LIKED GREAT AMERICAN GAME.

Indian and Chinaman Both Capable of Playing Good Poker.

While I was in the store a fat old Tudian entered. He had short hair, more overalls and except for his color was not much different in dress and sappearance from a white workingman, says Clifton Johnson in "An Old Vil-, tage of the Pacific Coast" in Outing. The clerk introduced him as the best theep shearer in the country. He shook hands and said, "Me good man!

You good man?" in the season he had about fifty tiner Indians working under him, got five dollars a day himself and two dolfars for his wife, who did the cooking for the gang. The wealth he acquired ked not stick to him. He gambled it away. Gambling was a / common necreation among the villagers; and the place supported four "blind pigs," ar unlicensed saloons. There were always loafers hanging about the perches and a noisy crowd inside playing pool. One of the Capistrano exterts at poker was a Chinaman who had a ranch just outside the village. He lived in a dirty little hut there and kept his horse under a pepper tree with only the shelter afforded by the It afage. For ten miles around the people depended on him for vegetables. Some of the poorest families in the willage bought of him, rather than take the trouble to raise their own negetables, though they had the finest aind of land right at their doors.

He can speak hardly three words of English." I was told, "but he'll sit down and play poker all right with 2ny of us. Perhaps he'll lose \$50 or more at a single sitting and not go home till the small hours of the morning, and yet he'll be at lifts work that day as usual without batting an eye.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAGNET.

is Now an indispensable instrument in the Workshop.

The magnet that boys of yesterday need for a toy to-day as men they are employing as a useful instrument in their worshops. Within the last few years particularly, as W. Frank Mc-Clure points out, it is being adapted to handle many shapes of metal, all forms of iron and steel, from iron dust to scraps, or small junk to weights of 20,000 pounds. In fact, the world's largest magnet will lift as much as \$0,000 pounds. The magnet is empleyed to break up imperfect castings, to hold sheets of metal in position while they are being riveted in the building of ships, to lift a "sow and pigs" at the furnaces, also as a gigantic broom to sweep both the large and small pieces of iron, and in mimerous other ways.

A half dozen kegs of nails may be seen traveling through the air, held ly magnetic lines of forces despite the wooden covering of the kegs. Even two or three men are sometimes lifted from the ground, their feet resting on a metal sheet which is firmly held by the magnet. The flat style of magnet he available for picking up metal wheets, from two to six at a time, one under the other, the number depending upon their thickness. These may le dropped by the magnet one at a time at the desire of the operator prowided he is clever in adjusting the switch at precisely the right inter-

Long Service in Pulpit.

Old age does not seem to incapaciare the English clergyman. The Rev. W. W. Wingfield, vicar of the estab-Eshed church in Gulval, Penzance, recently celebrated his ninety fifth birthday and seventy-fifth anniversary of his appointment to his present living. He is still able to preach and write with much vigor. There are half a dozen other clergymen who have been in charge of their churches for more than 60 years, and a tenure of 40 years is quite common. The longest vervice on record is that of vicar of Rickmansworth, who held the living for \$1 years, from 1589 to 1670. Perhaps if the churches chose their vicars as the American churches cloose their pastors there would be more frequent changes - Youth's Companion.

The Hypothetical Question. The attorney for the defense had just completed the reading of his hypethetical question. He looked at the clock. It had taken him one hour and twenty-six minutes. He looked at the witness.

You have heard the question?" hel said.

The witness nodded. "And what is your answer?"

The witness wriggled unessily. "I guess I didn't just catch th' writt of it," he apologetically remarked, "won't you please read it again"

And the presiding judge fell back with a hollow groan.

At the Top of the Heap.

"Talk about your monopolists," said the obese party on the north end of a trottey car going south, "the chap I buy coal of has the rest of the bunch beaten

to a fluffy frazzle." "What's the answer?" queried the passenger with the pale whiskers. "He has taken up plumbing as a side

Hine for the winter," explained the beavy weight.

