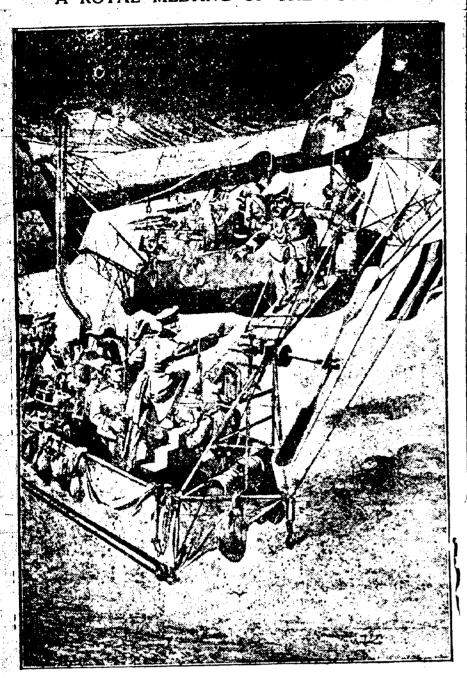
A ROYAL MEETING OF THE FUTURE



A German artist, firmly convinced that the aeroplane and the navigable balloon have come to stay, insists that in a few years such a meeting as the one predicted above will be comparatively common. He shows the kalser and King Edward of England meeting in mid-air accompanied by military cere-

BURMAH HAS SMALLEST KING.

Sawbwa of Chen-tung Stands Four

London.-J. Mackenzie has written

from Burmah about a recent experi-

ment when traveling through the

Shan states in India. He had the

"honor" of being presented to the

smallest king in the world. He is the

Sawbwa, or Myo'sa, of Chentung, who

is four feet nine inches high in his

curly Burmese slippers, and was "the

"was a thatched hut on stilts, close to

the Salween river. He had several

wives, who manifested great curiosity

when they saw their lord in conversa-

tion with a white man. His retinue

consisted of four-and-twenty men

armed with the quaintest collection of

old guns that ever came out of a curi-

"The little brown king held out a

small, plump hand for me to shake.

It was as soft as a woman's. He bade

me welcome with a smile the most

genial I ever saw, and begged me to

accept a cocoanut. I knew that it was

court etiquette to offer a gift in re-

turn, and was embarrassed to think

that, traveling 'light,' as I was, I had

"Suddenly I bethought me of a cork-

screw knife, bearing the name of a

well-known brand of bottled beer,

which had been given to me as an ad-

vertisement in Calcutta a few months

earlier. This I presented to him with

due ceremony, and he accepted it with

The knife seemed a wonderful arti-

cle to the brown men, and they

showed great delight when all the

blades, the corkscrew and hoofpick

NANNY GOAT KILLS RATS.

J. J. Kenney's "Nanny" Rivals Ter-

riers by Her Prowess.

Washington.-J. J. Kennedy, whose

place of business is at the foot of

Eleventh street, southwest, near the

ovster wharf, has a nanny goat that

drinks beer and kills rats. In fact,

her owner says she is as fine a ratter

as any terrier that ever walked on

four legs. The goat is but a kid,

being only about nine months old,

and is a dainty little creature. When

she sees a rat she goes after it like

a terrier, seizing it with her teeth.

Shaking it and throwing it to the

ground, she cuts it to pieces with her

have been caught in a trap and let oud

one by one and "Nanny" has pounced

on them and killed them every time

The owner of the goat is preparing to

have her exhibit her powers in the

Gas That Will Not Burn.

Silver Lake Ind .-- Scott Lawrence,

a farmer living about two miles from

this city, while driving a well, struck

a vein of gas, or something quite sim-

flar to natural gas, when down about

After a number of trials, he failed to

ignite it. The odor was similar to

natural gas, and it flowed from the

pipe with considerable force, produc-

ing a whistling noise that could be

Although the gas was allowed to flow

for several hours, there seemed to be

no diminution in the force. Lawrence

then continued to drive the pipe, and

five feet below the pocket of gas he

struck a strong vein of pure water.

rat-killing line evenings.

heard for half a mile.

