

A BEGGAR OF MHIVA.

Pathetic Figure Appealed to the Traveler from the East. Once in an open square, where the dust pall forbade sight or breath...

ON LOOKOUT FOR HEIRLOOMS.

Articles for Which Pawnbrokers Will Pay Good Price. A Frenchman of undoubted "blue" blood got stranded in New York...

Pictured Hay Fever.

In Paris there is just now proceeding a seasonable discussion on hay fever, concerning which an amusing instance of the capricious nature of the infection is related...

Need of Information.

The learned traveler had delivered his great lecture on the manners and customs of Japan. "And now," he said, in conclusion...

Campaign Material.

"What I want to give the people," exclaimed the orator, "is a speech that contains facts and figures."

CREEKS AND TEN TRIBES.

Indiana Story of Their Wandering Away From Palestine. "The Indians are the most superstitious people on earth," said a man a few days ago who had taught for years in a Creek Indian School...

SYMPATHY WAS IN ORDER.

But Sam Johnson Was the One Most-ly in Need of It. "Pardon me," says the sympathetic gent on the station platform, "you seem to be in distress."

All Were Worried.

The mistakes made by telegraph operators are often very amusing and sometimes rather startling. A Washington girl, 16 years old, went west recently, and it was her first trip unaccompanied by some member of the family...

Why He Stays at Home.

"Mr. Higbee seems like a model husband." "Yes, lately. He's home every evening now. You see, his wife got the burglar scare and bought one of those pretty little pearl-handled revolvers."

Conversational Niceties.

The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle the student of the English language, but one who has a governess will soon acquire them all. Thus a young French woman who was learning English while on tour with an Anglian attendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!"

A Quadruped Bird.

A South American traveler has captured a rare bird, whose interest to science is that it is a quadruped. It is known to the natives as the cigana, or gypsy bird. For many days after hatching, before it is able to fly, the young one uses its claws to climb up bushes and trees...

JAIL BARRED TO HIM.

American Prisoner in China Receives Cold Welcome. When the Chinese day watchman at the American consulate went his rounds the other morning he discovered that one of the cells that should have contained a prisoner was empty. Door and window were intact, and there was no sign to show how the occupant of the cell—C. E. Buttrick—had effected his escape...

DON'T JOKE IN ENGLAND.

Warning in the Fate of a Paragraph About Famous "Big Ben." The worst of the sportive style in news writing is that it sometimes leads to misunderstanding. The London correspondent of a Manchester paper sent the other day a humorous account of the renewing of the hands of the great clock of parliament. It ran thus: "A well-known character, who has been Westminster all his life and is familiarly known to many Londoners as 'Ben,' underwent a serious operation this morning."

He Excepted the Captain.

Passing the pantry of his boat one day, Capt. Birch of Gloucester, Mass., overheard one of the cabin boys indulging in animadversions on the officers and crew. He turned a very severe countenance upon the boy and said: "Young man, hereafter when you have anything to say about anyone about the boat, please except the captain."

"Uncle John's" Chicken Deal.

Down in South China, Me., was a good old Quaker, Uncle John Jones, whom everyone knew and respected. A slight defect in his speech added interest to his remarks. Uncle John raised poultry along with the other products of his farm. One morning he discovered that a number of his chickens were missing. Having his suspicions as to who the thief might be, he lay low, and finally recovered his loss.

Crane Fled From 13.

Actors are notoriously superstitious, and W. H. Crane is no exception. One day, when he found himself in room 13 of a hotel, he immediately demanded that he be transferred. "But," expostulated the clerk, "this is the best room in the house. It's a room, too, in which many eminent men have lodged. Why, your old friend John T. Raymond often occupied it."

Child's Pathetic Answer.

This happened in Minneapolis. A young lady agent of a savings institution handed a little girl one of the forms to fill out before making a deposit. One of the questions asked was: "What is the occupation of your father?" The little girl wrote "Drunkard" in answer to this. "But that is no an occupation," said the young lady agent. "It's all I ever saw him do," innocently replied the nine-year old tot. That father ought to hire himself out to stand behind a full bedded table for about ten minutes.

Saturday Night Diversion.

In a London street a girl of 12 and a boy of 10 were playing a family drama of "mother and father" and "Daddy" was being instructed in his role. "Now, Bob," said the girl, "you just walk up ter her corner an' wait there till we tells yer to come. We're a-goin' ter get dinner ready, an' when we calls yer, yer ter come 'ome and chuck the flunk about." "Ho!" said Bobbly. "Come 'ome, drink do?" And why for? "Why for, stoopid?" retorted the girl, with a glance of mischief scorn and pity. "Ain't it Saturday?"

GOATS CLEAR BRUSH LAND.

Flock Quickly Makes Away with Tangle of Briars. A flock of Angora goats was put on a rocky hillside that it was desired to have cleared and put into grass. It was such a tangle of brush and briars that it was with difficulty one could make a way through it. The goats actually ate their way in until it was penetrated with paths in all directions. After the leaves withered in reach were eaten they would stand on their hind feet with their forefeet in the branches and so eat the leaves higher up, or, if the brush was not too large, would throw their weight against and bend it to the ground, where others of the flock would help strip it of its foliage. The leaves would come out again only to be eaten off, then sprouts would come from the roots to share the same fate, until at the end of the second summer everything in the shape of a brush not over six feet tall, except the pines and laurel, were completely killed and white clover was beginning to appear. These goats, with their long, curly white fleeces, attracted more attention than anything else on the place, but, as can be imagined, they had to be well fenced in for they would run over a stone wall like dogs.

WHY THE BABY YELLED.

Its Loyal Mother Got Even With Two Grouchy Passengers. Recently a wearied-looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a Rapid Transit car at Broad and Chestnut streets, and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends, unless the pictures had been previously retouched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street gable for half a block, and with a grouchy glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevishly remarked to his pal: "I think we had better sit over here, Jim."

No More Arguments for Him.

It was the blissful half-hour after dinner and a group of workmen were beguiling the time with an argument on some question or other. An interesting deadlock had been reached when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate, who had remained silent, during the whole of the debate. "Ere, Bill," he said, "you're pretty good at an argument. What's your opinion?" "I ain't a-goin' to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Dick Grey." "Ah!" said the other, artfully, hoping to entice him into the fray, "and what did you arrive at?" "Well, eventually," said Bill, "Dick arrived at the original 'an' I arrived at the perils station."—Stray Stories.

Coal Mining in India.

All the coal of India is bituminous. Some of it is hard and glossy, like Rock Springs, Wyo., coal. It sells for \$2.08 to \$2.21 a ton. It only costs fifty-five cents a ton to mine, screen and load in the cars. The coal fields now operated are in Bengal, the native states of Central India, and Hyderabad. India is first among the coal producing dependencies of Great Britain, and its coal field covers 35,000 square miles. The total output in 1905 was 7,762,779 tons. Bengal supplied about 93 per cent of the amount. India has abundant labor, capital, and convenient water transportation to the sea. The hauls by rail are short and comparatively inexpensive. The consul general thinks that eventually India and not Japan will control the coal market of the Eastern world.

Had Utterior Motives.

Col. W. H. Osborne, of Greensboro, has an ear for good things. On the Bryan special the other day he told the following story: "I heard a good one the other day," said Col. Osborne. "The negro who drives the ice wagon that comes to my place was hailed by another negro boy, who asked: 'Say, nigger, when is you goin' to school?' " "I don't know. What makes you axe me dat?" "Cause, I jes want ter know." "Does you want inner place?"—Charlotte Observer.

Easy to Understand.

An ardent teetotaler, in conversation with the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, once found fault with the practice of "christening" vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree with him, and said a good temperance lesson could be learned from the practice. "How can that be?" asked his companion. "Well," replied the witty baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after!"—Independent.

"BREAKFAST" IS NOT A PLEASURE.

First Meal of the Day in England Cannot Be a Pleasant One. An observant writer in Health says: "The woman who spends her every afternoon on visits to friends is bound to develop the 'tea face.' The 'tea face' is frozen vivacity. The eyes have an unintermittent sparkle, the head has an permanent sudden tilt of interest and expectancy, while the smile looks as if it had been done up in curl-papers over night." One knows that face. It is preferable, however, to the breakfast face. The breakfast face is washed vacuity. The eyes have the sparkle of cold lead, the head has a waxy droop and an unwillingness to turn either direction, while the scowl looks as if it had been left out in the rain all night. By the way, I speak merely from memory. Since the day of my emancipation, some eight years ago, I have carefully avoided that pleasant, cheery, chatty, time-tables-and-toast, bills-and-baron function known euphemistically, as the English breakfast. It is only fair to add that, to the best of my knowledge, I have never been missed. Nobody ever is missed from the English breakfast table.—London Sketch.

CLEAN MONEY HER HOBBY.

Young Woman Had Distinct Prejudice Against Soiled Bills. She stopped in front of the pay-teller's window and produced a wad of soiled bills. "Would you kindly exchange these notes for clean ones?" she asked, in response to his polite inquiry as to what he could do for her. "Why, yes, madam, certainly. You are afraid of the disease germs, I suppose," he remarked as he counted out the amount in new greenbacks and pushed them over the little brass door. "No, not exactly," she smiled. "It is simply a case of habit. Before I married I had experience in the banking business as a working woman, and, like all in the work, I acquired a love of fresh bills. I positively refused to handle anything soiled or worn. It is one of the few things I have had to regret in married life. The tradesmen will give one that kind of tainted money in making change, usually they have nothing else in the cash drawer. As soon as I can possibly do so, I hurry to the nearest bank and get clean ones. These are lovely, they smell quite like old times. Thank you so much. Good morning."

WOES OF YOUTHFUL PRINCE.

Cordeign Punishment That Followed Loss of Temper. "What inexhaustible treasures of history, political, administrative, and social, are contained in those acres upon acres of parchment called the French Archives!" M. Jules Lemaitre has lately unearthed the diary of that promising heir of Louis XIV who died of smallpox in the flower of his youth. Here is an extract: "September, 1692.—A few days ago Monsieur l'Abbe this tutor, Fenelon, laid out me because I blundered in reciting my Virgil. I said to him, Monsieur, correct me, if you please, but do not make merry at my expense. There are certain persons who are not to be laughed at. He continued to tease me, whereupon I lost my temper and threw my copy of Virgil in his face. My governor, M. de Beauvilliers, was told of this, and I got for it a whipping at his hands. Further on the boy adds: 'But M. l'Abbe is so fond of me that, henceforth I am determined to please him to the utmost.' The ill-fated lad was just 11 years old.

Newspaper Bulwark of Sanity.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, the British authority on mental and nervous diseases, maintains that the newspaper is a bulwark of sanity. He says: "It is the antidote to corroding egotism, and gives a world-wide horizon to the purblind and shortsighted. It is real and earnest in its tragedy and comedy, while a novel is only a make-believe. It supplies snacks of biography in the form of gossip. It manufactures heroes by the dozen, and it furnishes an easily digestible intellectual pabulum. Many a man has been saved from melancholy and fatality by the daily paper. Suppress your newspapers and you will have to enlarge your lunatic asylums."

Hertzian Waves at Sea.

A German scientist has invented an automatic mechanism for preventing collisions at sea, based upon the use of Hertzian waves. Miniature wireless telegraph plants are to be installed on vessels, effective within a thousand yards radius. Two vessels fitted with apparatus approaching each other in a fog and with the mechanism set would at 1,000 yards give mutual and automatic warning by acting upon each other's signal, which would, in its turn, automatically stop the engines.

Reason for Madness.

Richard Mansfield at a dinner party in New York contributed an anecdote to the old question of the sanity of Hamlet. "One morning in the west," he said, "I met a young friend of mine and asked him where he had been the night before." "I went, my young friend replied, 'to see Shakespeare's Hamlet.' " "Aha, did you?" said I. Now tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?" "I certainly do," said he. "There wasn't \$100 in the house!"

ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

Secret Sign on an Envelope the Cause of Present System. Quite recently there has been more or less discussion as to the origin of the postage stamp. Perhaps the most authentic story is that which comes from the post office department at Washington. It appears that about 65 years ago Rowland Hill was traveling through one of the northern districts of England and for a time was sojourning at an inn where the postman came with a letter for a young miss, who turned it over and over in her hand and after examining the envelope minutely inquired the price of the postage, which was a shilling. She sighed sadly and returned the letter to the postman, saying that it was from her brother but that she had no money. Mr. Hill was an onlooker and was touched with pity. He paid the postage and his action seemed to embarrass the girl. When the postman had gone she told Mr. Hill that some signs marked on the envelope conveyed to her all she wanted to know and that as a fact there was no writing inclosed. In extenuation she said that she and her brother had contrived a code system of communicating, as neither of them were able to pay post charges. Mr. Hill thought of the results of a system which made such frauds possible. Before another day he had planned a postal system upon the present basis.—Harper's Weekly.

PLANTS THAT TAKE PILLS.

Latest Wrinkle Devised by the Art of the Florist. A very large and sturdy orange tree was growing in a small pot. "If that tree," said the florist, "didn't take pills it would require a pot as big as a bathtub to grow in. But it takes pills like a hypochondriac." Chemists, agricultural experts now make plant pills no bigger than chestnuts, that contain sustenance for six months, a kind of tabloid food. These chemists analyze a plant's ash, and make pills of the constituent salts. The pills, inclosed in a special covering, are dropped in the soil at the plant's roots, and the salts gradually dissolve and diffuse through the metal, giving the plants day by day the sustenance that they require. "Pills are also applied to weak, sickly plants, which they help wonderfully."

Derivation of Words.

"Arnold White remarks that 'an admiral is an emir of the sea.' 'Admiral' or rather the older 'amira,' the 'd' is an intruder, is one of many familiar words of Arabic origin. It represents 'amir al-bahr,' commander of the sea. The dropping of the 'b' has left in this case a mutilated form meaning literally only 'commander of the sea.' In other words the Arabic definite article—and the following substantive still translate together. Thus there is 'al-amir' the reduction, 'al-kah' the 'al' (the) 'kah' the cup, 'al-ahab' or 'al-ahab' literally 'stone turned into gold' and 'al-ahab' which stands for 'al-kah' the phlox when a stone or powder.

How the Noblemen Rank.

"After the noble comes dukedoms. The premier duke is Norfolk, the fifth-son of his line. After dukes come marquesses. After marquesses come earls after earls come viscounts. After viscounts come barons. After barons come baronets. After baronets come knights. "This, then, is the order: Duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight. I do not mention lords. A lord is an earl—the earl of Craven, for instance, is often called Lord Craven—or else the title is only the courtesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes—as Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the duke of Marlborough."—Philadelphia Bulletin.