

THE TINKER IN SPAIN.

As an Important Factor in That Country in the Preparation of Good Food.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, writer and former Oxford lecturer, who has recently been taking a holiday in Spain, contributes some interesting reminiscences of the roadside to the ablet. One of his adventures was an encounter with a peacemaker tinker, who sang as he walked, and whose rhymes, translated into English prose, were in modest praise of his own cleverness and calling.

"Men that cook in copper," was the purport of one, "know that all cooking is a double labor unless the copper is properly tinned." And again: "Things of game are best roasted upon a spit but what spit is so clean and fresh as a spit that has been newly tinned?" "I wish you good day," said Mr. Belloc, on first meeting the poetic tinker. "You sing so as to advertise your trade."

"I do," he answered. "It lifts the heart, shortens the way, attracts the attention of citizens and guarantees good work." "In what way," said Mr. Belloc, "does it guarantee good work?" "The man," he answered, "who sings bodily, clearly and well is a man in good health. He is master of himself. He is strict and well-managed. When people hear him, they say: 'Here is a prompt, ready and serviceable man. He is not afraid. There is no rudeness in him. He is urbane, swift and to the point. There is method in him.' All these things may be in a man who does not sing, but singing makes them apparent. Therefore in our trade we sing."

"But there must be some," Mr. Belloc said, "who do not sing, and who yet are good tinkers." "At this the Spanish tinker gave a little shrug of his shoulders and spread down his hands slightly but imperatively. "There are such," said he. "They are even numerous. But while they get less trade, they are also less happy. For I would have you noting your respect and that of the company—that this singing has a quality. It does good within as well as without. It pleases the singer in his very self, as well as bringing him work and clients."

Then Mr. Belloc said: "You are right, and I wish I had something to sing. Let me, however, tell you something in the place of the trade I cannot offer you. All things are true, as you have heard—here the tinker nodded—and your singing does therefore not a double, but a triple good. For it gives you pleasure within, it brings in trade and content from others, and it delights the world around you. It is an admirable thing."

When the tinker heard this he was very pleased. He took off his enormous hat, which was of straw and as big as a wheel, and said: "Sir, to the next meeting, and went off, singing with a happier and more triumphant note: "Carrots, onions, lentils and beans depend upon the tinker for their worth to mankind."

WANTED TO TALK BUSINESS

And George's Girl Wanted to Hear Him When He Went About It.

A business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the confidential clerk has for some time been attentive to the daughter, but he has not—or had not a month ago—sufficient courage to come to the point, though the young woman, goodness knows, has never done anything to scare him off, for he is a first-class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was making a call, and about nine o'clock her father came in. "Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking of this afternoon? Did you see the party?" "Yes, sir," replied George, "and I expected to see you this evening and tell you about it."

"My dear," said the father, turning to his daughter, "will you retire for a few minutes? George wants to speak business for a while."

The daughter rose up, but hesitated. "Why do I have to go?" she asked, doubtfully. "Because, dear," smiled the father, "you are not interested. Why do you want to stay?" She blushed and fled.

"Because, papa," she twittered, "I'd rather like to hear George talk business just once."

Then George got red, and the father looked at them both significantly, and the girl fled.

Vegetable Footwear. The London Vegetarian Messenger commends footwear "without animal trial." The soles are made of "Balata"—which is made of canvas and rubber, canvas is used for uppers and "bright American cloth" for toe-caps, straps and trimmings.

Typoid in India. Typoid fever is responsible for nearly one-third of the deaths in the British army in India.

ANIMALS THAT DON'T SWIM

A Number That Seldom or Never Venture Into the Water.

Most people think that all animals swim better than man, but this is not true. Camels, llamas, monkeys and giraffes never venture into the water if they can help it. Camels have been taught to swim when partly supported, and apes have been known to scramble across narrow streams when hard pressed, but llamas and giraffes always drown when forced into the water.

Nearly all other animals swim well on their first trial. Strange to say, certain members of the seal family, which, when full grown, take their places among the best swimmers in creation, are at the beginning the most helpless.

The rodents are, perhaps, the most interesting swimmers. All the good swimmers among the rat family are also expert divers and are able to raise or depress the body in the water at will.

