Which Officers and Men Are Put.

A Japanese officer serving on a torpedo boat has been telling his experiences. Very few caught cold, despite the bitter weather. The officer attributes this to the fact that they did not expose themselves to variations of temperature, as is the case with men in a big ship where cabins can be warmed and heat-generating processes employed. On a destroyer or a torpedo boat the only source of artificial heat is a brazier, and braziers have two serious drawbacks; one that in a little craft pitching and rolling badly live charcoal is a dangerous companion; the other that, as all apertures have to be closed to keep out the sea, the fumes of a brazier would be perilous. There was nothing for it, consequently, but to dispense with all heating appliances and the men, living in a uniformly cold temperature seem to have kept their health better than they would have done had means of generating artificial heat been accessible.

One great trouble was that the officers hardly ever got quiet sleep. Their work was always at night, and the strain and anxiety of moving at high speed without lights, when every sense had to be keenly alert so as to avoid collisions and yet keep in touch with the other boats, became scarcely endurable. It was not merely want of opportunity to sleep; what happened was that the long-sustained tension made sleep impossible. Drinking sake brought no relaxation of the strain, and only by taking morphine could sleep be obtained in many cases. This was found much worse than the actual fighting.

Provisions were another great difficulty. It is, of course, out of the question to have good fare on board a torpedo boat. But in very cold weather what a Japanese soldier or sailor desires above all things is plenty of misoshiru (bean sauce). Casks of this necessary were taken, but as there was no place to stand them under cover they had to be lashed on the deck, and so it happened that heavy seas constantly breaking on board carried away or smashed many of the casks, to the men's great chagrin.

### How the Constitution Escaped.

The next morning left no doubt as to the character of the strangers, among whom was the Guerriere, and there ensued a chase which, lasting from daylight of July 18 to near noon of the 20th, has become historical in the United States navy, from the attendant difficulties and the imminent peril of the favorite ship endangered.

Much of the pursuit being in calm, and on soundings, resort was had to towing by boats, and to dragging the ship ahead by means of light anchors dropped on the bottom. In a contest of this kind, the ability of a squadron to concentrate numbers on one or two ships, which can first approach and cripple the enemy, thus holding him till their consorts come up, gives an evident advantage over the single element. On the other hand, the towing boats of the pursuer, being toward the stern guns of the pursued, are the first objects on either side to come under fire, and are vulnerable to a much greater degree than ships themselves. Under such conditions, accurate appreciation of advantages, and unremitting use of small opportunities, are apt to prove decisive. It was by such diligent and skillful exertion that the Constitution effected her escape from a position which for a time seemed desperate; but it should not escape attention that thus early in the war, before Great Britain had been able to re-enforce her American fleet, one of our frigates was unable to enter our principal seaport. "Finding the ship so far to the southward and eastward," reported Hull, and the enemy's squadron stationed off New York, which would make it impossible to get in there, I determined to make for Boston, to receive your further orders."—Scribner's.

### Sharks After 150 Years Absence.

Sharks have appeared in the Baltic sea, after an absence of nearly 150 years. Sharks are still to be met with in the Mediterranean, but the northern seas had long been rid of them. But now fishermen report that in the narrows of the Cattegat and the Belt these dangerous fish are once more to be seen, and that they follow the boats to attack the nets as they are being hauled in. It is also said that some of the fishermen have had narrow escapes with their lives. There are shoals of sharks in the North sea, and along the coasts of Germany and Norway they are to be found in considerable numbers.

### Island Ruled Entirely by Women.

Tiburon, an island in the Gulf of California, is ruled entirely by women. The inhabitants are a remnant of the Sevis tribe of Indians, formerly numbering about 5,000, but now shrunken to a few hundreds. They live in almost complete isolation and refuse to marry any of the Indians of the mainland. The woman is head of the household, and a council of matrons conducts public affairs.

### Indians Vote Square.

Speaking of the Indian, Chief Porter of the Creek nation recently said: "For forty years I have been familiar with Indian election affairs, and I have never heard of a case of repeating or intimidation of a voter. Repeating is impossible in the Indian elections, and so far as intimidation goes the Indian is too good a citizen to attempt any such crime."—Kansas City Journal.

