#### OUEER CHURCH IN GUIANA

Its Roof Is of Paper, Its Bells Two Metal Jars, Its Pulpit a Barrel and Altar a Box.

(Thurches are always one of the "sights" of a place, usually because, they are either antique or because of their beauty. But in out-of-the-way corners of the world the local churches are sometimes well worth seeing for their curiosity

Thus, in one of the gold districts of Demerara, British Guiana, there is a little church which boasts a paper roof. The bells are merely two empty metal jars, which are struck with an fron rod. An empty flour barrel makes an effective pulpit, while the mitar is constructed from a box covwred with a white cloth.

The minister who officiates at this quaint place of worship also holds pervices at another, about three miles away, which is equally curious. It is really a dancing hall. The pulpit is a table used at other times as a plat-Form by the musicians, and the bell is a triangular piece of steel, struck with an old horseshoe.

# TOWN CRIER AS ARBITRATOR

Both Sides Used Him to Avert a Strike in the French Town of Saint-Pierre-d'Oleron.

A strike which threatened in Saint-Pierre-d'Oleron, France, recently, was saverted in a curious way. The washerwomen of the village engaged the stown crier, who paraded the streets announcing that on and after Septemther 22 the washerwomen would refuse to work for less than twenty-five cents a day and that, in addition, they demanded that their employers should "board" them.

The "bourgeoises" of the village, a ifew hours later, also through the medium of the town crier, announced that the washerwomen would receive twenty-five cents a day, with food, as idemanded, but that no coffee would be served to them.

To this ultimatum the washerwomen replied-by town crier-that they would work for twenty cents a day. with food and coffee. The "bourgeoises" accepted the offer, and all is now lovely in Saint-Pierre-d'Oleron.

Eve's Sin and Some Others. Here are a few of the best Sunday school "howlers" which the Manchester Guardian has selected from a Sunday school examiner's note book:

"Eve sinned out of curiosity more than liking for that particular fruit." "The Semitic races were the half breeds, from semt half."

"The Sanhedrin was composed of 170 men of reclining years and great ilearning."

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With respect to the conversation rechapter 3: Nicod mus began the harangue, but could not take it all in one grasp."

The woman of Samaria was told: Even if she did not go to the temple but worshiped at her own house she twould be entitled to the same chances as any one who went to the temple."

The second second Depressing. We met the Early Bird and were amazed, on glancing at our watches, to discover that the hour of seven had long since struck.

"You're not so early, after all!" we remarked significantly. "No," assented the Early Bird, look

ing very conscious all at once. "The fact is, I got the hookworm!"-Puck.

An Even Break. Madge-But, Billy, the idea of three coaches to each man to put him in condition for the big game! Why, it's abourd!

Billy-Not any more so than three dressmakers, two maids, a hair dresser, and half a hundred female relatives putting you in shape for commencement.—Puck.

He Knows What's What. "Say, we've come to ask you to be our candidate for congress."

"Eh! Well, well! Thank you. boys, I'll run if the Old Guard will let

"Hold on. You're not as much of a hidebound partisan as that, are you?" "Partisan? Of course not. I'm talking about my wife."

Net Bossley's Style. Lush—That man Boseley is a regul lar sponge.

Nipton-You're unjust to the spongs old man. Lush-How's that? Nipton-When a sponge gets soaked

It loosens up. The Habit of Complaint. "I suppose you were thankful for the

Beavy rain." "Oh, yes," replied Farmer Cornton mel; "though I don't see why them weather folks couldn't pervide to keep it in the fields instead of lettin' it stray around, muddin' up the roads."

Off the List. "What are the ladies of your sufthrace club going to do with that memper who offended you?" "I don't know," replied Mrs. Voteby Grassm. "But I'm sure it will not be the silence protest."

9

A Change.

I remember the bawl of the belle

Wiggles-The is the belle of the Waggles-Yes, and the last time ! teaw her she was a baby. Even now

#### CITIES GROWING NOISIER

It is One of the Penalties of Civilization, But No Man Could Endure Continual Silence.

No doubt all cities are growing noisier. This is one of the penalties of civilization. There is now no Sybaris, where the sound of a hammer was, never heard. Even Paris is said to be as noisy as it is now dirty. But in the Paris of 20 years ago Mr. Adolphe Rette was so disturbed by the din, which would now be considered in comparison only an agreeable bustle, that he dreamed a dream. There was a singular silence. Men and women moved as a procession of shadows. Cartwheels were inaudible. The city was under cotton wadding. And the thought came to the dreamer, "Noise is dead!" and he burst out laughing at the deduction that the earth was henceforth doomed to eternal silence. Then came a letter of ceremonial invitation: "You are begged to be present at the funeral of Monsieur Noise, who died this evening. Killed by contemporaneous excess, he was held in horror by the Eternal himself. On the part of his widow, Humanity."

Yet who could endure the eilence that crazed the man in Poe's tale, the tale told by the Demon, the tale more wonderful than any in "The iron-bound melancholy volumes of the Magi." And the Demon laughed but could not, and the Demon cursed him because he could not laugh. And even the lynx that dwelt forever in the tomb looked at the Demon steadily in the face.

# SHE SAW THE BIG SPARKLER

Shoe Clerk With the New Diamond Ring Attracted Both Attention and Reprimand From Customer.

As the man who writes little items for the paper sat getting himself fitted with a pair of shoes the other day he saw this happen: A woman was getting waited on by a clerk who wore on the third finger of his hand a diamond twinkler weighing at least a carat and a quarter. He hadn't always worn a ring of that sort. It was new to him. He took a great deal of pride in his new ring. Oh, how it sparkled when the light was just right! Once or twice he got so interested in twisting it around on his finger with his thumb to a position to where it would be most easily noticed by the woman customer that he forgot to finish lacing up the shoe she was trying on.

But he had succeeded in bringing the jewel to her attention. She had a sharp, leathery, suffragetish face and a disposition to speak right out on

things. "I see it," she remarked in a refrigerated tone, "it's very pretty and attractive. You wear it with a good air of abandon, too. I admire it exing with it, I wish you would go ahead and show me something else-something with not quite such a narrow toe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Color for Men's Clothes. No matter how passionately mere man may long for more color in his clothes every effort to effect a revolution has failed thus far. Nor is it to be any different this winter. The decree has gone forth once more that sombre hues are to preyail among well dressed men. The only hope for the color-scheme male lies in his handkerchief. Even the reign of the resplendent sock is over. Brown is to be the chief color in clothes; dress waistcoats remain set at white pique or black velvet; hats are to be as they were; tie-pins, if worn at all, must be "simple and expensive"; ties themselves are to be limited to black, black and white stripes, or dark blue with a large white spot. But there is one ray of hope. "Pyjamas must be

Sympathizing With the Chorus Man The chorus man who skips to the right and skips to the left in step with the chorus girl and sings sentimental ditties to her, imprinting a stage kiss upon ber outer coating of grease paint at the end of the final verse, is sometimes college bred and usually a graduate of a high school, but the roughest and most illiterate "noush" shares with the showlest and best educated show girl a contempt for his calling, and when the contempt is not shown to the individual the case is exceptional.

white silk, with violet braid fasten-

ings." And a violet silk dressing.

gown will be quite the thing.

Money. Moneyels nothing more nor less than the measure of value, and therefore the medium of exchange. It may consist of anything-gold, silver, copper, fron, paper, bark, shells, pebbles any thing that shall be decided on by the parties concerned. It is the flat of the community, and that only, that makes a certain piece of matter 'money," and the flat being manifested, any kind of material will answer for the symbol of value. The wampum of the Indians was just as much money as is the gold and silver coin of the civilized peoples.

- Room for Doubt. The cuckoo clock had just chiened the half-hour before midnight, and the girl in the parlor scene was weary. "Mr. DeBorem," she said, as she vainly attempted to strangle a yawn, "I heard something about you the other day that I'm sure is not true." "Indeed!" he exclaimed. "What was

"I heard some one say you were as easy-going chap," she answered

### WIFIE WON'T HELP AGAIN

Popular Author's Spouse "Improved" His Book to the Extent of a Loss of \$7,000.

It isn't fair to tell the name of the author. But one of the writers of bust sellers turned out a fine piece of work a year or so ago. He took the rough draft of it to a publisher, and the masof ledgers fell for it in a minute "I'll take it back to my wife and let her go through it to catch any errors of English," said the author, and the publisher agreed.

When the corrected draft was returned, it seemed that the lady had caught errors that were not of English. She didn't agree, for examp'e, with the hero's liking for brunette ladies, being of the opinion that blondes are the highest type of beauty. It is just a coincidence that she is herself a blonde. And there were one or two elinorglyn episodes that the lady expurgated. And she changed the plot a bit, because, as she justly said, things like that never happened in real life—and if they did, they were never referred to by nice people. The sale of the book was confined to the free copies sent to the reviewers. Last week the author brought the draft of another story to the same

"Fine, great, magnificent!" said the ardent gentleman when he read it. "My readers are crazy about it. I cried like a child in chapter 10 and. although my eyes are getting weak, I sat up until two o'clock in the morning to finish it. Just sign the con-

tract on the dotted lines." The author signed, and then asked for the draft. "I want to take the draft home and let my wife go over It and catch the errors," said he. "You know my grammar gets a little

cross-eyed sometimes." "Never again," said the publisher. "I have that manuscript locked in a safe, and if your wife tries to interfere with it I'll have her uinched. She's an estimable lady and a good housekeeper-but the last time she tried to improve one of your stories she cost me \$7.000."

#### SLENDER BALTIMORE WOMEN

They Take Off Flesh by Rolling on the Floor and Running Up Stairs.

"How slender the Baltimore women are," remarked an admiring critic the other day.

And so they are. There is hardly an ounce of superfluous flesh in the entire city.

Elderly women who once appeared after a summer trip rolling in flesh now come home tanned and weatherbeaten, but with firm muscles and slender waters

It is marvelous how they do it. a tearoom, however, one learns something of the secrets. "I must not eat oysters; they make flesh, you know," the woman next you remarks, while her neighbor murmurs that it is hard to have to give up the things you most care for simply to keep below 140 pounds. "I love chocolate in any form," she says. The last sentence is not germane, but every one seems to understand what she

"Try rolling on the floor," darkly whispers the woman at the suffrage meeting to one near her. "I have," she replies sibilantly; "it

mcans.

took off ten pounds in a month. But It was rulnous to my bones." "Your bones must get used to it. With gowns that are tight around the knees you cannot afford to have hips, and they must be got rid of

"You cannot roll in an apartment."

groans a listener. "But then you cannot live in an apartment at all if you are fat." "True," she sighs, and subsides.

"Run up and down stairs," suggested a lecturer not long ago, her subject being "The Good, the True and the Beautiful," with particular attention to the last.

But it turned out that her entire audience lived in apartments, and they had fewer stairs than anything else in their lives .- Baltimore Evening

Hunters Caught In Traps. A peculiar double accident marked the opening in northern New Jersey of the season for shooting quail, partridge, grouse, English pheasant, squirrel, wild turkey and woodcock. Among the hunters who left Bloomfield were Max Wiemer and Isaac K. McGirr. They reached a patch of woods on the second mountain, fronting on Little Falls road, by daylight, and started out in opposite directions, so that they would not shoot each other.

Soon Wiemer heard his companion acream for help. He ran toward Mc-Girr, fell into a bear trap and was held fast, the sudden shock almost dislocating his thigh. McGirr shouted to Wiemer that he also was caught in a bear trap.

Timothy Spear, a farmer, went to their assistance and released them.

The Foolish Virgin, "We should always be prepared," said H. K. Adair, the San Francisco detective, in an interview in New York, "and then we will miss nothing.

"You've heard, perhaps, of the young lady who said, as she sipped her tea: "T've just had such a dreadful experience." "'A dreadful experience?' asked an-

other young lady. "'Yes, was the reply. 'I saw a splendid bargain in khoes downtown and I've got a hole in my stockings."

### WHEN IS A MAN AT HIS BEST?

Line is Being Pushed Further Back - and He Who Is Past Fifty Need Not Be Ashamed of It.

When is a man best intellectually and physically? The answer was thus stated by a witty physician: "Most men are no good at their best." There is no rule for the extraordinary man. That Cate learned Greek at cighty affords no criterion. There is no measure for Napoleons; Lincoln defles the rules, and no school or method of instruction-not even by correspondence will certainly teach the full measure of the patriotism that characterized

Washington. When is the average man at his best? That depends a good deal upon what is required of him. A prize fighter is old at thirty: most counselors atlaw are youthful at fifty, and for the ordinary pursuits every man is entitled to his "guess," and there shall be no decision. But it is certain that the dead line is being pushed further and further back upon age. Men are learning how to live; the comforts of life are more easily attainable; science intervenes in man's behalf, and the man who has passed fifty need not be ashamed of his years, because he may see for himself that there is a place for him by simply regarding the men long past that age who are actually carrying on the world's work.-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

#### SIGHTS TO MAKE ONE FAINT

Somewhere There Are Things That Would Be Too Much for Any Man. Thought the Deacon.

"I heard of a man once who fainted," said John Russell. There was a crunching of chair legs and in the gathering darkness all faces were turned to John. "He was a young fellow then," he confessed, "and one of the neighbor's barns caught fire. They tried to get the cattle out, but the fire was too swift. And-well, this young fellow just up and fainted."

"Seems to me," said the deacon, "there's a sight that would make any of us faint if we only knew what 'twas." The deacon was a believer in predestination, although in his own particular case he always made it fight its way. He had that look of austerity which is usually found only in the ascetics, and a fringe of whisker underneath his shaven chin was all that outwardly identified him with agriculture. "Of course." he continued, "one man's sight wouldn't make another man faint and t'uther way round, but somewhere or other I do believe there's a sight which would be too much for any of us if We only happened to see it "

"Like Joe Farcey giving his chickens enough to eat," suggested one And so the conversation turned to

Their Sunday Seance.

An Atchison man was sitting in his own home last evening, quietly reading, as a nice man should do Sunday evening, when one of his wife's women friends dropped in. The man kept on reading (as men do on such occasions), and the women paid no attention to him. (Women never do pay any attention to the man of the house.) The man could not help but hear what his wife and her friend talked about; at first they talked about what a long day Sunday was, what a diagrace it was they never went to church, how they had given up trying to make the children go to Sunday school, etc. And the man kept on reading his paper. Finally his wife and her friend drifted into a "real talk," and the man thought to himself, "This is no place for a gentleman," and went to his room.-Atchisun Globe.

First Telescope.

Very lew people are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter in January. 1610, is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is about 800 years ago since the fastrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astromical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eyepiece, just like the opera glasses now in use. When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the dore and an enthusiastic assembly he was overwhelmed with honors, because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies .- Strand Magazine.

History of Famous Writings. The New York Ledger paid \$4,000 for the privilege of publishing Longfollow's "The Hanging of the Crane," the first time, exclusive of the right to its publication in book form. This was at the rate of \$25 per line. It is said that the "Psaim of Life" was never paid for by the magazine which published it. And afterwards, during the siege of Paris, it saved a Frenchman from committing suicide.

Dream-Awakening. He had never told his love. She tolled it for him, and the toll took the form of candy, books, flowers, theater tickets, suppers, taxis, and the other emotional efflorescences of a young man's fancy.

One sweet day he told his love. Shortly after that she tolled it no more, and about all she had coming to her were masculine maledictions on

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#### RAINY DAY IN THE NURSERY

Various Ways in Which the Children Can Be Amused and Kent From Peevishness in Bad Weather.

A rainy day is always something of a trial to the children in the nursery. The little ones miss their usual walk. and the hours drag heavily. The children are listless and peevish, and the day very likely ends with a fit of tem-

per or tears. Now, here is a way to avoid these consequences: Dress the children in their bats and coats and turn them loose to romp in a large room where the windows are thrown open, but secure from danger. This plan gives

them plenty of fresh air and exercise. Set aside a few toys, not necessarily expensive ones, and keep them strictly for rainy days or when the children are prevented by illness from going

The rainy day doll or box of bricks or automobile will be welcomed as a novelty and will keep the boys and girls amused for hours when they would soon tire of their usual toys.

Another fine plan is to let the chil-Gren belp about the house. A little girl will be delighted with permission to help make the beds or dust things she cannot break.

Let rainy days be always times of indoor activity. You cannot expect a child with overflowing energy to spend hours in quiet occupations.

"Why can't you sit down and keep still with a book?" mother asks. The child doesn't know why it can't, though the explanation is a very

simple one. A great deal of exercise is needful for the proper development of growing limbs, and if this exercise cannot be secured by outdoor play it must be gained in some other way.

# SAVING ON THE GAS BILL

Boil a Lct of Potatoes at Once and Fix Them Up in Various Tasty Ways.

. Two or three times a week bell or steam a large kettle of potatoes in the original packages, set them aside to cool, and verily, my daughters, they will seem a treurure house of gold and silver. After you have ' or kept busy all day with the multitudinous duties which fall to the lot of every housekeeper, it will seem as a great weight lifted from your tired shoulders to have no potatoes to wash and pare at dinner time. A few from your treasure house may be stripped of their soft jackets in the twickling of an eye, halfed and browned in butter, and be ready to serve in no time. Escalloped, au gratin, hashed brown, Lyonnaise. German fried, breakfast hash, all may be served from this same reserve

This arrangement saves not only time, but fuel, and the same plan maybe followed in cooking meat. It is a waste of time and money to roast a small piece of mest. When you are preparing to cook either a pot or an oven roast, purchase a large one, for it will consume very little extra fuel inthe cooking, and what is left from the first meal can be worked over into numerous dishes fully as tasty as the first one. Do you always plan an even meal when you are roasting meat? Potatoes may be browned with the meat, escalloped corn or tomatoes, macaroni or spaghetti with cheese be baked for vegetable, pudding or ple for dessert-all for one gas bill.

"The Soul of Golf."

One who knew the soul of golf saw it and described it. It was a tricky green, with a drop of 20 feet behind it. To have overrun it would have been fatal. There was a stiff head wind. The player would not risk running up. He cut well in under the ball to get all the back spin he could. He pitched the ball well up against the wind, which caught it, and, on account of the spin, threw it up and up until it soared almost over the hole, then it dropped like a shot bird about a yard from the hole, and the back spin gripped the turf and held the ball within a foot of where it fell. It was obvious to one man that it was a crude shot. It was equally obvious to another, who knew the inner secrets of the same, that it was a brill antly conceived and beautifully executed stroke. One man saw nothing of the aoul of the stroke. He got the husk, and the other took the kernel.-P. B Vaile, in North American Review.

"A Statesman Who Gambled High. Arthur's, Almanack's, Bootle's and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken down senators fleeced the unwary there. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, was cheated in very late times—lost 200,000 pounds at play. Gibbon tells of his playing 22 hours at a sitting, and losing 500 pounds an hour. That indomitable nunster said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books. I was going to say what peace of mind, but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play, he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an Eclogue of Virgil.—From Thackeray's "The Four Georges."

Quite Expert. I remember your wife an such dainty and pretty girl, Tank, they tell me she has turned ones.

fine cook." "Turned out a fine cook!" exclaimed Tumly. "She has turned out half a orzen of them within the last three months.'- Toledo Blade

## OFFERS CARGO OF ANIMALS

Trapper Attempts to Get Rid of Grizzlies. Cougars, Wolves and Crate of Birds.

Seattle, Wash -- This city often bas opportunities to see strange sights and people, but it is doubtful if a more unusual spectacle was ever anchored in any horson than a homemade cedar log scow, with its deck covered with clude and home-made cages filled with wild animals, which a small bounch dragged in this week.

One of the largest circuses on the read was advertised to exhibit here a day or so after the strange scow arrived in the hornor, and as owner, who said he was Jacc! Voegel brought his "pers" here to other them to the circus management

If he went away disappointed no one will know, for the frow of redar logs is still in the harbor, but the wooden cages are gone, and so is the

Vorgel said he had two young grizzlies four full grown cougars, three wildcats, two black bear cubs and one full grown brown bear in the large

The smaller boxes contained raccoons badgers, coyotes, wolves, three fawns, a baby elk, a wapiti with three Lorns instead of antlers, a wild hog and a crate of strange birds. He gaid he was going to offer the whole lot to the circus management, and the fact that the animals were hauled away the night the circus left is evidence that Voegel disposed of them Battefactorily.

The animal man explained that he was not in the business of catching wild beasts, but had been sponsor for several animals which were given him by neighbors and trappers and hunters in the Olympic mountains.

Voegel lives at Port Angeles, Wash., which is headquarters for all the huntersend trappers who come to the Olympics.

#### MANY GIANT TREES FE ED

Stately Chestnuts Fall Victims to Ax In Attempt to Check Ravages of Epidemic.

Ardmore, Pass-Hundreds of giant trees, the stately tops of which towered above the main sky line, have been obliged to how to the woodman's ax and heroic treatment has been apblied to thousands of others in the effort to stay the sway of the deathdealing disease familiarly known as the chestnut blight, in the campaign inaugurated by a corps of state forestry department inspectors in charge of Deputy Commissioner of Forestry L. C. Williams.

In a brief period, and in the attempt

to check the ravages of the disease that in epidemic form threatened to wipe out the vast chestnut groves of eastern Pennsylvania, and particularly in the suburban section of Philadelphia, 10,000 trees have been examined in the neighborhood of Ardmore, Haverford and Bryn Mawr. The starming extent to which this blight had invaded this section, where wealthy Philadelphians have magnificent country places, is shown in the reports of these forestry experts, for examinations in minute detail reveal the fact that no less than 50 per cent. of the trees in these great groves are infected. In some forests as high as 90 per cent. has been noted.

# LIGTNING KILLS MANY FISH

Thousands of Trout Found Dead After Severe Thunderstorm in California Stream.

San Bernardino, Cal.-Many thousands of trout in Deep creek have been killed. George Boren and J. W. Catick, well-known business men of this city, returned from the creek with the news.

They went fishing in the creek two weeks ago. The first few days their luck was of the best. A week ago a severe electrical storm played over that section, several immense trees by the creek miles apart being struck by thunderbolts and shattered.

On the following day the fishermen were surprised to find the fishing pools filled with dead trout, which in many instances fairly covered the surface of the water. The condition was traced for miles, and the fishers are positive that during the thunderstorm the stream became highly charged with electricity.

Milk Thief is Bear.

Marquette, Mich.-Felix La Cross, & farmer, met with a rude surprise the other night. He had missed milk and had determined to catch the thief, and lay in wait for him.

When La Cross saw a dark object crawling through the window he made a grab for it. To his amazement the intruder proved to be a cub bear. The animal escaped and when the farmer started after it he stumbled on to two

more bears—an old and a young one. All three bears got away while La Cross returned to the house for his gun.

Potato Embargo la Liftea. Paris.—A commission of scientists has come to the conclusion that Amerdeen possibles are no longer a source of solitamination, and the French govdesignment has decided to admit this receduct, which has been barred out of tice circe 18.5 on the ground that K' was infected with a disease dangerovs to French potatoes. The French potato crop this year is poor.

# L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

deser am Herrichaellismalican d'élamiliane, les' l'abardes des desertions les l'abardes de l'anni l'abardes de l'abardes d