THE NEWS FROM HOME

DOES ANY MAN OUTLIVE THE

Homely Message Makes an Appeal to the Most Imaginative of Us,
Though We May Have Wandered Far.

No matter how highly cultivated your taste in literature may be nor how exalted the position in life to which you have attained, the letter from home, with its bits of "news" written by mother, makes an appeal to you that no other written or printed words can make. No matter how beautiful or splendid your city enwironment may be, your mother's wish is your own when she writes:

"I have been frying doughnuts this morning and I wish that you were here to get some of them.

We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when you children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 298 pounds dressed. We sent some of the spareribs around to the neighbors.

"I made up my mincemeat for Thanksgiving last week, and hope you will be here to get one of my turnovers that you used to like so well. Somehow, my mincemeat does not seem to taste so good as usual, but maybe it will be all right when it has stood a little while.

"Lucina Green, one of your first sweethearts, has a new pair of twin boys. With eight already, and her husband poor as Job's turkey, some think they didn't really need the twins

"Your father got his barrel of cider home from the mill yesterday. He thinks it the best he has ever had. It seems uncommon clear and sweet. We wish you were here to get some

"Cy Slimm, who used to go to school with you, has parted from his wife. They call it that one is about as much to blame as the other. They never did hit it off very well from the start. "Cy's wife's sister is also getting a divorce, so it runs in the family. It is

no way to do.

"Bud Tansy, who is just three days and four hours older than you, fell from the loft of his barn the other day and broke two of his right ribs. They say that his language was awful, and there is some talk of having him brought before the church for some things he said. The Tansys always

was noted for their profane swearing.

"Clem Long has a fine new buggy and a high-stepping little nag to go with it. All the girls are disposed to be good friends with Clem now. He took Susie Beane out for a ride Sunday afternoon and her mother is passing it out that Susie can keep on riding permanent in the buggy if she wants to, but we all know Hannah Beane.

"The spotted calf you admired so much the last time you was at home is now quite a cow and I think of you every time I look at her. She gives more milk than any other young cow we ever had and she is going to be a fine butter maker. A man with one of these snapshot photograph things come along the other day and took a picture of her and your father which I will send you, although your father has on only his everyday clothes. All well with us and hope these few liner will find you the same."—Judge.

Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual or gan, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of sentral hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

Children Natural Born Liars.

Children Natural Born Liars.
In a sermon on the vigilance of parents, at the Catholic Church of the Assumption in Cranberry street, Rev William J. Donaldson, the rector, said among other things that parents were too prone too believe that their children could tell only the truth, and were incapable of telling a falsehood. He said that as a matter of fact that most little children were natural born

"Please don't believe," he told the many parents of his congregation, "all of the tales of ilk treatment your little folks bring home from school. Doubt less each one of you think that you own particular youngster is a marvel or innocence, a little George Washington whose statements must be true, and straightway you shower criticism or very hard working, patient teachers who try to correct him. I deplore the tendency of parents to give credence to all a child may say, when as a matter of fact, little children are natural born liars."—Brooklyn Bagle.

PUTTING IT RATHER BLUNTLY

Marital Philosophy Coarsely Expressed, Yet Conveyed a Subtle Sense of Meaning.

"Harry," she said, and there were what a novelist would call tears in her yoice as she spoke, "I don't believe you love me any longer."

"Dora," he replied, "don't be foolish."

"There!" she exclaimed. "There's evidence of the truth of what I said. Don't be foollish! Did you ever speak to me in that way before we were married?"

"No my dear, I did not," he ad-

mitted.

"Then," she said, reproachingly, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat around like a dummy smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favor for me."

"It is true," he admitted.
"You were never lazy then," she
went on. "You were full of life and
spirits; you were energetic."

"Quite true," he said.
"If you loved me now as much as you did then," she persisted, "you

would strive as much as ever."

