

INSURANCE IN SURGERY.

Plan Adopted by English People of Moderate Means Which Seems to Be Good.

In England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations.

It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities.

DESTRUCTION OF CITY MAINS.

Electrolysis is Causing Great Damage and Expense in Metropolitan Systems.

Destruction of underground mains by electrolysis is rapidly nearing a point at which it ceases to be a phenomenon of technical interest to physicists.

CONVERSATIONAL PARROTS.

Brazilian Birds Break Out in Talented Little Tongue Immediately Upon Seeing Each Other.

Do parrots understand what they say? A correspondent writes that a friend with a fine green Brazilian parrot has been staying with her.

Peer Effort at Translation. The English papers have lately been having fun with a new German-English and English-German dictionary.

Grand Frozen 225 Feet. William Boone, a miner, says the Kansas City Journal, who has come down from Dawson City, Klondike.

Wooden Legs. By order of the Japanese emperor wooden legs have been distributed to the seven maimed survivors of the Aomori disaster.

UNIFORM ORTHOGRAPHY.

Difference in the Spelling of Words Between the English and American Styles.

Hence, the Latin poet, says that custom has made the power of deciding and the right of forming the standard of correct spelling; hence the oft-quoted dictum, "Uis ut norma loquendi."

In the birthplace of the English tongue "theatre" and "centre" are required in correct English, and although "metre" becomes "meter" in composition.

Now, all this may seem to some as a very indifferent matter. They may argue that in this "land of freedom" we may spell as we like.

India's Mendicant Army. India is the mendicant's paradise, for there they are regarded as holy instead of being considered a nuisance.

It is instructed as one of the curiosities of the memory that people who know long pieces of verse by heart frequently cannot remember their telephone number.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Out of the 100,000 Chinese in the United States 1,000 are Christians. It is not the end of the college course, but the course itself, that makes for mastery.

There is a society in the north of Ireland for the discouragement of Sunday travel. It was formed in 1884 and has now 27,000 members.

The gospels of Luke and John have just been printed in Indiana in the Cheyenne Indian language.

The famous Burchard alliteration, "Rum, Romanism and rebellion," is recalled by the transformation of the church in New York over which he presided into a residence.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Anglican bishop in the world. He belongs to a family distinguished in the religious annals of America.

THE REAL KING OF FRUITS.

At Any Time and in Any Place the Good Old Reliable Apple Tops the Heap.

The boy is indeed the true appreciator, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled.

The genuine apple eater comforts himself with an apple in their season as others with a pipe or cigar. When he has nothing else to do or is bored he eats an apple.

The apple is a masculine fruit; hence women are poor apple eaters. It belongs to the open air, and requires an open-air taste and relish.

Admiral Sir William Kennedy, of the British navy, says in his recent book of reminiscences that there is in South America a gigantic lizard, called lagato, which is more tenacious of life than any other known creature.

Great Britain buys 11,000 tons of German toys annually, while the United States ranks next, with an importation of about 6,000 tons.

ABOUT FISH COOKING.

Some Simple Suggestions Which May Contain Something New to Many Housewives.

Among all the different ways of preparing the dried fish there is none better, easier or more quickly than by creaming. It can be cooked in ten minutes, simply using brown wrapping paper or old newspaper twisted into sticks for fuel.

If you have picked up the fish yourself it will need longer soaking in lukewarm water before adding to the sauce. When this is well heated through add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and if desired one or two well-beaten eggs.

It is not generally known that cod-fish makes an excellent scallop, especially in combination with cheese. Prepare the fish as for creaming.

A COURAGEOUS MOTHER.

She Knew the Game of Football and Was Not Frightened at a Little Blood.

She sat in the grandstand, waiting for her first football game to begin. Her boy had played it ever since she could remember, and now he had made his varsity team, which was her "varsity, too—her Cornell."

Two of his fraternity "brothers" sat on either side as a bodyguard to her gray hairs and as a bureau of information. They were happier than they would have been with the prettiest girl they knew, says the New York Tribune.

She smiled with motherly pride when she picked him out of the squad of red-sweated "hunkies" which at length trotted out on the field. She wiped away a tear when a Columbia man fell across the line for a touchdown.

Then she surprised her bodyguard by muttering under her breath: "Hold 'em hard, fellows!" "Twist their necks!" "Push! Push!"

She explained her knowledge of these strenuous technical details by saying that her boy cried out like that when playing dream games in his sleep.

She did not faint when he tackled too hard and failed to rise, although his white face, with a streak of red blood across the forehead, was staring up at her.

"You can't hurt my boy," she said with confidence. "He's just doing that to get wind." So it proved.

He was up and at it harder than ever within the time limit. The Ithacans gained five through tackle, and lost as many more yards trying to round the end. Then something happened.

A sturdy youngster shot out of the tangled eleven and dashed down the field toward the goal of the blue and white. He crossed line after line of whitewash, and finally was over the last one, the whole pack at his heels.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" cried the crowd. "My-boy did it," said the mother, and then she cried.

Oyster Dressing for Turkey. Three cupfuls of rolled crackers, 20 large oysters chopped fine, two cupfuls of oyster liquor, the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg, one even tablespoonful of salt, one ounce teaspoonful of pepper, two ounces melted butter and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; mix well and put in a seasoned turkey.—Good Literature.

Suburban Knight Errant—I would like to take care of your furnace this winter.

Chocolate Walnut. Take English walnuts, chop finely, spread on buttered dish, melt sweet chocolate and turn over them. Peanuts will do nicely; cut in squares while warm.—Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

An early crop—the small boy's first hair-cut.—Chicago Daily News.

"Have you the same cook you had when I was here in the spring?" "Not by seventeen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He said he bought 25 tons of anthracite coal." She—"A millionaires?" He—"No; Mar."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?" "I don't know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tasted it; but if it's cracked it was cracked afore I come here."—N. Y. Observer.

"I may be rather dense," remarked the fish, as he struggled to free himself from the hook that held him by the gills; "but I can't see where the sport of angling comes in."—Boston Transcript.

Witness—"I see the government is establishing free barber shops out West for the Indians." Wag—"Well, it is due time. They gave the early settlers many a close shave."—Baltimore American.

Beacon—"I can't for the life of me see what Penman saw in his wife to admire." Egbert—"I guess you never heard her laugh, then?" "Would a man marry a woman to hear her laugh?" "Certainly, Penman is a joke writer."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She Tried—"Bridget," inquired the mistress of the house, "were you entertaining a policeman in the kitchen last night?" "Sure, mum," replied the cook lady, "it's 'is fer him 't say how intertainin' 'is was. 'is was dola' 'is best."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WALKING THROUGH FIRE.

A Woman Tourist Describes an Experience in the Crater of a Hawaiian Volcano.

Compared with the volcanoes in the Hawaiian Islands, those in the West Indies are larger, and exhibit the phenomenon of nature on a greater scale. The cone of Kilauea, in Hawaii, holds a lake of molten rock, the outlets of which are rivers of lava which gleam like molten silver.

"We took a circuitous route to avoid the fiery breath of the sulphur cracks. Some of the cones are dome-shaped; others are more open, like witches' cauldrons, and curiously compelled me to snatch a glimpse of the fiery broth within, although I knew that such stolen peeps were dangerous, as at any moment the wrathful spirits might drive away the intruder with a shower of molten rock.

"So numerous were the streams which intersected the bed of the crater on this side that it was necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off.

"We took our stand on an elevated hummock of lava, and were thus raised to the level of the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over the steep bank.

"Doctor Conn told me he had seen lava flowing at the rate of 40 miles an hour, rushing downhill through forests on its seaward way. I confess I watched this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation.

"So rapidly does lava cool that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were able to walk across many of the streams which only a few hours before had been liquid fire. We were walking on a cool crust. As the streams of red fluid rock met the air they seemed to become coated over with a thin, gleaming, silvery film, like that which forms on molten metal. It was gruesome to think what would befall us if the thin crust gave way beneath us. But I reflected that for love of wife and child our guide doubtless counted his own life precious, and so would not lead us into real danger.

"It is strange how quickly one gets accustomed to new circumstances. When luncheon-time came it seemed most natural to sit on the ring of a fire river, on a hummock of lava, and enjoy our sandwiches while we watched the heaving, rushing lava roll and break into half-cooled cakes, to be swallowed and melted afresh in the fire stream which flowed within ten feet of us."

Speed of Racing Camels. The racing camel is very carefully bred and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer. I have seen the start of a race and it reminded me, in a far-off sort of way, of a horse race. The camels were all arranged in line and they sufficed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved and they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have also seen the finish of a camel race, and it reminded me of the first motor car promenade between London and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and bedraggled, but they came in at intervals of several hours and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.—Pearson's Magazine.

Not a Good Investment. "You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend. "Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared any dividend yet."—Stray Stories.

PUNY PARAGRAPHS.

It's a wise clerk who laughs at the proprietor's fool jokes.—Chicago Daily News.

With most of us patience is not so often a virtue as a necessity.—Indianapolis News.

Judge—"I just received my light bill from the gas company. Gracious, it's steep!" Fudge—"Well, in that case it's not a 'light bill'."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Kinship (Gossip).—"Wanna't that a pretty high rate you paid for those goods you bought of your brother-in-law?" "Oh, yes; relatively high, of course."—Indianapolis News.

Her Coffee Characterized.—"This coffee," remarked the boarder, "is like the quality of mercy." "So?" queried the landlady, with a show of interest. "Yes; it's not strained."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Kowley—"I don't see your lady friend with you any more." Miss Cunneen—"No, but you may have noticed my lady friend's gentleman friend with me, so she's my lady enemy now."—Philadelphia Press.

His Mean Retort.—"You married me for my money," she exclaimed, angrily. As for him, he refused to lose his temper. "You must have been looking at yourself in the glass," was all he said.—Chicago Post.

"It's a good thing for man that woman is not a logical being." "What now?" "If she were he could never get her to tackle the job of keeping up appearance and keeping down expenses."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Two men, meeting each other in the street, clasped together for no apparent reason, each having tried to avoid the collision. After a deal of questioning, however, the mystery was solved. One of the men was a lecturer, with a magnetic eye; while the other man was a detective, with nerves of steel.—London Assurance.

A SHOWER OF NICKELS.

Extraordinary Manner of Celebrating Rise in Price of Hope of Oregon Man.

About 2,000 people witnessed 400 children scramble for \$100 worth of nickels on the courthouse square at Dallas recently. Some weeks ago Hon. W. C. Brown announced that should the price of hope ever reach 20 cents a pound he would throw away \$100, reports the Portland Oregonian.

Mr. Brown had given hope for a number of years and sold them for eight or ten, or 12 cents. In conversation with some friends one day he asserted that he did not believe that the price would ever reach 20 cents again, and offered, should it do so, to throw away \$100 in coin. In October he sold his hop crop for 25 cents, and immediately announced that he was prepared to fulfill his promise.

The nickel-throwing affair came off with great crowds of children in attendance. The children were arranged in groups according to size and age, as follows: Large boys, small boys, large girls and small girls. The formation was on the sidewalks, and the nickels were sown on the sward and the different sections were separated by ropes.

At a signal from Mr. Brown, men employed for the purpose threw \$100 in nickels at once, this being the signal for the scramble, which was tremendous. Several hundred children plunged into the square, clad for the occasion. There seemed to be an indiscriminate mixture of nickels, half, cents, dimes, and other children's apparatus. The affair passed without serious accident, every precaution having been taken beforehand, and was a great source of satisfaction to Mr. Brown.

WHAT THE SQUAW SAID.

She Was a Graduate of the Carlisle School and Knew Good English.

Maj. Pratt, the United States army officer who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian school, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he is doing all he can to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservations, says the New York Times.

He tells of an incident he saw at a western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed to a straw hat, and asked: "How much?" "Fifty cents," said the merchant. "How much?" she asked again, pointing at another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query of "How much?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked, mildly: "Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such paltry and unmistakable inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your premium profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school.

Women and Their Troubles. Once upon a time two women were talking over their troubles, and while one of them was telling her tale of woe the other was very impatient to tell hers.

Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts, the second woman managed to tell her story, and as she had the last say she improved very much on the tale of the first woman, in consequence of which the first speaker was made quite unhappy.

Moral—Some women are more wretched than others because the others have more troubles than they have.—N. Y. Herald.