

THEIR ONLY NEED.

It Was Not Filled but the Sergeant Was a Hero.

Lord Dundonald, commander in chief of the Canadian militia, recently gave a dinner at Toronto to the men of the crack mounted troop of Canada.

Notwithstanding his lordship's title of nobility and his high military rank he is very democratic.

The absurdity of the request, on a red hot summer's night, was so palpable his lordship was silenced, and he walked quietly on, asking no more questions.

SOME ARE SO SENSITIVE. The First Tall Man Couldn't See the Joke and Left.

A tall, thin man, dressed in a light gray suit, entered the hotel restaurant and took an unoccupied chair at a table near the door.

The shorter man never raised his eyes from the bill of fare, and seemed quite oblivious of his companion's presence.

"This must be the thin man's table," the shorter man straightened up with a jerk, gave the very tall man a look of the greatest indignation, and exclaimed in a burst of anger.

"Well, you may have it," with that he hastily rose and took a seat at the furthest end of the room.

"Saw the Commercial Side." The late Sir William Henry Perkin, the inventor of coal tar dye, said a Philadelphia chemist, "had a singularly lucid mind."

"If these people (the Indians) were once brought over to the Christian faith, they might soon be brought to relish a more civilized kind of life, and be thereby induced to consume greater quantities of our coarser woolen manufactures."

Subject to Attachment. A Kansas City man recently wrote to a lawyer in another town of the state asking for information touching the standing of a person there who had owed the Kansas City individual a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he that I could attach?" was one of the questions asked.

"The lawyer's reply was to the point: 'The person to whom you refer,' he wrote, 'died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment except his widow.'—Harper's Weekly.

Tokay Wine. This year's output of the famous Tokay wine has been entirely lost in consequence of an unexpected outbreak of phylloxera.

Hemely Enough. Towne—Hanson's fiancée must simply be rolling in wealth. Browne—Oh, are you acquainted with her?

To Choose a Candidate. There will be 992 delegates in the republican national convention of 1908, with 497 votes necessary to a choice.

Population Increasing. The population of China, according to the official estimates of that country, was 4,594,900 on April 1, an increase of 21 per cent in six years.

New City Building. New York City contemplates the expenditure of \$4,000,000 in the next two years for a municipal office building.

WORLD'S BIGGEST CATASTROPHE

It Is the Plague Epidemic Now on in India.

The greatest catastrophe the world has ever known is in progress at this present moment, and the world reels little or nothing of it.

This is the plague epidemic in India, which has now been raging for more than 11 years, and which, so far from showing any tendency to die out, keeps steadily increasing in intensity.

Nothing approaching the appalling horror represented by these figures has ever been recorded before.

No pestilence of ancient or modern times of which we have any knowledge has slain so many millions of people as has this one, and the end of which, mind, is not yet.

The "Great Plague" of London, for example, about which everybody has heard, killed at the outside some 80,000 people in seven months, or about as many as are dying weekly in India from a disease which is identical with it in every respect.

The "Black Death" is said to have slain one-third of the then population of England—say 1,500,000 persons; but this is doubtful.

What will be the end no man can foresee or venture to forecast. It may be that all that has gone before, and all that is happening now, is but the prelude of worse to follow.

THE CAT CAME BACK. But It Was Not at Home in the Country for Awhile.

The kitten that the little city girl had brought back from the country with her last fall had grown to be a big, beautiful cat when the time came to go to the mountains again.

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HOW MUSIC IS WRITTEN.

Composers Cannot Tell Just How They Do It.

A St. Louis composer, whose operas have achieved popularity all over the United States, was recently asked how he composed music.

"I don't know," he said, "sometimes a melody is suggested to me by the words of a poem, sometimes by a sound like the rumble of a street car, or the rattle of the wheels of a railroad train, and sometimes it comes as an inspiration without any origin that can be traced."

"Sometimes days will pass without writing a line, simply because I feel no inclination to write. Then, all of a sudden, without any notice, melodies come crowding into my mind so fast that I have no time to write them down."

"I have a sheet of music paper convenient to use, but if I don't scratch the lines of the staff on any paper that may be at hand, and then make my notations on that. Often I have used the margin of newspapers in writing down my memoranda."

"I lost a pretty melody once that I had written on my cuff. I intended to copy it when I reached home, but found I was rather late, so I laid my cuff aside and my wife, not noticing the melody scribbled on it, sent it to the laundry."

"They say that the biggest fish is the one that gets away, and on the same principle I feel pretty sure that the melody that was washed off my cuff was the prettiest I ever wrote."

DRAINING SWAMP LANDS. The Process is Going on All Over the Country.

