WITH THE FESTIVE GRIPPE.

Written by One Who Evidently Has "Been There."

The grippe is the most vicious of diseases. It begins in the night and bleeps not by day. Nor will it let its victim sleep. Where it comes from is met knewn, but everyone is aware when it gets there, that it has come to stay. It takes off its things and puts its trunk in your best room. It seems to ic on an indefinite leave of absence from home to make life as uncomfortable for its host as possible. It puts his feet on your best furniture, uses your best linen towels to clean its shoes and takes especial delight in denving us dirty linen about for you to Spick up. It assaults you from the front and from the rear. It pounds away at your head until you can stand it no longer; it runs up and down your spinal column; puts your legs out of commission and destroys your appetite. The grippe is the most unfeeling and thoughtless of all diseases. Where some diseases are content with affecting certain organs or certain portions of the human frame, and letting it go at that, the grippe comes in and lays siege to the entire system of human economy. It knows no feelings of decency or consideration. It laughs you to seem, and when you are alone it mocks your groaning. Of all diseases space me from the grippe.-Detroit

CHANCE TO MAKE A PAIR.

Smart Young Man Had Less Fun Than He Anticipated.

Whoever is acquainted in the vicinity of St. Johnsbury, Vt., knows of Orville Lawrence, of whom many stories are told like the following:

Mr. Lawrence was driving up to the St. Johnsbury house with a little fox terrier sitting at his side. A sporty young drummer was sitting on the piazza smoking a cigar in company with some friends, and he resolved to have some fun at the expense of Mr. Lawrence.

"Sir, how much will you sell that dog for? I should like it very much for my wife, who loves pups."

"Wall," said the old man, "you had thetter take it, and then your wife will (bave two."

Origin of the "Broad Arrow." The unmistakable "broad arrow." of which the escaping Gloucester convicts paturally tried to rid themselves as soon as possible, has no inherent penal significance, but is simply the sign of state ownership on the prison clothes, says the London Chronicle. How this arrow came to be a royal mark is quite uncertain. The story that it was taken from the arms of Henry Viscount Sydnéy, who was master general of ordnance at the end of the seventeenth century, is exploded by the fact that it was a roval mark before his time. Pepys hankered af-"ter the idea that the "arrow" might be roally an anchor, and others have seen in it a commemoration of the English archers' prowess. It has been boldly identified also as the three nails of the cross, as a mystic Druid letter signifying superiority, and as the symbol

The Spanlard of To-day.

of Mithras as sun god.

I find the typical Spaniard of to-day In an Aragonese peasant, elderly but lithe whom I lately saw jump from the train at a little country station to examine a very complicated French agricultural machine drawn up in a siding; he looked at it above and be blow with wrinkled brows and intent eves, he ran all around it, he clearly could not quite make it out; but there was no flippancy or indifference in his attitude toward this new, strange thing; he would never rest, one felt. until he reached the meaning of it. And the grief of many of us will be that in this eager thirst for novelties the Spaniard will cast aside not a few of the things which now draw us to Spain.-Havelock Ellis, in the Atlan-

A British Institution Falling.

As regards the long and deadly war fare between the turkey and its flatbreasted rival, the goose, for the prime honors of the Christmas dinner table, an expert confesses that the goose's defeat in popularity is probably irretrievable now, according to an English exchange. "The flesh is proving," said he, "too rich for the delicate tastes of well-to-do people, and there is not enough of it for the poor. None the less, for the real trencherman who has a healthy gusto and a well-filled course, your turkey, which has to be helped out with sausages and bacon to give it a flavor, is nowhere in it with your goose."

Hint for a Short Sermon. About 25 years ago the annual sesgion of the Maine Methodist conference was held in Portland. The Rev. John Cellins, a canny Scot, was then in his prime and a member of the conference. He was called on to open with prayer one of the afternoon sessions, which was to be addressed by a minister whom we will call Mr. M., a The man who was well known as a lengthy sermonizer.

