

ADDED TO THE GOOD TIME

Bear Story, Though Short, Was a Thing of Consequence to Those Silent Mountaineers.

There were six stalwart pioneers, who settled in Upshur county, West Virginia, long before the war, when there wasn't a stick of timber and hunting was good. They were brothers and their name was Phillips.

Each fall after hog-killing time they held a family reunion, at which a feast fit for the gods was partaken in silence, except for the blessing, which was always asked by the eldest brother. They did not believe in much talk or levity. When they spoke it was usually in monosyllables. After dinner they would sit around the big log fireplace, tilted back in split-bottom chairs, and smoke their corn-cob pipes in silence until it was time to go home and do the chores.

At one of the reunions something of unusual interest occurred—one of the boys told a bear story. While sitting around the fire smoking one of the brothers pushed up his sleeve, exposing a badly lacerated arm. The five gazed at it in respectful silence for a few moments. Their experience in the mountains told them that their brother had a hand to hand fight with a bear. One of them opened the ensuing dialogue with:

"Um-mph-bar?"

"Yeah."

"Whar?"

"Over thar," jerking his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of Beech mountain.

After this bear story of five words they smoked in silence until it was time to go home. For months after that reunion they would remark to visiting neighbors that they had "a powerful fine time at Eben's reunion."

It was remarkable, because they had had a bear story in addition to the blessing, which was a powerful lot of talk for these silent men.

TRACE ALPHABET FAR BACK

Belief That It Had Its Origin With the Phoenicians Proved to Be a Wrong One.

In a lecture at the Royal Institute Prof. Flinders Petrie attacked the long accepted theory that the origin of the alphabet is to be found in Phoenicia, whence it came from Egyptian hieroglyphics.

According to Professor Petrie, the researchers of the last twenty years have shown that signs were earlier than pictures and that it was the sign that survived to become the alpha and beta of one civilization and the A B C of another.

Just as the philologist had discovered one entire system of languages, so the alphabetarian had discovered in the diversity of alphabets an original prototype of all. In Professor Petrie's words, "The Phoenicians are people of yesterday compared with those who wrote the signs that are the origin of all alphabets."

It was to pottery, said the professor, that Egyptologists and others were indebted for these signs, and their development was worked out on these lines. Flatnose made a pot and put a mark on it to show that it was his. In time, because it was his mark, the sign stood for Flatnose himself, and then the sign became attached to a sound irrespective of the thing itself. Gradually the wearing down went on until the sign stood, not for a sound, but a syllable, and then for a letter.

The signs, of course, were not an alphabet; that did not arrive until perhaps 1,000 B. C., whereas signs were found in early prehistoric Egypt, probably 7,000 B. C. Proofs of this common origin were plentiful, for the signs spread by trade far north and south, and appeared similarly in Eunic, Iberian and Karian, and yet were unknown in Phoenician.

When Eloquence Didn't Work.

There is such a thing as being too eager, as witness the following remark:

"Yes," said the statesman, "I defeated myself by my own eloquence once."

"How was that?"

"I was a candidate for the nomination to congress, and I got up and made a speech to the convention, in which I just naturally flung Old Glory, with a capital O, and a capital G, to the breeze in so enthusiastic a manner that I took the house by storm. I dilated on the greatness of our country and on the responsibilities of the man who should be called to make its laws, till one old fellow from a back county got up and said that I had convinced him that it was too big a job for so young a man as I was to tackle, so he moved that the convention nominate a man of more experience; and, by gee, they did it."

Hardly a Compliment.

It is said that General Crittenden used to tell with great glee of what his small son, then eight or nine years old, said to him a day or two after the battle of Chickamauga. The general had ridden during the battle a horse named John Jay that was a great favorite with the little fellow. The child, visiting the camp, asked after the horse and was told that in the fight he had acted badly, insisting upon taking his rider to the rear. The boy considered gravely a moment, then, shaking a reproaching finger, cried:

"Papa, that must have been your work. I know John Jay would never have acted like that of his own free will!"

OBJECTED TO THE RED TAPE

Why New York Woman Is Done with the Famous Society with the Long Name.

"I'm never going to have anything more to do with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," declared a Brooklyn woman, indignantly. "I've had one affair with them. It happened when a cat in our neighborhood gave birth to five kittens and then deserted them. None of us wanted the kittens so, as I have a phone in my house, it was suggested that I get the S. P. C. A. to come and take them away. I telephoned—and such a lot of questions as they asked!

"They wanted to know my name and the number of my house; the number of kittens in the litter, and their gender and color and breed; the day of their birth and the number of days since their mother went away from them. Of course, these questions were tantalizing, because I couldn't see what difference it made. I thought all they had to do was to send a man up and take the kittens away. Then they asked me if I was married, and how many children I had; how many neighbors were complaining of the kittens and if these neighbors were old maids. I thought they were very personal in their questions. But I answered them all. Finally came a question that made me mad. 'What is the name of the cat that deserted these kittens?' was asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied; 'she is no relation of mine,' and with that I banged the receiver on the hook. And after all we had to pay a small boy to take those kittens away and drown them."

WHEN MICROBES ARE BUSIEST

Although Never Dormant, It Has Been Proved They Have Special Hours of Activity.

A celebrated scientist has made the interesting announcement that there are more microbes in the air at nine o'clock in the morning and at nine o'clock at night than during any other periods of the day. He has also discovered that the percentage of microbes in the atmosphere is less at three o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon than at any other times. The explanation advanced for the partiality of the microbe for nine o'clock a. m. and p. m. is that the "microbe hour" is controlled by the movements of people. From five to nine in the morning they are going from their homes to their working places, and from five to nine in the evening they are again journeying through the streets, either homeward bound or in search of pleasure.

He noted that at or about six o'clock every morning and evening there were indications of the approach of the microbe "rush" hour. From that time on until nine o'clock the atmosphere became more and more crowded with germs of all kinds, some bad, some good; and then, immediately after nine o'clock, the tide began to ebb, until it was always lowest round about three o'clock. According to his researches, after lunch is the safest time for a nap.

Answered to the Name.

The two friends had been dining on dainties and sundry strange dishes at the "Cedars of Lebanon" cafe, in the Syrian quarter of New York. They were drinking their coffee, thick with coal-black grounds, and wondering whether they really enjoyed it, when Smithers suddenly cried out:

"Pataug! Pataug!"

The waiter hurried away, and came back presently bringing an ordinary corkcrew.

"I was just testing," said Smithers to his companion, "the truth of the story that the first corkcrew seen in Beirut was taken there by a Yankee. It was a patented American contraption, and the Syrians were amazed at its convenience. They spelled out on it the mystic words, 'Pat. Aug. 16, 76,' and took that to be the name of the implement. Now I believe the story that 'pataug' is its name all over the Levant."

Modern Aesop.

One day, in the presence of the Fox, the Tortoise was bragging to the Hare of his ability as a runner. The Fox was very derisive of the Tortoise's pretensions, whereupon the Tortoise, winking at the Hare, offered to bet the Fox a considerable sum of money that he could outrun the Hare. The Fox lost no time in putting up the money, and of the contestants started. The Hare took a big lead at once, but after getting comfortably out of sight, wandered away from the track and fell asleep. The Tortoise accordingly was the first to reach the winning post. The Fox went off cursing at the loss of his money, and when he had gone the Tortoise divided his winnings with the Hare. Ever since that time betting on races has been an uncertain sport.—Life.

She Expressed It.

"I never saw such outrageous service in all my life," said the woman at the express office window. "I've been waiting here fully half an hour and not a sign of an employee have I seen. The heads of this company ought to be notified of this extreme negligence. It's simply outrageous."

"What would you like to express, madam?" said a clerk who arrived at last.

"I'd like to express my sympathy," replied the woman tartly, and departed.

HUNTING WITH THE FALCON

Kirghiz, More Than Any Other People, Probably Carry This Sport to an Extreme.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm. Central Asia is the home of falconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings. But imagine the ambition of the men who fly their birds at wolves and foxes instead of at quails and partridges! Not content with hunting game birds with small falcons, the Kirghiz capture and train the great golden eagles, with which they hunt such game as gazelles, foxes and even wolves.

A well mounted Kirghiz falconer, carrying on his wrist one of these magnificent birds, is a fine sight. The weight of the eagle is such that the owner requires a support for his wrist, and the hunters are usually to be seen with a little wooden bracket that supports the arm against the hip. The eagles are hooded, as all falcons are, but can be used only in winter, when they are hungry and keen. In summer they are fed on marmots and live a restful life, sitting in the sun in front of the tent doors.

When gazelles or wolves are the objects of the chase the eagles are aided by long sleek greyhounds of a small breed, the dogs running in and pulling down the quarry when the eagles have sufficiently bewildered it.

HIS LOVE BEYOND A DOUBT

Surely Impossible to Ask Further Proof After This Sublime Declaration.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

In reply the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes pervaded with emotion.

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do."

I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychologic standpoint, I feel that our different organisms are so nicely articulated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically, our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically, I feel sure that when we come to combine we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well-ordered and conducted business produces. And now, how do you love me?"

The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly but surely in his arms. He hugged her and kissed her alabaster cheeks and her ruby lips.

"How do I love you?" he replied. "My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."

Gospel of Forgetfulness.

The gospel of forgetfulness is now being strongly advocated by persons interested in various new-thought movements. The theory is to get rid of your troubles by forgetting all about them—by substituting happy, hopeful thoughts for the sad, despairing ones. The adherents of this gospel go so far as to claim for it a physical potency. They declare that illness can be cured by forgetting all about it.

This doctrine, like all the other doctrines that assume the control of mind over matter, is a splendid one when not pushed to the excess to which fanatical adherents are liable. Like the other doctrines, too, is as old as the human race, and has been put in to excellent practice in all periods of history. Proverbs and epigrams have been written about it. "Worry killed a cat," "Let the dead past bury its dead," "Things past redress are now with me past care," "We are never so unhappy as we imagine," and the like, and in his "Cure for Heartache" Thomas Morton, the dramatist, advised, "Push on—keep moving."—In Indianapolis Star.

Following the Hounds.

Smith was a great cyclist, but had rarely been on a horse. One day when staying with a sporting uncle he thought he would like to follow the hounds, which were to meet near by, so he borrowed from a young relative a horse which was not much accustomed to the hunting field. At first he went steadily until the horse, being startled by a rabbit darting from a clump of grass, broke into a mad gallop. The rider was flung forward on the horse's neck.

"What are you doing, my lad, with your arm there?" jokingly called out his uncle.

"I'm feeling for the brake," was the muffled reply, "but I can't find it."

Another Name for Sunlight.

Insects are often susceptible to ultra violet light (which is, of course, a component of sunlight), as experiments by L. Raybaud have recently shown, this fact perhaps explaining the aversion of some species to strong sunlight. In the rays from a mercury vapor lamp, such creatures as snails, houseflies, and tadpoles soon became torpid, and in the course of a few hours were quite dead. Young grasshoppers perished in about two days. Adult grasshoppers showed no apparent injury after a week's exposure, and spiders and beetles were unaffected.

WORKINGS OF THE CAMORRA

How an Englishman Was Politely Mulcted of \$300 by Italian Society.

A paeon of rejoicings has gone up in print over the verdict on the Camorra prisoners at Viterbo, and it is stated—rather previously, I fear—that the great secret society of Italy has been scotched. That Naples will no longer be its headquarters is probable, but it is so widely spread over the whole of Italy that it can be no more killed by imprisoning its Neapolitan leaders than you can kill an octopus by cutting off one of its tentacles. The society has local branches in every town of importance, and it adapts its methods to the status of the people whom it bleeds.

How polite the Camorristas can be a true tale of how an Englishman subscribed to its funds will show. The Englishman in question, a married man, took a house in one of the seaport towns of Italy, not Naples, and brought his English furniture with him. A month or two after he had taken up residence, a very polite Italian gentleman called on him and presented him with a bill for \$200 for furniture bought from an Italian firm. The Englishman said that there must be some mistake, for he had bought no furniture in Italy, and his visitor then explained that the bill was the means by which he might subscribe to the local branch of the Camorra, and thus obtain its protection. There was no hurry about the matter said the polite Italian, and if the Englishman did not care to pay at once the matter might stand over for six months.

The Englishman went to his consul, who referred him to the local head of the police. The local head of the police, talking as an official, promised him every protection if he did not intend to give the money, but as a private individual, suggested to him that \$300 was not very much to pay to avoid all the anxiety that was entailed by being in the black books of the Camorra. The Englishman paid his \$300 and holds the bill, duly receipted, for purely imaginary furniture, bought from a purely imaginary Italian firm.

CLAIMED FOR NEW YORK CITY

Origin of Popular Expression, "Let Her Go, Gallagher!" Said to Have Originated There.

The expression "Let her go, Gallagher!" is in use in nearly every city of the United States, and has traveled to foreign countries, yet it is doubtful if many can tell the origin of it. A group of men recently met in New York city and soon were talking of events that happened many years ago. One of them told the story of "Let her go, Gallagher," and vouches for the truth of it, as he was present at the time it began.

"A number of delegates," said the veteran, "representing the Chicago fire department came to visit the New York fire ladders in the early '70s. They were shown about fire headquarters and inspected the different systems. Then they desired to see some of the crack companies. Their escorts brought them to hook and ladder No. 14, in East 125th street, and while examining the apparatus an alarm was sounded from the West Side. Capt. Henry M. Jones bade the visitors jump on the sides of the fire truck and accompany the fire fighters to the blaze.

"Peter Gallagher was the driver of the team, and he quickly got to his seat on the truck. It swung out to the street, and the driver guided the horses to straighten out the ponderous machine. When in a position to take full speed and dash to the place where the alarm was sounded Captain Jones yelled to the driver, 'Let her go, Gallagher!'"

The visiting firemen never forgot the command, and thus began the famous old saying that is in vogue to day.

Human Hair-Nets.

The annual sale of nets of human hair, according to the report of the American consul at Kehl, estimated at 12,000,000.

Hair-nets are made almost wholly in the houses of Alsatian and Austrian peasants; the peculiar skill required to net hair has become in part hereditary.

The children begin first to tie the hairs together, and to end, to make one long hair. Then, with only a round piece of wood about six inches long and one-half inch in diameter—a needle, the older girls and women—and sometimes the men—weave the nets. Each mesh is knotted in much the same way that fish-nets or hammocks are made. Only tying a single hair is a more delicate and difficult task than tying a string.

To make a dozen nets is a day's work of ten or twelve hours.

Fact About the Mushroom.

A well-known botanist says that mushrooms might properly be called vegetable meat and used as a substitute for animal food. "It is doubtful, however, if this is true," says the American Medical Association. "The more we learn of mushrooms, the more it becomes apparent that they are scarcely different as regards dietary virtues from the general run of the green vegetables which have never achieved the distinction of any unique or superior nutritive properties. They belong rather to that large group of food materials which we consume for reasons quite apart from the yield of nourishment: which they have to offer to the body."

LITTLE DEMAND FOR LEECHES

Almost Nothing Compared With What It Used to Be Only a Few Years Ago.

Forty years ago there were in Paris alone 10 wholesale dealers in leeches, each of whom sold between 300,000 and 400,000 leeches monthly, for which they received on an average about \$50 a thousand.

Today there is only one dealer in the capital and he gets from six to seven francs (\$1.20 to \$1.40) a hundred. His name is Leya and he handles about 130,000 per month, his best market being the United States. He has sometimes half a million in stock.

In former times the Paris poor law administration purchased 80,000 francs (\$16,000) worth a year; this was in the '30s and '40s of the 19th century; the administration now finds itself amply supplied with \$40 worth annually.

The great breeding ground for French leeches was the marshes around Bordeaux. A poor peasant named Bechade was the creator of the industry. He rented a tract of marsh land for about \$50, and this, when properly stocked with leeches, became worth \$5,000.

Bechade collected the leeches by buying all the worn out horses he could get hold of and driving them into the marshes five or six times a month, especially in April, May, June, October and November. Bechade's business flourished, and when he died he was worth 1,000,000 francs.

After a while the French leech trade was ruined, not only on account of the great decline in the demand, but on account of the accessibility of other sources of supply brought about by the improved facilities of transport, fast trains bringing them in a short time from Turkey, Bohemia and Dalmatia, and to a more limited extent from Algeria and Russia.—Medical Brief.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH

Water Must Be Changed Frequently and the Blossoms Should Be Sprinkled Every Hour.

Almost the first thought that follows admiration for a freshly picked bouquet is how it can be preserved the greatest length of time? Many experiments have been undertaken to prevent flowers from fading—such as placing salt in the water, or nipping them off and applying sealing wax. We have tried all methods, and have come to the conclusion that changing water in which the stems are plunged frequently and sprinkling the flowers hourly, will keep them fresh and fair longer than will other treatment.

The water used should be tepid. The cooler the temperature of the apartment the better. Never leave flowers under a gas jet, or they will immediately wither. The last thing at night, change the water on the stems and sprinkle the flowers thoroughly. Tie over the vase or basket tissue paper which has been soaked in water. Over this tuck a newspaper. In the morning the flowers will be found as fair as the night previous.

Roses fade sooner than almost any flowers. Heliotrope will wither and blacken with the tenderest care. It should be nipped from a bouquet as soon as it loses freshness. Lilies, tulips, narcissus, euphorbia, hyacinths and all flowers with succulent stems can be preserved several days.

Retarding Home Influence.

A writer in the Boston Transcript remarks upon the new factors which antagonize home relations and absorb so much time and attention that home is a less constant factor and seems to the child less important than it did a generation ago.

"The school, not only with its regular work, but with its athletics and affiliated social interests, demands an increasing amount of time. The church, with its many organizations, calls for many evening hours as well as for a large part of Sunday. In some communities the children seem to have about as few hours for free, quiet home life as the busiest of business men, and the mother needs the best methods as well as the finest of spirit in the ever lessening amount of time she has to exert those influences which are recognized as the most potent as well as the most uplifting in life. The church is making a mistake in pushing so vigorously missionary, philanthropic and social organizations for women, while relegating to a minor place that organization whose aim is to strengthen the very heart of the social organism—the home. More attention should be given to the honoring and helping of motherhood."

Proper Gymnastic Work.

Every person who has received gymnasium training is aware of the fact that an exercise which calls for painful effort on the part of the beginner is often performed almost without any conscious effort at all after a certain amount of training has been received. Again, it is perfectly well known that brute strength alone does not make a gymnast, and that even a simple exercise may offer great difficulty to a muscular and well developed individual who has not been trained in the gymnasium. The explanation for this is made plain in an article by Professor du Bois Reymond in Die Umschau, who points out that one of the essential functions of gymnasium work is not so much to build up muscle as to train nerves and nerve groups to work in proper unison and coordination.

SCARS THAT STAY ON BODY

Though the Idea of Regular Seven Year Change is Right, It Has Its Limitations.

There are people who tell you that everything in the body is changed every seven years, and that there is no part of it which was there seven years ago. This does not mean that we slough the whole thing off at once, as a snake does its skin or a deer its antlers, but simple that the innumerable and tiny atoms which are used up by the daily wear and tear are replaced by fresh atoms supplied by our food and drink, which keep the body going, just as coal and water keep the steam-engine at work.

But these changes are so minute and gradual that the form of the body remains the same, although such things as scars take a long time to disappear, and sometimes they remain for life, although they always lose a great deal of their prominence.

You may have noticed that if you cut your finger lightly it will soon heal up and the scar presently disappear, just as the marks of a superficial burn will gradually go away; but if the cut is deep the scar remains. This is because it went down to what is called the true skin. Any cuts, stains, or burns on the outer skin are gradually pushed up and worn or washed off, just as the hair on the back of your hand wears off without your cutting it, and grows again; but anything that goes down to the true skin, like tattoo marks, always remains.

ROMANCE IN MINING OF TIN

Bolivian Mountains at Present Contribute One-Fifth of the World's Supply.

While Bolivia has copper and gold and other minerals as well as silver, her greatest wealth is in tin. There is as much romance in tin mining in Bolivia as in diamond mining in South Africa and gold mining in our own country. Fortunes just as large have been made. One man who a few years ago was a prospector now has an income from his tin mines equal to that of the bonanza kings of California or the South African mining magnates. He has recently offered to build a railway line which the government itself did not feel able to undertake.

In all the world last year there were only 110,000 tons of tin produced, and to this quantity Bolivia contributed one-fifth, so the value of her tin deposits can be understood. Some of this tin is mined as high as 17,000 feet. Most of the mines, however, are worked at altitudes of less than 15,000 feet. Tin mining has thus the distinction of location at one of man's most lofty permanent dwelling places as well as beneath the bed of the sea. This opposite extreme is found in the world's oldest known tin mines in Devonshire, England.—Christian Herald.

Saved Comrade, but Lost Life.

A workman sacrificed his life to rescue a comrade who had been overcome by fumes in a blast furnace at Darlington, Staffordshire, England, a few days ago. A man named Heald was descending the furnace on a pulley chain in order to readjust the chain around the scrap-iron lying in a heap of cobs at the bottom when another workman saw him fall off the chain just before nearing the bottom. In response to an alarm several men rushed to the top of the furnace. A furnaceman named Jackson immediately placed a scarf over his mouth and went down on the pulley chain. He tied a rope round Heald, who was pulled up. Then Jackson ascended on the chain, but when within a few feet of the surface he called out: "Make haste, I'm going," and fell backward to the bottom of the furnace. Three workmen named Ince, Darby and Speake made a brave attempt to rescue Jackson. Speake managed in the end to get a rope round Jackson's waist and he was pulled to the top but was already dead.

Tried Trick Once Too Often.

A man of seventy-five, who of recent years had extorted money from charitable persons, in Paris, by pretending to commit suicide, has fallen a victim to his ingenuity. He used to fasten a rope, attached to the ceiling, about his neck with an easy running noose. Then, having knocked over the furniture, he would overturn the chair on which he was standing and remain hanging by the rope. Alarmed by the noise, the neighbors would rush in and cut him down. After being revived he would depict his state of distress in such moving language that money would be forthcoming for his relief. Later he would repeat the trick in another house, invariably with success. But a few days ago, when he was carrying out the trick, there was a hitch. No one went to his help and he remained hanging being eventually cut down dead.

The Morning After.

The telephone girl in a Broadway hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange one morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said: "Hello! Is this the So-and-So hotel?"

"No," replied the girl, who was slightly surprised. "This is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was. Send me up an ice water and a bromo seltzer, please."—New York Telegraph.