At an expense of about \$20 an acre, Dan V. Stephens, of Fremont, Neb., is said to have converted 420 acres of practically worthless Platte Valley swamp into valuable farm land, worth perhaps, \$100 an acre.

While the food producing capacity of the country and its home manufacture consuming capacity are being enlarged by irrigation, the gaining of the same end by the converse process of drainage is not being neglected.

The Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina, 1,000 square miles in extent, has long been shrinking as part after part has been drained and turned into the most fertile of farm land.

Eventually, the entire area will be producing crops. Minnesota has recently drained swamp lands belonging to the state, and the value of the land at once rose rapidly.

The state of Florida is largely a swamp which will one day be turned into a garden spot. Drainage operations are becoming common along the Missouri in Nebraska.—Kansas City Star.

Auto Seemed Out of Place. One day last week a passenger in a Jerome avenue car noticed a smart touring car with a canopy top swung out of Woodlawn cemetery in which were seated five persons, all in deep mourning, and even the chauffeur was in a black livery.

By chance both the trolley car and the automobile had to stop owing to the road being blocked, and from the manner in which the passengers in the car "rubbed" at the party of automobile mourners it was plain that their appearance in the motor struck the onlookers as unusual.

"Well," one old lady remarked, "I think they might keep those things out of the cemeteries at least."

Sequel to a Murder. The murder of a family in a lonely country in Hungary has had a remarkable sequel. Gypsies are suspected, and every tribe and caravan in the province surrounding Buda-Pest has been placed under arrest on suspicion it is believed the government will utilize the occasion for stamping out nomadism in Hungary.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "I think our hen is going to lay an egg." "What makes you think so, my boy?" "Cause I saw her eating the egg plant in the garden today!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Plump figures," said the woman who was reading the fashions, "are going out of style." "Nonsense!" answered her husband "Food is rather expensive. But the situation isn't as bad as that."

Studying Esperanto. Field Marshal Lord Roberts is studying Esperanto and has joined the British Esperanto association. This announcement was received with enthusiasm by the delegates to the Esperanto congress at Cambridge, England.

Girls Wanted. Since the beginning of this year five male immigrants have landed in New York city to two female immigrants.

Big list of Papers. Germany's list of newspapers is the largest in Europe.

ROMANCE OF GREAT SINGER.

From the Railway Platform to the Opera House.

M. Jean Note, the famous barytone of the Paris opera house, and who has sung more often on the stage of the Paris opera than any other living singer, left Paris the other day to be present at the fetes which were held recently, in his native town of Tournay, in Belgium, in honor of the great artist's jubilee.

M. Jean Note's career has been a singularly romantic one. He was born at Tournay, and began life there as a weaver in a cloth factory. He was noted for his fine voice among his fellow workmen. He left the factory to become a railway porter at the Tournay station, and soon became a sign-man.

At the age of 21 he became a conscript in the Belgian army, and it was while undergoing his military service that his officers took an interest in him, and subscribed a purse to send him to the Conservatoire of Music at Ghent.

Here he worked hard, and succeeded in obtaining the first prize for singing. He made his debut in "Lucie de Lammermoor," at the Lille theater in 1855. He was then engaged for two years at the Antwerp theater, and for three years at Lyons, after which he went straight to the Paris opera, which he has never left since.

While an opera singer in Paris M. Note greatly distinguished himself by an act of daring and cool-headedness which saved an express train from total wreck. On September 27, 1897, M. Note was standing on the platform of the Paris suburban station of Colombes, when it was seen to the horror of the numerous passengers waiting in the station that a train of 18 vans loaded with dynamite had shunted out on the main line on which the Cherbourg Express was due at that moment.

The stationmaster and porters lost their heads. Note, recollecting that he had been a signman, lost not a moment. He ran to the levers, pulled them back, and sent the dynamite wagons on to a siding just as the express came bustling past. For this, M. Note received high distinction from the French government.—London Mail.

DRY FALLS OF LODORE. The Disappointment of the American Tourist Was Great.

Southey's description of Lodore has given to that charming friend of holiday days a reputation which is a little unfortunate. It has brought to its course worshippers from afar, when there has not been a cupful of water to perform as much as the means of feats which the poet describes.

One such visitor was an American. He had seen Niagara again and again. He read Southey on the wonders of Lodore, and once more visited the vast cataract of his native land. Then, fearing that, after all, Niagara must be very small potatoes compared with the falls of which the poet had sung, resolved to consecrate his holiday to the contemplation of its beauties and grandeur.

