

HOW ARAB PRIZES HIS MARE

"Foundation of Wealth is a Mare, Bring Forth a Mare," is One of Their Sayings.

The Arab's regard for his mare is often expressed in sayings that are short and very much to the point, as for instance: "The foundation of wealth is a mare, bring forth a mare."

As the Arabs themselves are divided into tribes and sub-tribes, the same system is adopted in regard to the strain of their horses' breed. In fact, the breeding is carried on in the same manner as laid down in the Koran for the Mohametan marriages.

"Thoroughbred mares are never sold under any conditions, and instances have been known," says Pierre Ponaudine in "Life in the Moslem East," "when five and six and ten thousand pounds have been refused; for often such mares that are too old for riding are still kept for breeding purposes."

In olden times stealing a mare was punishable by death. Sheikhs own one or more pure bred mares, according to their position and means, but it is often the case that among the less well to do people a mare is owned by several, the shares being clearly defined and division of colts made according to detailed and often complicated laws. Sometimes one family owns "one leg," while a richer man claims "two legs," etc.

The system of owning a mare in shares is found among certain Arabs in Turkish Arabia and sometimes in the city of Bagdad itself, if any one is fortunate enough to get hold of a half-bred mare.—The Bits.

RATS CAUSE WATER FAMINE

Thirsty Rodents Gnaw Lead Pipe and Ship's Supply of Drinking Water is Lost.

It is a very serious thing to be waterless at sea. This is what happened recently to the bark Sapphire, bound from South American ports to Fuzet sound, but the water famine was neither the result of carelessness, drought or a protracted voyage.

The journey had been accomplished the 400-gallon tank suddenly went dry. As it happened over night and the tank had no hole in it the calamity was a mystery, and some superstitious members of the crew immediately ascribed it to a supernatural agency.

But the second mate, a hard-headed Yankee, investigated, and found that a section of the lead pipe leading from the tank had been almost gnawed in two by the army of rats that infested the ship.

There was no water on board except that in the tank, which was closely covered, and the creatures, half mad with thirst, had evidently attacked the pipe in a body. The stream of escaping water must have drowned many of them, as there was a great decrease in their numbers. There were about a hundred cases of mineral water in the cargo, and these were broached to supply the crew until some port could be reached to refill the tank.

An ingenious sailor also rigged up a condenser from the primitive materials at hand, but this furnished only about a quart of fresh water a day, which was used for cooking.

When the Sapphire reached Seattle the captain had the water tank fitted with an iron pipe thick enough to resist all future attacks.

Antidote for Blushing. If you blush, put on glasses, advises Dr. H. Campbell, an English physician. Not in ones to conceal the object which caused your flush.

Now, understand, this is a concession to you alone, and must be regarded as strictly confidential. If you tell a soul in the house that I have made a reduction in your favor I shall have to charge the original price.

Within two weeks rents had gone up. "Mrs. Smith tells me," said the astute landlady to each gossiping tenant, "that you told her you pay only \$6 for your room, instead of \$7."

And as no one was in a position to plead not guilty the additional rent was exacted.

Maybe She Liked Coffee. Kent Cooper, a newspaper man, said he was in a restaurant in Chicago recently when he observed, sitting at the table next him, an evidently well-to-do young man and a young woman, the latter of whom showed signs of not being accustomed to the restaurants of the class she was then patronizing.

When the remnants of the dessert were removed from before the pair, the waiter stood at attention for the final order. "I think you may bring me a cigar and a demi tasse," said the man.

"I don't care for a cigar," giggled the girl, "but you may bring me one of the other things and a cup of coffee."

Fidgeting Children. The child who shows no disposition to move about and is apparently happy sitting still will grow up to be slow-witted, heavy on the other hand, the baby who is always using its arms and legs will be intelligent, its brain will work quickly, and it will without doubt be clever.

Children should consequently be encouraged when in the infant stage to throw their arms and legs about, to play with their fingers and toes, and when they are older the wise parent will not insist on their keeping still.

GAUDY FUNERALS IN BURMAH

With Ballet and Band the Rich Burmese Are Paraded to Their Tombs.

They have gorgeous funerals in Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, India. When a rich Burman is buried, for instance, the funeral procession might be compared to the street parade of some circus.

First comes a kind of ballet of Burmese in bright colored silks, dancing the wildest kinds of contortions, anything but graceful. Next there is the hearse, drawn by several black horses. Oddly enough, in some cases it will be a huge black English hearse with attendants in black and white girdles, instead of the usual gaudy Burmese hearse, with its models of dancers and race horses.

Following this a brass band will blare out some lively tune, to which the ballet can dance, the whole being about as appropriate to the solemnities of such an occasion as would be a dirge to enliven a bridge-whist party.

Stringing along after the band will be a mile, more or less, of ox-carts with quaint tops of colored matting, each crowded with "gay mourners" who are provided with no end of refreshments. A big Burman in brilliant pink silk and carrying a large fan usually plays the part of master of ceremonies, his chief duty being to see that all are happy.

As companion he will have a muscular chap bearing a huge case of bottles containing drinks for the whole party. Luckily, since dead men tell no tales, it is also true that they find no fault; and so these grotesque funerals are never interrupted by the box occupants in whose honor the spectacles are arranged.

IS LAZIEST MAN ON EARTH

Sea-Faring Man Discovers Him in Person of Chief of the Solomon Islands.

In all probability the laziest man on earth has been discovered by sea-faring men who had occasion to stop at the Solomon Islands of the East Indies not long ago. Those islands are inhabited by tribes of black men known to the sailors as Kanakas.

The ruler over the islands of Choise and Caristoval is one of these Kanakas, known as Chief Sonoa. The Kanakas are almost invariably short and very heavily built, but Chief Sonoa is the shortest and fattest one of the bunch, weighing in the neighborhood of 365 pounds.

He is not only the blackest, fattest and laziest, but he has more wives than any other chief in that neighborhood. One of the sailors who visited these islands said that "his majesty would lie in the sands of the beach while his favorite wife would sit beside him and smoke. She would draw a mouth full of the smoke into her lungs. The chief would open his mouth, the favorite would blow the smoke into it and he would inhale it into his lungs, after which he would let it pass out his nose. Time after time would the wife chosen for this job blow the smoke into her chief's mouth, and time after time he would take it into his lungs to let it pass out of his nose. The tobacco used was the strongest that could be had, and with it was rolled some kind of leaf that would bring on sleep. A truly luxurious being is this dusky king."

Sure of a Raise. An enterprising woman, who rents several apartments in a new building and sublets them, furnished, room by room, has profited at the rate of several hundred dollars a year by woman's propensity for telling everything she knows. To each applicant for a room she named an exorbitant price to start with.

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Her Head Stays Twisted. Anderson, Cal.—Word has been brought here of an accident to Mrs. Alexander Gibson of Coleman, while driving with her husband and another woman.

On the road just above Ball's Ferry an automobile was met, and the team driven by Gibson became unmanageable, and Mrs. Gibson was thrown out upon her head. The nature of her injuries are peculiar, as her head is twisted and she cannot turn it back.

WILL MARKET CATS

Company Proposes to Raise Tabbies for Their Fur.

Animal Society's Views—Treasurer Bergh Frowns on Scheme, but Fur Dealer Has Nothing but Praise for It.

Corona, L. I.—This city is to have a cat farm, to be run on the same plan as a chicken farm or any other kind of farm. The scheme originated with residents of Corona who foresee a fortune in selling the skins of the cats. Judging by the sentiment prevailing against cat farms, however, the Corona Catskin company, as it is to be called, will have troubles of its own before very long.

The company was organized recently and it was said that application for a charter will be made to the secretary of state within a few days. The promoters are to pay nominal sums for all stray cats that can be gathered up within a reasonable freight rate radius. Having possession of these cats, they intend to go into the business of breeding cats on a large scale.

Should this scheme become effective the first to oppose it will undoubtedly be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Henry Bergh, treasurer of the society and a member of the board of managers, when asked about such a scheme recently, said that in his opinion the society would be authorized to interfere.

"I don't think the object attained by the killing of cats by wholesale," he said, "would be justifiable. Of course it raises a point which would first have to be decided.

"The promoters of the catskin company might argue that killing cats for their fur is no more unjustifiable than killing birds for their feathers. I doubt whether it would be justifiable to kill cats under any consideration unless the flesh of the animal is to be used as food. Of course, I realize that some use might be made of the flesh other than for food purposes, but this, to my mind, would be unjustifiable cruelty to animals. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will certainly investigate such an institution if it becomes effective."

The use of common, ordinary domestic catskins in the fur business, although not common, has been heard of in this city. The fur sometimes appears on the market under various trade names, and a select lot of skins, it is said, can be utilized to such advantage as to make a fine appearance.

I. Freundlich of I. Freundlich & Sons, furriers, said that in his opinion there would be a big market for a catskin industry, so large, in fact, that enough cats to furnish the demand could never be raised.

"I would not be surprised at all to see such industries flourish in the future."

COMES HOME AFTER 18 YEARS

Was Dodging Imaginary Detectives for Most of the Time—His Indictment Quashed.

Denver.—Elmer E. Johnson, former receiver of the United States land office at Del Norte, who was indicted by the federal grand jury in Denver in 1893 and has been in hiding since that time, has given himself up to the authorities at Omaha and asked to be sent back to Denver to be punished.

The United States district attorney wired Denver government officials asking for orders. It was found that a nolle prosequi had been entered against Johnson in 1896.

Johnson was indicted for embezzlement of a small amount of government money while acting as receiver. E. M. Taylor and James W. Russell were the sureties on his bond. Johnson had wandered about for 18 years believing that the government was still after him. He is forty-three years of age.

An investigation showed that for the last 15 years the man has not been wanted by the government. He was discharged and notified that the indictments had been dismissed. Johnson says he visited South America, South Africa, Europe and Asia, fleeing from imaginary detectives.

SHIP 2,000 "SINGERS" TO U. S.

Large Consignment of Canaries Coming to America From England.

London.—A remarkable scene was witnessed at the Halifax railway station when 2,000 canaries of various breeds, comprising Yorkshires, Norwich, border fancy Lizard, and Lancashire, were dispatched to America. At Liverpool the canaries were transhipped to the White Star liner Baltic. Special arrangements have been made to feed many mouths on the ocean trip. All the birds were bred in West Riding and the exportation is by far the largest from this district.

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HE WAS A "PHONY" CARUSO

Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago Annoyed by Telephonic Grand Opera.

Chicago.—Max Finkelstein, although a plumber by trade, was so sure he was Enrico Caruso that he called up Mayor Harrison and insisted on singing a few grand opera selections. Finkelstein started early. At 8:30 in the morning the mayor's telephone rang.

"Hello," said Mr. Harrison. "This is Caruso," was the greeting that came over the wire. "I will come over this afternoon and sing for you."

"No you won't," said the mayor. "Good-by."

"It was not long before the telephone bell rang again. When Mr. Harrison took down the receiver he heard the same voice.

"Listen to this," it said. "Umptedid-dido. That's grand opera. I'm coming over to your house and entertain your friends."

From that time until 2 o'clock the offer was repeated every few minutes. Finally Mayor Harrison's patience gave out. He called up the office of the chief of police and suggested that the man be found and locked up.

About the same time the police received a complaint from a confectionery store at Johnston and Maxwell streets that a crazy man was making the store his headquarters. Detectives hurried to the store and captured the disturber in the act of calling up Mayor Harrison for the purpose of singing a few grand opera selections.

Finkelstein at the Maxwell street police station gave his address as 815 West Fourteenth street. Judge Owen was called by telephone and gave instructions to have the man taken to the Detention hospital.

There Finkelstein insisted that he was not insane, and to prove that his head was sound began to beat it against the wall of his cell. He was put where he could do himself no harm.

TO BE THE RICHEST CHURCH

Fifth Avenue Baptist, John D.'s Place of Worship, May Be Absorbed by the Calvary.

New York.—The wealthiest congregation in New York, if not in the world, probably will result from negotiations now on foot for the consolidation of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church—John D. Rockefeller's New York place of worship—with the Calvary Baptist church. Real estate totaling at least \$1,600,000 in value is involved in the proposed merger.

David C. Link, treasurer of Calvary church, heads a committee of four which has been conferring since last spring with a like number of representatives of the Fifth Avenue organization with a view to uniting the two congregations. At a meeting held last Wednesday, according to Mr. Link, the project finally took the concrete shape of considering the advisability of abandoning and selling out the Fifth Avenue church property, valued at a minimum of \$600,000, at No. 8 West Forty-sixth street.

The joint committees also took up the question of transferring the membership of the Fifth Avenue church bodily to the Calvary church, which has one of the largest and most complete edifices in the city on Fifty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue. The Calvary church is valued at more than one million dollars.

A year ago when the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked threatened to resign unless an adequate church edifice was provided, it took the Fifth Avenue Baptist congregation just twenty-eight minutes to raise \$324,000 for the new building then talked of. The total was later increased to \$422,000 within a few days.

TRIBE WANTS PAY FOR SQUAW

Indians Insist Upon Payment of Ten Ponies for Woman Put to Death.

Lake View, Ore.—Bigge Archie, who was accused of killing his squaw at Plush, on the Klamath Indian reservation a few months ago, and who was found not guilty by a jury in the circuit court, will yet have to pay a penalty for the deed, according to rumors from the Warner valley. Bigge is a Pit River Indian, and his squaw was of the Pit River tribe. The latter tribe is not satisfied with the result of the circuit court trial.

The Pit River Indians are now demanding that Bigge and his friends pay over a suitable amount in payment for the wife, and in case they refuse to do so it is said that it will be a case of life for life and war, with Bigge in the leading role.

It is understood that Bigge and his tribesmen are endeavoring to raise the money and valuables to quiet the wrath of the Pit Rivers, and hope for an early settlement. Ten ponies will settle the bill in full payment for the squaw.

Check Hunted by 25 Men. Philadelphia.—A check for 600 marks to Mayor Rudolph Blankenship from Berlin, which he inadvertently threw into the waste basket, turned Philadelphia city hall topsy turvy.

Dr. Edward McInall, the reform superintendent of the building, drafted 25 men, went into the cellar where all waste paper is dumped, and from 9:30 a. m. until 4 p. m. the search was prosecuted.

It was not until the last paper bin had been reached that the slip of paper, worth \$100, was found.

CARDS TELL STORY

Collector Has Wonderful Collection of Pasteboards.

Philadelphia Woman Who Has Devoted Twenty Years of Her Life to a Unique Study—Has Packs From All Nations.

London.—An American woman who is interested in the history of playing cards asked the superintendent of prints in the British museum not long ago who was the world's authority on cards and card collections.

"I want to consult the best book," she explained. The superintendent took a volume from a shelf and gave it to her.

"This is the highest authority," he said; "the author of this knows more queer facts about playing cards than any other living person. She has the largest collection in the world herself. And this is the best book on the subject that has ever been written." The author is an American woman.

"The Devil's Picture Books," by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer," the American visitor read. "But haven't you anything else? I've read this, and I wanted to know if there wasn't another authority I could consult. I am collecting material for a book."

"You'll find all there is to know about cards in that one," the man insisted, and his questioner sighed.

"I wanted to find out more," she said. "I know this book by heart. You see, I am Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer."

The director gasped, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer proceeded to establish her identity by means of a letter from the Smithsonian institution in Washington. Then she began to search the print room of the British museum, where the card collection is kept, and to consult the museum's books.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's collection, as it now stands, is the most comprehensive and most valuable, as well as the largest, in the world.

Out of it she has given to various American museums their assortments of old playing cards.

"I am quite sure that every public collection in America has come out of this private collection of mine," she said. "I am sure that I have gathered together all the strange and historic playing cards that are shown in America today."

"Playing cards, you see," Mrs. Van Rensselaer went on, "may be studied under three grand divisions. There are fortune-telling cards, gambling cards and the various kinds of educational cards. Educational cards are not of particular interest and gambling cards are but the modern adaptation of the old fortune-telling cards. These fortune-telling cards are by far the most interesting, and it is from them that one can read strange stories of the history of the world and the customs of the people.

"Fortune-telling cards are an evolution of the great Egyptian mysteries. They were first brought into Phoenicia, Greece and Italy by the Egyptians or gypsies. I know that a great many people do not believe that the gypsies are descendants of the old Egyptians, but I do, and my study has confirmed this belief.

"The use of fortune-telling cards may be traced back to the rites connected with Marduk, in the Bible, and his son Nebu. In chapter 17 of the book of Numbers the divine commands are given to consult the cards. The people believed in the fortune-telling and the oracles, and the fortune-telling cards were an important feature in their life."

WOMAN BARS SILK STOCKINGS

She Advocates Police Rule in Making Poor Young Women Discard Fine Hosiery.

Washington, D. C.—If the women of Washington will follow the advice of Mrs. Olaf C. Guildin, chairman of the Home Economics of the Federation of Women's Clubs, Major Sylvester's policemen will have their work cut out for them in making the young women forego the pleasure of wearing silk stockings and clothe themselves in warmer garments.

Mrs. Guildin has had success in the movement at Fort Wayne, Ind., and had advised the women of Washington to appeal to the chief of police to help make the young women of the working classes go without the extravagant garments for more suitable clothing.

Not that silk stockings are not pretty, claims Mrs. Guildin, but the more luxurious sisters only set the fashion, and the poorer girls in their endeavors to keep pace are forced to go without proper dress. "I think they had better be dispensed with," said Mrs. Guildin, in speaking of silk hosiery.

MAN STARVED TO DEATH

Authorities Unable to Make a Louisville Prisoner Take Food—Was Thought Insane.

Louisville.—Voluntary starvation resulted in the death of Barney Hack, 68 years old, who died at the city hospital after he had refused for several days to partake of any food. Eleven years ago he fell from a ladder and received injuries about the head. He was placed in jail a short time ago by relatives, pending an investigation into his sanity. While confined in jail Hack sat with his hands folded and all efforts to get him to partake of food proved unavailing.

BUT WHAT WAS THE ANSWER?

Instance of the Remarkable Encyclopaedic Knowledge of Dr. Talcott Williams.

It has been said that no pretension is more dangerous than to lay claim to encyclopaedic knowledge; it only needs the casual question of a six-year-old to knock you from your pedestal. But occasionally there develops a man reasonably well fitted to be set upon such an intellectual elevation, and such a one is Dr. Talcott Williams, journalist and publicist, of Philadelphia. He seems to know all about most things, and pretty nearly all of some things besides, and within the month the Quaker City has heard another instance of his practical infallibility, "right-off the bat."

During an evening conversation at the home of a suburban hostess the talk, upon art, centered on Michael Angelo. The passing reference was made to the great master's broken nose—and some had never known his nose was broken, while none of the few who had acquired that fact could recall how the accident occurred. The daughter of the house started for the library to look up the matter, but some one said:

"Call up Dr. Williams; he'll know, and I've an idea it sort of pleases him to help the world along that way."

So the phone book was turned to instead of Vassar's "Lives," and when the sought-for "party" was on the wire and the question put to him, the answer was delightfully instant. Then the apology was sent in with the thanks, and Dr. Williams replied: "I'm only too glad to have been of any help—and, believe me, I've often been called upon on matters of far less importance than Michael Angelo's nose."—W. J. P.

MUST LEARN NEW LANGUAGE

Amusing Difficulties of English People in Making Themselves Understood in This Country.

In his recent book, "Memories of a Labor Leader," Mr. John Wilson, M. P., gives an amusing instance of the confusion which arises from the differences between the names of articles of home use in England and their names in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson formerly lived in America. They had as a neighbor, in a Pennsylvania mining town, an old lady who had left Tyndeside some years prior to their acquaintance with her. She gave them an account of her first attempt to make herself understood at the general store. She described to them the many misunderstandings which arose between her and the storeman until she came to the last article, which was treacle. She had never changed her dialect, but spoke the pure Wallend, with the burr untouched.

"Aa want some treacle," she demanded, in unadulterated Northumbrian. "I don't understand what you mean, ma'am."

"That in there," she said, pointing to a bog-lard. "That is molasses."

"That's what Aa want. G' me a pund of it."

"We don't sell it by weight, ma'am; we sell it by measure."

The old lady gasped in utter amazement. "Dee ye mean to say," she faltered, "that we sell treacle by the yard in this country?"—Youth's Companion.

JOSEPH PULITZER'S AMBITION

One day while cruising off the Atlantic coast our talk had drifted from actors whose performances we had seen and heard to the plays of Shakespeare, and Mr. Pulitzer spoke of the beautiful scene between Brutus and his wife. He began to repeat it, and never had I heard a finer recitation. It was so full and rounded, so terse with proper emphasis. From that he gave both Forum speeches. I grew more and more surprised. He would stop at the corner of the deck and while still holding my arm, he declared to the open sea:

"It was my desire once to be an orator, my great ambition. I used to practice those speeches by the hour."

It was the only time in all my acquaintance with him that I found him in this mood. But I never shall forget it—his tall, gaunt figure on the swaying deck, and the strength and melody that seemed so suddenly to have been born into his voice. It was a note that I cannot remember ever hearing again.—James Barnes, in Collier's Weekly.

TO THE MANNER BORN

Max Muller, the famous Sanskrit scholar, was fond of remarking that he had once seen Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie enter a Paris theater together. The audience cheered itself hoarse; but what interested Professor Muller was the contrast in the conduct of the two royalties.

Both bowed in answer to the plaudits, and then sat down; but whereas Eugenie glanced behind her, much as you or I would do, to make sure of the chair being there to receive her, Victoria kept her eyes to the front, and took the chair for granted.

That was the difference between being born into the purple and marrying into it.—Youth's Companion.

JUST DYING TO DO IT

Servant.—No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message? Old Woman (cheerfully).—Well, tell him that Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon!—London Opinion.