

RUSSIAN FLAGS HELD

Seized by Japan Before Consul Could Buy Them

DISPLAYED IN TOKIO

They Are the Standards of their Majesties the Czar and the Czarina, Who Almost Had Them Back for the Sum of \$30,000.—Now Held by Japan As Trophies of Victoria.

Of the innumerable trophies acquired by Japan in the course of the war with Russia, the most jealously prized has but recently come to light. These mementoes of the nation's victories over the great northern power are so common and so sought after by the public that almost every village of the empire, however insignificant, has been duly honored with its quota of relics, with a plentiful supply left over, and now offered for sale on the public market. Needless to say, this has caused an exciting rush among the more ambitious curio-hunters, and some interesting specimens have been secured. These relics of the war are often disposed of after the grab-bag method, the buyer not knowing the exact contents of his purchase until after the sale.

It so happened that the more delicate of the spoils taken during the siege of Port Arthur, and at the battle of the Japan Sea, were tied up in small packages and sent to the Sasebo Naval Station, as the nearest place of security adjacent to the zone of conflict. Not long ago one of these packages was bought by a man named Isozaki, who found himself in luck, as it proved to be a veritable mine of wealth and wonder. Upon opening the bundle, it was found to contain a remarkable variety of garments and fabrics, including what appeared to be a few old flags in rather a tattered condition. Among the latter were three specimens that struck the owner as being made of a particularly rich material; and they were covered with a heavily embroidered design in gold thread. Their very brilliant appearance at once caught the eye of Isozaki, and he set them aside, with the hope that they might prove to be of more than ordinary importance.

It was suggested to him that if he would take these flags to the Russian consul at Nagasaki, he might realize considerable money on them. Acting upon this advice, Isozaki dispatched an agent to Nagasaki to approach the Russian official on the subject. In the meantime, the military authorities had got word of the excitement caused by Isozaki's find, and there was consternation in the official camp lest a valuable prize of the nation had been overlooked and carelessly lost. But when Isozaki received the mandate to restore the purchase, the precious relics were already on the way to Nagasaki.

The Russian consul, being apprised of the object of the agent's visit, received him with open arms, and breathless to behold the treasure of which he had been informed. When the flags were unfolded and solemnly held up to his gaze, he immediately made a profound and reverential obeisance to them, to the astonishment of the Japanese, who was not yet aware of the real nature of the relics. For the flags proved to be nothing less than the Imperial standards of their Majesties, the Czar and Czarina of all the Russias. The consul hastened to agree upon a sum for the purchase of the Imperial standards, which was finally set at no less a figure than \$30,000; but, just as the bargain was closed and the flags were about to be handed over, the Japanese police appeared upon the scene and seized the trophies as the property of the Japanese Government.

Isozaki has been obliged to yield possession of the captured standards to the nation, in which, to save his face as a patriot, he could do no more than amicably acquiesce; and Russia, by the merest chance, has lost the opportunity of regaining what she would certainly regard as one of her most valued national emblems.

The Japanese Government, through Admiral Uryu, has taken these trophies of the nation's valor (of its possession of which until now it was in entire ignorance), and has carried them to the capitol, where they have been set up as the crowns of all the prizes won in the war, and the perpetual memorial of the nation's victories over a great antagonist.—The Evening Post.

To Suppress Juvenile Smoking.

St. Helena is determined to suppress juvenile smoking. The new law that has just come into force in the lovely little Napoleonic island would probably be deemed draconian by the average London youngster, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Any person giving or selling tobacco to boys or girls under the age of 16 is liable to a fine of 20 shillings for the first offense and 40 shillings for each subsequent offense. Boys detected in the act of smoking or in the possession of tobacco or cigarettes are liable to a fine of 5 shillings and 20 strokes with the birch.

While a Chateau (Hagstead) laborer was in the act of yawning a wasp entered his mouth and stung his tongue.

MOUNTAINS THAT DON'T EXIST.

Peaks That for Years Had a Place on Canada's Maps.

By far the neatest tale of Canadian mountaineering concerns Mount Brown and Hooker—myths now relegated to the limbo of Mount Inaragam, says a traveler in Oulding. In its palmy days alchemy fostered no such credulity as sways some scientific map makers. Unexisting Mount Tillman, Alaska, which had decorated maps for fifteen years, where the writer in 1900 first found a flat plain, or the rubbery height of St. Elias, which has bobbed between 12,000 and 20,000 feet (even Russell cheated it by a sheer half mile) are not even good jokes beside the 17,000 and 16,000 foot mountains which from 1827 on have been engraved on each side of the pass at the head of Athabasca River, with the "Committee's Punch Bowl" between. Now, as a fact, the walls of this pass are only a few thousand feet high, and the punch bowl is twenty yards wide!

Nether the railway surveys, spending \$3,000,000, nor George Dawson himself named the lie. That was done in a library by Collier after two seasons' expeditions and a year of worry. Except the maps and a hint in Palliser's journal naming Brown and Hooker with one Douglas, a botanist of Douglas (Oregon pine) fame, no mention of them could be found in print until Collier struck Bancroft's "History of British Columbia." There the botanist's diary was cited. Collier dug it out. Douglas had crossed Athabasca Pass from Vancouver in 1827, camping in the eye of the pass on May 1. On the north lay a mountain, he wrote, "which does not appear to be less than 16,000 or 17,000 feet high." But this three mile sheer peak, he climbed in a single afternoon—"which," as Collier naively observes, "was naturally absurd." The chance say so of a botanist, but geographers ate it alive! A Prof. Coleman had been in the pass five years before Collier, but finding no Brown and Hooker, and seeing higher peaks to the west, imagined they had been mislocated. But these peaks then had names, the Brown and Hooker business is no error, but a hoax. During the Klondike rush, when the writer was just north of this region, trappers smiled and shook their heads when you asked about Brown and Hooker. They knew. Geographers are more gullible.

FIRST MEETING WITH IRVING.

Not the Dramatic Occasion Which Legend Would Have It.

Ellen Terry gives her own version of her first meeting with Henry Irving in "McClure's." Far from its being the dramatic occasion which legend would have it, she says: "One very foggy night in December, 1867—it was boxing day, I think—I acted for the first time with Henry Irving. This ought to have been a great event in my life, but at the time it passed me by and left no wrack behind. Ever anxious to improve on the truth, which is often devoid of all sensationalism, people have told a story of Henry Irving promising that if he ever were in a position to offer me an engagement I should be his leading lady. But this fairy story has been improved on since. The newest tale of my first meeting with Irving was told during my jubilee. Then, to my amazement, I read that on that famous night when I was playing Puck at the Princess, and caught my toe in the trap, a young man with dark hair and a white face rushed forward from the crowd and said: 'Never mind, darling. Don't cry! One day you will be queen of the stage.' It was Henry Irving!"

"In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theatre, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of my acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theatre charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress commonplace. I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theatre, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theatre, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else cared for nothing else, worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear."

Polite "Fighting Bob."

It is said that there is no more tactful, polite and cautious naval officer than "Fighting Bob" Evans. Once in Alexandria his vessel was comfortably anchored in an admirable berth, when the British fleet entered. The flagship signalled to the others that an American ship was occupying the spot which the British Admiral intended for his own ship. Evans, reading these signals through his glass, set his sails reversed and backed out to become the friend of the British Admiral forever after.

Wine by the Hour.

In the south of France wine is now sold by the half hour. On payment of 2 cents one can go into a wine cellar and stay there for half an hour.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

Delightful Friends Do Not Make the Best Comrades, Says Mrs. Ward.

It is easy enough to give advice on the choice of a husband—to say that he should be well off, good tempered, in a suitable social stratum, good looking (but not so handsome as to be a germ of heart disease) and congenial to a girl's own likes and dislikes.

But what is the use of advice? When Love creates his own matches atmosphere about a man the girl no longer sees him as he is. She may have said: "I will never marry



MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

a widower (heaps of girls say that) I will never, never, marry a poor man! I won't—simply won't—marry anybody under thirty-five (thirty-five is a very fortunate age among girls). The man I marry must be taller than I am and of distinguished appearance (girls all want that)! I simply could not marry a man who stoops or stammers or lisps, or says 'He! He!' when he laughs."

"That is the way girls talk to their inmost thoughts, or sometimes to their mothers or to their girl friends. But the dear young things know nothing of the glamor, the intense attraction that Love brings with it. When a girl selects from her admirers the man of her choice, impelled by this fateful fascination, she very often emerges from the enchanted atmosphere of Love's Young Dream and regards her husband with astonishment, occasionally mixed with sentiment that may be gently described as the opposite of agreeable. She sees the poor man as he is, and not as her rosy fancy painted him, and is surprised at herself for having made such a curious and strange choice. Sometimes a very charming and delightful friendship and comradeship are woven from the golden strands of Love before they begin to lose their brightness and turn to a dingy grey.

The ardent affection that brings young couples together and induces them to undertake each other for better, for worse, is not meant to last. It cannot last, any more than the splendors of sunrise, the rosy clouds, the pink and primrose tints can endure all day. But just as the glories of the golden dawn may be followed by a radiant noon, a mellow afternoon and an evening of moonlight and of stars, so the love that has for ages been the poet's theme may be succeeded by a very tender, pleasant friendship.

The best way to insure this for girls is to be careful whom they admit beyond the vestibule of acquaintance to the warm inner chambers of friendship. As Mrs. Meade once truly observed "there is an unerring instinct that tells a woman whether a man is good or bad." She who is capable of encouraging an acquaintance with a bad man is lacking in some of that refinement which marks the true woman.

The best way to avoid falling in love with undesirable men is not to know them. Poverty is a disadvantage in a possible husband; but what a clean and wholesome disadvantage as compared with that of a low debased nature! A girl may do far worse than marry a poor man. For instance, she might fall in love with and tie her life to an unhealthy one; and that spells misery in large capitals!

But, as I said at the beginning, all the advice in the world is useless when true love is the loadstone that brings a man and a woman together. There is nothing so pure, nothing so sweet, nothing so natural.—Sunday Edition, Pittsburg Dispatch.

Curtains for Lunch.

The sea wind shook the Japanese curtain of bamboo and glass beads, and as the strands divided the beach was visible—the white beach, the blue sea, and the bathers bobbing up and down in the sun-warmed billows.

"These Japanese curtains," said the host, "are a fraud, some of them. No wonder you can see through them. They get thinner and thinner. For the glass beads disappear. The mice eat them." "Mice eat glass beads? Impossible!" "So I thought at first. But, finding the beads on all my curtains disappearing, I investigated, and I found that these pretty pale beads were not made of glass at all. They were made of rice. They were translucent rice kernels strung beadlike between the bits of bamboo. No wonder they disappeared so fast.—Chicago Tribune.

A KANGAROO FARM.

Established to Provide Supply of the Graceful Animals for Pets.

The increasing popularity of kangaroos and wallabies as pets has led to a curious departure in farming at Lyncombe Hill, Bath, where the first kangaroo farm in this or any other country has been established, says "The London Express."

The founders of this enterprise are two Englishmen, Messrs. W. H. Payne and "Jack" Wallace, who probably know more about the unexplored wilds of Northwest Australia than any persons living who are not native bushmen. Their wanderings in the remotest of savage Australian districts cover a period of more than thirty years, and they are both seasoned bushmen, keen naturalists, and skilled trappers.

They were the first persons to bring the beautiful and valuable antelope kangaroo to this country, and at Lyncombe Hill they have just effected a remarkable success in breeding from this species, one of the does having care of a youngster—the prettiest and liveliest little fellow imaginable, with a dainty little head exactly like that of an Italian greyhound.

An "Express" representative was shown over the kangaroo farm by Mr. Payne, who is now in charge of Bath while Mr. Wallace is securing a new collection of animals, which are to arrive from the antipodes next April.

Mr. Payne first led the way into the nursery, a large, bright apartment, heated very near to tropical temperature. Comfortably quartered here were several young wallabies with the little antelope infant and its mother.

The buildings and paddocks of the farm cover about four acres, and they are surrounded by a high stone wall. The latter is an essential on a kangaroo farm, for, as Mr. Payne pointed out, an old-man kangaroo is a wonderful jumper. Heights of ten feet and lengths of twenty feet are not uncommon," he added, "and I have myself measured a jump along the ground of eighteen feet in the large paddock here."

It was interesting to see half a dozen antelope kangaroos in use of the paddocks nuzzling one another to secure a slice of bread Mr. Payne carried. They boxed and wrestled just like human beings.

The rarest kangaroo in England is to be seen in the Belle Vue gardens, Manchester, said Mr. Payne, "and they nearly all went from this farm, but the most interesting fact in relation to our kangaroo farm is that we are doing a steadily increasing business with country gentlemen, with whom the idea of having kangaroos at large in their parks is becoming very popular. Wallabies also are being bought in large numbers by well-to-do people."

Kangaroos are docile and sensible pets, and they require very little attention. In the summer they live mainly on grass and sleep out of doors, in winter they require a shelter such as park deer have, and they do best on a diet of crushed maize.

BOOK WORMS.

There Are a Dozen Different Kinds of the Borers.

"One of the queerest superstitions," says a second-hand book dealer in New York, "is the idea that the bookworm commits immense ravages among printed volumes and yet has never been seen."

"People think it borers holes through books and eats out large cavities in the middle of a volume, then disappears, and the superstition even goes so far as to assert that the bookworm will eat a hole in the middle of a book, then vanish without leaving any exit."

"The plain truth is that almost any borers that infest wood will bore holes through books and also that cockroaches do about as much harm to books as any other insects."

"There are a dozen different kinds of borers that do more or less damage to books, and the reason why the insects are not frequently caught is that they do their work and generally leave the book to enter the chrysalis state in other quarters."

"None of the boring worms are large, and even when a borer is actually at work the sudden opening of the book allows the insect to drop out unobserved."

"American made books, however, are very little troubled by borers. There are so many different kinds of chemicals used in the covers, bindings, paper and paste that boring insects generally get very sick at the stomach before they have made their way far into an American book."

"In southern Europe, however, great damage is often done to libraries not only by borers, but also by ants, which eat their way into the heart of a book and leave galleries and chambers easily mistaken for the work of the borers."

Patent Each Year.

Walter Scott, the late inventor and builder of printing presses, was one of the 39 inventors who were mentioned by the Commissioner of Patents as having obtained patents each year for 25 years.

Paper in Mattresses.

The mattresses used in the German army are stuffed with little rolls of paper, and are said to be a great improvement on straw.

EUCALYPTUS FOR TIMBER.

Culture of the Tree Engaging the Interest of Agriculturists.

Eucalyptus culture is again engaging the interest of agriculturists in southern California. Before the Australian trees—there are several varieties—were planted twenty years ago, the plains south of the Tehachas were treeless, and they have changed the face of that part of the country. In those days it was believed by some enthusiasts that there was great wealth in the cultivation of the eucalyptus, and the failure to realize their rosy anticipations gave the planting project a decided setback for a number of years. Now an official of the Santa Fe company is in Australia investigating the uses of the different varieties of eucalyptus, with the idea of planting trees for railroad purposes.

Of the 150 kinds the California experiment station at Santa Monica has tried. Some of them look like weeping willows; others have a leaf with a scent like that of lemon verbena, and the blossoms of some of them are very beautiful. The Santa Fe company is planting in San Diego County several thousand acres of these gum-trees the varieties used being mainly the red and sugar gum, tumbark, and citriodora, or lemon-scented. The plans of the railroad company contemplate the eventual planting of 9,000 acres. It is expected that these trees will produce timber for ties, bridges, telegraph poles, and wharf pilings in Riverside County there is a plantation whose owners hope to utilize the wood for furniture. The variety known in Australia as "Jarrah," aside from its value as a material for paving blocks, is said to resist the marine worm, the teredo, so that it furnishes ideal timber for wharf pilings. An important by-product of the blue gum is eucalyptus oil, for the extracting of which there are several small factories in southern California.—Leslie's Weekly.

Shun the Counsel of the Demagogue.

We are a progressive people. The measure of our progress depends upon the degrees with which we shall exercise a rational and deliberate judgment. If we progress it will not be because we are moved by hysteria, but because we adhere to rational and wholesome principles. The measure of our future advance is to be limited only by our capacity to seize upon the great problems which lie at the foundation of our progress and to solve them intelligently, patriotically



VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

and well. We should shun the counsel of the demagogue. There is abroad more or less of criticism, more or less of the impeachment of men and of the motives of men; there is more or less a spirit of distrust in the virtue of men of business. The men charged with governmental affairs should hold to the conviction that the people are essentially sound, that they are essentially patriotic, that they are devoted to as high ideals as ever in all of the matchless history of the republic.—Vice-President Fairbanks in Leslie's Weekly.

Prizes for Farmers.

Austria provides an object-lesson in dealing with waste lands. Prizes are given to farmers to encourage them to recover waste lands and lay them down as pasture, and also to erect shelters or stables for cows in high altitudes. The importance of this may be seen from the statement that one-quarter of the total fodder required for cattle and horses in the empire is derived from Alpine districts.

Women Farmers.

Some of the best sugar beet raisers in California have been women. One woman in Nevada raises pampas plums for a support, while some ladies of Pasadena, Cal., make a specialty of preparing ostrich feathers for the market.

Rush to See Artist's Model.

The family of Augustus St. Gaudens, at their New Hampshire home, have been forced to put up signs warning away people who want to inquire about and if possible to see the servant girl who was the artist's model for Government coins.

In steam power Pennsylvania led all other States in 1905, with 2,088,773 horse power, or nearly 20 per cent of the total of the whole country.

THE DOGS OF BAGDAD.

Exclusiveness of Different Breeds.—How Kept Under Control.

Wherever a Lazarus lies in wait for a dole at the gate of Dives; wherever an omnium-gatherum rubbish heap fringes the street corner, wherever the supply of carrion and offal promises to be regular, there, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century is to be found the Bagdad dog.

Banded together in guilds or brotherhoods, each of which strictly observes its own municipal boundary, the dogs of Bagdad exhibit that plus ultra of doggedness which in the human species so often passes for strength of character. The reception given to a new boy at a public school is bland and amiable compared with the surly manners of the dogs when the denizen of a different quarter timorous; shows his nose among them. After a brief parley, conducted in some primitive guttural language, the intruder is made to run for his life.

A good many years ago one of the European traders who come to Bagdad to make their fortunes and return to their respective countries brought with him a small black poodle which he regarded with feelings of respect and affection resembling those of the American savage for his totem. Naturally enough our friend desired to take his dog with him when he went out riding in the cool of the day dawn. Outside in the desert it was all clear sailing. The difficulty was how to get his little favorite past the dogs which patrolled the intervening spaces. A dog was set before the green eyed natives, who, however, only turned their crustler. If even one of them whose muzzle was in a mess of potage chanced to catch a glimpse with a corner of his eye of the foreigner's curled darling it would not be his fault if he failed to grab him.

There was nothing for it but to put the dog in a saddle bag and set him down in the desert. One unlucky morning, however, poor Jacques, chancing to stray from his master, was not only killed but eaten.

After sundown the dogs keep up an incessant babel, from the varying tones of which it is easy to gather whether they are merely giving tongue promiscuously to proclaim their vigilance or are dealing with someone in particular.

Many a time in riding after dark into the unlighted city attended by a mounted escort I have known the heels of the horses as to cause, in spite of spur and bridle, a general stampede back again into the open country.

How is it that such packs of furies do not loot the bazars of the town? The explanation is as simple as it is interesting. The Bagdad shop fronts are absolutely open. The goat and mutton carcasses are hung where every dog that runs can reach them. But time out of mind, the first glance of a dog's eye toward forbidden dainties has been visited with the swift descent on him of a cudgel or a hatchet.

On one of a series of marches parallel with the Euphrates I chanced to meet a desert horde whose greyhounds are in high repute. Buying a brace of saplins, I took them on with me, lodging them in the tent and doing everything that was possible to make them feel at home. Surprising to relate, they obstinately refused both food and water. The remains of a venison pasty seemed at once to attract and to repel them. A pan of water appealed to them even more strongly, but they would not go up to it.

After a time a Persian muleteer explained the mystery in a twinkling. No sooner did he upset the water and toss the rinds on the ground before them than the silly eared ones ran in like Trojans, and made up in a few moments for a day's fasting. Accustomed to lap from the river, from irrigational channels and from sheets of surface water, and reared among people who do not use tables, they had been taught by many a buffet to keep their noses out of cooking pots and vessels of every description.

In Bagdad man and beast alike drink of the great river, which also forms the arterial common sewer of the city, the place where clothes are washed, and the "Stygian wave" into which is dragged every beast of burden when it is not left to lie where it has fallen. The muddy bottom, with the water ever receding, the exposed surfaces thick with impurities and the tropical sun "sucking up all the infections," must be a regular hotbed of miasma and pestilence.

And yet, mirabile dictu, Bagdad is not, as Eastern cities go, unhealthy. But let the reader only imagine to himself what the Bagdad of the foregoing slight description would be like without the dogs that scavenge it. Refuse animal and vegetable matter is largely disposed of by the dogs in Sita.

A Soap Spring.

Natural soap baths are not an un-mixed blessing. The curious soap spring that forms a wonder of a village in Timor, East Indian Islands consists of a small elevated mud cone, from which bubbles up water heavily charged with alkali and radium, the discharge giving the appearance of a miniature volcano. A disadvantage of such a washing place is that vegetation is rained for miles around.