SNOWED-UP IN THE MOUNTAINS



Bringing provisions to the passengers of a snowed-up train in the mountains.

LONDON ARTIST HAS OVERCOME BIG HANDICAP.

Employe in Real Estate Office Surmounts Obstacles of Nature and Relies on Use of Limbs-Shaves Himself.

London -- Cecil Shirley, who is engaged in a real estate agent's office in Bedford row, is one of the most remarkable young men in London.

He was born, nearly 30 years ago, limbless below the elbows and knees. And yet be is able to ride and shoot well, to dress and shave himself, to travel extensively quite unattended and to make clever sketches.

During the last few weeks he has supplemented his income by painting Christmas cards in water color, and one of the cleverest of his designs is a painting on satin of the wild flowers which flourished last summer in the wilderness of Aldwych.

A reporter found Mr. Shirley walking briskly about his office on a pair of wonderful artificial legs, and carrying documents from one desk to another by bringing the stumps of the upper arms together.

Mr. Shirley, who comes from an old Cheshire hunting family, has been an optimist since he was an infant. He is about the medium height, clean shaven, with a frank and cheerful expression.

"I was determined that I should never become a burden to any one, and I had a longing to travel," he said.

"It was not long before I could dress myself without assistance and use the stumps of my arms as if they were hands. I found artificial arms and -hands were of no use to me, and I found, also, that holding a brush or a pen with the lips brought my face too close to my work and was injurious to the eyes, so I learned to hold the brush or pen between the stumps of my arms. In the same manuer I now hold every article, from reins to a razor.

"In shooting I have a leather loop round my right shoulder and the stock of the weapon, and two small loops connect the trigger guard and trigger with my left upper arm.

"In the early part of 1899 I went to South Africa and at Pretoria I interviewed President Kruger. I worked at farming, but after two and a half years .1 again took ap sketching. At the timeof the war I often came in contact with

Boor commanders. "Two years ago I went to Australia, where I did a great deal of riding, and

painting insects, birds and flowers. "I am shortly publishing my autobiography, which I have illustrated myself. I have taken part, not only In flat races, but on one occasion in a steeple chase. The career of the famous M. P., Dr. Kavanagh, who was born limbless, always had a fascination for me, but I felt sorry that he could not enjoy travel as I have done."

Crosses Orange and Cucumber. Boston.-Outdoing Burbank, a New England wisard, Howard S. Hill of

Gardner, Mass., produced a vegetable, a cross between the cucumber and the orange. It is fine grained, said to be of delicious taste and yellow. "I had orange and cucumber one day

and without thought mixed together some pulp of the two," says Hill. "The product was mostly cucumber,

lectable flavor. Then I began experi-

DOG WARNS OF GAS LEAK. For Terrier Arouses a New-Brunswick, N. J., Family at Night.

New Brunswick, N. J.-Members of the family of Charles Hess of Easton avenue think that they owe their lives to Topsy, a fox terrier that has been their pet for several years. Not only did Topsy rouse the sleeping family, but it was only through her persistence that any of them rose to investigate the trouble, which proved to be a leaking gas jet.

It was nearly midnight when the family retired. The dog was left in the kitchen. About two o'clock Charles Hess, Jr., who was sleeping in the front of the house, was awakened by the barking of Topsy in his room. H threw a shoe in the direction of the noise and ordered the animal out of the room. Topsy stood her ground and continued yelping, and finally Mr. Hess arose, carried the dog out side the door and closed it on her.

Topsy was undismayed, however, and eventually found her way into Mrs. Hess' room. So persistent was the dog that Mrs. Hess arose, thinking something must be amiss. Going downstairs she found the rooms reeking with escaping gas that came from a wide open gas jet in the kitchen stove. It is supposed that Mrs. Hess' little daughter, while rocking near the stove, had accidentally turned on the let.

None of the family was affected by the gas, but Topsy took so much of it into her system that she was quite

ANIMAL EXPERT RAISES ZEBRA.

Dr. Melvin of Agricultural Department Makes Successful Experiment.

Washington.-Dr. Alonzo D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry. has succeeded in breeding and raising a zebra. Inasmuch as the department of agriculture has been unsuccessful for years in attempting to raise the zebra, Dr. Melvin is proud of his accomplishment. When Dr. Melvin appeared a day or two ago before the nouse committee on agriculture, among the first questions asked him by Representative Lamb of Virginia was concerning the health of the zebra.

