BACK TO FRANKLIN THEORY.

Medern Scientists May Be Forced to Rehabilitate It.

More than a hundred years have elapsed since Benjamin Franklin, employing a phraseology now superseded, but forth a theory of matter, says a writer in Current Literature. It was pronounced "a delusion" by the physicists of the ninteenth century, but the scientists of the twentieth century, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, may be derced to rehabilitate it as the only means of issue from the labyrinth in which all physical study is now involved. Stripped of technical verbiage and put briefly, the Franklin theory is that electricity and matter in combination form a neutral substance, which is the stom of matter as we know it. The most interesting part of the problem for ourselves, says Sir Oliver, is the explanation of matter in terms of elecbricity, the view that electricity, as Franklin seems to have supposed, the fundamental "substance." What we men of to-day have been accustomed to regard as an indivisible atom of matter is thus built up out of electricity. All atoms-atoms of all sorts of "substances"-are built up of the mame thing. In our day, to put it more clearly, the theoretical and proximate achievement of what philosophers from Franklin's day to ours have always sought—a unification of matter is offering itself to physical inquiry.

SERVANT: PROBLEM IN CUBA.

Cook is in Sole Charge of the Domes-

tic Cusine. The Cuban matron has little to say in the management of her own household, as the family literally board with their cook, who has sole control of the cusine. When a cook is engaged she is paid so much per month ---\$10, \$15 or \$20, as the case may be-for her work. She at once inquires how much is allowed for the marketing, which she is to do each morning. On being told, she figures out how much she can save from the amount, and if the graft amount to say 15 or 20 cents per day, she is likely to accept the position. She rarely sleeps at the house, and usually has a family of her wwn who are fed from the larder of her employer. Early breakfast is Might-fruit. rolls and coffee-and at moon there is a meal known as late breakfast, which resembles the Ameriean luncheon. When this is finished the cook spends a few hours at her home and returns at five o'clock in time to prepare dinner. A half-grown wirl is employed to wait on the table, mswer the door bell, etc. In some families male cooks are employed. If the meals do not suit the master of the house he adds more money to the marketing allowance.-Mrs. C. R. Milher, in Leslie's Weekly.

Hard to Answer. One day Robert Herrick, the novelfat, was impressing upon his class in English literature, in the University of Chicago, the importance of reading what had been written with a purpose and had character and power. He contrasted forcefully such literature with the light, vapid, frivolous sort that seemed to appeal to such a large percentage of readers. He then asked each student to tell him frankly which hind he was reading. After nearly all had confessed to something light, he same to a tall westerner, who showed a tendency to evade the question. "It man't be possible, I hope," said Herrick, that you are not reading anything?" "No, it is not that," replied the westerner. "The fact is, I am reading your latest novel, and I can't decide to which class it belongs."-Lippincott's Magazine.

His High Estimation of Steam. Carlyle once startled the Englishspeaking people into recognition of the value of their great dramatist by suddenly asking the British public which it would rather lose, Shakespeare or India? I thought of that the other day, muses the editor of the Ruder, when I was reading an artisie on steam navigation. What would the world rather lose than steam? What? Why, almost everything; our literature, our art, our religions. Nothing we have is so valuable as steam. It is the greatest civilizer the world man ever possessed.

Tom Reed's Birthplace. The birthplace of the late Speaker Reed, which is about to be torn down, is in the heart of Portland's Italian quarter and is now a tenement, swarming with sons and daughters of sunny Italy. How much they are impressed with the greatness of their surroundings was shown when a visitor, desiring to get a look at the celebrated statesman's birthplace, asked a boy if he would show him the "Tom Reed "Tomma Reed! Tomma Reed! You mean Tomma-Reed, da

Assimilation.

milkaman?"

"You, country has wonderful powers of assimilation, truly." "Wonder-Rul! Nothing like it. Take the rawest foreigners that come here and I warrant you they will have indigestion or a good start toward it in the second generation, and in the third will be Mying as far beyond their means as many to the manor born. Yes, sir, whatever the material, we work it

At the Dinner Table.

"Who is that bandsome man over there?" "That is Louis XIV." "How ** what do you mean?" "Well." his name is Louis, and he is always invited when there happens to be 13 at table "--- Translated for Tales from .Phegende Blatter.

CLINGS TO STRANGE NAMES.

Civilization Hasn't Altered the Red Man's Fondness for Odd Titles.

However rapidly the Indian is traveling the path of civilization, it is plain from a casual reading of the notices in the South Dakota newspapers of inherited Indian lands for sale that their names do not change. In one of these advertisements appear the following:

Edward Snow Boy, Emily Crow Dog, Joseph Red Leaf Little Bird, R. Spotted Eagle, Lob Long Ear, Lizzie Lone Bull, Jonah Iron Whip, Samuel Four Star, John Omaha, Julia Humming Bird J. Pretty Feather, Jonah One Elk, R. Crazy Eyes, Lizzie Long Ear, Medicine Horn, Feather-in-the-Ear, Cecilia Curly Feather and Robert Kill Bear

Probably a fourth of these Indian heirs bear the names of white fathers. Half a century ago a colony of Frenchmen settled in the vicinity of the Mandans and Brule Sioux, and nearly every one of them married an Indian. Their progeny are represented by such names as Picotte, Achambeau, Arconge, DeFond, Brunot, Dezera, Tasagye and Bruyer. Descendants of these Frenchmen own great tracts of land and many cattle in the northwest.

Many of the Indians still retain their old form of name. From another advertisement come these: Sunkakokipapi, Iwankemwastwin, Cuncagowokanna. Ouncagetonawain. Wawoklyewin, Pejutowin, Wakocoarawin, and

WORTH MORE THAN THE COAT.

Statistician Figures Out the Tips for Caring for His Overcoat.

The statistician, as a rule, is not a popular person. He makes a display of figures, and they rarely or ever teach us a lesson.

For once, however, the statistician has appeared in the altogether new character of a "funny man" and what he tells us is worth recording.

The man in question is a bachelor, who spends most of his evenings in theaters and restaurants, and in a doleful voice he tells us that, owing to the tip system, his overcoat costs him on the average 50 cents a day from the tip in the restaurant where he lunches: in the restaurant where he dines, in the theater and in the restaurant where he has supper. And in this he does not reckon the tip he gives the servants in friends' houses who help him on with his overcoat.

This garment, for which he originally paid \$40, therefore costs him \$150

in tips in the course of the year. And then his hat and umbrella! they, too, it appears, prove expensive, and necessitate a yearly outlay of \$40 in gratuities, although he does not tell us how he works this out. It certain ly sounds terrible.—Gentlewoman.

The Dangerous Crinoline.

In the days of the wearing of crinolines Lady Dorothy Nevill tells in her book of reminiscences how, but for her prompt action, she might very possibly have been burned to death. She was showing an engraving over the fireplace to a guest and in some way her voluminous skirts caught fire. "None of the women present could do much to assist me," she says, "for their enormous crinolines rendered them almost completely impotent to deal with fire. Had they come close to me they would have been in a blaze, too." So she had perforce to work out her own salvation, which she did by rocking herself backward and forward on a thick rug till the flames: were extinguished.

Origin of Slang Phrase.

James Baker of the Royal Geographical society gives this fittle story of a Greek saint: "Our good St. Blazios that gave us the phrase 'drunk as Blazes: for this saint was pleasantly done to death by having his flesh torn off by wool combs, and so he became the patron of the English wool combers; and as a high feast was kept up on his day, and the people who frequented the feast were called Blazers, so the saying grew into the English tongue and remains there fixed and useful."

À Wise Physician.

"What is it, Pat?" "Moike." "Supposin' Oi was to have a fit?" "Yis."

"Would yez kneel down and put the

"And ye had a pint av whisky?"

bottle to me lips?"

"Oi would not." "Yez wouldn't?"

"No. I could bring yez to yer fate quicker be shtandin' up in front of yez and dhrinkin' it myself."

Never Too Late To-Father-Let me see, John, how old are you now?"

