

A RICH MAN.

Says He is the Richest Man in all the Wide World.

Chicago Tribune.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX., July 6.—Old Don John Smith, whose plain name the courteous and musical Mexicans have melted into Don Juan Smidio, is about to become a citizen of Texas. The event is important and worthy of notice.

He says he possesses more real estate and cattle than any other living man in either of the sister republics. Aside from his great fortune, Don Juan Smideo is a man who is worthy of being welcomed to citizenship in any country. Few living men possess a history so replete with daring adventures, heroic actions, and rapid changes of fortune.

For the last ten years Don Juan has spent large sums of money in improving his stock. A few weeks ago he sent 2,700 head of white-faced 2-year-old steers across the Rio Grande to his Zapata ranch. That was regarded by all stockmen as the finest herd that ever was seen in this country.

Besides his vast landed possessions and his countless herds of cattle, mules and horses, the old gentleman owns a gold mine in Chihuahua which has yielded him many millions. He considers this Chihuahua bonanza the most valuable piece of property in the world.

In his long career this remarkable old man has found time to accumulate one of the greatest fortunes ever controlled by one man in Mexico, and now it is said that he is going to bring all of this vast wealth across the Rio Grande into Texas. He already owns a large tract of fine land in Zapata county, upon which he expects to build a palace.

He is certainly the largest landowner in Mexico, and it is more than probable that he will soon be regarded as the greatest holder of real estate in either of the sister republics. He owns more than a million acres in one tract in the State of Nueces Leon, and there is little less than 100 square miles included under one continuous line of wire fences in his famous Los Floritas ranch, on the Rio Grande.

The ranch dwelling, which is occupied just at this time by the old Don and his family, is said to have cost more than \$100,000, and it is one of the most striking and beautiful pieces of architecture in the world. The plans of the building were furnished by Bofcan, a distinguished French exile whose genius has made the City of Mexico, one of the loveliest cities in the world.

Afterward, while talking with a friend upon this subject, he said: "Without boasting, I believe myself to be the richest man in the world, and I think it is not difficult to demonstrate that fact. I have made a close survey of my gold mine called the Inca's Bride, and find a little more than 5,000 feet of the face of the ledge in sight. I have run a shaft into the mountain, following the ledge for 1,000 feet. The ore averaging about \$1,000 to the foot. Closing my eyes to the hidden bonanzas and the increase in the thickness of the lode, which measures ten feet all along the line I have got no less than 5,000,000 blocks of quartz worth no less than \$1,000 apiece, so you see that I am worth about \$5,000,000,000 and a trifle over in millions, which is invested in ranches, cattle and horses."

He does not know his exact age, but he remembers that his parents were Germans, and that he was left an orphan about the time that Iturbide ascended the throne of Mexico. He was old enough to carry a musket at that time, though he does not think he was more than 15 years old. He does not look to be an old man, but he is positive that he has lived more than ninety years. He loved war, and he never missed an opportunity during his long career to get into the thick of every revolution that swept over the country. He had grown somewhat tired of the ceaseless turmoil about the time the French invaded the country, and, being a large land and mine owner, he began to feel the necessity of a strong government. This feeling led him to support Maximilian, and he fought for the unfortunate emperor until he got trapped in the trenches of Queretaro.