The paws of hares and rabbits in swimming are like an ill-ballasted ship, down by the head. Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water, and naturally so, for their heads are so low and sterns so high that the slightest ripple on the surface would send their noses under the water, and so drown them unless they at once returned to land. In perfectly still water they can swim considerable distances.

Rabbits and hares are the only animals that expose the whole of the hind leg except the foot above water when taking a stroke. The effect of this is very curious, giving them the appearance of a slow stern-wheel paddle steamer. When once fairly started the legs are moved slowly, although the animals proceed at a fair rate of speed.

Roes, although good swimmers, move so slowly in water that a dog can outstrip them. The hippopotamus is, of course, at home in the water, but it is not so generally known that the elephant, too, is a splendid swimmer and will often remain in the water 35 hours at a stretch, swimming all the time. As a general rule, they swim very deep in the water, only the top of the head and the trunk being visible, but occasionally—perhaps for their own satisfaction, or at the instigation of the mahout—they will swim high, even when they have a burden on their backs.

Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they dig their throats with their forefeet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

The lion fairly detests water. He will travel a number of miles to avoid putting his paws into it. In captivity a thimbleful of water thrown at him will make him jump back as if in great fear. When in the jungles and he is forced to swim a stream he does so exactly like a dog and very swiftly.

GAVE THE BUSINESS AWAY.

The Milkman Left Too Much of a Cavity in His Figures for Water.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of milk, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired: "Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver daily to your customers?" "Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?" "Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remark about an early winter and the state of the roads, and then asked: "Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?" "Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah—um!" said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover: "Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's 63 quarts of milk. I told him I sold 91 quarts per day. Sixty-three from 91 leaves 28, and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers, by leaving a big cavity in these figures to be filled with water!"

Inconsistent. The Doctor—There are many inconsistencies in the law. The Lawyer—Name one if you can. "Calling a thing which takes a man eight hours to read, a brief."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Had Just Been There. Wife (enthusiastically)—How much do you think we took in at the bazaar? Husband (quietly)—How many, you mean.—Stray Stories

BELIEVED IN APPARITIONS.

He Had Been Through an Experience That Was Thoroughly Convincing.

A lawyer and a bishop (perhaps the bishop should come first) were talking and this was the manner of their talk. "I have become thoroughly convinced," said the lawyer, "of the existence of nocturnal apparitions, for I have seen one!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop. "I am very curious. Relate the story."

"I will, my lord, I will," said the lawyer. "It was between the hours of 11 and 12. I had gone to bed, and was just falling into my first comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by a strange creaking noise. It sounded as if some one was walking upstairs. The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head and lay there trembling, not daring to move."

"Something," continued the lawyer, "entered my room and threw a shadow over my face. I felt, rather than saw a faint yellow glimmering light. I could not move at first, but presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face and—looked!"

"Well!" said the bishop, excitedly. "In the center of the room," said the lawyer, slowly, "stood a tall, thick-set man, with piercing eyes and a scruffy beard. He seemed to eye me through and through. He was dressed in a long, heavy coat with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly-shaped lantern, from which flowed the yellow light, making strange, ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor looking at me. Presently I said: "Whence art thou? What dost thou require?"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face.

"He said," replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—"he said: 'I beg yer pardon, sir. I'm the policeman on this beat, an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sir, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door had been left open.'"

DEER FORESTS SPREADING.

They Are Gradually Crowding Out Sheep Pastures in Scotland.

Sportsmen are beginning to reckon up the gains and losses of the season in Scotland, for its days are nearly numbered. The "antler'd monarch" of the great forests has little or nothing to fear now until next August.

Even the food supply that used to be a problem to him is a problem no longer, for when he cannot look after himself he knows full well that he will be catered for; and, in spite of the complaints made by many good judges that artificial feeding is bad for stags, because it encourages the weaker to survive, the results of the stalking season tend to give the complaint emphatic contradiction.

The one question of national importance in connection with the pursuit of red deer is, of course, the spread of deer forests. The latest available returns suggest that the addition to the forest area is becoming quite considerable this year.

It is natural enough when we consider the limited number of forests and the over-increasing number of wealthy men, that land-owners should succumb to the temptations that beset them.

Sheep farming is not the most profitable of all industries these days, when meat can be so cheaply imported. A forest, on the other hand, will yield from \$150 to \$200 per stag, and the rent is not difficult to obtain in a good year. So the sheep tend to disappear and the deer forests to spread, not without a certain inevitable dislocation of native industry which is bitterly resented.

It is also unfortunately true that the introduction for a month or two of an alien tenant who knows or cares nothing about the value of money or the traditions of the Highlands does not tend to improve the worthy Scots who work for him. Whole districts look to August, September and October for sufficient profits to enable them to live with as little work as may be for the rest of the year.

Moreover, it is a singularly easy thing to cheat, or, at least, to deceive, the man who comes to the Highlands "to fish and shoot." Consciously or unconsciously, the stranger is often victimized from start to finish, sometimes in little matters, sometimes in greater ones.

To Draw Out Splinters. To extract a splinter from the hand, fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of boiling water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The suction thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a moment or two the steam will extract the splinter and soothe the inflammation.—Technical World.

FOR BRAINY WOMEN ONLY.

Inventory Making a Calling in Which But Few Women Can Succeed.

Making inventories of the contents of wealthy folks' houses is the work of five clever young women in the city, who earn on an average \$100 a month, often more, reports the New York Sun. It isn't that the work is altogether new. Only the cleverest girls can do the work. Four out of 100 is the average number selected from those who apply.

When asked what are the qualifications necessary for a woman to become expert at the business the young man who directs the work tersely responded "Brains."

"Nor is this all," he went on, half smilingly, but biting his words off in a manner that indicated that he meant what he said. "She must not only be endowed with brains but she must use them."

"It seems to me that nine out of every ten girls go through life with their eyes shut. They might be stone blind for all the knowledge they retain."

"If one of my assistants is called upon to classify a leather divan she must know whether it is pebble or calf and the reason why. Hardwood may be of any of a dozen or more varieties. She must be able to recognize it by the color, the grain and the quality and so record it."

"One woman may think herself to be an expert on rugs. To her notion a rug is either Turkish or Persian or the product of some other country."

"But that won't do. She must have sufficient knowledge of rug lore to tell from what province a rug comes."

"In short, she must be an expert on no end of things and be as ready to classify a rare old ivory carving as a Tambora lace bedspread. She must know art from A to Z, and have her knowledge at her fingers' ends when wanted."

Although the requirements are severe, the girls who succeed enjoy the work immensely. A day is eight hours, allowing an hour for luncheon, the girls presenting themselves for duty at nine a. m. and leaving at five p. m.

At all times they are surrounded with beautiful objects of art, for none but the wealthiest folk can afford to have the work done, as the fee is \$30 a day and the work of inventoring one house will take anywhere from one to three weeks, and in the case of a man who owns several homes the work may extend over several months.

MILK IN TANK CARS.

Plan Originating in Denmark Now on Trial in Two Western States.

One of the earliest economies introduced in the distribution of petroleum was the use of tanks as receptacles instead of barrels in shipping it.

The idea was next applied to beer. Some years ago the project of beer trains or bock trains, as they are called, from Germany to France was laughed at as impracticable. But a bock service was established between Munich and Paris, and now thousands of gallons of Bavarian beer are shipped three times a week from the brewery yards to the Paris brasseries direct without breaking bulk, and to the success of the project is due the general substitution of beer for wine as a drink among Parisians.

The last fluid to be carried in tank cars is milk. The practice grew up in Denmark, and for some months milk has been shipped long distances, and recently all the way to Berlin in such cars.

The tanks are not boiler plate cylinders, but wooden casks, each of 210 cubic feet capacity, two of which are fastened to the floor of a covered freight car. Berlin gets much of its milk from Denmark, and the old-fashioned tin cans are alike cumbersome, expensive and subject to damage. By the use of tank cars for milk the cost of handling is much reduced.

The two western states which have the largest milk shipping interests are Illinois and Wisconsin. For cans tanks have been and are being substituted, and it is reported that the experiment has been entirely successful.

Mistake of a Celebrated Bird. The dove had just returned to the ark with the olive leaf.

"One would think," sulked the fat-ones of the party, "that the fool might have had enough sense to bring a mistletoe."

Herewith they lost interest in whether land was sighted or not.—N. Y. Sun.

Dustlike Screws. The fourth jewel screw of a Standard American watch is so small that to the naked eye it looks like a mere speck of metal. Under the microscope it is seen that the threads of the screw average 269 to the inch. More than 50,000 of these screws could be packed with ease into a lady's thimble.—Technical World.

Food Adulteration in Germany. About 3,000 persons are convicted every year in Germany for the adulteration of articles of food.

PROTOTYPE OF SIMPLON.

Tunnel in Holy Land That Was Completed Twenty-Six Hundred Years Ago.

When the two headings of the Simplon tunnel met last spring, and the Swiss and the Italian representatives greeted each other beneath the Alps, they but repeated on a grander scale a scene enacted 2,600 years before on the outskirts of Jerusalem. At that early date, says Youth's Companion, the first rock tunnel of which there is an authentic record was completed, and the way was opened for the admission of the water of the spring of Gihon to the pool of Siloam. But while the first enterprise aimed at securing one of the necessities of life for a single nation, the second had in mind the more convenient intercourse of several nations.

Gihon, now known as Mary's Spring, is in the valley of Kedron, and was the only natural spring in the vicinity of the city of David. It was separated from the city by the Ophel ridge, a mass of rock, so that when enemies appeared before the wall they could cut off this supply and compel the people within to depend upon stored water. King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C., devoted himself to remedying this by constructing a tunnel, which is referred to in 2 Kings 20: 20, to bring the waters within the walls.

At that time not only was tunneling through rock an untried work, and one which must be prosecuted without such aids in the way of drills and blasting powder as even the most amateur workman would use nowadays, but there was no mariner's compass or other means for following a given direction underground. The distance from the spring to the pool of Siloam is about 500 feet in a straight line, and the hill overhead is about 150 feet higher than the spring.

To penetrate this, Hezekiah's workmen had tools of bronze, of a description now unknown. They began digging from both ends at the same time, and tried to keep their bearings in a straight line by sighting from outside. They did not succeed—if they endeavored—in maintaining a uniform bore, but kept the slope of the bottom with great accuracy. The shaft is from two to three feet wide, and from ten feet high at one end diminishes to a foot and a half in the middle.

Sighting from the outside did not prove a very satisfactory method. Many places are to be seen in the tunnel today where headings were abandoned and a start made in a new direction. Even then the tunnel rambles about, and was more than 1,700 feet long before the two ends came together. The opposing diggers were enabled to find each other at last by listening for the sounds of each others' picks and working toward the place where they seemed to come—a bit of information for which we are indebted to an inscription on the wall of the tunnel discovered in 1850 by some boys at play.

For a city situated as Jerusalem was, no gift could have been more welcome than that of an assured water supply. One can imagine, therefore, that the ceremonies attendant upon the completion of Hezekiah's great work were on as magnificent a scale as could then be devised, and represented as much to his people as the opening of the Panama canal will to Americans.

LOST IN A STAGE SEA.

Man Who Made the Rolling Waves Bobbed Up at the Wrong Moment.

Speaking of the peculiar incidents that occasionally occur on the stage, a well-known actor said that one of the most laughable happened some time since in the theater of a thriving eastern town. The scene at that particular moment was the deck of a ship, around which rolled and heaved a vast theatrical sea. The hero was soliloquizing on the pitching deck and the audience was intently listening to his spellbinding words when a ruddy head protruded through a hole in the ocean in full view of all. The hero, however, was equal to the occasion. Glancing at the apparently floating head, he lustily yelled: "Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Hardly had he spoken before the head of the sea maniator was withdrawn, and with a sad sigh that could be heard all over the house, the actor piteously cried: "Too late, too late! Another poor fellow has gone to his last account!"

New Standards of Speed.

The old simile of a "mile a minute" is no longer of any use in describing a rapid gait. It is as slow as a standstill in the eyes of many of this day and generation. Our fathers and our grandfathers thought they struck a record gait when they did anything that entitled them to measure its swiftness by this standard, but to their motoring descendants a pace must be two miles a minute or it is not worth mentioning. And no one claims to be wise as to how long this will be considered good enough. Not for many years, one may say, judging by events in the automobile world. For, of course, automobile time is standard now; no one really expects to get anywhere with his watch standardized by figures set down by race horses and great locomotives.—Boston Transcript.

Whisky to Blame.

In a book of reminiscences of an Irish land agent a Tipperary priest is quoted as having addressed his flock in the following manner: "It's whisky makes you hate your wives; it's whisky makes your homes desolate; it's whisky makes you shake your landlords, and"—with emphasis, as he thumped the pulpit—"it's whisky makes you miss them."

NEW YORK WOMAN'S SHOES

Philadelphia Critic Says Their Appearance Indicates Carelessness.

Said a Philadelphia woman the other day:

"There is one peculiarity about women in New York which must strike any stranger coming to the city. 'At home, and in most other places I have visited, a woman feels almost well dressed if only her gloves and shoes are new and really smart looking. In New York that evidently is not the case, at least so far as the footwear is concerned."

"Have you noticed it? Even very well dressed women over here wear poor shoes. When they are of poor last and broken they are of poor last and cheap leather."

"And the fact is the more remarkable because I have never seen men more extravagant in their footwear than those of New York. The next time you are in an elevated train or street car observe the row of feet opposite. The men will almost without exception be well shod, and there will be glimpses of the most beautiful things in silk and embroidered socks appearing above their shoe tops; while the stylishly clad feminine foot will be conspicuous by its absence."

"I don't know whether it is that the New York woman considers a five-dollar shoe an unheard-of extravagance or whether she is a poor judge of footwear. But whatever it is, I prefer the old-fashioned Philadelphia opinion that a lady is known by her hands and feet more than by anything else."

HER BUSINESS ABILITY.

Piano Deal That Netted Resourceful Wife One Hundred Dollars.

Senator Platt, in a humorous speech, was praising woman at a dinner party. "And her business ability," he exclaimed. "Only the other day the young wife of a young friend of mine said excitedly to her husband on his return home: 'John, I have made more money than you to-day.'"

"How much have you made?" he asked.

"A hundred dollars," she said proudly.

"Good, good!" cried the young man. "And how did you make it?"

"Well," said the young lady, "you know my old piano that you only paid \$300 for? I sold it to-day for \$400."

"Gracious, and what are you going to do with all the money?" he asked.

"Oh, there isn't any money," she said. "Eh?"

"You see, I sold the piano to a dealer," she explained. "He gives me a new one for \$500 and allows me \$100 for the old one. Haven't I done well? If you'd stay home and let me run your business for a day, you'd grow rich. Think, \$100 a day! That is over \$300,000 a year!"

MARYLAND'S OLD VOLCANOS

Three Peaks in Western Mountains Found to Be Metal-Bearing Volcanic Rock.

Prof. Philip R. Uler returns to the city with the report of a discovery which he made in the western Maryland mountains. Three peaks, the principal one named Buzzard's Knob, crown a plateau about six miles from the city, reports the Baltimore American. It was for Prof. Uler to discover that the three prominences are in fact volcanoes, and that they are the very oldest type of volcanic rock that is found in the United States.

These peaks are of a different form from volcanoes like Vesuvius. In the latter form of volcano molten lava and stones are forced up by superheated steam, leaving a deep hole, but in these craters in western Maryland the whole mountain was originally in a molten condition and the top crust was forced upward in a dome-shaped form, and such lava as did not escape was forced out in vents at various places. The volcanic rock of the region is metal-bearing, and specimens of gray, green and gold copper were found by Dr. Uler. The domes of the craters were somewhat elliptical in shape.

MEANING OF SURNAMES.

Derivation of Some of the Family Names Familiar in Our Day.

Nearly all surnames originally had a meaning. They were descriptive of their owners. In a word, they were nicknames like "Skinny," or "Shorty," or "Pud," says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Peel is a surname that shows the original Peel to have been bald. Grace means fat—from the French "gras." Grant, from "grand," means big.

An Olliphant should be a clumsy and unwieldy person. This surname was "elephant" originally.

The Parkers were keepers of noblemen's parks. The Warners were warreners or rabbit tenders. The Barkers prepared bark for tanning. The Laboucheres were butchers.

Bell meant handsome. Cameron meant crooked-nosed. Curtis meant polite. And Foster meant forester; Napier, servant in charge of the table linen; Palmes, a pilgrim; Wainwright, a wagon builder; Webster, a weaver; Wright, a carpenter.

Mending Matters.

"Haven't you often wondered why so many broken down widowers want to get married again?" "Why, no. Naturally, they want to get re-paired."—Baltimore American.