

ADD TO INSURANCE RISKS.
English Company Now Issuing Policy Against Insanity.

London.—A novel departure has been taken by an English insurance company—that of issuing policies against insanity. Seeing that one in every 280 persons in the United Kingdom is certified to be insane, the company is of the opinion that it will find a large number of clients anxious to insure against a melancholy contingency in their own case.

For a premium of \$250 per annum the company will guarantee a payment at the rate of \$500 a year during the period of insanity up to five years, or for a premium of \$5 to pay \$500 a year for an unlimited period.

There are few contingencies in an ordinary person's life that can not be insured against. Among the risks which can nowadays be insured against are:

- No issue to marriage.
- Increase of income tax.
- Injury to servants.
- Loss by bad weather.
- Riot involving loss.
- Fire or burglary.
- Twins.
- Unemployment.
- Servant's dishonesty.
- Loss of trade.
- Loss of keys or season ticket.
- Depreciation in a mortgage value.
- Delay of important documents in transit.
- Loss of motor car, horses, dogs, etc.
- Binger against loss of voice.
- Musician against injury to hand.
- Playwright against failure to play.
- Novelist and composer against non-success of work.
- War, death, accident, illness.

RARE OLD BOOK IN DETROIT.
"Young Man's Companion" Printed Nearly Two Centuries Ago.

Detroit, Mich.—Among the treasures which have just come into the hands of Edward Young of Detroit is a volume of 400 pages that has come down through his family for nearly two centuries having recently been sent him by a relative.

The book, old and yellow, and much the worse for wear, is "The Young Man's Companion, or, Arithmetical Made Easy." The introductory address announces that it contains "Plain Directions for a Young Man to Attain to Read and Write True English, with Copies in Verse for a Writing School, and Inditing of Letters to Friends."

The book was written by W. Mather "in an easy style, that a young man may attain the same without a tutor." That the "Young Man's Companion" was popular in its day is indicated by the fact that this was the thirteenth edition, "with many Additions and Alterations, especially of the Arithmetical, to the Modern Method."

The "Companion" was printed in London for S. Clarke, the corner of Exchange Alley, next Birch Lane, 1727.

Adorning the fly leaf are the names of several into whose possession the book found its way, beginning with Anthony Linnis, in 1730. It is fairly bursting with information, although in this day and age it is difficult to see how a considerable portion of it possessed any especial interest for young men.

CANCER FROM GARDEN WORM?
Buffalo Physician Has New Theory as to Hideous Malady.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The Buffalo Academy of Medicine has heard a new theory as to the origin of cancer. Dr. Hiram D. Walker of this city said in a paper on the subject that seven years of experiments had proved to his satisfaction that cancer was a parasitic disease and that the common garden worm was the source of the parasite in question. The transmission of the parasite from the worm to the human being came from the worm crawling over vegetables.

"If I am correct in my conclusions," added Dr. Walker, "all the suffering and death caused by cancer can be prevented by refraining from eating such vegetables as cabbage, celery, onions and lettuce which have been infected by these parasites."

Dr. Walker elaborated on a series of 60 experiments on various animals, feeding or injecting the parasitic germs obtained from earth worms into guinea pigs, mice and dogs, was followed in many cases by the development of tumors or cancers. In almost every case infection was fatal to the animal.

Dr. Walker presented a series of microscopic slides showing cancer cells produced under these conditions. These cells were examined by prominent specialists and pronounced cancer cells, though the specialists were not told from what animals the cells were taken or how produced.

Says Man Could Live Forever.
New York.—Man should live forever if the proper "elixir" is cultivated, according to Charles Brodie Paterson, who has made a special study of longevity. This rather startling statement he made at the Waldorf Astoria at a meeting of the Medical-Legal Society. Authenticated cases of extreme longevity he pointed out to support his theory, adding that with proper care even the longest span of life as now measured might be increased 20 or 30 years or even indefinitely.

Another speaker said he knew of a man in England who lived to the age of 130 years and that those who wished might do the same.

Alcoholic stimulants, declared another speaker, do about as much for life that would otherwise be long.

CHILD'S RARE GIFT
SIX-YEAR-OLD MARY GERHART IS FINE PIANIST.

Allentown (Pa.) Girl Never Took a Lesson in Music, But Her Performances Surpass Those of Most Adults.

Allentown, Pa.—Music, heavenly maid, has many handmaidens for her deliverance and interpretation. Some acquire her precious gifts only by slow and painful process, while others seem to be born with the gift divine, as if music had whispered into their ears at the very birth the secret of her harmonies and her harmonics.

Such a one is Mary Gerhart, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Gerhart of this city. Her age naturally precludes the idea that she has ever had any musical training nor has she ever received a lesson in her life. Neither of her parents possesses the slightest knowledge of music nor cares very much about it. The same is true of nearly all her relatives except an aunt, who in her childhood days possessed a remarkable gift of improvisation and reading by ear, but whom the force of circumstances prevented cultivating and developing her genius for music save to the extent of seven lessons. Those seven lessons, however, have been the means of giving her an insight into music, which has been one of the comforts and solaces of her life.

Mary is one of three children, all girls, and all noted for their exquisite personal beauty. The eldest, Esther, aged 13, is the only one who is receiving musical instruction. No one paid any particular attention to Mary, who had never shown any desire for music, and who rarely touched the piano. Suddenly one day she sat down to the piano and soon issued forth the more or less classical strains of "The Merry Widow waltz." There were a large number of false notes in the first rendition, but these her acute musical ear and sense of harmony soon corrected, and now she plays it perfectly in time, shading and pedal work. Her attitude at the piano, the position of her hands and her digital dexterity are remarkable.

Where she learned and became acquainted with the tune no one knows. Her sister does not play it; she is yet too young to be taken to the theater, and the only explanation is that she heard a strolling band of German musicians. She herself won't say where she heard it. Possibly she doesn't know.

Other selections which she has learned and played are "Nearer My God, to Thee," learned in Sunday school; "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," a somewhat different type of music; "The Star Spangled Banner," "School Days," etc. Some of these tunes she picked up at the homes of her playmates.

Lately she has been developing rare gifts of improvisation for one so young.

NUBIAN TOMBS YIELD FINDS.
Lecturer Describes Archeological Results of Expedition.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Finds, said to be of the greatest importance in the science of comparative archeology, were the subject of an illustrated lecture, the first of a series by C. Leonard Woolley at the University of Pennsylvania museum. They were the results of the second Eekley B. Cox Egyptian expedition, which busied itself with excavations of tombs in Nubia. The greatest part of the objects recovered from the mounds are on exhibit in the museum of the university.

The description of the construction of the Nubian tombs formed a large part of the lecture. It was the third expedition got what the lecturer called the "leavings" of the two previous expeditions. Nevertheless, some unique finds in pottery and bronze were made. Some pieces were especially commented on as being probable parent suggestions of Byzantine art. There were inscriptions on the tombs which are being deciphered here and in Berlin and Oxford.

The combination of bird and human heads in the decorations testified to the faith in immortality of the soul. Jugs full of things to eat and drink were found with the skeletons. Scores of the faces of the dead carved on the tombs suggested as many personalities as a cartoonist of the present day could need to invent for any purpose in tragedy or comedy. The objects furnish light on many unknown pages of history of Nubia and other countries of the period from 100 to 300 A. D.

May See Life on Planet Mars.
Baltimore, R. W. Wood, who occupies the chair of experimental physics at Johns Hopkins university, has worked out a mercury telescope by which it is hoped that life if it exists, may be seen on the planet Mars.

Prof. Wood reported his invention recently to the National Academy of Science.

Prof. Wood refused to make any definite statement as to the future possibilities of the instrument. It is possible, he said, that a mirror 15 or 20 feet in diameter, mounted in the tropics at the bottom of a deep pit might enable people to observe details on Mars and the other planets which can not be seen with smaller instruments.

GOOD BOY FINDS GOLD.
Preferred Industry to Circus, and Discovered a Mine.

Charlotte, N. C.—Choosing rather to pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred pounds than to enjoy the pleasures of a circus for a season, Master Gilbert Teeter, 11 years of age, who lives near Matthews, in Mecklenburg county, found a gold mine in the cotton patch.

"Gilbert," said his father, the day before the circus came to Charlotte, "you can go to the circus in Charlotte tomorrow, if you want to, or you can stay home and pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred."

"If I were you I would go and see the circus," said his mother.

"But this pretty cotton weather will not last long, mother," said Gilbert, "and Daddy wants to get it all in as quick as he can."

