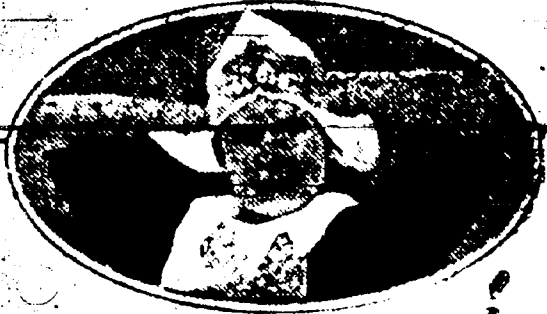


A DUTCH BELLE AND HER BEAU.



The old, old story—as told in Holland.

BUYS WHOLE TOWN

Unique Character Purchases All of Property in Iona, Ind.

Will Be First Mayor—Ridiculed for Going Barefooted—Wears Plannel Shirts Believing They Prevent Malarial Trouble.

Evansville, Ind.—John Ingie, known to his friends as "Barefoot John," has deserted the town of Giro, Ind., where he has long been the leading character and its wealthiest citizen...

He always went barefooted and many of the children of the place ridiculed him, threw pebbles at his bare feet, and made life so miserable for him that he decided to leave and went to Giro, several miles above Hasleton.

As soon as Ingie located at Giro he opened a country store and built up a large trade among farmers, his being the only store in that section of the country.

Despite his prosperity he continued to go without footgear ten months in the year. During January and February he wore a pair of boots he bought years before.

He also continued to always wear shirts of flannel, claiming this ward off malarial trouble and chills. He has never been sick a day in his life.

Ingie's deal in Iona includes all of the business and residence property in the town. He has announced to his friends that as he has moved a degree closer to civilization he will wear shoes at least six months in the year.

He explains his success in business with the statement that he has always understood the people with whom he has dealt and treated them honestly.

Diamonds in Succotash.

Goldfield, Nev.—Two diamond earrings, estimated to be worth \$125 each, were found in a dish of succotash by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Robinson of Goldfield while at their evening meal. The corn and beans in cans were bought at a local store some months ago at a bargain sale.

Cider Will Be Free in Ohio Town.

Canal Dover, O.—Cider, pumped from a big cistern, will quench thirsts at Zoar after next fall. The cistern, the wall of which is of cement, has a capacity of 10 barrels and is located in the public square. It is being cleaned out and will be filled with apple juice. The cistern was used for this purpose years ago when the Zoar Communist society was in existence.

ONCE A POOR FARMER BOY.

Career of Prof. Thomas Rees, Now College President, an Object Lesson in Perseverance.

London.—At 13 a farm hand, at 18 a collier, at 21 a theological student, at 30 a professor of theology, at 40 principal of one of the leading denominational colleges in Wales.

Such, briefly, is the life story of Prof. Thomas Rees, M. A., who has just been appointed principal of the Bala-Bangor Welsh Congregational college. His career is an example of what industry and perseverance, aided by natural ability, can accomplish.

While working as a collier at Aberdare he attended the Ebenezer chapel in that town, and soon attracted the attention of the pastor and deacons, who invited him to commence preaching. In 1890, when in his twenty-first year, means were found to enable him to commence his studies at Whitland Grammar school. His success from this point was meteoric.

Ten years later Mr. Rees was appointed professor of theology at Brecon Memorial college. But it is as an educationist and politician that Prof. Rees has made himself so widely known in Wales.

150-YEAR LIFE SPAN POSSIBLE

Head of Actuaries Thinks So When Certain Diseases Are Mastered.

New York.—When tuberculosis and other preventable causes of excessive mortality are mastered, when those less than 50 tell the truth about their youth and those more than 80 do the same about their age, it may be possible for actuaries to figure on 150 years as the span of human life.

The national death rate has largely decreased, but the decrease is almost entirely confined to the infantile period. Over 50 the decrease has been very small or an actual increase has been shown by statistics. From 1899 to 1901 there was a decrease of seven in each thousand of population in the total number of deaths, but the rate of deaths from heart disease, cancer, certain functional ailments and suicide is 50 per cent. higher in the United States than the mortality from the same causes 50 years ago.

These and many other interesting facts about the duration of human life were presented by John K. Gore of Newark, N. J., the president of the Actuaries' Society of America, which held its twentieth annual meeting in the Metropolitan building.

New Idea in Saloons.

Des Moines, Ia.—The first anti-treat saloon in the United States has been opened here. The permit to open was granted to A. S. Kirkhart of Des Moines, who controls 15 local saloons, and who declares that if the venture proves a success he will install the same system in all of the others. Clerks in charge will attempt to induce drinkers to accept a substitute for liquor in the form of butter, milk, sweet milk, tea, coffee and other soft drinks. The liquor habit will be discouraged as far as possible in harmony with the ideas laid down by the Iowa temperance forces.

MADE DRUNK BY MOSQUITOES

Small Pests, Not the Wild Animals, Are the Real Troubles of the African Hunter.

The African mosquitoes intoxicate you. They inject so much poison into you that you are dazed, your eyes roll and you stagger and speak thickly. In a word, you're drunk," said a missionary.

"In the Nyassa country I'd always start getting ready for bed and the mosquitoes an hour before sunset. I'd set up my mosquito net with the utmost care. I'd clamp down its edges with walises and boxes. I'd light inside it three green wood fires, filling it with a bitter smoke that all insects are supposed to loathe.

"Finally I'd get in myself. I'd smoke big pipes of the black native tobacco, and I'd long miserably in that hot, smoky atmosphere for the dawn.

"Despite all my precautions quite 200 or 300 mosquitoes would get inside my net as soon as darkness fell. They were like a whirlwind in there. It couldn't have been worse. Their noise and their nipping made me feverish—made me really delirious at times.

"At last in exhaustion I'd get a few hours of troubled sleep, awakening for breakfast, drunk from the poison injected by hundreds of tiny needles into my veins.

"No, it isn't the elephants or the giraffes that trouble the African hunter, but the 'skeeters'."

NEW VERSION OF OLD STORY.

But Its the Same Absent-Minded Man with the Baby and the Kerosene Can.

A party of genial spirits were sitting talking on the topics of the day the other evening when the conversation turned to absent-mindedness. Several incidents were related, and finally a man who had been an attentive listener broke into the limelight.

"That last story," said he, "reminds me of a friend of mine who was left at home to care for the baby and suddenly remembered that he had to go to the store for kerosene. Taking the baby on one arm and the kerosene can on the other, he went to the grocery joint and—"

"I see," smilingly anticipated one of the party, "he took the oil home and forgot the kid."

"No, he didn't," responded the speaker. "He placed the can on the counter and gently said, 'sit there a moment, dear,' and then, holding the baby toward the clerk, added: 'Fill this with kerosene, please.'"

Pompadour is a Talented Cat.

Pompadour, a large Thomas cat owned by Mrs. James Howe of Skowhegan, Me., is noted for his intelligence and sagacity.

A short time ago he called another cat to his aid to rid the house of a large number of mice. He directed the strange cat to stand by the door leading into the shed while he (Pompadour), slowly worked a string that had a piece of cheese fastened to it, alluring the mice into the kitchen. That night 40 or 50 mice were slain by Pompadour and his assistant.

Mr. Howe lives some distance from the postoffice and usually sends his mail by the last evening train. As soon as he has his letters ready he ties them to Pompadour's neck and the cat carries them to the postoffice.

Manicuring a Horse.

A horse's hoof is really the same thing as the toe or finger nails of human beings, or of animals having toes. The hoof grows just as a toe nail does and more rapidly on unshod horses than on those wearing shoes. Its growth is much faster on horses that are well groomed and well fed, upon an average of a third of an inch a month. The hind hoofs grow faster than the fore hoofs. The toe of the hoof being the longest part, it takes longer for it to grown down there than at the heel. The new hoof grows out any cracks or defects in the whole, gradually working down to where it can be cut off, just as with human finger nails.

