

Representative James B. Perkine of New York was chairman of the special committee appointed by Speaker Cannon to draft a reply to rebuke formor President Roosevelt for the statement in his annual message that congress had clipped the wings of the secret service because the members feared in-

Is No Mystery at All, Declares This Savant.

Says Formations of That Sort Were Common in Red Sea Country-Professor Smashes Other His-

torical Traditions.

Philadelphia. - All this mystery about Mrs. Lot turning into salt isn't

any mystery at all. Tr's as plain as daylight so plain that a 12-year-old girl discovered the flaw that sacred historians have been making for a number of thousand | rai Berks county. years.

Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopking university enlightened the world on the common error in respect to the Lots the other afternoon in an address before the American Philosophical society.

"There is no mystery about the story of Lot's wife turning into a willar of salt," he said. "Many explorers have seen pillars of salt near, the Red sea. They are natural formations, and undoubtedly the basis for the fable. My little girl, who is 12 years old, threw a new light upon the story as told in the Bible. She asked me hew it was that Lot could look back and see what had happened to his wife and not himself be turned into salt."

The Israelites never saw Egypt. Prof. Haupt declared, and he proceeded to demolish many of the historical traditions of the Hebrew race. It was the Edmonites who were in Egypt, he said and they were the descendants of Esau, son of Abraham by his bond woman, and progenitors of the Israelites.

The famous burning bush was easy of explanation, he declared. Upon the heights of a volcano, around the crater grows shrubbery. When a volcano is active a cloud of steam hovers over it, which is given by night a red cast reflected from the volcanic fire. This glow would be in turn reflected upon the shubbery and give the appearance of a burning bush.

"The original story of the cloud said Haupt, "was not that it hung over the tabernacie, but over Mount Sinai. Therefore, the explanation of this phenomenon is not difficult. In this instance the cloud of steam arising from the active volcano-Mount Sinai-was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night."

FAMILY TRUDGES 200 MILES.

Penniless, They Drag Household Goods in Two Toy Wagons Through Ozark Mountains.

Springfield, Mo.-Lured by tales of fabulous wages to be obtained by working in the 'Frisco shops here, George Kaine and his family arrived in this place after having tramped nearly 200 miles through the Ozark mountains from near Leslie, Ark. They reached here penniless, only to find their dreams of wealth as elusive as a mirage. They are cared for by agents of the Humane society.

There are five in the family, George Kaine, his son, a widowed daughter with a baby, and Kaine's two sons. Hearing of the work here, they dedecided to go to Springfield, but were without money to pay railroad fare, and too poor also to buy a horse and wagon. Two toy wagons, similar to those pulled about by children, were used to bring their goods. Pulling these wagons and carrying the daughter's baby. Kaine and his two sons, accompanied by the daughter, began their long walk. Many times it was necessary to ford swift mountain a picture of a mirage was never

Pleased Because Twelve of His Children Have Attended School Where He is Director.

FARMER PROUD OF BIG FAMILY

North Hidelberg, Pa. - Franklin Bender is probably the proudest father in North Hidelberg township. He is the head of the largest family in the township. He is also the proudest school director, for in the last 12 years, as a member of the school board, he has had the pleasure of seeing 12 of his children in the school room, and before his next term exnires he will see the other two trot to school with books under their tiny arms. He is treasurer of the school board, and it is one of the most resresentative educational boards in ru-

Mr. Bender was born in Center the late William Bender. Mrs. Bender is a native of the township and 58 years old. When she was 16 she married Mr. Bender, and they have on-

joyed wedded life for 42 years:---Both are members of St. Daniel's Lutheran church, as are also the older children, the latter being good Sunday achool workers. Politically Mr. Bender is a Democrat, and by the time of the next presidential election he will be able to control five votes under his own roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Bender take care of a large farm, and they have no necessity to appeal to neighbors for help during the busy season. Their children fill the bill and help out many a neighboring farmer, too, in the plowing, sowing, haymaking and reaping

TRAMP BACK IN THE PULPIT

Once Noted Minister Is Restored After Ten Years of Life as Outcast.

New York.—After being barred from pulpits for more than ten years, Rev. Dr. Harvey G. Furbay, once a brilliant nreacher but later reduced to a common tramp through drunkenness, has been restored to the ministry by the New York Presbytery. Dr. Furbay was at one time pastor of a Philadelnhia church receiving a salary of \$8. by day and the pillar of fire by night," | 000, at the time the largest in that

city. After the death of his wife Dr. Furbay began to drink, and was soon forced to leave his church and then became a tramp, wandering all ever the country. For many months he lived in the back rooms of Park Row saloons in this city when not in jail.

