# WHY THE OX WAS MUZZLED

Did Weish Plowman Took Timely Precaution to Save the Tail of the Leader.

The oxen were harnessed tandem mahion, stocky little Welshmen they were from the western hills, usurpers there, for the true Sussex ox is red. They eyed me with an expression of plaintive inquiry, and I noticed that the rear one's moist black nose was guarded by a string muzzle, through which he snorted at me in a manner hardly inviting confidence. The old plowman smiled indulgently while I

admired them. "Why do you muzzle the rear one?" 2 inquired.

"Leok at the t'other's tail an' ye'll pec," he chuckled.

And certainly the leader's tail was not so bushy as it should be. "There aren't many oxen used now

for farm work?" I asked. He shook his head. "Only a few, Bust here an' there, mayhap," he answered; "horses an' ste'm plows 'a' idone away with 'em. 'Sides, there min't many smiths left now as can shoe an ox. Rare fun it is, I tell ye, stickin' the kews on 'em, throw 'em we have to tie up their legs an' hold kheir necks down wi' a pitchfork. Ha!

ha! rare fun it is, lad." I looked at the wide-spreading pointed horns, and thought of the usual run of village smithies. "I shouldn't imagine any smith would be anxious to Bearn the art," I remarked.

The old man agreed with me. He had the rosy, childish unwrinkled face of the countryman, his eyes were gray-green, the color of the Channel sea below the edge of the Down; his griszled head shook as he cut into his pread with the pointed blade of a big pocketknife. "No, things ain't as they were," he said slowly.-Manchester Guardian.

### SWAM TO SHORE IN BASKET

Desiring to Join His Sweetheart, a Sallor Risks Life in Jumping From Ship.

Love for an old sweetheart and desire to save her from a marriage arranged by her parents impelled Makinsono Inousko of Seattle, Wash., a sailor on the steamer Inaba Maru, to risk his life in a daring attempt to escape from the vessel.

Waiting until the dark hours of the inight Makinzono picked up a bamboo basket, and, bolding it over his head, leaped from the steamer. Both guards and ship's officers heard the splash and rushed to the spot. Electric flash lamps and the ship's searchlight shot their rays over the waters, but all that was discernible was a bamboo basket bobbing around in the bay. Apparently without any guidance the basket floated around the end of the grain elevator and disappeared. In the morning Makinzono was missed, and Investigation developed the manner of

-

Sent among the passengers with a message from one of the ship's officers, Makinsono recognized the girl ms an old sweetheart. It was then he carried out his plan of escape. The girl is held at the detention station.-

Murdered for a Cent. A quarrel over a single penny led to murder in Hoboken the other day. A man from Nebraska, who stopped at a hotel in Hoboken while awaiting the sailing of the steamer for Europe, put a penny in the slot of an automatic music box in the dining-room of the botel, but the box refused to pour forth the expected ragtime tune. The Nebraskan became indignant and upbraided the German porter. The latter explained to him that it required a nickel and not a penny to set the mechanism of the music-box in moition, but that explanation did not satlafy the man from Nebraska. He became abusive and when the porter threatened to put him out, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the porter dead

Man an Aquatio Animal. Every moderately well-educated person knows that life originated in the water, but not so many are aware that we are still aquatic animals. Every pell except those of the outside skin he dependent upon a surrounding liquid to keep it alive, and if it became dry it would perish. A person who realises this fact will always take care to drink plenty of water, and will also est plenty of fruit and vegetables, since these contain large quantities of water, and that in a purer form than s usually available. The pickaninny shows his good sense when he feasts upon the juicy watermelon, and inptead of ridiculing him we might bether go and do likewise.

Why He Sought Pardon. Roquelaure, the deformed jester of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his mardon for having struck off the belmet of one of his sentinels, who had gailed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roquelaure should crave his parden for so vental an offense, and said to him: "This is a serious matster, Roquelaure, but I will pardon you this time." It afterwards turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet, and fell with it to the ground.

Knocker-Bay, here's an original baseball story. Second senior—How's that? Knocker-Hero wins the game in blatth inning instead of ninth.

### TUNA A REMARKABLE FISH

Swaggering Musketeer of the Sca Is the Largest of the Game or Bony Fishes.

Charles Frederick Holder, the California naturalist, thus describes that remarkable fish the tuna: "The tuna is a pelagio fish, a free lance, an ocean rover, a sort of swaggering; musketeer of the sea, the largest of what may be termed the game or bony fishes, attaining a maximum weight of nearly 2,000 pounds and an approximate length of fourteen feet or more. Such a fish is very exceptional, though specimens weighing 1,500 pounds have been taken on the New England coast. I once entered a school in a big launch. The school divided to port and starboard as we passed through it, and I had a view of one or two fishes that appeared to be more than

half as long as the boat. "These fishes spend the winter in warm latitudes, and migrate north as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence. They are found in the Mediterranean, and north, to the Loffoden island; yet so far the efforts of anglers, except at Santa Catalina, have failed to take them with the rod. Even here there is a stretch of but eight miles or so where they can be satisfactorily played and taken with rod and reel.

"This region lies on the north side of Santa Catalina, from Avalon to Long Point, and to the east as many more, facing the north, and generally smooth-more like a Scottish lock than a fishing ground 20 miles out to

### TAMENESS OF A SEA LION

Old Ben, Weighing Half a Ton, Is Often Met.on the Streets of Avalon.

In describing the islands lying off the southern coast of California Frederick Holder writes: "The feature which will really amaze the wanderer among the Channel islands is 'the tameness of some animals. To meet a bull sea lion weighing approximately haif a ton on the main avenue of a town, 50 feet from the water, is a possibility of a startling nature, yet I have seen Old Ben, the head of the Santa Catalina sea lion rookery, on Crescent avenue, Avalon, surrounded by tourists who snapped their cam-

eras at him with impunity. "At that time Ben could be induced to come ashore when the lure was a fat, long-finned tuna, but one day he climbed upon the wharf, coming entirely up the steps, following the man with a fish. Then some unreasonable person made a threatening demonstration; Ben started for the step, lost his hold, slipped and fell, smashing them and wounding himself. For a time he remembered this, but gradually his faith in human beings has re-

turned. "He is good-tempered and never attempts to bite. But he is a sayage looking animal, and when he comes leaping up on the boat landing, driving off women and children by mere ferocity of appearance, and seizing their fish, as he did recently, he makes a very clever imitation of a feroclous

A New One. Nimble wits and a glib tongue frenently save erring New York "coppers" on trial before the deputy commissioner at police headquarters. Not long ago a giant patrolman, accused of being about a quarter of a mile off his beat, evolved this excuse: "You see, it was like this, your honor. I was patrolling my post, when I thought I heard a man up the street yelling 'Fire! Fire!' I ran in the direction. of the sound, and, would you believe me, Mr. Commissioner, there stood a fellow out on the sidewalk trying to wake up a friend of his on the second floor, and he was yelling with all his might, 'Meyer! Meyer!' "Well, that's a brand new one." said the trial commissioner, the suspicion of a smile crossing his face. "Complaint!

Bride Was Deaf. At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Berkshire, when the minister said in solemn tone, "Wilt thouhave this man to be thy wedded husband?" Instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered:

"Oi will." Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said:

"'Er be deaf. Oi be answerin' for 'er."—London Telegraph.

An Editor's Trials. People won't love us; we have finally made up our mind to that. Yesterday we mentioned the case of a man who has one child and who every evening buys the child an ice cream cone from a street wagon. And we mentioned how the five poor children across the street looked longingly at the fertunate child and wanted some. Up to noon today nine men had claimed that it was a "dig" at them. and said the man across the street had plenty of money but was too stingy to buy his children ice cream cones.—Atchison Globe.

A Welcome Exchange. "What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl. "The happiest moment of my life," enswered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange "-Tit-Bita.

### WHY WOMEN GROW OLD EARLY

Through a Mistaken Idea of Duty Ene Permits Her Life to Become a Treadmill.

Why do some women grow old and others keep the secret of perpetual youth? Here is one answer:

One reason why the average woman wears out, grows plain before her husband, is that, through a mistaken idea of duty, she lays out for herself at the beginning of her married life a scheme or plan of duty and employment for her time, every hour filled with work, with rare and short periods

of relaxation. This she follows religiously for years, feeling that she has done her duty, because every household event occurs regularly and on time, while she soon becomes merely a machine, a thing without life of itself or volition. She settles into a rut, and goes round and round on the same track everlastingly.

Can any woman keep brightness, originality of thought or speech, or even mere prettiness with such a life? And without those things how can she keep her busband and growing children full of loving admiration, which is the strong chain by which she can bind them to her? How bright and jolly the neighbor's wife seems when she calls. In nine cases out of ten it is because the surroundings and talk of your home are variety to her, and rouse her to originality and brightness of speech.

Cultivate a broad attitude toward the world and its people. Let your interests be far-reaching, and there will be renewed vigor when it comes to solve the problems of the home.

### WANTED PAY FOR HIS WORK

British West Indian Who Wanted Recompense for Building His Own House, Materials Furnished.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitt's, one of the British West India islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work. A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Five or six years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent- a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of

odds and ends. "What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything." "Who's goin' to build mah house?"

"You are, if anybody does." "Who's goin' to pay me fur mah

Drope Pick as Wife Gets Rich. Michael Flanagan threw down his pick when he got word his wife had fallen heir to \$50,000 left by her uncle, John Hogan, a Brooklyn saloonkeeper. Flanagan has been one of the jolly, devil-may-care workers employed in building a road on Franklin Murphy's large estate, which is being fashioned out of the wilderness near here.

"I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Flanagan when a lawyer's clerk from Morristown brought the news, "but I'm suddenly elevated to the Rockefeller and Carnegie class, and so I must be off." Michael, notwithstanding he had

money in his pocket, walked a mile in the hot sun to the milroad station rather than pay a nickel on the trol-"If any part of that \$50,000 gets

away from me foolishly it will be when I'm asleep and can't hold on to its wing," remarked Flanagan de-

Eating Between Meals. Not much is said about this bad habit nowadays, but is is still a bad habit. Do not let children eat chocolates, biscufts or sweetmests at odd times, whenever the whim seizes

This practise leads to many troublesome little ailments connected with the digestion. Nibbling at crackers and sucking

sour balls or taffy are perhaps the most common forms of "eating all the time" and should be checked as soon es the habit is noticed. A little pure candy may be given for dessert at a meal, or at night before

A Misunderstanding. Census Taker-What did you say your name is?

the teeth are washed, but it should

not be given more than once a day.

Editor of the Century-R. U. John-Census Taker—What difference does it make whether I am Johnson or not? You've got to answer the questions I ask or get arrested. What did:

you say your name is? Unossified. "Where's the ossified man!" "Fired him." "What for?" "He fell in love."

him as a drawing card." "That's what you think; but after he fell in love he was the softest thing

"But that shouldn't have spoiled

## HERE'S A GOOD CHILD STORY

One Which Comes From the Family of a Boston Educator and Has Unusual Originality.

Perhaps the most startling child story extant, however, comes from the family of a famous Boston educator, whose children all are distinguished by an unusual degree of originality. Several boys and girls of various ages have been adopted into this family, so the sudden appearance of new and well-grown associates seems to the younger members quite natural. This rather unusual attitude toward family growth worked out oddly a year or two ago, upon the occasion of the Christmas play, which the little ones annually write, rehearse and produce, quite without adult assistance, for their parents.

The plot of the play included the financial redemption of a highly worthy couple—this being an extremely cultured and sociologically learned yet natural group of youngsters-by the good luck of the husband, played by an eager urchin of seven, in the gold fields of Alaska. The happy bridegroom returned to his weeping bride of a year in the nick of time, bearing with him a huge and heavy bag of gold. The bride, in a neat speech, revealed to him the povertystricken, hungry straits to which she had been reduced, and warmly commended his skill and industry in gold finding. Then, rising with a proud and modest air, she gently informed him: "And I, meanwhile, have not been idle!"-and, drawing a convenient curtain, disclosed an assorted group of laughing boys and girls as "Our children, dear!"

The audience, not unnaturally, rocked with helpless laughter, but those dear little lads and lasses still are wondering why.

# VALUE OF PROPERTY RIGHTS

How One Small Boy Was Cured of Destructive Propensities by a Lasting Lesson.

Small boys are very apt to fail to recognize the value of others' property. My'small son, in company with a playmate, in a game used the lights in a neighbor's henhouse for a target. The owner of the damaged property visited both homes, where the culprits

hid in dismay, and collected damages. Here was a valuable opportunity for a lasting lesson. I called my boy to me, and we talked the matter over, he having full chance to explain his side of the case. Then the mischief he had wrought and the reputation it might give him were gravely dis-

cussed. He voluntarily offered to refund the amount of his part of the damage out of his small savings until full restitution was made. This was finally agreed upon, and here came the hard part for the boy. His pocket money allowance was 25 cents a week, which was frequently reduced by fines for ill-temper or other sundry breaches of etiquette or duty. It took him seven weeks to get out of debt.

When the last cent was paid, he gave a sigh of relief, and said. "There, I'll never destroy anything again as long as I live."—Harper's Basar.

# Teaching Correct Speech.

A woman of culture and travel has made a glorious success teaching correct speech. It is surprising how much incorrect speech there is among our educated people. They cling to provincialisms, incorrect pronunciations, wrong use of words, and unmusical intonations. The southerner holds to the soft, r-less utterance of his "mammy" days; the middle westerner flattens his vowels; the Bostonian throws his r's completely out of joint. This woman undertook to correct such errors and teach a pure, perfect English speech to a few young women. She became so successful that she was compelled to start a school of correct English which has grown to great proportions. This particularly promising field is open in every town in America.-The Delines-

Limited Vision. There was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand dunes." And they went. But ere they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand." "To what did I invite you?" asked the poet. "To walk in the sand dunes." "Then do not complain," said the post, "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's; nor the sand's."-Maarten Maartens.

World's Oldest Tree. The recent rose show given in Paris by the French Horticultural society recalled the fact that the oldest rose itree in the world is believed to be one which grows on a wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany. Eleventh-century records make mention of expenses incurred by caretakers of the cathedral in maintaining this tree, which covers the wall to a height of twenty-five feet and is twenty inches thick at the root.

Hie Opportunity. "You never saw a man more deflighted than Flutterby is!" "What's the cause?"

"He's going to get a public hearing for his poems at last."

To print " "Not exactly. He's been sued for breach of promise, and all his poems are to be read in open court "

"itter : geter madein i \$2,60 Titler : getie myden / BB.BD

# THOSE BUSY NEW YORKERS

How They Drive and Rush and Then Waste Valuable Hours in Idieness.

How they do drive and rush and sweat to be sure; falling over each other, trampling each other down in their mad struggle to get ahead in the pursuit of the round, rolling dollar, just beyond the reach of their grasping claws.

How they run up the stairs of the elevated railroads! How they cannot be persuaded—any of 'em—to wait for the next surface car, but cling perilously to the step and engorge the doorways! How they pack and jam the subway stairs and platforms in a surging mob, shouldering like football players, crushing little children, subjecting men and women alike to the most arrant outrages in the intrusion upon each other. How busy, how hurried they are. There is not time enough in the day for them; they are driven by whips of worse than scorpions, and they leap and run and scourge, breathless and panting, in their strife for precedence, the New York Evening Sun says.

And yet-several thousand persons, men, women and boys, on their hurried way to their frantic toil recently, stopped for an hour or two or three to gape at the empty air in front of the city hall, because it had been advertised that a man would start some time today from that spot and walk to California. It is heaven's mercy that no cat happened to get up a tree anywhere in town last night, nor any dog was heard yelping at a closed window, nor any bird with a broken wing was to be seen anywhere, nor any man started to mend a chimney or a lofty flagstaff. If any or all of these tremendous cataclysms had occurred at the same time with the pedestrian's departure half the working population of New York might have been smitten motionless, and stood staring for hours in the effort to quench their magnificent curiosity.

## USE FOR BLOTTING PAPER

In Germany It is Made to Take the Place of Waste for Cleaning Machinery.

In Germany blotting paper is used to clean machinery. Tow, woolen refuse, sponge, cloths and jute waste are the materials usually employed for the cleaning of machinery and parts of engines which are soiled by dust and lubricating substances. The better varieties of cotton waste are very good for scouring purposes, but the cheaper grades are charged with dust, and in using them a sponge cloth. specially manufactured for the purpose, is employed. In using blotting paper for scouring purposes the use of cotton waste is decreased and sponge cloths are entirely dispensed with. On an average the German workman received under the former system 250 grams of cotton waste, one new sponge cloth and one or two renovated ones every week. Now he is supplied with 150 grams of cotton waste, and about eight or ten sheets of blotting paper, at a cost of \$1/2 cents, or one-third the cost of the cotton waste. The paper is not only cheaper, but it does not soil the machinery with fibers and dust, as do the woolen refuse and the sponge cloths. It is also less combustible than other cleaning materials, and if it should be caught in the machinery while engines in motion are being cleaned it tears easily and the workmen run no risk of having their hands drawn into the machinery.--Harper's

Gen, Logan and Staff. Just before the capture of Savannah, General Logan with two or three of his staff entered the depot at Chicago one fine morning to take a car east on his way to join his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with "You will not be goin' in there." "Why not, sir?" says the general. "Bekase this is a leddies' caer and no gentlemen'il be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, if yees want it," t the same time pointing to it . "Yes, I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?" "Oh, bother your 'staff!' " was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate and stick your staff out of the windy."

