

THE COLLECTOR WHO KNEW.

Another Illustration of the Danger and Folly of Being Too Self-Content.

"The trouble with you fellows is, you want things, but you know nothing about 'em. You come over here and carry home a lot of truck that a European collector wouldn't give house room, and when you see a really good thing you don't know it, or you won't pay a price for it unless some dealer makes you. You see, you don't know; that's what's the matter; how can you? Nobody in America wanted antiques before the centennial. If you'd lived here 20 years, like me, you'd learn something; you'd find out that collecting isn't a thing of money, but knowing."

COOKING RHUBARB.

Various Ways in Which It May Be Turned into a Tasty Dish for Dessert.

Rhubarb is very wholesome and popular in the spring, but beyond its use in pies, puddings and sauces, most housewives do not know how to prepare it. The part of the plant best adapted to culinary purposes is the footstalk of the leaf, which, unless quite young, is carefully peeled and cut into small pieces. Originally the leaves of the plant were boiled as a pot-herb, says the Washington Star.

TRAINED SEALS.

Can Be Taught to Balance an Upright Pole and Play Upon Musical Instruments.

It must be admitted, says Pearson's Magazine, that the performance given by these animals is little less than marvelous. It is no exaggeration to say that they show an almost human appreciation of what they are doing. Watch one of them as the trainer advances with a long pole, something like a billiard cue, on the end of which reposes a small fish. The pole is held upright, and a seal-lion carefully places his nose in position to support the butt end. Several times he draws back his head and looks along the pole still unstretched in the trainer's hand. Finally it is adjusted on the very tip of his nose to his liking, and, as the trainer steps back, releasing his hold, the seal-lion balances it with all the steadiness and watchfulness of a human juggler.

PITH AND POINT.

Many a man's pessimistic views of life are due to his acquaintance with himself.—Chicago Daily News. Tact.—A philosopher defines it as presence of mind enough to hold your tongue.—Cincinnati Tribune. "Snags is posing as a wealthy man," said Munn to Scadda. "Oh, pshaw! Why, that upstart hasn't got more than one million to rub against another."—Town Topics.

TAME HARES GREW FIERCE.

How an Englishman Made Friends of the Animals and Taught Them Old Tricks. In August last a keeper brought me two leverets only just able to feed themselves. They had been captured in a field of long clover, their mother being with them at the time, says a writer in London Field. I put them into a low, wide tin bath, wired all round and over the top. They were at first terrified and sat huddled together for the remainder of the day and night, refusing food of any sort.

NOBODY STOOD UP.

New Street Car Conductor's Scheme for Getting All the Fares Didn't Succeed.

Old street car conductors sometimes have a great deal of trouble with their "understudies," says the Indianapolis Journal. It is the custom of the Indianapolis company to "break in" new men by sending them out over the lines with experienced employes who have been long in the service. This is done in order to train the new men to act as substitutes or "extras."

FIGHT WITH A MUSKALONGE.

There is Keen Sport in Capturing This, One of the Gamest of American Fishes.

Suddenly there is that strange, silent easing up once more, but this time you remember your lesson and take advantage of it. Then you begin to breathe again in the belief that the fight is almost over and your cramped wrists and fingers are about to get a well-earned respite. Over? The ridiculous idea is knocked out of your head with another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake and shows him to you in the flooding sunshine only 30 feet away.

WHY THE COWBOYS LET GO.

The Gang Found a Woman with Spectacles on Installed as Town Marshall, and Felt Hurt.

"I was one of the founders of Grayville, Col., said an ex-cattleman who had been out of the business long enough to have the horns rubbed off him, relates the Detroit Free Press. "In fact, the hamlet was built on my own land and for the convenience of three or four of my ranchmen. When the town officers were named I had a funny streak on, and I put up the name of a woman to be city marshal. She was accepted and she did not hesitate to take the place. I had about 25 cowboys on my ranch, and one Saturday afternoon the whole gang started off for the new town. None of them had heard of the female officer, and were calculating on scaring the marshal half to death and then locking him up. My crowd came straggling back some hours before I had looked for them, deep disgust written on every face.

