

CHEETAH HUNT IN INDIA

Sport Was Once Very Popular With English Residents—Is Not Rare Beast.

The cheetah hunt which the viceroys witnessed recently at Hyderabad reminds one that cheetah hunting was an extremely popular sport with Indian princes in former days, although the imitation of European forms of sport has done much in these times to rob it of ancient vogue.

It was practiced both by Hindu and Mohammedan chieftains over the greater part of India, for the cheetah even now is not a rare beast, and a century or so ago must have been common enough.

Another animal used in the same way by Indian nobles was a sort of lynx, spelled variously as "shoogoose," "syahgush." But this was used much more rarely than the cheetah. However, it was not only Indians who indulged in this form of sport.

It was enjoyed and practiced by Europeans as well in the days when they were content to abide in India for fifteen years at a stretch and when they lived a "Nidienne" in a way unknown to modern times. More than one of the Company's nabobs kept their own cheetahs, which were frequently presents from friendly chiefs.

It may easily be imagined that cheetah hunting was very good sport and welcomed by the servants of the Company as an excellent substitute for the coursing which was familiar to them in England and which, like the cheetah hunt, has vanished before the spread of games such as tennis and golf.—Madras Mail.

CHINAMAN WAS TOO CUTE

Suspicious of Wedding Cake Sent Him by Englishman Who Owed Him Money.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Among the recipients of the usual little card boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied.

After the honeymoon, one of the first persons the newly wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor. "And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman, laughing, after the usual congratulations.

"Ah, ah," returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer, "me no such big fool to eat him. sah. He put cake in fire. Burn him up. He, he!" "Oh, that's too bad," said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it, at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same winning smile. "You owe me money, sah; sendee poison cake; I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Houp-la! He, he, he! I know you Inglesh!"

Testing Coins.

"There goes another man suffering from degeneration of public manners," said the clerk in an aggrieved tone. "I gave him five pieces of silver in making change, and he tested every one of them to see if it was counterfeit right before my eyes. It is only lately that people who buy have got rude enough to do that. Clerks always did it with coin that customers gave them, but that was a prerogative of the trade. For the customer to assume the same privilege is a usurpation of ancient rights. The worst of it is most people nowadays are pretty good judges of bad money, and every little while a coin is refused because it is counterfeit. The only way tradesmen can teach customers the respect due them is to turn their own backs when testing money. That has always been the custom in England. No tradesman over there would dare flip a coin under a customer's nose, and as a consequence no customer has ever taken that liberty with him."

Bruce and the Spider.

Apparently the little fireside story about Bruce and the spider is in the category of fables. So eminent an authority as Sir Herbert Maxwell says in "Robert the Bruce":

"What is the evidence to be found in support of it? Not in the writings of Barbour, Fordun or Winton, those most nearly contemporary with Bruce, and least likely to suppress a circumstance so picturesque and illustrating so aptly the perseverance and patience of the national hero under desperate difficulties.

"No" nothing is heard of this adventure till long after Bruce and his comrades had passed away, and then it makes its appearance in company with such trash as the miraculous appearance of the arm bone of St. Filian on the eve of Bannockburn, and worthy of just about as much consideration.

So goes another of the venerated legends of childhood.

Stevenson's Keen Comment.

The hit that "Treasure Island" made is one of the most pleasant episodes in literary history. The story that Gladstone got a glimpse of the book at Lord Rosebery's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy, is good enough to be true. Stevenson's own comment on his success is interesting, if pointed. "This gives one strange thought of how very bad the common run of books that the wise-creeps think too bad to print are the very ones that bring me praise and pudding."

HOW GOLD PENS ARE MADE

Metal Is Rolled Into a Ribbon and Pen Shapes Are Cut Out by Machinery.

The tiny tip of white metal seen on the under side of the point of a gold pen may be of platinum, but it is more likely to be iridium. Iridium is a very hard metal and it is expensive; it costs about four times as much as gold. The purpose of the iridium tip is, of course, to give the pen a more durable tip.

The gold pen maker buys his gold at the assay office in bars of pure 24 karat gold, which he melts and alloys with his silver and copper to the degree of fineness required. Gold of 14 karats is used in the manufacture of the best American gold pens, that being the degree of fineness deemed most suitable for pen use; but gold pens made in this country for sale in France are made of 18 karats, the French government requiring that all articles exposed for sale in that country as gold shall be of not less than 18 karats.

The gold from which the pens are to be made is rolled and re-rolled until what was originally a thick, heavy bar of gold has been rolled into a thin gold ribbon about three feet in length by four inches wide. Then this gold ribbon is put into a machine which stamps out of it pen shapes, all still flat. Then on the tip of each of these pens is fused the iridium point, and then the shapes go to a slitting machine, which cut the slit in the pen. From this slitting machine the pens go through another, which gives them their rounded, familiar pen form, and then the pens are ground and polished and finished ready for use.

American gold pens in fountain pens or as dip pens are sold in every country in Europe in competition with pens of British or of German manufacture, and under the same competition they are sold throughout the world, in South America, Africa, Japan, China, wherever pens are used.

"LONG TIME" IS DEFINED

Remark of Governor of North Carolina to Governor of South Carolina Brought into Court.

The oft-quoted remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina has at last been brought into court, carefully construed, and found not to be so long as some other times. It is probable that it was the exceeding droughtiness of the interval which made it seem long. In a prosecution for the illegal sale of whisky in Alabama, a witness testified that he had bought a pint of liquor of the accused "a short time" before the grand jury returned the indictment against him. It was objected that this evidence did not show that the prosecution had been begun within 12 months after the sale of the whisky, the time limited by statute for beginning a prosecution. In discussing this objection, the Supreme court, in Wilson versus State, 56 Southern Reporter, 114, after holding that "a short time" might be taken in the connection in which it was used to refer to a period less than 12 months, said, by way of illustration: The expression 'a long time' would refer to a very different period of duration and have a widely different meaning in measuring time when used by an archaeologist having reference to the period of existence of the Egyptian pyramids, than when used by Carolina Governors with reference to the time between drinks." The court may be right, but probably the Governor of North Carolina measured time as recommended by the poet who said: "We live . . . in feelings, not in figures on the dial."—Colliers.

Fair Offer.

It was a political meeting in the east end, and the M. P., an exceptionally popular man, was addressing his constituents. The politician in question rejoices in a luxuriant crop of hair. The audience was sympathetic for the most part; but there was one man in the front row of the audience who made numerous interruptions. He was a coal-heaver, apparently, and had but recently been heaving coals.

"Get your hair cut!" he shouted during a most pathetic passage in the candidate's speech. The well-known catch phrase seemed particularly applicable, so a good many of the audience laughed.

But the M. P. was equal to the occasion.

"I will make a bargain with that gentleman," he said. "I will get my hair cut if he will get his face washed."

There were no more interruptions. —London Tit-Bits.

Woman's Sense of Honor.

Much has been done by our own higher education and widening field of work, and a woman now despises what used to be by repute her most formidable weapons—a lie, tears and a skillful appeal to the vanity of man. The writer has often noticed the markedly greater breadth of view and the truer sense of honor among the present-day girl students compared with that which obtained when she herself was a student, and which is still largely that of women of her own age today. An even more striking fact is that the majority of men of honor from women as they do from themselves. This mental atmosphere has surely a deterrent effect upon the growth of that sense.—A Woman Teacher, in London Spectator.

CUTTING DOWN THE FLESH

Heroic Struggles of a Fat Man Who Thought the Scales Were Deceiving Him.

I have about come to the conclusion that the good Lord intended some of his creatures to be fat and some thin, regardless of medicines and so-called infallible cures, writes a western man. For a long while I tried all the alleged obesity cures and none of them did me any good. Then I determined to starve myself and take lots of exercise.

All my life I had been a lover of good eating, and counted that day lost on which I did not consume for my dinner the better part of a sirloin steak as thick as a dorky's foot, with all the trimmings. For breakfast I usually destroyed a platter of cakes, three eggs and no end of thin-sliced bacon, besides fruits and two cups of coffee.

This lifelong system I abandoned for an entire month, cutting out all the meat and about all the vegetables, a piece of toast and glass of milk taking the place of my morning meals and a little rice being the chief item on the meager dinner bill of fare. Lunch I omitted wholly. In addition I walked at least six miles every day and did all sorts of stunts in my room with a gymnasium outfit. Prior to going to bed I perpetrated all sorts of muscular contortions and rolled on the floor till my body was bruised. At the end of thirty days I felt fit to run a three-mile foot-race or sit in the ring with the champion. About this time it occurred to me that I ought to get weighed and I made a bee line for the scales. My grocer assured me that they were correct to an ounce, but they showed I had gained 14 pounds in the period of my abstinence.—Exchange.

PURE FOOD LAW NOT MODERN

Centuries Ago Tradesmen Who Adulterated Goods Were Most Severely Punished.

Pure food laws are not quite so modern an invention as we may believe. Dr. Reinsler has made discoveries in Palestine that seem to indicate some sort of supervision of the food supplies delivered to the palace nearly 3000 years ago. Labels have been found that were once affixed to "a jar of pure olive oil." We may wonder what tests were employed and what would happen to the man whose oil was found to be not pure. Probably something unpleasant, for there was no Supreme court in those days.

We know what happened in the middle ages to the enterprising tradesman who adulterated his goods. In 1444 a Nuremberg merchant was burned alive for mating foreign material with his saffron and the saffron itself was used for fuel. Probably that artistic touch impressed the matter upon his memory.

Some Augsburg bakers who used false weights and bad flour were ducked in a muddy pool, and through a faulty knowledge of the human respiratory system, or sheer carelessness, they came to the surface dead.

In 1482 a wine merchant was ordered to drink six quarts of his own adulterated wine, and as he died soon after it is evident that the adulteration must have been serious. It is true that he had to finish the draft in a given number of minutes, and a small number at that, but in those days they had a pleasant way of weighing the scales and loading the dice upon the side of justice.

Civilization has changed all that. Nowadays we shiver with apprehension lest a rogue shall be punished.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Men and Women.

As times go on we have the two results to be anticipated. Men reach the point—usually early in life—where business or politics absorbs their whole attention, and they have little time, strength or interest left for the broader culture and the amenities of life, while women are prone to be too much preoccupied with these things, to the injury of the home—not, perhaps, in its smooth running, for in the average American home the wheels of its machinery do usually run smoothly, though at great expense and to the injury of the home spirit. If the two could be averaged we should more nearly approach the ideal. Men need more relaxation, more rest, more variety, especially as they advance in life. Women need more concentration, more definiteness in their work, and especially more interest and a different kind of ideal in their home-making.—Mrs. N. D. Hillis in the American Woman and Her Home.

The Rothschilds.

What chiefly struck one at the funeral of the late Baron Gustave de Rothschild was the great multiplicity of relatives descended from his father, the first Baron James, the shrewdest and most family humorous member of the Paris branch of the Rothschilds, that he founded. Among these descendants were a son, grandsons, and great and great-grandsons—Rothschilds, Lamberts, Leoninis, Ephrussis, Sterns, Sassoons, Gubbays. They represented not only the principle of blood relationship, but the finance of Paris, Brussels, Genoa, Milan, Odessa, Bombay and Calcutta. Among the numerous multi-millionaires descended from the first Baron James there was one who devoted himself to medical science, dramatic literature and the collection of autographs of great writers—Baron Henri, only son of the second Baron James.

BABIES ALWAYS IN STYLE

Each One Is Perfect to Its Parents and Perfect Nuisance to Other Persons.

A baby is a small person about which there is great diversity of opinion. This is because every baby is considered perfect by the parents and a perfect nuisance by everybody else. There is really nothing new about the baby. Its institution dates back to the beginning of the world, and at that time it was a garden production. The garden idea, however, is now obsolete, and for many years the baby has been grown in the house, with early transplantings to the sunlight.

Every baby has a good voice, a distinct resemblance to some rich relative, and an afternoon nap. The voice is heard by everyone, but the resemblance is heard chiefly by the rich relative. The afternoon nap is heard of everywhere as being necessary to the baby, but sometimes the nap is more honored in the breach than in the observance. After the nap the baby is unable to understand why it should be expected to sleep again at night, and everyone else is unable to understand why it should want to stay awake. The baby's decision, however, always carries the day—or, rather, the night.

There are millions of babies, but only two kinds—boys and girls. The boy baby is always the maternal and paternal selection for the presidential chair, and the girl baby is expected to some day become the wife of a gentle and loving millionaire who will do his best to appreciate her.

Later on the presidential nominee develops a strong desire to become a motorman, and the future millionaire's wife is seen to blush at the mentioning of the plumber's son. The fond parents sigh gently. In point of looks, likewise, babies generally bear strong resemblance to the well-financed and unencumbered relatives.

Fashions may come and fashions may go—but babies will always be in style.—William Sanford, in Puck.

SHE MAY NOT WEAR JEWELRY

Princess Mary Is Fond of It but Must Each It Until She Is Seventeen.

Though Princess Mary is very fond of jewelry she is not allowed to wear any ornament except a string of perfectly matched pearls on state occasions and a little gold chain and locket which contains a piece of white heather in the home circle. The pearls were her mother's gift to her at the time of the coronation, and the locket was presented to her by the Prince of Wales, who bought it when he was at Cowes for the regatta.

Queen Mary has let it be understood that no one is to give Princess Mary jewelry of any sort till she is 17, and before the royal party left for the Durbar the queen repeated her wishes on the score.

The princess has confessed to some of the ladies of the court that she does not mind not having rings and pins and chains, but that she yearns for long gold earrings set with rubies and diamonds and that when she is 17 she hopes a set will be given her, and if not she will buy them herself.

Persian Weddings.

Tying the matrimonial knot is a very prolonged and serious affair in Persia. In fact, a wedding may extend for a week. On the last day of the wedding the bride, who has been treated as a sort of outcast, is conducted by a near relative to a room, where she undergoes further and more elaborate decoration.

She then returns to the guest-room, and her dowry is laid before her in trays. The dowry often comprises such queer things as cheap and high-colored oleographs, gaudy vases, birdcages and many useful household articles. Having kissed the hearthstone of her home, she is then given bread, salt, and a piece of gold, and thus equipped and closely veiled she is hoisted on to a gaily-adorned donkey and, accompanied by a circus-like procession of friends, goes to her future home, where her husband awaits her.

Helping the "Lumberjacks."

Tuesday marked the beginning of a new order of things in the daily life of the Maine woodsman in the great northern lumber regions. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of that day the new lumbermen's Christian association building at Greenville opened wide its doors to the 12,000 men annually entering and leaving the northern forests. On the third floor of this building is a hospital, with expert attendants in constant charge, and through their ministrations many an injured lumberman will be saved from death through careless or inexperienced handling. That is the principal mission of the organization, and besides the hospital work in the building itself men will be sent out among the lumber camps to teach the great advantage of skilful first aid.—Lewiston Journal.

The Call of Duty.

"I try to do my duty," said the exceedingly sincere person. "And I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty."

"Go ahead," replied the easy-going citizen. "You may prove to be a very useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have about as many sincere friends as an alarm clock."

IN MEMORY OF JOHN BUNYAN

Ornate Window Placed in Westminster Abbey Depicts Scenes From "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Two hundred and twenty-three years after the death of the famous thinker of Bedford an ornate window in his memory has just been placed in Westminster Abbey. Naturally it depicts scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress," the chief episodes illustrated being:

Christian's meeting with Evangelist. His admittance at the Wicket Gate. His deliverance from the burden of sin at the foot of the Cross.

Piety, Prudence and Charity harassing him with armor.

Fight with Apollyon.

Vanishing Fair.

Crossing the river to the Celestial City. Round the center panels, which are 20 feet high and six feet in width, run a series of vignettes representing minor scenes in the allegory, the first of course, being Pilgrim's wife and family trying to dissuade him from making the journey. The headlight contains a portrait of Bunyan, and at the base of the window is the inscription, "In memory of John Bunyan; B. 1628. D. 1688. The Pilgrim's Progress."

The window is in the west aisle of the north transept. Altogether the memorial has cost £1,200, raised by lovers of the "Pilgrim's Progress," but the project has chiefly been carried on by the exertions and liberality of the Baptist denomination, on whose behalf Dr. Clifford will formally hand over the window to the dean and chapter of the abbey.—London Daily News.

HAD LOST HIS FINGER-STALL

Little Mishap That Baffled Frank Marshall While He Was Making Delicious Salads.

In his "Random Reminiscences" Mr. Charles Brookfield tells an amusing story of an actor friend, Frank Marshall, an exceedingly popular and accomplished member of the profession, who had lost a finger in early life, and who wore a kid finger-stall partially to conceal the deficiency. Marshall had a pretty talent for mixing salads, and one evening at the Sheridan club, as his friends dropped in to dine, they noticed him preparing one of the delicious salads of which he alone seemed to know the secret.

Immediately there were cries of "Frank, make me one at the same time;" and "Oh, Frank, make enough for me, too;" and, beaming with satisfaction at the compliment to his skill, Frank called for more lettuce, chives, tarragon and other ingredients. And when he had chopped up his herbs into minute fragments and mixed his salad in his own way everyone was delighted.

A few more neighbors begged for stray leaves, and finally one enthusiastic gourmand wiped the bowl round with a ball of bread, and turned up his eyes in ecstasy as he gulped down the savory morsel. But the face of the founder of the feast wore a troubled expression.

"What's the matter, Frank, asked one of his friends.

"Oh, nothing," replied Frank, peering round the polished bowl, "only—I only I seem to have lost my finger-stall!"

Catching Up.

Retiring for the night, a tiny maiden climbed into her mother's lap and kissed her on both cheeks. Her manner being rather more effusive than usual, it was suspected that confession would be forthcoming. That was the fact, not long delayed.

"Mamma," said the child, "I've been naughty. I'm afraid the Angels have marked my name in the Big Book as a bad girl."

"I hope not, dear," the mother replied. "What have you been doing?"

"It's something I haven't done, mamma," the little girl explained. "I have gone to bed for two weeks without saying my prayers."

"Why, dearie," chided the mother, gently, "that is really serious. What shall we do about it?"

"I've been thinking it over, mamma," the small delinquent said, "and made up my mind to say 'Our Father' and 'Now I Lay Me' every night until I catch up with my prayers."

Mr. Henry James' Style.

That a James sentence is as long as another man's paragraph rouses a chastened mirth in a reviewer for the London Globe—and he proceeds to burlesque thus the style of the author of "The Outcry": "If we, greatly and indeed almost, as one might say, presumptuously daring, were, as we in this paragraph attempt, and with the full consciousness of ultimate and, in fact, inevitable, not to say disgraceful failure, looking ahead on our mental horizon, to imitate the literary, perhaps the too literary, as one may describe it, without undue or, in a manner of speaking, journalistic extravagance, style of Mr. Henry James, we should indubitably come to grief. That author walks his pavement alone."

Pronunciation.

Her mistress (who has received a broad hint that an extra "evening huff" will be welcomed)—Cook tells me, Mary, that you want to go out with a young man this evening. Is it urgent?

Myself—No, mum. It ain't. He's his own gent.—The Sketch.

FIGHT OF DUCK AND OYSTER

Bivalve Conquered by Clinging to the Fowl's Bill Until the Bird Was Drowned.

Not long ago there occurred a lively contest in Maryland waters between a duck and an oyster. The oyster was victorious, but it was a fatal victory, for when the bivalve had killed the duck there appeared a man who killed the oyster and ate them both.

The combat between the duck and the oyster was of the rough and tumble kind. The duck was large and full grown. It was of the diving species frequently seen in those waters. Now when the oyster feeds it opens its shell so wide that the full oyster itself is plainly visible. The sight of such a morsel was too great a temptation for the duck. He made a head-long plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell.

Like a flash the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came a struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller bivalves clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water.

In his way the bird drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float it with the oysters, and thus it drifted near the dock where it was captured. When taken from the water the oyster was clinging to the bird's beak with such force that considerable difficulty was had in breaking its hold.

WAS HER EYESIGHT FAILING?

Woman Who Could Not See the Fall of the Comma Went to an Oculist.

Sometimes a comma makes a good deal of difference to the meaning of the sentence you happen to be reading. A woman who has reached the age of being called "Madam" by most shopkeepers, but whose friends always tell her how young and girlish she looks, was reading a newspaper paragraph. It didn't make any sense, so she read it again. Then she yanked the paper up close to her face, leaned toward the window and studied it out in a better light. Then she saw the tail on the comma. What had looked like a perfectly good period was after all but a division of a sentence.

She sat for a moment with the paper in her lap. Then she rose, walked to her looking glass, studied herself for a few seconds, put on her hat and hastened to an oculist. "I will not wait," said she to herself, "until I try to thread the point of a needle or humiliate myself by stooping to pick up a coin on a car platform and find it is a nail head worn smooth. I will turn my old age mitepost as gracefully as possible. I wonder," said she with a sigh, "if the tail of that comma was perfectly plain, or was it blurred in the newspaper I was reading?"

Feeding a Convalescent Child.

When my small son was convalescing from a recent illness the doctor ordered hot gruels, broths, etc., and I realized that it would require some finesse to get him to take them.

So after I had prepared the little dishes for the tray I rolled paper into cones and stood one up over each little cup. Then I pinned a penny flag onto one cone and, lo! I had Company "D" in camp and sonny and I went visiting.

We stopped first at the captain's tent (where the flag was) and he partook of the treat offered. Then he went gayly from tent to tent, eagerly lifting up the paper cones to see what was beneath.

The next day I made a log cabin out of toasted bread strips piled log cabin fashion. It inclosed a cup of beef tea, which he drank because it was presented in a way that appealed to his imagination.

We played soda fountain and he paid for his hot drinks with toy money, and thus I accomplished my purpose without friction.—Harper's Bazar.

Natives Eat Earth in West Africa.

Natives of West Africa, in French Sudan, practice "geophagy." Although the practice is common in many parts of the world, this particular case is remarkable for the systematic way in which the dirt is collected, and for the fact that it occurs in a well cultivated region, where food is abundant. The earth consumed is a clay, which is found intercalated among the grits of the region in beds of various thickness. The deeper layers are preferred, and for this reason the natives dig galleries, which are so crudely constructed that falls of earth frequently occur, sometimes with fatal results. When an unlucky miner is thus buried no attempt is made to rescue him, as it is believed that the divinity of the mines require an annual victim. It is stated that individuals not infrequently consume seven and a half pounds of clay daily.

Man Gets a Bouquet.

One foggy morning recently a Lackawanna ferryboat was in collision with a tug. No great damage was done, but for a few moments considerable excitement prevailed among the commuters. One woman in particular rushed to the rail, and in her panic seemed bent on leaping overboard. An athletic young man restrained her, assuring her there was no danger. At length she was sufficiently calmed to speak, and then, clinging to her preserver's arm, she gasped: "You know, I'm a spinster and a suffragette, but there certainly are times when a man is a mighty good thing to have around."—New York Press.