Remembering this failing in the course of his panyer "Uncle John" exsclaimed: "Oh, Lord, bless Brother M., who is to preach to us; may he preach the everlasting gospel, but may he not be everlastingly about it."

Sickness as Age Advances. At the age of 20, the average man loses six days yearly by illness; at 65 he will lose 26 days.

GREAT OLD ENGLISH MAJISION.

Raby Castle Has Figured In History Since Fourteenth Century.

Raby is one of the finest castellated mansions in England, and except that a part of the south front is an addition by Inigo Jones, the edifice retains most of its ancient character. It was built by John de Neville at the end of the fourteenth century and was the home of the Nevilles until their undoing came with the "rising of the north."

Several hundred followers of the house of Neville used to gather in the great hall at Raby, and in the same hall the gentlemen of the north niet in council and laid plans for reinstating the old religion. Charles I. twice visited Raby on his way to Scotland, and when Sir Harry Vane on one occasion disparagingly alluded to the castle as a hillock of stone the king retorted that he had not such

another hillock in his realm. A noticeable feature at Raby is the inique carriage way, which passes through the lower hall. It was a quaint idea on the part of the former owner of Raby to wish to drive his coach and four right through the castle and alight in the middle of the hall, but it is a pity that in order to gratify it he should have destroyed the barbacan and several fine windows. Some of the tenants on the estate have from father to son held their farms from the time of the Nevilles, and one family possesses an original lease in Latin dating from the reight of Edward VI.

KNEW HIM AT LAST.

Gen. Butler's Identity Made Known by His Own Quotation.

Gen. B. F. Butler built a house in Washington on the same plan as his home in Lowell, and his studies were furnished in exactly the same way. The general and his secretary, Mr. Clancy, afterward city clerk of Washington for many years, were constantly traveling between the two places.

One day a senator called upon Ben Butler in Lowell and the next day in Washington, only to find him and his secretary engaged upon the same work

on both occasions. "Heavens, Clancy, don't you ever stop?" exclaimed the senator.

"No," interposed Gen. Butler, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Clancy arose and bowed, saying: "General, I never was sure until now just who my employer was. I had heard the rumor, but I always discredited it."

To Say and to Mean. "I don't know how it happens, but the harder I try, the worse luck I have with my friends," a pretty Balti-

more girl remarked not long ago. "Who is it now?" her intimate friend, who is sometimes able to smooth things over asked.

"Charlie Maxwell. You know he writes really charming verse, but it is only verse, and he knows it. He wants to do something really fine, you

know. "Well a short while ago he was around here and showed me a pretty little poem. He called again last night, and I asked him if he had sent it to a magazine.

"No, I tore it up, he said. I thought that was foolish, and I said: "'Tore it up, Charlie? Why that was the cleverest thing I ever knew you to do,' and do you know, he seemed to get offended, and I can't to save my life, see why. Can you?"

Martyr. The multi-millionaire was in great

agony when he found he would probably be compelled to die rich. "Money,' he exclaimed piteously: nothing but money! Is it not a pun-

ishment?" "Yes," replied the beggar at the gate, "and I call it capital punishment. Suppose you give me your wealth and

die a happy man?" But the multi-millionaire shook his head.

"No," he answered dolefully, "when a man is condemned to capital punishment he generally deserves it, so I shall take my medicine like a man.' And then he called out his \$10,000

bulldog and drove the beggar off the premises.

Substitutes for Meat. According to Dr. Robert Hutchinson, of London, if at any time meat is not available, bread, sugar and eggs will make "a very respectable support for the body." Sugar is an exceedingly valuable article of food as a source of energy, the unfortunate thing about it being that it contains no nitrogenous matter. Bread, however, does contain some, hence it balances up well when combined with sugar. In times of scarcity of food, bread and molasses is not a half bad diet-at least, it can be relied on to keep the body up to a fair state of efficiency.

Professional Secrecy.

Twenty or 30 years ago Dr. Meigs and his old mare Peggy, were familiar figures in Derby Line, Vt., and the surrounding country.

The doctor was very brusque in manner, and disliked being questioned concerning his patients.

One day a farmer was taken sick and Dr. M. sent for. When returning from his call, one of the neighbors anxious to know the man's condition. hailed the doctor and the physician

"What ails Mr. Smith?" "He's sick, g'long Peggy."

pulled up.

ONE LANGUAGE FOR ALL

It Requires More Than One Tongue for the World's Speech.

No living language can become today the vehicle of intercourse for the whole civilized world, and it is absurd to look for such a thing, says McClure's. The acceptance of any language, were it English or French or Spanish, German or Dutch, Russian or Japanese, would immediately not only crush the pride of the other nations but would give to the favored people such an enormous advantage in the control of the political world and such immeasurable preference in the world's market that no healthy nation would consent to it be-

fore its downfall. For that reason . . . the chances were never worse; the spirit of strenuous, yet friendly rivalry between the nations in the markets of the world was never more wide awake, and the feeling of national honor was never! purer and nobler. The more the hopes. for international arbitration become realized, the more all nations of the world become sincere friends; the more they are eager and ought to be eager to keep clear their own individuality, together with their own rights and duties, their own successes and responsibilties. Andrew Carnegie's liberality may build a palace in The Hague in which a concert of the most enlightened nations speaksegustice through its tribunal. But Andrew Carnegie has not the power to elevate his simplified spelling board in Madison avenue to the height of a tribunal far superior to any Hague court; a tribunal which shall decide that English ought to become the one international language because the English-speaking nations have "the most progressive civilization."

MEANINGS OF WORD CALIBER.

Either the Diameter of a Gun or Its Length Divided by Diameter.

There is surely no word in the nomenclature of guns, big and little, which has caused, and is causing, so much confusion in the lay mind as the word

The confusion arises chiefly from the use of the term in an adjectival sense to indicate length, as when we say a 50-caliber, 6-inch gun.

The word caliber as applied to artillery signifies essentially and at all times the diameter of the bore of a gun. A gun, then, of six-inch caliber is a gun whose bore is just six inches. For convenience, and because the power of a gun, when once its bore has been decided upon, depends so greatly upon its length, artillerists are in the habit of defining the length of the gun in terms of the caliber.

The six-inch rapid-fire gui mounted on the intest ships of the navy, is a trifle under 25 feet in length, and is, therefore, known as a 50-caliber gun.

In the case of small arms, the callber is expressed in hundredths of an inch, as when we say a 22-caliber or 32-caliber pistol, meaning that the bore is .22 or .32 of an inch in diameter.-Scientific American.

Calling on the "Off" Night. The moon hung low upon the west-

"Ah," mused the young man in the shadows of the old porch, "it is not my regular night for calling on Evangeline, but I'll just surprise her. I know she is in the hammock because I-just heard her cough. I'll just creep up and hug and kiss her in the dark." He tiptoed in the direction of the hammock. It was as dark as Egypt. Suddenly he extended his arms, embraced and kissed the form in front of him. But instead of the soft, fair cheek of Evangeline it was a coarse cheek of bristles.

"Robbers!" shouted a basso voice, intermingled with feminine screams. "Housebreakers!" "Porch climbers!" Far down the road a breathless

young man halted to rest. "Great Jupiter!" he gasped. "Instead of kissing Evangeline I must have kissed the other fellow."

Bill Nye's "Red State." William Lightfoot Visscher of the Sam Houston company told some interesting stories of Bill Nye, of whom he was an intimate friend, at the Pledias club Sunday night, says the New York Press.

"I was on Lookout Mountain with Bill at one time," he said, "gazing over the varrious states the guide declared could be seen from there.

"This," said the guide, "is Kentucky. There is Tennessee, and over yonder, if you look good, you can

see North Carolina." "'What?" interrupted Nye; 'North Carolina? Why, man, that can't be North Carolina. That state is purple and North Carolina is pink.' He took a small map from his pocket and pointed out North Carolina, which sure enough was printed pink. 'It has faded a little,' Nye added; 'it used to be red-the color Visscher and I painted it."

Tip in Advance.

A gentleman, who was in the habit of dining regularly at a certain restaurant, said to the darky waiter: "Erastus, instead of tipping you every day. I'm going to give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month." "Dat's all right, sah," replied the darky; "but I wondah if you would

mind payin' me in advance?" "Well, it's rather a strange request," remarked the patron. "However, here's a five-dollar bill for you. I suppose you are in want of the money, or is it that you distbrust me?"

"Oh, no, sah," smiled 'Rastus, slipping the bill in his pocket, "only I'se leaving 'hyer to-day, sah.'--People's Home Journal.

ALL CATS G'VEN SALUTE.

For 25 Years Soldiers in India Paid Honors to Pussy.

In Poons at the government house for more than a quarter of a century, every cat which passed out of the front door at dark was saluted by the sentry, who presented arms to the terrified pussy.

It seems that in 1838 Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, died in the government house. Poona, and on the evening of the day of his death a cat was seen to leave the house by the front door and to walk up and down a particular path precisely as the late governor had been used to do after sunset.

A Hindu sentry observed and reported this to the sepoys of his faith. and they laid the matter before a priest, who explained to them the mystery of the dogma of the transmigration of souls.

"In this cat," he said "was reincarnated the soul of the deceased Gov. Grant, and it should, therefore, be treated with the military honors due

to his excellency." As however the original sentry could not identify the particular cat he had seen on the evening of the day of Sir Robert's death, it was decided that every cat which uassed out of the main entrance after dark should be saluted as the avatar of his excellen-

Thus, for over a quarter of a century, every cat that passed out after sunset had military honors paid to it, not by Hindu sentinels only, butsuch is the infection of a superstition —by Mahommetan, native—Christian and even Jewish soldiers.-South China Post.

NOT THE FATTED CALF.

This is a Different Parable But It Brought Desired Results.

A good story is told of a couple of farmers living a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon, by the way, was rather a penurious old fellow. He sat at the table enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew toward the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old farmer kept on

"What's the news up your way, neighbor? No news, eh?" Presently a thought struck the vis

itor. "Well, yes, friend; I did hear of one item of news worth mentioning." "Ha! what is it?"

"Neighbor John has a cow that has five calves." "Is that so? Good gracious! What

in thunder does the fifth calf do whenthe others are feeding "Why, he stands and looks on, just as I do, like a dumb fool."

"Mary, put on another plate," drawled the farmer, as he caught the point.—Judge's Magazine of Fun. Never Too Late to Learn. It is strange that not one person in

a thousand knows how to help a man on with his coat or a lady with her jacket. They all make the mistake of holding the garment too high, especially the last sleeve. They lift it so that a man nearly dislocates his arm reaching for it. The more futilely he grabs and claws and lurches for it the higher they hold it, until the wretched victim would have to get on a pair of stilts to find the arm-

hole. The proper way? Why, hold the coat so that the armholes are as low down as the man's waist-taking care to keep the skirt of the garment off the floor, of course: If there is any struggle to find the last armhole, drop it still lower; never raise it. Drop it until his hand slips into it naturally.

He Was Just Pilfering. Deacon Bosworth always meant. well, even though he had a tendency to use words of whose meaning he was not always comizant, says a writer in the Boston Herald. When he was sexton of the Baptist church at Putnam, Ct., he was seen coming out of the vestry, where he had been puttering around at odd jobs during

the day. Miss Fannie Austin, who is now Mrs. F. H. Hutzer, asked him what he had been doing all day in the church. The deacon's reply, "Just pilfering around, miss, jus' pilfering around," was received with some sur-

He Knew Methusaleh.

A good story is told of a minister who preached a sermon on Methusaleh in a lunatic asylum. When he came to the place in his discourse where he stated that Methusalch lived to be 900 years old, a man in the audience arose and told him in a yery emphatic tone of voice that it was a lie. After the meeting the minister asked the man why he doubted the statement as to Methusaleh's age.

"Why," "he said, "I ought to know his age: Methusaleh and I went to school together."

Needed Help.

A ten-year-old street urchin, a prodnet of the tenement, was recently accused of stealing jam from a woman living in an adjoining house. When brought to the children's court the child confessed, broke down and wept. The judge looked at him pityingly. "My boy," he said, kindly, "how

many times have you done that?" "Onct," was the reply. "Will you promise not to steal any

more jam?" "Yep," he muttered between his

sobs, "if she'll keen her pantry door locked all the time."

CHASED AWAY HIS INSUINIA.

What Meal of Peanuts and Milk Did for One Victim.

A friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of mills before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it my duty to report what happened so far as I am able this morning to recall the details. First let me say, my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down a bull with two heads neered over the edge of the wall and said her would haul me up if I would climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his

vest pocket. At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent' and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above.

Then I awoke and found that I had been asleep almost, ten minutes -Good Health Clinic.

GOLD LOST IN SHIPMENT.

Why Bankers Prefer to Send Precious Metal in Bars.

"When the banks ship gold across the Atlantic," said a banker, "they prefer to ship it in bars rather than in coin. It loses less that way." "It loses less "

"Yes, sird If \$1,000,000 in gold coin is shipped across the sea it is only \$990,800 on its arrival. It loses from 12 to 15 offices, about \$297, through abrasion, through knocking about with the motion of the waves. The sea makes gold lose weight, you see, the same as it does fruman beings

"Gold bars lose less. In fine weather, they will lose only about \$100 to each million. In the ugliest weather they can't lose more than \$150, whereas in like conditions gold coins have been known to lose \$300. "As gold shipments of \$10,000,000

often occur, to make these shipments in gold bars instead of gold coin is

"It is odd to think when you cross in one of those gold laden ships that every wave that hits the boat clins off 10 to 15 cents from its golden cargo.

Kentucky's Good Old Corn Bread.

Land of the luscious, indescribable and ever conquering corn bread, Kea; tucky, we hall thee! Other states have their own broad, but no corn bread on earth ever reaches the right spot in the hungry man's make-up like that of old Kentucky Corn bread is the Kentucky housewife's monument. See the genuine corn bread anywhere, or even the imitation, and the mind must instinctively gooback to old Kentucky, with all its treasures and traditions of corn bread making. This, verily, is "a land of corn and wine; a land of bread and vineyards." See the Kentucky household gathered about hospitable tables to realize the truth of Victor Hugo: "Oh, the love of a mother, love no one forgets; miraculous bread which God distributes and multiplies; board always spread by the paternal hearth, whereat each has his portion, and all have it entire."-Louisville Her-

More Girls Than Boys. The gural village of Toppesfield in North Essex, England, has become prominent on account of a remarkable phenomenon in the births re-

corded, there. During the last decade the great preponderance of girls born in the parish over boys has been noticed, and at the present moment the scholars atending the village school comprise 93 girls, but only 11 boys. In consequence of this the county education authority is contemplating the substitution of a schoolmistress for

the present schoolmaster. But among those belonging to the place the present state of affairs has. aroused considerable concern, and the question is being asked where the farm laborers of the future are to come from if matters do not change. The medical officer for the district has been consulted, but he can ascribe no cause for the greater number of grirls.

Hurry! Hurry! "Mam's business requires haste," re-

marks the Journal of Public Health. "The average business man and professional man eats in a hurry, and: gets dyspepsia. He walks in a hurry, and gets apoplexy. He talks in a hurry, and gets the lie. He does business in a hurry, and becomes a hankrupt. He votes in a hurry, and produces corruption. He marries in a hurry, and gets a divorce. He trains his children in a hurry, and develops spendthrifts and criminals. He geta religion in a hurry, and forgets it in a hurry. He makes his will in a hurry, and leaves a legal contest. He dies in a burry, and goes to the devil. And his tribe steadily itKNEW ALL ABOUT THE AUTO.

Another Sample of the Man Who "Can't Be Wrong.

The other afternoon a single-scated automobile, driven by a well-dressed woman, stopped in the middle of the car tracks at Sixteenth and Curtis streets, and refused to budge. The woman pushed levers and turnedcranks, but there was nothing doing. After two street cars had come to a stop and a crowd of perhaps 25 persons had gathered near her, she requested some of the spectators to push the machine to the curb. This was done, and the woman continued to tinker at it. Just then one of those men who knows it all came along

"The sparker's busted," he said, taking a look under the machine. "Is that so?" said the woman, still

tinkering. "Yes," said the man who knew it all. "That machine will never run until a new sparker is put in. You see I know. I used to work in a factory where machines like that are made. I understand the automobile thoroughly. I saw at once that the sparker was out of commission and that there was no more 'run' in that machine." Here he looked about him for the approbation of the crowd. The woman kept tinkering.

"No use," be continued. "It won't go. I couldn't be wrong. A man who knows the gasoline auto as thoroughly as I do couldn't make a mistake.

Just then the machine began topuff. The woman got in and away it went. There was a joker in the crowd. Stepping up to the man who made the big talk, he said: "My friend, you're right. That machine will never run until a new sparker is put its ft."

A policeman happened along in time to prevent a fight. - Denver Post.

WEDDING 4,000 YEARS AGO. Ceremony Occupies 41 Lines Eight

. Feet Long in the Telling. Rameses II died 4,000 years ago, but some facts concerning his life are inst becoming known. One of these is the story of his marriage, which has just been revealed by Prof. James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago, in his first preliminary report of the expeditions which he has been making among the temples and hieroglyphics along the Nile. He found the account of this in the Sun temple of Abu Simbel, which is one of the principal buildings erected by King Rameses. To tell the story it required an inscription of 41 lines, each about eight feet long. Prof. Breasted finds it impossible to give the complete translation of this story in his article. "snow" is found here in snowless Egypt for the first time in human history -- American Journal of Semitic Language and Licerature.

Dag's Wonderful Devotion.

The devotion of a Newfoundland dog was pathetic. His master had gone out in a boat which had overturned and had been drowned. A: rescuing party arrived on the scene just too late and took the body to the other side of the lake, a mile

The dog arrived at the edge of the water just in time to see the body of his master lifted out. Plunging in. he swam across the lake. The poor animal licked the hands and face and when he saw that his caresses were in vain he seated himself at his master's feet and refused to move. He followed the hearse to the burying ground and seated himself disconsolately at the side of the grave until the services were over. Then every day he made a trip to the little cemetery and lay with his head be-

tween his paws beside the grave. A' few weeks went by and the dog began to pine. He refused to eat his: food and his visits to the grave became more frequent. And then onenight when the wind was howling he started out alone. A few days later they found his body on the shore and buried him, beside his master.

Ready to Believe 'Most Anything.

"Eastern visitors to the west aregenerally prepared for any phenomenal showing in the line of agriculture. stock raising and the like." says a Colorado man, "but once in awhilethey are taken by surprise.

'A New Hampshire man who was: spending his vacation on the ranch of a relative in Colorado went out one morning to inspect a large incubator in which the young chicks were hatching. In one corner of the incubator a neglected peach seed, encouraged by the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tiny sprout several inches

long was growing out of it . "Suffering Caesar! exclaimed the Now Hampshire man, as this caught him eye, 'do you hatch out your peach trees in this country?" - Harper's Weekly.

Proved Her a Fligt.

Renator Penrose, at the dedication of Pennsylvania's splendid capitol at Harrisburg, said of a certain speech that had been made at a private dinner before the dedicatory ceremonies: "That speech was pregnant with meaning. It revealed in every sentence its author's character. Brief and full and illuminating, it reminded me of the beautiful young lady who murmured to herself one afternoon, as she paused uncertainly on a street

"What a hore! For the life of me I can't remember whether I'm to meet Morris on Tasker street or Tasker on Morris street."

corner:

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Changle of to total of dans tone for Etate du Rig. Op publishté offre dons les commerce des avantages, exceptionnelles, Prix de l'abonnement du Paris : Editi . Ouetidienze 213.6 Satter Test de mada! v | B\$.00