BRAVELER KICKS ON COOK

Declares Continental Cooking Is No Longer Unchallenged as to Its Excellence.

Continental cooking is no longer untertailenged as to its excellence. It is tharged with being unequal—partial to meats and fishes and very unfair in the treatment of vegetables and fruits. A "traveler," who evidently deems of prudent to remain anonymous, writing for the Lady's Realm, complains that in continental hotels it is almost in continental hotels it is almost incontinental hotels in the lady's remained potatoes, that plain stewed towarders and green peas are unknown, withough many sauces are flavored with the former, and the latter are unsed continually as mere "culinary inscorations."

Carrots are omnipresent, and so is muliflower, which the waiter admits to the one vegetable they managed to usook well."

If one is a vegetarian—and this writer lays himself open to the suspiusion—one is in difficult straits indeed. It is one cannot live on carrots and cautationer one has recourse to bread and strait. But, alas! the bread is so hard it breaks the teeth, and the fruit makes one long for home orchards. The native apples are dry and tastellass. The pears are hard and inferior, and the ordinary grapes are not to be compared with our own."

The last hope of all diners is coffee, send our "traveler," with vegetarian castes, reaches for it with a renewed minmer of hope. But "it is seidom excellent; it is never served with caream," and the last hope dies when the is forced to admit that it must be at least two-thirds chickory.

Poor traveler! may his journey be short, and may he return to his truck them before his peas and beans and soon and tomatoes are all gone, so that he may revel in vegetable hash mad "boiled dinners" the rest of the

HOW TO STUDY CHARACTER

Close Observation of Faces
One Sees.

Study the faces you see and try to form some idea of the characters of their owners. Notice ears, noses, months, eyes, china Observe how few beautiful mouths and ears you will find compared with ther features. It is an interesting use of your mental powers, this study of faces, and will

Seach you sympathy, if nothing more. If you find yourself without faces to study, then memorize verses, phrases or numbers, to retain your memory. Learn to recall the numbers of a dosom or a score of your acquaintances' homes, instead of always referring to

commit the words of songs to memery—even if you do not sing—it will make you popular with people who do —or memorise a dozen lines of prose from the daily paper if you have noth fing else at hand, just for practise.

Ing else at hand, just for practise.

It is better than allowing your brain forces to become weak and slipshod from lack of direction.

Make the most of the odd ends of time, and you will make the most of yourself with little cost and no loss.

The Gaelle A B C.

Every letter in the Gaelle alphabet
is represented by a tree. The alphaiset of today consists of eighteen letisers,—in ancient Gaelle seventeen,—
ised now, as of old, all the letters with
the exception of g. t and u, which
istand for ivy, furse and heather, are
isalled after trees.

The Gaelic a b c of today runs: milm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, faunth, logh, luis, muin, nuin, olv. swith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is squivalent to saying: elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, white-shorn, lew, rowan or quicken, vine, ush, spindle-tree, pine, elder, willow, farre, heath.

In the ancient Gaelic alphabet the flatter h (the huath or whitethorn) floes not exist. The alphabet is called the beth-luis-nuin, because b I n, and set a b c, are its first three letters.—Youth's Companion.

Good Animal Story, If True. Near a farmhouse in the Midlands of England was a large pond and on the lawn between it and the house ans mid family horse used to grase. One day someone left a baby asleep on a blanket under a tree not far from the pond. When it awoke it saw some swans on the pond, and began to creep] howards the water. It had got almost to the water's edge when the horse brotted up gently and gathered the baby's clothes in his teeth and carried It up to the house. The baby was stargled and began to cry, and the mother rushed out of the house and found her child dangling from the horse's mouth. She grickly took it, and the good old horse, whinnying gently, went back to his grazing.

The Meb. A mob is of society of bodies volunzarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. A mob is man voluntarily descending to the nathere of the beast. Its fit hour of acgivity is night. Its actions are insane. ilke its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather juslice, by inflicting fire and outrage up-.-pm the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the grank of boys who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars -R. W. BunerRECOGNIZED TASTE OF ROPE

Mystery of Cigara Furnished by Schoolhouse Custodian Cleared by Member of Board.

