

CARIBOU IS FASTEST RUNNER

Maine Woodman Tells of Seeing Greyhound Left Behind by Herd of Four.

In Maine it is contended that the caribou can outrun any other animal. According to the testimony of one woodsman, caribou left behind a greyhound that had been matched against them.

A guide succeeded in starting the dog after some caribou—a herd of four standing like statues on the ice of one of the big ponds in the region along the west branch of the Penobscot.

Now, the caribou trots, instead of running, like most other wild animals. In the present case there had been a plentiful fall of snow, and then another fall of snow, all of which constituted the very finest surface whereon to hold a race of this description.

THOUGHT IT WAS IMITATION

Barney Weller Was Fond of Jokes, But Rooster Under His Bed Was Too Much.

Barney Weller was about the funniest fellow you ever saw. He was always making people laugh by playing jokes on somebody, and he put up a game on a victim every day in the week. He was in Chicago at a big hotel on one occasion when the butt of one of his jokes sought revenge by securing a live rooster and tying it under Barney's bed at night.

At three o'clock in the morning the rooster turned up for his first vocal selection and let out a long, shrill crow. The second performance of this kind was too much for the humorist. He dressed himself hastily and rushed down to the night clerk.

"Give me my bill!" he said fiercely. "I'm going to get out of this place!" "But please tell me what the trouble is," suggested the night clerk.

"That don't matter," said Weller angrily. "I'm going to get out of here and get out quick!" "At least," begged the clerk, "let us know what is the matter with the hotel before you go."

"Well," exploded Weller, "there's a rooster that's been under my bed for the last two hours trying to imitate a rooster." Popular Magazine.

Diamond Cut Diamond. "I learned something new the other day," said the father of a boy who is prone to playing hooky from school.

The letter carrier makes his first delivery about the time we are all at breakfast. I noticed that when the bell rang my boy would sometimes hurry down before any one else could get ahead of him, although he was naturally so lazy that usually you wouldn't get him to go at all.

This set me thinking. I soon found out that he ran downstairs to the letter-box only when the previous day had been a fine one. I followed him and caught him in the act of destroying a postal card his teacher had sent to me, stating that the boy had been absent from school.

"I was a neat little trick, but I managed to checkmate him all right by having the teacher send the card to my place of business downtown."

Tallest Tree in the World. The tallest tree in the world is the Australian eucalyptus, reaching a total altitude of 600 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 375 to 378 feet in height and 108 feet in circumference at the base.

Too Many in the Party. A certain knight of Spain, as high in birth as a king, as Catholic as the pope, and equal to Job in poverty, arriving one night at an inn in France, knocked a long time at the gate till he had alarmed the landlord. "Who is there?" said the host, looking out of the window.

ROPE FOR ALPINE CLIMBERS

It is of Special Manufacture and Combines Strength, Flexibility and Lightness.

The rope used by Alpine climbers is of special manufacture, combining as far as possible the differing qualities of strength, flexibility and lightness. Three qualities are in general use, being made from Sisal, Italian and Manila hems respectively, and occasionally, when cost is not considered, of silk. The latter, though very light and strong, is not so durable as the others. That which finds most favor among British mountaineers is known as Buckingham's Alpine rope; it is made of the best Manila hemp.

STILL OBSERVE MARKET DAY

Canadian Cities Preserve a Worthy Old Institution Brought Over From Great Britain.

"Market day," for ages an institution in England, still exists in certain localities, and may still be studied with interest by the tourist who visits Halifax, Nova Scotia, or Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where large enclosures and roomy market houses are maintained for the benefit of the country people and such citizens as have established a regular market business.

How Rome Was Saved. "How are you on ancient history?" inquired the Wood street man.

"Fine," declared the sage of Smith field street. "Ask me anything you want to know." "I was trying to recall the facts about those geese that cackled and thus save Rome."

"I remember the episode. You see, Rome was a very rich city in ancient days, filled with gold and precious stones. Some invaders had gathered in hopes of getting big loot."

"But when they heard the geese cackling, they thought they'd better grab the geese and let the gold go. The cost of living was just as high then as it is now."

"They made off with the geese and thus Rome was saved."—Pittsburgh Post.

Had to Rename His Villa. The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a passion for giving sweet, poetical names to their "estates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." Thus was the home introduced to his friends, and it became widely known.

"I sickened of being joshed about it," said the owner, with a sigh. "There isn't a boy within two miles hereabouts who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell to ask if the colonial was in."—Lippincott's Magazine.

French Revolutionary Months. The order of the months in the French revolutionary calendar beginning with September 22 the tour was Vendémère, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, Germinal, Floral, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor (Fervidor) and Fructidor, which ended on September 15. Then followed five days, the Sansculotides, dedicated as feasts of reason to Les Vertus, Le Genie, Le Travail, L'Opinion and Les Rempartes. Decease November 24, 1793, this calendar was antedated to September 22, 1792. It was abolished on Nivose 10, An xiv, corresponding to December 31, 1805.

Truth. "None of us," we are told, "thinks his own qualities when he sees them reflected in others." Probably many respectable people will take it for a paradox in all good faith. For we all know that we live by choice with people who are like ourselves.

CANNOT ENDURE THE PIANO

Chinese Servant Gives Notice When Employer's Daughter Gets Old Enough to Practice.

The fascination of an untrammelled life in New York had lured other Chinese servants away from western families who had migrated with their retinue to New York, but John of the banker's family had remained faithful through two years of metropolitan temptations.

At last he gave notice and refused to tell why. Finally the manager of an employment agency offered a solution of John's dilemma.

"It is because your little girl has got big enough to practice on the piano," he said. "John can't stand that." "A Chinaman hates a piano. It takes a good deal to upset Chinese nerves, but a piano is capable of completing the job most effectively. Herefore there has been but little piano playing in your house; now that there is a prospect of several hours of practice every day John clears out."

FOR DISINFECTATION OF BOOKS

Apparatus Devised by a Frenchman Removes Danger of Contagion and Doesn't Damage Paper.

The danger from contagion from books that have been in the hands of persons suffering from various diseases has led to the invention of various methods of disinfection, of which none appears to be more effective than an apparatus devised by Marsoulan of Paris.

His process embraces two parts. In the first place, the books are placed in a "beater" where a strong current of air opens every leaf and an aspirator sucks out the dust and deposits it in a septic water; then they are suspended in a disinfectant, the covers being bent back and held by clips so that the leaves are widely opened and placed over a heater which for a time subjects them to a temperature of 167 degrees Fahrenheit. The paper is not damaged, and the efficiency of the process is said to have been demonstrated beyond question.—Harper's Weekly.

Insupportable Way of Providence. With reference to the final extinction of the latter day successor of the Delmonico restaurant, it is related that two Germans, fresh from Chicago, once visited New York, and one well acquainted with the city invited his friend to dine at Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine were ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of \$11 was presented. This they considered an extortion.

They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend then said: "Do not swear, Yawoop. It is wicked to swear. God has punished that man Delmonico."

"How?" "I haf mine pocket full mit shpoons." The Intruder. A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during the flood lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rapped his head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar's yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nothin'?"

"Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an' de chillen out in de flood an' drown 'em. Whar yer doin' out here in de country wid yer boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'n fields an' get back into de ribber whar ye b'longs. Ain't got no business sev'n miles out in the country foilin' round people's houses 'nophow?" And she backed out.—Life.

Hints to Lovelorn Gents. If she makes a practice of eating onions for supper every time you call, it is a sign that she is indifferent toward your suit. If you spend a lot of money sending flowers to her every day it may make a hit with her, but she will marry somebody who has more sense.

Don't talk to her about love in a cottage. Talk about a brownstone bungalow and spring the cottage on her after you get her. If she is handsome, tell her about it, and if she isn't, tell her anyway.

Have an automobile catalogue in your coat pocket where she can catch a glimpse of it. Blackbirds' Courage. At Heriot Gardens, a new and pretty suburb of Burnside, a cat upon a garden wall was about to pounce upon a female blackbird sitting on her nest of eggs, when her mate, which was on the watch, sounded the alarm.

Acting together, both set upon the wall with a vigor that hurled it off the wall into a neighboring garden. The birds pursued it along the path, keeping at close quarters till it accepted under cover. Victory was complete, and the enemy has not approached the place since.—London Globe.

BUNNY BEAT THE MOTOR CAR

Rabbit Ran So Fast the Chauffeur Had to Speed to Keep Him in Sight.

The scene was on the road to Point Place. Illuminations were furnished by the moon and stars. Besides the rabbit and the auto there were one man and two girls, also a chauffeur.

The big automobile was speeding along the highway, sending its white light ahead, when suddenly right across the path of the rays from the head lamps shot a young rabbit. The chauffeur slackened speed, hating to hurt the little creature, and then the rabbit hopped back into the center of the road again, gave one look into the blinding glare of the lamps and started the race.

Straight down the center of the smooth, white highway he shot on ahead of the car, and the chauffeur speeded up a bit just to see how fast the race was going to be, but he could not catch the rabbit, not by ten feet. That little critter's feet went so fast there did not seem to be any there, and just a speck where the long ears bobbed with the motion of his little body and a brown blur of hair.

And still he ran, on and on, keeping his distance ahead of the big machine as if the light had hypnotized him and he could not stop, while behind in the car big, lazy pursuers laughed and watched and begged the chauffeur not to run him down. There was no such chance. The rabbit was too quick. When he was tired of the sport he hopped to one side of the road as the car went by, tipped up his tiny head and winked out of one pink eye as he looked at the speeder and its occupants with a quizzical curve of his little mouth.—Toledo Blade.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT PAIN

Patient May Feel It in Limb That Has Been Amputated, or in Wrong Place.

Pain sometimes behaves in a curious fashion. There was a soldier in London, after the Boer war, who complained of excruciating neuralgic pains in his right foot. This very much amused his friends, for he had lost his right leg.

The explanation was that the pain happened to be in the trunks of those nerves, which had sent branches to the foot. Sometimes a patient comes to a doctor complaining of pain in the knee, and he is greatly surprised when the doctor tells him that the site of the affection is not the knee, but the hip.

The stomach, too, can produce pain in many parts of the body. A disordered stomach will give its pain as far away as the head, and when one gets a cramp in his toe, it is often due to acidity of the stomach. Swallow a pinch of soda and the cramp will disappear.

An aching tooth will produce neuralgic pains in the face, and very often a violent pain at the back of the head is due to the faraway kidneys, which themselves may suffer no pain at the time. Power of Vegetable Growth. A far-reaching experiment stretching from the school of gunnery at Shoeburyness (Eng.) to the sea is at present in a state of violent if silent eruption. About a fortnight ago the surface became covered with what may be called "blisters," raised a little above the common level, which attracted much wondering attention.

From each of these, in a few days, a series of cracks appeared, extending themselves in rays from a center. Finally came up a broad, soft shoot, looking extremely well pleased with itself and its work, which proved to be so old and well known a friend as the thistle. At this moment there are hundreds of those bold intruders showing defiantly through the pavement, affording a most interesting illustration of the power of vegetable growth.

Mother's Chair. Mother's chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was.

Clumny Flatterer. He was a flatterer, but a clumny one. Noting that the girl of his heart possessed beautiful teeth that shone like ivory, he ventured to pass a compliment. "Dearest," he whispered, leaning over the music rack, "your teeth are like piano keys."

If the Truth Be Told. "Whoever made you think you look well on horseback, Throggins, led to you most shamefully." "Yes, I'll be at home next Thursday evening. Mr. Peshuok; that's why I'd rather not have you call."

Thumbs in Social Customs. Few persons realize how important a role the thumb has played in the social customs of the people. Erskine records that among certain classes of people in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalled by the licking and joining of thumbs.

TASTING WINE FOR LIVING

Strange Calling Followed by Women Born With Delicate Palates Is Very Lucrative.

Of the list of strange callings followed by women that of wine-tasting is one of the most curious and lucrative. As a matter of fact, Mlle Collinere, whose services are in great demand in France, Germany and Italy as a wine taster, is said to make an income of about £5,000 a year, many firms employing her for regular work and frequently for special duty.

Only half a dozen wine tasters have been known to history, the most renowned of these being the wife of a famous London wine merchant, Mme Pommery, who died in Paris twelve years ago, and Signora Sousa who has a great reputation in Spain on account of her judgment and knowledge of wine.

Wine tasters, it appears, are born, not made, and must possess the gift of a rare and delicate palate. To this, of course, must be added a knowledge of wines. Mlle Collinere's taste is so fine and her knowledge of wines such that she can discern from the first taste of a wine just where the grapes grew from which it was made, whether they were raised in California or in the vineyards of France, Germany, or elsewhere.

She does not swallow the wine. In fact, she is a teetotaler, and if she were to drink wine would lose her subtle magic of taste. Furthermore, she is obliged to take the greatest care of her health. She must be well in order to do her work, for her sense loses its cunning when she gets out of health.—Tit-Bits.

BRUIN OBTAINS HIS SUPPER

Hunter Describes the Clever Work of a Hungry Bear in Catching a Salmon.

One year, the berries being destroyed, many bears visited the river for fish. I was walking up the river shore one evening about sunset watching for a deer. Rounding a bend I saw, perched upon a flat rock some few feet from the shore, a large black bear. I could not tell at first what he was doing. He was stooping down with one paw in the water waving it gently to and fro. I watched closely and saw, just beyond his reach, a large male salmon, so nearly dead that he could not swim.

The bear was using his paw to create an eddy which would draw the fish within his grasp. Slowly the salmon drifted toward the rock. It was amusing to watch how carefully the bear moved his paw so as not to frighten his prey. At last the fish came within reach. Bruin reached over, gave it a quick snap, seized it in his jaws and leaped ashore. The whole performance tickled me so that I let him go off, the salmon dangling in his mouth, without even taking a shot at him.—Charles Stuart Moody in the Outing Magazine.

Filling the House. The theatrical man just in off the road was recounting to the New York manager his qualifications for a box office post.

"I don't see that you are any better than a dozen other men I can take my pick from," said the manager. "You say you can sell tickets. So can they. Nobody can sell tickets if people don't come to buy."

"No, they can't," said the man, "but I have the knack of seating people so an audience of 50 people will look like 400, and the house will never look empty."

How He Treated Her. A certain osteopath was treating a young woman who had very weak ankles and wrists. As she lived in a town quite a distance from his own city, he was forced to leave the city Saturday of each week and go to the town in which the young woman lived, give her the treatment Sunday, and return to the office Monday.

Parliamentary Law. No one man is responsible for parliamentary law. It was born of deliberative exigencies. Its rules, precedents and usages are contained neither in statutes nor court decisions and are only binding when a deliberative body chooses to make them so.

"Oh, I go out and treat her week ends."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"There's a good deal in that," said the manager, and he gave the man the job.