Son-Just 30, Father -- Don't you think it about time you took your medical degree and

Son-Oh, no, father; people have so little confidence in young doctors! -Translated for Tales from Meggen-

Not to Be Forgotten.

Minister's Wife (to her husband)-Will you help me to put the drawingroom carpet down to-day, dear? The room is beautifully clean.

Minister (vexatiously) --- Ah, well, I suppose I will have to.

Wife-And don't forget, John dear, when you are doing it that you are a minister of the gospel.

STEEL STREETS IN PARIS.

Made of Harrow Points Filled in with Fine Concrete.

Paris is experimenting with the latest thing in pavement. They call it steel pavement, but it is really a concrete pavement reinforced with a steel

The trial section of it has been laid on the rue Saint-Martin, in front of the conservatoire of arts and indus-

The metal part of the pavement is a plate of perforated steel with strong bolts of steel running through it between the perforations. Each section has some resemblance to a steel harrow, only the prongs project equally on each side and they are square and blunt.

The plates are arranged close together on a bed of rough concrete, such as is used for wood block pavement. Then a specially prepared cement is shoveled upon them in a soft condition and rammed down until it! makes a solid mass, with the steel frame just leveled off evenly with the upper tips of the prongs.

The steel prongs are so close together that the shoe of every horse and every wheel of any width must rest in part on them and in part on the cement.

It is expected in this way to secure a highly durable, but distinct!y uneven surface, one on which horses will have sure footing in all weathers and on which they can secure the necessary purchase to pull heavy

It will be superior to asphalt in ultimate economy and to wood, both in the better footing that it affords to nou IIIM is ledt loss edt ut pur sestou admit of dangerous ruts developing.

The life of such a pavement without serious repair is estimated at ten years as a minimum.-N. Y. Sun.

HIS LAST GALLANT ACT.

Why Salters Would in the Future Stick to His Seat.

"That's the last time the very last time," wailed Salters, as he slammed his hat on the deck and gave other indications of mental anguish.

"Last time for what? Got another tip on a good thing?" queried the bookkeeper, with languid interest.

"No, sir. It's the last time I'll ever give up my seat on a car to a woman," replied Salters, with increasing warmth. "I was lucky enough to get a seat in the subway express this morning," he continued, "and was comfortably reading my paper, when a young woman got on at One Hundred and Sixteenth street. I was sitting in a cross seat when I caught sight of her. She looked tired and delicate, and seeing nobody else make a motion to get up, I arose, made my best bow and waved my hand toward the vacant place. She bowed stiffly and said: 'No, thank you. I never could ride backward.' Before I could sit down again a big husky fellow. who had heard her, dropped into the place with a grunt of satisfaction. I had to stand all the way down town. Never again, I tell you."-N. Y. Press.

Where Camel Got Hump.

Did the camel develop his hump because of countless generations of burden-carrying in the deserts? Some scientists say so. The thoroughbred mehari, or saddle camel, of central Algeria, which carries no burden heavier than a slim Arab dispatch bearer, is losing its hump. Prof. Lombroso, the Italian anthropologist, has identified similar callosities-miniature humps—upon the neck and shoulders of Hottentot and Malagasy, porters employed in work more appropriate to the camel.

Greatest Migration in History. No migration in history is com-

parable to the great hordes that have crossed the Atlantic during the last 20 years to enter our territory. In 1905 1,026,499 immigrants were admitted: in 1906 1,100,735, and in the present year the total will exceed the record of 1906 by many thousands. Since June 30, 1900, 6,000,000 have been admitted, of whom probably 5,250,000 have settled permanently in the United States.—National Geographic

A Revision. "After all," said the dyspeptic philosopher, "what a man is depends largely on what a man eats and how he digests it. The cook is the most responsible factor in our civilization."

"Quite true," answered Miss Cayenne. "The old song should be changed from 'Hail to the Chief,' to 'Hail to the Chef.'"

Tough Indeed.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites." "Yes," replied the smart boarder,

struggling with his portion, "it is

Quite Likely. "I wonder," said the man who was given to thought at times. "I wouder what is meant by the 'embarrassment of riches?""

"The poor relations, very likely," replied the man who was one.

Reaching a Good Old Age. "I think," said the reporter, "that the public would like to know how you managed to live to such a great age." "By perseverance," replied the centenarian. "I jest kept on livin"."

JILTED BOYS JOIN ARMY. ...

Cupid Said to Make Effective Recruiting Officer.

amination, and all from boys under "The love affairs of the very young men of Kansas City must be in a deuce of a state," said Lieut. Roger O. Mason, recruiting officer. "To-day we have had 12 applications for enlistment, eight passing the physical exage who could not get the consent of their parents to join the army. That indicates that 12 young men who had tiffs with their sweethearts now are looking for lives of adventure and danger to make them forget their troubles, and incidentally to make the young women feel sorry when they see the brave heroes they have scorned marching jauntily, clad in blue uniforms and brass buttons. while all the girls look on lost in admiration.

"Experience has shown that the main reason young men of good families find for wishing to enlist in the army is because of affairs of the heart which have turned out badly. Occasionally a wish for what he believes will be a career full of excitement or a boy's natural wish to be a soldier makes the young men who are under age enlist, but usually it is the heartache."-Kansas City Journal.

IN THE NATURE OF PICKUP.

Woman Wanted the Express Charges Saved to Store.

A young woman entered a store in Washington and bought a smoking jacket. "Of course you will pay the express charges on this for me?" she said, with a winning smile.

"Certainly, madam," replied the clerk. "We will pay express anywhere within 100 miles."

"What will the express charge be to Blankville, W. Va.?" she asked.

"Never mind how much it will be," said the clerk. "Whatever it may be, the amount will be paid."

"But I want to know the cost," she persisted. "I would have to 'phone the express

company to get it. Why are you so

"Because I am going to Blankville." and I will carry the package out there myself and deliver it. I want you to deduct from the price of it the amount you would have to pay the express company." And then with the sweetest of smiles she added, "Remember the saying of the good old woman, 'Let nothing go to waste.'"

King Alfonso's Full Title.

King Alfonso XIII, is said to be the only man who was ever born a king! A posthumous son of Alfonso XII. tho died in November, 1885, was born in May of the following year and was immediately proclaimed king under the regency of his mother, who was an imperial princess of the bouse of Austria. He was the third child of his parents, the two infantas, Mercedes and Marie-Therese, having been born in 1880 and 1882, respectively. The full title of Alfonso XIII, is Leon-Ferdinand-Marie-Jacques - Isadore-Pascal-Antoine, king of Spain, of Castle, of Leon d'Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, Minorca and Maporca, of Seville, Valencia, Galicia, of Cordova, Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands. and of the East and West Indies, besides which he bears numerous ducal and archducal titles.-Harper's Bazar.

End of Pullman as a Feudal City.

George M. Pullman's dream of a model city has at last vanished in thin air. His vision of a Utopia for laboring men is shattered. It is a thing of the past. It was the supreme court of Illinois that punctured the bubble, and the town of Pullman, famous the world over as an ideal manufacturing town, takes its place along with the numerous other suburbs of Chicago, and its Utopian existence comes to an end. To be sure, the red brick city remains, with its 12,000 inhabitants, but the great Pullman company does not own it from center to circumference, as it once did. One by one the tenants are buying the cottages and dwellings in the town, and it will not be long before the 2,000 houses will be sold.

Some Hood Puns.

The punning preeminence of Hood was appreciated in high quarters. In Chatsworth's splendid libraries, on the dummy backs which veil the imitation doors, one may see specimens of Hood's little jokes. Here are a few-Beveridge on the Beer Act; Wren's Voyage to the Canaries; Minto's Coins: forn Took on Catching Cows: Macadam's Rhodes: Bramah's Rape of the Lock; Inigo Jones on Secret Entrances; Esterhazy on Spring Fogs; Dyspepsia and Heartburn, by the Bishop of Sodor; Skye, by McCloud; Dibdin's Cream of Tar. Such pleasantries seem just a trifle odd when you remember the priceless volumes on the Chatsworth shelves.-London Chronicle.

The Great Heron Must Go.

The great heron is not the only one of that family to subsist on a fish diet, but out of over a dozen species it is the largest and most gluttonous of its kind, and without a single redeeming quality, except, perhaps, the laughable and grotesque manner it swallows a fish. Louis Read, the artist-sports man, suggests in Recreation that steps should be taken by followers of Izaac Walton to see that the lawmakers of our various states should pass laws that will give the needed protection from these destroyers of our game fish.

NOT THE RIGHT KIND. -

Something Wrong with Hen Tibules' Quality of Pluck.

"You needn't tell me that pluck always wins out," said Uncle Josh. There's Hen Tibbles. Look at him. Aln't a pluckier man than him round here-and yet what has he got to show for it? Pluck? Why, when he gits started on a thing he never lets up.

"T'other day I was over to his place when one of the cows got into his corn patch and commenced eating and tromping down corn.

"'Consarn her,' says Hen, 'I'm just goin' to stay here and see how long it'll be afore she gets all she wants and goes out the way she got in."

Thar he sot, hour after hour, never letting up nor showing any signs of giving in to her-and after awhile she saw she'd met her match and began to weaken.

"She et all she could hold and then she tromped down pretty nigh half an acre more, but still he sot thar.

"It come to be dusk fin'ly, and still Hen was standing by. Then the old cow saw it wa'n't any use for her to try to make on that she was plucky as he was. She gave in complete-went back to the pasture, laid down, bloated up

and died. "Hen's been waiting weeks now for his potatoes to dig themselves, and he says if they can stan it he can.

"Pluck! He's got enough for ten men. But somehow, with all his pluck, he ain't ever caught on, 's ye might say. He ain't got ahead. So's I'm tellin' ye, there's something more'n jes' pluck needed for a man to get ahead in this world."

COULD NOT BE HOARDED.

Scotsman Forced to Get His Whisky min Retail Lots.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, of the board of governors of New York's woman's club, the Colony, was discussing the question of the club's liquor license.

"It is rather a matter of indifference to us," she said, "whether we get a Heense or not. Women, you know are not given to drinking. They are too careful of their appearance. They desire to remain slim and fresh, and wine, as you know, tends to make us

coarse and stale and fat. "So, if we had a license, I think we should sell little. It would not be with us as with a farmer I once met in

Graveling in the Scottish Highlands one summer, I stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer: 'Ah, what a superb place to live

"'Ou, aye,' he answered, in conventional Scots, "it's a' richt; but hoc wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk Jufteen mile ilka time ye wanted a bit

glass o' whusky?' "'Oh, well,' said I, 'why don't you get a demijohn of whisky and keep it in the house?

. He shook his head sadly. "Whusky," he said, won't keep."

The Way with Poets, The ethereal being with the unshorn locks was shown into the editorial sanctum.

"I have written a poem on the dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" demanded the cditor, flercely.

"It is not on any particular dog," faltered the poet.

"Do you mean to say that you took advantage of the dog because it was not particular and wrote your poem on it?"

"I am afraid that you do not understand me. I was inspired by the dog's fidelity--"

"If the dog was faithful, why should you hurt its feelings by writing a poem on it? Did you have the poor brute shaved and tattoo the verses on its back, or did you brand them on?" "Perhaps you-"

But the poet had fled!—Pearson's

What Bread is Made Of. The schoolmistress had been attempting in vain by means of a lengthy lecture to make her scholars grasp the names of the various ingredients that go toward the making of a loat of bread.

At length she sent one of the children to the village baker to fetch a loat, and on its arrival she held it up and began once more to describe its zianufacture.

Then, after half an hour's earnest talk, she ventured to question themon the subject.

"Charley," she said to the boy nearest her, "tell me what bread is made The boy instantly obliged.

"Please miss," he answered, eagerly, "holes and crumbs!"

Funny. She-What are you thinking about? He-Nothing.

She-Nonsense! One can't think of

nothing. Tell me what you were

thinking about? He (impatiently)-Oh, I was thinking about the same thing you were. She (blushing furiously)-Oh, how awful!-Translated for Tales from Le

An Improved Version. Beautiful Lotta Godle looked down at the earl wistfully.

"Odo," she said, "would you care if I got the bishop to omit the word 'obey' from the ceremony to-merrow?" "Why, not at all," said Lord Bareacres. "Just tell him to make it love, honor and support."

DODGED A PEACE OFFERING.

Pugnacious Man Refused to Accept the Loving Cup.

"We are in a peculiar predicament," said the man about town. "By 'we' [mean the members of a club that meets once a month for dinner, just to promote good fellowship. Our president, who founded the club, is sort of a crank. He's a good fellow, in a way, but wants to run things to suit himself and sometimes we have trouble with him. Not long ago we had a row that nearly disrupted the club. We all thought he was to blame and told him so; but after a while the outburst died down and then we thought we'd like to show him there was no permanent hard feeling, so we decided to give him a loving cup, as he is a

valuable man to all of us. "By an accident he heard of the secret and at once wrote us that no man or men on earth could give him a loving cup-that he wouldn't accept one. least of all from us, after the scrap we just had. We all went to him or wrote to him urging him to ler the presentation take place, but he steadily refused. Then we told him he'd have to accept it; that it was all ready. and it would break up the club if he, didn't take it. He said he was willing to resign, but have a loving cup he would not; that if we attempted to present it to him he not only would! leave the club, but cut every one of us off his list of acquaintances. He won out. We can't afford to lose him, so we are trying to cancel the order for the cup."

COUNTED TWINS AS UNIT.

Grandmother Found It Impossible to Disassociate Them.

The Harmon twins looked so much alike as bables that their parents could scarcely tell them apart. Asthey became older it became evident that to grandmother Harmon at least

the twins were a unit. "You were asking me how much the twins weigh," said grandmother Harmon to a neighbor: "When I went out that afternoon I put one of them on the scales at the grocery, and found they weigh just 26 pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the same"" inquired the neighbor, and grandmother Harmon looked quite impatient.

"The twins?" she said. "Of course; why not?" The neighbor had no reason to give. but she rebelled a few days later when

Harmon said: "Where are the twins?" Of they got a cinder in one of their eyes and their mother has taken them down to the oculist's to have it removed, they were fussing so over it."—Rehoboth Sunday

in answer to her inquiry grandmother,

Photographing the Voice.

Herald.

After the problem of obtaining & record of the human voice had once been solved by the invention of the phonograph, many inventors turned their attention toward some suitable process for photographing spoken words. Though a phonograph record constitutes a'true picture of the voice. it is not distinct enough to be deciphered by mere inspection.

The photographic phonograph or photophone invented by Herr Huhmer affords a far more characteristic graphical rendering of spoken words. In this apparatus an electric are lamp inserted in the circuit of a microphone is made to give out a radiation the intensity of which corresponds to the sound vibration in the microphone, this radiation being fixed photographically on the film running past in front of a narrow slot. By a convenient inversion of the whole process, the original sound can then be reproduced from the photographic record.

Truth.

Truth is the courage to be honest, and in general the attitude of a man toward facts will depend upon the training he has had and the company he has kept. Dr. Johnson, who was so careful to tell the truth and to state it accurately that all the eminent men of his time who were his intimates-of his "school"-were noted for their veracity and attention to the

truth, gave this counsel: "Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happens at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviations from truth will end."

Making a Bad Matter Worse.

In a little village church where the organ power was furnished by the strong arms of the janitor the choir got into trouble one morning during the singing of the opening anthem. Suddenly the organ ceased making a sound. The choir voices also partly stopped, and the situation was not improved by a strong but muffled voice coming from behind the organ, saying so loudly that the congregation as well as the singers heard: "Sing like thunder, boys. The beliers is bust-

Still He Wondered.

One of the physicians at a popular winter health resort was looking over his books one day, comparing his list of patients.

last year than I have this," he remarked to his wife. "I wonder where they have all gone to?"

"I had a great many more patients

"Well, never mind, dear," she replied, "you know all we can do is to hope for the best."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

billo rémandre ou Louisiane si dans les Etats du Etats du Este de publicité cere dons les formerces des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abounement du l'anounement de l'annuelle de l'anounement de l'anoun