## LIVE WITHOUT DRINKING.

### Creatures of the Desert Exist for Long Periods on Dry Foods.

But other creatures than the camel are able to get along for extended periods without drinking. Sheep in the southwestern deserts go for 40 to 60 days in winter without drink, grazing on the green, succulent vegetation of that season. Peccaries in the desert of Sonora live in little dry hills, where there is no natural water, for long periods. They cannot possibly find water, in fact for months at a time. The only moisture they can obtain comes from roots and the fruits of cacti.

But the most extraordinary case is that of the pocket mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little creature, by the way, has a genuine fur-lined "pocket" on the outside of his cheek. When it is hungry it takes food from this pocket with its paw, just as a man would pull a ham sandwich from his pocket.

One of these mice has been kept for three years with no other food than the mixed birdseed of commerce. During this period it had not a taste of either water or green food. Other experiments have found, in fact, that these mice in captivity refuse such treats, not seeming to know that water is good to drink. The birdseed put before this mouse contained not more than 10 per cent. of moisture which is less than is necessary for digestion. Stuff so dry as this can not even be swallowed until it is moistened by saliva. Yet this remarkable mouse gave nothing but his time to the interests of science. He suffered nothing in health or spirits during his captivity. The "absolutely abstemious age" of which Edward Lear wrote is completely outclassed.

The question is seriously raised whether this mouse is provided with a condensing apparatus by which it is able to absorb moisture from the atmosphere. At night and in the burrows the humidity is much higher than in the daytime above ground, but it never reaches the dew point.—New York Evening Post.

### Origin of Shorthand.

The existence of stenography among the Greeks and the Romans is certain. The shorthand that they used was a form of writing in which each word was represented by a special sign. The letters of the alphabet with modifications, connected so as to admit of great rapidity of execution, formed the elements of these characters. They date at least from the first century before Christ.

In the second century A. D. is found the term semelograph (stenographic character) in the Greek orator, Flavius Philostratus.

Origen of Alexandria (185-254 A. D.) noted his sermons down in shorthand and Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian of the fourth century says that part of the sermons of St. John Chrysostom was preserved by the same process. In the first century B. C. a discourse of Cato Uticensis, according to Plutarch, was taken down by shorthand reporters.

The development of shorthand was due especially to Marcus Tullius Tiro, born in Latium in 103 B. C. Tiro, who was a slave, was brought up with Cicero, who was some years his junior. Freed, he became Cicero's secretary and in this capacity aided him greatly. In the famous trial of Catiline (63 B. C.) the stenographic rapidity of Tiro was at its height.—Chicago Tribune.

### Late Count Walderssee's Courtship.

Of the late Field Marshal Count Walderssee it is said that he proposed to Princess Noer, who became his wife, under the following circumstances: The princess had been shopping and had a small parcel in her hand when he met her, saluted and turned around to accompany her to the door of her residence. The princess held out the parcel to him. He looked distressed. She affected not to understand why. He reminded her of the severe rule prohibiting military men of every degree from carrying in the streets parcels or even ladies' wraps. She told him that the rule was absurd, and that in this instance it must be disregarded, or else—He laughed, took the parcel and called next day to know what penalty he would have incurred had he not broken the rule. She made a saucy reply. Both banded words half-gay, half-sentimental, with the consequence, that the visit ended in an engagement.

### Heaven Business Methods.

Business among the Chinese, according to a Russian traveller who has just returned from Manchuria, is on a co-operative basis. There are neither proprietors nor employees, but all who work in an establishment are partners.

From time to time small allowances are doled out to them—barely enough to live on—but at the end of the year all the profits are divided.

The Chinese merchants are so honest that among all the ten branches of the Russo-Chinese Bank located in China there has been no record since their establishment of a single protested note.

### A Great Australian Charity.

One of the oldest institutions in Melbourne, Australia, known as the "8 o'clock rush," is in danger of extinction. For half a century a philanthropic restaurant proprietor has given a free meal at 8 o'clock every evening to persons temporarily "down on their luck." No professional loafers or chronically unemployed were encouraged. The attendance averaged about a hundred. The proprietor of the restaurant is now retiring from business.—Boston Transcript.

## FROM ORCHIDS TO SNOW.

### Two Places in the World Where Three Zones Are Represented.

There are two places in the world where a person can pass through the tropical, subtropical and temperate zones in an hour. Hawaii is one and Darjeeling, in northeastern India, is another.

In both these places the trick is done by climbing up the high mountains. In Hawaii the traveler starts with the warm breath of the Pacific fanning him amid the smell of palm trees. He passes by great clusters of tropical fruit, and as he mounts the trees change until he is in the kind of scenery that may be found in the southern United States.

Still he climbs, and soon he notices that it is much cooler and that the character of the scene has changed to one that reminds him of the temperate zone, with fields in which potatoes and other northern vegetables are growing.

In Darjeeling the change is still more wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, sombre tropical pass, full of mighty palms and hung with orchids and other jungle growth.

After a while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees.

Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars; and beyond stand the white, grim, snowclad, frozen mountain peaks like arctic icebergs on land.

In less than two hours a traveler can ascend from orchids through jungles to tea plantations, and thence to a climate of northern roses and violets.—New York Sun.

### Canny Canada's Canals.

According to the Minister of Railways and Canals, Canada has already spent on canals \$102,484,545, an amount slightly in excess of the outlay authorized for the improvement of the Erie Canal by the much larger population of New York. It is the time-honored policy of Canada to improve its natural waterways and construct artificial ones.

The result has been, as Commercial Agent Hamilton, at Cornwall, points out, the development of the ditch 7 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet deep into the magnificent artificial waterway 150 feet wide, with not less than 14 feet water. Since the confederation of Canada in 1867 the canals have been under operation by the Dominion Government. The total expenditure on canal staff and maintenance, repairs and renewals, for 1902 was \$864,080.

The Cornwall Canal, which overcomes the Long Sault Rapids, is lighted and operated throughout its entire length by electricity. Arc lamps of 2,000 candle-power are placed every 400 feet, making the line as clear by night as by day. All gates are operated by five horse power electric motors.

### Soldiers of Abyssinia.

Lieut. Husey, who was a member of the recent American commission to Abyssinia, writes: "As we approached Adis Ababa we were met by about 3,000 Abyssinian soldiers, under the command of one of the leading generals, who had been sent out to escort our party to the 'Guebi' or palace. The Abyssinian troops formed in six irregular lines, four in advance and two as our rear guard. Most of the soldiers were on foot, but the chiefs had fine mounts, beautifully caparisoned. There was no uniformity of dress, regularity of movement or special position for carrying their arms, which were of all kinds and types. But their brightly colored clothes, generally of velvet, silk or satin, leopard and lion skin, shoulder capes, fantastic headgears, some of which were a fringe of lion's mane, and richly decorated shields, with scores of green-orange-red flags flying, as they advanced toward the city, made a unique and striking spectacle."

### Had a Mantel of Malachite.

Baron Rothschild was entertaining at dinner a distinguished party. The dinner went on admirably. Nothing marred the general enjoyment save the silly locusts of one young man.

This young man insisted on monopolizing the conversation. He insisted, on talking about himself—about his books, his work, his love affairs, his automobile.

Finally he jumped to his feet. "By Jove!" he said, "I must show you my new cuff buttons. I got them this morning. They are malachite."

And he passed from one guest to the other, exhibiting the buttons. "Malachite," he kept repeating. "Genuine malachite."

Baron Rothschild watched the young man's progress with a faint sneer. When the buttons reached him he touched them with his finger superciliously and drawled:

"Ah! malachite, eh? It is a handsome stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece of it in the next room."

### Germany's Emigrants.

Statistics for the last year show that 36,310 native Germans left their country to live abroad. The vast majority came to this country. This is a considerable increase over 1902 and 1901.

## AN INDIAN SCOUT'S BRAVERY

The recent visit of Lieut. Gen. Miles to Oklahoma and his retirement from the command of the United States Army brings into prominence again that old army scout, who annually visits Gen. Miles in Washington, Amos Chapman, of whom Miles says: "Chapman performed one of the bravest deeds in the annals of the army." Amos Chapman now lives out in Woods County, in western Oklahoma, where, when the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement, he took a claim near Cottonwood Lake. He frequently appears in Alva and other larger west side towns on business with the Government land offices, but as a rule he sticks close to his claim, except during the time of his sojourn with his old commander in Washington.

Chapman is one of that fast disappearing type of men who lived in the Western country when it was not safe to venture far from the scattered army posts. He is one of the most celebrated Indian scouts now living in the Southwest, coming to Oklahoma first in 1808, when Gen. Custer was operating against the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Kiowas. Prior to that time Chapman was in the employ of the Government as courier and scout at Forts Harker, Larned and Dodge in Kansas. At Fort Supply, Oklahoma, Chapman was chief of scouts for years, his employment ending when the fort was abandoned by the Government a few years ago. He is chiefly noted for the fight in which he was a main force, with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes at a point near the Antelope hills along the western Oklahoma-Texas border, in which battle he lost a leg. This occurred in 1874, when Gen. Miles was conducting a punitive campaign against these Indians.

Gen. Miles, with the main force, was near what was then known as Canon Blanco, and the rations running short, Chapman and four soldiers were sent back toward Fort Supply to intercept the supply train and guide it to the command. On the morning of the second day after leaving Gen. Miles' command the party of five was attacked at daylight just north of the Antelope hills by a large body of mounted Indians. Every horse belonging to the soldiers was killed at the first fire, and one of the soldiers, William Dixon, was wounded in both shoulders. An attempt by the party to reach the crest of a hill was intercepted by the Indians, who rode between the soldiers and the hills, but another attempt, this time to reach a buffalo wallow, was successful, all but Dixon reaching it in safety. A number of Indians were killed and the remainder withdrew out of rifle range. All the packs were lost with the horses, but a German soldier with the party had a hunting knife, and with this he threw up breastworks for the protection of the men. Chapman turned his attention to the rescue of Dixon, whose wounds prevented him from reaching the wallow. He reached Dixon safely, and, with the wounded man on his back, started again for the wallow. Several times he allowed his burden to slide to the ground in order to shoot at the Indians, who would come in close range and fire at the two men. When within a quarter of a mile of the wallow, however, Chapman was struck by a bullet on the shinbone of the right leg and the bone shattered, and immediately another struck him on the right ankle. Still, Chapman did not give up, but clutching the soldier's blouse in one hand, he continued to drag Dixon until he reached the wallow, Chapman crawling ahead and stopping at intervals to fire at the Indians, who would approach too close for safety. In the shallow hole scooped out by the German the wounded were placed. Chapman, in addition to his wounds, had two bullet holes through his hat and three through his coat.

Dixon died early the next morning, and for five days the four men held off a band of Indians estimated at 150 strong. At any time a charge by the Indians would have ended the fight, but they knew that in attempting it some of them would be killed. During all these five days the men were without food and for two days without water, but on the third day a good rain fell, thus relieving their sufferings so far as thirst was concerned. All four were wounded during the fight. On the afternoon of the fifth day the soldiers saw the Indians hurriedly ride together and scamper swiftly away, and within a few minutes four troops of cavalry, commanded by Major Price, came into sight. A brief skirmish with the Indians followed, resulting in victory for the troops and the rescue of Chapman and his companions. Dixon was buried in the buffalo wallow where the fight had been so bitter. When rescued, Chapman and his men had but one rifle cartridge left, together with several rounds of revolver ammunition, and Major Price had no food for them excepting mule meat. With Chapman and the other wounded men on horseback, the march was resumed, and within four days more the supply train was located and guided to Miles' headquarters.

Twenty days later, by order of Gen. Miles, Chapman was removed to Fort Supply, where his right leg was amputated. He remained in the hospital just six days, and within a month was again in the saddle. It was of the fight in the buffalo wallow and the rescue of the wounded man by Chapman that Gen. Miles made the statement referred to above, that "Chapman had performed one of the bravest deeds in the annals of the army."


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