PREPARED FOR AN EMERGENCY

Russian Abbot Lays in Stock of Rifles Acid and Snuff.

If ever the moment arrives when Russia is invaded the czar might do worse than fall back upon his monks to repel the invaders, for the members of the militant church are even now showing their aptitude for defensive

At the present time churches and church property in Russia are treated with scanty respect by the masses. They are undergoing the experience that befell English religious associaitions in the reign of Henry VIII.

But the Muscovite nation can boast of at least one stalwart abbot of the nort dear to the heart of Sir Walter Scott.

He reigns over the Glinski monasetery, near Putiol. This martial churchman has raised a band of defenders among his own brethren who wear a kind of Cossack uniform and are likely to give a good account of thembelves when occasion rises.

In addition to the store of rifles and ammunition the presiding brother has laid in a stock of sulphuric acid, and to aid in dissemination a prodigious squirt wherewith to dose any would be pillagers.

And if this should fail the stouthearted friars fall back upon yet another innovation in the matter of ammunition, for each monk is provided with a package of snuff, not for olfactory titillation indeed, but to be used as a missile against the invader .- N.

ANSWER DESERVED A STATUE.

Sage's Clear Reasoning Marked Him as One Well Worthy.

Edward Hagaman Hall, the secretary of the American Science and Historic Preservation society, was discussing in New York his project toward the transport of Poe's cottage to Poe park. Mr. Hall, a historian of great ability, has a happy knack of pointing his remarks with appropriate anecdotes. And discussing Poe, he said:

Fame comes at last, comes very, very late, to this great poet, this master of the short story. And during the long years Poe was forgotten, his wraith must have felt like the ancient sage of whom Plautus-was it Plau-

"During this sage's life statues were erected to many philosophers and rhetoricians less noted and less learned than himself. A traveler, passing through the kindom, asked him why this was. The sage replied:

"I prefer to have it asked why I have no statue, rather than why I had one.'

Famous English Preacher.

One of the strangest entries in the new English "Who's Who" is that associated with the name of Father Ignativis, the famous preacher, who has entered as his recreation: "Eight services a day in Llanthony Abbey church." This extraordinary man has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. A Londoner by birth, he earned the name of "Jew-Mad Lyne"—his name is Rev. Joseph Lyne-because of hisaffection for the Jewish race, which was shown in such acts as that of baring his head to the humblest "old clo" lew dealer he met. Father Igmattus is a man of wonderful eloquence, and has been known to turn a crowd which was dead set against him, so much so that they have flung down their coats for him to walk upon. He believes in miracles, and is credited with having performed several.

Another Kind of Guest. "Won't you please write in my guest book" said a woman to the friends she had entertained at dinner. And she brought out the treasured volume with its record of hospitality. The names were inscribed.

"Why, what's this?" said the mod ern Eve, as the pages were fluttered before the book was returned to its owner. "There are lots and lots of names in the back, and all in your handwriting, too."

The bostess laughed. "Do you want to know what these names are?" she maked. "Well, I suppose I might make a confession. They are names of guests, all right, but of another kind. It's the list of the servants I have bad since my housekeeping experiences

Sounded Funny to One. This was overheard on a Rockhill

"They tell me old Mrs. Courtney has been taken to an asylum," remarked the slender woman.

"Not "xactly," replied the stout woman. "You see she was getting old and childish so they took her to Dr. Blank's antiquarium."-Kansas City

The Promise.

"You told me if I would lend you my influence you would have a place all picked out for me."

"So I have," answered Senator Sonzhum. "I have the very place for you. The only difficulty is that the man holding it at present is one of these shatinate long-lived people who don't seem to care for the good of their deoughtry."

The Only Way. ... "There goes a man who made a fortune writing poetry."

"Wh--what!" "No. I'm not joking. He wrote tender verses to a romantic young

TOLD BY DEVOTEES OF GOLF. Amusing Stories of the Gutta-Percha Ball and the Clubs.

They sat about the golf club smoking-room, pipes going freely, syphous and decanters, cigar boxes and cigarette tins littering the table.

"I was playing in front of that conceited westerner last year,"," said Butts. "Undentably the man was in superb form. You never saw such powerful driving, and delicate putting. 'Fore!' I heard him yell, as I neared hole seven, and his ball a moment later fell beside me. No one was looking. I picked it up and dropped it in the hole. Then I went my way. Soon aftewards I heard yells of amazed joy and saw a crowd gather, and next day's papers were all full of the almost incredible feat of Mr. Spargo, our western visitor, who actu-

ally did hole seven in one." "The choleric McGinnis," said Harker, "agreed to the other day to put a stone in his pocket every time, in doing nine holes, he said a bad word. He set off serenely, and returned two hours later in a flushed,

moist state. "'These stones,' he said, emptying his coat pockets, 'are for hole one. These -he emptied his trousers-are for holes two and three. If you'll look outside, you'll see a man with a wheelbarrow of pebbles-they stand for my remarks anent the difficult hole four. I only got as far, gentlemen, as hole four.

WORKING SOCIAL BUNKO GAME.

Woman Knew What She Was Doing in Giving Dinner Party.

Keeping np a social position on a small income sometimes requires very careful financiering. A man who had frequently tried to argue his wife out of her social ambitions came home one evening very much surprised to find that she had made preparations for an elaborate dinner party.

"Why, my dear," he protested, "yesterday you thought you were coming down with the grip and you were hardly able to sit up."

"I feel worse to-day." "And Mary has got such a terrible cold you're keeping her out of school."

"I know it." "And Johnnie sprained his ankle skating."

"Yes." "And you were sure last night the baby was going to have croup." "She's still more likely to have it to-

"But when I wanted to send for the doctor you said we couldn't afford it, and now you're going ahead and giving this dinner party.

"Certainly; it's just because we're all ill that I'm giving it. I've invited Dr. Pills as our principal guest."

Dog Pinned Would-Be Murderer. An outrage planned by the Black Hand society in Pittsburg, Pa., was frustrated the other day owing to the sacacity of a buildog owned by a hotel proprietor. A man of suspicious appearance was in the very act of depositing a parcel in a window grating of the hotel, which is largely patronized by foreigners, when the dog seized him by the leg, and notwithstanding his struggles, refused to let go. The man was soon rescued from his exceedingly uncomfortable predicament, and it was then discovered that the parcel he had been carrying contained a bomb, with a time-fuse attached, sufficiently powerful to wreck the entire hotel, in which at the time there were about a hundred and fifty persons. He was immedi-

A Sinking Lake.

ately arrested.

According to recent reports, Lake Tahoe in the Sierras is falling rap idly. The lake is situated on the boundary of Nevada and California, near Reno, Nev. Some time ago it was observed that the waters were receding. In a few weeks' time they had dropped fully six feet. The cause of the subsidence is a mystery. Two years ago the waters rose rapidly to such a height that the surrounding towns were seriously threatened. The lake is very deep, and is situated iv what some believe to be an extinct volcano. Possibly the mysterious changes of level may be due to vol canic action. According to a legend of the Washoe Indians, the waters once were hurled out of the lake by some subterranean force, and over whelmed the inhabitants of towns in the valley to the east.

"Fish of Unknown Species." There was recently landed at the South Dock, Swanses, South Wales wharf by the Swansea trawler Ade latde a very queer fish. It was a snake or serpent, of a yellowish hue with curious brown marks all over its skin. It was three feet long and four inches in diameter. It has no fine whatever. This strange catch was found in the trawls off the coast of Morocco, and is now in the Swansea Royal institution. The oldest hands in the business aver that so strange a fish has never come within the range of their experience before.

Would Stop All Noise.

Mrs I L. Rice, who has organized the Society for the Prevention of Noise in the United States, is now interested in the organization of children's societies. They will be taught not to play in the vicinity of hosultais, the school teachers to help in the instruction, for, of course, auother burden must be added to the work of the teachers.

REALLY "OUR BEST PEOPLE."

Class That May with Propriety Be Termed Aristocrats.

All men are created equal, but they don't remain so, asserts a writer in the Cleveland Leader. Some raise themselves above the ruck by their minds; others by their goodness; a third set by their services to the state. The individual character and the individual energy make for uplifts in a thousand different ways. And when these qualities descend from generation to generation, growing like a rolling snowball, there naturally comes a class of men and women that can be called, with all propriety, "our best people." There's an aristocracy of intellect, of good breeding, of lofty purposes, of humanitarianism, of love of country and home, of the spirit that strives and the power that conquers. Men and women of wealth belong to it by virtue of themselves, not their treasures. But the cheap, vulgar, shallow people who have money and money alone, and those still cheaper peeple who mimic them as far as possible, think that "our best people" are only those who have great wealth and who spend it with a brass band accompaniment.

WHAT WAS THE GOOD OF IT?

Willie Wanted the Good Things of Life, Not Its Vanities.

Willie is six years old, with a brother and sister two and four years older, and these two were recently invited by Mrs. Blank to a little party, much to the discomfiture of Willie, who was slighted. When the other two children had gone. Willie's mother was doing what she could to smooth his ruffled feelings.

"I heard Mrs. Blank talking about you, Willie, the other day," she said. "and she said you were the handsomest boy in all this town!"

Willie didn't say anything for a moment, and then he lifted his big. brown, tear-stained eyes to his mother's face.

"Well, mamma," he half sobbed. "what's the good of bein' beautiful if a fellow don't git invited to no parties?"-Young Ladies' Journal.

He Couldn't Pay.

The weazened old woman who keeps the candy store saw the pretty boy gazing longingly into the window. He was such a pretty boy that she got a touch of sentiment and called him into the shop.

"Here, little boy, is a stick of candy for you," she said.

"Oh, thank you," replied the boy, and started off with the candy. "Aren't you going to pay me with

a kiss?" said the woman. The child's face showed dismay." He gazed first at the candy, then at the deeply wrinkled and not over-clean face above him. Finally he said, hesitatingly:

"If I keep this candy must I kiss

you." "Here," he exclaimed, giving her the

success."

candy.

He Had It.

"He is a kindly and ambitious clerk in a shop, eager to please, but with limitations. He has a memory for the wants of his customers which to that extent is excellent, but it has small regard for minor details whose accuracy does not affect business, and his customers are tolerant.

Some time ago when the talk of denatured alcohol was considerable a customer asked him for some, but he said that the proprietor had not yet placed any in stock. When the same customer was in the store on another errand he beamingly exclaimed:

"Oh. Mrs. Blank! we've got some of that good natured alcohol now if you

Start a New Paper. "I have often wondered," said the Idiot to the Publisher, "why you fellows have never started a magazine called Rumor. It would be a corking

"I fail to see why," returned the Publisher. "Because Rumor circulates rapidly

and extensively," said the Idiot. "And what would you have in it?" asked the Publisher.

"That's just the point," said the Idiot. "You needn't have anything in it. The less there is in a Rumor the greater will be its circulation."-John Kendrick Bangs, in Broadway Maga-

Danger Avoided. It was a wise young man wh paused before he answered the widos who had asked him to guess her age "You must have some idea about it." she said, with what was intended for an arch sidelong glance.

"I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains."

Then while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave -- Youth's Companion.

Balzac in Church Pew.

The woman who had left a volume of Balzac in the church pew on prayer meeting night feit a little bit ashamed when she asked for the book, but the sexton assured her she need not feel

"Many things are left in the church," he said, "and some of them are a whole lot less respectable than Balsac. After each service the news yield a strange grist of forgotten or

STEAM-SCHOONER" IS UNIQUE. Vessel of the Pacific Adapted to Car-

ry Heavy Loads. The steam-schooner, a vessel whose build and habits are peculiar to the Pacific, writes Mr. Raiph D. Paine in "The Greater America," often goes to sea "with her load-line over her hatch," which means that after her hold has been crammed with cargo, a deck-load of lumber is piled halfway up the masts, so that her skipper puts out with the water washing over

his main deck. Along the harbor front of Seattle runs the story of a passenger who loped down to the wharf in a hurry to get aboard a departing steam schooner. He balanced himself on the stringpiece for an instant, looked down at what little he could see of the laden craft, and hove his gripsack down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounger on the wharf shouted:

"Hi, there! Where do you think you're jumpin' to? That's the smokestack you tossed your baggage down." "What!" gasped the passenger. "I thought it was the hatch."

The story has a slight flavor of exaggeration, but it may serve to hint that the commerce of the Pacific has ways of its own .- Youth's Companion.

MUST HAVE ASTONISHED BRUIN.

Hunter Dropped from Limb and Brute Shot Up in the Air.

"I never fooled a bear but once in my life," said an old California hunter. "I was hunting quall with a light gun one day, when I suddenly met a very large bear. I was willing to pass without speaking, but Bruin was mad about something and bristled up for a fight.

"So I let him have both barrels, and then cut for a tree. The shot dazed him for a minute, and then he gave chase, and pretty soon came clawing up after me. There was a long, projecting limb on one side, and when I saw him coming, I got out to the extreme end, although it bent

like a reed under my weight. "Out came the bear after me, slowly and carefully, and with every step the branch bent lower. When the bear got within two yards of me I was within ten feet of the ground. Then I dropped down, and, as the bear shot up 20 feet in the air. I made for home as fast as I could run."

By Appointment. In the dim-lit drawing room on a

keen winter's night sat Sweet Seventeen, smiling entrancingly at Ardent Twenty-One. Sweet Seventeen was uncommonly bewitching and Ardent Twenty-One appallingly earnest.

Gazing intently into the gold-red heart of the great log fire that blazed cheerfully in the grate, he poured forth his passionate address. "How divine!" murmured Sweet

Seventeen. But the young man frowned and started.

"How divine! My dearest Hi-"Hilary?" he said. "You mean George, pet, do you not?"

The maiden flushed and bit her "Oh, dear," she said, "how foolish of me! I was thinking that this was Saturday night!"-Tid-Bits.

Wise Old Noah. A Sunday school teacher in Bryn Mawr was questioning her class about some prominent men of the old Testament. "Now, Henry, can you tell me who was the wisest man in the Bible?" she asked.

"Noah!" Henry answered promptly. "Oh, no, Henry," the teacher said. "you don't mean Noah; you mean

Solomon, don't you?" "No, ma'am; I mean Noah." "What makes you think that Noah

was the wisest man?" "Well," said Henry, "my papa says a man like Solomon, with 600 wives and 800 porcupines, is a blamed old fool, while Noah knew enough to get in out of the wet when it began to

Evolution of the Squaw. The fair visitor stopped in front of Chief Umbrella's tent.

"And are you a real Indian?" ventured the visitor, timidly. "Um. yes," grunted Chief Umbrella,

as he puffed his long pipe. "Well-er-is it true that the red man makes the squaw do all the

work?" "Um, no. Used to, lady. Now squaw come from college, wear feathers instead of husband and make hus-

band do all work and mind papoose. Education bad thing for poor red man,

Overshoes for Horses.

In large cities like Chicago and New York icy asphalt pavements cause the death of hundreds of horses every winter. Many styles and shapes of shoes are now being introduced in an endeavor to stop accidents, one of the most promising of which consists of a chain tread, which can be quickly buckled on and as quickly taken off the foot of a horse without the use of tools. It is practically self-adjusting, is strong, cheap and durable.

May Refuse to Drink. There is a movement among some

of the graduates of the German universities to abolish compulsory drinking by members of the student corps. At present no one is admitted to these societies if he be an abstainer, and when students are initiated they are required to drink almost to the intoxication point.

SURELY WE LIVE IN BUSY AGE. Recent Incident Has Convinced One Man of the Fact.

"This is a busy age, sure enough," said a man who prides himself on keeping in touch with old friends. "We get new proofs of it every day. Not only do we find that we ourselves have less and less time to devote to this, that and the other thing, but we have it brought in upon us that everybody is pretty much in the same

"The other morning I had a letter from a chap whom I know pretty well. I say it was a letter-it was and it wasn't, and in that contradiction lies the point of my remark. A bit of good fortune had happened to him; he had been given a position that counted for a lot, and his home paper had printed an item about ft. Wanting to tell me of his luck, he had clipped the item from the sheet, pasted it on a piece of paper, and forwarded it to me with his initials scrawled across the bottom. Five years ago he would have sat down and written me. Now he uses shears and paste. Oh! It's all right; I got the information and that's the main thing. But we're all pretty busy, aren't we?" he concluded.

QUITE A VITAL DIFFERENCE.

Gulf Discovered Between "Systematized Charity" and Christianity.

A Chinaman who was kindly disposed had a dog. He loved dogs. One evening he cut off the tail of the dog and ate it for supper. It was a sweet little dog-so he gave it the bone for its supper.

A Caucasian who saw this said: "You are pauperizing that dog. Providence in its infinite wisdom committed that tail to you-as a trust. We would have inquired if the dog was a deserving dog and investigated as to whether he had other means of support, or relatives who would take care of him; if we found that he had none we would have tabulated his case and judiciously given him one joint of the bone per week."

The Chinaman asked: "Is that the Christianity?"

"Well, no, it to not exactly Christianity," said the Caucasian, "but an outgrowth of it, which we call 'Svatematized Charity."

Said the Chinaman: "That is better than heathenism-it is cheaper."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Petroleum Forty Centuries Old. Though it is only within recent times that petroleum has become an article of commerce, there is abundant proof that it was used in the arts 40 centuries ago. The mortar used in constructing the walls of Nineveb and Babylon had petroleum mixed with it for the purpose of securing greater cohesion and excluding dampness. Traces of the bituminous matter are very distinct in the ruins, and the existence of petroleum springs at Is, some hundred and twenty miles from old Babylon, indicates one source of the supply. In the ancient history of several eastern countries allusion is made in unmistakable terms to the existence of petroleum springs .- New York American.

Getting Square.

A tight-fisted man in a small town in Pennsylvania, who until recently had never been observed to take anyinterest in church matters, suddenly became a regular attendant at service, greatly to the astonishment of

his fellow townsmen. "What do you think," said one of the business men to his friend. "Is it true that Jones has got religion?"

"No," was the reply; "It is entirely a matter of business with him. About a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50. The preacher was unable to pay it back, so there was nothing for Jones to do but to take it out in pew rent."

Exit Stale Tobacco Smell. Lavender salts are used in our home to freshen the air of the living room, where smoking is occasionally indulged in. Select a large mouthed bottle-a stick candy jar which will hold a quart is just the thing. In this

place one pint of pure (not household) ammonia, add two ounces of oil of lavender and then all the bottle with carbonated ammonia blocks. When using shake the bottle, remove the stopper and leave for half an hour. The odor is peculiarly invigorating and not at all overpowering if not too close a sniff of the jar is taken.-Good Housekeeping.

Stomach Self-Protecting.

The reason why the stomach and intestines do not digest themselves was once thought by Weinland, a German experimenter, to be that they defend themselves by anti-enzymes, or antiferments. Dr. Nandor Klug of Budspest now reports these anti-ferments not to be found, but that the mucin present in the inner half of the gastric mucous membrane resists the digestive action of the trypsin and the gastric juice. The digestive organs, therefore, protect themselves by the mucin they secrete.

The quotation: "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," is one which very often leads people to believe it is to be found in the Scriptures. As a matter of fact it appears first in English in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." It is generally supposed that Sterne took this from an old French proverb. Another rendering of this is to be found in Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum." where it takes the form: "To close-shorn sheep God gives wind to measure."

Not from the Scriptures.

HURT GREAT ARTIST'S FEELINGS

John Lambert's Witty Rebuke to Valn Woman Sitter. The late John Lambert, the Phila-

delphia artist, whose blindness, brought

on by the dazzling sunshine of a Spanish summer, caused his death through grief, was a portrait painter of rare talent. "Lambert," said a member of the Philadelphia club the other day, "was a realist. His portraits were true and unflattering. It annoyed him tre-

same thing, he used to say, as being asked to lie. "A matron sat to Lambert once. At the end of the third sitting she professed to be quite satisfied with the progress of the work.

mendously to be asked to make an

ugly woman beautiful-it was the

'All but the mouth,' she said, 'Please make it small and curved. I know it is a straight, long mouth, really, just as you have drawn it, but in the portrait I want you, if you will, to make is very tiny. Will you?

"'Certainly, madam,' said Lambert. Til leave it out altogether if you wish."

DON'T WANT THEM ON A JURY.

Lawyers Have a Prejudice Against Curly-Haired Men.

It is not generally known that there is a well-defined prejudice against curly-haired men when it comes to choosing a jury. When asked to explain the objection to curly-haired men a prominent lawver said:

"When I was just starting life my legal mentor inculcated that idea very forcibly into me. He said that curlyhaired men almost invariably had been the pampered darlings of their parents, and in their youth had been so accustomed to having their own way that they had grown up in the belief that everybody on earth was wrong except themselves. In this way the seeds of opposition were sown, and as men they made it a point to disagree with everybody and everything. If every other man on a jury voted one way they would vote the other. They usually are as stubborn as the day is long. Hence a curly-haired man never goes on a jury if I can prevent it."

Warranted to Keep. The playful element was never entirely absent from the late Prof. Drummond's class in natural science at Edinburgh university, and Dr. T. Hunter Boyd, in his book, "Henry Drummond," ascribes its frequent cropping out to the professor's own sense of humor, which encouraged natural-

On one occasion Prof. Drummond announced that unfortunately be could not meet the class next day, as he had an important engagement. The students heard that he was absent account of his sister's wedding. On the day following, when a geo-

logical specimen was passed round the class, it was prominently labeled: "Drummond's wedding-cake." It is said that the professor was

as quietly appreciative as any member of the class.-Youth's Companion.

He Took Them Home.

The suburbanite stood on the back platform of the car, smoking his moru ing cigar. He struck up a conversation with the conductor, when that brass-buttoned gent was not busy. "Whatever became of that bask*

of eggs that was left on your car?" ne inquired. "I took them home," gloomily replied the conductor.

At the astonished look from the

passenger the conductor explained: "You see, any article left in my car is mine if no one puts in a claim for it within six weeks. The six weeks were up yesterday, and the company told me to take the eggs away."

"Two bad," said the passenger. "Rotten," said the conductor.

Old Gobsa Golde looked thoughtfully across the centerpiece of mauve orchids at his son.

"Well, Scattergood," he said, bending forward to light his cigar at one of the shaded candles, "your course in life will be far easier, I can see, than mine was." Young Scattergood Golde smiled

with good-humored condescension. "How so, governor?" he patronizingly inquired.

"I," said the old man, "began at the bottom and worked up. You have begun at the top and will slide down."

A Distinction. Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restau-

rant with Miss K.

watches."

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked. When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said: "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?" "I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child, politely; "I only said I

liked it." - Woman's Home Com-Danio . Not the Same.

"Hilary," said the young girl, lifting for a moment her fair fond head from his breast, "tell me, do I not hear the passionate beating of your

Flushing, the proud and sensitive youth bit his lip. "Not exactly, dear one," he faltered. "You see, since my smash-up in the aeroplane I have been temporarily obliged to carry one of those 99-cent

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