"My dear," he said in that calm, dispassionate tone that makes the average wife want to get a poker or a broom, "did you ever see a boy trying to get an apple or a pear that was a little out of his reach?"

"Certainly." she answered: "but

"He keeps jumping and jumping until he gets it, doesn't he?"

"Of course."
"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?"

he has got it?"

"Certainly not. There's no need of

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my apple; and I don't see any reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the boy."

She didn't say anything; but she thought and thought, and the more she thought the more undecided she became whether she ought to be angry or not.

Lucky Error.

"Printers' errors are usually annoying, but a printer's error saved the life of my best friend." The speaker was Cosmo Hamilton, the English writer, who is in New York. He continued:

"Horace Hamfat is an actor. Rich today, he was poor and a failure up to the age of forty. His life up to that age was passed in the provinces on two or three quid a week. A quid, by the way, is \$5. Well, one Saturday in Manchester, Horace Hamfat's show went up, the manager fied and Horace for three days lived on bread and dripping. Then a letter came to him from a London admirer, inclosing \$50.

"The admirer forwarded, also, an item from a theatrical page that Horace himself had written—'Horace Hamfat is starring in Manchester.' But the typesetter had made this item read, truly enough:

"'Horace Hamfat is starving in Manchester.'"

Worth It.

Many months had passed since first he met the sweet, sweet girl. He loved her dearly, but he was woefully shy, and his suit made but slow prog-

Finally, it was the girl—who decided to improve the shining hour and add a trifle to the pace of the proceedings. To make up her mind was to act, and the very next time the young man called she pointed to the rose that adorned his buttonhole.

"I'll give you a kiss for that rose," she blurted out.

A crimson, guilty flush overspread the young man's face, like the light of the setting sun. There was, however, no hesitation on his part, and he clinched the bargain. Then he grabbed his cap and proceeded to rush from the room in double quick time.

"And where are you going?" she

asked in great surprise.
"Oh," he answered tremulously, "I'm
just off to the florist's to buy up his
stock of roses!"

Relic of Cider Barrel Campaign. A relic of the "cider barrel" cam paign of William Henry Harrison, in 1840, is owned by S. M. Unger, 2219 North Pennsylvania street. A campaign medal, worn for many years by Henry M. Ward, a veteran of the Civil war, has been presented to Mr. Unger. who will give it to one of his sons whose grandfather, on Mrs. Unger's side of the family, was James T. Har rison of Virginia, related to W. H. Harrison and Benjamin Harrison. The medal shows a profile of W. H. Har rison on one side and the legend "Major General W. H. Harrison;" born February 9, 1773." The other side shows an old log cabin, at the side of which stands a cider barrel On that side of the medal are the words: "The People's Choice in the Year 1840."-Indianapolis News.

Bacon's House.

Lovers of Bacen will be grieved to learn that his house at Gorhambury is falling to rack and ruin. It has been more or less of a ruin for years past, but on revisiting it the other day after a lapse of some years I found one of the Roman statues gone and of the other one only the trunk remained. One of the Roman medallions had gone. Unless something is done promptly the whole building will fall to pieces. It is to be hoped that Lord Verulam will take steps to preserve the house of his illustrious ancestor. — Correspondence London Daily Graphic.

FIND RELIEF IN CONFESSION

"making a Clean Breast of It" Has
Baved Meny a Man and Woman
From Insanity,

The relief of making "a clean breast of it!" Who of us is there who has not experienced it? If we have done something which we consider shameful or degrading or horrible we find that we are suffering until we can tell it all to some one else, comments a magazine writer. The murderer, to take an extreme instance, is harrowed and crazed by his crime (in many cases) until he has confessed all. whereupon he finds a measure of relief and is more ready to meet his doom. It is with the mind, as with the body; if you take a poison into your body you suffer until the poison is drained off: if you take a poison into your mind you suffer until it is extirpated. Or to put it differently; a physical wound refuses to heal until the poison is cleaned out, and the longer you wait the worse the poison becomes, until possibly, it threatens your life. It is just so with the wounds of the mind, and in extreme cases, where there is no relief, the 'poison' becomes so bad that it endangers the reason, leads to insanity.