The Mills of the Gods.

They tell us that ever so slight a change in the earth's tipping on its axis brought the glacial period that swallowed up all life in the north as the ice crept down from the pole, inch by inch, foot by foot. When it righted itself again our present day broke, and the river wore its way through the rock, draining the mighty glaciers. So the dawn of a new humanity in which man, facing toward the ideal of brotherhood, shall do justice and love mercy is upon us now. It is good, when one gets impatient, to remember that these things are so, that though the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small.—Jacob A. Riis in The Survey.

Humor of the Stump.

During a campaign an "old timer" took the stump in Indiana. Whether he gathered many lost sheep into the fold of his party or not, he certainly did not detract from the humor of the situation. On one occasion a crowd of people gathered to hear him speak.

"Fellow citizens," he roared, "our opponents are resorting to every form of villainy, to dishonest and under-hand tricks, to inconceivable meanness, to the corruption of votes, but we warn them—" his thunder shook the roof—"we warn them, fellow citizens, that is a game that two can play at."—Judge.

SPANIARD SEEN AT HIS BEST.

Illustration of Courtesy and Hospitality. My It Would Be Hard to Find Match For.

Navalook Ellis, in his "Soul of Spain," has revealed intimately and charmingly the temperament of the Spanish people. According to him, the Spaniard is still fundamentally primitive. In proof of his possession of the primal instincts of hospitality and charity he quotes the following anecdote from an Aragonese newspaper of a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon.

A laborer out of work came on the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a wagon. The laborer bade him halt, and demanded his money.

"Here are \$30, all that I have," the detained man replied.

"There is nothing left for me but robbery. My family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said, apologetically, and proceeded to put the money in his pocket; but as he did so his mind changed.

"Take this, chico," he said, handing back \$20. "One is enough for me."

"Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity.

"Yes," said the man. "Take this dollar back, too. I had better have some rice and some beans."

The wagoner handed over a bag of potatoes, and then held out five dollars, which, however, the laborer refused.

"Take them for luck money," said the wagoner. "I owe you that."

And only so was the would-be robber persuaded to accept.—Youth's Companion.

BECAUSE MIND IS UNPOISED

Scientific Reason for the Existence of the Criminal—Abnormality in His Life.

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised, wrongdoing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable, says a writer in Success.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the north star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the north star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness, or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.

Cures for Sleeplessness.

In nearly all hospitals where there are patients in an excitable condition who cannot sleep and where it would be injurious to give narcotics, the following method is adopted. A hot-water bottle is covered with flannel and placed at the feet. A thin tissue bag of thinnest silk rubber is partially filled with cold water and placed to the base of the brain. This is about ten inches long and six inches wide, as soft as silk and only half filled with cold water, so it does not feel bulky back of the head. In many cases the patient goes to sleep within a few minutes, because this draws the blood from the active brain, which is one cause of insomnia. When the patient is extremely nervous, a cracker spread with butter and sprinkled slightly with cayenne pepper is eaten. This heats the stomach. The stocking wound around the neck, not too close, yet rather snug, is an old method, for it does not retard the flow of blood from the head to the arteries, but it does retard the flow to the head, just as the cold water assists. All these methods are simple, effective and harmless.

He Got the Candy.

A country doctor who took his two small children, a boy and a girl, around with him one day on his visits, had forbidden them to accept candy, pennies, or other offerings where he visited. One day, while looking after the wife of his grocer, he left the two children in the store. The grocer made up a bag of candies and cakes and offered it to the children. The little girl declined, saying: "Papa has told us not to accept presents." As the grocer was putting the bag back on the counter, the boy, who had been regretfully eyeing the retreating bag, said: "Papa said we mustn't take them, but he didn't say I mustn't let you put them in my coat pocket."

Earthquake Fears.

Mankind are strangely inconsistent in the matter of running risks. There is no danger that appalls the imagination more than the danger of earthquake, and yet those parts of the world that are most subject to earthquakes seem never to have been therefore shunned by human beings. An earthquake is an "act of God," and men are clearly helpless against it. Like death, no one knows when it may come; but, unlike death, it may never come to all, and therefore men fear it less than death.—London Times.

Money in Gardening.

"No money in gardening? Why, I knew a man who cleared \$20,000 last summer from less than an acre." "Impossible! Utterly absurd." "Not at all. You see it was a roof garden."

ARE ILL-MATED COMPANIONS

Remarkable Fact That Humor and Melancholy Seem Fond of Each Other's Company.

Too often humor and melancholy go together. They keep company like a girl who likes to dance, and a fellow who writes nice, gloomy poetry. They get tied together, but they don't hitch. They sympathize like oil and water—

They tell us that some of the newspaper humorists, who actually make people laugh, are sometimes very gloom and melancholy at home, and can't see a joke any quicker than anybody else, when it's on themselves. It's too bad that a humorist should thus belie his profession, but it's mortal anyway—and who doesn't? It was said that Lincoln had to make jokes to relieve care. He said: "Were it not for this occasional vent, I should die."

The vent of the humorist is melancholy. Let him kick the cat, let him complain of the oatmeal, let him look glum as an owl—he, too, is entitled to a little variety. Let him read "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," or "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures" for that matter—he's entitled to something pensive. By the way Burton aforesaid has given in his "Anatomy" a picturesque description of mirth: "It is," he says, "a principal engine to batter the walls of melancholy." We must have had horse-play in mind. Our idea is that humor is a little eddy in the rushing millstream of life—where a fellow can rest awhile and fish.

MATERIALS OF STORK'S HOME.

Immense Nest Broken Up in Aleatian Town Found to Contain All Sorts of Plunder.

The following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest investigated on the summit of the Cathedral of Colmar in Upper Alsace may be of interest:

The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Ways." He described a stork's nest which was about thirty years old. It measured six feet across and was five feet in height; it weighed sixteen hundredweight, or over three-quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pickax. The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay and the materials filled 24 sacks.

The walls of the nest were found to contain 17 ladies' black stockings, five fur caps, the sleeve of a white silk blouse, three old shoes, a large piece of leather and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.

How He Kept His Clothes Dry.

Among a large shooting party on a Scottish grouse moor was a certain elderly professor whose skill with his gun was hardly equal to the profundity of his intellect. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on, and as there was no shelter on the moor the shooters got thoroughly drenched through. At least, all but one suffered—the professor. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and he did not rejoin the party until the sun was shining once more. To the amazement of the others the erudite one was as dry as a bone. The others, drenched and disgusted, inquired of him how it was he had escaped a wetting. "Directly the rain came on," replied the professor, "I went off by myself, stripped off my clothes, and sat on them until the storm was over."

Remarkable Bat Cave.

In a mountain near Montalban, Luzon, there is a large cavern with many branching chambers, and a central dome 200 feet in height, perforating the mountaintop, from which, in December, 1907, Mr. Hugh H. Smith saw issue a solid column of bats, which flew rapidly in a straight line, for 15 minutes, disappearing over a mountain range in the direction of Manila, without a single bat having left the column. American engineers stationed there told Mr. Smith that the flight of bats had occurred at practically the same time each day, during two years. From other sources it was learned that the phenomenon had been observed for at least 20 years.—Youth's Companion.

Bees and Sparrows Fight for Trees.

A fight between a half dozen English sparrows and a swarm of bees for the possession of an old tree on the lawn of the Gerrill house, Main street, was witnessed by a number of interested spectators, says a Philadelphia correspondent. The colony of bees swarmed around the tree and discovering a hole about 40 feet from the ground flew in. The first of the army, which filled the air like a miniature cloud, had hardly entered the hole before the sparrows came out ruffling their neck feathers and chattering with anger.

Steins Are Burglar Alarms.

In a New York rathskeller they have devised a novel way to protect the ornamental steins on the shelf running along the side of the room. Each stands upon a burglar alarm connection and when one is removed a contact is made, a drop falls on the annunciator indicating the position of the table and a bell rings. In a second half a dozen waiters are in attendance at that table and the stein goes back on its peg. The proprietors have lost so many valuable pieces of bric-a-brac that they were constrained to adopt this measure. Since the alarm system has gone into effect there have been many surprises, but no losses.

South Carolina Horse Swappers.

The horse swapper's business is rather flourishing in this section just now. Many old plugs change hands and many jockeys are made to rejoice for a short while, at least until they find out that the other fellow knew something that he forgot to tell; then he loses confidence in his former friend—and doesn't look upon him as being the pink of perfection as he did before, but they get better as soon as they have time to think it all over and realize that this is not the first time the trick has been turned, and probably not the last. Perhaps the other fellow will do the turning next time.—Calhoun X-Ray.

Country of Perfumes.

A great part of the world's perfumes are made in Grasse. Over 2,000,000 pounds of roses and 4,000,000 pounds of orange leaves are gathered there annually. Mountains of flowers may be seen there, as in a millling country there may be seen mountains of wheat. In the Caspian district there is a lake so strongly perfumed that it causes headaches. This lake's banks are of white salt crystals, its waters are mauve in color, and its odor is like that of violets. It is Lake Mangushak. The seaweed Polydesteria violacea gives the lake its hue and smell.

The Chicagon in Paris.

"What kind of an eating house do you call this?" asked the man from Chicago as he entered a queer-looking establishment in Paris.

WHAT'S THE USE OF KICKING?

Writer in Eastern Journal Condemns the Practice, and Asks Above Question.

If kicking would help some it would be worth while, but it does not. On the contrary, it hinders.

Then why do rational, sensible men and women indulge in it?

There is a question that is worthy of more than a passing thought, for it relates to human comfort, prosperity, and success.

Why do you kick when things do not go to please you?

Is it not because you were taught to do so? Didn't your parents, your big brothers and sisters, and maybe the men and women you admired, grumble and complain or kick when things did not go to suit them, even when it was their own fault?

And are not your children learning in the same way from you?

Maybe you had no thought of this before? Now that your attention has been called to it, and you have thought about it, if you do not act accordingly you will not be doing right, and to fail to do that which you know to be right is to sin.

Kicking is, therefore, a sign of ill-breeding, and one that young folks should take into account when choosing life partners, for a kicker in matrimonial harness loses the race, besides creating much confusion.—Newark (N. J.) News.

TWO IDEALS OF THE FAMILY.

For Comparison, One May Be Called Despotism and the Other Democracy.

To-day two ideals of the family are struggling for mastery—the old despotic family of Roman origin and ecclesiastical sanction, based on the authority of the husband and the merging of the wife's legal personality in his, and the democratic family, of Germanic origin, based on the consenting and harmonious wills of two equals. The one goes naturally with pioneering, agriculture and warfare, which put men to the fore; the other goes with industry, peace and city life, which add to the consequence of woman.

In proportion as women escape from abject mental dependence on men and find a point of view of their own, they spurn patriarchal claims and expect marriage to be the union of equal wills. What with more girls than boys in the high schools, and half as many women as men in college, it is not surprising that women more and more enter marriage with a conjugal ideal of their own. Nevertheless, the men they wed—many of them—cherish the conviction that the husband is the rightful "head" of the family. The resulting clash of ideals is none the less disastrous because it is only an incident of a transition process in social evolution.—Century Magazine.

Found \$5 in Crow's Nest.

High above the street, in a crow's nest built in the steeple of St. Agatha's Catholic church at Philadelphia, a \$5 gold piece was found recently by two steeplejacks. The money was tightly wedged in the nest and had evidently been there for some time. John Heesler and Louis Jennings, the steeplejacks, are learning down the spire, and in the course of their work they have had to remove all of the many nests found in the crevices. This particular nest was brought to the ground, and the discovery of the gold piece was made by a little girl who was searching for eggs in the nest. How the money got there is a mystery too deep for the steeplejacks. A crow will seldom carry anything to its nest except food.

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