

STERN CODE OF HINDOOS.

The Householder Is Not Supposed to Indulge in Desires of the Flesh.

Absolute self-mastery is the ideal of the Hindoo, writes Swami Abhedananda in Good Housekeeping. Every man and woman in India struggles hard to accomplish it by practicing austerities, fasting and various kinds of devotional exercises.

The ideal of truthfulness is held very high, and is carefully practiced in the Hindoo home. There are many families in India whose ideal is to sacrifice everything for the sake of truth.

FOR OWNERS OF A COLLIE.

Some Advice Concerning the Care of Dog That Becomes a Great Favorite.

A few words on general care: In all favorable weather wash the dog once a month, and in summer once each week, advises A. D. Burhaus, in Recreation. Feed him twice daily of cooked food. Do not keep him too fat.

KNOW HER CASE AT ONCE.

Elderly Society Leader Startled by Bluntness of Eminent Physician.

"One of America's greatest physicians was called to the bedside of a grand dame of distinguished name and many millions, who is a leader of American society. But now the grand dame groaned and grunted in her silken bed like any washerwoman.

Wonderful Boy.

"I've got a kid at home who is a wonder," said the proud father to his bachelor friend. The bachelor turned in disgust, and was walking away when the proud father overtook him.

The Limit.

"There's nothing that makes a would-be society woman madder than to find her name left out of the report of some well function she attended."

Slight Pretext.

A governess in Germany named Kath Schmidt wrote her name in a visitors' book of a hotel just below the signatures of the king of Saxony and two princesses. She is being prosecuted for lese majesty.

COUNTERFEIT TRADE MARK

Every Article Bearing American Stamp Is Tampered With in Manchuria.

One sort of "yellow peril" that American exporters have to deal with in the orient is very real, according to a report that has been received by the department of commerce and labor from one of its special agents, who has been investigating trade conditions in the far east.

No charge is made as to the place of origin of the spurious trade-marks, but the vendors of the imitation article to keep on the windward side.

But the mere fact that there are counterfeiters of this sort shows one source of trouble that the legitimate American manufacturer has to deal with in fighting for the trade of the orient, and it is hoped that some of the counterfeiters may be caught and discouraged a little in the inroads they are making into American commerce.

PARROT LIVES A CENTURY.

The Bird Could Talk as Well as a Man If Educated When It Was Young.

There is no doubt of the fact that the parrot is one of the longest lived of all animals. There is a well-authenticated case of a grown man who used to go to see a remarkable talking cockatoo which his grandmother had personally known when she was a little girl.

In the West Indies and elsewhere in the tropics parrots are commonly allowed to roam at will about house gardens and at meal times when they hear the clatter of plates they will walk into the dining-room, climb on the backs of the chairs and insist upon their share of whatever there is to eat.

It seems odd, when one comes to think of it, that birds should be the only animals that can talk. There are other speaking birds besides parrots, of course, such as the crow, for example, but parrots are decidedly the most capable conversationalists.

LONG-DISTANCE APPLAUSE.

Handclapping Was Plainly Heard by Wireless Nearly Two Hundred Miles Away.

One hundred and eighty miles away resounded the thunderous applause accorded the concert given in the Pensacola navy yard recently. It was handclapping by wireless. The large wireless transmitter station is located near the bandstand, and at the end of a selection by the navy band the De Forest operators opened wide the large spark gap as well as the doors to the soundproof spark muffler, and then, depressing the Morse key, sent forth a succession of long, loud dashes heard for blocks. This "low frequency" spark and its rattle, following upon the last notes of the music, resembled an outburst of applause from a vast concourse of clapping hands, but sevenfold louder than any ever heard before.

Brazil's Blue Butterflies.

The exceedingly high prices often asked and paid for butterflies are rendered possible by the extreme uncertainty of the market. There is no means of knowing how long a butterfly will remain a rarity. It may continue unique for a quarter of a century, or it may become common in the course of a few months.

His Stock.

"I," said the orator, slapping his breast with his fist and tossing his head like the heavy villain in a 10-20 show, "come of a stock rooted deep in the soil."

QUEER SOUVENIRS BY MAIL

Worn and Soiled Collars, Cuffs, Shirt-Bosoms, Socks, Etc., Pass Through.

"The souvenir postal card craze seems to be governed by none of the bounds of propriety and decency," declared a postal clerk at the federal building as he was distributing the deposits found in the public drop boxes, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

"If the government doesn't put a stop to this nonsense I'll have to find a better job," he continued to muse.

It was a disgraceful lot of stuff, to be sure. In the collection were any number of worn and soiled collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms, not to speak of old socks, garters, and even several pairs of shoes.

The proper postage had been prepaid on everything—the cuffs, collars and shirt bosoms bearing stamps and addresses, the socks, garters and shoes being attached to tags inscribed with designations.

CRYSTALLINE ILLUMINATION.

Light Emitted by Many Such Formations, the Alkaloid Class in Particular.

The light flashed from crystals is the light that has dawned upon the mind of Herr Tchugaeff. Of 400 crystalline substances examined by him, 121 were found to emit light, the alkaloids as a class being particularly active, but only six out of 110 inorganic bodies showed the phenomenon. The colors of the light varied with the different substances, and its intensity could be classified according to an arbitrary scale in which uranium nitrate was taken as typical of the first class, tartaric acid, of the second, and ammonium oxalate, of the third.

USE OF WASTE HARDWOOD

By-Products of Michigan Sawmills Return Appreciable Money Profits.

All the world's woodcutters might be millionaires if they knew how to gather up the 12 baskets of industrial crumbs as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a capacity of 90 cords of hardwood a day, the wood consumed being slabs, crooked logs, treetops, and other hardwood offal from logging and lumbering operations. From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98 1/2 per cent, being pure; 200 pounds of acetate of lime, quicklime being added for this purpose, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Every product of the wood except the charcoal passes off in the form of gas and is reduced by distillation. Some irreducible gas and a little tar product are used as fuel. Nothing is lost. The alcohol is worth 60 cents a gallon. The acetate of lime is worth two cents a pound, and the charcoal is worth ten cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth not over one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the cord of refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive. The plant, running at full capacity, will turn out a product daily worth \$1,260 from material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.

Underground Garden.

A clever Dublinite has turned a deserted wine-cellar in his native city into an underground market garden. In this retreat, which once sheltered barrels and casks of fiery liquors, now grow sea-kale, rhubarb and mushrooms. As the produce is right in the heart of the market district, the city farmer has no railway charges to pay, and in truth many of his customers, desirous of obtaining fresh vegetables, visit his underground farm and select what they desire by the light of a lantern.

Benzine Buggies in Germany.

In Germany a motorist can be punished for allowing his car to give off a strong smell of benzine. A German automobilist was fined for this offense recently, and appealed to a higher court. It has now been decided that punishment for such an offense can only be meted out "when the smell of the benzine is so great as to force passers-by to take another road."

An Invalid.

Frankie—Papa, what's the difference between being sick and an invalid? Papa—An invalid, my boy, is one who makes those around him sick.—N. Y. Times.

CURING TREES OF DISEASE

Medicine Administered with Results by Scientific Russian Investigator.

While the science of animal medicine is obviously antiquated, it is certainly much more advanced than the science of vegetable medicine, says the Boston Transcript. Animals are treated locally and internally with curative medicines, while, aside from fumigation and spraying of diseased breaking in treating diseased plants and trees with medicaments, some nutritive, and others curative. A Russian investigator has just reported the result of some 500 experiments of this character, which he conducted by introducing into the trunks nutritive salts, both in the dry state and in solution.

Experiments were made with oaks, poplars and sycamores, which suffered from frost, diseased white acacias, pear and apple trees. In all cases the results were more or less favorable. Chlorosis, or bleaching of leaves, was treated successfully with iron sulphate, as well as a destructive fungus disease of the grape vine known as anthracnose. Fungus disease of the apple and oak were also successfully combated by administering medicine internally, as it were, allowing the plant to distribute them to the diseased cells in this way.

The extensive changes of the tissue of old trees into gum, as familiarly encountered on cherry trees, a process known as gummosis, was effectively treated by solution of acetic, oxalic and tartaric acids. Of greater significance, however, was the attempt to combat the numerous boring insects that infest orchards by poisoning them by the introduction of poisonous solutions into the sap. For this purpose arsenic, copper sulphate, manganese and barium were used, and the results were quite satisfactory in destroying the bark borer, apple moth, and one species of plant louse. With an extension of the knowledge of plant pathology and physiology, the new method of healing, nourishing and stimulating trees may be looked for to assume proportions undreamed of at present.

NO WHEELED VEHICLES.

Ancient City Which Until Recently Had Never Seen Such a Conveyance.

In all the 5,000 years since the great-grandson of Noah founded the city of Sidon, never, until a few weeks ago, so at least tradition asserts, had a wheeled vehicle been seen in its streets. On that occasion, states Youth's Companion, an obliging and uncomplaining driver brought his horse and carriage to take two missionary ladies to Beirut. Admiring bystanders lifted the carriage up the frequent steps and round the sharpest corners of the narrow streets. Another exponent of antiquity of the place is Murex hill, near the castle. This hill is formed entirely of the shells of the murex, from a gland of which the historic dye of Tyre and Sidon—the Tyrian purple—is made. Compare with this magnificent purple, the manufacture of which has gone on uninterruptedly for many centuries, the cheap aniline dyes of this age, which resemble natural dyes just long enough for the purchaser to get home again! It is interesting to note, also, that the two ladies for whom the carriage rumbled down Sidon streets were daughters of the honored Dr. Eddy, and that the years of the two generations of noble missionary workers in Sidon now number just 100.

LOOK NOT TO THE EAST.

To Do One's Best Work His Desk Should Be Placed to Face Towards the West.

For a long time it has been declared that those whose heads pointed toward the north while they slept enjoyed better rest than those whose feet were pointed in that direction.

Now a savant gravely declares that the position of one's desk largely influences his capability, and that to do one's best work the seat must face the west.

It is asserted in all gravity that those who face the south lose at least one-third of their capability, and a seat facing the east is only less hurtful than one which faces the north.

The originator of the theory declares that he stumbled upon the solution by finding himself unable to work in a new library until the position of his desk had been changed, and that he has verified the correctness of his claim by experiment with a score of his friends. In the course of time the compass will become as essential to the landsman as to the mariner.

Appropriate Title.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude. She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. "Ah! How appropriate the title!" "I don't see it." "Why, the card at the bottom says: 'Sold.'"—Chicago Journal.

Good Suggestion.

Mike—O've had th' noight mare for three nights, Pat. Phwat would you recommend for th' trouble? Pat—Yes might trade th' mare for wan av thry automobiles, b'gorry.

Prosperity in Georgia.

A Georgia poet writes to the Whitsett Courier: "I've made enough out of my poetry the past year to buy a new hat and have my hair cut."—Atlanta Constitution.

DEVIL LOOSE IN MEXICO.

Many Unpleasant Things Happen There on the Day of San Bartolo.

A big fire, a suicide and a number of accidents in the city and a heavy wind and rainstorm here and numerous crimes and accidents in many parts of the republic were the natural consequences, it is to be supposed, of the annual one day's leave of absence taken by his diabolical majesty the devil yesterday—a leave of absence which his majesty spends in this earthly planet doing a number of devilish tricks, says the Mexican Herald.

It is a common belief among almost all Mexicans that on the day of San Bartolo the devil is loose and many unpleasant things happen. The devil is supposed to be very busy all the year around roasting bad people in the inferno, but on the day of San Bartolo he takes a little rest and comes to the earth to see how things are going on. That is, he comes on a trip of inspection to see the prospects for the coming year.

Many people are so superstitious about this that they stay at home all day and refuse to receive calls because, according to tradition, it occurred one time that the devil disguised himself and called upon people whom he wanted to carry away. The object of the visit was briefly explained and the interested parties were so scared that most of them dropped dead, whereupon the devil carried away their souls.

The superstition is much more widely spread in the states of the interior. In Guadaluajara, for instance, they claim that San Bartolo's is the day when the city shall be destroyed by a flood and a hurricane, according to the prediction of a priest who died many years ago, although nobody knows the name of that prophet nor the year when he made his prophecy.

AND JONES GOT HIS RAISE

Smart Trick of His Friend Willie Unexpectedly Helped Him to Get It.

"The question is," said the young man, according to the New York Sun, "whether the joke is on me or Jones. You see, Jones came to me. 'I ought to have my pay raised five a week,' says he, 'but I hate to tackle the boss. How would you go about it?'"

"Why don't you write to him, saying that Mr. Jones is a deserving young man, who has done good work for the firm, and ought to have his pay raised five dollars a week?" says J. "Then sign it 'Lewis Jarvis,' and send it in."

"By jove, that's a great idea," says he. "I thought he'd take it as a joke, of course. But that night Jones came up to me, grinning all over."

"Well, I sent that Lewis Jarvis letter," says he. "Sent it through the mail, too."