CANOPIES AND TENTS.

Handy Summer Shelters Designed for the Lawn and Seashore Outings.

"That is what is called a lawn canopy," said the salesman, to a customer who saw one of these contrivances for the first time set up on the floor of a store, and who asked about it, says the New York Sun. It was a six-sided construction, having posts at an angle and a suitable framework at the top, upon which the roof covering is stretched. The roof covering is of canvas; while the side panels between the angles are protected each by a blind or shade, composed of thin, slender wooden slats, alternately red and white, for slightness sake, which can be separately rolled up or let down in any panel to keep out the sun or the wind.

POCKETBOOKS.

One quart sponge, set aside until about ten a. m., then add one egg well beaten, two tablespoons sugar, one of melted lard, a little salt; set away until three or four o'clock, then roll one-half inch thick. Spread with butter cut in strips 3/4 inches wide and four long, lap ends over, let them rise until very light in the pans. Bake quickly.—Good Housekeeping.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

Dinwiddle.—Where shall I find the spring underclothes? Department Store Floor-Walker.—Two aisles to the left, right next to the cough-cure and patent-medicine counter.—Judge. Chocolate Pie. Four tablespoonfuls of chocolate, melted over teakettle; one egg, one-half cupful sugar and one cupful milk. Vanilla to flavor. Meringue, if preferred.—Ladies World, New York.

POINTS ABOUT CANCER.

Long and careful inquiries by German doctors indicate that cancer is not probably hereditary, but that it is perniciously contagious. In certain districts the number of sufferers in proportion to the population is much larger every year than in other areas. Dogs and cats in many instances become cancerous, but few horses and cattle are attacked. Men and women are stricken on the average earlier in life in this generation than in those which preceded it. It is hoped that these German investigations of this frightful curse, which are to be kept up persistently and upon a scale both liberal and extensive, may result in the discovery of some remedy for cancer. But, of course, that can be only a matter of conjecture.—N. Y. Tribune.

EVER WANDERERS.

At Lord Rothschild's magnificent house, or rather palace, in Piccadilly, as at his country seat at Tring, and in all the other Rothschild residences in England and on the continent, there is always in a conspicuous place, generally among the cornices, a piece of stone or marble left undressed, uncarved, and in a rough and unfinished state, which, by reason of the beauty and splendor of its immediate surroundings, at once catches the eye. This is in compliance with the rule among all orthodox Jews that they should have no permanent abiding place until they are restored to the Holy Land, and this unfinished bit of stone is to mark that the abode is merely temporary and incomplete.—London M. A. P.

FAMOUS FAIR ESTATE.

The fight over the famous Fair estate of San Francisco lasted over seven years and cost the heirs in round numbers a million of dollars for court and legal expenses alone. Besides this \$900,000 was spent in settling the claims of various relatives. When Senator Fair died his wealth was estimated at \$14,000,000, and this, despite the great outlay in connection with the suits, is said to have increased to \$17,000,000.—Detroit Free Press.

SUGAR IN SAP.

Sugar exists not only in the cane, beet root and maple, but in the sap of 157 other plants and trees.—Scientific.

THE ROYAL CROWN.

Thousands of Jewels in One to Be Worn by King Edward at the Coronation.

The crown which is to be worn by King Edward is one of the finest of regal coronets and contains a remarkable number of jewels, no fewer than 2,755 diamonds having been used in its ornamentation; while among the 17 sapphires is one particularly large and flawless stone said to have once formed the famous ring of Edward the Confessor and supposed to give its wearer the power of curing cramp, says the London Sketch. Yet another sapphire to which historic interest attaches is that which was left, strangely enough, by George III. to Cardinal York, the last legitimate descendant of James II. Set prominently, so as to be seen by all those who look their monarch face to face, is "the fair ruby, great like a rocket ball," which was given to the Black Prince by the then king of Castile and which was imbedded in the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt. What is called "Edward the Confessor's Crown" is very much simpler, but it plays a greater part in the coronation than does the state crown, for, even when not actually worn by the sovereign, it is always placed in a prominent position during the course of the ceremony. This crown is composed of fleur-de-lis studded with pearls; a number of arches rising from the rim meet in the middle, where they are embellished with huge pearls.

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

The reflections of a bachelor are usually cast on women. Conscience is a wee small voice that whisp'ers with compelling force: "It won't pay." Rome was not built in a day—at least not in our day. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, when Gabriel blows his final horn. He who fights and runs away may hope to live to draw his pay. If improved machinery throws people out of employment, then invention must be the mother of necessity. Pride may go before a fall, but it's sure to come back again. Nothing venture, nothing win, except a reputation for being closefisted.—Kansas City Star.

DEAR TRAVELING IN CUBA.

The Average Rate is Seven Cents a Mile for First-Class Transportation, and Small Comfort.

Cuba has 124 railways, with more than 2,000 miles of track for the lot, yet traveling in Cuba is not cheap. There are lines which charge passengers 12 cents a mile. The average rate is about seven cents for first-class passengers and five cents for second-class, and travel on some of the lines means many hours of miserable jolting over a wretched roadbed. Freight rates are as exorbitant as passenger rates. So detrimental is the railroad extortion to the welfare of the country, in fact, that a modification of rates by military order was talked of, but the legality of the step was doubtful, says a recent report.

ICE TOO HOT FOR FILIPINOS.

Natives Who Had Never Seen Frozen Water Before Thought It Would Burn Them.

"Now that an ice plant has been built in Manila by the government, the natives will soon learn what a wonderful luxury ice water is on a hot day," said a former captain of the Thirteenth Minnesota volunteers in the Philippines, reports the Milwaukee Sentinel. "The water pumped into Manila from the Mariquina river is warm and unsatisfying to a thirsty American, though the Filipinos have never known anything better. It is the same all over Luzon and, I suppose, on the other islands. The water is always disgustingly warm, though it may come spouting up out of the ground from the most delightful looking spring. The islands are of volcanic origin, and I suppose it is even hotter under ground than above, which accounts for the fact that the springs are never cold. Coming up from Legaspi, Albay province, to Manila on the transport Meade early in 1901, we had a number of Filipinos on board, among them being a little brown boy about ten years old. On the boat was an ice plant, which kept the passengers supplied with ice. We took the boy to the machine one day and gave him a piece of ice. He took it in his hand, held it gingerly for a few seconds, then dropped it and exclaimed: 'Mucho caliente,' which means very hot. He had never touched anything so extremely cold before and could account for the sensation it produced only by supposing that he had been burned. He gained courage after a short time, picked up the ice again and played with it on the older natives and danced a chunk down the neck of a big, brawny fellow, causing the victim to dance frantically around the deck, yelling at the top of his voice that something was burning him to death."

MALAY "AS SHE IS SPOKE."

A missionary burning with commendable zeal to introduce monogamous ideals into the Jolo archipelago started thither from Manila. He located the Parang. With considerable graciousness he began to make friends among the people, and set himself to learning the spoken language, which is an offshoot from the Arabian with a Malayan admixture. When he had applied himself for nearly two years he felt that he was ready to proclaim a message in their native tongue, and through a Nakip, a local officer, who understood a little English, announcement was made of the meeting to be held. It was well attended. The missionary spoke fervently for nearly an hour in what he believed to be the natives' own patois. When he had concluded the Nakip approached and thanked him brokenly, but added that it was a waste of time to address his people in English. "Especially cannot the Jolians understand when you use such big words in English. I, myself, who am something of a scholar, could not know your meaning," added the Nakip gravely.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A LESSON IN HORTICULTURE.

Four-year-Nellie was with her father one day while he was hoeing potatoes. "There were turnips on the other side of the garden, which, of course, never needed any hoeing, and Nellie very earnestly asked: "Papa, how do the turnips grow?" "God makes them grow, my child," he answered. "Well, that's funny," said Nellie. "I never saw Jim in here hoeing them."—Little Chronicle.