"The zebra is very well, thank oyu." reforted Dr. Melvin with a smile. Mr. Melvin explains that his young zebra is a cross between a Texas burro and a male zebra. The legs are well marked, but the stripes on the body are faint. He hopes, however, that as the zebra sheds off his coat for a permanent one, the stripes will beome more distinct. Some day Dr. Melvin expects to procure a cross between the horse and the zebra.

Another Tradition Knocked Out. Trenton, N. J .- Dr. Carlos E. Godfrey, historian attached to the adjutant general's department, has made a dis covery that gives a hard blow to the state and to several historical socie ties, which have officially recognized an old building in Haddonfield, Camden county, as the place in which the provincial congress of New Jersey met. in 1776 and substituted "state" for "colony." Dr. Godfrey has documentary evidence to prove the congress met in this city.

In 1906 the legislature appropriated \$18,500 for the purchase of this old tavern property in Haddonfield, on the supposition it was the structure where the historical session took place.

Dr. Godfrey shows that the place of the congress meeting at that time was either in the tavern of Rensselaer Williams, called the Royal Oak, or the tavern of Mrs. Rachel Stelle, both of which were in what is now North Warren street, and both of which have but the orange gave it a most de long since been torn down. The historian seems to prove the change of name was made here on July 18, 1776.

AS TO ORIGIN OF THE SPOON.

Shells Probably First Used for Purpose in Prehistoric Times.

The suggestion is offered by a correspondent that the domestic spoon probably owes its origin to the shell. Shells of the mussel, scallop, and oyster, it is believed, were used in prehistoric times as spoons and ladies. the handle being formed of a piece of wood split at one end to hold the shell firmly. Some savage nations make similar spoons up to the present day, and the old Highland custom of offering whisky in a shell has been probably handed down from generation to generation for untold ages. Westman in his "History of the Spoon," gives Roman specimens, which are very simple in design-something like silver caddy spoons-and are much shorter in the handle than those from Egypt. Those for common use were generally made of bronze, iron or brass. They clearly show how the shell shape was retained, and their marine origin is also preserved in the name of a spoon-cochleare-derived from cochlea, a shell or cockle. The Celtic spoon also closely resembled the shell in form, though made of bronze. The horns of various animals, such as the or bison and ram, were often used as drinking cups, and as the material was found suitable, it was sometimes used with wood, ivory, metal, etc., for spoon making. Hence, the ancient expression: "To spoil al horn to make a spoon."

FORM WITHOUT THE SUBSTANCE.

Somewhat Mean Comparison Made by Profane Man.

The proprietor of a certain hotel in Maine is not only one of the kindest and best hearted men, but also one of the most profane. He swears without knowing it and means no offense. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of the guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church womand and will not stand it another day.'

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor or that the one who did the swearing was he. "Do you happen to know who that

man is?" he asked, before the manager could reply. "No, I do not," she answered.

"Well, I do," the proprietor continued; "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears that you do when you get down on your knees to pray."— Lippincott's.

Circus Daring Due to Heredity. Alfred T. Ringling tells me that nine-tenths of the leading performers before the public can be included in 30 families. As sharply defined as any old English lineage, they can be traced backward in some instances more than two centuries-each generation accepting without question the heritage of spangles and tights. The circus daring and the circus muscles and the circus restlessness have descended from father to children and thence to children again. The thrill of the sawdust ring has got into the blood. From the parent trunk branches have crossed and crisscrossed until as in the case of the Clarkonians and the Demotts and the Siegrists Florenzes, great circus lines have been built up and guarded with the zealous care of a royal genealogy.-Hugh C. Weir, in the Bohemian.

A Disciplinarian.

Miss Hobson was most popular with the two young and unmarried members of Centerville's school board. They did not propose to have any change of teachers in District Number

Three. "Do you think Miss Hobson pays quite enough attention to discipline?" suggested one of the elderly, married school committeemen one day.

"Discipline! Why, of course she pays a great deal of attention to it," asserted Ed Porter, hastily.

"We never had anybody else begin to pay as much," said Henry Lane. "Why, one afternoon I was in there at Number Three, and Miss Hobson spent the whole time-every minute of it-preserving order in that schoolroom."-Youth's Companion.