The school committee was in executive session. There were many problems for sober consideration as the solons of the schools gathered in thoughtful consideration, says an official connected with headquarters. Schoolhouse Custodian Mulvey, who does not use tobacco in any form, entered with a handful of cigars and distributed them as gifts to four of the five members present.

"Thank you," was the response from each as a neat bundle of the weed was passed to him. Soon matches were applied, and smoke and a mysteriously suspicious odor floated in the

A minute or two elapsed. The chairman had removed his cigar from his mouth and was looking at it long and thoughtfully.

Joseph Lee, who does not smoke, sat silently gazing into space, won-dering how men can.

Dr. Scannell was puffing and frowning furiously.

George Brock was the first to break

George Brock was the first to break the silence, holding his cigar at a secure distance from his nostrils: "I wonder what kind of cigar this is?" he asked.

It was J. P. Magenis who responded as he quizzingly surveyed the roll of tobacco between his fingers. "That," said he, "is a Manila cigar."

"How can you tell?" asked the doubtful Brock.
"Readily," replied Magenia, "I recognize it by the taste of the rope."—

Boston Evening Record.

SHOWS SAGACITY OF SHEEP

Ewe's Care of Blind Lamb Proof They
Are Not Devoid of Intelligence.

Sheep are not usually considered sa gacious, but the following incident will show that they are not devoid of intelligence. A ewe gave birth to a lamb which was totally blind. The ewe soon realized that something was wanting in her off-spring, and bestowed especial care on it, so that it grew up a fine, healthy animal. One day the farmer was driving the ewes and lambs to a field of fresh pasture. On the way they had to cross a small river by a rude bridge that had no railing or defence of any kind at the side. The farmer forgot all about the blind lamb, but the mother ewe did not. On reaching the bridge she turned quickly round and, seising her offspring by the ear, walked slowly backward over the bridge, drawing the lamb after her and making a murmuring noise all the while. Nor did she quit her hold till safe on the other side, while the farmer looked on in amasement.

The Right to Die. The man who has killed himself on Monday would on Saturday have wanted to live; but one only kills one's self once. Man's life is made up of past, present and future; so life must be a burden to him, if not for the past, the present and the future, at least for the present and the future If it is only a burden for the present he is sacrificing the future. he evils of one day do not authorize him to sacrifice the life that is ahead of him. Only the man whose life is unhappy and who could have the certainty-which is impossible-that it will always be so, and that conditions and desires will never change, either through modification of circumstances and situations or through habit and the lapse of time-which again is impossible—only this man would have the right to kill himself .--Napoleon Bonaparte.

Origin of the Kiss. Concerning the kiss and its origin. opinions differ. Some wise men declare that the kissing habit is one of the remains of cannibalism, and that' its beginning was nothing more than; the carnivorous impulse to bite. When primitive man gave a kiss, he expressed an affection equal to his love for his foods. The kiss meant, "I love you well enough to eat you." It is certain that kissing was one of the most ancient of customs. It was current among the ancient Jews, and is well known among all Orientals. Nor is it to disappear. Exalted by the dying act of more than one historical hero, sung by all the poets, from Solomon onward, the kiss is here to stay. The world could not do without it.

Turkish Girls Do Go Out. On summer nights in Turkey, when people should be asleep, you can see closely hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Turkish peasant girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps looking for the moon, which will not, rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall also you may see a young gent sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near, and they do not happen to see you, you may hear them singing songs, as low as the humming of bees, and always through the nose.

Models Disapproved.

"You shouldn't quarrel with your wife about her desire for handsome alothes," said the near relative. "I don't object to her having hand-

"I don't object to her having handsome clothes," replied Mr. Sirius Barker. "All I tell her is that if she ever succeeds in really looking like those fashion pictures she tries to copy she will come pretty near breaking up her home." WHAT DYSPEPTICS MAY EAT

Shun Products of Frying Pan—Eat Toast in Preference to Bread.

Toast should be eaten in preference to bread, but brown bread is often beneficial. White fish, eggs, nourishing soups, and milk pudding should be largely used; spinach, French beans, boiled celery, butter, cream, olive oil, most fruits, except the very acid ones, provided they are stewed but not sweetened too much, will be found to agree with the dyspeptic. There are cases, however, in thich certain ordinarily digestible articles of food do not suit the patient, who must make up his mind to leave them alone. Potatoes are sometimes productive of indigestion, but not always; they are best baked. Where there is a dyspeptic the frying pan should not be used, as fried foods are the most difficult of digestion. The following is a simple diet table for any one who suffers from dyspepsia due to gastric incompetency:

Breakfast—An egg, toast and soutter, tea or a cup of beef tea.

Dinner—Soup, boiled fish with some simple sauce, roast beef or lamb, or chicken, baked potatoes and any vegetable except cabbage. Toast or stale bread. Salad. Fresh fruit or milk

pudding.

Tea—Very little meat, bread, a green vegetable, but no potato; stewed fruit or custard.

NOTHING LIKE THAT NOW

Professor Points Out That Ignorance and Illiteracy of Past is All Vanished.

The late Prof. William P. Blake, whose encouraging mineralogical reports induced the United States to buy Alaska, believed firmly in his country's future.

Professor Blake, in a Fourth of July address that Tucson still remembers, pointed out the forward strides that Arizona had made.

"Think of the ignorance and illiteracy of the past, all vanished now," he said. "Once, while out on a mineralogical trip, I wandered into a courthouse in an Arizona village.
"The case afoot concerned a letter."

The prosecution wanted this letter admitted in evidence, but the defence wanted it barred out. Finally the judge said reluctantly:

"Hand the pesky thing up here.

and I'll decide on it.'

"So the letter was handed up to the judge, and he put on his spectacles and looked at it sideways and crosswise, and a loud laugh went up from

the spectators.

"'What are they laughing at?' I asked the man next to me.

"'Why, at the jedge's bluff, o'

"'Why, at the jedge's bluff, o' course,' was the reply. 'The old fool can't read readin' writin', let alone writin' writin'.'"

Who cares for germs that lurk in kisses when the trees cast shadows over benches, and the moon, sympathetic creature, hides her beams among friendly clouds?

Man may invent a flying machine which will send the now popular and ubiquitous automobile to the junk heap. Statesmen may be able to arrange a tariff which will reduce the cost of living to a normal scale. Physicians and surgeons may eliminate certain diseases and substitute good feelings for the Monday morning grouch. Inventors may utilize electricity in such practical fashion that all other motive forces will be discarded and forgotten. Tablets of rich. nutritive qualities and rare flavor may eventually soive the servant girl problem. But what can take the place of love, real, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide love, the sort our grandmothers used to make?

A Dog That Swam Guard.

Shep was a black-and-tan Scotch collie. One day he went with the family and some e friends to the little stream just below our camp grounds. The children were going bathing, and Shep was very fond of the water. So he swam back and forth in the stream, just at the edge of the swift current, and would not allow the children to get into the swift water.

This was commented on by the older persons, but a skeptical lad said it was not so. Then, to show he was right, he went out to the swift water and tried to get past Shep. This he could not do. Shep, however, in his efforts to keep the lad back, got into the swift current, and was swept down the stream, but he soon returned and took his old station, where he continued to swim guard over the children as before.—Christian World.

Art As it is.

"Among the students who did most
to prevent my task being a sinecure,"
says Mr. Beckwith, "was one young
woman whose backwardness and total
lack of interest finally roused my ire.
While criticising an unusually bad

piece of her work I asked, exasperat-

edly: Why do you come here, any-

way?

"'Becaua,' she answered, 'my twin sister takes her banjo lesson at just. this hour, and I have to do something, so I thought I would study art.'"—Mo-Dougall's Magazine.

Avoiding Extremes.

"I don't care to employ a young man who swears."

