### FUN BY BARONET AND WIFE

ID source Themselves as "Poor Masiclans" and Go on Tour-Friends Drive Them Away.

Lender - th - scapade in which figdure a well-known baronet, his wife, & cavairy officer, the heir of another barwonet and a street organ is reported stron: Warwickshire.

The incident, which took place a few miles from Numeaton, has caused much amusement among those con-

nected with the Atherstone hant. Having breed a giane organ from some traveling foreigners, the baronet and his wife disguised themselves as Italian musicians. The termer wore a slouch nat and old clothes which had done duty in amateur theatrical performances; the latter wore old garments and bound her head with a col-

wred slik handkerchief Accompanied by a kinsman of the baronet, they set out to the neighboring mansion occupied by the son of a

baroret well known in London. No sooner had they begun to reel off popular music hall airs than the gen-Meman appeared upon the scene and, in a peremitory manner, ordered their instant withdrawal under threat of

calling in the police When, after a time, they made themselves known, he joined them in a peregrination of the village, and eventually the "adventurers" reached the seat of a country magnate, a leading justice of the peace.

Here the butler was sent to tell them to leave the grounds immediateay, and it was not until the irate squire himself appeared on the scene that the quartet retired.

The climax was reached when the party arrived at another country residence. The family were away from home, but the servants in a body descended upon the "poor musicians."

But the party reached home with their disguise unpenetrated, and a few days later details of the "joke" leaked. out, and were discussed and greatly jenjoyed by the field that met the Atherstone hounds near the village swhere the escapade was planned.

#### MAUD WAS GOING BACK HOME

Mule Showed Great Affection for Her Owner and as Deep Hatred for Others is Sold.

Logansport, Ind .- Bert Hymar was the owner of a mule named Maud, which showed great affection for its owner and deep hatred for all others. Recently he sold the mule to John Volpert, sheriff of Miami county. Volpert found the barn door shattered. Maud was missing. Being state president of the Horsethief Detective asmociation, he asked the assistance of members of the association throughout Miami, Cass and Howard counties in recovering her.

Maud was found near Clymer's station, standing at the junction of two roads, gazing at a signboard which read: "Logansport five miles." Ten or fifteen members of the Cass County Horsethief Detective association spent an hour trying to capture her, and then sent for Hyman. When he arrived Maud brayed loudly in welcome and ran to him, placing her nose under his arm.

Myman says she was homesick in Peru and started back to him, and after reading the crossroads sign she would have been in Logansport and in his barn in a half hour.

# ITALKING CANARY WINS \$500

New Yorkers Lose Wager When Philadelphian Boasts of Remarkable Attainments of Bird.

Atlantic City.-A wager of \$500 changed hands in the Hotel Fredonia when a canary bird owned by Mrs. Peter Kearney of Philadelphia, who is spending the summer at that hostelry, repeated after her in parrot fashion a number of phrases. Includmd among the visitors at the hotel are two bird fanciers from New York and J. A. Clark of Philadelphia, who had heard the bird on several occasions. told the New Yorkers of the remarkmble attainments of the canary.

When one of them scoffed at the) idea and offered to wager \$500 that the apparent talking of the bird was nothing more than clever ventriloquism on the part of the owner, a test was arranged and, in addition no the hotel guests, a number of newspaper men were invited. The canary, which answers to the name of "Pete," mang for a time and then, in response to the coaching of Mrs. Kearney, repeated in a shrill tone, "Pretty little birdle," "Pretty little Pete," so clear that the bird fanciers were convinced and paid over their wager to Clark.

## GERMANY HAS NEW WARSHIP

Beries of Experiments Results in Cutting Down Cost and Increases Speed of Big Vessels.

London.—Semi-official information. Thas reached London from Berlin that the German ministry of marine bas just completed a series of experiments upon which it has been engaged for some months, with a new model for the hull of warships and other vessels of great size. The experiments are said to have proved a complete succoss and a report upon them has been

laid before the kaiser. The closest guard is being kept upon the details of the invention, but it is stated that it aims at an economy of from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent, in the engine power required for an agreed speed, and achieves this result by a new adjustment of the propellers and a reduction of the water's resistance to the hull.

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#### SHE WAS WAITING FOR IT

n 186 +

Oil Merchant Had Left a Faithful if Somewhat Ignorant, Substitute In His Office.

Having a pressing engagement with a good client, an oil merchant was abliged to leave his office in sole charge ot a charwoman.

