

HARD BATTLE FOR THE DOG

Sport Killed the Big Bob Cat, but He Suffered Severely in the Combat.

After a battle in which he came near meeting death himself, Sport, a medium-sized coach dog, the property of W. M. Hutterbaugh, a rancher living in Lemps Gulch, Idaho, killed a bobcat that measured six feet from nose to tip of tail.

BODGE THE POSTAGE STAMP

Foreign Countries Devising Schemes for Benefit of Large Users of the Mails.

Any man who can devise a practical substitute for the postage stamp will deserve the gratitude of every large business house in the world, and may earn a large fortune.

In the postoffices of some countries steps in this direction have already been taken. Here, for instance, newspapers and magazines are mailed by their publishers in bulk without stamps, and the postage is paid in a lump sum of one cent a pound.

A writer in the Umschau, a German publication, suggests a further development of this system along the lines of a meter, like those used for water, gas and electricity, in which the letters would be placed and automatically stamped with a postmark.

Artificial Sponges.

An artificial sponge, the outcome of German ingenuity, is now to be had, according to the Scientific American. The process of making it consists principally in the action of zinc chloride on pure cellulose.

Placed in a press mold armed with pins the mass is pierced through and through until it appears traversed by a multitude of tiny canals, like the pores of a natural sponge.

Ancient Roman Long Branch.

The sea coast of Laurentum may have been in favor with the fashionable and the wealthy for a brief space of time under Augustus and his immediate successors, but was given up quite soon to parvenues and merchants and retired officers.

His Misfortune.

"You got a raise in pay. Didn't you?" "Yes, but it didn't do me any good."

TIP QUESTION IS SERIOUS

Gratuities of the Season Give a Severe Jolt to Man of Small Income.

"This tip business," said a man of small income, "has come to be a serious matter. Every summer I send my wife and daughter to the country, to a modest hotel in a quiet place—does them good and doesn't cost us much more than it would to have them stay home, or didn't use to."

"Years ago we gave some small tips, a little to the waitress and a little to the chambermaid, amounts not great, but now we have to give more to them and we have to give also to the chef and to the housekeeper and so on, something to everybody that does something for us. It seems to be the custom, and it all counts up."

"This year, for instance, I sent the folks along weekly the little check for their board and their other moderate expenses—and they are always careful about those—and everything is going along very pleasantly and I see us settling the financial problem very nicely, and then a week or two before they are coming home we put down a little memorandum of the tips to give when they come away, and do you know that this year those amounted to \$30."

"Thirty dollars; and that gives me—just as it does every year—quite a little jolt. I know it's coming, but I never realize it till it comes. You know what Lincoln said about paying bills? that it was easier to pay a big bill if you had the money than a little bill if you hadn't, and that sum up on the tips hits us in something that way. We pay 'em, but it does sort of put the kibosh on our nice little financial schedule."

IT PLEASES THE SERVANTS

Berlin Police Arbitrarily Fix the Sum. They Shall Be Allowed for Food.

Another instance of the way in which the Berlin police authorities interest themselves in every detail of the private life of the city's inhabitants is afforded by a decree just issued by the police president which arbitrarily fixes the sum per day which is to be allowed for food to domestic servants during their employers' absence in summer.

The term "domestic servant" includes everything, from the maid of all work of the small household to the butler, with all his retinue of lesser lights, in the house of the rich, and the decree lays down that each man servant shall receive a daily allowance of 35 cents and each maid servant 30 cents for food during the whole time of their employer's absence.

The new police regulation has been greeted with more delight by the servants than by their employers, especially among the middle classes, where the domestic servant problem in Germany is already acute enough. Although the amount of the daily allowance cannot be considered as excessive in relation to the present prices of food, when it is remembered that the ordinary wage, which in Germany is anything from \$7.50 per month upward for the average domestic servant, has also to be paid during the employer's absence, it will be seen that the new regulation will mean a considerable item in the reckoning of the middle-class family about to start on its summer vacation.

The Nation of Hotel Keepers.

The "playground of Europe" is the very appropriate name bestowed upon Switzerland. In the summer time tourists come from all parts of the world and fill the hotels—the best organized and best kept of any in the world—for the Swiss are a nation of hotel keepers. The statement of the Chocolate Soldier, the hero of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," that his family has a home with three hundred rooms, fifty servants, twenty cows and so on, sounded like a baronial tale until he explained that he was the son of a Swiss hotel keeper. Now the long and severe Swiss winter has been turned to advantage, and even when the great, blue lakes are frozen and the snow mantles the lower hills, the tourist still raves over the varied beauties and grandeur of the Swiss scenery and the many delights of her mountain hostelry.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

She Knew What to Do.

A North side matron, directing an electric coupe for the first time, ventured far out on the South side and punctured a tire. She drove home on the rim and came in for a scientific treatise on tires from her husband. "Never drive the electric with a busted tire," said he. "It will ruin the tire, and it's cost money." Another puncture followed a few days later, but this time she was not far from home.

Tragic Wedding Party.

An appalling happening occurred in Turkey a few days ago, at a wedding celebration, the bride, bridegroom and twenty-eight of the guests being blown to pieces. A powder merchant named Yaha was celebrating his wedding in the village of Sinan, in the Yemen, when a terrific explosion occurred in one of the rooms where powder was stored. The bride and bridegroom and guests all perished, some of them being terribly mutilated.

PARIS LIKES WHITE CANARY

New Songbird is Most Popular in the Gay Capital and Fetches High Price.

The Parisian has an unusual taste in his choice of songbirds. Every street echoes to the song of this noisy bird, and in the holiday time, when families are away, there are concertos whose more or less restricted quarters are positively combined with cages of canaries left in their charge by absent tenants.

But in the out of the season the bird market is held every Sunday in the year in the City Island and a lively trade in canaries is always done. The best songbirds in the market come from an old house close by the market, where lives an ornithologist who spends his life in teaching canaries to sing, and he has now, after some years of effort, produced a pure white canary as any yellow or green bird ever sold.

The supply of the white canary being at present strictly limited, those that were sold last Sunday fetched comparatively high prices, but they had all the honors of the day, and for the few hours that they adorned the stall they were the center of an admiring and wondering crowd. There are plenty of canaries that are nearly white, but this bird is as white as a dove, without any speck of yellow on his plumage.

The Parisian has his own special way of transporting his canaries to the cage that awaits them at his home. The bird is placed in a small paper bag and pinned to the lapel of his coat. —Paris Correspondence London Standard.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

He Hopes the Boy WILL Turn Out to Be Good Judge of Men, When His Turn Comes.

"Stevy, my boy," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful nephew, "I hope it will turn out that you are a good judge of men, for by virtue of that quality a man is able in effect to multiply his own power."

"It is a common thing to hear people say that the more pay a man gets the less work he does, and as to the doing of actual labor this may be true; somebody else saws the wood while he sits by the fire."

"As a matter of fact there are plenty of men high up who still work hard, and all of them certainly worked hard when they were younger, and if they are doing less actual labor now it is because they are good judges of men, able to pick out for the business under their direction just the right men to do the work and carry it forward successfully."

"Really it is in the exercise of this gift that we find the greatest value in a manager; it is just this that makes him worth his high pay. We want him to sit around and take things easy and give himself time to think and keep his head clear. We don't want him to get out and chop down trees; we want him to be able to select men who can do that work to the greatest advantage and with the greatest economy."

"Some of us know men on sight and some don't. I hope, Stevy, that you will turn out to be a good judge of men."

Always a Fly in the Ointment.

The two old cronies happened to be taking an automobile ride through the fruit belt.

"Rammage," observed the man with the cropped mustache, "this is a land of plenty. I could be perfectly happy here."

"You wouldn't though, Ruggies," returned the man with the auburn beard. "I'll bet you a dollar that the first man you congratulate on his prosperity will put up a howl about his hard luck."

"You're on."

Ten minutes later they stopped at a farmhouse, ostensibly to get a drink of water.

"You've got the finest yield of grapes in that vineyard," casually remarked Ruggies. "I ever saw in my life."

"Yes," gloomed the fruit raiser. "I've got too gash-blamed many grapes this year. I can't get half enough baskets to ship 'em in."

"Rammage, you win," said Ruggies. And they rode on.

She Knew Harry.

"Now, Harry, go to Smith's, the grocer, and get a pound of the best syrup," said his mother, and she handed the young hopeful a couple of good-sized jugs. When the boy had gone the vicar's wife said:

"You didn't tell him to get anything in the other jug. Is he going to leave it at the shop?"

"No, ma'am; he's going to bring it back here again."

"But why send two jugs to get a pound of syrup?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. If he has a jug in each hand, he can't go dipping his finger in the syrup and eating it as he comes along."

Not the Conservatory.

Young Lady—The Musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it? Janitor—No, mum; the Musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street.

Young lady, dubiously—I-I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the Musical conservatory is not here? Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' here but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

MAKING RAIN WITH ROCKETS

Experiments Tried With Considerable Success on a Coffee Plantation in Southern India.

Experiments made to ascertain whether the discharge of explosives during cloudy weather produces rainfall are described in a letter from James Stanes.

"Some years ago," he says, "an experiment was tried in the Cuddapah district of southern India with considerable success. I am part owner of an estate in the Srerampilly hills, which is situated in a particularly dry zone. For several seasons poor coffee crops withered away from lack of rain during July and August."

When I was visiting the estate in July, 1905, I noticed that heavy clouds gathered every afternoon and I thought that if we had been in a position to fire explosive rockets from the highest peak of the hills, about 4,500 feet, a shower of rain might have been produced.

I therefore arranged to have a supply of rockets kept on the estate and fired off every afternoon at the rate of one rocket every five minutes, but only when the condition of the atmosphere was such that heavy rain threatened on all sides.

Whether rain has fallen in response to these explosives or not the fact remains that ever since we first tried the experiment we have been fortunate enough to catch sufficient moisture to enable the crops to survive the drought."

Firing into the clouds with the object of causing rain was practiced for several years in southern Germany, Switzerland and France, but seems to have been abandoned some time ago. The idea was to protect the vineyards and other cultivations from damage by hailstones, it being thought that by the discharge of large guns rain would fall and that the danger from hailstorms would be averted.—London Daily Mail.

REAL MADAME "SANS-GENE"

Story of Adventurous Career of Marie Therese Figureur in the French Army.

Everyone knows the washerwoman who was so familiar with Napoleon in Victorien Sardou's play, "Madame Sans-Gene," but the real "Sans-Gene" who lived at that time was a dragoon in one of the great Corsican armies and spent twenty years in camps and barracks, in campaigns and battles over Europe. In the Musee de L'Armee in Paris a special case has just been installed inside which stands her equestrian statue.

Her real name was Marie Therese Figureur and she was born in Burgundy in 1774. When nineteen, at the end of the reign of terror, she enrolled in a cavalry regiment commanded by one of her uncles and soon acquired the nickname of "Sans-Gene."

Mme. Sans-Gene fought in Germany with the French and Batavian armies, charged at Hohenlinden, took part in the siege of Toulon, was in the Italian, Spanish and Austrian campaigns and fought at Austerlitz and in Russia. During the Hundred Days the emperor conferred the Legion of Honor upon her and she charged at Waterloo for the last time.

With the Restoration she left the army to get married. She was then thirty-nine. In the course of her martial career Sans-Gene had five horses shot under her and was wounded eight times in different engagements. She died in hospital in 1861.

Both Delighted.

Two elderly gentlemen, both decently clothed in sober black, were sitting side by side in a Euclid avenue car, each with the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Each was reading a morning paper. Suddenly one of the men uttered an exclamation of pleasure and the other peered at him over his glasses.

"I see here," explained the first with a beaming face, "that Mr. B. who died last week has left his estate to various charitable enterprises. This will be a surprise to his many relatives. It is to me a glad surprise in my case, for I am the pastor of a church to which he has left \$10,000."

The second man looked at the article and his face, too, became wreathed in smiles. "God bless him!" he exclaimed heartily. "All to charitable institutions in spite of his relatives! Ah, sir, I like to see money left like that. I do, indeed!" "Are you also a clergyman?" "No, sir, I am a lawyer."

The Ghost Walked.

The mistaken idea that one's troubles end with death was set aside in Starwick v. Washington Cut Glass Company 21 Wash. Dec. No. 13 (Adv. Sheets). In which the supreme court of Washington first announced that the defendant corporation "gave up the ghost." How it died is not fully apparent, but having yielded its spirit to the one who made it, it still retained its worldly cares, for in the next sentence the court said: "But that did not deliver it from the burden of its contracts."

Evidently, in this case, the ghost walked, being "in torment." Who shall henceforth say that corporations have no souls—Case and Comment.

Employed.

Father—Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Tommy—Wonder if that's why Mr. Boffly is so awfully busy holding sister's—Judge.

THAT CLINGING REST HABIT

Hard to Break, but It Can Be Done, Says the Amiable Mr. Glimmerton.

"For that don't feel like work feeling with which," said Mr. Glimmerton, "I fancy we are all of us more or less likely to be afflicted, I would in some cases prescribe rest, though in most cases no doubt the proper prescription would be exertion."

"The trouble with the rest cure is that it is like taking opium, the more you take the more you want. The rest habit is easy to acquire and hard to break."

The habit of exertion, on the contrary, is one that commonly we do not take to so kindly. It does not, as it were, spontaneously permeate us as the rest habit does, it many in fact requires quite assiduous cultivation, and it takes quite a man to acquire this habit in a completely saturating and permanent form so that he is proof against attacks of the rest habit, which, if he has a trace of it left in him, is sure to develop on the slightest provocation.

"Exertion is the only real cure. It may be hard to take at first, but you'll come to like it. Persist and you'll find it vastly strengthening and then delightful, and then, while in taking the rest cure you are taking this one you have money all the time coming in."

"Try work, continuous, steady, hard work. Once get the habit of work embedded in your system and you won't be troubled any more by that tired feeling."

WAS THE FRIEND OF A KING

Merchant Told of the Strong Attachment of King Edward for John Bright.

An interesting account is given for the first time of an incident which began the friendship that existed between John Bright and King Edward VII. The story was told by Mr. Bright in the hearing of Mr. Conah, a merchant in Manchester. Mr. Bright, it seems, had, at a meeting in St. James' hall, rebuked those people who were criticizing Queen Victoria for her appearances at public functions after the passing away of the prince consort. On the following morning the private secretary of King Edward (then Prince of Wales) called upon Mr. Bright with a special request from the prince to call upon him at Marlborough house. Mr. Bright at first demurred, but yielding to the pleading of the messenger, he went, and he was received in the most friendly manner by the prince and introduced to the family circle. The prince took Mr. Bright aside and as a son thanked him for his kindly words on behalf of the mourning queen, and asked to be granted the privilege of being counted among the tribune's friends.

"Whatever may be my personal opinion of kings and princes," Bright said, concluding his narration of the incident, "the man before me was a son making an appeal on behalf of his mother, and I could not resist it. We shook hands, and have been close friends ever since."—Christian Science Monitor.

New Heat Unit.

The use of gas for heating as well as lighting has made obsolete the old unit the candle power, owing to the fact that this unit rates merely the brightness of the flame, not the heating power. Deville and more recent experimenters discovered a remarkable proportion between the light and heat of a mantle, and using this, makers are rating burners according to the units of heat given to them per unit of time in standard calorific. Gas of 6,200 calories efficiency a cubic meter has been recommended as the standard.

The latest designs of burners for heat and lighting require that the gas have a fairly constant consumption, since the maximum efficiency of the burner is attained only when the relative quantities of air and gas are closely regulated. Water gas may be added to prevent excessive variation in calorific value.—America.

An Incident of the Road.

"Stop!" cried the man in the road. "You are exceeding the speed limit." "That's all nonsense," retorted Binks, bringing his car to a standstill.

"That's what they all say," said the man in the road, climbing into the car. "You can tell your story to the magistrate at Hinktown—just seven miles up the road. Start along, please."

They drove on in silence to Hinktown, where, as the car drew up in front of the courthouse, the man in the road got out.

"Much obliged for the lift," said he. "You can settle that matter of speed with the magistrate if you want to. As a stranger in these here parts I don't think my word would go for much."

White Heron in New Jersey.

Local naturalists and bird lovers are interested in a number of white heron which are making their headquarters at Avia's Pond, Woodstown, N. J., about a mile from town. The birds were first noticed about a week ago. These are the birds from which silver reties are obtained. Extinction of the species is feared because the silver can be obtained only when the bird is raising its young and its death at the hands of the hunter also means starvation of the young heron.

Odd Sentences.

"Break rock for 100 days or go to church every Sunday for six months," was the sentence imposed upon three Kansas City (Mo.) boys, after they had been convicted of throwing eggs at pedestrians.

"I sentence this boy to a whipping every morning for a month. Not the hammy pambly kind, but good, real hard ones; ones that'll make his eat off a mantelpiece. You'll find then that he'll develop into a good boy." This was the remedy prescribed by magisterial wisdom in the case of an eight-year-old boy who, his mother said, had a mania for running away from home.—Case and Comment.

DEEP MYSTERY OF THE LAW

Man Who Won't Support Family Is Imprisoned and Wife Really Pays Penalty.

Mysteries far beyond the comprehension of the average mortal are constantly revealed in the law and its administration. The other day a much harassed woman appeared in a Boston court and complained to the judge that her husband refused to support their two small children. She could get along without him, she said, but she demanded that he be compelled to go to work and help support his offspring. Her story was corroborated by witnesses.

So the judge found the man guilty and sentenced him to one year in the house of correction.

Here was what seems on the surface to be an easy problem. A husband and father, either through disinclination or through inability to find work, is brought into court on a charge of non-support. In order to relieve the situation, he is sent to the house of correction, where he will be kept at work. That he is not able to send his pay envelope home to his family every Saturday night—because there is no pay envelope in such cases—is, in the eye of the law, a minor circumstance. The main thing seems to be that the man has been guilty of an offense and that he is punished for it. He is punished, but it is his wife and his two helpless children who pay the penalty.

The law may be ironical but it has no sense of humor. "You have been found guilty of not supporting your children," it says, "and therefore I will send you where you cannot support them."

ELECTRIC POWER FROM WIND

Economical Lighting Plants Can Be Based on It, With Gasoline Motors to Help.

There has never been a time when the forces of nature were subjected to such searching scrutiny to determine their availability for the development of mechanical power as they receive at present. This arises naturally from the progressive use of electricity.

Among other things it is that the wind can be utilized to a greater extent than in the past, chiefly for electrical lighting. The object in view is the average wind, the wind has been investigated on land. It is found that for a mate half the time the mean velocity is ten miles an hour, and about one-third of the time five miles. In the winter the average is higher. The great difficulty arises from the calm periods, which may last days, or even a week, but it has been shown that economical lighting plants can be based upon wind power by providing gasoline motors to take up the work whenever the wind fails.

Vanity.

A real friendship with a vain woman lacks comfort and sincerity. Wound for a second her vanity and the friendship snaps. Many people wonder at the attraction of women who are undeniably plain, but it often has its root in the fact that they are lacking in vanity. They are not constantly absorbed in their own charms, so have time to admire those of other people, consequently they are seldom lacking in friends.

Vanity is not altogether an attribute of the grown-up. One sees it frequently developed to an alarming extent in young children. Nor is it a matter for amusement. Rather should every mother strive to uproot this tendency. Ridicule is one of the swiftest ways of extinguishing it.

Children should be taught not to attach importance to whatever physical charms they may possess. Beautiful eyes, a lovely mouth or a delightful nose should not be subjects of comment, but if commented upon at all should be lightly done, for no child should be started in life with the handicap of vanity.—Exchange.

Children and Firearms Again.

Little Anna Quinn, fourteen years old, was instantly killed the other day at Lowell, Mass., by the explosion of a revolver held by her playmate, Thelma Borg, aged twelve years. The two children, with Sonia Borg, a sister of Thelma, and another play-fellow, were playing about the Borg home when they discovered the revolver. After all had looked at it, Anna playfully held it against the heart of Thelma Borg. "I'm going to kill you," she said, smilingly. The trigger was pulled, but the revolver failed to explode. Once more the weapon was examined by the children and then Thelma Borg took it and placed it close to the Quinn child's head. Playfully she exclaimed: "You killed me; now I'm going to kill you." She fired. This time the weapon exploded.

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