

BETTER THAN GUN

WHEN SNUFFPROVED VALUABLE WEAPON OF DEFENSE.

British Army Officer Is Lucky In Being Able to Relate Story of Almost Fatal Adventure in India.

Perhaps no man's life was ever saved to him by a more curious circumstance than that attending the experience of a captain of the Bengal lancers. He had been on a visit to a civilian friend in Rajputana and went out for a walk in the country about sunset.

After going four or five miles he found himself in a narrow path on the side of a steep hill. The path was a mere ledge in the rock, with a deep chasm on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other. It was not a pleasant place in which to come face to face with a big tiger; but that was just what happened to the captain.

It was too late to withdraw, so he determined to brave it out. The animal had evidently been asleep; for it continued for a few moments to lick itself into full wakefulness. The captain stood still, with his eyes fixed on the beast. Presently the tiger took a few steps forward and made a dash at him. Luckily its teeth seized him by the flap of the coat, just over the breast, so that he was not hurt by the blow.

Then the captain had a chance to appreciate the feelings of a mouse when it is shaken by a cat. The tiger shook him till his senses left him. Perhaps it was as well they did leave him, for the beast held him over the deep chasm and a fall would have been as fatal as the animal's onslaught.

When the captain recovered consciousness, a few minutes later, he found himself lying flat on his back, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes, only to see the sky above him. He dared not move, for the tiger might be close at his elbow. So he shut his eyes and remained motionless.

Then he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, a sound as if somebody sneezing. His first thought was that some one had come to the rescue and beaten the tiger off, but this was proved to be wrong by low, disagreeable, tigerish growls mingled with the sneezing.

He turned slowly. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tiger sinking off with his tail between his legs and sneezing violently as he went, his face distorted by most piteous grimaces.

The truth then dawned upon the soldier. In shaking him the tiger had caused his snuffbox to fly open out of his waistcoat pocket and had received the contents full in the face.

The First Aviator. Was Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, our first aviator? This is a point seriously maintained by ancient biographers of the Saxon king, who perished in the battle of Hastings.

In the course of an article in the Windsor Magazine a writer recalls a tradition which cannot, of course, be either disputed or approved today, but was of sufficient interest to be retold even by the poet Milton in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," where the poet-historian says: "Harold was, in his youth, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, came fluttering down, to the mourning of all his limbs; yet so conceited of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts."

The Great Treading Down the Little. Five hundred years ago John Ball, looking out over England, tells us that he saw "the great treading down the little, the strong beating down the weak, and cruel men fearing not, and kind men daring not, and wise men curbing not, and then with his heart burning within him, he cries aloud, "and the saints in heaven forbearing, and yet bidding me not to forbear."

If we compare our time with his, we will admit that although the great still tread down the little, and the strong beat down the weak, and the cruel are at last becoming afraid of public opinion, that kind men are more daring in their schemes of alleviation than they used to be and wise men are more solicitous.—Jane Addams at the Conference of Charities and Correction.

States of Australia. The states comprising the commonwealth of Australia are: New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, West Australia, and the territory of Papua, formerly known as British New Guinea. The capital of the commonwealth of Australia is as yet without being, although a site for the future capital has been chosen in the Yass-Canberra district in New South Wales. At the present time the parliament sits at Melbourne.

HEARS THROUGH HIS FINGERS

Telegraph Operator a Valuable Man at His Instrument, Though Completely Deaf.

Peter A. Foley of Portland, Me., is a telegraph operator, though totally deaf.

Since he became deaf, however, he has developed so wonderfully the sense of touch and sight that he can detect the finest movements of the instrument and correctly interpret them.

His nervous system is a part and parcel of telegraphy and by the sense of touch in his finger tips he takes messages transmitted from the ends of the continent.

He can also read a message by watching the sounder. With his left forefinger placed lightly on the sounder he can by his wonderful sense of touch take a message as accurately as any man in the office.