During the existence of the empire Don Juan gained a victory over a detachment of the enemy at Sabinas, and for his conspicuous gallantry in this action Maximilian created him Duke of Sabinas. He laughingly says that he did not play the duke long, and that he was glad that his friends soon forgot that he had ever owned the title. He has been commissioned a general by a dozen different governments in Mexico, and now he is gladly willing to forget all these marks of distinction to become a plain citizen of the United States. Fortunately he had quarreled with Santa Ana about the time that the old tyrant invaded Texas, and he headed a movement on the Rio Grande to oppose the ambitious schemes of the old Butcher of the Alamo, which assisted materially the Texans. He was elected a senator while Santa Ana was a prisoner in Texas, and he favored deposing Santa Ana and granting independence to the Lone Star republic. He has hunted up his records in this matter, hoping that it will at least be something that his descendants will be proud of when they grow up in Texas.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The best remedy for an injury is forgetfulness.
Wise men are wrong much oftener than fools are right.
Women in politics are about as graceful as hens in swimming.
Never run a policeman down when out for a spin.
No amount of culture will stop a man from snoring.
A man of letters has but little to show in a breach of promise case.
In giving the devil his due you are liable to give yourself away.
The only way to curb a young man nowadays is to bridal him.
The reckless balloonist is apt to take one drop too much.
The owner sometimes discovers that the mare makes the money go.
It is a sign of spring when the gun clubs put forth their shoots.
"I will," is the motto of Chicago.
Every man has a right to his own jaw, but he has no right to give it to other people.
Some men are so lacking in hospitality that they won't even entertain an idea.
The road to fame is crowded with men who have become discouraged and turned back.
As an extra precaution every cooking school should run in connection with an eating school.
A man may be a good judge of cloth, yet when he buys a suit of clothes he generally gets worsted.
A great deal of our modern poetry seems to have been written by persons addicted to the cigarette habit.
When the minister adds one and one the total is one; when the divorce judge takes one from one the remainder is two.
"Jimmy, you didn't tell gran'ma 'good-bye' when she went away."
"Never mind, I'll tell her 'good-bye' when she comes back."
The wise individual who is induced to bet on a sure thing always holds out enough coin to pay his car fare home after it happens.
Be thankful for what you have, and console yourself with the thought that what you have not would render you miserable if you had it.
A would-be funny man says there is no such thing as an imitation baseball diamond. Perhaps not, but there are a lot of imitation players in the business.
Man is utterly devoid of sentiment. He will scoop the bottom out of an egg with never a thought that the mother of that egg may be 100 miles away in the rain.
Watts—Did you see that story about an arrow head being brought up from a depth of more than 1,500 feet underground? Potts—Yes. Strikes me the fellow that shot it that deep into the earth must have been a pretty good man in his time.
First Tramp—Is there any difference between indolent and lazy? Second Tramp—Well, I s'pose when a man's lazy what kin afford it, dey call him indolent.

FEMINE DRESS IN SAMOA.

Startling Effects of Bleeding Native and European Garments.
In spite of the simplicity of national attire the single tapa lava-lava or loin cloth, worn by all, both sexes alike, the Samoans spend a great deal of their time in beautifying themselves. The body is greased with coconut oil, and the hair is often plastered with white lime and reached up pompadour style, giving it when dry the effect of the judicial wig worn by English barristers. The lime is washed off at night and renewed from day to day. The result is a gradual change in the color of the hair, which in undergoing the bleaching process passes from a coarse coal black through red to a bright yellow. The effect of this brilliant contrast with their shiny copper skins is grotesque in the extreme, but in their eyes surpassingly beautiful.
No Samoan belle of my circle of acquaintance would use such a torture and unnatural deformity as stays and corsets to make her sylphlike and willowy, though she is quite ready to puncture her nose to wear a jeweled ornament. Their hair, however, is the Samoan woman's pride, and a mass of yellow sponge-like stuff carefully tied up on top of their heads is the envy of every one for miles around "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." In common with this strange fancy the Samoans quite share the European ideas in regard to beauty. They particularly admire tall persons, and it is quite common for a stranger, especially if above the ordinary height, to find himself followed by an admiring throng of unobtrusive, obtrusive natives, worshipping in silence.

Neither sex is overburdened with clothes. The common dress for both men and women is the already mentioned lava-lava, a kind of kilt or piece of drapery wound about the waist in a manner whose adjustment seems to foreigners nothing short of miraculous. The adults, however, seem to have no difficulty in keeping the lava-lava in place, but the children are less expert and careful of their dress and often lose the scant scrap of cotton stuff that serves as an out-of-door coat. Children of all ages indoors, and babies in arms everywhere, wear no clothing at all. This kind of garment or drapery, perhaps, would be a better word for it, is a slightly varied form, common to most south sea islands as well as inhabitants of the Indian archipelago and the southern countries of Asia. It is called by the Malays a sarong, and its name differs in the different groups of Polynesia. The Malays and Kings of Singapore, Ceylon and the Malayan peninsula wear it loose or straight, while the Burmese and Siamese tuck it up, something after the manner of the well known infantile accessory. The finery and gimerack adornments of civilization are now gaining a foothold in Samoa, as elsewhere in the track of commerce, particularly with the feminine heart, and it is not unusual to see a Samoan lady gorgeously arrayed in a fine mat lava-lava combined with a ball gown waist or velvet basque cut V-necked or with her hair done up empire style and wearing, to complete her toilet, a string of ferns about her waist and a necklace of sharks' teeth around her dusky throat. But there is one shackle of civilization they positively refuse to accept—shoes and stockings. Perhaps, however, this is because they can find no covering large enough for the aboriginal "tribbles." Nevertheless, in one of the fights I observed one warrior proudly wearing a pair of 16 button black silk stockings extending above the knees, with his huge black feet protruding beyond the soles, which were worn through. He had doubtless "looted" them from some European house, whose owner fled when hostilities began.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Frightful.

Mary Alden had lived all her 15 years in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at G., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switchyards, her life was filled with terror.
On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars was being disconnected and distributed. To her horror, she heard a man at one end shout to another, "Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head end down here."

Mary fainted.—Youth's Companion.

One Man's Scheme.

An enterprising young man has discovered a plan for making a living that is absolutely original. He has rented rooms in a downtown building. In these rooms are lockers, dressing rooms, a barber shop, bathrooms and a bootblack stand. The establishment is intended for the convenience of business men who are in a hurry to keep evening engagements. The idea is to have the business man send his dress suit to the enterprising young man in the morning. The E. Y. M. presses, cleans and repairs the clothes and hangs them up in a locker.
Late in the afternoon the business man in a hurry rushes in, takes a bath, a shave and a shine; thrusts himself into his dress suit, throws his business suit into the locker and is off to Brooklyn, Hoboken or Boston to keep an engagement with the least possible loss of time. After he is gone the E. Y. M. gathers up the everyday clothes of the business man in a hurry and sends them to his home, ready for him to repeat the process on the following day.

This enterprise is destined to save many needless hours of street car travel and much wear and tear of temper due to enforced haste.—New York Mail and Express.

Pork and Beans.

Experience has taught us, and the experiments of Professor Atwater have proved, the practical value of certain food combinations. Bread and meat go well together. The Scotchman's oatmeal and herring, both rich in protein, in connection with his coarse flour and potatoes supply the needed elements in something like the right proportion. Pork and beans balance each other well, because the former is rich and fat, while the latter consists almost entirely of protein and carbohydrates.
In certain sections of the country, among the rural population, a staple supper dish is cornmeal mush and milk. The users may not know it, but this is one of the best proportioned and most economical foods it is possible to find. It is eaten because it is cheap, but it is well to know that it is also good.

While experience has been an accurate guide in causing us to adopt certain dishes, it has misled us in regard to others. For example, the "hog and hominy" diet so general among the poorer classes of the south and southwest is ill balanced and deficient in strengthening power. It contains too little protein and too much fat. White potatoes offer the opposite objection.

The New Evolution.

"Have you noticed that the pretty girls are the ones who get seats in the cars, and that the unhandsome ones generally have to stand up?" asked the man who doesn't know whether he had rather be Schopenhauer or Mark Twain.
"Yes, but what of it? I don't quite understand what you are driving at."
"Well, you may not know it, but that condition is going to bring about the salvation of the race."
"Oh, I know. The women are beginning to take a decided stand on matters and a more elevated point of view."
"Don't be an idiot. I'm in earnest. You know the law about the survival of the fittest and the process of evolution. Well, it is evident that the only way in which an unhandsome lady can get a seat will be to grow handsome. Now this will have its effect on the third and fourth generations, and finally all our women will be beauties and able to get two seats on the cars if they want them. They simply have to get handsome, or they won't get a chance to sit down."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Peril of the Suburbanite.

Every year the bulk of city men go farther afield and each morning and night perform their tedious pilgrimage to and from the scene of their busy labors. There can be no doubt that constant railway traveling of this kind is calculated, sooner or later, to play havoc with the soundest constitution.
While it is, of course, impossible to lay down any exact rule, it may be stated generally that no such daily railway journey should be much over an hour in length, a space of time that is far more than enough to carry the citizen into pure air and the most sylvan of scenery. As every medical man of any experience can testify, the attempt to burn a candle at both ends, one in the city and the other 40 or 100 miles away at the seaside, has cut off many a valuable life in the flower of its maturing manhood.—Medical Review.

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Hill-Orr Drug Company's Specials! Syrup Red Clover Compound, Johnson's Headache Powder, Tarmint, H. O. D. Co's. Horse and Cattle Powder, Johnson's Palatable Worm and Liver Syrup, Kamnol. HILL-ORR DRUG CO., Headquarters for Medicines of all kinds, Paints, Oils, Glass, Seeds and Dye Stuffs.

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