"Say, I felt rotten. Here I'd led a young and inexperienced man like Jones to get gay with the boss, and maybe ruined all his prospects. I lay awake half that night, and the more I thought, the more it seemed to me that it was going to be up to Willie to 'fess up and save the job for Jones."

MANY AMERICANS ABROAD.

Stated That More Than 100,000 Are at All Times Residing in European Cities.

Year by year the number of Americans residing in the chief European cities has been increasing. Two years ago an estimate of the number of Americans living in London was made and the number was shown to be 15,000, while 12,000 in Paris.

There are according to the last estimates 25,000 Americans residing in London permanently, 30,000 in Paris, 5,000 each in Rome and Berlin, 2,500 in Munich, 1,500 in Florence and 1,000 in Venice.

There are at all times between 100,000 and 150,000 Americans resident in European cities, apart from the number of Americans who make a summer trip to Europe and come under the designation of either transients or travelers. Most European countries do not include in the census of inhabitants taken unnaturalized foreigners, and for that reason the figures of the number of Americans are not always easy to get. Ten per cent of the population of Paris, exclusive of transients, is made up of foreigners—250,000 foreigners constantly in Paris, of whom 30,000 are Americans.

Enormous Reservoir.

One of the largest works of men's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the Great Tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of 21 square miles.

Ancient Foot Race.

The oldest annual footrace in the country, that for the "red hose" at Carnwath, Scotland, was run recently. It was established in 1491, and its maintenance is one of the provisions of the charter under which the Somervilles held the barony of Carnwath.

Externally Good.

"What do you think of my new book of poems?" "Fine. Who were the binders?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

MISLE MULE'S

Versatile Mule's Under Mischief's

He was a primary in a remote country district and not looked at the time of the war, but also present for the kind when once demanded, re the Philadelphia Telegraph.

Consequently he was not surprised, late one night to receive a message telling him to come to the farm of an acquaintance as soon as possible, for Jenny was seriously ill.

Jenny was the name of the farmer's wife, and the thing that it is possible by a grave case, the doctor harnessed his horse, and thrusting his medicine chest into the night started for the home of his patient, 10 miles distant.

When he reached the farm it was nearly two o'clock in the morning and the place was as dark as the interior of a sad tomb. A man of howling, yelping dogs greeted him, and not daring to get out of the carriage unless he wanted to contract a few spells of hydrophobia, he patiently waited. Finally a light shone in the doorway and the farmer appeared with a gun in hand.

"Who's there an' what's wanted?" he demanded in an authoritative voice. "It is the doctor," rapped the veterinary in a cheery tone.

"Gee, Doc," said the farmer, kicking a few of the dogs under the woodshed, "yer needn't hev come all tuer way out here to-night. I didn't kalkulate that she would die afore mornin' anyway."

"How is Jenny?" asked the doctor, "and what seems to be the trouble?" "She cut loose an' eat too durned much," replied the farmer.

"Acute dyspepsia, I suppose," suggested the doctor. "I don't know what hifalutin name yer would call it," replied the agriculturalist. "She has been all kinked up with cramps an' colic, but she's better now."

"What did you do for her?" asked the physician with professional anxiety. "Took her out an' galloped her up an' down the place for awhile," answered the farmer.

"What?" exclaimed the doctor. "Yes," returned the farmer, calmly, "but yer needn't worry, Doc, she hasn't much good anyhow, an' I kin easily get another one."

"Well," said the doctor a little coldly, "as long as I am out here I had better see your wife, and make sure—"

"My wife?" interposed the farmer. "Well, say, Doc, I ain't talkin' about Jenny, my wife, I'm talkin' about Jenny, my mule."

With this the farmer backed into a laugh that aroused the best of the family and the neighborhood dogs, and could hardly stop long enough to lead the doctor to the wagon house, where he kept the older stock.

BOY'S TRIP TO THE MOON

Fertile Fancy of Twelve-Year-Old Gives Birth to Excellent Description.

In the recent census examinations in the States only one boy, one of the eighth-grade questions in grammar was "Write an imaginary story on 'A trip to the moon.'"

John Duff, a 12-year-old, according to the New York News, handed in the following: "Many people would think it absurd to take a trip to the moon. My trip was an accident. I was on the Mary Jane, going to India. We had just passed under the equator when a storm struck us. I jumped on a hatch and went flying up in the air like a witch on a broomstick."