He insists that he needs no more consideration than any other operator, for he can read the fastest transmitting without the slightest difficulty, and his record of mistakes in a year is said to be smaller than that of any other operator in the office.

Mr. Foley's hearing began to fail rapidly eight years ago. He was then considered the best operator in the Portland office and every effort was made to help him. The manager of the office arranged the receiver so it would make a louder tick, but in a short time he was unable to hear even this.

There appeared no alternative but failure. No operator in the world had been able to work after he had lost his hearing. The manager didn't wish to send a good man away, so he was set to doing common work at the same salary he had received as an operator.

One day he announced that he would soon be able to go back to his old position. The manager was surprised. That a deaf man could be a telegraph operator was too much to credit, but Mr. Foley was able to prove that he could do it.

Such is Fame. Miss Jane Addams, the founder of Hull house and the pioneer in settlement work in Chicago, recently was in St. Louis, and, according to veracious chroniclers, was visited by an enterprising young reporter whose first question was "Miss Addams, have you ever had any experience in settlement work?"

When this story was repeated in the presence of Senator Frye he remarked that it reminded him of an experience of his own a year or two ago. He was returning to Washington for the session of Congress and stayed over a day or two in Boston. Soon after he had registered at the Touraine a youthful reporter called on him, and the first question was "Senator, have you ever taken any interest in the ship subsidy question?"

"Not much," replied the senator, dryly. "Can you tell me just what it is?" Whereupon the young man proceeded to give a little elementary instruction on the subject to the senator, who had been the author of most of the ship subsidy bills introduced in congress. And the venerable senator never enlightened the young man. He says he was afraid it might have embarrassed him.

The Human Brain. What is the brain but a scrapbook? asks the Family Doctor. If, when we are asleep someone should peer in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, scrap songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, meaningless dates, recollections of childhood; vague, gradually growing faint, moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or the word of blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, of homelands beauties or scenes of travel, hopes and dreams that come to nothing. Unrequited kindnesses, gratitude for favors, lifted thankfulness for life or the reverse, quarrels and recollections, old jokes, delightful nonsense, wit that savored talk, or the dull flow of speech that had in it no life; and, through them all, the thread of one deep and enduring passion for some one man or woman, which may have been a misery or a delight.

A Queer Way to Cook. In certain parts of New Zealand both native and white women use the natural hot springs to do their cooking. In the Rotorua region it matters not whether the cook wishes to roast a piece of meat, boil potatoes, or steam pudding, all she has to do is to step out of doors and place the cooking utensil in a steam hole. The cover is then put on, and a piece of coarse sack over the whole completes the operation. In a short time dinner is ready.

At Whakarewera the entire earth just beneath the surface is a mass of boiling springs. Millions of gallons of hot water hiss and steam, sending vapors skyward in great white clouds. Strike the ground almost anywhere with a stick, and the hole thus formed fills with hot water. Hot water for baths, the week's washing, and for ordinary purposes of the household is always on hand.

A Serious Matter. "What I like about baseball," said Mr. Farnson, "is that it is a manly sport which involves no danger to life."

"I don't know about that," replied the business man. "Every time there is a game of special interest scheduled it appears to cause an epidemic among the relatives of my employees."

Thoughtful Mover. "Take this sofa on the first load and leave it on the sidewalk."

TOO MUCH IN FEAR

SAD HAPPENING THAT HAS SOURD MRS. STOREY.

Avoidance of Publicity in This Case Was Costly—And, of Course, Mr. Storey Says "I Told You So."

Mrs. Storey's life had been haunted for years by the fear that some day she might be called upon to serve as a witness in court. Her grandmother was a witness once, and when Mrs. Storey was a little girl she used to hear all about it. Grandma, it appears, had been so scared she couldn't tell the judge her own name.

"And," said Mrs. Storey to her husband, "if there is anything more disgraceful than to be unable to tell your own name, I'd like to know what it is."

In order to reduce the possibility of such a calamity to a minimum, Mrs. Storey would walk on with deafened ears and averted head whenever she happened to be near a light or the scene of an accident. Only the other day she had occasion to shout her eyes and ears to the seething crowd around her. She was waiting in the south terminal station for Mr. Storey, who had gone around to the baggage room to check a trunk.

Presently she became aware that something exciting was happening close beside her. Hastily she shut her eyes, but before those protective measures could be accomplished she learned that a female thief had snatched a handbag which she had found lying on the floor—and was being pursued by an excited crowd. Not being entirely devoid of the curiosity of her sex, Mrs. Storey would have liked to know more, but the old fear of being detained as a witness held her inert until her husband's return. Then she ventured to ask if they had caught the thief.

"Yes," said Mr. Storey, "but they couldn't do anything with her. Every one was confident the bag didn't belong to her, but as nobody appeared to claim it they had to let her go."

At that Mrs. Storey opened her eyes. "I am so glad," she said, "that it is all over. I am ready to go now. But—oh, dear me! Where are my purse and handbag? I had them here a moment ago. They must have dropped—ah, I wonder—"

"No use to wonder now," said Mr. Storey heartlessly; "of course, the stolen bag was yours."

Closed Door an Aid to Harmony. Among the tribes where families live in one-roomed huts with never a door or division, dispositions must be of uncommon sweetness. As civilization increases the need of doors to increase, too, until finally our dispositions, or is it our efforts to make peace, makes doors an prime necessity. A closed door is the greatest aid to harmony known. Those people who are groping toward a desire for harmony, but are not yet wholly emancipated from the savage-onion-hot-row period of civilization, slam their door on closing it and thus manage to leave a little ruffian outside, though their supposed desire is to take it in the room with them and dissolve it into nothingness before appearing again in public. Sometimes one's gratitude for doors, doors in general and one's own door in particular, is so keen that one wonders if in the lares et penates there was not one especially devoted to doors. It would be to this little god that modern thanks would be most devoutly offered up.

New Remedy for Strong Poison. Experiments at the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research are said to have developed a surgical expedient by which the effects of the most virulent poisons may be rendered relatively harmless. So long as there is the faintest heartbeat, it is possible to save anyone who has taken what has been heretofore regarded as a fatal dose of strychnine, morphine, illuminating gas, and kindred poisons.

The basis of the treatment is the forcing a steady supply of air through the windpipe into the lungs. It differs from other artificial means of respiration in that the lungs themselves are not called upon to give aid. A small tube forced through the windpipe to the opening of the lungs conveys the fresh air, while the foul air returns by pressure through the windpipe outside the tube, which may be inserted through the mouth, or an aperture cut in the windpipe.

"A Lady and a Lawyer." Practically all the members of District Attorney Whitman's staff were in Judge Crane's court when Lawyer Freda Thomas made an eloquent appeal in behalf of George Davis, a youth on trial for burglary. Assistant District Attorney Wilmont, somewhat abashed by the situation, cautioned the jury not to be influenced because the defendant's counsel was a "lady."

"I object to that remark," said Miss Thomas. "The district attorney has no right to refer to my sex. I am a lawyer."

"That is right," said the ever-gallant Judge Crane. "You are both a lady and a lawyer."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sense of Superiority. "How many times have you been arrested?" asked the court.

"A good many," replied Plodding Pete, "but only for small offenses. I never get pinched for violations of speed laws or falling to blow a horn."

COLD BATH CALLED A FAKE

Irrelevant Writer Pokes Fun at One of the Most Cherished of British Institutions.

Everyone knows about the tradition of the cold morning bath. All Englishmen mention the fact in a casual manner that they have had one at least once each day, but I have wondered if they did not protest too much. How can anyone prove that they actually got into this aforesaid cold bath? That a 200-pound man can get into a zinc pan 18 inches in diameter at the bottom, or prance about the great dilute keel which surrounds it, does not seem reasonable.

After getting out of a fairly warm bed many times, and trying to do acrobatic acts in tepid water with a damp atmosphere of about 40 degrees, in a stone-walled room with the concentrated cold of 400 or more long hours hermetically sealed in a musty old castle, I decided to fake the cold bath, as I now believe all Englishmen do.

It's an easy game, and this is the way to do it. Jump from the bed and land, if possible, clear of the stone floor, on any old stray rug or piece of carpet. Dress hurriedly and completely, and draw a razor over your blue chop, called a chin, starch the blood with your own handkerchief—don't use the bath towel; then drag the zinc bathtub to the center of the floor, lay a bath towel or two spread out beside it, then throw the soap as hard as possible into the water six or seven times (this gives the effect of a natural English bath splash), slap the ends of another towel in the water, wet your hands (no matter if it does make 'em ache—you must do this) and slap them on the towels to represent wet footprints. This done, you can look the world in the eye with a bright and shining morning face—the kind R. L. Stevenson refers to.—American Magazine.

Sent Vipers to Supposed Rival. A wealthy Italian count and his wife recently visited Paris where by chance they met the daughter of an old family friend. After a while the count's countess became jealous of the count's little attentions to the young lady, and she conceived a diabolical plan to revenge herself on the girl she considered her rival. The count arranged to give their young friend a pearl necklace, and the countess seized this opportunity for her own nefarious end. She obtained a couple of vipers in a state of torpidity, and placed them in a handsome box bearing the count's crest. This dangerous parcel was dispatched with a note to the unsuspecting girl. The gift reached her while she was still in bed. Scarcely had she undone the covering than she let it fall with a cry, and half dead with fright took refuge under the bedclothes. The warmth had aroused the reptiles, and with raised heads they lay on the bed hissing ominously. But for the promptitude of a male servant, who dispatched them with a whip, the vengeful gift would doubtless have resulted as its author intended it should.

Rediscovering the Bible. A few years ago a professor at Yale set an examination paper to some of his undergraduate pupils and was astounded at the utter ignorance of the simplest Biblical topics displayed in their answers. Considerable publicity was given to this failure which was taken to heart by the university men throughout the United States, and with characteristic American promptitude a movement was set on foot for the encouragement of Bible study among university men.

The movement has certainly caught on, says the American Hebrew. For the session 1908-09 no less than 539 academic institutions of the United States and Canada have Bible classes, attended by 32,359 college men. But besides this the movement has spread into 18 other countries, where the classes are attended by 80,000 university men. If one could judge by numbers the Bible is again coming to its own among the rising generation. The Bible is being rediscovered.

Peculiar Legacies. Not long ago a Berlin manufacturer left \$2,500, the interest of which is to be spent on the free distribution of beer weekly to the frequenters of his favorite beerhaus. More recently a testator at Tunbridge Wells, England, left eleven friends \$500 apiece "to invest in port wine or anything else they like." John Redman, a friend of Charles James Fox, who died in 1798, by a codicil in his will enjoined his executors to keep his house on for at least a year after his decease, and to visit it frequently, taking friends with them, "that each corner may be filled to help drink out the wine in the vault." He added that, "holding my executors in such esteem, I desire them to pay all the legacies without the wicked swindling and base imposition of stamps that smell of blood and carnage."

Albanian Friendships. There is no country in the world where friendship is deeper or more lasting than in Albania. Every man, almost without exception, has a friend who will stand by him in all circumstances, and against a legion of enemies, if need be. The usual form of cementing a friendship is for the two men to cut their arms and mix the blood, taking an oath at the same time that nothing but death shall break the bonds. Instances are common where a man has suffered death at the hands of the Turks rather than betray his friend.

FIRST, TO KEEP COOL

SOME ADVICE FOR THE VICTIMS OF ACCIDENTS.

Those Who, Fully Dressed, May Happen to Fall into the Water, Have Every Opportunity of Escaping Death.

Mr. Handley advises the swimmer who falls overboard fully dressed to first turn on his back and float, and while in that position to remove the coat and the shoes—and then keep on floating. He points out that swimmer can float indefinitely, but may easily tire of swimming, and, tiring, may be seized with panic, which will drown the best of watermen.

"In floating," says Mr. Handley, "one can shout all one likes, to attract the attention and still retain one's strength. And will not the chances of rescue be decidedly better if one lies comfortably awaiting developments, or propelling one's self gently by an easy back stroke, than after using up one's energies in treading water or in making violent efforts to reach land by swimming?"

"Of course, this advice is hard to follow, because it is contrary to every instinct of self-preservation to quietly await developments after an unexpected and unwelcome immersion. Still training will accomplish it. As, however, it is impossible to train the body in this case, and the mind must be relied upon to offer the right suggestion at the psychological moment, one should prepare by mentally rehearsing what is to be done in case of a spill. Just picture to yourself the contingency of being thrown unexpectedly into the water and school yourself to turn immediately on your back in a floating position, at least until you have had an opportunity to recover from the shock and to size up the situation. Then you can decide comfortably on the course to follow.

Don't let panic seize you. Let the fact be always uppermost in your mind that clothes have no tendency to drag you under water, that they are a help rather than a hindrance if you only know how to take advantage of the assistance they offer. Never forget that, clothes or no clothes, your body floats naturally, so that you can stay above water almost indefinitely if you will only keep your wits about you, and the cases are rare indeed in which assistance does not come within comparatively short space of time.—Recreation.

Models to Help Jurors. For the guidance of the jury, counsel then produced in court a model of the house about which the dispute had arisen.

Many a time, in the course of reporting a law case, had I written the above or a similar phrase, before I met the man whose studied business it is to make and supply for legal purposes, a model of anything from a country mansion to a stretch of roadway. Probably it was the inadequacy of the language that led to his devoting himself to the producing of "ocular proof" for the guidance of juries.

Even the most eloquent of counsel may fall properly to describe a situation, especially if the technicalities in miniature is produced in court, the gilt tongue of counsel is silenced by comparison. For in the words of the old Roman poet: "Those things stimulate us less which are heard by the ear than those which are presented to the faithful eye."—Andrew Soutar in the Strand.

An Egg Defense. A Chicago grocer's boy had a lively half-hour round with an ugly fox terrier in his father's store a few days ago. The dog drove the boy into a corner, and the only available weapon was a crate of fresh-laid eggs. These the boy used, one at a time, on the enraged beast with telling effect, till his ammunition was all exhausted, when the dog promptly advanced and bit him in the leg. The dog then, resembling a walking casket, appeared to be satisfied and sought a nice green lawn where the grass was tall, where he could roll and separate himself from the external egg-nog. The unfortunate part of the affair was the fact that the eggs were too fresh to do much good. If the boy had had the presence of mind to have gotten near a crate of stale eggs, or even near-fresh eggs, the dog might have been stopped by the first one over the plate.

Hard Task to Save Life. A painful and somewhat sensational adventure befell Mr. Boyd, an engineer of Didsbury, Manchester, England, the other Sunday, while he was exploring a "pot-hole" in the limestone district near Ingelborough. He was climbing by means of a rope from a subterranean chamber, when the rope broke, and he fell 90 feet, breaking his thigh. A local doctor spent the night with him, and his friends strapped him to a plank, hoisted him a hundred feet to the roof of the cave, and carried him a quarter of a mile through a tortuous passage to the outside world, the task occupying 15 hours. It was not till four o'clock on the Monday afternoon that Mr. Boyd was safely deposited at the nearest inn.

In Papa's Footsteps. "You must not go on the railroad track, Cyril," said the comedian's wife to her little boy.

"Why, papa used to walk there, didn't he, mamma?"

VAIN SEARCH FOR TREASURE

Truth About Romantic Stories of Wealth Said to Have Been Hidden in Mexico.

According to Jose Ramon Palafox, a Mexican journalist, there are no hidden Montezuma treasures.

No doubt the stories circulated about the hidden treasures of the Aztec emperors have their origin in the sadly exaggerated accounts of old Spanish historians—men who swallowed the yarns of the conquerors of Mexico and whose judgment had been upset by the few shipments of gold and silver made to Spain shortly after the taking of the Aztec capital.

The amount of gold and silver in the possession of the Aztecs at any time was comparatively small and on the side of the people consisted of little more than a few personal ornaments. The greatest store of these precious metals was found by the Spaniards in the Imperial palace, and this was promptly shipped to Spain by Cortes. Compared with the wealth of today even this was a mere drop in the bucket.

The accounts of the Montezuma treasures is merely a counterpart of similar extravaganzas found on many pages of history. We read of the fabulous wealth of the Euphrates valley, of ancient Egypt, of India and other parts, and so far have never found a trace of it. In their day no doubt these people had a certain amount of gold and silver, but they never had enough to cause us moderns to call them rich. Dispersed among them in the form of currency, as is the case of today, their wealth in precious metals would have made them a very poor showing. Gold and silver, then, as in the case of the Aztecs, were not used at all as mediums of exchange or were used only in a very limited way. Rulers paid and received tributes in the form of gold, and converted it into articles of practical value or objects of art.

Bishop Falls on Marriage. Bishop and Mrs. Samuel Fallows recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Bishop Fallows has taken up in a modified form the Emmanuel movement, and has been very successful in awakening his followers to a sense of their duty in relation to the maintenance of health.

"Tell them that I want to say, as St. John did, 'Little children, love one another.' Love can be cultivated like any other sentiment. It is not only an instinct, but a principle and a conviction. It is not only in the blood, but in the intellect. Love is intellectualized emotion. Young couples should be temperamentally suited and thus they will blend together. They must not wait till they get \$2,000 a year before they get married, and I don't approve of hasty marriages. When I married I was receiving \$700 a year, and we always put something by. Love is the greatest thing of all, and if our married people had more of it there would be less divorce.—Health Culture.

A Strange Lake. Captain Tilho of the French mission to the Lake Chad region in Africa has discovered some new vagaries of that puzzling body of water which has long exercised the minds of geographers with its problems. He found in 1908 that caravans were crossing on dry land the northern part of the lakebed where, in 1904, the captain himself, had navigated an open expanse of water. The lake covers an area about four-fifths as large as Belgium, but its average depth is only five feet. Even the winds suffice to change its level to such an extent as to submerge or leave bare portions of its shores. It is entirely independent of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Curiously enough, the lake does not occupy the lowest part of the great plain of which it is approximately the center, for observation shows that northeast of the lake there are plains of considerably lower altitude than that of the lake.

The Southern Sea. Readers of old records of exploration in the South seas will recall frequent references to the heavy swells of the ocean, which impressed the navigators with the idea of their remoteness from land. Dr. Vaughan Cornish explains the great size of the sea waves in high southern latitudes by the fact that south of the Cape of Good Hope the prevailing wind is all westerly or westerly. Thus when a west wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running. The new horn wind increases the steepness of this swell, and so forms majestic storm waves, which sometimes obtain a length of 1,300 feet from crest to crest. The average height attained by sea waves in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles per hour.

A Scientific Problem. In the center of the garden, on a pedestal, stood a large glass globe. As the guests sauntered about after dinner one of them, happening to touch it, discovered to his amazement that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side facing the sun.

An argument immediately sprang up, and in the course of the debate the phenomenon was attributed to the law of reflection or that of refraction, on something equally formidable.

"I don't know what you're talking about," remarked the old gardener, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation, "but I do know that fearin' the sun would crack this 'ere globe a while ago, I turned it around."—Exchange.