

KEEPS OUT OF WATER NOW

Gander With Fishing Line Tied to His Leg Has Lively Time With Pickeral.

A Wisconsin gander was so upset by experiments made upon him through him by a mischievous boy that for a long time he would not go into the water.

The gander's determination to abstain from water as a means of bathing grew out of the following circumstances:

The boy thought he would tie a fishing line to the gander's leg and with a hook properly baited turn the bird out into the water. The bait was a frog.

The gander went into the mill pond, where he swam around for half an hour, turning "flip-flaps" and diving for food. Suddenly he felt a pull at his leg and looked as surprised as the "lone fisherman" when he caught a whale.

The gander concluded that there was something the matter, and he looked to ascertain the cause. The pickeral on the hook gave several jerks, whereupon the gander decided that he wanted to go home.

He at once started for the shore, but the pickeral on the hook wanted to go the other way. The gander seemed frightened at first. Then he evinced signs of anger and tried to fly to shore, but the pickeral pulled him back.

After half an hour of the hardest work he had ever done, the gander came ashore dragging a six-pound pickeral on the hook.

The boy took off the pickeral and baited the hook with another frog. He tried to induce the gander to go in for another swim, but no amount of persuasion could get the bird to do so. He simply could not be driven in. For many weeks the gander would not go into the water. He would proceed with the rest of his flock to the water's edge, but there he would stop. He would seem to be arguing with them with reference to the danger they were courting.

BIG RUBY UNDER HIS SKIN

Burmese-Eurasian Was Used as Hiding Place for Jewel by His Father.

Surgeon Watson tells Tip about some strange smuggling, a story of Burmah rubies and diamonds that passed through this port undetected. It was unsuspected. The surgeon was called to a big hotel to see a gentleman with a painful arm. The patient was a yellow, slender, tawny man, the left arm a little swollen and very painful. A hard lump was found under the skin just above the elbow, and this was pressed on the "funny" nerve that runs behind the elbow. The lump felt so queer and unusual that the surgeon took an X-ray shot at it and found it to be a big ruby, about five carats.

This is the novel story of a man with the ruby in his arm: He was a Burmese-Eurasian (his father half white). In his childhood his father had been the chief of a band of dacoits, cut-throat highwaymen, and had skillfully and painlessly inserted a number of stones into the layer of fat under the skin of his fat boy, to make him a walking cache of secret treasure. As a youth he went to a mission school, later was graduated from a "tech" school, and was now a highly successful business man. The man with the arm set with rubies would allow no more examinations or X-ray pictures. There was not a trace of scar near the ruby, so skillfully had the insert settling been made. When asked what he intended to do about his hidden treasure, he said that who for his father to say—He alive.—New York Press.

Man and His Ways.

One day a well-known politician was enjoying a chat with a friend at a hotel, when a strange young man came up and said:

"Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Dash?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dash, rising. The young man led him across the room and seemed to have something important to say to him. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered in the politician's ear:

"I am of the staff of an evening paper, and I should like you to tell me what you think of the situation in the east."

Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled at first, then he said:

"Follow me."

Leading the way, he walked through the reading-room, through a passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hat rack, he whispered:

"I really don't know anything about it."

Massachusetts Game Farm.

A game farm of between 5,000 and 6,000 acres in Carver and Plymouth has been acquired by the American Game Protective and Propagation Association on a ten years lease, with option or purchase, and elaborate experiments are proposed for conserving the wild life of the New England forests and waters.

It is stipulated that after the expiration of the lease the farm shall continue for twenty years to be a sanctuary for game, whether or not new tracts be bought. They 45 these things rather better in the old country, and it is proposed to import a British gamekeeper to start a line of expert natives in the calling.—Springfield Republican.

ANGELL AVOIDED THE TRAP

Tells of His Duel of Wits With a Spy of the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople.

In the diplomatic service, a man must always keep his wits keen and ready for use. A case in point is supplied by James Burrill Angell, in his "Reminiscences." In this anecdote of his sojourn in Constantinople, as minister from the United States:

The spies of the sultan were everywhere. A Turk told me that the spy business was the most prosperous of all. I was assured that spies were sitting at the dinner tables of the principal hotels, to overhear the conversation of the guests. With one against whose visits I had been warned, I had an amusing interview.

He was a handsome, dignified Arab, who had been in England long enough to talk English fairly well. He introduced himself to me by saying he had been mayor of Jerusalem, and was now trying to procure from the government a concession for the construction of a system of waterworks for that city.

He regretted—so he informed me—to find that the government was so corrupt that he had no hope of securing the concessions except by bribing a whole row of officials. It refreshed him to turn from those representatives of corrupt and tyrannical government and pay his respects to the representative of a pure and honest democracy.

Supposing his object to be to draw from me some remark derogatory to the Sultan, which he could report to my disadvantage, I remarked that a monarchy presided over by a just sovereign was a very edifying spectacle, and that even in republics it must be admitted that corrupt men were sometimes found in office.

He seemed surprised, and proceeded to eulogize republican government. I continued my commendations of enlightened monarchies.

The conversation ran on in this way for half an hour, when he bade me adieu—but, as I flattered myself, without any game for his bag.—Youth's Companion.

STRANGE COUNTRY IS OMAN

Something About the Sultanate at the Southeast End of the Arabian Peninsula.

One of the least known countries of the Arabian peninsula is the sultanate of Oman, which occupies the southeastern extremity. The country is largely mountainous. The area has not been exactly determined, as the western or desert border has never been fixed. The population, which ranges from 250,000 to 500,000 is distributed mostly along the seacoast and a few interior valleys that can be irrigated. There are no rivers, and the annual rainfall is not more than five inches. Wells are the only source of water. The Tropic of Cancer crosses the sultanate, and while the winters are pleasant the summers are long and extremely hot. Arabic is the language generally spoken, though in the ports many persons speak Persian, Baluchi and Hindustani, and every native merchant can conduct his business correspondence in either English or French. The sultan or any of his walis, or governors, decides a case which may be brought before them without reference to any other case or to any law, except local customs and such precepts of the Koran as may be deemed applicable. Commercial law is unknown. Wages, formerly extremely low, have been increasing steadily, a condition said to be due not to any increase in the demand for labor, but to a deficiency in the supply caused by the drying out of the sodes, or negro, population since the importation of slave cargoes ceased. The prevailing daily wages, United States currency, in cents, are: Carpenters, 46; house servants, 17; cooks, 23; masons, 24; coolies, 24; messengers, 20, and women date packers, 37. Goats, sheep and burros, of poor and stunted types, owing to scanty forage, are raised; but the dromedaries which the tribes of the western border grow are said to be the best breed in the world. Horses are few, there being probably less than 500 in the whole country.

Paid Good Price for His Cutlet.

The Brazilian nabob, Baron Fereau, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities never to fee servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he sojourned were, for that reason, not partial to him. One morning, while staying at the magnificent Maux hotel, in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second. "Baron," said the head waiter, maliciously, "it's a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal." "Is that so?" said Fereau, and rising from his seat he left the room. In ten minutes he came back into the dining-room. "Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once." Thereupon he took up his napkin again and called to another waiter: "Now, bring me another cutlet!"

Drawing a Fine Distinction.

Floorwalker—They've reduced your salary, have they?

Elevator Boy—None; they've cut my wages.

ALDRICH IN THE OLD DAYS

How the Author Appeared When He Had Just Become Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a cigar pipe that was often between his fingers than in his mouth, and swinging his scribbled curls as he talked to me. He used it like a painter's brush or pencil.

He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds, the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring. He was partial to crimson in those days, and it became his complexion and the light curls apostrophized by Bayard Taylor. We parted late and in a merry mood, the young fellows among us glorying in the new friend who was so witty, so suave, and so attentive to our ambitions and aspirations. Moreover, Aldrich had just succeeded to the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly, and hopes arose of possible advantages lying for young authors in that direction.

"I'll have an elegy ready for him before breakfast, and try to get ahead of Edgar," said Frank Saltus, referring to Edgar Fawcett, as the lights went out in Oscar's and we dispersed, and on the following morning he came to me, dissembling an air of despondency. "It's no use. Edgar's beaten us all. He shipped a car load to the Atlantic by the fast freight before daylight—ten per invoice, sonnets, ten haikus, three odes, ballads and rondeaux, three ballets, novels and short stories, twenty tons in fifteen crates."—Bookman.

MAPS OF THEIR HOME STATES

Exiles Keep Them Hanging in Their Offices Because They Get Very Homesick.

To that general information bureau, the elevator starter, went the man who wished to see a large map of Wisconsin.

"Where can I find one?" he said.

"There is a Wisconsin man in business on the eleventh floor," said the starter. "He'll be likely to have one."

Up to the eleventh floor went the seeker for a map. He found one there.

"How does it happen," he said to the Wisconsin exile, "that all you men from other states keep a life-size map of your native state hanging up in your offices for a year or two after migrating to New York? Is it because you are homesick?"

"Partly," said the Wisconsin man, "and partly for the accommodation of visitors from back home. I guess you are right about every last one of us exiles clinging to a home map for a while. I have been into the offices of recent arrivals from half the states in the Union, and every place I saw a state map. I suppose those people got them for the same reason I did. Back in Milwaukee I never thought of owning a map of Wisconsin, but now that I am a thousand miles away it does me good to trace familiar railroad routes and locate well-known towns. Then, a lot of Wisconsin people here on a visit drop in, and as they expect to go back soon it is a material as well as a sentimental advantage to them to find a Wisconsin map handy."

Financiering.

A small boy was given a penny to spend. Now, although his stomach craved a lollypop, he also wished a banana he had seen on a fruit stand at the corner. He preferred, of the two, the fruit.

"How much is them bananas?" he asked.

"Six for five cents, or a penny apiece."

"Six for five? Well," the youngster said wistfully, "gitme six."

The fruiterer counted out half a dozen and handed them over.

"A penny apiece?" questioned the boy, taking them.

The man nodded. So the boy counted out five bananas and gave them back. "There's your five cents' worth," he said. "I don't want 'em."

Before the merchant quite saw the value of the lad's act, the boy was on his way to the candy store, a banana in one hand and his cent in the other.—Judge.

Her Idea of Art.

An old gentleman who owned a fine estate not far from the country seat of the duke of Devonshire (which is open to the public when the duke is there) one day drove with a party of friends to this famous residence, talking with him his housekeeper, Martha, a good old soul, who had been with him a great many years.

Arriving at Chatsworth they passed slowly through room after room of almost priceless pictures. But Martha spoke never a word, although it was evident that she was not missing anything. Each and every picture that her eye lit on underwent a most rigid scrutiny, much to the amusement of the rest of the party.

At last her master turned to her and said: "Well, Martha, what do you think of it all?"

"Why," exploded Martha, rapturously, "I cannot see a speck of dust anywhere."

A Possible Derivation.

"Words are terribly funny things, aren't they?" said Mrs. Jones. "Take the word gargle—how on earth do you suppose they ever got that?"

"Very simple, my dear," said Mr. Jones. "Just look at yourself in the glass some time when you gargle and then look at a gargoyle, and you'll see."—Harper's Weekly.

NOTED POET WELL GUARDED

Paludan-Muller Was Kept From All Social Intercourse by His Eccentric Wife.

The famous poet of Denmark, Paludan-Muller, was closely guarded in his later years by an eccentric wife, greatly his senior. Of her preposterous oddity, writes Mr. Edmund Gosse in "Two Visits to Denmark," stories were everywhere current in Copenhagen. She kept him as much as she possibly could from all intercourse with the outer world. During a visit to Copenhagen the host of Mr. Gosse decided to invite the poet to dine, and his daughter and guest were sent on a mission to invite him.

If we could secure him for a night convenient to him, writes Mr. Gosse, all that was brightest and best in Copenhagen was to be constrained to come, too. But fortune was against us; if we had found him alone it is possible that success might have crowned our efforts. When we arrived, with our dinner invitation on our lips, we were damped by being told that the poet had gone out for a walk, but that Mrs. Paludan-Muller would receive us. The fierce little lady, in fact, closed our retreat by peeping round the edge of the door and commanding us to enter. Miss Aline Fog, overwhelmed by the event, lost her presence of mind, and blurted out the invitation, which it would have been wiser to suppress.

The answer came at once: "Impossible, my dear lady, impossible! I could not sanction it! Mr. Paludan-Muller is weak; he is good-natured; he is only too ready to go into society. It is my privilege to prevent it. I say to him, 'You are too delicate, my dear, to mix with others. You must positively consider your health.'"

Miss Fog feebly asked whether the poet might not himself be appealed to. "Such old friends! so small a party! so early an hour!" The lady was quite obdurate, however. "I could not trust him with your message. He is so weak, so good-natured. His placid at home with me. I do not wish to dine abroad, why should he?"

PUTS OUT PETROLEUM FIRES

Caustic Soda Solution Mixed With Alum Is Found to Be Most Efficacious.

There are no fires more disastrous than those in which petroleum mineral essences, benzoin, etc., play a part, on account of the difficulty of getting them under control. No really efficacious method has ever been put into use to extinguish fires of hydro-carbonic origin. Water is utterly useless. Danger may be at times reduced to a minimum by preventing contact of air with the flame, choking it between blankets, mats, damp cloth, earth, or sand, but this is by no means always sufficient. For this reason scientists are interested in some experiments made recently in German laboratories bearing on the possibility of controlling fires of varying chemical origin. It is said that if a stated quantity of caustic soda solution be mixed with an equal quantity of alum it forms a dough—or mortar—fifteen times as great as the original single quantities. This dough is very light and foamy. If this substance be flung over the petroleum, etc., and the entrance of air impeded, the fire will at once be put out.

An experiment was lately tried in Germany to establish these facts beyond question. An improvised fire extinguisher was extinguished in less than two minutes by an eighty-per cent. solution of the above mentioned substance.

Kept Its Ministers Long.

"The town of Lancaster, Mass., in which I live," said Mr. Harold Parker, "is a place of little size—not over 2,000 population—and yet it has enough of individuality and quality, not to speak of history, behind it to make its inhabitants very proud of living there. In the first place it is ancient, a charter having been granted it in 1653, and the same year witnessed the establishment of the first parish church, which I can assure you is no commonplace house of worship."

"The present structure isn't so very old and yet it dates from 1810 and looks good to last another century. The remarkable feature, however, is that in its history of over 250 years this church has had but eight ministers, including the incumbent. Several of them were pastors for fifty years or more and the average is over thirty years, which I imagine is a record no other religious congregation can duplicate."—Baltimore American.

Just His Job.

Joakley—Now, there's a fellow who doesn't do anything but pick up pins all the time.

Coakley—Well, well! that's a queer superstition.

Joakley—Oh, no; it's not a superstition, but an occupation. He's employed in a bowling alley.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Every City's Pride.

"No matter what city you strike," remarks Senator Gore, who travels all over the United States each year, "somebody is certain to console you: 'There are more automobiles used here, for the population, than anywhere in the country.' That's one fact about his own town that every man firmly believes."

PERFUMER'S DAY WILL COME

Then He Will Have Odors That Will Move Mankind Most Profoundly.

A perfumer was talking shop. "When will my trade," he said, "develop as it should? When will perfume sway men's minds as drink and fame do now?"

"I have a dog. Often in the country my dog will spy a dead, rotting, sun-dried bird or fish. The odor of that carcass fills my dog with ecstasy. He rolls upon it in a delirium. It is difficult, even with a club, to make him stop. Well, there, just there, is the perfume that sways dogs, and a dog perfumer, perceiving it, would become a billionaire.

"The serpent arum is a plant of strong odor. The arum has, indeed, a stench. Well, this stench attracts to it from miles around all those insects that fed on carrion. If you look into the cup of the serpent arum you are sure to see a very inferno of insect drunkards—hundreds of them, intoxicated by the arum's odor, whirling and leaping and spinning in a mad dance. For the serpent arum's odor is the odor par excellence of insects, as the rotten, sun-baked fish odor is the odor par excellence of dogs.

"Have I any perfume that sways mankind like that? No, none. Imagine my new-mown hay drawing a lady from her milliner's or her pet pianist's! Imagine my giraffe drawing a man from his beer or his jacket!"

"Yet the day will come, I am convinced, when we shall have perfumes that will move mankind as profoundly as the spoiled fish perfume moves a dog and as the serpent arum perfume moves the Dermestes and Saprinidae. In that day my address will be Riverside drive, Newport, Jekyll Island, Monte Carlo and Los Angeles."

WOULD HAVE MISSED FIRE

Julius Kahn's Story of Hoosier Who Locked Himself into His Hotel Room.

Julius Kahn had just been re-elected to congress by a very small margin, and one of his political supporters was reminding him of the service he had rendered in the campaign.

"What would you have done if it hadn't been for me?" he asked.

"Why, I would have been in the position of the Hoosier in the hotel," replied Kahn. "He and two companions occupied one large room together. After a day in the metropolis devoted principally to following fire engines in the hope of seeking a conflagration, the cement sidewalks proved too much for feet that were accustomed to plowed ground, and he retired. When his companions returned a few hours later they found the door locked. They kicked on the door until they awakened him and asked for the key. 'I threw it over the transom,' he replied.

"When they had found it and unlocked the door one of them asked:

"What would you have done if there had been a fire?"

"Why, I wouldn't have went."—Saturday Evening Post.

Plants That Go to Sleep.

Plants have a mind of their own on the subject of winter sleep, and gardeners have tried various methods of waking them up prematurely, to furnish blossoms at a time when they are scarce and costly. Mere greenhouse heat and moisture failing to yield the desired results, they have successfully tried warm baths and ether vapors to shorten the hibernating period of bulbs. From Germany comes a description of the latest plan devised by a man named Weber. By sticking a needle into the base of the bud he has caused it to unfold two or three weeks ahead of its fellows. Still more time was gained by injecting water into the buds. Not content with water, a physician has tried injections of water with ten per cent. of alcohol. By this means he succeeded in gaining ten days in the budding of oak twigs.

Art.

Art is the great and universal refreshment. For art is never dogmatic; holds no brief for itself; it does not take it, or you may leave it. It does not force itself rudely where it is not wanted. It is reverent to all tempers, to all points of view. But it is willful—the very wind in the comings and goings of its influence, an uncatchable fugitive, visiting our hearts at vagrant, sweet moments; since even before the greatest works of art we often stand without being able quite to lose ourselves! That restful oblivion comes, we never quite know when—and it is gone! But when it comes, it is a spirit hovering with cool wings, blessing us, from least to greatest, according to our powers; a spirit deathless and varied as human life itself.—John Galsworthy in the Atlantic.

A Card to the Club.

Old Colonel Dick Bright of Washington was shaved for many years by a negro barber, who, not being blessed with the splendid longevity of the colonel, finally died. Bright went to the funeral, and at the dinner table that evening said he had put his visiting card in the old barber's coffin. "That's the craniest thing I ever heard of," remarked a friend. "What on earth did you do it for?" "Well," explained the colonel, "if he goes to heaven, he won't need it. But, if he goes to the other place, it will introduce him to a lot of good fellows."—Popular Mechanics.

HE WENT OVER THE WABASH

Story of Stuyvesant Fish's Futile Effort to Teach a Switchman to Be Polite.

Elmer T. Stevens of Charles H. Stevens & Bros. told the following story at the Association of Commerce luncheon at the La Salle hotel in Chicago:

"When Stuyvesant Fish was president of the Illinois Central railroad, he was sitting in his office one morning with the door closed, looking over some reports. The door was suddenly opened and in came an Irishman with his hat on his head and his pipe in his mouth, and, walking up to Mr. Fish, he said: 'I want a pass to St. Louis.'"

"President Fish, somewhat surprised, looked up and said, 'Who are you?'"

"The man replied, 'I am Pat Casey, one of your switchmen.'"

"President Fish, thinking it was a good chance to teach the man a little lesson in etiquette, said: 'Now, Pat, I am not going to say that I will refuse your request, but there are certain forms that a man should observe in asking a favor. You should knock at the door before you come in, and when I say 'Come in,' you should enter, and, taking off your hat, and removing your pipe from your mouth, you should say, 'Are you President Fish?'" I would say, 'I am, Who are you?'" Then you should say, 'I am Pat Casey, one of your switchmen.'" Then I would say, 'What can I do for you?'" Then you would tell me, and the matter would be settled. Now, you go out and come in again in a little while and see if you can do better.'"

"So the switchman went out, closing the door. About two hours later there was a knock on the door and President Fish said, 'Come in.' In came Pat Casey, with his hat off and his pipe out of his mouth. Pat said, 'Good mornin', are you President Fish of the Illinois Central?' President Fish said, 'I am. Who are you?'" I am Pat Casey, one of your switchmen.'" "Well, Mr. Casey, what can I do for you?'" "You can go to h—, I got a pass over the Wabash.'"

DEEP MYSTERIES OF LIFE

If We Could Fathom Them Little Would Be Left For Us to Do Here.

If we could fathom life's mysteries there would be little left for us to do on earth. If we could understand why the sun shines for some and the shadows deepen for others there would be no use to try to work out the problem of existence. It would be solved for us beforehand and the great questions which now quicken our souls into being would never rise to the surface. It is the mystery of it all, the uncertainty of everything save the existence of God, which makes life such a wonder puzzle, a puzzle to be picked out piece by piece and fitted together in his own good time. It is true that sometimes we grow weary of our work. We find the processes too slow to suit our impatient desires and the results not altogether equal to our expectations, but for all that we never lose our ambition to correctly solve the problem as it is presented to us for solution. We are in this world to work out our destiny and the means to this end are placed within our reach from the very outset, but it so happens that our very humanity binds us at times to our best interests, and we carelessly and even willfully pass by the very things which would prove of most service to us. Because our inclinations lie in other directions than those for which by nature we seem best fitted we often make the mistake of beginning wrong, a condition which naturally forestalls any hope of success.—Charleston News and Courier.

Value of a Man.

The value of a man to the world is not measured by the wealth he possesses, or the business interests he directs. The world is poorer for the loss of the men who went down with the Titanic, not because a few of them were millionaires, or captains of industry, but because all of them were men, men with the heroism, the self-devotion, to help others—not their loved ones alone, but strangers—to safety, and then step calmly back to wait for death.

Poorer? Yes, but richer, too! It is not grief alone that brings tears to our eyes and lumps to our throats as we read the story, but pride and thankfulness, as well. There come times to most of us when, discouraged by someone's folly or weakness—perhaps our own—the world seems to us a sordid place, hardly worth saving. But we take heart again at every fresh revelation, such as this, of the divine in man.—Zion's Herald.

Above the Law.

Some men think that money can do anything. A certain rich man sent for the doctor, who looked him over and then pronounced judgment. "You have been living too high." "Maybe so." "You have violated nature's laws." "I guess I have." "You must pay the penalty." "Pay the penalty? Oh, come now, Doc. Can't you get me off on a technicality or something?"

Afraid to Stay Away.

"Our culture club generally has a full attendance." "The ladies are brought through mutual admiration, no doubt." "No; through mutual distrust."