Some of the insane are merely suffering from some terrible experience, some shock, some emotional impact, which they never shared with others; which they locked up in their breasts; which grew steadily worse until it transformed their whole nature. Why is it that so often a man living alone in some shack out on the prairie, or some woman alone in a farmhouse, becomes insane? It is simply because there is no outlet for the emotions, for the shocks and worries, the fears and terrors "no one to tell it to."

and terrors, "no one to tell it to."

A curious fact is that we are troubled not so much by the things we "remember" as by the things we have "forgotten," the things stowed carefully away in the unconscious part of the mind. We go through some shameful experience which we feel is too distasteful, too degrading, to tell any one else, we try to forget it; we succeed; in time. But there it is, underneath, like hidden poison, working on us whenever it gets a chance, trying always to break through, to come

into the light.

"But insanity, after all, is not always the outcome; bad nerves, neurasthenia, unrest, unhappiness, are the more common finalities. We see all about us people who are leading maimed and crippled lives, quarrelsome, bitter, dejected, nervously in a flutter. The trouble with many of them is that they have never had complete expression for their painful experiences; they are chockfull of the mental poison of the past.

Simple Food.

"I should like to call attention to the wisdom of the simple life. First, let us have pure, wholesome, and nutritious foods, not deteriorated in any way, and free from any manipulation in the way of added injurious substances of any description; and, secondly a diet of simple food, avoiding complex dishes and multiplicity of courses, but securing a sufficient variety to minister to the legitimate wants of the palate. The frying-pan too often takes the place of the spit, and while some fried dishes may be tolerated, it is not a method of cooking that may be generally recommended. If this simplicity were combined with proper attention to the quantity of diet, frequency of eating, and proper mastication, each individual would be kept in a condition best suited to enable him to perform the special functions in life to which he devotes himself. Too great hurry in eating not only makes digestion more difficult, but also robs the meal of its social opportunities of conversation. The masticating of the food should receive special attention, especially all starchy substances."-Woman's Home Com-

Peninsular War Centenary. Mr. Arthur Keyoer, the British consul for Seville, in his annual report, says: During the Napoleonic wars Cadiz was the only town in Spain which successfully resisted the French invaders, and when at last a parliament was constituted in 1812 it assembled in this town, where it was proclaimed constitutional, thus ending the periol of absolute rule. In commemoration of this event and in fulfilment of a promise then made by the government, which owed its existence to the patriotism of Cadiz inhabitants and to the assistance rendered to Spain by the British and Portuguese armies under Wellington, congress has decided to devote the sum of 1,500,000 pesetas (\$280,000) to erecting a monument in honor of the allies and to defraying the cost of centenary celebration of an international nature. Half the above amount will cover the cost of the monument, and the remainder will be applied to festivities to which representatives of the United Kingdom, Portugal and South American Republics will be invited.

Queer Luncheon. An elderly, roly-poly sort of man has been seen to consume a lunch every day for a week that takes the prize for oddity. The waitress brings to him a plate of French ice cream and a bowl of hot milk, the bowl being covered with a saucer. Between small spoonfuls of the ice cream he ladles out a little of the milk into the ice cream and then a little of the milk into another bowl, testing its temperature the while with sips. By the time the milk has become sufficiently cooled to suit his idea of the proper temperature at which to drink it the ice cream has been consumed. He never orders anything else for his noonday meal.-New York Press.

PROBLEM THAT PUZZLED HIM

Bobby Didn't Understand How He Could Get Candy for Three With

It was a charming summer morning.
Bobby, aged five; Seth, aged four, and
Jennie, aged three, were escorting
their father, Doctor Jackson, on his
daily visit to the village postofice.
He had promised them candy, and

they straggled along in great content.

Opposite the telephone office the procession was suddenly brought to a stop by the operator, who appeared in the door and beckoned the doctor imperatively.

"Hey, doc! You're wanted over at Clifton right away!" he cried. "I tried to get you at the house, and your wife said you were on your way downtown. You've got to hurry!"

The doctor turned about hurriedly, but the three pleading faces made him hesitate. He thrust his hand into his pocket, found no pennies. So he selected a nickel, and placed it in Bobby's hand.

"Now, Bobby, papa must hurry. You take this and get the candy. Get some for Seth and Jennie, too, you know. And be sure to go right back home after you get it."

Bobby, who had not yet learned that there were coins of larger value than the penny, took the nickel without much enthusiasm, and the children proceeded to the candy shop. Here Bobby took his seat upon an upperned box and let his chin fall upon his breast. A telltale sob betrayed his state of mind to the clerk.

"Why, Bob," exclaimed the sympathetic clerk, "I never knew you to cry! What's the matter?" Bobby showed the nickel that had

Bobby showed the nickel that had been shut tight in his warm little fist.

"Papa told me to get candy for all of us," he gulped, "and I can't! Seth and I can't have any. I've only got"—another sob—"one money!"—Youth's Companion.

CANTANKEROUS TO THE LAST

Not Even Praise of His Own Handlwork Availed to Soften Old. "Uncle Jake."

"Uncle Jake" was one of the characters of Bunbury. He was as deaf as a post—when he wanted to be—and as contrary as a bundle of sticks.

One of his neighbors came into his yard one day and said, "Uncle Jake, I'd like to borrow your wagon this morning; mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," rejoined Uncle Jake. "I don't hear very well, and I don't like to lend my wagon, anyhow!"

The old man was an expert maker of axe helves—an occupation in which there is more art than the uninstructed would suppose—and these handles he left at the village store to be sold on commission.

stamping up the steps of the store, another old fellow who was known as Uncle Horace remarked to the men lounging about the stove:

"I'll treat the crowd if I don't make"

One snowy day as Uncle Jake came

"I'll treat the crowd if I don't make."
Uncle Jake agree to the first thing I say to him when he comes in."

"Don't be rash, Uncle Horace!" called out the storekeeper. "That never happened yet, and it isn't likely to."
But Uncle Horace merely grinned and picked up one of Uncle Jake's axhelves. The door opened and in came

Uncle Jake.

"Jake," said Uncle Horace, running his fingers up and down the smooth wood, "this is a mighty good ax han-

"No, it ain't," replied Uncle Jake at once. "I can't make good handles, but that one you've got is the kind people want. They don't know no better!"

And Uncle Horace treated the company to sardines, crackers and sheese.—Youth's Companion.

Lords in the Making.

Allan Dawson, a New York editor, says he was in London when the question of making 500 new lords was agitating England, and that he happened to be in the press gallery of the house of commons when the subject was under discussion.

"It was an exciting time," said Dawson. "A list of names was under consideration. I listened until the house had disposed of three and had elected their titles. The first man decided upon was General Booth of the Salvation-army. It was set forth that his title was to be Lord Saveus. The next was Mr. Patterson, the big baggage and express man of London, and his title was to be Lord Deliverus. The third was Mr. Pink, who owns the largest jam factory in England. They fixed his title as Lord Preserveus. Then I came away."-Saturday Evening Post.

Clay Had Campaign Banners.

Jerome Carter Hosmer, president of the Dorchester (Mass.) Historical society, at the next regular meeting of that society will present a banner which was carried by the adherents of Henry Clay through the New England states at the time of Mr. Clay's candidacy for president of the United States. It is thought to be the only one in existence.

Twenty-seven states are represented, the stars engineling the portrait of Henry Clay. Within the circle are the words, "National Currency and Protection." In the four corners of the banner are the words agriculture, commerce, manufacture and encouragement. The flag is said to have been carried by enthusiastic followers of Clay in Wordhester and Roxbury in 1844.

KITES TO CARRY AIR SCOUTS

French Military Man Has Devised a Scheme Which Authorities View With Favor.

While the enthusiastic airmen have succeeded in putting France far ahead of all other countries in the way of military aeronautics, one captain, Saconney by name, has been doggedly working over man-carrying kites, of which so much was once expected, but which have been put in the shade by the more showily performing aeroplanes.

A short time ago he made an ascension out at sea, carried up by a series of kites that were towed by a man of war. He claims that it is a simple matter to make observations and that it is much easier to regain the ship than if he tried to come down from an excursion by aeroplane.

an excursion by aeroplane.

His latest adaptation, and one that has made military authorities take notice, is a combination of automobile

and kite.

His outfit consists of an automobile with a windlass that is operated by the motor, a trailing truck carrying the kites folded up and a squad of 20 men. The train can attain a speed of about 16 miles an hour.

The speed of the motor to some extent makes up for lack of wind, and ascensions are safe where they would be dangerous under ordinary conditions. The big kites make reconnoitering easier than from an aeroplane, and the apparatus is much handier to put together.

LIKES OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

Beigian Consul at Boston Refuses to Make Changes in His Picturesque Abode.

E. S. Mansfield, the Belgian consul, has an old-fashioned house which has existed for at least a hundred years, and which he has refused to have fitted either with gas or electricity.

It is like a breath of another century, says the friends who visit it, but they admire even more the rare and ancient garden which leads from it. In itself the garden is complete and after the style of the early European gardens or America's colonial ones. The old paintings which hang in the house always evoke the most praise of all. They are Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, French and English works, and they add to the aged aspect of the home.

Whenever guests who know the modern activity of Mr. Mansfield first become acquainted with his house, they are surprised that it should appear so opposite to the owner. They ask Mr. Mansfield of it and he answers: "I like the contrast."—Boston Traveler,

Pigeon Brought Luck.

It is one of the pet beliefs of the fishing fleet folk that when a white bird files aboard a ship at sea good luck is bound to follow. And if a white bird happens to fly aboard a brand-new craft it insures the vessel with all kinds of joy forever. Out on Georges, recently, a little pigeon fluttered down on the deck of the good ship Mary, perching on the wheel box, Result, good luck. . Although Captain Whalen's boat struck mighty hard weather it came through without a scratch and landed 130,000 pounds of fish, mostly hake and cusk, which is bretty nearly the record catch for a maiden trip. The pigeon looked as if it had had some pretty hard luck itself before it fell in with the Mary, however. One of its wings was badly torn, as if a gull or a hawk had taken a piece out of it. The men aboard took good care of the pigeon, giving it plenty of food, although they made no attempt to confine it to any one part of the vessel. The bird made friends with every one, especially the cook, and refused to eat except out of the men's hands. As the Mary came up the harbor the bird was adeck. Abreast of Governor's island he suddenly took wing and flew away. The men said it looked to them as if the bird had recognized his surroundings in the inner harbor and had flown for home.

When Fish Go to Bed.

Did you know that fish go to bed in the winter? Prof. Dyche, state fish and game warden for Kansas, says: "Sure thing, fish have beds. I have seen them piled up four and five fish deep for a space at least 3 by 10 feet. Usually they find a place below a log or some kind of an obstruction in a stream where there is an eddy. They can maintain their positions there without much effort. I don't know whether they sleep or not, but fish will spend most of a winter in that way. "When the water gets extremely

cold the fish become sluggish. They can move around a little, but they lose all their alertness. They can even be caught by hand. All you need to do is to cut a hole in the ice after it has been frozen over for some time. Some fish will come to the hole for air. It is an easy matter to slip your hand under the fish slowly and you may lift him clear of the water before he makes a wiggle.

Good Excuse.

It was on the sleeping-car.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concerthall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.—Harper's Weekly.

REMINDED HER OF OLD DAYS

Real Old-Fashioned House Cleaning in the City Interesting Because of its Novelty.

"There's a real old-fashioned house-cleaning going on next door," said the girl who lives on the top floor, "and it's so long since I saw anything approaching it that it seems mighty interesting. People move so much in New York that there doesn't appear to be any more reason for housecleaning. They have rugs instead of carpets and they hang pictures on tacks and leave their curtains up all summer, which no self-respecting woman would do in the old days.

would do in the old days. "But next door they are beating carpets and painting shutters and they've hung all the winter clothes out on the lines and washed the blankets and whitewashed the cellar and put the window screens out and played the hose on them, and you can just imagine how clean and cool and shining the house will be when it's all over with. Of course it is not so easy as the new way of hiring housecleaning companies that bring their air brooms and other apparatus that do the job up in twenty-four hours or so, but you cannot convince an old housekeeper that the machine way of cleaning house is better than the old way any more than you could make her believe pure food pickles are equal to the homemade kind."-Press York Press.

TAXED BY PHYSICAL WEIGHT

Novel Scheme of French Town Authorities That Met With Bitter Opposition From the Women.

A small French town in the Pyrenees district has struck a novel way to increase revenue from taxation. The ordinary channels not bringing enough to carry out certain projected improvements, the municipal council decided to place a tax on the physical weight of the citizens, arranging the following scheme: Below 135lb., no tax; from 135lb. to 200lb., 12s. annually is demanded; from 200lb. to 270lb., 13s.; for all weights above this figure the tax increases at the rate of 24s. for each 20lb.

Trouble came when the local authorities tried to collect the tribute. Most of the fat people formed a committee to appeal to the prefect, who represents the federal authority in the district. Thus a stay was gained. But it appears probable that the town could put into execution the new law if it should fight the case in the courts. Most of the opposition came from the women, who held meetings and torch-light processions to signify their opposition to the measure, which struck them harder than their husbands.

Won't Have His Calling Insulted.

There is one sure way to insult a delicatessen storekeeper and turn the honey of his disposition into gall. It can be done by remarking carelessly as you buy his meat balls or fish cakes that you only want them for the

cat, anyhow. No delicatessen man

with an ounce of dignity can stand that.

"I lost a customer last week by refusing to sell a ring of liverwurst to a woman who was buying it for her dog," said one man in the trade. "She was a good customer, but when she decided that she guessed that ring of wurst would do because she only wanted it for the dog, I said: 'Madam, human beings might feel honored to eat that wurst; it is not for dogs,' and I

put it back in the case.

"Meat balls composed of the very best beef, veal, eggs, and cracker crumbs are likewise insulted. They will do for the cat. If women must buy these delicacies for their pets, let them, but let them refrain from insulting the storekeeper by telling him

Libraries in Navy.

The navy department spends every year \$20,000 for libraries for its ships. Each "ship's" library includes 300 books, mostly technical and more or less expensive on that account. A "crews'" library is usually made up of about five hundred books on fiction and of such character suitable for en-

About one-third of the books are replaced each year. The changes are made upon recommendation of those in charge of the ships, but it has developed that this is not a satisfactory method, as much depends upon the points of view on literature possessed by the responsible persons. So it is proposed to standardize the libraries by making the changes in Washington, applying them generally to all ships. It is further held that this plan would work for economy, effecting a saving of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

Intercity Meal Tickets.

Restaurants where the meal ticket system prevails adopt various devices to attract trade. A New York proprietor recently posted this sign above his desk:

"Meal tickets purchased here good in restaurants in Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago."

Then followed the addresses of the restaurants where the meal tickets would be housed.

would be honored.

"No, I have no interest in those houses," the proprietor said, "but I know the owners, and we concluded that it would be a good plan to exchange tickets so that customers going from town to town could make sure of a square meal in case work was slack or the got extravagant and spent all sheir money."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Willer sebde medelen S. 1977