"I never use profanity, sir."
"On the other hand, I don't want a, clerk who says, 'Oh, fudge.'"

SAMENESS OF RIVER NILE

Golden Monotony of Light and Sound In Beautiful Land of the Pharaohs.

Some people talk of the sameness of the Nile; and there is a lovely sameness of golden light, of delicious air, of people and of scenery. For Egypt is, after all, mainly a great river with strips on each side of cultivated land, flat, green, not very varied. River, green plains, yellow plains, pink, brown, steel gray or pale yellow mountains, wail of shadoof, wail of sakieh. Yes, I suppose there is a sameness, a sort of golden monotony, in this land pervaded with light and pervaded with sound. Always there is light around you, and you are bathing in it, and nearby always, if you are living, as I was, on the water, there is a multitude of mingling sounds floating, floating to your ears. As there are two lines of green land, two lines of mountains following the course of the Nile, so are there two lines of voices that cease their calling and their singing only as you draw near to Nubia.

For then, with the green land, they fade away, these miles upon miles of calling and singing brown men; and amber and ruddy sands creep downward to the Nile. And the air seems subtly changing, and the light perhaps growing a little harder. And you are aware of other regions unlike those you are leaving, more African, more savage, less suave, less like a dreaming. And especially the silence makes a great impression on you. But before you enter this silence, between the amber and ruddy walls that will lead you on to Nubia and to the land of the crocodile, you have a visit to pay. For here, high up on a terrace. is Kom Ombos. And Kom Ombos is the temple of the crocodile god.—Cen-

HOW BAD NEWS IS BROKEN

Tyrolese Peasant's Notion of Announcing Disaster So as Not to Cause Shock.

The eminent poet and student of Tyrolese peasant life. Peter Rosegger, gives an interesting instance of the manner in which bad news is broken by the villagers of his country. It recalls the famous ballad of the knight whose page took the news of the warrior's death to the lady and began by telling her that her little dog had been infured.

After a recent heavy thunderstorm a Tyrolese peasant came into the village inn and joined a lad of eighteen, who had been drinking beer and smoking a pipe, and was just "going back to the haying," now that the rain had ceased.

"Sit still awhile," said the newcomer, "you can afford it." After standing at the table for some minutes he went on: "Well, my dear Mat, you've grown a rich man within the last half hour." And Mat, remembering the fearful thunderclap of half an hour ago, turned white as a sheet. The peasant then explained that his father, two sisters and a brother, who had taken shelter from the rain under an old fir tree, had all been killed by the lightning striking the tree.

Carriage Makes for Beauty. graceful dispified carriage up doubtedly sets off beautiful clothes. There is little use in having them if we cannot set them off in that way. But the old clothes, the simple, plain, everally clothes why not give them that same benefit? Better the simplest clothes with a fine carriage than the most elaborate clothes with an awkward carriage. One forgets that the clothes are plain if the figure inside them is carried with grace, dignity and poise. One can even forget a figure that is far from perfect in proportion and a face that has no claim to beauty. To carry oneself well morning, noon and night, indoors and outdoors, is to make the most of all the beauty one possesses, to make others forget the beauty that does not exist, and to make the best impression possible everywhere. That is surely worth while.

Protty Strong Proof. John D. Crimmins, at a St. Patrick's day dinner in New York, was praising the good that Irish stock had worked in America. "The proof of this good," said Mr. Crimmins, "is as strong as the proof of Dawson's marriage. A man, you know, asked another man if Dawson was a benedict or a bachelor. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I don't know Dawson, so I can't say positively; but last Sunday morning I saw him pushing a baby carriage, with a woman on either side of him, and as I passed the younger woman said: "You brute_ you've been like that twice this week. -you can't deny it!" And then the older woman, who looked like the younger one's mother, exclaimed: "Lissie, if you don't make him put another thousand on his life before his liver's altogether gone, you're a bigger fool than I took you for!"'"

Make Use of Spare Time.

Toung man, don't sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Help yourself. Take an hour every day from your frivolous pursuits, employ that hour profitably on some hobby, and if only of ordinary capacity you will master some science. Try the experiment. Even though you may now be an ignorant man, you may become a well-informed man, in ism years. Hundreds who have had no better opportunities than you have risen above the commonplace. But they made more of their spare time.

Antes cobderedate. \$3.64.

THE FIRST LIGHTNING ROD

Bohemian Priest Antedated Franklin in Experiments With Conductor for Lightning.

Though Franklin will continue to receive the honor that is his due as the inventor of the first practical lightning rod, the study of atmospheric electricity goes back at least to the time of Tullius Hostilius, who perished in an attempt to "draw fire from the sky." Cicero, in one of his orations against Catline, calls attention to the destruction of the gilded statue of Romulus by lightning as an evil omen. A lightning bolt vividly described by Virgil in the eighth book of the Aeneld damaged the hind legs of the bronze Capitoline Wolf, and the visitor to the Capitoline Museum today can still discern the marks upon the metal. A learned priest by the name of Divisch is said to have erected the first lightning conductor in Europe. He set it up at Prendiz, Bohemia, in 1754, and it was 130 feet high. Though the Emperor. Stephen and the Empress Maria Theresa publicly proclaimed their confidence in the inventor, a most diastrous drought that afflicted the country a year later was ascribed by the superstitious populace to the new fangled device, and Divisch was compelled to take it down. It is not probable that Franklin das acquainted with Divisch's experiment.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Reversion in Sentiment Regarding Verses Once Used to Point Moral for Children.

What a change has come over the world since the time when children used to be taught what were, considered to be pretty verses of the hateful, horrid spider and the innocent little fly who used to be invited to walk into his parlor, and, tempted by many allurements, be there caught, ruthlessly bound hand and foot and cruelly murdered. What a moral lesson is made for the young to avoid the allurements of the world, for the wages of sin is death, and he who loveth the danger shall perish in it. As the French would say: "But, how we have changed all that!" Now we know that any agency that is destructive of the fly is a precious boon to mankind. We know that the harmless, innocent fly, of whom we used to talk during the winter at least in rather pitiful sympathetic tones, though our tune changed sometimes in summer, when he bothered our rest, is one of the most deadly enemies that mankind has. He is probably responsible for more sickness and death, and especially among the up once as an object lesson for sympathy and an ethical warning in the past—than any other single agent. Wars and accidents, and even earthquakes and floods, cannot be compared with musca volitans for sheer destructiveness - Independent,

A Chinese Wedding.

A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity, and much crying.

The solemnity of a funeral prevails.

After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care. A

bride is dressed with much care. A feast is spread upon a table, to which the bluebing bride is led by five of her best female friends. They are scated at the table, but no one eats. The utmost silence prevails, when finally the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids seave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state, where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters, with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridegroom, form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parior, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple.

Mean Trick to Play on Rival. A characteristic anecdote is told of Cherubini, the most jealous of the irritable genus of composers. He had been prevailed upon to be present at the first representation of the work of a confrere, and, during the first acts, which were much applauded by the public, he had kept a gloomy silence. The third act was less favorably received, and a certain passage especially seemed to cast a cold blanket over the spectators, when the old maestro, to the astonishment of his friends, was seen to applaud heartily. "Do you, really like that duo?" asked one of! them; "I should have thought it was one of the poorest and coldest in the whole opera." "You idiot," answered the maestro, with genuine naivete, "don't you see that if I did not appland. it he might possibly cut it out?"

Fooled the Jokers.

When a popular young couple was married their friends planned to play the usual pranks on them before they got safely away on their wedding trip.

The bridgegroom, it happened, also

The bridgegroom, it happened, also had a few ideas on the subject. While the festivities were at their height some one came into the house with the information that a man was lying in a serious condition on the street car track, only a short distance from the house. Reaching the tracks the merrymakers found a cleverly constructed dummy.

When they got back to the house, the would-be jokers found that the bride and bridegroom had given them the slip, leaving a little note which turned the laugh on the friends.

WEE COLT IS FREAK

Weighed but Thirteen Pounds at Birth and Is Perfect in Shape.

Smallest Animal of Its Kind in Existence is Born on New Hampshire
Farm—Owner Values Him
at \$2,000.

Derry, N. H.-A young colt, which weighs only 13 pounds and which is valued at \$2,000, is the property of John W. Moore, a Derry farmer.

As the smallest perfect horse in existence, as well as being a curiosity from the fact that it is the offspring not of a pony but of a full-grown animal, the little stranger in the Moore stables is regarded as one of the greatest wonders known to the horse world.

The mother of the colt is a horse ten years old. For years she has been in the Moore family, and was bred and raised by Mr. Moore. In every way she has always been regarded as a normal animal, and has been a great pet around the farm.

The other day one of the squad of workmen around the Moore stables entered the building early in the morning to feed the stock. As he entered that end of the stable occupied by the horse he heard sounds of tramping and whinnying coming from a large box stall in which Marie, now the proud mother of the microscopic horse, was kept, and he started to investigate.

The stableman went to the box stall and looked in. Marie was standing up as usual, and seemed to be all right, but instead of paying much attention to the inspection of her visitor, she turned away from him toward a dark corner of the stall and put her nose toward the floor, as if smelling something

The stableman opened the door of the stall and stepped inside, but saw nothing to disturb Marie. He looked on the floor, but could not distinguish any object that should frighten the horse. Accidentally, however, in petting the mare, his foot struck something in the straw that littered the floor of the stall. Suddenly there was a great scrambling almost under his feet, and up out of the straw there leaped what proved to be a colt no bigger than a small dog. The little animal pranced around on its feet, slipping and falling, but scrambling up again. Marie, all excitement over the actions of her small son, moved uneasily about, licking him; and snuffing at his coat.

This young horse, whose discovery in the box stall the day of its birth was due to an accident, so small is he, is exactly 14 inches tail. His head, feet, mane and tail are as perfectly formed as those of horses of ordinary size. His coat is as thick as that of an ordinary colt, and he prances about in full possession of as much strength as a colt of his age usually has.

The borse is so tiny that it can be picked up and carried under the arm like a small dog. Its nose is so small that it can easily drink out of an & it nary teacup. Its boofs are about as large in diameter as a quarter of a dollar, and its tail is three inches long. From its foretop to the end of its nose it measures seven inches, and it is about eight inches from its shoulders to the end of the rump.

PAID RENT ON WRONG HOUSE

Connecticut Man Must Now Pay for Dwelling He Had Never Occu-

pied—Queer Mix-up.
South Norwalk, Conn.—How would you like to pay bent for ten months and then awake to find out that you had been paying for a vacant house half a mile down the street, and that you would have to do the same thing over for the house you had occupied by mistake all this time?

Such is the dilemma in which Emanuel Gainer of New York finds himself. He moved up to West Norwalk, a rural district, last fall, and by mistake got into the wrong house. Each, month he took his \$25 to James Bates, his landlord, and Bates never went, near him. The other day Harold Austin, the owner of the house, showed: up with a tenant. When he learned the truth he was madder than a wet-

"Haven't I been a-sending tenants: here for the past ten months, and nary a one came back? I reckoned they were scared by ghosts, so I came-up. You've got to pay me for these ten months or I'll sue you," exclaimed the landlord.

Bates refuses to give up his rent, saying that he could-have rented his house had he not thought that Gainer was in it. The worst of it is, the law seems to uphold the landlord, and it is probable that Gainer will have to pay double rent for his mistake.

Man as Beast of Burden.

Williamsport, Md.—John Pryor, a deaf mute, with his wife and several children, who are returning to their home in Montana, passed up the Chesapeake and Ohis canal toward Cumberland, where they will abandon two small boats in which they are traveling.

The family started on the canal at Washington and camped out at night in tents. They have a few utensian and carry a supply of provisions. Pryor pulls the boats with a rope tied around his body.

The family came east several years, ago, and, becoming dissatisfied, decided to return to their old home in the west.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS : CANTON DE CONTROL DE