"Now, my good woman," he said, indicating the telephone, "when you hear the bell ring attached to that little box. just go to the tube and shout: 'Halloa! Who are you? and wait for a reply." The merchant had been gone about

halt an hour when the telephone bell rang furiously. The woman rushed to the tube, shouted out the necessary query and put the receiver to her

"I'm Dot son from Dublin," came the answer. "Got a lot of oil for you, and wish to send it on at once. Be ready

Presently the merchant returned, and, to his amazement, saw the charwoman holding an empty bucket under the telephone tube.

"What on earth are you doing with that pail?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "as soon as you was gone a man shouted through the tabe that he was sending a large supply of oil, and asked someone to receive it, so I'm a-holding this bucket, a-waitin' for it to run through!"-London Tit-Bits.

## MUST LISTEN TO SPEECHES

Members of British House of Commons Have No Diversions Provided for Them.

The close physical contact between the 650 members of the British house of commons, in a room not half the size of our house of representatives, brings the debater at the desk and the assembled body within close range to each other. There are no swivel chairs and desks upon which to write or to idle time away while a debate is in progress. The members sit in stiff-backed, long wooden benches like those in the old schoolhouse. If a member is not present at the opening of the session no seat or "bouquet" is reserved for him. Not one member was seen reading the paper, pasting on postage stamps or enjoying diversions such as those at Washington. They must at least make a petense of paying attention through the proceedings, although the various postures of some of the members suggested the typical court room scene, where the jurymen are under direct glance of tudge and counsel -now bored, now interested, but always right there with-In the optical vision of the speaker .-"A Peep at Parliament," Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

Success and Luck. ing eminent Frenchmen to state what they think the influence of chance is upon success in life. Many of them have amiably responded, the topic being obviously one of those admirable mid-summer themes on which one man's opinion is as good as another's and which can be discussed till cooler weather comes without arriving at a sure basis of judgment. The replies, indeed, vary according to the taste and temperament of the several authorities invoked. Some of them rate luck very high; others put it wholly cu of the reckoning. The composer ecenot gave a cynical turn to the discussion by avowing that, for his part, he believed absolutely that good fortune was the determining element in the success—of others.

Splinter Off the Coronation Chair. Dean Buckland when at Westminster used to tell a curious story of a brown paper parcel which he received one day by post. After many wrappings had been unfolded he found a small black splinter of oak about and inch and a half long. The writer of the unsigned note accompanying the parcel said that when he was a boy. many years before, he had chipped the splinter off the coronation chair. As age advanced, his conscience grew troublesome, and he asked the dean to be kind enough to restore the splinter to its place.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Oregon Angler's Luck. The most remarkable fishing story brought to this city for some time comes through the reliable authority of Ski Meek, a Coburg angler, who asserts he caught five doubles. That is, with several books on his line, he caught two fish at once five times. All were trout and hooked within a rather short space of time.

They were caught in the McKenzie river near Coburg. He used a sixfoct leader with two flies and a baited spoon hook.-Springfield correspondence Portland Oregonian.

According to Promise. "Guess I'll hitch up the old mare to the wagon and drive down to the depot to meet those new city boarders," said the farmer. "Why don't you run down in the machine?" said his wife. "It won't do," replied the farmer sadly, "I'd like to, but it isn't business. You see I advertised this place as having all the comforts of an old-fashioned farm and I've got to give 'em what they expect." - Watertown

Appropriate Place. "I can't pay this taxicab bill." "Then I'll drive you to a police sta-

"Aw, be a game sport, and drive

me to the poorhouse instead."

## SHE HAD FIRST INSPIRATION

Excellent Reason Why Mr. B- Could Not Realize Money on His Wife's "Jewciny."

Mr. B-- drove up in a halisom and encored the jeweler's shop, accompan-Hed by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B-- asked for a private interview, and, on being shown into the office, he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamonds and pe ri necklaces, earring, tiaras and rings

"Mrs. B- -," he said, "is now abroad, before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels, and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B- is to know nothing

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B- called her on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand, in her case, was successful. The paste jeweis that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside.

## BEE CAUSED MOTOR WRECK

Sting of Pugnacious Insect Caused Driver to Lose His Control of the Steering Gear.

While motor car driving along Saybrook road at a rapid gait the other afternoon a little bee lighted on the nose of George Seele, son of William Seele, a wealthy resident of Brookline, Mass., who has his summer home at Essex, Conn. He involuntarily took both hands from the steering wheel, and the car bounced across a ditch near the residence of Henry Gladwin of Guilford, burying the autoist be-

neath it. Seel was badly hurt, several stitches being required to close a nasty gash In one of his thighs, and he was covered with minor cuts and scratches. Though dazed and insensible at first, he recovered sufficiently at his home to talk about the peculiar accident. He cannot understand how the bee kept pace with him long enough to alight, and how it stuck so tenaciously, as he was traveling at a fast pace. The car was only slightly damaged.

Mme. Curie's One Girl Helper. The success attained in science by Mme. Curie has been an inspiration to hundreds of women throughout the world. Many girls on being graduated from universities in this country and Europe have sought appointments as assistants to Mme. Curie. The famous French scientist, who has won so many laurels, however, is not eager to have women assistants, and at present employes men, with one excention. That is a Norwegian girl. who is regarded by many scientists as giving promise of duplicating the attainments of Mme. Curie. The girl passed her examinations with the highest honors and began to specialize in in radio-activity, with the result she won a traveling scholarship. Mme. Curie heard of her skill and her talent. She was glad to see the girl and after talking to her for an hour begged her to become her assistant.-Paris Herald.

Ingenious Etymology. In a recent article in the Nineteenth entury the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke cred its Prof. Richard Porson with a philological jeu d'esprit. Porson was a great English scholar, who, among other astounding feats of memory, could repeat all of Gibbon's footnotes by

A farmer, once meeting him in a public house, challenged him to derive his own name, which was Jeremiah King, from cucumber. The farmer thought he had "stumped" the scholar, but Porson immediately accepted and won the challenge.

"Jeremiah King" he began, "Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jerry Kin, Jerkin, Gherkin," Porson triumphantly concluded, "which is a cucumber."-Youth's Companion.

Cold Comfort From Mortar. The coldest place on a hot summer day is not on a roof garden, or in a subcellar or on the deck of a steamer, or upon some beach "swept by ocean breezes." It is at the entrance of an uncompleted building where the mortar has been laid but has not yet "set." The air which comes out of this building is cool, damp and pleasantly suggestive of the heart of a stone quarry or a cavern grotto. Evaporation is perhaps the secret of it all, but why is it that other evaporation is not so efficacious, so pleasant?

The narrative of one of the passengers on the damaged Cunarder, as given to a reporter of the Birmingham Daily Mail, contains this passage:

"The baggage master deserved special praise. He had only been asleep a couple of hours when called up, but he arranged the baggage so cleverly that not a piece was lost save such as belonged to the steerage passengers. A truly first-class touch. To a steerage passenger, who has little

enough to begin with, the lost of bag-

gage is, of course, nothing.

change.

The Latest Fad. "Some society women have been assisting the shirt waist strikers." "How very interesting! You may put me down as a patroness whenever they have another strike."-Ex-

## WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE

Gallant Colonel Paints Out Danger of Too Much Politeness on Occasions.

"A man should always try to be polite to women, except, or course, on street cars," said Col. Wilbert Wimbio the other day after he had stepped on a policeman's foot in his effort to return a feminine handkerchief. But there is one thing politeness should never lead you to do. Noter try to pick up a woman's purse for her. If you see a woman drop her gioves or a bock or a parcel, jump for it with all the cagerness of a bull pub, and rough it to her In your best manner. You will be rewarded with a smale. But do not jump for her pockethack. No, sir, do not. I once made that mistake, but never again. The owner did not understand. With the cry of a wounded lioness saving her cubs she positived upon her property, nearly driving a hatpin through the padded bosem of my frock coat. 'No, you don't!' she hissed. 'You can't snatch no hard working woman's purse like that.'

"When you see a woman drop her money, give a yell and spring back from her about four feet and stand with your hands up. Then she cannot possibly misunderstand your intentions."

#### GIVING THEM A FAIR START

Warden of Colorado Penitentiary Says Discharged Prisoners Should Have Some Funds.

Tom Tynan, warden of the Colorado penitentiary, believes the released convict should be given money upon his discharge. George Creel, in an article in Success Magazine, quotes him as follows:

"And when the prisoner has been reformed-strengthened in body and mind, taught means of livelihood and the habits of industry-what then? Must he go out with nothing in his pockets but his hands? I don't think so. No fair man can think so.

"The released convict must have some money; enough at least to tide him over the first few months-to keep him from feeling like a vagrant -to prevent his despair and relapse. I am in favor of a law that will pay the men a certain salary toward the end of the sentence—say \$1 a day for the last sixty days. It is my endeavor, to have every prisoner go back into the world from the ranch or roadclear eved, brown faced-and heaven knows these fellows earn the money."

A New Wrinkle in Firearms. Mr. Jack Flanagan of Mexico and Central America is a filibustering gentleman, miner and speculator by turns and a great lover of fancy firearms at all times. He was in New York the other day and he exhibited to a group of friends in his room at the Waldorf his latest pet wrinkle for shooting irons. Just behind the tip of the front sight on a long thin .45 he had mounted a tiny diamond about the size of a pinhead.

"Great for shooting in the dark," Flanagan explained. "Picks out the sight like a searchlight."

He invited those with him to take the gun by turns, step into the closet and with door half shut aim at any object in the room. Flanagan was right; the diamond picked out the sight like a searchlight.

Fought Way to Success. Ernest Thompson-Seton, the faunal naturalist, had a hard time to make both ends meet before fortune smiled on him. He was born in England, but went to Canada when a mere boy. After a time he sailed home to England and attended the public schools. Returning to Canada, he drifted to Manitoba, working as a day laborer. Later he went to New York, and, because he could draw a little, was given a job in a lithographer's office at \$15 a week. He hated the big city, went west in a year or two and wrote two volumes on the birds and mammals of Manitoba, which won him recognition and paved the way for his suc-

Freezing the Hair On. It is reported that Sir Ernest Shackleton recommends extreme cold as one of the best means of strengthening the hair. Almost all that went with him on his Antarctic expedition found that their hair grew thicker and stronger as they approached the pole. It was also found that baidheaded men were almost never found among those who worked for a cold storage company, where the men work all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost, and the cold seems to make the hair thicker.

Big Catch of Swordfish. The fishing schooner Ada Bell, Capt. Harry Christopherson, came in Monday with the largest catch of swordfish reported by any of the local schooners, 24 being the number caught in a week.

The boat lift here a week ago yesterday and struck the fish quite plentiful. The fish were all large and seem to be working in shore. This record catch was shipped to Boston and markets from Stonington.-Noank Correspondence New London Day.

Overweight. "That lifesaver seemed to have difficulty in getting to shore." "Yes. He took a terrible chance. He jumped overboard wearing all his hero medala."

"dition robtomadain / \$5.00

### STAINED GLASS AND WOMEN :

Latter Sometimes Desert Churches Because Colors From Windows Put Streaks on Faces.

Churches whose treasures include costly stained glass windows find that their anxieties do not end with so are ing the money to pay for the wie low and the artist to execute the work "Every bit as important are the

complexions of the women in near by pews," said a minister. "I have known churches to lose valuable parishioners. because the window at the back or side cast an unbecoming light on a lady's face. That would have hoprened in my own church just a few days ago if we had not considered the lady's feelings and storged the design of the window, which was easier than changing the lady's new or losing her support. The new was a family inheritance, having been handed down by will from generation to generation; therefore it was out of the question to move. At the same time she had my sympathy in her revolt against that memorial window. No matter in what part of the pew she sat the glass cast a bright red spot right on the end of her nose and yellow streaks across her cheeks and forcheid. Even a handsome woman would have been less attractive under that barbaric illumination; as my parishioner had not been particularly favored by nature those startling tints were positively deforming. Fortunately it was not too late to change the lower half of the window, and the lady now sits bathed in a becoming violet glow."

#### SWORDFISH AND BEER KEG

New York Judge Teils a Lurid Tale of Adventure Off Block Island.

Judge Tom Dinnean is back with his good ship Nomad after a cruise In which he had some rare adventures, says the New York World, Here's one as he tells it himself with his well known regard for veracity

"We were fifteen miles off Block island in the duskus of the day when we came on a school of sait mackerel. First thing we knew a swordfish butted in and there was a wild scramble among the mackerel. The swordfish filled up on the school and then like an overfed hog took a nap on the surface of the water. My engineer used to be a New Bedford whaler and he carries a lot of old-time tackle on the Nomad He went for ard and heaved a harpoon into the small of the swordfish's back. He had already secured an empty boer keggot that "empty?"—to the end of the harpoon line. Mr. Swordfish as soon as the harpoon got into him took it on the run with the beer keg traiting along He dived and tacked and doubled on his tracks, but the keg was ever on the job. Finally his despair and exhaustion did the trick. He gave a feeble flicker with his tall and we hauled him aboard. He was six feet two inches long and weighed four hundred pounds, and cay—he was fine eating."

Inclined to Be Skeptical. "What do you see?" asked the bustness man who had permitted the fortune teller to lead him into a dark room and hold his hand.

"Ah, I see many wonderful things here," she replied. "You will have ed luck with the business you are

going into." "What else do you see?" "You will make a great deal of

money soon." "Anything more?" "You will live to be a very old man and have good health."

"All right. What else?" "That is all I see."

"Isn't there anything about a dark little lady who loves me?" "Oh, I will look again. I thought you were old enough to have a wife

and family. So, you are widower?" "Yes, but I don't more than half believe you can fortell the future, after

Powerful Cosmic Process. "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it. The cosmic process born with us and, to a large extent, necessary for our maintenance, is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, and it would be folly to imagine that a few centuries will suffice to subdue its masterfulness to purely ethical ends. Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenaclous and powerful enemy as \* long as the world lasts."—Huxley.

Friendly Offices. Friends bound the bridal pair with ropes, shackled them to their seat in the car, and covered them with placards which coarsely set forth that they were newly-married. "Boys," protested the groom, at

length, "this isn't fun!" But the friends did not take offense, graciously bearing in mind that where a man is so desperately in love, his sense of humor undergoes a temporary suspension.

Minds Mated. "I can tell you one thing," said Tawkins with emphasis, "when I marry, if won't be any 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Greek."

"No." said Edgely, looking at him at

tentively, "nor beans."

GILBERT HAD GOOD MEMORY

He Never Forgot That at Harrow One of His Lines Was Considered improper.

This G there stery reaches me from an old Harrovian ays a writer in the Munchester Gondian In 1872 the people of the town got up theatricals to raise funds for a hospital Doctor Butder the head master, said he would not allow the school to go unless the pieces were first scheduled to him. One was GPbert's 'Palege of Truth' In it is a passage in which the hero rays to the herotree "Meet me at mark of look toright out its the garden gate". Doctor Imiler veroed this and substituted . Meet me at three o'clock this attermeen? This seemed to him rives decorers. About five years ago Cilbert was invited to the Harrow speeches in reply to the toust of his health he said. "I am very much inverested in viding Harrow for as thr as I know it is the only place in the world where a line of mine has ever been condemned as improper" Great constitution prevailed wall the greater because no one except the speaker and one other person, who was just leaving Harrow in 1872, knew what he meant it was not Gilbert's way to forget these things.

## TALES OF KINGS' CROWNS

Alfred the First English Monarch to Wear One-Richard II. Once Pawned His.

The first English king who were & crown was Alfred, A. D. 871. Long prior to that date we know that a crown was worn by the Roman king, Tarquin. And in the Bible it is told how the Amalekites brought Saul's crown to David.

But the early crowns were not as they are now. At first merely a filet of cloth was used, then a gariand, and, later on, cloth adorned with pearls.

The popes gradually developed this emblem of kinarhip, and in A. D 925 Athelstan, king of England, wore modern earl's corenet in 1066 Wil-, liam the Conqueror added a coronet. with pearls, to his ducal cap. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., andthe "arches" were added by Henry VII in 1485.

Richard II, as most people know. was at one time in such a needy condition that he pawned his crown and regalia to the city of London for \$10,-

Common Sense and Science. It can now be seen how little truth there is in Huxley's much quoted dictum that science is organized common sense. That is precisely what science is not. Science is a wholly differentkind of knowledge from common sense at almost every point. To common sense, the sun revolves about the earth; to science, the contrary is an established tact. To common sense, a ofplanet is still and stationary; to science it is a group of rapidly revolving, centers of energy. To common sense water is a true element; to science, it is a compound of atoms of the familiar hydrogen and oxygen. To common sense, the Rosetta stone is a bit of brick covered with more or less regular markings, probably with a decorative purpose; to science, it is the key to a forgotten language and the open door to knowledge of a lost civillization -- From a lecture on Philos-

As the Boy Had Suggested. "Do you remember, my boy," asked the father, kindly but firmly, "that in your studies you suggested that actions spoke louder than words?" "Yes, sir," said the boy with a grin-

that he did not feel. "Thereby, as I took it, you expressed that you would like to have me express my emotions in some more substantial way."

"Yessir" "I have not forgotten that. There is a great deal that is worthy of consideration in that saying. And though you have displeased me greatly today, I will show you what I think. Come with me." And the father led the way to the woodshed.

Woman's Culture. It is not the wish of the advocates of the higher culture of woman's powers to withdraw her from her existing spheres of interest and activity. but rather to fit women for the more enlightened performance of their special duties, to help them toward learning how to do better what they have to do, whether as members of society alone or in the higher walks of a mother's or a teacher's duties, or in any of the arts or professions which may be chosen by them.

The work that many women are doing nobly now, without instruction, how much more nobly and efficiently would they be able to do if they had been taught!

What He Was Doing. As the Wellmer family were returning from a trip a tire burst and something went wrong with the car. Of course, Papa Wellmer had to fix it. He said a few things to himself and then proceeded to crawl under the machine. As he was tinkering with it as man, evidently from Egg Harbor, walked by and, of course, stopped to

find out the trouble. "Fixin' the machine, eh?" he said. stooping down.

"Nope," said Wellmer, in muffled tones, "Just taking a course by mail: on raising chickens."

# L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS