

MEXICANS IN TEXAS SCHOOLS.

Children of Wealthy Families Educated in San Antonio. Ten carloads of school children from Mexico have arrived in this city since the influx began about two weeks ago, says the San Antonio Express.

LIMITED FOOD SUPPLY.

There is Not the Great Variety We Generally Imagine. "Certain great food-staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility, and other good qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others.

"Instead of wondering at the variety and profusion of the human food supply, the biologist is rather inclined to speculate with the London Footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: 'Nothing but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! His my opinion, his 'igh time some new animal was invented!'"

No News in the Paper.

Frequently you pick up one of the local papers, and after glancing at the headlines wearily, thrust it aside, remarking: "Nothing in the paper today." Did you ever stop to think what that phrase—"nothing in the paper today" means? It means that in the day or week just passed that no misfortune has befallen any one in our city; that no fire has wiped out a neighbor's worldly goods; that the grim angel of death has crossed no threshold of a friend; that no man, driven by liquor, hatred or fear has taken the life of a fellowman; that no poor devil, haunted by the past or the misdeeds of some other, has crossed the great divide by his own hand.

Some Feminine Snap Shots.

The dollarless man is still a millionaire if he hath not been robbed of his dreams. Experience is life's queer merchandise that we buy with gray hair and shattered illusions. She that stints her heart to feed her brain will sooner or later die of starvation. The jealous wife shouldn't try to lay the ghost of her husband's first love. No man remembers any woman that long.

The Naval Militia Sized Up.

In the whole naval militia fleet of 22 vessels, there are only two or three upon which the naval militia can learn anything which will fit it for service in the navy in time of war. The fleet consists of one old monitor, one old cruiser, seven naval gunboats, nine yachts, two sailing ships and a nondescript—Army and Navy Life.

Explained.

Prue—She claims that she tells only white lies. Dolly—Pshaw! That girl is color blind—Smart Set.

MARKED FISH IN THE SEA.

Thousands of Them Caught, Numbered and Put Back in British Channel.

Catching fish, measuring and marking them and then returning them to the sea with the chance of retelling them later is part of the work carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain, says Discovery.

By means of a steam trawler the fish are caught in the usual way. Each haul is carefully recorded, the fish are counted and measured and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quality of food available, etc. These data are subsequently tabulated and charted.

The method of marking the fish is interesting and has been attended with valuable results. The fish chiefly used during the few years the experiment has been in progress have been plaice, because the proposals which have been made to interfere with the catching of them were based on inadequate knowledge.

The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a very thin convex metal disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the under side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The thoroughness with which the North sea is swept by the nets of the fishing fleets is demonstrated by the fact that out of 5,039 marked plaice of all sizes 92 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent., or nearly one-fifth, but for the medium-sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.4 to 39 per cent. for the whole of the North sea and to 43 per cent. in the more northern portions.

The men of the regular fishing fleet cooperate by forwarding to the laboratory of the association at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory reference to the records easily establishes how much the fish have gained in size and weight since the previous catching. Moreover, the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

PUTTING HIS LOGIC TO TEST.

John Seemed to Have Made His Point, but He Got No Chicken.

The old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college.

"Tell us, John," said the father, "what have you learned at college."

"Oh, lots of things," said the son, as he recited his course of studies. "Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic," said the old man. "What is that?"

"It's the art of reasoning," said the son.

"The art of reasoning," said the father. "What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?"

"Two," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "I can prove there are three." Then he stuck his fork in one and said: "That is one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the father.

"And this is two," sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied the father, again.

"Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John, triumphantly.

"Well, I declare!" said the father. "You have learned things at college. Well, mother," continued the old man, to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat, and I'll take the other, and John can have the third. How is that, John?"—Judge's Library.

Mining in Sweden.

The mineral output of Sweden is interesting, for few people know that this country has a mineral field. There are 326 iron mines worked in Sweden. The total production for 1906 was 4,464,833 tons of ore. Total value of the ore products was \$6,164,784 for that period. During 1905 there were 129 furnaces producing 529,437 tons of pig iron, worth \$10,091,396. The value of the gold ore produced in Sweden during 1905 was \$36,450; silver, \$52,801; copper, \$114,256; manganese, \$7,981; zinc, \$796,666; and coal, \$636,550.

Seved.

Once at a dinner at which Lixt was present the hostess suddenly exclaimed in alarm that there were 13 at table. "Don't let that distress you, madam," said Lixt, with a reassuring smile. "I'll eat for two."—Democrat's Telegram.

CANADA BUYS BUFFALO HERD.

Taken from Flathead Reservation in Montana, Where They Ranged.

Helena, Mont.—Residents at this city were given an opportunity during the week to witness the partial shipment of the largest herd of buffalo in the world, which was transferred from the Northern Pacific to the Great Northern en route to its future home in Canada. The bison were being shipped by special train, and were detained here long enough to repair damaged cars which vicious bulls had damaged in their efforts to regain freedom. The herd was recently purchased at Ravalli on the Flathead reservation, by the Canadian government, and will be placed in a park near Edmonton.

It is not known how many there are in the herd, but it is estimated there are about 400. It is thought that there may possibly be 500, with the calves.

The Canadian government paid \$150,000 for the herd, and will place it in the Government park near Lamont, which is about 40 miles east of Edmonton. This park contains 10,000 acres, and the buffalo will be allowed to run free in it. The government has 80 buffalo in the park already.

The purpose of the Canadian government in buying the animals was to put them in this park and protect them, so as to prevent them from being entirely exterminated. The animals are all thoroughbreds.

PIES NEW WEAPON FOR DUEL.

Indiana Men Fight Twenty Minutes with Pastry of Varied Hues.

Chicago.—They fought for 20 minutes as if the purse were the wealth of Rockefeller, then they were a sight such as two duelists seldom present—for they had fought with pies. Apple, blueberry, mince and pumpkin pies, perhaps 75 were used in the duel.

The combatants were Thomas Duggan and R. C. Oxley of Indiana Harbor, and the fight took place in Martin's bakery in that town. They wore slightly intoxicated, and they got into a dispute over some work in the steel mill where they were employed. Duggan picked up his half-eaten piece of pie and slammed it in Oxley's ear.

The battle was on. Oxley ran behind one pie case and buried a mince pie in his assailant, and Duggan returned the fire with a pumpkin pie. Martin protested, and both antagonists splashed pie all over him. Then he called the police, but the duel between Duggan and Oxley were merely on. Two patrolmen arrived. In the name of the law they commanded the duelists to stop, and in reply got pumpkin pie smeared over their blue suits.

The contest ended only when the bakery had been emptied of its pies. Then the combatants were arrested.

CHARRED MONEY RUN OPENED.

Treasury Traces Frost Line's Advance by Burned Savings.

Washington.—"This is the time of the year when we have no difficulty in tracing the frost line," said an official of the treasury the other day.

"You see, it's this way. Late in the spring and early in the summer farmers and other frugal people put away their savings in stores, which, with rising atmospheric temperature are temporarily put out of commission. Now you would think that men of that type before starting up the fires in the fall would first think of the wad, but they don't. The fire is started, and up goes the paper money in smoke. Then charred money begins to pour in on the treasury for redemption.

"If we had no other way of finding it out we would know from the burnt money that is sent in for redemption that the frost line begins in Maine in September. In like manner we trace it southward and westward. A day or so ago it struck Green county, Indiana, a little early for that region at this season. The claims for redemption are now coming in quite regularly, but as October advances and parlor stoves are lighted for the winter they will come in in ever-increasing numbers."

Farmer's Lucky Gloves.

Iona, N. J.—Reaching down to clear a clog of dirt from his plow, J. Hampton Leonard picked up an adder three feet long. Mr. Leonard is a gentleman farmer and always wears gloves when working in the fields. This probably saved his life, as the gloves kept the deadly fangs of the snake from entering his hands.

Mr. Leonard is the secretary of the Prohibition party of Gloucester county, is not afraid of snakes, and quickly dispatched the reptile.

Bulldog Kills Bear.

New York.—While two itinerant showmen, accompanied by two large performing bears, were passing through the Long Island village of Amagansett a small bulldog owned by William Bennett rushed at them and caught one of the bears by the leg.

A fierce battle ensued and the dog got a fatal grip on the throat of the bear. No one dared go to the rescue of poor bruin. The showmen, even with their poles, were unable to shake the dog's grip, and the bear was dead within 30 minutes.

Butterflies Excite Town.

Washington, C. H., Ohio.—An unusual spectacle was presented here by the appearance of thousands of brown butterflies. They came in a huge swarm, filling the air from a distance of 30 feet up to as far as the eye could see.

TO CONQUER WHITE PLAGUE.

New Methods of Successfully Dealing with the Disease.

The Boston Consumptives' hospital, in opening an out-patient department in Burroughs place for the treatment of tuberculosis, is extending a practice with regard to controlling the spread of the disease that has been approved and advised by numerous scientific authorities and societies, says the Boston Transcript. Even the women's clubs have for some time urged that measures be taken by which people can be instructed in the best ways to adapt to their home life and rules and regulations followed at hospitals and sanatoriums. Those who are farthest advanced in knowledge concerning the treatment of tuberculosis have long been of the opinion that the way one lives rather than the place of living may be depended upon to prevent or even to cure the ailment where cure is possible. This is the answer to the threatening quarantine against consumptives from the north, recently instituted by statute in Texas and likely to be followed in other southern and western communities.

VISITING CARDS FOR KINGS.

Those of the German Kaiser Are the Most Imposing.

The German emperor believes in being sufficiently represented, even on a visiting card. No ordinary sized piece of pasteboard will suffice him, for William's cards measure no less than six inches in length and four in width. On the upper line is the single word "Wilhelm," and below are the words "Deutscher Kaiser" and "König von Preussen." The words are printed in large, fat, German script letters. Of course, the emperor does not carry these imposing sheets of pasteboard himself; they are confided to his chasseur, or body servant, who follows him.

The other sovereigns of Europe are content with more modest visiting cards, with the words upon them in Latin script. Among the simplest in size and appearance are those of the emperor of Austria and the prince of Wales. The prince has two sets of cards, one for use abroad and the other for England. The English one bears the words "The Prince of Wales," the other the French equivalent, "Prince de Gales."

As Might Be Expected.

A man who, with his family, had spent several weeks at a fashionable summer resort, discovered one morning that he had lost his pocketbook. Thinking it possible that it might have been found by some employe of the hotel at which he was staying, he reported his loss to the landlord. "That's too bad, Mr. Johnson," said that functionary. "I'll make inquiries about it. What kind of pocketbook was it?"

"Russian leather," answered the lodger.

"What color?"

"Dark red."

"Any distinguishing marks about it?"

"It had a clasp."

"What was the shape of it?"

"Flat, of course," said Mr. Johnson.

"Haven't I been here more than a month?"—Youth's Companion.

Menu Cards for Hunters.

Menu cards in shooting lodges across the Atlantic have many attractive and appreciative designs. How they will strike the "high liver" is hard to say. By the way, that person may be forced to become a simple liver if he counts small hot birds among the necessities of his table, for sad are the reports about autumn hunting. Still, that American scarcity has nothing to do with the before mentioned cards. One bears in a corner a tiny pheasant, made of tiny feathers, every one a perfect reproduction of the real bird's plumage. Other game birds also are copied, but at present it is the pheasant that is the chief embellishment of the cards.

Double Entendre.

He was a gallant colonel of militia, but scarcely a good horseman. Owning even large and popular "Emporiums" on even the best of Edinburgh's best streets, does not of itself breed centaurs.

His mount was "fresh" to an extreme, and the silent figure of Sir Walter Scott, looking down upon the assembling troops from its marble pedestal may well have expected to see an accident. That, too, was probably the thought of a small street urchin, who loitered just out of reach of the prancing hoofs.

"Boy, get away," exclaimed the ruffled rider testily. "Have you never seen a war horse?"

"Ay," came the answer, "but never a waur rider."—London Answers.

The Chances.

"Which would you rather be?" asked the ambitious youth; "a great speaker or a great writer?"

"It all depends," answered Mr. Shirus Barker. "On whether you would rather take a chance on getting clergyman's sore throat or writer's cramp."

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man. Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays. But in my time it was considered very ladylike.—Puck.

TRAPPING IN A CAVE.

Coon, Rabbit, Opossum, Fox, Skunk and Weasel Caught There.

"The cave on the Warriors ridge in Port township is a wonderful work of nature. The entrance is so small that one would take it for a fox den, and a man has to lie flat down in order to get into it. It goes down 60 feet to mud and water, and then you have to climb up over muddy rocks and banks to get to the far end.

"There is a stream of clear water running across the far end of this cave. The roof is 50 feet high and is a solid rock of limestone and full of white stalactites.

"The cave is full of animals. The groundhog, the coon, the rabbit, the weasel are all there, and I have caught some of each in this cave. I set traps inside.

"The animals stay in different cracks and seams in the rock; some climb almost up to the surface of the ground, and others go downward. They all have their dens inside this large cave. It is very warm in the winter. A man will sweat the coldest day of winter and there is a steam coming out of the entrance on cold days.

"I had to hunt for weeks before I found the entrance. I was told where it was supposed to be and yet I had a great time finding it. I went in with a railroad torch and I was surprised to find it so large. It runs back half a mile and the roof and walls are of solid rock."—Hunter-Trapper Trader.

TRICKS PLAYED BY FATE.

Melancholy Man of Opinion He Has a Kick Coming.

"It's curious," said the melancholy man, "how things have a habit of happening at the wrong time. I'm not referring to calamities; I suppose there never is a right time for calamities.

"What I'm thinking of," he continued, "is the chances in life that we consider fortunate, or would consider fortunate, if only they presented themselves differently. As it is, it is often the case that we can't take advantage

of them simply because fate has played us some little trick.

"How frequently it happens that we make one engagement to find that the hours set apart for it are the very ones that we could employ much more satisfactorily in doing something else. On returning to town, say, from a business trip, we discover that a business opportunity has slipped away during our absence. We bind ourselves to courses of action, and, after cast-iron arrangements have been made, something turns up which makes us realize that we've made a mistake. It's the penalty for not being omniscient, I suppose," he concluded, gloomily "but it seems to me that the punishment is apt to be rather out of proportion."

Back to Nature.

Queer things result from this recent day craze of city folks to get into the country to live. Volney T. Malott and family are among those who are thinking of the delights of getting back to nature, and they have spent some time looking over the northern end of Marion county. Not long ago they drove up Millersville way. Coming back they passed a very pretty farm.

"Now, there's a place I should like," suggested Mrs. Malott. "That knoll would make an ideal site for the house, and the place could be made quite attractive."

"Hub," said Mr. Malott. "You like that, do you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That's odd. We've owned that place 30 years."—Indianapolis News.

Nerve Scents.

"Nerve scent" is the newest form of drugging for the smart woman. Her vanity bag is furnished with a dainty, innocent looking, gold stoppered scent bottle. It contains essence of Parma violets from Paris, which is heavily charged with ether. When she is tired a few whiffs of this scent stimulate her flagging energies and keep her bright and alert at a dinner or supper party.

Another favorite "nerve scent" consists of eau de cologne mixed with chloroform and a dash of ammonia. Inhaled, this is a very powerful and dangerous pick me up.

Three Sherwoods.

Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of 52, gave birth to triplets, who were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains and all lived to be more than 70 years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.—Letter in the Medical Record.

Plenty of Work.

The patron who was reaching the brotherly stage leaned over the bar. "Mike," he asked, "what will all you fellows do when local option strikes you?" "Oh, there'll be plenty of work," responded Mike, cheerfully, "digging ditches to extend the water mains."—Kansas City Times.

She Knew It.

"My dear," said the head of the house, looking over his morning paper at his better half, "there is a crisis coming in China. 'I know it!' she moaned. "Susan has left only half a dozen pieces whole out of our new dinner set."

Use Limestone.

For soils that puddle easily, that is, that glaze over easily after a rain, ground limestone is one of the best things that can be applied.

WORLD CENSUS OF JEWS.

Only Two Countries Have Greater Number Than America.

In the American Jewish Year Book, just issued by the Jewish Publication society of Philadelphia, the Jewish population of the United States is given as 1,777,185. Only two countries have a greater Jewish population, Russia, with 5,216,846, and Austria-Hungary, with 3,076,387. The immigration through the ports of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore for the year ended June 30, 1907, was 124,112. The Jewish population of the United States is larger by 531 than the combined Jewish population of the British empire, Germany, France, Italy, Morocco, Turkey, Spain, China, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Peru and Crete. The British empire has only 361,639 Jews, of whom 17,402 are in Australia, 18,228 in India, 48,820 in South Africa and 40,000 in Canada and British Columbia. There are 461,668 Jews in Turkey, 30,778 in Egypt and 49,500 in Persia. In these three countries there are about 100,000 fewer than there are in New York city. The Jewish population of the world is given as 11,585,202.—American Jewish Year Book.

WANTED NO MORE SISTERS.

One Girl Had Had Enough of Censorious Remarks.

"I didn't think you'd get so angry because I said I thought you ought to wear gray suede shoes with your gray dress instead of white ones. I didn't mean to offend you," her friend very sweetly apologized. "Never mind," she returned softly. "It was all right, but it made me angry for two reasons. First, because I had to wear any other shoes because I didn't have any that were presentable, and, secondly, because when I left my family of sisters, who made every possible sort of comment on my clothes, I declared I would never stand it from anybody else. I said to myself that whenever a friend got so friendly that she thought she could treat me like a sister I'd shake her."

Worship the Cow.

In the Nigriti hills of southern India there dwells a race of men, the Todas, who devote the whole of their career to the worship of the cow or, to be precise, of the buffalo. Their most sacred temple is a cow house, and the whole life of the people is governed by the most rigid observance of the routine of dairy work, every detail of which is performed with the most elaborate ritual. They alone can perform the duties of milking and butter making who have been duly consecrated for this work by fasting and the performance of mysterious rites. Representing the only priesthood, they are compelled after their initiation for the rest of their days to play the role of the dairymen. The lesser priests may marry, but the high priest must be celibate, at least for a given period of years. Polyandry is the family rule, but divorce is unknown.

Never Go Empty Handed.

"That is what mother used to say to me many times when I was a child. If I was going upstairs, I must look about me and see if there wasn't something downstairs that I could carry up and put into its place; and so on from one part of the house to another. She always said it would be a great help in one's housekeeping and save lots of unnecessary steps, if people would just remember that little rule, and although I fall in many ways to practice all the good things she taught me, I very often find myself saying to the children as they help about the house: 'Never go empty handed.'"

A Family Puzzle.

Atkinson—The family seems to be somewhat mixed. Hughes—Yes, it is; the woman is the man's third wife, and the man is the woman's second husband; the baby is the child of the woman's second husband by his third wife, the twins are children of the man by his first wife, the girl with red hair is the woman's child by her first husband, the boy with the short trousers is the son of the man by his second wife, and that little girl standing over there by the woman's second husband is another of the woman's children by her first husband.—Life.

Lost in the Telephone.

Henry Abraham has calculated the maximum effectiveness of the telephone for a sound of given pitch and a current of measured intensity. The result shows that there is great room for improvement in this respect. Notwithstanding the apparent extreme sensitiveness of the best telephones, they are, after all, surprisingly inefficient, since they transmit to the ear in the form of sound-waves less than a thousandth part of the energy received from the line.

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