18 feet.

On several occasions recently rats

were opened for their inspection.

unfeigned delight."

nothing worthy of his acceptance.

osity shop.

"His 'palace,' " continues the writer,

quintessence of regal courtesy

Feet Nine Inches in Slippers.

PICTURED ROCKS CAUSE OF FOUR-CORNERED DISPUTE.

Nation, Two States and County All Want Stones Inscribed by Indians Long Ago-Now in Posses-

Pittsburg, Pa.—One of the closing official acts of President Roosevelt may be the settlement of the fourcornered dispute between the United States government, the state of Pennsylvania, the state of West Virginia and Beaver county, Pennsylvania. Geneva college, of which Prof. W. H. George is president, is the troublemaker and pictured rocks the cause. At present Prof. George is sitting on the job with shotgun in hand and a look of defiance in his eyes.

The fuss all started because Chief Beaver and a tribe of Mingoes were driven down the Ohio by the Delawares, who coveted the lands they possessed. This was about the time Christopher Columbus was told what a great country this was and insisted on discovering it. Just at the point where the boundary line between West Virginia and Pennsylvania is located the Mingoes stopped a few days to rest.

Sad in heart, Beaver King had his artists at work, and in a few days they cut in the solid rock of what is the present Ohio river bed the story of the sad trip from the country where the tribe had lived so many years.

Later the river changed its bed, until the picture rocks were entirely at the bottom of the stream. Fifty years ago they were visible for a few moments only, but during the last few months, when the river has been lower than ever before, the rocks were completely uncovered.

For two months people came from far and near to look at the wonderful rocks which told the tale of the Indians being driven out. Scientists came, and photographers from England have pictures made of them. while entire schools assigned different days to see them.

One morning recently it was discovered that the rocks had disappeared. The trail led in the direction of Geneva college. When President George was accused of having taken the pictures he laughingly admitted he had, ka. . . stating he employed a score of men to chisel out the rocks and that they were in the cellar of the college, where he would sit upon them all day and pli night, if necessary, to protect them. "Of course I've got them," admits Dr. George, "and more than that, I'm woing to keep them. The entire trouble was started just because I thought of getting them first, and the other fellows are angry because I did

> Veteran rivermen declare it is an outruse. They say that within five or six centuries the course of the stream may be changed again and the picture rocks, if rediscovered, would be even more valuable than at present,

> Woman for Chair of Physics. Paris.-Mme. Curie, who jointly

with her husband, the late Prof. Curie, discovered radium, has been appointed chief professor of physics in the facguitty of science at Paris university.

Gold lies deep in the mountains, dirt

on the highways.

Although the Rev. Mr. Carter knew that the senior deacon of his new church was a thrifty New Englander, he was not entirely prepared for some of the evidences of Deacon Getchell's peculiar thrift. "I don't know as I favor your exchanging with the Harborville minister more than once inthe year," said the deacon; shaking his head at Mr. Carter's suggestion of a

HIS THRIFTY SOUL IN REVOLT.

Cause of Deacon's Opposition to Pas-

tor's Exchange of Pulpits.

second exchange. "I thought you all enjoyed his preaching," said the minister, with

surprise. "I had understood so." "That's not the point," said the deacon's chin took on the look so familiar to his family and friends. "The point is that we pay \$5.25 more a Sunday for our pulpit than they do over to Harborville. So when you go over there it's just the same as making the Harborville church a present of that sum, and what I'm saying is that once a season's enough for us to contribute to their support."-Youth's Companion.

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agenti for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's.

Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself in her eyes in some magnificent way -to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

This instinct remains with men uptil they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adorers.

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak.

Nagging drives such men into the denths. Every look of derision, snub, insult; sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Exchange.

A Harder Job.

The tributes to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way.

"He's a real good boy, that boy o' yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lothrop James added his word of approval.

"I like the cut of his jib," he an nounced, with decision, and I like his ways; he ain't too forth-putting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish.

... Thing of it is you and his ma haven't tried to have him 'brought up,' same as most of the summer folks do with their children; he's just been 'raised' like we were, and that's why he gets on with everybody in this town, sir!"-Youth's Companion.

A Fairy Story of To-Day.

They were going to the theater. He had reached home at 6:30 o'clock, and an hour later was ready to start. There was just time to reach the playhouse by eight. She had had nothing to do all afternoon except to dress. vet it was 8:1 when she came from her room with her hat and coat on. "I am afraid we shall be late," she

"You look so lovely," he replied, kissing her, "that it would have been worth waiting another hour for you."

No. they were not bride and bridegroom. They had been married ten years. But what is the use of telling you any more? As you can see by this sample, you wouldn't believe it. anyway.

Their Marks.

"The seal or signet ring," said a feweler. "once had a very practical use. In the Middle Ages, when nobody but the priests could write, men stamped documents with their signet rings, as the illiterate now make their

"The signet rings of noblemen bore the owner's crest or arms. The rings of merchants bore intricate monograms, trademark or the like. There are certain old continental firms that preserve in cabinets the seal rings worn by their founders-rings whose seals are inscribed with the trademarks still in use."

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time search ing for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come quick; there's Pido! I saw him!" the family grew! somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried, "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!" "Oh, no; I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her, much aggrieved. "Well," he said indignantly. I guess my 'magination isn't white behind "-- Exchange.

Disappearing Home Life. The flat dweller ought not to keep a dog, prefers not to keep a cat, cannot have a garden, has no chance of keeping house, has no possible place for memories and, most emphatically of ail, has no use or accommodation for babies. Although it may be possible to make homes without kittens, or babies, or flowers, or memories, or cupboards, the spirit of home is hard to woo and win without any of them. -Fortnightly Review.

ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT.

Listener Kindly Supplied Most Important Part of Story.

"Then," said the teller of the thrilling war story, "the intreplid general swung

himself on his trusty steed." The listeners leaned forward. "And plunged through fire and smoke onward where duty called him."

The suspense began to grow breath-

"About him scores of men dropped dead or wounded." The suspense finished growing

breathless. "But still he galloped onward, erect and fearless. At last he reached the front ranks. He waved his sword. With a wild cheer the shattered ranks closed up. Led by that intrepid man. they advanced. Everywhere the enemy gave way before him. The day was won. He had snatched victory from defeat."

"I beg your pardon," remarked one of the audience.

"How's that?" "You mean from the jaws of defeat.' don't you?"

"I do. You are quite right. I thank you for the correction." And the stickler for correctness in metaphor leaned back in his chair, well satisfied with himself.

WAS NO PLACE FOR LUCINDA. Unfortunate Reference to "Ha'nts"

Drove Colored Maid Forth. When the southern lady left town and moved to the old manor house of her ancestors, she was accompanied

by her maid. "And now, Lucinda," remarked the mistress, as she showed the maid through the gloomy old mansion. "here are the haunts of my great-grandpar-

ents."

The next day Lucinda packed her trunk and started for the station. "But what in the world is the mat ter?" demanded her mistress, in sur-

"Haven't we treated you

right?" "Oh, yes," assured Lucinda, keeping an eye on the dark, wide hall-

"Then why in the world are you leaving without notice?" "Ah can't belo it missus: Ah can't help it. Ah couldn't think ob workin' any place where dere was ha'nts."

Aunt Harriet's Omnipotence.

In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you, and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant, nor your maid servant, nor your ox, nor your ass."

Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes, the ten commandmends."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—Woman's Journal.

How to Keep Young.

It is true that the neophobia of the old has its cause in mental attitude rather than in physical decay. It is not that the mental power is less, but it is natural for a man to rely on the thinking he did in his twenties and to refuse to reopen questions he "settled" half a lifetime ago.

This atrophy of thought can be avoided if the danger is foreseen, and a man deliberately forms the habit of breaking thought habits. It can be escaped if a man recognizes that he is borne on a stream of social change and that instead of trusting to the perspective in which things appeared in his youth, he must look and look again.—From Social Psychology, by E. A. Ross.

Bloom on the Egg. "I know these eggs, at least, are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket, a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off my hands."

Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh.

"In that case." he said. "I will forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs-a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with: the new-laid sort."

Dolls Become Idols. A lady missionary recently left Croydon for Qua Iboe, on the west coast of Africa, taking with her a large assortment of dolls to give to na-

tive girls. On arrival, however, the missionary already there decided that the intended gifts should not be distributed, "because," it is explained, "the instinct of worship would in all probability exaft

the dolls to the position of idols." So

they are all being sent back to Eng-

Careers for Young Men. in a wider sense than ever the world lies all before the young-especially the young who possess ability-for them to choose. Many possible careers lie open to a man where only one presented itself 50 years ago. Able men find many other openings, each and all more financially remunerative. The church has ceased to be one of the three professions to which a young man's eyes were inevitably turned .-

The Sunday Strand.

SUPID MUST FIGHT RED TAPE

Ludicrous Mistake in French Law Hard to Correct.

Curious difficulties occasionally be set young people who wish to marry in France. A young Frenchman proposed recently to a a Mile. Eugenie, and was accepted. The parents began collecting the mass of legal pa pers required for French marriages Among the first to be obtained was Mdlle. Eugenie's birth certificate, and when they got it they found that she was registered a boy. She is put down in the big book as a male, and a male she remains legally and administratively.

Her parents pointed out first, that she was obviously, de facto, a girl; second, that the Christian name of Eugenie entered in the register was feminine; and third, that if she had been a boy she would already have been called up for the conscription, being of age. The authorities replied that none of these arguments were legally and administratively valid, and that she continued to be a boy.

Administrative reports, procedure and a decision of the courts, all at the parents' expense, will be required before the law acknowledges Mdlle Eugenie to be of the feminine sex and allows her to marry,

WITH THE AIR HE BREATHED

Emigrant from the Green Isle Ab some Americanism.

How long it requires an Irishman to become an American is another story The federal statutes, of course, have their own crude opinions on the subfect: but those authorities are apt to be influenced by prosaic fact rather than by divine instinct.

It is told of two steerage passengers whose steamer entered New York on the morning of the glorious Fourth that one of them, an Englishman, listened a few minutes to the tremendous cannonade and cracker firing that ushered in the dawn of Freedom. At last he turned to his companion and wondered what was the meaning of all the "blooming row."

The other smiled scornfully, "Arrah, g'wan, you foreigner! This is the day we bate yees!"-Sunday Magazine.

Rare Gases in the Air.

Samples of pure air from a height of eight and one-half miles have been collected by Teisserence de Fort, the French investigator, in his observations on the rare gases, especially argon, neon and helium. The collecting apparatus-a vacuum tube drawn out to a fine point at one end-was carried up by a large sounding balloon. At the desired height an elecbarometer broke off the point admit ting the air, and a few minutes later a second contact sent a battery current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All samples thus obtained show argon and neon, no helium being found in air from above

The Way to His Vote. Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking

up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a recent book by Mr. Henry W. Lucy At the time that the "Imperial Titles Bill" was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was de-

sirable. One evening in the lobby. Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder. "Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking!" he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend,

Tom Moore.' The vain little gentleman was eartured. - Youth's Companion.

Lost Appetite.

A plant was found in India, a specles of "veratrumi," a small portion of which was taken medicinally by a victim of dyspepsia. He could neither eat nor drink without the greatest agony, yet he had to ride 20 miles a day in his avocation. After the second dose his stomach was renewed and his appetite returned. The plant is called "Indian's root." Let us have a bit of it. There are 7,000,000 adults in

America who have no stomachs. They approach the breakfast table in fear and trembling, crying: "Oh, my God: have I got to eat again!"-N. Y. Press.