Theory and Practice. "Why are articles on how to raise children usually written by people who have no families of their own?" "Probably," answered the worried

close and cautious game. smother, "It's because people who have poker."--Louisville Courier-Journal. whildren are too busy to write arti-. શેન્ક

TRACING A SWALLOW'S COURSE.

Hatched in Spain, But Makes Its First Nest in Switzerland.

Some interesting facts about the swallow have been given by M. Fischer Sigwart before the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences. In May, 1903, a swallow was captured in the canton of Lucerne, which bore on its neck a little tube in which was a note written in Spanish.

Inquiries were made and it was found that this swallow had sojourned in 1907 at Vilabertran, in the province of Barcelona, near the house of a peasant, who had attached the note on August 25 of that year.

This same swallow nested in the canton of Lucerne in 1908.

The peasant of Vilabertran believed that he had attached the tube to one of the old birds, but it was in reality one of the young that he had captured.

This confirms the opinion of M. Fischer Sigwart that adults always return to nest in the same place where they made their first nest, but that young do not return to the place where they first saw the light, but choose other localities to make their

This swallow then was harched and was captured the first time in Spain and in autumn migrated to Africa, In the spring of 1908 it returned to Europe. Possibly it went to Spain first, for it did not reach Switzerland until May, but it was in Switzerland that it built its nest, not in Spain, and without doubt,, if it lives it will return to Switzerland this spring of 1909.

TOUCHED HEART OF MATADOR.

Professional Bull Fighter Seen in Unexpectedly Gentle Light.

There is no description of a bull fight in Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott's book "Sun and Shadow in Spain," but there is a record of a meeting with a matador in the studio of the court painter. Don Jose Villegas, and the ensuing conversation, a part of which revealed the bull fighter in an unexpectedly gentle light. It also makes plain the fundamental reason why Americans object to bull fights.

"How many bulls have you killed?" some one asked of the matador. "In 25 years I have killed 3,500

bulls." "Were you ever afraid?" "I have been afraid many, many times. On those occasions I put my trust in my legs and ran as fast as I

"The bull, however, is the noblest of animals and the bravest. He never makes a cowardly attack from behind; he is so frank. He is terrible, though; a man needs nerve to face him when he comes into the ring pawing the earth and bellowing."

"Will you tell us about the bull that was the hardest of all to kill?"

"The matador's face changed "He was a white bull," he said, slowly, "and he didn't want to fight. He followed me about like a little dog. I led him with the cloak wherever I wanted to go. Yes, that was the hardest buil of all to kill."-Youth's Com-

Japanese View of Duty. Dr. Sven Hedin, the explorer, writes thus from Japan: "A fact that has often struck me is how little the Japanese think of the men who, quite recently, have written the history of the world with the point of their swords or the fire from their cannon. A month ago when we visited the Shin temple raised to the memory of the hero Kusunoki in Kobe many of my friends said that when Admiral Togo dies such a temple is sure to be raised to him. But if, on the other hand, one expresses one's profound admiration of such men, hardly any one agrees, and for the reason that they consider that these men have only done their duty, that the fulfillment of duty is the most natural thing in the world and not worth wasting words over."

Barrel Organ in Church. A curiosity in church organs is now in use at Brightling (Eng.) church. It is a barrel organ which has been in use there since the early part of the eighteenth century, possessing an exceptionally good tone, declared equal if not superior to the average pipe organ, which it closely resembles from the point of view of the congregation. Considerable skill is required to play it, for it has six stops, which have to be manipulated with the left hand, while the right is turning the

in with the left foot. There are two rolls of music, each containing 12 tunes, comprising Easter hymns and selections suitable for vo. untaries.

handle and the wind is being pumped

Peculiar Quake-Proof Building. The earthquake-proof building of Prof. Boermel rests in a massive bowl. and has a rocking foundation with as curved surface of somewhat less radius than that of the bowl. A halfspherical pivot fits into a cup-bearing at the center. At eight points near the outside of the bowl are spring buffers, which keep the house or other building from being canted too freely. and lessen the force of any shock transmitted. The structure on this foundation is to have a light steel framework, and is expected to resist

Had to Do It. "For a millionaire he plays a mighty

the neverest earthquakes.

"Well, there ain't any rehates in

HIGH WIND CARRIED OFF WILL.

That is, it Did if You Believe the Story Amos Told.

They had been talking of tornadoes. hurricanes, cyclones and high winds generally; each succeeding story had been more remarkable than its predecessors, but Amos James, acknowledged head of the town story tellers, had remained silent and attentive. With one accord all heads were at last turned in his direction.

"Speaking of winds," he said, deliberately, at last, rising as if to go, and half-vawning as he spoke, "speaking of winds, there was a mighty powerrul one along in the middle of the night last summer when my wife and I were out west, visiting at Henry's.

"It waked us out of a sound sleep, and we heard things rushing up in the air, but we lay there, not daring to get up and see what was happening for fear of being blowed right out through the window.

"Finally the wind passed on with a great swoop, and we fell off to sleep. When we woke up the next morning and looked out of the window. what d'you think we saw amongst other things? Henry's well had blowed right over the board fence and landed in the next yard, and the folks there were drawing water out of it, calm asyou please."-Youth's Companion.

NOTE HOW THEY SHAKE HANDS. Frenchman Claims That Character Is

Revealed by Handclasp.

A French professor has recently made the disconcerting discovery that we all reveal our true characters by

the way we shake hands. Those who wish to dissimulate should adopt the foreign habit of bowing instead of proffering the fingers of friendship; for it is by the way we grasp each other, and the amount of pressure we put into our greeting. that the true inwardness of our character and temperament is sure to be

betrayed. Some people never change their peculiar style of greeting; and we have most of us suffered, at one time or another, from the "honest John" who grasps you with an iron vice, the individual who treats your hand like a pump handle, the woman who gives you two fingers, the schoolgirl's demonstrative wring, and the young man who holds your hand aloft as if it were an object in an exhibition of curiosi-

Perhaps the most engaging greeting of all is that of the wondering-eyed baby, who shamelessly stares you out of countenance while it grasps one of your fingers tight in its exquisitely foolish hand.

Camps for Consumptives. Mrs. Susanne Robbins, who had charge of the first day camp established for consumptives in this country, declared at a recent meeting of trained nurses in New York that it was not necessary to wait for money before establishing such camps in the larger cities.

"We started our camp in Boston without any money," she said. "The next day a woman gave us \$300, and before we had used that up there was more to take its place."

In describing the joy of the patients at being able to go to some place near their homes so that their friends could come to see them she said:

"No one knows what sick people suffer from homesickness when taken where they cannot see those they love and are accustomed to have around them."

According to Miss Robbins there are 67 camps for consumptives in Germany and only 15 in this country.

Biblical Matters.

The doubt of a university professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of 700 wives, is the best authority for the world of ro-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomou really 700 wives?" laquired the old woman, after reflection, "Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible!"

"Lor, mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"-Answers.

Clara Morris on Husbands. It is folly to call the husband the head of the house; he is not, says Clara Morris, the famous actress, in the Housekeeper for October. It is but a courtesy title at best, since int truth, he is but an incident in the, home life, while the wife and mother is its whole existence; literally the sun of domestic happiness rises and sets in the face of the wife and mother.

Not His Object. "Do you think you can absolutely prove your theory?" asked the admir-

ing friend. "I don't wish to," answered the eminent astronomer; "as soon as it is absolutely proved there will be a falling off in the demand for magazine articles on the subject."

Complete Relief.

"I wonder what makes the wilds of Africa so attractive to an ex-president?" said one member of congress.

"Possibly," answered the other, "it's the fact that the villages there are not sufficiently civilized to worry anybody about post office appointments."

WINTER WOOD ALWAYS IS BEST. |

Pine Cut in December Twice as Strong as That Cut in March.

Control of the second control of the second control of the second of the

It has long been known that winter was the best time of the year for cutting down trees for their timber, but until the American bureau of forestry recently published the results of some experiments no one was sure why.