Doctors for the Weil. There seems to be much to commend the practice of employing a doctor at so much per year to visit the homes of his clients, watch their diet, clothing, habits, the sanitary condition of their person and homes; to teach them the laws of health and how to be temperate in eating, drinking, bathing, exercising, recreation and work. People who are never sick are the ones to whom this should apply with special force, for there always comes the day when sickness knocks at their door. The old adage: "An sunce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is as good to-day as when it was uttered centuries ago.-Boston

Introducing Mr. Spencer. Harry was walking with another boy when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered, pempously. Harry twisted, reddened and at last turned to his companies with: "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered. "Well," Harry blurted out, redden ing still more and jerking his thumb ever his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"--Lippincott's.

LESSON FOR THE WHOLE RACE.

Harmony That Might Be if Each Would But Do His Part.

There is no prettier sight in the world than a column of choir boys entering a church and singing the processional as they slowly march to the altar, declares a writer in the Columbus Journal: There is youth in its sweetest aspect-bright-faced boys in all their health and hope, engaged in a beautiful religious ceremony, stepping in harmony to the fairest ideals of worship. But it is more than a mere ceremony. It has a lesson for all-a lesson of the happiest import. See that little boy in the processioncaped in white, the suprise on his brow, and singing out of his heart a noble melody. He is only a part of a great harmony, and modestly he does his part, content to be simply one to blend his voice in the sweet strain of worship.

The lesson touches closely human experience. Here we are, a great crowd gathered on the earth, each one engaged in some service, to his country, to humanity, to home, to business, or perhaps some poorer one-how like that little boy in the processional might it be, if every one would add a beautiful note to the harmony of life and lose himself in the procession marching toward the altars of the common good.

TRAINING THE FEEBLE STEPS.

Cent School Was a Worthy Ancestor of the Kindergarten.

A cent school is so called because the children who come to it bring each one cent, clutched tightly in a little hand, or knotted in the corner of a handkerchief, a daily offering. If the cent is forgotten, or lost on the way, the child goes home for another, that is all, and has scolding for carelessness into the bargain. The littlest children go to it-used to go, rather. for indeed this should all be in the past tense rather than the present, the cent school being a thing of the past and, as one might say, a greataunt of the present kindergarten, an old woman from the country, who is rather plain in her ways. Eunice Swain would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to school to be amused, but to work. She put them on beaches in her big kitchen, because it was warm there, and sat in the dining room door and taught them, or chastised them, as the spirit bade her. She taught the three Rs, and manners, and truth telling, and, above all, humility, impressing on these infants daily that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings .- L .H. Sturdevant, in Atlantic.

Plenty Good Enough.

Aunt Chloe was burdened with the support of a worthless husband, who beat her when he was sober, and whom she dutifully nursed and tended when he came home bruised and battered from a fighting spree.

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug store and asked the clerk for "a right pow'ful liniment foh achin' in de bones."

"You might try some of this St. Peter's Prescription, aunty; it's an old and popular remedy, cures cuts, bruises, aches and sprains. One dollar the bottle. Good for man and beast."

Aunt Chioe looked at the dollar bottle and then dubiously at her flat purse. "Ain't yo' got some fob 50 cents?" she ventured. "Some foh jes" on'y beasts. Ah want it foh ma ol' man."---Lippincott's.

A Soy's Essay on Ducks.

A schoolboy assigned to prepare an essay on ducks, wrote: "The duck is a low, heavy-set bird composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer, having a hoarse voice, caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking. The duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they came pretty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I was to be a duck I'd rather be a drake."-National Food Maga-

Idler Severely Dealt With,

Old-time Englishmen hated idleness. An act passed in 1531 decreed that any person "being whole and mighty in body and able to labor' found begging might be arrested, and if unable to give a satisfactory account of himself he was brought to the nearest market town, tied to the end of a eart, stripped of his clothes and beaten with whips through the town, bleeding and ashamed, after which degradation he was sent to his native place, on his oath to "put himself to labor like a true man ought to do." If the sturdy vagabond were caught a third time in idleness he was to suffer death, "as an enemy to the commonwealth."

Don't Hurt the Birds. Every farmer and fruit grower should be interested in the work of protecting the native birds. They represent valuable assistants in agricultural and horticulture whose labors cannot be duplicated by the introduction of any other forces. They destroy the insects and keep the fruit trees clean of pests that otherwise might ruin the annual harvests. They lend assistance just at the proper time and enable the soil tillers to get good returns for their labors.-Seattle Post Intellizencer.

MANY QUEER AIDS TO MEMORY.

Simple Devices Resorted to by People · Who Can't Remember.

Many and varied are the methods to which busy men have recourse in order to keep their memory "peeled," Very simple is the mnemonical system of a well-known journalist, who merely ties a small piece of ribbon round his walking stick. Many a benedict has a penchant for tying his handkerchief into a series of knots to remind him of the numerous little domestic duties he has faithfully promised to perform during the day.

A very successful plan is that of a shrewd business man, who has recourse to the use of pepper or snuff to jog his memory. A liberal dose spread over his handkerchief greets his olfactory nerves whenever he extracts it from his pocket, and, as he himself says, "that reminds me."

Very effective is the method adopted by some astute people who place their finger rings on their keyring. By this means they are not only reminded of something by the absence of their rings from their hands but every time they use their keys the fact is forced upon their attention. There is one old government clerk who is an amusement to all the juniors. When he has any matter of urgent importance to attend to in the morning he invariably, ties two of his fingers together with a small piece of red tape.

CRITICISM OF "PRAYING MAN."

Great Preacher Saw Little Virtue in Certain Forms of Appeal.

When men begin their prayers with "Oh, thou omnipotent, omniscient, omni-present, all-seeing, ever-living, blessed potentate Lord God Jehovah! I should think they would take breath. Think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast, praying in such a strain! He has a note coming due, and it is going to be paid to-day, and he feels buoyant: and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say that he is a sinner; he is proud to say that he is a sinner. Then he asks for his daily bread. He has it; and he can always ask for it when he has it. Then he jumps up and goes over to the city. He comes back at night and goes through a similar wordy form of "evening prayers:" and he is called "a praying man." A praying man? I might as well call myself an ornithologist because I cat a chicken once in a while for dinner.-Henry Ward Beecher.

The Auctioneer's Hourglass. An auctioneer of Philadelphia lects all sorts of objects pertaining to his ancient calling. He has, among other things, an interesting set of auctioneer's hourglasses.

The auctioneer, a century or so ago concluded a sale, not by saying "Going-going-gone!" and rapping the counter with his hammer, but it was his better method to turn up a freerunning glass toward the end of the bidding, and to end the sale irrevocably when the sands ran out. This saved confusion and dispute.

The auctioneer's glasses in the Philadelphia collection are picturesque. One is of tortoise shell and mother of pearl. Another is of amber and gold. A third is of teak and

At the Opera.

"You see some queer things at the opera now and then," the operagoer remarked. "Now, last night, for instance, at 'Samson and Delilah.' You know they cut off Samson's hair and dress him in rags and let a little pauper child as poorly dressed as he bring him on the stage and pull the house down. Well, then that little pauper child puts her arms around Samson's neck to comfort him when they have finished giving him the merry ha! ha! a diamond ring about as big as a bird's egg is blazing on her little finger."-New York Times.

instyle.

Censoring the Mail. "It is strange there is no mail for me," remarked Mrs. Instyle, "Yes," dear, quite strange," acquiesced Mr.

Then, as she stepped into the other room, he chucked three fashion magasines, four patterns, a skirt catalogue, a cloak catalogue, a jewelry catalogue and a letter from "The Royal Lady

Tailors" into the fire. "Two hundred dollars saved!" he chuckled, and became so well nleased with himself that he set aside onetenth the amount for cigars.—Judge.

Sardou's Quip.

"Victorien Sardou hated shams," said a New York theatrical manager. "If you tried to impose on him, he would call you down.

"At the Ambigu during a rehearsal he said he doubted an actor's statement that he had given 40 hours of study to his lines.

'You doubt me?' said the actor. hotly. 'I assure you, Mons. Sardon. I have never lied but twice in my life." "Sardou smiled dryly.

'Then this makes thrice, ch?' said

What Counts In a Story. As I heard a famous reconteur tell-

ing a story I had heard in one form or another for many years I could not had recall the statement of some one to the effect that there are but five atories extant and that all we have are merely variations from the origmai five.

As Gen. Taylor, who is something of a story-teller himself, puts it: "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."

MADE GREAT APPEAL TO HIM.

Silence of Ants Especially Impressed Bibulous Individual.

"I hope and trust, muh po', underdone brudder," severely said good old Parson Bagster, addressing a bibulously inclined member of his flock, "dat de 'stressin' eppersode of night befo' last will be a lesson to yo'!"

"Yassah!" replied the erring one, wagging his head, convincedly. "I sho'ly reggins 'twill I been un packin' home too many drams, now and ag'in, yuh of late, as muh wife-fine lady as dar is in the world!-has been p'intedly tellin' me. But, on de monumental 'casion yo' defers to I gits lit up and draped down by de wayside and slept all night on an ant hill, and de paitry varmints mighty nigh eat me up. Blame' near skinned me alive, sah, dem ants did; but dey didn't talk uh whilst dey was doin' it. Nussah, dey never said a word bout de awful contamination o' muh heenyus conduct, and all dis and dat and de tudder-dess ett me up in peace and quiet. And atter dis, if I keeps muh mind, whenever I gits too much o' dat 'ar balloon juice in muh pussonality, I's gwine to lay out on an ant hill all night, preference to goin' home to muh fam'bly. By de blessin' o' de Lawd. ants don't talk!"-Tom P. Morgan, in

PASSING OF THE VETERINARY.

Few Young Men Are Joining the Ranks of This Profession.

In times, of epidemic among cattle the veterinary surgeon is invaluable. His general field of work, however, is limited to-day, because of the prevalence of automobiles, and few young men seeking a profession join the veterinary ranks.

While there is much work for a veterinary to do among invalid dogs, cats, cows and other domestic pets, the subject of his most careful study and most remunerative work is the

Horses so valuable and necessary. are watched devotedly for the slightest sign of indisposition. The wife may cough unpleasantly for a week before the doctor is sent for, but the veterinary will hurriedly answer the frantic summons of her husband if his horse shows the slightest symptoms of a cold. And the gradual disappearance of the horse robs the vetertrary of his chief source of income. Many of the profession who foresee the continual decrease of their horse patients are applying to the government for places as surgeons in the cavalry -perhaps the least likely sent of automobile invasion.

Reminder of New York in Desert.

Traveling recently on donkey-back across a trackless portion of the Conchfila desert, in southeastern California, we sighted ahead of us above the sage brush a nondescript object which on nearer approach resolved inself into two dilapidated troiley cars. They formed the equipment of a "horse railway" across the sands ten or twelve years ago to connect a solltary station on the Southern Pacific ratiroad with an agricultural colony several miles distant. The farming enterprise failed utterly and the "horse railway" with. The incongruous sight of these two abandoned cars in the maidst of drifting sands is all that remains to-day to tell the tale of shattered hope.-World Wide Magacine.

Grant's Destination:

The confidence of the followers of two of our January generals is illustrated in the story of a captive southern soldier who chancel to see Gen. Grant hastening by.

"General, where are you going?" asked the confederate.

"To Petersburg, I think," was the neply; "but maybe to heaven or hell." "Well, I tell you, general," replied the soldier. Bob Lee's at Petersburg and Stonewall Jackson's in heaven. I guess hell's the only place left for

That Grant appreciated the grim assignment was indicated by a smile of amusement on his face as he went on. -La Salle Corbell Pickett, in Lippineott's.

Breaking Up the Party.

"You didn't know Aunt Mat's cat Tige, did you?" asked the girl. "She got it after you came away. Awfully smart cat. She would go out in the barn, kill a nice gray rat and bring it in and lay it at Aunt Mat's feet. Then Aunt Mat would smile at her and pet her and say: 'Nice Kitty!'

"Well, one afternoon Aunt Mat was having a pink tea with a lot of friends. Tige went out in the yard, killed a nice little snake, brought it in and laid it at the feet of Miss Molly Curry. Then sat back and waited to be smiled at and petted.

"My goodness! You never heard such yelling. It broke up the party."

Dog Rescued Another in Distress. An instance of a dog's devotion is reported by M. K. Gleason of Warren, Pa. Mr. Glesson and others noted a big shepherd dog on the railroad bridge over the Allegheny barking frantically. The animal ran

to them and then back to one of the

center piers, where it stopped and

looked down. Finally the men secured a ladder and going out on the bridge clambered down and found a fox terrier dog that had fallen there. When the little dog was rescued the joy of the shepherd was unbounded and it manifested its gratitude by jumping up on the men and licking their handa.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS