

ANIMALS IN THE DESERT.

Number of Them Oatdo the Camel in Respect of Going Without Drink.

Other creatures than the camel are able to get along for extended periods without drinking. Sheep in the south-western deserts go for 40 to 60 days in winter without drink, grazing on the green succulent vegetation of that season. Puccaries in the desert of Sonora live in little dry hills where there is no natural water for long periods. They cannot possibly find water, in fact, for months at a time. The only moisture they can obtain comes from dew and the fruits of cacti. But the most extraordinary case is that of the pocket mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little creature, by the way, has a genuine fur-lined "pocket" on the outside of its cheek. When it is hungry it takes food from this pocket with its paw, just as a man would pull a ham sandwich from his pocket. One of these mice has been kept for three years with no other food than the mixed bird seed of commerce. During this period it had not a taste of either water or green food. Other experimenters have found, in fact, that these mice in captivity refuse such treats, not seeming to know that water is good to drink. The bird seed put before this mouse contained not more than ten per cent of moisture, which is less than is necessary for digestion. Stuff so dry as this cannot even be swallowed until it is moistened by saliva. Yet this remarkable mouse gave nothing but its time to the interests of science. He suffered nothing in health or spirits during his captivity.

NONOGENARIAN NEWSMAN.

Aged Illinoisan a Familiar Figure About Railroad Depots at Joliet.

The oldest newsboy in the world is to be found at Joliet, and he is a very familiar figure to passengers at the railroad depots, says the Chicago Chronicle. He is Orasmus Page and he was born in 1809. Although approaching his ninety-seventh year, he is never missing from his post and is always ready to supply the public with his stock of newspapers. He maintains his vigor to a remarkable extent, as he rises at four o'clock every morning in order to meet the early trains. He is also engaged until late in the evening. He has been handicapped by the loss of a leg, losing the member at the knee in a mine accident at Braidwood 20 years ago.

His father was noted for longevity, his father dying at 95, his mother at 92, while his grandfather lived to be 102 and his grandmother 105. Orasmus commenced life as a farmer in Iowa, moving there with his parents from New York state. He then engaged in railroad contracting and had charge of some of the grading for the Chicago & Alton, near Bloomington, in 1857. Mr. Page has a wife, who is 86 years of age. His papers are the sole support of the couple, but owing to his age and crippled condition he is given the preference among the newsboys that besage the trains and he manages to earn several dollars a day. The old man expects to continue at the business as long as his strength holds out. He is anxious to round out the century and will likely do so.

FEEDING YOUNG PELICANS.

Produces Physical Shock Which Has Strange Effect on the Birds.

As the young increase in size, feeding becomes a more serious proceeding for all concerned, writes Frank M. Chapman, in Century. At the age of eight, the young birds average slightly larger and heavier than old ones, and the physical shock of feeding is so great that the parents supply only one bird at a time, and that at long intervals; while the young seem so overcome by the prolonged stay in the parental pouch, as well, doubtless, as by the size of the meal they have secured here, that on emerging they are in a fazed and helpless condition. Laying the head on the ground with wings relaxed, they act as though they had received a violent blow at the base of the brain. This apparent semi-consciousness is followed by the most violent reaction, as the reviving bird suddenly grasps itself by the wing and whirrs about like a demented creature, pausing only long enough to bite at the other wing before turning in the opposite direction. If this surprising exercise be intended as an aid to digestion, it is evidently effective, since, at its conclusion, the bird settles down to sleep.

The Stronger Eye. Left-eyed people simply own the town these days, said a Broadway oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continues to increase we shall one day be a left-eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is already considerably larger than the right. It is brighter and lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read first with one then with the other unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten that test shows how much more useful the left eye is than the right." -Brooklyn Eagle.

Better Suited to Him. Little Tiddle (nervously, to lively stable keeper): "Have you a very quiet horse?" It must be like a lamb, neither kick nor shy, and not go too fast. Lively Stable Keeper (eying him contemptuously): "Certainly, gov'nor. Which'll you have - a clothes-horse or a 'tackin'-horse?" -Stray Stories.

AN OPEN-AIR PHILOSOPHER

Enunciates His Peculiar Views on That Martyr to Humanity, the Doctor.

The village oracle, old Jim Jacklin, exploiting his ideas on divers and sundry topics in Ople Read's latest book, says: "Every man that gets money without stealing it earns it, I reckon, but I don't know of anybody that comes nearer earning it twice over than the doctor. He has to put forth all the skill he has and then must lie to keep hope alive. And hope is the best medicine ever discovered. "A doctor must know human nature as well as medicine, and this knowledge mixed with medicine is what makes one doctor better than another. I've known 'em to get out of their beds the coldest nights that ever blowed and ride ten miles to doctor a man they knowed wasn't a-goin' to pay a cent. It takes great strength always to handle weakness; it takes a god-like patience to deal with the fretful and not be warped over to the side of continual peevishness, and whenever I hear a doctor a-laughin' I always rejoice with him. Science in medicine travels slow, for every human body is an individual machine, and every morfin' has a new way to go wrong. And I've knowa men to be such liars that they wouldn't tell a doctor the truth as to how they felt, fearing they were giving him a little advantage. The average doctor has a good sense of humor and has stored up some of the oldest jokes I ever heard, and this is in the direct line of his usefulness, for a sick man can't understand a new joke as well as he can an old one. The old one may bring up the memory of a former laugh and thereby do him good. "The saddest time for the sick man is not when the doctor is coming to see him, but the time when the doctor's bill begins to pay its visits. It ought not to be, but a doctor's bill is a mighty hard thing to pay. It is like paying for a January overcoat in July."

WINTER BIRD NEIGHBORS.

Many of These Much-Traveled Little Fellows Are Surprisingly Tame.

It is surprising that there are birds which come to us only to spend the winter, says St. Nicholas, leaving us again at the beginning of spring for northern lands and snow-banked hillsides, where the long day and pale twilight nights of the arctic reign. Birds that raise their broods in the far, treeless northland, where heather, grasses and stunted alders grow on a shallow, soaking soil underlaid by a great depth of eternal ice, at the approach of winter gather into great roving flocks to surge southward to the gentler climate of our blizzardy "temperate" winters! Yet all young country folks have seen these restless, wandering flocks of winter lovers, and occasionally even in the towns and cities there arrive unfamiliar companies of fat, fluffy birds, busily opening the cones of firs and spruces, or devouring the buds of the maples.

Many of these much-traveled little fellows are wonderfully tame, and seem not to experience fear of man so universal with animals that rear their young in his neighborhood. Pine grosbeaks and cross-bills, whose real homes are in the silent, moss-filled spruce forests of the great north, will almost allow themselves to be caught in your hand! With the field-roving kinds, like the snow-buntings, horned larks, and longspurs, this fearlessness is not found, probably from the constant lookout they are forced to keep against the cunning and hungry white foxes and the daring, trap-jawed little ermine that persistently hunt them in their northland home. But the rosy little redpolls, the creepers, kinglets, "little friend chickadees," as the northern Indians call him, and all the other deep forest dwellers, are as unafraid of us as they are of the gentle porcupines and deer of their home woods.

Veiled Auctions in India. In the course of an interesting paper on shellac, communicated to the Pharmaceutical society, Sir George Watt, C. I. E., described the quaint practice adopted at the auctions in India. The buyers and sellers join hands and sit facing each other, a cloth being thrown over the hands. The buyer presses certain fingers of the seller's hand, thus making an offer. This is usually rejected by a motion of the head, and further finger pressing ensues. Finally the bargain is struck without a word having been uttered. The advantage claimed for this system is that the buyer may proceed from one seller to another and make his purchases without his price being known to other dealers.—London Mail.

London Legend. There is a curious legend in regard to Deadman's place, Southwark, London. An ingenious old writer says that the name originated as follows: "In Deadman's place, at St. Mary-overus, a man servant being buried at seven of the clock in the morning, and the grave standing open for more dead commodities, at four of the clock in the same evening he was got up alive again by a strange miracle, which to be true and certain, hundreds of people can testify that saw him as he lay in a country Ghosie in his white pack'd sheets." However, a more exact historian explained that the name was merely a corruption of "Deasman's place."

Where Did He Get It? Baron:—He made all his money in Washington. Editor:—And in the same? "Very." "Was he a congressman or a waiter?" "No, he was a Statesman."

SUBWAY SIGN LANGUAGE.

Somewhat Similar to That Employed by Deaf and Dumb People.

When the subway express train started from Brooklyn bridge, two messenger boys who were sitting together began suddenly to make signs, relates the New York Press. At first those who looked on thought that possibly these signs might be only the wiping off of chins after consuming slices of pie before starting on the journey, but it was not many minutes before they began to think otherwise. The train had hardly slowed up going around the Worth street curve before the language had definitely resolved itself into that of the deaf mute. There was some inward speculation as to how deaf mutes could possibly retain positions which are supposed to entail considerable glibness of tongue, together with a broad and smiling approval of the nimbleness with which the language was carried on between the two youngsters. A woman who was more deeply interested than the rest alighted at the Fourteenth street station when the boys did. She followed them up the steps and found to her amazement that the moment they emerged into the open atmosphere of the street, they burst into verbal talk. A stranger who walked by her side, noting her look of astonishment, slowed up and said to her: "It is getting to be a common thing now for messenger boys and those who are obliged to employ the subway as a means of locomotion, to study the sign language and use it. As a matter of fact it is the only language that can be 'heard' to any extent on the subway express."

AN APPEAL TO CAMPERS. Patriot of the Hoe Admonishes Them to Aid in Forest Preservation. I want again to raise my voice in an appeal for care of the forest, says Capper Whitney, in Outing Magazine. As president and the forest service in their magnificent efforts to preserve our woods. Be sure before you leave your camp that every last bit of your cooking fire has been extinguished, and then scrape dirt over the ashes, so the wind may not stir into destructive life the supposedly dead embers you have left. No single inimical element is more of a menace to forest conservation than the devastating fires which every autumn sweep across great tracts because of careless campers who "thought" they put out their camp fire. And if you thus aid the president and the forest service you serve your country and your own interest—because the preservation of our forest lands concerns every citizen in America, and intimately concerns our agricultural interests. Every intelligent reader knows that the agricultural interests come very near to being the commercial bulwark of America; "poor crops, tight money," is a saying which ought to be familiar with newspaper readers.

VASE OF THIRD CENTURY.

Relic of Early Italian Art That Is Valued at a Very High Figure.

Another family treasure of great value which has since passed into the keeping of the nation is the Portland vase, now exhibited in the British museum. This vase came from Italy, and what its age is no man knows, though it has been proved that in A. D. 235, it was deposited in a sepulcher under the Monte del Grand, three miles from Rome, and it is believed to have contained the ashes of the Emperor Severus. But, whether or no, Pope Urban VIII, had it dug up; and for more than two centuries it reposed in the Barberini palace at Rome. In 1788 the duke of Portland purchased it from Sir William Hamilton for 1,029 guineas, and deposited it in the British museum 15 years later. The vase is only ten inches high. In 1845 a man named Lloyd, employed at the museum, picked up a stone and hurled it in a fit of frenzy at the case which contained the precious relic. The vase was smashed into hundreds of pieces, but with great ingenuity they were all put together again, and as it now stands is said to be worth at the very least, \$75,000.

INDIANS' THANKSGIVING.

Red Men of Reservations Take Great Interest in White Man's Feast Day.

Even our reservation Indians take a great interest in Thanksgiving day. Of course they show their Indian nature in their gaming and feasting, but at their corn dance with which the day's celebration closes, they offer thanks to the Great Spirit for the harvest, and the resident priest is invited to bless the food provided for the feast. The Cheyennes and Apaches sometimes give a pony smoke, other tribes are invited to a feast of their best game and vegetables, and on their departure for home, the head of each family is presented with a good pony. As there are sometimes several hundred families as guests, you can understand that only wealthy tribes can afford to give a pony smoke, but each tribe in their own way show that the spirit of thankfulness is not a stranger to them.

Hard to Quench.

Cholly:—Do you think this champagne is very dry. Jimmy:—It must be. It makes me fearfully thirsty.—Detroit Free Press.

BEGINNING OF FOOTBALL.

Believed to Have Had Its Origin as Part of the Sun Worship of Celts.

A book published at Venice in 1555 by Antonio Coiano relates methods of play in a real football that was actually called by the same name. The field "was so large that no one, however strong, could quite throw a stone from one end to the other," and it was about half as wide. Twenty, 30 or 40 persons could participate on a side, the number being regulated by the size of the available field. Goals were set up at either end. No one was permitted to strike the ball with the outstretched arm or with anything he might carry in his hand. Nevertheless, he was permitted to "strike the ball with whatever part of his body that he pleased." If the ball came rolling toward him he was allowed to kick it, the intention being that if it were lying still he could not do so. The field was divided by a transverse line "into two equal parts, and in the middle lay the ball. The players were chosen, those who were going to make up the opposing parties, by means of colors, by which, in the struggle of the contest, each could recognize his own side. When the signal was given by the roll of the drum or the blast of a trumpet a player rushed forward, one who had been chosen by lot to be the first to kick the ball with his foot. This action was understood to be the beginning of the contest, so that after it, it was permitted to no one from either party to seize it, to strike it, and to drive it as victor over the goal. It was perhaps from the method of the beginning of the game that it was called football. These Italian games had their origin in the ancient pastimes of the Greeks and Romans, and in reality approach nearer to the modern idea of football than do the beginnings of the game in modern countries. Football is believed by some authorities to have been a portion of the worship of the Celtic sun god, one of the rites attendant on the celebrative ceremonies. Some also hold a strong belief that its original form was introduced into England by the Romans.

IMPOSITIONS IN EATABLES.

Various Articles Sold in France Are Not What They Are Represented to Be.

When you order truffles in France you are likely to get something you are not paying for. The French people know that the truffle is at times adulterated, and what is palmed off for truffle, says the New York Times, is often black rubber or black silk or softened leather or roasted potatoes, which are given a peculiar flavor by adding ether. It is said these substitutes sell well. In Paris, where snails are very popular they are adulterated with lungs of cattle and horses. Even entire snails are manufactured. The discarded shells of snails which have been eaten are recoated with fat and slime and filled with lung tissue and then sold as Burgundy snails. French fish dealers smear vaseline over stale fishes to give them a fresh appearance. To impart the correct color to the gills of fish which have been a long time out of the water they paint the gills with eosin, a coal tar product having a red color. Even things made in Germany are not always what they seem to be. It is stated that an ordinary liver patty is made into fine Strasburger pate de foie gras by means of borax or salicylic acid, and finely chopped and cleverly distributed pieces of black silk to represent truffles.

DURING HOLY PILGRIMAGE.

Sacred Square of Mecca Presents a Picturesque and Impressive Sight.

Like a gigantic catafalque, somber, shrouded in mystery, the Kaaba rises out of the seething sea of white garbed humanity that crowds the great, sacred square of Mecca, says Everybody's Magazine. Its door is covered with plates of solid silver, studded with silver nails. From the exterior of the roof, above a stone marking the sepulcher of Ishmael, which lies at the base of the northern wall, there projects a horizontal, semi-circular rain spout, five yards long, 24 inches wide, made of massive gold. Within, the roof is supported by three columns of aloe wood; the walls are hung with red velvet alternating with white squares in which are written in Arabic the words, "Allah-Jal-Jelalah." Praise to God the Almighty! The building is packed with pilgrims, praying, weeping, beside themselves in an ecstasy of passionate devotion. Mingled with their voices there rises from outside the chant of the Taibih, the Song of the Winding Sheet, which every pilgrim must sing, on entering the Mecca, on donning the sacred ihram, on entering the haram and on starting for Mina, the Valley of Desire, and Arafat, the Mountain of Compassion.

Christianity and Meat.

Prof. Yoshitaro Nakamura, graduate of the imperial agricultural college in Sapporo, Japan, is at the Minnesota state school of agriculture taking a special course in animal industry and meats. He is especially interested in the packing business and has visited the big plants in Chicago and elsewhere. Prof. Nakamura says that on account of the Buddhist religion the Japanese have been averse to eating meat, but now that Japan is adopting the Christian religion, the prejudices against eating meats have to a certain extent disappeared.

LION FEARS THE OSTRICH.

King of Beasts Will Run Away from Bird Whose Kick He Is Afraid Of.

There is only one thing of which the lion is afraid, according to Schillings, the Young German African traveler, and that is the ostrich. The bird is more fleet than the quadruped, and it can deliver its terrible kick with the precision and impact of a pugilist's blow and spring away till it gets another opening. Such tactics naturally disgust the superior being. The lion has a weakness, however, for ostrich eggs and will make a meal of them whenever the vigilance of the parent bird is relaxed. Schillings saw a lion once with the tempting pile of eggs before him, and he was about to regale himself when the owners of the property appeared and the beast stunk off like a whipped cur. Schillings considers it is an open question whether the hunting of the lion, leopard, buffalo, elephant or rhinoceros is the most dangerous. On the whole, however, he thinks that if he were hunting without supporting rifles in the hands of really great hunters he would rather take his chances with any of them than with the rhinoceros. This animal is remarkably fleet, considering its bulk, and when it makes a charge it is next to impossible to get away from it. Then is the time when a comrad with a good gun and ready nerve is needed to distract the animal's attention.

INVALUABLE TRAINING.

Scientific Knowledge as an Aid to the Commercial Side of Business.

The supreme gift of scientific training in method, declares W. Burton in a recent address to the Staffordshire (Eng.) pottery classes, is the power to see. "How many problems are there that present themselves to us every day in our businesses that really disappear as no longer problems if we once see them clearly. The commercial organizer of a business has two problems always facing him—first, the economical production of his goods, and second, the disposal of these in the market. A scientific training, in so far as it gives knowledge tending to the solution of these problems, is of direct value to the commercial side of business. Many problems can be solved only by scientific methods. But manufacturers should not look for immediate results from the employment of a trained man. Remember, he must have time to apply his science to your industry. He must have time for experiment, and must be given both leisure and fullest opportunity to follow out these lines of prolonged and systematic investigation, on which alone scientific knowledge has been built."

SHE WAS READY FOR HIM.

And He Did Not Say Exactly What He Had Intended to Say.

He had come to break off the engagement. His mother didn't approve of his choice. Besides, he felt that he was too timid to assume the responsibilities of married life, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It wasn't a pleasant task. "I have come," he said, "to say that—I'm there some one stirring at the side door." "It is nothing," she hastily answered. "You were about to say that." "I were about—I mean I was about to say that I think that we have—I mean I have, made a mistake in—I'm sure I hear somebody snuffing at the keyhole." She laughed in an unmitigated way. "Yes," she said, "my football brother with his brindle bulldog are out there waiting." He didn't ask what they were waiting for. "I have come to say, dearest," he briskly remarked, "that I think I have made a mistake in permitting you to put our wedding day so far ahead."

ICE PALACE A "FROST."

"Beautiful Detriment" in Canada Creates False Impression of the Country.

"Your ice palace of Montreal is a thing of the past, isn't it?" said a New York man to a Canadian. "Yes, thank fortune," said the other. "It was a beautiful detriment. It created abroad a false impression of Canada. It conveyed the idea that Canada was a bleak, cold place—a land of snow and ice—a kind of Greenland or Labrador. People sent to their friends abroad illustrated postcards and large photographs of the ice palace and the ice carnival year after year. Hence, abroad, they got to associating ice and Canada together. The two words became almost synonymous and few would emigrate Canadeward. "Our immigration figures fell off to a deplorable degree on account of the false impression of our climate that the ice palace gave to England and France and Germany. Canada lives on immigration. She wants all the immigrants she can get. And because the ice palace lost her thousands of immigrants yearly, she wisely did away with it."

A Saving.

Redd:—Do you play golf on Sunday? Greene:—No, I go to church. "Doesn't it hurt your game, skipping a day that way?" "Oh, no; I think it helps it." "How so?" "I save a lot of balls."—Yonkers Statesman.

MUST MURDER TO QUALIFY

Club of Cut-Throats in Paris Composed of Youths Who Have Taken Life.

The "Five Points," the meaning of whose name is unexplained, are a cheerful gang of cutthroats just discovered. Their dark deeds read like a sorry string of picaresque old stories. A young fellow of 20, arrested for having shot down and half killed a woman whom he had never seen before in the boulevard de Clichy, told the police, "All I meant to do was to qualify." On the further inquiry it was found that he was a probationary member of the "Five Points" gang. He had been accepted as a candidate for full honors five months ago, and had gone about with the gang on business. But he lacked the necessary qualification for complete membership. The first rule of the cutthroats' club is that "every full member must have at least once killed or attempted to kill some man or woman." Robbery, burglary, arson and other minor crimes qualify you for only the probationary stage; that reached by our hero. For five months he vainly tried to screw up his courage to the sticking place, and was despatched as being too full of the milk of human kindness by the band of brothers, for whom he acted as a mere tag, not on a footing of equality with them. At last, taunted by them to desperation, he said: "I will bear it no longer; I will kill somebody this instant," and a woman passing by him as he spoke, he added: "Here goes!" and fired his revolver point blank at her temple. The woman, who is in a hospital, may recover, but will lose one eye. The "Five Points" brothers, all of whom by the rules of their club have taken or attempted lives, are still at large.

STYLES IN PLAYING CARDS

Backs Are Decorated with Pictures in Keeping with the Seasons.

In the fall output of playing cards several new styles of decoration for the backs of the cards are shown. Some decks, which were apparently put upon the market at the beginning of horse show week, says the New York Sun, are ornamented with the pictured heads of hunters and jumpers; others represent gorgeous masses of chrysantheums, while on still others the football hero holds forth. In many houses in which cards form the chief amusement the scenes on the backs of the cards vary with the seasons. In summer the dawdler over whose head and shoulders a reduced temperature by contemplating waterfalls and forest vistas on the cards in her opponent's hand, while in winter the blood may be quickened by the sight of a snowy landscape. The various sports, too, are all represented in their season. Several years ago when the cycling craze was at its height it was the fashion to decorate playing cards with bicycles. In the last two years the wheels have been superseded by automobiles. Many clubs and societies have their cards made to order, in which case the badge of the order forms the decoration. So important is this phase of decorative art considered by the manufacturers of playing cards that they keep in their employ persons whose sole business it is to study out new designs appropriate to the time and season.

FIERCE AND DEADLY TIDES.

Phenomenal Rise and Fall of the Sea Along the Breton Coast of France.

A Philadelphia girl was recently overtaken and drowned by the incoming tide on the west coast of France. A transplanted Breton said of this fatality: "Can you, who see your own tides crawl in at the rate of ten feet or so an hour, imagine tides racing like wild white horses up the flat sands at the rate of half a mile a minute? "The extraordinary swiftness of our Breton coast gives us these phenomenal tides. The sea does not rise and fall. It appears and disappears. You have a vast and flat plain of sand. At a set hour the sea rushes in, white, wild, submerging this vast plain. At a set hour, an unseen hand sucks the water back—30, 40, 50 miles—and nothing is visible but the plain white sand again. Woe unto such as walk on this desolate plain when the tide begins to rise, for they must drown! Nothing can save them."

Origin of "Lunch."

A "lunch" etymologically, is just a lump; in the sixteenth century a "lunch of bacon" meant merely a slice or hunk of it. So Burns speaks of bread and cheese "dealt about in lanches," and Scott records that "little Benjie was ramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth." While in modern times "lunch" is an abbreviation from "luncheon," the latter was originally an elongation of "lunch." A philologist shows how the old "noon-shenk," noon-drink, came to mean noon-eating, and to appear as "luncheon;" and the development thereafter of "luncheon" from "lunch" was very natural.

Direct Information.

Neighbors—I say, Sloboy, when are you going to move? Sloboy—Why, I have no intention of moving. What put that idea into your head? "Your landlord."—Chicago Daily News.