The bureau of forestry selected four pine trees of the same age and of equal vigor, growing in the same soil, and felled them, the first at the end of December, the second at the end of January, the third at the end of February, the fourth at the end of March. They were hewn into logs of the same size and dried at the same place. Then the logs were tested.

The December log resisted a flexile strain twice as strong as that which the March log resisted; it furnished pfles which were still perfect and undecayed sixteen years later, while the piles made from the March log had rotted within three or four years.

Wood that is felled in December is less perfect than that cut at other times. It has been proven that oak felled in the spring allowed water to percolate through it in from two to three hours, while similar wood cut in December was seemingly impermea-

HAD TO SEE MARATHON RACE. Girl Found Later She Had Paid High

Price for Privilege.

John J. Hayes, the Marathon champion, was describing in New York the enthusiasm that the Marathon race

caused among Americans in London. "That race," said he, "was the chief motive that took us Americans abroad last summer. Indeed, coming back on the boat, I heard an almost incredible

story about the race's attraction. "There was a very pretty girl aboard who seemed unhappy. Her unhappiness was due to her husband. She was married to a rich but verv old man; he might have been her grandfather. "She was a very frank sort of girl,

and she confided her marital troubles to one of the women at her table. From her confidences, it was plain that the aged husband was a brute. "But, my dear child, said the

woman, 'what ever induced you to marry such a man?' "Well, you see, said the girl, 'I was so anxious to see that Marathon

race!" The Tax of the Insect.

During the year just passed the insects of the country cost the farmers more money than the nation expended on its army and navy, in paying all the claims on its mountainous pension roll and in all expenditures on the Panama canal. C. L. Bartlett, assistant entomologist in charge of experimental field work, has worked out the above statement; and as the value of the crop of the past season approximated eight billion dollars, he estimates ravages of the myriad insect at about 800 million dollars. The sum does not include the loss to cereals and forage crops in storage, nor to natural forests and forest products: the losses from those two sources, at 100 million dollars each, bringing the annual rural insect tax to an even billion dollars.—The World To-day.

Hubby Met a Friend. Mrs. Alfred Alston sent her husband to a drug store Friday night for

a sponge and a bottle of vichy. Here is what he bought: Five pairs of inner soles, a bag of sea salt, five bottles of patent medicine, ten packages of pills, five packages of writing paper, three sponges, 100 packages of breath perfume, a pair of scissors, two bottles of vichy and some other odds and ends.

In Harlem police court Alston explained to Magistrate Crane that he had met a friend on his way to the drug store. "But I got my wife the sponge and the vichy all right," he

"Well, take them right home to her. then, concluded the court.-New York Herald.

Penaity for Politeness.

"I find that politeness is pretty much wasted in New York," the southern woman said. "If you say to your janitor gruffly 'do this' or 'do that' he does it, but if you say 'please' he passes you by. If you say to the conductor, 'Give me a transfer, please,' he goes by without giving it to you, but you say briskly and with impertinence, 'Transfers' Transfers' -- you. must say it twice, you know-he hurriedly complies with your request for fear of getting his number taken and himself reported or something or other like that."

Melba's Superstitions. Mme. Melba admits that she has

her full share of superstitions. "For one thing," she says, "I cannot bear peacock feathers, and if any visitor comes to me wearing one of these monstrosities it makes me positively shudder. Brrr! Then I have an instinctive dread of being photographed in the costume of a part in which I have not previously appeared. I think this is always unlucky."

A Wise Will. "Did Brown leave a will?" "Yes, indeed. And a very wise one,

"]s that so?" "Yes, he left the majority of his property to the lawyers and car fare to his relatives, thereby arriving at the same result and saving his relatives much needless worry."

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REAL CAUSE FOR DEEP GRIEF.

Tragedy That Came Into the Life of . Temperance Worker.

Adjusting the tiny bow of white ribbon at her breast, she smiled faintly. "No," she said, "I shall never keep a pet again. Since poor Pete diedshe smiled again that faint, sad smile. "Old maids become too deeply attached to pets. Peteys death-I'll never get over it. It was a tragedy.

"I am an ardent temperance worker. Next to my temperance work, if not ahead of it, I set Pete. How I loved him. And one afternoon he was brought home dead. An automobile, you know.

"Tragedy enough, was it not? But something was to come to make the tragedy more polgnant. . For distraction, after Pete's loss, I plunged deeper into temperance work, and it was chiefly through my efforts that Harrison, my next door neighbor, had his saloon license taken away.

"The day after I testified against him, Harrison accosted me on the

A fine temperance one you are, said he. Why, your very dog was a drunkard." "'Pete a drunkard! Nonsense!'

said I. "Every day of his life, said Harrison. Pete visited my barroom, and few were the days somehody or other didn't treat him. On the afternoon he was killed he mixed whisky with his beer, and when he rolled off home-

That's how he came to get killed. Pete, your dog, died drunk. "I put my handkerchief to my eyes. The ruined saloonkeeper, smiling vindictively, gloated over my grief. It was true. Pete, my darling Pote, died

ward he was a sight to see. Drunk?

He was blind, staggerin' drunk

MIXED KINDLINESS AND HUMOR.

Example of Criticisms Made by Brahms, the Famous Composer.

drunk!"

Brahms, the composer, was noted for his kindliness, but, writes Georg Henschel in "Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms," he sometimes uttered a good-natured sargasm to which the roguish twinkle in his eyes corresponded. A would-be composer had asked Brahms to be allowed to play to him from the manuscript his latest composition, a violin concerto. Brahms consented to hear it, and seated himself near the piano. The man played his work with enthusiasm and force.

When he finished Brahms got up. approached the plano, took a sheet of the manuscript between his thumb and middle finger, and rubbing it between them, exclaimed: "I say, where do you buy your music paper? First

Another time Mr. Henschal-accompanied Brahms to the house of Mr.

"You have no idea," declared Mrs. X-, "how hard a worker X- is. I am proud and happy to have at last prevailed upon him to go for a walk with our daughter every day for two hours, thus keeping him at least for

two hours a day from composing " "Ah, that's good, that's very good," said Brahms, instantly, looking as innocent as a new-born babe. Youth's Companion.

Telepathy After Wireless.

"Wireless telegraphy is a fact. We have it now, and just beyond that is telepathy," said Dr. John Wesley Hill, at the Metropolitan temple.

"Not long ago I met a man, a friend of mine, with whom I talked. He said to me: Think of a name, and I thought of my mother's maid en name, and like a flash, he wrote it upon a card. That is telepathy, and that is coming. We will have it. but it will not come as a devil's side show, presided over by a medium. It will-come under the guidance of Di-

vine Providence. "The wireless telegraph will, yet be slow beside the lightning-like interchange of thought-telepathy. We are coming to a new cra of the inteltectual supremacy of man."-New York Times.

How Hardy Got His "Insight."

The elaborate realism of Thomas flardy is one of the points of the novelist's genius which causes much astonishment among his admirers. On one occasion a friend was expressing his wonder to him at the manner in which he was able to enter into the intimacies of a country girl's life.

"How on earth do you do it?" said the friend. "You might almost be a country girl yourself." "When I was a young man," explained Mr. Hardy, "I used to write

love letters for the village girls to

their sweethearts in India. That, paturally, gave me an insight into their characteristics."

A Pretty Kettle of Fish. When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state

of great apprehension. "I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. 'I'm sure I have caught it from you." "What are you so scared about?"

asked the patient. "Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."--Harper's Weekly.

Getting Ready for It. "And how is that pretty young widow?" asked Mrs. Browne, "Is she reconciled to her loss yet?" "No," replied Mrs. Malaprop, "she ain't exactly re-conciled yet, but they

do say she has the man picked out."-

The Catholic Standard and Times.

PUT BLAME ON FATHER TIME.

Heroic Endeavor of Mule Trader to Squirm Out of Tight Hole.

Mr. Justice Brower of the United States supreme court, in lecturing before his law class at the Georgie Washington university some years ago. had occasion to illustrate an argument regarding the flight of time, and the story he told in lillustration was rather better than the usual "darky" skit

"I knew of a case once," said the justice, "where two darkies swapped mules. One of then was an old hand at the business, and in making the trade he represented his mule to be seven years old. This was in February, and the new possessor of the mule had not had it long when he discovered that he had been materially cheated, on the point of the mule's age, at least. But the victim did not manage to find the man who had victimized him until well along into the month of June. Having found him, however, he at once accused his opponent of making rascally misrepresentations to him regarding the true

age of the mule in question. "You say," said the former proprietor of the mule, 'dat when you got de mule in February dat he was sebeu year old-huh? An' now it's June an' you 'low he's twelb year old?'

"I do!' was the angry response. "The trickster rolled his eyes and shook his kinky head. 'Ma soul, man!' he groaned, 'Time sho do fly!'"

TAKES PLEASURE IN GIVING. Contrast Between Mrs. Russell Sage

and Her Husband.

You doubtless remember that Russell Sage, when alive, had a reputation for stinginess, and believe that he didn't have much fun in life. Eating an apple for lunch, wearing a straw hat two seasons, and a suit of clothes until it wore out, doesn't appeal to many people, with or without money, as a part of a good time. But, when you remember how many definitions there are for a good time, it seems possible that Russell Sage's life was

one continual round of pleasure. What appeals to you may not suit your friend. The man who admires grand opera may scorn the enthusiasm of the football fan. Russell Sage, perhans, had no hobby but making money. If this be true, it was, doubtless, be cause he enjoyed making money and saving it. Life to him was one longdrawn out spress of getting, rich, and there never was a morning-after headache; he never lost money. This contrast in human nature has a striking example right in the Sage family. The wealth Russell worked so long and hard to accumulate affords pleasure to his wife only as she gives it away, never equaled by any other woman, and only surpassed by a few men of greater wealth .- Atchison (Kan.) ilobe.

New Find of Coral.

Now that coral is becoming fashionable again, it is interesting to learn that a diver of Algiera has recently discovered off the coast of Mansourah rich banks of coral, situated at a depth of about 130 feet.

The fishing for this curious polyp is considered one of the most difficult industries which exists. Since coral has ceased to be fashionable it has not been at all remunerative, and is little practiced except by the Maltese and Sicilians.

Up to the present time the annual allowance of 4,000 francs decreed by the Algerian government in 1904 for distribution as prizes among the coral fishers has not been used. This diver will, without doubt, be the first benenciary.

Woman's Great Compensation.

Dress is one of the great compensations, or should be, to women for the many disadvantages of their sex There is nothing that enables us to dely the natural consequences of Time so successfully, provided we give enough attention to the potentialities of, and to the individuality in, dress. It is a duty that women owe to society to make the best of themselves. But a great deal of the success of a gown depends on the degree to which it is in harmony with its surroundings. To be overdressed is worse than being shabbily dressed. However beautiful a frock may be, if it strikes a discordant note with its surroundings much of its beauty will be lost.-The Ladies' Friend.

Was the Last Chance. Dorando Pietri, defending at an Italian banquet his canny course in wearing a cigarette advertisement in the tace with Hayes, told an apposite story of an Italian grave digger. "I must accumulate all I can while I am here," he said, "for over there in Italy money is scarce. It is with me, in fact, as it was with the grave digger. This grave digger, after digging a certain grave, put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him he said: 'Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So seeing this was my last

Reat Mean. . Yearl-And he stole a kiss? Buby (pouting).—He did and I shall pever forgive him.

chance I thought I'd better take it."

Pearl-Do you really feel so had about it as all that? Ruby-I should say so. He said it was petty larceny, while any other

young man would have said it was grand.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

"-vanuise de Louisiage et dans tous les Stat. de But. Me publishe ofte done a commerce des avantagues exceptionuelle. Lau et l'abounte une fante le Belli pi Onetidionne 312.0.