Skating. Skating is believed to have been in-

vented in northern Europe in prehistoric times. William FitzStephen speaks of it in London toward the end of the twelfth century; but it did not really catch hold until the Cavaliera who had been in exile with-Charles II. brought it with them from Holland. On December 1, 1662, Mr. Papys, having eccasion to cross the park, "first in my Mfe, it being a great frest, did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art." On the 8th he went purposely to see the sight and again found it "very pretty."

A Naturel Cause. "I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations." "Why so, my child?" asked the fond

"Because," the smart child asswered, "It is governed by its Diet."

Not for Him. The Poet-I understand you have furnished rooms for reat? The Landlady-The only thing L have at present is a handsometries nished suite on the first floor.

The Poet-I'm afraid that would be

. a little too sweet for me.

YOUNGSTERS TAUGHT TO GLICKE

Two Centuries Ago English Children Carried Pipes to Colice,

The practice of juvenile smoking in this country in the seventeenth contury was practically universal, says the London Chronicle. Jorevin de Rochefort, a French traveler of that period, in an account published in 1671 gives a description of an evening he spent in Worcester. He was catechised by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French poeple. "While we were talking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw their tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health."

HOW BEETHOVEN BECAME DEAF.

Injured in Excess of Anger Caused by Importunate Tenor.

Beethoven gave the following account of how he became deaf to Charles Neate:

"I had to deal with a tiresome and capricious tenor. I had already written two great arias to the same words, neither of which pleased him, and als a third, which he did not care for the first time he tried it, but which he took away with him. I was thanking heaven that I was rid of him and had settled down to something else when in less than an hour I recognized his knock at the door.

"I sprang up from my table in such a rage that as the man came in at the door I flung myself on the floor as they do on the stage I fell on my hands, and when I got up I found I was deaf. The doctor said I had infured the nerves."

Lovers of the great master can occupy themselves thinking of things they would like to do to the luckless

Why They Quit the Farm.

One farm hand has learned the cause of so many sons and daughters and well-meaning, reliable farm hands leaving the beautiful farm and country and going to the city. A lack of order and system on the farm and too long hours for a day are what is driv ing the best minds from the farm to the city and shop, he says. What can we expect of a hand, or the farmer's wife and her posterity, in the way of intellectual development when they get out of their beds at 3:30 in the morning and work from that time unth eight or nine p. m.? And no attention paid to the sanitary conditions. of the home and necessary conveniences on the farm for doing the farm work with the least labor and time.—Norwich (Conn.) Record.

Wanted the Painkiller. Whenever two-year-old Ruland

bumped his inquisitive head or bruised his adventurous body a bottle of some good old-fashioned lotion was brought out and some of its soothing contents applied to the injured part. Recently Ruland received his first spanking, an experience which was to him totally new, strange and mystifying. About all he understood of it was that h hurt and immediately after being ailowed to wriggle off of the maternal knee he toddled toward the shelf on which stood his old friend; the bottle, and with hands upraised cried implor-

"Botty, botty, give Wuland botty twick."-Kansas City Times.

Revealing Ancient History. In Laconia, Greece, where excavations are being carried on vigorously by English archeologists, the latest finds confirm many assertions by ancient authors concerning the Spartana It becomes definitely known that Lace daemonia was formed by the union of five villages; that only priestesses and citizens fallen in battle were buried; that children were birched in public, etc. But the most fortunate discovery is that of the most ancient Doric temple known. It dates from 500 B. C. It is built partly of wood and partly of sun-baked bricks.

An Experienced Walker. Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next. race he enters, mark me, he will win." "Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the ether in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" 💤 said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

Not the Kind They'd Keep. "Is your climate rather changeable."

asked the tourist. "No, it isn't," answered the old settler who always contradicts. "If it was, don't rou suppose we'd have changed it for something else years

Striving to Please. "Yes," said the housewife; "yours is, a sad story. But it isn't the same story

ago?"---Btray Stories.

you told hest year." "Well, lady," answered Plodding Pete. "you surely wouldn't expect a man to go all dat time an' not shew my improvement!"

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

land.

And the second of the second o