So while the big tent went up and the lion roared and the elephants paraded and the camels humped themselves and the calliope sang its smoky song and the clown acted the fool and the red-legged lady on the white horse jumped through the burning hoop, and while all the rest of the Mecklenburg children watched the three rings with wide-open eyes, Gilbert Teeter, future captain of industry, stayed cheerfully at home and picked cotton. As he pushed the fluffy staple into his tow-sack he picked a shiny something where the people had been digging out rock to make a macadam road.

"I'll show these to Daddy," said Gilbert Teeter, as he picked up two shiny lumps. He put them in his pocket along with three six-penny shingle nails, a slate pencil, a few axle marbles and other country boy impudences.

"By George, that's gold!" said old man Teeter as Gilbert unloaded his yellow nuggets that night. A Charlotte jeweler said so, too, and paid Gilbert \$29.75 for the nuggets. Besides, he had made 63 cents, picking 106 pounds of cotton; and now he has \$21.23 deposited in a Charlotte bank.

CIGAR HELPED WIN BATTLE.
Gen. U. S. Grant's Son Gives an Incident of Fort Donelson.

Detroit, Mich.—Maj. Gen. Fred D. Grant, who is presiding at the court-martial now in session at Fort Wayne, in the western suburbs of the city, is said to have the stub of the cigar that helped his father, U. S. Grant, in winning the battle of Fort Donelson. Speaking of this incident Gen. Grant said:

"My father was in conference with Admiral Foote on the latter's flagship and had just accepted a cigar from the admiral when word came to him that the left flank of his force was being repulsed. Hurrying ashore and galloping on a fleet horse to the battlefield he succeeded in rallying his forces so completely that chaos was turned into victory. Gen. Buckner had to comply with my father's demand for an unconditional surrender.

"The newspapers took up the fact that father had rushed from the warship to the battlefield without taking Admiral Foote's cigar from his mouth. The dispatches from the front told how father had come onto the battlefield cool and collected and peacefully smoking a long, black cigar."

SOLVES TRAMP PROBLEM.
Jail Clears Vagrant Gentry from Woodbury.

Woodbury, N. J.—Woodbury will endeavor to settle the tramp question this winter and every tramp arrested from now on will be sentenced to jail for 90 days by Mayor Ladd. They will be turned over to the water and sewer department chiefs, with instructions to work them hard all day, without pay, and at night returned to jail in charge of Sheriff Wilson.

The first to receive such a sentence was a big umbrella mender. He smiled when the mayor said 90 days, as it meant snug quarters for that length of time, but when the working party was added the situation was different. Another lobo named Carney, who just finished a sentence, applied to the sheriff for another night's lodging, but when he heard what would follow Woodbury did not hold him long. There is a camp, or has been up to the other morning on the outskirts of the city for about a dozen men, who have been an annoyance to people. The men "skiddooed," and not one has been seen since.

HAS IMAGINARY PUPILS.
Schoolman Holds to Contract; Yet School is Empty.

Topka, Kan.—There is a schoolman out in Trego county that goes to school every morning and through all the routine of teaching, but has no pupil. In July he signed a contract with the school board to teach the school for five months at \$40 a month. At that time there were about 15 children in the district. October 5, when the teacher went to the building, not a child appeared. In the three months from the time he signed the contract every child had moved from the district or the parents had arranged to send them to city schools.

In the meantime the teacher has all the time for reading or studying. The school board, which is required to furnish heat and janitor service, has asked if there isn't a way to close the school and stop the payment of this money, but E. T. Fairchild, state superintendent, has ruled there is no way except by a compromise.

HUNTERSON WHEELS
SHOOTING QUAIL FROM CAR IS THE LATEST.

Spotmen, Making Tour of Old Mexico in Automobile, Start Up Wonderful Coveys of Fat Birds "Thick as Bees."

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Quail—honest injun, they're as thick as bees in a hive!" exclaimed ex-Mayor M. P. Snyder, telling of his latest hunting trip in Old Mexico.

There were three of us, in Mr. De Camp's De Luxe auto—C. E. De Camp, A. A. Bird and myself. Once you go hunting fat, juicy quail in a 60-horsepower auto all other ways seem tame, flat and unprofitable.

"We whizzed down to Tia Juana, expecting to be gone one day. We were reported missing by the police one week and were sorry then that the time was so short.

"In old Mexico, you know, there is no open ground. You must have a permit to shoot, from the owner. Happily we had an introduction to Garcia, who has an 18,000-acre rancho near Tia Juana. He fixed it for us, obligingly.

"At the customs house we had to put up a stiff bond for the guns and automobile, and 1 1/2 cents for each shell. A pretty penny, yes, but the trip was worth it. The roads were fairly good. Then came the rain. I thought the end of the world had come. Rain? It poured down in buckets, I believe.

"Big game? There is none. But one fellow reported five deer the week before. We were after quail and they are there by the thousands. You could all but knock them over with a stout stick. The whirr of their wings made music all week. I never saw so many fat quail in all my life and never expect to again.

"On our return we could pass through the custom house only 20 birds apiece.

"For two days and two nights, none of us even so much as washed our faces. You know what a ranch house is in Old Mexico? The whole family uses it and the best we could do, as guests, was to be put in a small shanty house, in the rear. There were no beds, no bedding, and no fire. We wrapped the drapery of the automobile robes about us and fell into the peaceful slumber that visits those whose consciences are without an of-fending word.

"We nearly froze to death one night. It was cold enough to grow icicles in that little rear house, but we were shooting so many quail that we had to sit up half the night telling of our big work with the guns. Our talk kept us warm.

"The troubles? Well, yes; one busted, and it kept us busy for a long time, changing to a new one. Then, we lost all the screws out of our universal joint, which set us back two long, lonesome hours, filled with grumpy thoughts and an occasional cuss word in frontier Spanish.

"It was, of course, rough on us to sleep in auto robes, shoes and overcoats. We apologized for it to Garcia every morning. I think he noticed that we were not washing our faces. We felt guilty, but had a bully good time, and think Old Mexico is the only place for an auto hunting trip, after fat juicy quail. Say, once again, the quail are, honest injun, as thick as bees in a hive. It makes my mouth water to think of it."

QUEER NEST BUILT BY BIRDS.
Oriole and His Mate Had Made Use of Post-Office Tower.

"One of the oddest birds' nests I have seen in a long time was that of a Baltimore oriole and its mate near a busy railroad station," said an enthusiastic amateur ornithologist. "The nest, which was constructed almost entirely of cotton twine, hung from a lower branch of a little maple tree over the steps leading to the station platform and within 20 feet of the railroad tracks, where about 60 trains pass a day. The bustle and roar didn't seem to bother the birds a bit.

"At this station the mail trains take the mail bags on the fly, and on account of the auction they have to be tied to the iron arms of the mail cranes with light twine to prevent them from being blown off. When the bag is jerked from the post or crane to the car, the twine breaks and falls to the ground, and it was these strands that the birds had gathered and woven into a beautiful hanging nest. The station agent, who took great interest in the orioles, told me they had been coming to that particular spot for three or four years, but that they did not build a new nest every season. He said when they did build a new nest it took the birds about a week to construct it, the male collecting the material and the female doing most of the weaving."

"No, no," he answered. "He thanked me, and more than that, he gave me a silver dollar. Said it was worth that to him. Here's the dollar. It's the best pay I ever got for five minutes of my time."

But his wife was still unconvinced. "It may be all right," she said, "but I'll come back at you in some way. You see if he doesn't."

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"Grandpa," said the little girl, "I've found a picture of you in this magazine! Here it is. Look at it!"

He looked. It was one of the illustrations in a story of a pirate ship, and he was the pirate captain.

"Humph!" ejaculated Uncle Winfield, drawing a long breath. "I think I'd like to meet that artist fellow again some day. I'd—I'd give him back his dollar."—Youth's Companion.

FED AND FATTENED FOR TABLE.
Chinese Diplomat Talks About Edible Dogs and Rats.

The Chinese diplomat regarded his grizzled frog's legs with faint disgust. "I suppose they are good," he faltered. "It is hard, though, to conquer my repulsion. Yet they are clean—clean feeders, eh?"

The American laughed long and loud.

"You," he cried, "are repelled by frog's legs, you who eat dogs and rats!"

"Yes, but," said the Chinaman, "our edible dogs and rats are the cleanest feeders imaginable. They are equal to ceryfed duck or California peach-fed hog. They are confined in runs, you know, and to make their flesh white and delicate, they are fed on mushes of bread and milk and vegetables. No meat whatever.

"You Americans think it disgusting to eat rats and dogs because you imagine them fattening on carrion and offal. But these frogs here—No, I'm afraid I can't—they may have fed on some tramp suicide for all I know."

He pushed back his plate and waited for the next course.

The First New Woman.
In the club at tea time an old new woman, lighting a cigarette, said:

"We new women are really not so new as we think we are. In the thirteenth century there were lots of us (can anything 700 years old be new?). The University of Bologna had a professor of jurisprudence, Mosella d'Amelia. She was no more new than beautiful—her charms were overpowering that the trustees made her lecture behind a curtain. When she lectured openly to the students, their minds wholly occupied with her beauty, not attended to what she said. Madonna Margolina was professor of anatomy, MARRA Trionfetti taught languages, and Maria Mached held the chair of mathematics. This university was by no means a second-rate one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the leading university of Europe. It had 10,000 students."

Take a Pleasant Thought to Bed.
"Psychologists tell us that the mental processes which are active on retiring continue far into the night. We have all dreamed of continuing an evening's experience during sleep, enjoying again the beautiful songs we have heard. This shows how important it is not to retire to rest in a fit of temper, or in an ugly, unpleasant mood. We should get ourselves into mental harmony, should become serene and quiet before retiring, and, if possible, lie down with a smile on the face no matter how long it takes to secure this condition. Never retire with a frown on your brow, with a perplexed, troubled, vexed expression. Smooth out the wrinkles; drive away all the enemies of your peace of mind, and never allow yourself to go to sleep with an unkind, critical, cruel, jealous thought toward anyone."—Success Magazine.

The Failures.
Keir Hardie, one of Britain's ablest representatives in the British parliament, at a dinner of bootmakers in New York spoke of success.

"Success," they tell us," he began, "comes from aiming high. I think it often comes from aiming low, from aiming within one's scope.

"Suppose," for instance, that the average reporter, aiming high, devotes his life to the composition of Shakespearean tragedies or Miltonic odes—do you think he would succeed?" All, no.

Mr. Keir Hardie shook his head and smiled.

"Let us then aim," he said, "at what we stand some chance of hitting. It is they who strive to leave footprints in the sands of time who, alas, most frequently get stuck in the mud."

Stumped.
"A friend of mine has just been divorced."

"Why?"

"Which are proper condolences or congratulations?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

UNCLE WINFIELD STILL THINKS ARTIST PLAYED MEAN TRICK.
Uncle Winfield, the worthy old sexton of the brick church on the corner, and one of the most amiable and lovable of men, came home from a stroll one day in a high state of pleasurable excitement.

"A little while ago," he said, "a slim, long-haired fellow stopped me on the street, and asked me if I had any objection to his sketching me. He said he was an artist, and was illustrating a story for a pictorial publication, and my face had so much 'character' in it that he'd like to make what he called a 'study' of it, and use it in the story."

"I told him to go ahead. He opened up a little camp-stool, stuck up a three-cornered frame in front of him, put a sheet of cardboard on it, and in five minutes he made a picture that looked exactly like me. I saw it."

"Did he try to get you to buy it?" asked Uncle Winfield's wife, suspiciously.

"No, no," he answered. "He thanked me, and more than that, he gave me a silver dollar. Said it was worth that to him. Here's the dollar. It's the best pay I ever got for five minutes of my time."

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MARKING THE SOUR MILK COW.
Explanation the Woman New to the Country Didn't Quite Believe.

The woman was new to the country and her host took great pains to explain to her what she should understand about the farm. He had little regard for the truth, this farmer, he delighted to test her gullibility to the utmost.

The cows seemed to interest her more than any other domestic animal. One of the cows had lost her tail somehow and this fact led the woman to ask why it was.

"That's the sour milk cow," the farmer explained with a straight face. "We always cut the tail off one cow in the herd so as to get sour milk fresh every day."

The woman looked her doubt.

"It's perfectly true," the farmer insisted. "You see when the cow's tail is gone the sun shines continually on the cow's udder and the constant heat sours the milk."

But the woman still doubted.

The Early Military Band.
A little more than 20 years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entitled to the name of brass band, in fact, no farther back than 1835. Prior to that time the only military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1781 a full regimental band consisted of two oboes, two flutes, two horns and two basses.

As showing the important part played by the "sounding brass" in our hands today it is sufficient to mention that in an up-to-date first-class band of 50 it places there would probably be found from eighteen to twenty horns, to say nothing of saxophones, which are partly clarinet and partly horn.

Small Change Wanted.
The early Sunday morning passenger on the surface car stood out on the rear platform and chatted with the conductor.

"Are you always loaded with small change like that?" asked the E. P., as the conductor shifted a handful of dimes and nickels from one pocket to another to keep himself from losing.

"Not always," said the conductor, with a snort of disgust. "Only Sunday mornings."

"Why Sundays? That is generally understood to be a day of rest."

The conductor grinned.

"Everybody wants small change for church," he explained, "especially the women."

A Long Cable Line.
Work is at present in hand on the construction of what is said to be the longest cable ropeway in the world. It is being constructed by a German firm, and is intended to connect the collieries of the Societe de l'Industrie Charbonniere et Miniere de Turkestan, situated about 80 miles from Samarkand, Russian Turkestan, with the nearest railway station. Hitherto the coal has been transported by camels, the journey, on account of the very hilly district, occupying five days. The new ropeway, which will be 54 miles long, is intended to carry from 8,000, 000 to 10,000,000 pounds a year, and the trolleys, which will each hold 20 pounds, will travel at a speed of six miles an hour.

My Lady's Hair.
Miss De Style (at music counter)—Have you the "Rat Churner of Hamelin?"

Unclassic Saleslady—You'll find her in the wig department, madam.

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FED AND FATTENED FOR TABLE.
Chinese Diplomat Talks About Edible Dogs and Rats.

The Chinese diplomat regarded his grizzled frog's legs with faint disgust. "I suppose they are good," he faltered. "It is hard, though, to conquer my repulsion. Yet they are clean—clean feeders, eh?"

The American laughed long and loud.

"You," he cried, "are repelled by frog's legs, you who eat dogs and rats!"

"Yes, but," said the Chinaman, "our edible dogs and rats are the cleanest feeders imaginable. They are equal to ceryfed duck or California peach-fed hog. They are confined in runs, you know, and to make their flesh white and delicate, they are fed on mushes of bread and milk and vegetables. No meat whatever.

"You Americans think it disgusting to eat rats and dogs because you imagine them fattening on carrion and offal. But these frogs here—No, I'm afraid I can't—they may have fed on some tramp suicide for all I know."

He pushed back his plate and waited for the next course.

The First New Woman.
In the club at tea time an old new woman, lighting a cigarette, said:

"We new women are really not so new as we think we are. In the thirteenth century there were lots of us (can anything 700 years old be new?). The University of Bologna had a professor of jurisprudence, Mosella d'Amelia. She was no more new than beautiful—her charms were overpowering that the trustees made her lecture behind a curtain. When she lectured openly to the students, their minds wholly occupied with her beauty, not attended to what she said. Madonna Margolina was professor of anatomy, MARRA Trionfetti taught languages, and Maria Mached held the chair of mathematics. This university was by no means a second-rate one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the leading university of Europe. It had 10,000 students."

Take a Pleasant Thought to Bed.
"Psychologists tell us that the mental processes which are active on retiring continue far into the night. We have all dreamed of continuing an evening's experience during sleep, enjoying again the beautiful songs we have heard. This shows how important it is not to retire to rest in a fit of temper, or in an ugly, unpleasant mood. We should get ourselves into mental harmony, should become serene and quiet before retiring, and, if possible, lie down with a smile on the face no matter how long it takes to secure this condition. Never retire with a frown on your brow, with a perplexed, troubled, vexed expression. Smooth out the wrinkles; drive away all the enemies of your peace of mind, and never allow yourself to go to sleep with an unkind, critical, cruel, jealous thought toward anyone."—Success Magazine.

The Failures.
Keir Hardie, one of Britain's ablest representatives in the British parliament, at a dinner of bootmakers in New York spoke of success.

"Success," they tell us," he began, "comes from aiming high. I think it often comes from aiming low, from aiming within one's scope.

"Suppose," for instance, that the average reporter, aiming high, devotes his life to the composition of Shakespearean tragedies or Miltonic odes—do you think he would succeed?" All, no.

Mr. Keir Hardie shook his head and smiled.

"Let us then aim," he said, "at what we stand some chance of hitting. It is they who strive to leave footprints in the sands of time who, alas, most frequently get stuck in the mud."

Stumped.
"A friend of mine has just been divorced."

"Why?"

"Which are proper condolences or congratulations?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.