He set out the moment he reached Keswick, and long walked and toiled over rocks and boulders. He could not find the falls. He rested, and asked: "Can you direct me to the Falls of Lodore?" "Why, you're a sittin' on 'em," was the heart-breaking answer. The falls of all the adjectives were dry!—St. James' Gazette.

A Strange Seed Pod. The antirrhinum, or snapdragon, is one of the old-fashioned garden flowers known by everyone. Although it is a visitor from southern Europe it has been here so long that it has become naturalized. When we say "lion's mouth," "frog's mouth," "calf's mouth," "rabbit's mouth," we mean snapdragon, all these names being suggested by its grotesque, masklike corolla. But there is something still more grotesque if we will wait till the seed time and gather the dried brown skeleton of the seed pod. Look at them sideways, under a bright lamplight if possible, and you will find they have quite a resemblance to a rhinoceros. Remove the calyx and the little horns on the nose, and look at them from the front, and they have a still more striking resemblance to human skulls, and by turning them about you get all sorts of queer expressions on the grinning mouth.

Japanese Railroads. The rapid growth of Japan's railways during the last few years is seen from the fact that in 1875 the number of passengers carried was 2,754,426, whereas in 1905, it had been augmented to 112,675,403. During the same period the volume of freight traffic had also risen to considerably over 21,000,000 tons, while the total receipts had risen from 644,459 to 69,032,165 yen.

No Fiction. The father—What is that book you are reading, my son? The son—It's a story of a man who invested his money in a western gold mine and lost every cent of it. "Oh, that's all right, my boy. I was afraid you'd got a hold of a work of fiction!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Silk From Japan. The exports of silk from Japan during the season of 1906-7 aggregated \$8,000 bales, a figure never before attained. America took 71,230 bales and Europe 27,134. This season's record will apparently exceed that of any previous season.

TRY TO PAY TAXES TWICE.

Trouble Caused Collectors by Forgetful Persons.

"You have heard so much about the man who dodges his taxes I don't suppose you ever dreamed that we are troubled by the man who tries to pay his taxes twice," said a clerk in a New York tax collector's office.

But every year we are put to needless work by some absent minded persons who have utterly forgotten that they have sent us checks. I sent back a receipted bill for \$600 the other day, and to-day I received the receipted bill with another check for \$600. The man had merely glanced at this bill, never noticed whether it was receipted or not, and sent along another check, forgetting all about the previous one.

"A man telephoned to me awhile ago to find out the amount of his taxes, and said if I would let him know before noon he would pay immediately. I dropped all my other work to look up his indebtedness to the city and discovered that he had paid his bill three weeks previously. When I told him he merely laughed and said he supposed he had 'em."

"Another queer thing about this tax business. Women often come in and pay their husband's poll tax. I don't know whether it is because they hold the purse or because their husbands are too busy to attend to the matter themselves. Often it is not their husbands' tax, but that of men friends, and a few say that their men boarders have commissioned them to pay the poll taxes."

CHILE'S AMERICANIZATION. Appliances from This Country Every where in Evidence.

Chile is described by J. Gilbert Van Marter in the Outlook as the "New England of South America," thereby epitomizing the industrial energies which characterize the inhabitants of that country as influenced by its large North American immigration.

The latter states that when an American arrives in Chile he rides to Santiago in a Pullman car built in the United States; the modern railway was engineered and constructed by American; the asphalt road over which he rides to his hotel was laid by an American; an American elevator takes him upstairs; his telegrams are sent over an American wire by an American company; an American cash register itemizes his bills; American machines print his morning paper, and American furniture is found everywhere.

A veritable fury of progress and industrial development seems to have seized upon the Chileans, bankers estimating that within the last three years about \$50,000,000 have been invested in new industrial undertakings. This sum is being expended in working new nitrate fields; in resuming copper mining; in developing gold, silver, tin and coal deposits; in building railways, steamships, canals for irrigation, coal-storage plants, saw-mills, etc., in stocking sheep farms, and in inaugurating a great number of smaller enterprises.

Marina's Revenge. A correspondent tells the story of two house martins' nests built against an old window of a farm, to which the birds came for several successive years. Last spring, however, before they arrived, a sparrow took up her abode in one of the nests.

Shortly after the martins returned as usual, and one day the farm people noticed that the hole of the nest which the sparrows occupied had been blocked up. Next morning a boy climbed up to ascertain the meaning of this, and not finding any outlet, broke away part of the nest, to find the poor little sparrow dead on her back.

The house martins had waited long for their young to possessors of their houses.—Country Life.

The Phenomenon is a purely modern invention, as is proved by the number of pupil glasses that are still to be found in many old churches. In the register of St. Catherine's, Abergavenny, the following entry, dated 1564, occurs: "Paid for an hour glass that hanged by the pulpit, where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away, one shilling." A modern pupil glass—probably the only one of its kind—is to be found in the Chapel Royal, Savoy. It is an 18-minute glass, and was placed in the chapel on its restoration in 1867.—Dundee Advertiser.

Helpful. "Say, Boss," began the beggar, "I'm de poor of a square meal, w'd you mind giv' me some?" "I'll give you a tip, if you do get the price don't go in there for a square meal for you won't get it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Wholesale Nobility. The noble families of Prussian Poland have become so numerous as almost to swamp the common people of the province. The priest of the village of Konitz replied to a circular issued by the government that every one of the 40 families in his congregation was of noble birth.

Clothes of the Man. Clothes don't make the man, but in some longitudes they make a pretty effective disguise.

PLATT A LIFE-SAVER.

Senator's Advice Brought Friend to See Joy of Living.

"Did you ever hear how Senator Platt saved Ashley W. Cole's life?" asked one of the amusee corner regulars.

"While Ashley Cole was railroad commissioner he went to Platt's apartment, and said, 'Senator, you know that I have been suffering from rheumatism in the small of my back for about five years. The pain has almost driven me mad. I have suffered tortures. I have tried a score of doctors, going from one to the other as each failed to give me relief. Recently I have thought of suicide as the only escape, and I have come to consult with you, my closest friend, on that very subject.'"

"'Suicide!' said Platt. 'Stuff and nonsense. Before you think seriously of passing in your checks, why not go uptown and see the man who has done such wonders with my crippled leg?'"

"'Cole hadn't much faith in the expert, but agreed to call on him to satisfy his old friend, the senator.'"

"'Rheumatism, eh?' said the expert, as he examined Cole's back. 'I guess not. Just lean over this chair.'"

"'Cole complied. The expert struck him a powerful blow on the back and commanded him to straighten up.'"

"'How is the pain?' he asked. 'It's gone,' said Cole with a shout of joy. 'It was merely a dislocated muscle and Cole did not commit suicide.'—New York American.

ARE WORLD'S FINEST STABLES. Most Luxurious Horse Quarters on Earth to Be Found in Newport.

No one feature of Newport extravagance more clearly shows the mint of money lavished on this playground of millionaires than the wonderful stables attached to every establishment, says the Broadway Magazine.

Take, for instance, the O. H. P. Belmont villa. It has a stable for its ground floor of such dimensions that a coach and four can drive in, turn about and drive out again. It contains the most elaborate equipment of carriages and harness in the world; its walls are decorated with rare old prints and blue-ribbon prizes. The stables of the brothers Vanderbilt, Alfred and Reginald, at Sand's Point, are veritable villages of stables. As you pass, Dr. Austin Flint whiffs by in his motor, and you remember that people from Maine to California are reading that "Miss Reginald Vanderbilt is confined in the house with a cold."

The mere incidents impress you at first with the extravagance of Newport. The prices of papers, periodicals, candy, flowers, etc., are doubled. The millionaire spots the paper even in the simple process of buying a paper of pins. But these details are not of importance; what is important is the gigantic abortive extravagance dreamed of in the philosophy of the millionaire, and ably shown by the magnificent homes of the very horses and water cars.

Ship Sinking in Quicksand. Broadside on the sands of the west coast the big Kosmos liner Sesostris is beached in the sun, a helpless wreck, frustrating every attempt to move her from the quicksand in which she daily sinks lower and lower until in the course of time she will probably be completely swallowed. The last and final attempt to save the valuable ship was made by the Anubis, one of the Kosmos ships, now in this port.

The Sesostris went aground at Oros, Peru, about six months ago, and due to her having lost her anchor. Although she struck head on, she has been washed by the waves until she has swung around broadside and is now high and dry on the beach.

It is possible at all times to board her without wetting one's feet, and at low tide she is completely out of the water. There were at times rumors of her being converted into a hotel.—Seattle Times.

Mistakes of Drug Clerks. "There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, frequently have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing."

"He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk isn't going to take any chances of murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."

Natural Curiosity. A singular forest of stone columns at Dikilatch, in Bavaria, has been visited by Prof. De Launay, a French geographer, who reports that this rutilike formation extends over a space about 1,500 feet long by 100 to 150 feet broad, on the edge of a plateau in the open country, the columns being 15 to 20 feet high, and some of them a yard thick, their shape being absolutely cylindrical. They have been produced by erosion of masses of the gray nummulitic limestone, broken by joining. A special study was made by Prof. De Launay, and he concludes that whirls in the bed of a torrent gave the column their isolation and shape.