# Saw the Light.

"The subject of tips—made in Europe and closely imitated in the United States—always furnishes something new to the American tourist," said a man just back from Europe. "I had some clothes made in London. The tailor came to my hotel with a boy who carried his parcel, to have a fit. He wore a high hat and prince Albert coat, and but for his shoes would have passed for well dressed. After the fit was over and the garments were packed up he was leaving the apartment when our English servant reminded me of the tip. I was: afraid and, if I had overcome the fear, did not know the limit, and asked the servant to perform the operation. When they had gone I was told: You. want your clothes to fit, sir, don't you? And I saw the light."

Jan - All An Expert Accountant 45 1521 Mrs. Newly—Don't you like my feet hat, dearest?

Newly-Yes-s, it's all right. Mrs. Newly-Well, I bought it on your account, dear! Newly-Yes, you usually do.-Brook

# YANKFOSKI LOVES ANIMALS

But When Wife's Parrot Perched on His Face in Bed He Rebelled.

Yielding to no man in his effection for our dumb friends, Valentine Yankofski of Winsted, Conn., who appeared before Judge William and obtained a decree of separation from Mrs. Yankofski, said he drew the line at trying to dwell in peace and amity with a houseful of cats, parrots and

He told Judge Williams he believed in pets when the pets are kept in their proper places, but that he is far from convinced that the cats, parrots and the rest of the menageric should have carte blanche as to what they may do in a house.

He had stood up as long as he could under the affliction of having his wife's trained animals sit at the table with him, but when he remonstrated she said that not only could they share his board, but that when the time came at night for the Yankofskis to retire this hour was also to be the animala' bedtime.

The plaintiff, who said his wife had gone away leaving no forwarding address, was at a loss to explain her exodus on any ground other than that she had become piqued when he kicked a parrot out of bed simply because the bird had chosen the Valentine Yankofski face as a perch.

Mr. Yankofski said also that the dogs with whom his wife had insisted. that he share his couch had developed a fondness for sleeping in the daytime and spending the night roaming over him. Being of an affectionate disposition. Yankofski volunteered toprovide separate maintenance for the animal act, but his wife had declined to be separated from her pets and had. gone away, taking the pets with-her.

#### ROYAL KINETOSCOPE DEVOTEE

Duke Illustrates His Adventures for Friends by Means of the Moving Picture Machine.

Royalty at the wheel of a moving picture machine will be one feature of the national festivities. The Ducde Montpensier, uncle of the king of Portugal, brother of the Duc d'Orlenns, grandson of Louis Philippe, and himself an officer in the Spanish army, is coming a second time to Mexico, armed this time with an action regarding camera as well as

A friend in this city who has received a letter from the royal tourist. is authority for the statement that he seldom "does" a region now without being followed by a man carrying the apparatus for catching the record of moving things.

The films secured by the duke are delectation of his friends. It is said that none he has taken has been or ever will be exhibited before the mere public, but that in both his European. homes the duke has thrown them. upon the screen in order to illustrate his stories of personal adventure. The duke gained his experience with the moving picture camera in the Black forest of Germany.-Mexico Record.

Where Ears Grow Sharp. A French balloonist has recorded the clearness with which sounds coming from the surface of the ground can Ber II

be heard at a high altitude At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' hoofs-on a hard road was clearly audible. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was heard. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet.

These sounds penetrated through a while floor of cloud that hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the myestigator was startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. It was ascertained that this noise was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

Up in the Air.

Glenn H. Curtiss was describing in New York his flight down the Hud-

"The intelligent interest of the public in my aeroplane and its operation," he said, "shows very plainly that people nowadays have a good general knowledge of aeronautics. It wasn't always so. When I think of the stupid and useless questions about my machine that used to exasperate me to the point of rudeness, I am reminded

"Smith, meeting Jones one day, exclaimed: "'Hallo, Jones! You wearing glasses? What's that for?"

"Jones, annoyed at the foolishness of the question, answered irritablysi

Solid Comfort.

"What do you find most enjoyable about life on the farm?"

"Well," replied Mr. Corntossel, "I don't calculate on much real enjoyment myself. But what 'Mandy an' the girls look forward to is the time when the summer boarders take their knittin' needles out on the porch an'

Lucky Jack.

Lucky Jack.

Lucky Jack.

Jack has been feaching me how to swim. It's

Malk about one mother

great fun. Pan-The rascal! He's been pretending to me that he can't swim a stroke, and I put in mearly all of yesterday teaching him!

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

randre and Louislage at land, Stone, for Bining land, Suddies of a published for the Commerce destinguished as the Commerce of the Commerce of