NOT PERFECT ALARM CLOCKS. Beariers' Bajute to the "Rosy Morn" la Variable.

Lincoln's saying, "You can fool some of the people all the time;" is exempli-Bod by the common belief that the crewing of a cock at night indicates the near approach of dawn. This nofice is prevalent not only among flat Avellers but to some extent among puburban and country folk. It is true What these feathered alarm clocks are busiest for the hour that precedes daylight, but a man who had an appointment to go fishing at sunrise and mress when he heard a rooster, might

make a serious mistake. A racing man had a rooster at his home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, that had a remarkably accurate sense of Muse. Across the street from the mon's home is a summer hotel, the Remounturet. Most of the guests were more accustomed to city than to counfry noises, and some of them were mwakened when the cock crowed. Several times it was noticed that the maker came at just 3:15. This odd fact was spoken of on the hotel veranda, and when the guests heard the bird thereafter they usually looked at their

watches to see if he was on time. Night after night he was right to the minute. Once a guest looked at has timepiece, and it indicated only

"Guess I must be a little slow," he said to himself. He had come to have move faith in the mechanism of nature than of man. It was the cock which was wrong, however, for several persome spoke of it in the morning.

This continued for months, although The nunring was of course-later each may. Shakespeare's phrase, "the bird of dawning," certainly did not fit this chanticleer.

LIVE AS DID THEIR FATHERS. Block of Spain Which Defles the Inroads of Modern Civilization.

Automobilists from Bilbao, San Se-Bastian and other watering places drive daily to Eibar, where the Basque Motes. "Euskai Pastae," are in progseem, and the queen-mother will probsoly visit the village shortly, says the Kee York Herald's Parts edition

The Basques are very proud of their swu racial characteristics and they shold poetry competitions, theatrical and musical performances in their own Manguage. It is curious to note that despite the inroads of modern civilimention, which has rendered San Semestian, the Basque capital, almost seconopolitan, the country people, on the contrary, preserve their own langamage and habits and have hardly lost maything of their national features. On the contrary, there is a growing desire to preserve them, which contra-Milicis Reclus' remarks that the Basque beople is "up neuple cut meurt."

Mbar is a town where what Englishmen incorrectly call "Spanish gold" is that artistic work of inlaying gold wire on iron and steel, known all were the world. This work was most Mashionable some time ago, and the Epanish royal family has a set of "Spanish gold" frames for portraits to be presented to their friends and foreign sovereigns. The industry has attained considerable importance, de-... inpite the competition of Belgium. where counterfeited "Spanish gold" is manufactured; though in a rough way.

They Stole Bismarck's Sword.

Dashing wildly along a dark road on a two-mile auto sprint to capture three autoists whose particular brand of humor showed itself in the confisca-Mon of the great steel sword from the matue of Bismarck, located near Wismahickon mansion, Policeman Wilde Mually lost out in the race when the machine in which he was riding broke dewn.

He saw a machine drive up to the statue and three young men get out. Mefore he realized what was going on they had climbed the statue, taken the sword from the hands of the immobile Bismarck and jumped into their automobile again. He blew his whistle, and, stopping a passing machine, jumped in and started the chase: Realizing they were pursued, the occupants of the first automobile put on full power and dashed out Hermik lane toward Wissahickon creek. For a mile the chase was kept up, and Amen a tire was punctured on the rear machine, and the men with the aword escaped.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Problem for Scientists.

Queen Ena, or Queen Victoria of Mapain, as she is known out of Engfind, is said to be growing stout, and will, no doubt, one day rival her namestake, good Victoria of England, who had no waist line for many years before her death. When the experts met through with tuberculosis it is to he boped they will devote themselves more noriously to the consideration of the best way to prevent the formation of adipose tissue.

le Head and Heel Worker. A woman may be a ballet dancer and yet have other brains than those he her heels, as is attented by the fact that Mile. Marie Rutowska, a hallet Accept in an opera house at Warsaw. has just received her degree of law. the will be a lawyer in the daytime. hat will continue to dance at night, and will no doubt make more money and the end of the day.

Hadn't Been Kissed for Years. PRa-She isn't a very attractive

Stella-That's right; if anybody ever printed a kies on her lips the seperialit must have run out.

LIGHT-HEARTED TONY PASTOR. Characteristic Act of Theatrical Man Related by Actress.

A very beautiful actress, at a lunchson, told a story about the late Tony Pastor.

"Before I went on the stage," she said. "I was a typewriter girl. My employer happened to fail, and I advertised for a new situation. One of those who answered my advertisement was Mr. Pastor, and I put his name on my list, and in due course

called on him. "But he told me I was too late. He had engaged a typewriter early that morning. He was very sorry, he said. I would have made a charming ornament to his dull office. He paid several delightful compliments to my eyes, my hair, my figure.

"I rose with a sigh. "Well, I said. I suppose I'll have to close with Mr. Koopon, then, I'm horribly disappointed. I'd ever so much rather work for you.'

"'What, has old Koopon, the banker, made you an offer?" Mr. Pastor cried. "'Yes,' said I, 'and a very generous

one, too; but I prefer this office to "'And in this office you shall stay,"

said Mr. Pastor, whimsically, 'We'll make room for you somehow. Why, my dear child, all my money is in Koopon's bank.' "

WHEN THE BEST WORK IS DONE.

At Times When the Body Rests and the Mind Is Active.

The best work that most of us do. savs Dr. Luther H. Gulick, in the World's Work, "is not begun in our offices or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods or sitting, quietly with undirected thoughts. From somewhere at such times there flash into our minds those ideas that direct and control our lives, visions of how to do that which previously had seemed impossible, new aspirations, hopes and desires. Work is the process of realization. The careful balance and the great ideas come largely during quiet, and without being sought. The man who never takes ime to do nothing will hardly do great things. He will hardly have epoch making ideas or stimulating ideals. Rest is thus not merely in order to recuperate for work. If so, we should rest only when fatigued. We need to do nothing at times when we are as well as possible, when our whole natures are ready for their very finest product. We need occasionally to leave them undirected, in order that we may receive these messages by wireless from the unknown. We need to have the instrument working at its greatest perfection, be undirected and receptive."

Jap a Human Nonconductor. Playing with death and laughing

when it reached out to claim him for its own. Hakkadote, a Jap employe at the Hotel Castineda, was found at eight o'clock in the evening, recently, holding a live electric wire in his hands and touching it to the rails of the street cars just to see the sparks fly. The wire, which was the street car trolley, carried 22,000 volts of elec-

When electricians came to repair the break, which had been caused by the wire burning in two, they would not touch it until the power had been shut down, but the Jap stood there with it in his hand gleefully thrusting it out at them and laughing when they

sprang back. "It was the greatest wonder in the world he was not killed outright," said the chief electrician. "The only way I can account for it is that the Jap is a human nonconductor, or else that God takes care of fools."-Las Vegas (N. M.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Sailor's Praver Book.

"This is what you call the satior's prayer book," a seaman said bitterly, as he kicked a holystone out of the way. "Why is it called that? Well, in the first place it is called that because in using it, in holystoning the deck, the sailor has to kneel down, and in the second place, because all holystoning is done on Sunday. Don't you know the chantey?---Six days shalt thou work and do all that

thou art able.

And on the seventh holystone the deaks

and scrape the cable "The stone is called holystone because the first holystones were bits of tombs stolen from cemeteries. It's got a pious, religious sound-holy, and prayer book, and Sunday and all that -but 4 is when he is using this stone that the seaman is most profane."

Belittling.

There is an amusing story—amusing, that is, to the reader-of a guest at some Highland lodge, who overheard this dialogue between his ducal host and the head keeper: The Duke-Donald, young Lord -

will go on the hill to-day. Donald-Well, your grace, is he to kill a stag, or have a shot, or only see; deer, or just go for a walk?

Long and terrible was the pause. and painfully excited the interest of the listener, before, in grave, meas ured tones, the evidently well-weighed) and thought-out decision hailed his.

"Well, Donald, you may just take him for a walk!"

Getting Bald by Degrees. "Is the minister very bald, papa?" "No, my son, not very." "Then why does it say after his name B. A. L. L. D.!"-Boston Transcript.

NOT CONFINED TO STERN SEX. Women Also Are Capable of "Platonic" Friendship.

There are instances when men of genius have been sustained and inepired in their work and life by the Mendship of women. For 35 years the poet Cowper-a victim of fits of melancholia-was cheered and supported by the ministering friendship of Mrs. Unwin, in whose home he lived after as before the death of her husband, until the end of his own life. For 16 years Dr. Johnson was soothed, upheld and inspired by the friendship of Mrs. Thrale, who, says his biographer, ministered to him in body and mind, and was the most tender of nurses-no comfort that wealth could purchase or womanly ingenuity, set to work by womanly compassion, could devise being wanting to his sick-room. Through her influence her husband had persuaded the great man to leave his comfortless den and take lodgings in the elegant Thrale villa, where he enjoyed as much personal independence as if living in a home of his own. He repaid Mrs. Thrale's friendship "by an affection as pure as the? affection of a father, tinged with a gallantry which, though awkward, was more prized by her than the flatteries, of society." Montaigne asserted that women were incapable of great and enduring attachments like those which history records as having existed between men; but later on in his life he was forced to lean upon the unselfish devotion of a woman-his adopted daughter, whose soul he acknowledged would "one day be capable of that perfect and sacred friendship to which we do not read any of her sex has yet attained."-Mary E. Bry-

PIGEONS CARRY THE ORDERS.

an, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Messengers Used by English Butchers for Country Trade.

"Orders executed by post," is a common enough phrase nowadays, but "orders by pigeon post" is something

The "pigeon post" has been recently instituted by Don Harris, son of a butcher at Herne Bay, who regularly employs homer pigeous to carry orders from outlying districts to his father's shop.

Mr. Harris, Jr., when he goes to collect orders takes six of his fastest birds in the trap with him. After he has gone a couple of miles and collected a dosen orders he liberates a pigeon with the orders inclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed these orders are in the delivery trap on the way to the customers.

At various stages of his round (which usually takes three hours), Mr. Harris liberates the other birds with more orders, and by the time he returns to the shop all the orders recelved by pigeon post have been 'dis-

"Sometimes my rounds take me more than three hours," said Mr. Harris, "and formerly customers who lived any distance out did not get their joints until too late for the midday meal. Now my pizeons have solved the difficulty. The birds will often travel at a speed of more than a mile a minute, so you can guess the time they save. I have never known a bird to go astray."-London Daily

Saved His Life.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife." 'That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is." "Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is finally and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat. "before coming here this evening I made a bet of \$25 with Van Perkins that you would say 'No' to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke, Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide, and won the lifelong respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."—Detroit News.

Students' Home for Geneva, Frau Sofie Tschau of insbruck has established a home for students in Geneva. In a short time the place will be ready for occupancy and only students who cannot afford to pay more than a nominal price for their board and lodging will be admitted. The home will cost about \$50,000 and will have at its disposal \$10,000 a year to meet the current expenses. Frau Tschau was moved to this action by her observations among the poor students who flock to Switzerland from every part of the world. She noticed the hardships endured specially by girls who come from Russia and Poland to study and are homeless. She hopes to ameliorate these conditions by the aid of the students' home.

A Hair-Breadth Adventure. Small Sister (politely) -- I am afraid it will be some time before sister will

be down. Suitor (anxiously)—isn't she well? Small Sister-Oh, she's well enough, but Tommy hid the rat for her hair, and it was the longest time before she could find it.

Suitor (smiling)-But you say she bas found It? Small Sister-Yes, but Tommy hid her bair, too, and she is looking for TIME HAD WROUGHT NO CHANGE

One Thing the Returning Traveler Took Note Of.

The Rev. Simon Turple was an eloquent speaker, but he seemed to have a list of sermons which, when he once began, he went right through to the end, and then started at the first sermon again, and so on.

A young man in the congregation was about to leave for South Africa; but the Sunday before he departed he attended the church service.

In the course of his lecture the minister used an illustration in which were the words: "A man can easily purchase two sparrows for three

The young man, after being absent for about three years, returned, and again on the first opportunity attended divine service. Strange to say, he heard the same narrative by the same minister, the phrase striking him most being about the "two sparrows for three penca."

At the close of the service the minister, in his courtesy, came and shook hands with the youth, and, welcoming him back to his home, asked him if he noticed any changes about the

The young man, evidently quite unconcerned, replied: "Aye, man, there's two or three changes; but there's yin thing I can see, the price o' sparrows is aye at the same auld figger."

TAUGHT LESSON IN COURTESY.

One English Audience That Was Polite to an American.

That gifted public man, A. Toxin Worm, made the preposterous claim in London last winter, that he would see to it that there was no "booing" of the actors at the opening performances by E. H. Sothern.

This popular English diversion consists of bellowing through the hands, and no first night is supposed to be complete without these vocal interrupcions.

On the night of Mr. Sothern's first performance, some 45 evil-looking men, bearing blackjacks in their sleeves were distributed throughout the gallery and pit.

There was no interruption from the audience that night, but only the occasional dull thud of blacklacks upon knuckles. Every hand "that was raised, as a preliminary to the "boo-

ing" process, received a quick blow. Mr. Worm says that he never saw so many limp hands and so many bewildered faces assembled in any one place as he saw that first night among the crowd that left the the

At the close of the week that dignified Journal, the Times, commented gravely upon the growing courtesy of English audiences toward American actors, and witnessed the case of six productions by Mr. Sothern without a single "boo." --- Success.

"Music and Electricity. The telharmonium of Dr. Cahill produces music from electricity without the aid of any musical instruments. while, on the other hand, the apparatus of Dr. M. Dunent a French electrician, converts music into electric currents. To a phonograph Dr. Dupont fits a microphone in circuit with the primary of an induction coll without its interrupter. The musical scale or a piece of music is recorded in the phonograph, and on reproduction this transforms the microphone current into an alternating current with periods changing to correspond to the vibrations of the musical notes. The alternating current gives the physiological effect of hearing music. Practice will probably enable a person to recognize the musical pieces by the currents, and deaf mutes may be given a means of hearing, while it is expected that the varying action on the mind of exciting and calming pieces may prove of value in treating nervous pa-

Explanations in Order.

William Kost, an inspector in the office of the city engineer, is usually thoughtful and careful and he really wouldn't have embarrassed one of the young women at the city hall the other day if he could have helped it. He had given her some cigarette papers to clean her ring and when she was through with them he told her to keep them. She put them in her desk and was duly grateful. It was a week later and the office was full of men when he looked through his pockets for a paper. He had none. He looked through his desk and there was none there. A bright idea struck him. "Miss ----," he said, "will you!

please give me a cigarette paper?" The men, most of them strangers, looked at her in astonishment. "Yes," said she, "but really it's up

to you to explain." He did.-Indianapolis Star.

The Cow and the Hook. "I understand," said the cow, "that an eastern man has invented a selfhooking waist." "Yes," replied the colt. "I over-

thing about it." "Well, I'm glad of it," said the cow. "It will kill that idiotic vaudeville joke about my being the boss hooker."

heard the hired man saying some-

And she went on ruminating.

Noting an Exception. Mayme-- hate these affectionate

lacie-Why, I always thought you

were one of them.

Mayme-Well, anyway, I don't want Jane Jones to kiss me after she's been eating onions.

Edition . acase mater V . Sa. Ob.

REWARD OF FAITHFUL SERVICE

Story of Oriental Cruelty That Points a Strong Moral.

.The Moorish pretender, Bou Amara, was much troubled. Day by day fresh news of desertions reached his ears. and the situation was becoming se

One morning the chief and his faithful follower betook themselves secretly to a neighboring burlal ground. There he commanded the soldier to dig a grave, and while the man worked explained more fully the part that he was to play. The faithful follower himself lay down in the grave. Box Amara throw him a skin of water and some provisions. Then with feverish baste he began to place boards over the hole. On these he piled up earth, carefully leaving an aperture for ventilation, until a mound was raised.

Toward evening the same day a Moor, half demented, with horror, rushed suddenly into the camp, and told that while passing through the burial ground he had heard a voice speaking from one of the graves.

About the grave priests, soldiers and others crowded with Bou Amara. They heard a voice from the tomb saying:

"Praise be to Bou Amara, the messenger of God, and our true suban. The faithful follower was acting his part well. Bou Amara, with-head bent, was accepting the tribute with flerce joy in his heart. But suddenly a fear crept into his mind. What if he were beirayed by his follower? But Amara's eyes gleamed cruelly.

"A saint has revealed himself to us," he cried. "Let us, therefore, each place a stone on this blessed man's tomh."

A neurmur of approval ran through the crowd, and soon a high cairn of stones was raised up over the mound. -Chicago Journal.

SPLIT SOLID WALL EDGEWISE. Endless Cord Used to Saw Two Buildings Apart in Paris.

In order to set at rest the complaints of the inhabitants of adjoining houses, a remarkable engineering experiment has just been carried out successfully by a power company occupying a house in the Rue St Roch This house, like many old buildings in Paris, did not have side walls of its own. These walls, constructed of heavy masonry, were shared with its

neighbors to the right and left. As a result, the three adjoining buildings were practically one. By the same token the engines in the powerhouse sent their thud and vibration through the entire mass, keeping neighboring tenants awake and driving away trade.

A master quarryman who happened to be visiting the manager of the power house accidentally heard of the complaints, and at once proposed: a remedy, to isolate the three buildings by splitting the connecting walls from top to bottom. He was used to such operations in his quarries, and he proposed the use of an endless helicoit cord such as is commonly used in ex-

tensive stone-sawing operations. This suggestion was adopted and has just been executed with perfect success. A perpendicular sift, two inches wide and 70 feet deep, now completely isolates the power house. Tenan's of the neighboring houses say the noise and vibration of the power house engines have completely disa; peared.

Bnake Disturbed Diners.

At dinner time recently at a famous Perlin restaurant the place was crowded, when suddenly a six-foor snake dropped quietly, apparently from nowhere, into the center of one of the largest tables. Ladies screamed, men showed, and chairs were overturned by the flying crowds. The snake alone remained unmoved, lying perfectly oblivious of the commotion which it had created. Finally a waiter holder than the rest approached cautiously, others followed, and soon it was evident that the reptile was sound asleep. The reptile belonged to a showman who had a room on the floor above. It had escaped through a hole, and curled itself around the chandelier of the restaurant. The smoke of so many cigars stupefied it, with the result that it fell. The snake was captured without being awakened, and returned to the showman.

His idea of Bonanza.

A certain man had a disastrous exnorience in gold mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to this speculator:

"Old chap, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'" "A 'honanza,' " replied the experienced man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar!"-Pick-Me-Up.

A Married Man. Station Sergeant -- Are you married?

Prisoner-No. sir. Officer-Beggin' your pardon, sarge, he's wrong. When we searched him we found in his pockets, a clipped recipe for curin' croup, a sample of silk, an' two unposted letters in a woman's handwritin' a week old.--London Tit-Bits.

- Sessonable Matrimony, "Mother, I want to get married this

"Very well, my daughter." But don't throw yourself away." "Oh, no: I am going to marry a nice

"I must say, dear, I think a coal

aun would be more seasonable."

FIND UNKNOWN MEXICAN TOWNS

Commission Discovers Places Which

Had No Official Existence. The geographical commission appointed seven years ago to map the towns of Mexico has reported the discovery of 7,679 towns which were not officially known to exist and were subject to no federal control. While some of these places range from 5,000 to 15. 600 population, most of them are pre-

sumably small villages. A Mexican hill village, few of whose people can read or write, might easily exist for years happily unconscious that it was living under any government at all. A mule path over a pass connects the village sufficiently with the outside world. The sun shines, the crops grow, wants are few, the old Indian tribal customs furnish all the peeded law, and having no history, the

land is bappy. There are disadvantages in being, named, catalogued and put on the map. These 7,679 idyllic towns will now be invaded by drummers, phone, graphs, fancy waist-coats, automobiles, lawyers, corn doctors, book agents, Salome dancers, penny arcades, handbooks on etiquette and politics, and there will be no place left where the simple life may be led. These geographers have much to answer for.

WOMAN CHAMPION BEAR HUNTER

A Story of Adventure from the Montana Mountains.

Flathead county contains the distinction of having one of the champion feminine bear hunters of the west,

according to the Kalispell Bee. While watching for deer in a meadow on her homestead, 20 miles northwest of Kalispell, Frances Jurgens-Kleinschmidt was surprised by a brown bear which appeared in the brush at the edge of the meadow. She immediately laid the bear low with a shot through the body

A moment later two other bears appeared, one of which the lady succeeded in wounding, but having taken only six cartridges with her, was obliged to return to her house for ammuni

Retruning to the scene of action, accompanied by Miss Haze Whiteside, the first bear wounded was found in the heavy undergrowth and at once showed fight, but was killed by a shot which broke its neck. The ladies then took the trail of the other wounded animal, but were unable to overtake it, though the trail was well marked with blood. They then returned and skinned the dead bear, which weighed about 200 pounds.

Dverheard During a Shampor.

"My, my, the women that come in here and want us to bleach their hair! Yes, bleach their hair yellow, just as they did awhile back. And do you know why! Because violet is the rage. If you wear violet you've got to

be a blonde-see? "Ain't it the truth?" And what do the dressmakers think women are going to do with their hips? Why, it is as much as your life is worth to eat a square meal nowadays. I know a girl who always was as thin as a rail, and she only eats one meal a day now, and that is sait fish and crackers. Says no curvey for her, if

it kills her. "Yes, but don't you see, women are dressing just like men and trying to look like men, and do you know what is going to happen? They will cease to attract men. They don't want women to look straight up and down and have no more figure than a lead pencil. They admire their opposites. Ain't people that set the styles dippy? Now, madani, I guess your hair is dry

German Navy League.

The German Navy league has become the largest and most influential patriotic association in the world. It numbers 820,000 members, with over 4,660 branches in Germany alone. It has an income of over \$250,000 per annum. Its journal, Die Flotte, possesses a larger circulation than all the other German monthly periodicals combined, and may be seen in almost every cafe, inn, barber's shop and private house. In addition to the home branches, there are about a hundred in various foreign countries excepting the United States and Russia, the German consuls being very generally the presidents. Annual contributions of these foreign branches amount to about \$10,-000, an amount said to be equal to the entire income of the British Navy league in all parts of the British em-

Loves Father's Memory.

Miss Helen Gould seems to have a great deal of sentiment where the memory of her father is concerned. She practically has never taken off mourning, although she wears grays and white when the occasion seems to demand that she wear something else than black. Her favorite house is at Roxbury, N. Y., and it is the house where her father, the late Jay Gould was born. She has had it enlarged and very much beautified this sum-

Octopus at the Font.

"A couple in a country village took their baby to be christened, and on the clergyman asking what name they had chosen the happy father replied: "Octopus, str!" "What!" ejaculated the astonished divine, "but you cannot 'call a child by so extraordinary a

"Yes, sir, if you please," was the coply, "you see it's our eighth child and we want it called 'Octopus.' "--lentlewoman.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS " de l'abennement ur l'ann tone les Etais de Bu. . . So pobliette obre dons int formunere des grantages exceptionnelle. Frix ils l'abennement ur l'ann : Betti vi Oueuldienne 232 a