In June, 1905, he was arrested in Chatham square for drunkenness. He had sold his clothing and wore relievers. His coat was filthy and one sleeve sone. The shoes were not mates and one was soleless.

in Oak street station he was locked, up with a negro of repulsive visage, scarred with fetish marks of savage religious rites. Both were given workhouse sentences and were assigned to the same cell on the island with three other negroes. The white man was made valet and bedmaker.

Strange Mirage Photographed. Piqua, O.-Harry Imboden of Maplewood thought only to get a picture of a railroad train when he took a mapshot the other day, but when the picture was developed, besides the scenery photographed there appeared, as if suspended in the air, upon the same negative, a mirage in which can be seen several buildings in Jackson Cen-

ter, five miles away. The buildings

are easily recognizable as the Jackson

Center elevator the old college build-

ing and the Burke residence. A mirage is something out of the ordinary in this section, although often seen in the ocean or deserts, but known to have been taken before.

RECOGNIZED IT AS HIS OWN.

Dialogue, if Correctly Reported, Should Have Made Corporation Magnate Faal at Home.

The corporation magnate who had been a witness while on earth approached the golden gate and handed his card to St. Peter, saving: "Will you kindly open the gate?"

"I am very sorry," said Peter regretfully, "but, really, I must consult my

counsel before answering." Why, you know who I am. don't you?" inquired the departed.

"The question," said Peter, "is misleading, irrelevant and immaterial; yet, as I desire to give fullest information on all matters, I will say that my memory is faulty on that sub-Ject."

"Certainly, you are acquainted with my gifts and good deeds."

"I have no distinct recollection." "At any rate, you know I left the bulk of my estate to charity," said the

departed, slightly miffed. "Really, I have not been in personal touch with these matters for some years. Yet, if the amount is so stated, I am not in a position to question it," said Peter, smiling benignly.

"If you don't know these things, how am I get in?" exclaimed the de-

"I cannot say." was the answer. "Am I to get in at all?"

"That is not my understanding of the matter." "Well, this beats the devil," said the

departed. "Such may be the case, but I am

unable to view it in that light," answered Peter. Then he stepped off the stand, and.

bowing kindly on all sides, went to luncheon. And the departed, sitting down on the steps, said musingly:

There goes a splendid man, one I could have used in my business. And yet he lacks originality. That was all my own stuff."-New York Times.

DAY-DREAM A WASTE OF TIME

Precious Hours Lost to Those Who Are Prone to Wait for the Mood to Strike Them.

If you have a particular piece of work to do, get it done. Den't wait for the mood to strike you. Don't dream! There are more

precious hours wasted in day-dreams than any of us would care to think shout if we counted them. The queer thing about day-dreams

is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The dreamer is only semiconscious when building his air castles, so as a rule they have no practical foundation.

mind on what you are doing, and do not let it wander off to what you would like to be doing. Only by keeping your mind on what you are doing now can you bring it fresh and keen to the things you like doing best when the time for doing them comes. Thinking too much about even a great happiness takes the "edge" off it.

The best time for day-dreams is after you have gone to bed .- New York American.

Ever increasing Beggare of Bombay. The nuisance caused by beggars in Bombay has assumed unbearable proportions. The orientals practice charity as a religious obligation and relieve poverty where they find it. Recitals from Kebit and Marsabai never fail to touch the innermost chords of the natives with their innate reverence for spiritualism, and the fakir backs up his appeal for alms with profuse quotations from the poets. Then there are lay beggars and religious beggars, the ash besmeared ascetics who practice mendicancy as a hereditary profession. Last and not least are the unfortunate sufferers whom the loss of limbs or eyes or some fell disease disables for work and drives them to beggary as the last resource. These latter have a genuine claim on our charity, but as there are so few asylums in India for the halt, the main and the blind the streets and bywave of towns are flooded with beggars, pitiful types of suffering humanity.-From the Rash Gaftar.

Safe.

A Philadelphia boy and his aunt Adelaide, who were visiting relatives at a country home in Lancaster county, were one day crossing a pasture together. When they were half-way scress Aunt Adelaide noticed two oxen and paused doubtfully.

"I'm not sure that it's prudent to go past those oxen, Harry," she said. Whereupon Harry tightened his hold on his aunt's hand encouragingly.

"Don't be afraid of the oxen, auntie," said he. "They won't hurt us. The first time I came down here I was afraid of them. I didn't dare to go back of them, and I didn't dare to go in front of them. But I thought of a way at last-I simply crawled under them."-Harper's Weekly.

The Power of the Pocket Book. Hub-I really think, wife, you should have that ball dress made a little higher in the neck, to say nothing of the

Wife-I'll have it changed if you wish, but the material costs \$10 a

Hub-Um-well-never mind.-Boston Transcript.

No Value to Him. "What convinces you that criticisms are of no value?" "Recause," answered the theatrical manager, "my show doesn't got any of

the kind I can quote in my advertis-

ing."

THE MAN AND THE PET FERN

Daily Proceeding That Turns a Wife's Hair Grey Many Years Before

After supper Mr. Man lights a cigar and sits down for a comfortable, smoke. His wife, with a regard for husband and the neatness of her home evenly divided, places an ash tray on the table near him, and a cuspidor on the floor. The man is comfortable and happy, and would get mad if any household disturbance caused him to leave his chair, but he notices ashes on the end of his cigar, and gets up, passes the ash holder and cuspidor, and crosses the room to drop the ashes on his wife's pet fern. The wife has piled as many as ten ash trays near the man, and surrounded him with cuspidors, but he ignores all of them to find his way to the pet fern. The wife objects, and has been known to put the pet fern in another room to save it, but the man passes the ash trays and cuspidors and walks into the next room to flick off the ash on his cigar. The same man will walk through six rooms, if need be, and pass 375 burnt match holders to drop his match beside the pet fern. R does no good for the woman to object. or to invest all her pin money in more ash trave burnt match holders and cuspidors, for the man will never see them on his way to the pet fern. And, so far as domestic history relates, this is the only recognition the man ever gives his wife's plants. And he never Anes give recognition to the esh trave cuspidors or burnt match holders.

PAT HAD BROUGHT THEM ALL

Coachman Too Well Remembered His Orders as to Doing Things by Combination.

A gentleman in want of a coachman had an Irishman apply for the situation when the following conversation took place between them: "You know, Pat, if I engage you I shall expect you to do things by combination. For instance, if I tell you to bring the carriage round at a given time I shall expect the horses with it and driving gloves, etc."

"Yes, sor," said Pat. He was duly engaged and gave satisfaction. One day his master came to him telling him to look sharp and go for a doctor, as his mistress was ill. Pat was gone for a long time, and on his master grumbling at him for his delay he said: "Sure, they're all hère, sor.

"All here?" said the master. "What to you mean? "Didn't you tell me to do things by

combination?" "What's that got to do with it?" said the master

Well" said Pat "I've got the do ter, the parson and the undertaker."

Case Dismissed. The following story which leaked out of a Yale faculty meeting is also typical of "Waterloo" Wheeler. The

case of a fast student was before the faculty. Though the Yale principle is to meddle as little as possible with the life and morals of the student, insisting merely on the rule, keep a good scholarship stand and be regular in attendance, still flagrant cases of misconduct are summarily disposed of. The student in question had been seen in the company of a woman of rather poor reputation, and there was a question of dismissal. Lest he be wrongfully sentenced the cautious Prof. Ladd, the philosopher, had inquired: "Was the young man positively identified?" Oh, yes, the professor know the man well: there could be no mistake about it. Then Prof. Wheeler looked up quizzically, tapped his spectacles against the fingers of his left hand, a characteristic gesture, and inquired: "And can the professor also positively identify the other party?"-From "Familiar Yarus of the Yale Faculty." in the Bohemian.

Hie Ancient Grievance. The congressman met the cor

Hous scribe.

respondent. "Say," he exclaimed, "I have a mild grievance against you." "Get it off your mind." said the face-

"It's just this," said the congressman. "When you put what you call a clever story into my mouth don't let it be the vintage of the year before the flood. Gimme something that deesn't date back any farther than the Crusaders, or possibly the sack of Babylon. You see, most of my constituents read the almanac. There's a good fellow."

And he shook hands effusively with the correspondent and passed along.

Necessity, Net Choice.

A young man engaged board in a private family who were extremely devout. Before each meal grace was said. To their dismay the new boarder sat bolt upright while the others reverently bowed their heads. When the second day passed, and the young man evinced no disposition to unbend, the good lady of the house could endure the situation no longer. "Agnostic?" asked she, sharply.

"No, madam," humbly responded the young man, "boil."-Harper's Maga-

An Error in Philanthropy. One of the first lessons that philanthropists must learn is that it is not always easy to do good. There is a perversity of human nature, even when inspired by the best intentions, which sometimes seems to operate invincibly in favor of wrong. If the mischief that is done by those who mean nothing but good could be eliminated from the world the sum total of error would be noticeably reduced.

Willer achie anistry \$5.00.

EMPLOYING HANDS AND BRAIN

Edgar Allan Poe's Humorous Idea for Saving of Time in Liter-

Many traditions and stories of Ed gar Allan Poe are still current at the University of Virginia, at Charlottes ville, where he was a student, says James Bernard Lyon in the Home Magazine.

Poe was very proud of his penmanship. One day, so the story goes, s friend entered the room to find Poe,

writing busily with both hands. "What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Writing with both hands." said

"Both hands!" exclaimed the friend. "But how on earth can you make any

progress in that wav? "Easy enough. It is a theory of mine that it is a waste of time not to be able to use both hands at the same time. Both hands and brain can be trained with care and attention, so that each hand may do its full share of work-each hand being employed on a separate task. It is not really an affair of the hands at all, in the last shalysis, but an affair of the intellect. I am training my hands and brain now so that I can do twice as much work as the ordinary person in a given period of time. At the present mo; ment I am writing a poem with my right hand; one that I confidently believe will startle the world. And with my left hand I am blocking out a wonderful story: a story which should capture thousands of readers.

"It will only be a short time before I will be able to take my examinations in this manner and dispose of two subjects simultaneously. It will save time and will give hands and brain their full duty."

BOTH QUICK IN CONTROVERSY

Scotsmen Evidently Had "Searched the Scriptures" and Heid Them In Their Memories.

Ian Maclaren used to tell a story of two Scots worthies, douce elders o' the kirk, who found themselves alone in the compartment of a railway carriage traveling in Perthshire, and thrown upon each other for company they fastened on a knotty point in theology to beguile the time. The subject of controversy was whether a man is saved by faith or works. The discussion became heated, and the train drew up at the destination of one of the debaters not a moment too poon: Loath to give up the argument, they continued to wrangle until the train began to move out of the station, and the discharged passenger had to run along the platform to eke out the precious moments left for a lest work. The subject seemed to hang fire for a perilous moment-the train was accelerating its speedwhen back from the figure leaning far out of the carriage window came the ery: "Hebrews 10:38!" ("The just shall live by faith.") Quick as lightning the other flung after the receding anti-nomian: "James 1:24!" ("By works a man is justified, and not by faith only.")

Dog's Well-Earned Monument.

Near the hospice of St. Bernard, Switzerland is a monument to Barry, one of the dogs, which always interests tourists. This animal died some years ago, and a writer in the Wide World Magazine tells his story: "During the ten years he was at the hospice he saved the lives of 40 persons who had lost their way in the snow. On one occasion he found a child, ten years old, lying in the snow under the influence of the fatal slumber which precedes death. The dog warmed the child with its breath, and then roused it from sleep by licking it. This much accomplished. Barry, by lying down on its side, gave the child an obvious invitation to get upon its back and ride. The child did so, and was thus carried to the monastery. Barry was killed by some unknown person, probably in mistake." The inscription on the monument is: "Barry, the heroic. flaved the lives of 40 persons, and was killed by the forty-first."

New Clocks for Old.

Josh-Jerusha, here be a letter from Miss Van Astor sayin' she will give ye \$100 for that old mahogany clock of ver gran'dad's!

Jerusha-Dew tell, Josh! Now I kin git that marbleized clock at the Corners with the gilt figgers; and Josh, while I think on it, I want you to go right down to the barn and git that drah paint left from paintin' the cowshed last spring. We'll give the old clock a couple o' coats. I bet that'll please Miss Van Astor a heap, and we really ought to after her bein' willin' to give such a big price.

Josh-I'll git the paint, Jerusha. You always wur great on style, and Miss Van Astor kin tell her friends it's a brand new clock!-Puck.

Bigilian Superstitions.

Over almost every door you will find a stuffed glove with two fingers extended to keep away the evil eye. When a child is born the mother hangs a string about its neck to which she ties a number of little articles: a twisted horn of coral to keep away the lettatura, of which the Sicilian has a mortal dread; a tiny cockshell, the old Orusader's emblum, for saleheeping and goodness; a little key with which to enter Paradise and a hag of salt for wisdom. When a baby is baptized mothers implore that it be given much sait, and often the tiny thing is all but strangled.

The wemen, too, do everything to keep from having a child born in March.

STORY OF THE HUMBLE CLAM

Small and Comparatively Unimportant, Nevertheless He Has His

Good Points Everybody has heard of the clam, for he has of late years achieved celebrity by lending the use of his name for broth, a form of warm water used

in restaurants and sods fountains. Those who have studied the clam, however, know that he is in reality a remarkable individual.

The clam begins by depositing him self in a sand bank. He takes out no fire insurance, and may be seen oceasionally squirting out water, as a precaution against any sparks that might fall inadvertently

The clam in summer wears a sheath gown open at the sides, but so modest is he (or she) that it is immediately closed up at the approach of another person. Clams have decollete necks, which

they are very fond of displaying in broad daylight. This, of course, makes them very sunburned. It would be much better if, during the sunny part of the day, the clam

would wear a veil. Clams live usually in flats, and always go down through the roof. In their native element they are very much at home, but when seen in company with human beings they are usually in the soup or frittering away their lives.-Judge.

THE EYE ON CHINESE JUNKS.

Cantenese Legend Explains Why Apparently Purposeless Symbol is Placed There.

Few people know why Chinese funks have an eye painted on the port side of the bow. A Cantonesa legend explains the origin of that singular custom in a way that is suggestive of Anglo-Saxon humor.

A Chinese mandarin who lived centuries before the Christian era, finding himself in need of a navy, sent for the royal boat builder and ordered him to build a certain number of ships. So the builder drew up plans and presented them to the mandarin. But the plans evidently did not suit his majesty, for he flew into a violent rage and ordered the boat builder from his presence.

"Then how shall I build them, your celestial highness?" he pleaded. Whereupon the mandarin drew of one of his slippers and threw it at the boat builder, who fied from the room. At the door he turned for a moment, just in time to catch the mandarin

winking at his prime minister. The boat builder picked up the royal slipper and used it as a model, and then painted one eye on its bow to represent the royal master's wink.

Attitude Toward Death. The normal attitude of men toward death seems to be one of inattention or evanion. They do not trouble about it; they do not want to trouble about it, and they resent its being called to their notice. On this point the late Prederick Myers used to tell a story which I have always thought very illuminating. In conversation after dinner he was pressing on his host the nawelcome question, what he thought would happen after death. After many evasions and much recalcitrancy the reluctant admission was extorted: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we shall all enter into eternal bliss; but I wish you wouldn't talk about such disagrecable subjects." This, I believe is typical of the normal mood of most men. They don't want to be worried; and though probably, if the question were pressed, they would object to the idea of extinction, they

Taunting Him. It was housecleaning time, and Mr. Stubb was removing the dusty pictures from the walls. The frames slipped, the step-ladder creaked eminously, and the perspiration relied from Mr. Stubb's brow. In the humor to bite a pail in half he turned and

can hardly be said to desire immor-

tality. Even at the point of death, &

would seem, this attitude is often

maintained,-Atlantic.

discovered Mrs. Stubb laughing. "That's it!" he roared, as the stepladder swayed. "Laugh and show your gold teeth."

And still she laughed. "Do you think there is anything funny in my moving these pictures?"

he sputtered, in flerce tones. "No, indeed, John," said Mrs. Stubb, soothingly, "but you know you look so funny it looks like a moving picture show."

Then Mr. Stubb swallowed a pint of dust and simply fumed.

Delayed.

Though his complexion was pale green, he managed to totter to the deck in the third day after leaving port. There he met an exasperatingly jovial and healthy looking fellownassenger.

"Glad to see you," exclaimed the latter to the man with the green face; "how is it that you haven't been on deck before this?"

"each time that I planned to get on deck, something kept coming up, so I had to postpone the trip."

"Well, you see," replied the other,

Net a Question of Ideas. "I think," said Miss Cayenne, "that in the course of time we shall be communicating with Mars." "What of it?" inquired the profes-

sor. "We won't be able to exchange any ideas of importance." "Perhaps not. But the conversation at tees and receptions should fortify us for a little disappointment like

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS