## ANOTHER PRESIDENT ABROAD

Plow General Grant Was Received
During His Triumphal Tour
Around the World.

In the free city of Hamburg the penate especially honored Grant; the king of Sweden pressed invitations supon him to visit his majesty at the wuperb palace of Drottningholm. In Russia the general was received by the prime minister, and an imperial nacht was placed at his disposal, while reyal salutes were fired whenever he appeared. A grand audience was arranged for the ex-president by the Emperor Alexander in St. Petersburg. A like function was arranged for him in Vienna by the Emperor Francis Jozeph. King Alfonso (father of the present king) gave him a truly Spanish welcome in Madrid; and when General Grant reached Lisbon, the king of Portugal, putting aside all etiquette, came to meet him. The two had many other meetings, punctuated with receptions and banquets.

From Europe and Africa the general proceeded to India, where he was entertained by the viceroy and by countless maharajabs. In Siam the king eagerly invited him to the palace, where a state dinner was given and the royal elephants were displayed. In China, almost more than anywhere elso, was he the recipient of extraordinary honors from viceroys, princes and statesmen, including Li Hung Chang; while in Japan the imperial cabinet and the emperor met him and gave him a sight of a military review at a time when few people were aware of Japan's growing power in war. The muset picturesque festivals and popular fetes crowded his days in Tokyo. where the emperor at the imperial paiace gave him a personal farewell. Thence the general returned across the Pacific to San Francisco, where all California seemed to have assembled In his honor.—Bookman.

#### HE REFUSED TO BE FOOLED

Planter Who Declined to Be "Stung" by Any Freeh N'Orleane Rajiway Agent.

The Frisco's city passenger and ticket agent is Mark Anthony. The freight agent at the terminal etation is George Washington. Napoleon Bonaparte Hoskins is the Frisco's so-liciting agent.

One afternoon a sun-burned, honestlooking man, who probably is an upstate rice planter, came into the ticket office opposite the St. Charles hotel, and questioned Anthony about some household goods that were overdue, exhibiting Napoleon Hoskins', card as

"You don't want this office," the city sticket agent told him. "To down to the terminal station at Basin and St. Louis streets and ask for George Washington."

"George Washington," said the honpet shipper in surprise. "Well, who "shall I say sent me?" "Why, Mark Anthony," said the

The planter fixed Anthony with his eye for a minute or two, and then, turning on his heal, tore up Hoskins' card and threw it on the floor. "Young man," he called out as he reached the floor, "you needn't try to string me. You N'Orienne people are too fresh to de business with me, anyhow."

"Cassar," called out Anthony to the porter, "sweep up the gentleman's card. And Cassar did.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

New Hybrid Animal The "sebrace" has made its bow to the public. This creature is a new thing in the world, it never having existed until a year ago. It is the bybrid offspring of the African sebra and the Texas donkey. There are at the United States government experiment station at Bothesda. Md., six young sebrasees. Their sire is the royal Abyestnian sebra which King Menelik gave to President Roosevelt. The latter turned the striped creature ever to the experiment station, and here the idea of developing a new race of animals was conceived. These teix young ones are the nucleus. They are regarded as offering great promise. Certain of them combine the adoctify, streagth, and willity of the mother, with the spirit, activity and beauty of the father. The yearlings are already larger than their mother. They are beautifully built and should the adapted to the many uses to which! the domestic animal is put...

The Brewnings.

Fortunate are they the mainspring of whose life has been one deep, lasting affection which asserts itself trimmphantly as the bodily strength evaporates, which thrusts all other considerations into the background. Nothing perhaps in all the lives of our poets is so beautiful as the account of the last hour spent together by the Brownings, when the author of the "Portuguese" somets "falked and jested" with the finspirer of those extunisite poems "and gave expression of her love for him in the tenderest

A Few Exceptions.
"The course of true love never runs smooth," remarked the maid with the

quotation habit.

\* "Oh, I don't know," rejoined the tecanty-haired hachelor. "It doesn't ways end in marriage."

always end in marriage."

Plain, Indeed.

Agnee—Unable to attract men, is
the?

Cledyn-Wes indeed the same state.

ghe?

Gladys—Yes, indeed. She says she's sure that if her house is ever burgled it will be done by a woman.—Life.

NEW LIGHT ON THE CIVIL WAR

Consolation of Not Having Much to Do Offset the Tennesseean's Many Wounds.

Lem Jackson loved to loaf. He lived in the mountains not far from Greenville, Tenn., with his wife and a large, brood of children. Lem had a "hound dawg" that he set great store by, and he spent most of his time lounging in a runway waiting to shoot a deer driven in by old Bose or sprawling on the bank of a stream fishing. In that way he was a good previder after a fashion, but not all the urging, scolding, nagging and broomsticking of his shrewish wife could drive him into work.

Lem led the lasy life of a Rip Van Winkle until the outbreak of the Civil war, and then he surprised everybody by joining the confederate army, for most of the mountaineers fought for the Union. At the end of six months Lem was shot through the right, thigh, and it was long before he was able to limp out of the hospital and back to his regiment. In the second year he was shot in the left shoulder, and when he returned to duty his left hand was bent far back by a shortened tendon; but he was still able to raise his rifle. Early in the fourth year they got him again-a musket ball through the body-but he was back in the ranks long before the fighting was ended. Everyone wondered at Lem's persistence in sticking to the terrible trade of war.

Doctor Girdner met Lem hobbling down the street in Greenville one morning in June, 1865, still pale and weak from his latest wound, his right leg short and wobbly, his left handstiffly bent back.

"Glad to see you alive, Lem," said the doctor. "I suppose you're glad to be home again!"

"Waal," Lem admitted, without enthusiasm, "I s'pose I had to git erlong home. Gin'ral Lee he surrindered us down to Appomattox an' we all had to go home."

"But aren't you glad to be away from the dangers of war?"

"Why, doc, war hain't so bad," cried honest Lem. "War hain't so bad. There's lots o' days when you don't have nothin to do."—Harper's Weakly."

A Child's Teest. One of the new British king's oldest and most intimate friends is the earl of Carrington, joint-hereditary lord great chamberlain of England. He shares this honor with two other peers -the marquis of Cholmondoloy and the earl of Anchester. His lordship has occupied many important posts, including governor of New South Wales. 1885 to 1890; lord chamberlain of the household, 1892 to 1896, and in 1901 he was special envoy to France, Spain and Portugal, to announce the accession of King Edward. His thirteenyear-old son, Viscount Wendover, is receiving thorough grounding in oratory from his lordship. At the age of eight the boy made his debut in public, when had just proposed the toast of "The King," which was drunk with acclamation. Then the little viscount entered, and, mounting a chair, cried in a shrill, but distinct childish voice: "I ask you to drink to the health of Queen Alexandra, the prince and princess of Wales, and all the royal family."

Woman Resource a Lineman.

By nailing cross-pieces to a 20-foot telegraph pole Mrs. James Adamson, a ranchwoman in the Beaver Crock country of Colorado, rescued Joseph Pfeiffer, a lineman, from death

After he had been burned terribly by electricity, he remained suspended unconscious for hours from the top of the pole by his safety belt. Pfelf-fer was rescued by Mrs. Adamson in a lonely part of the mountains, 19 miles west of Pueblo.

Mrs. Adamson, unaided, scaled the pole by means of improvised steps made of pine boughs, which she nailed to the pole, and then lowered the unconscious lineman by a rope. She then took him in her wagon to his home, 15 miles distant, and telephoned to the city for a doctor.—Depver News.

Marine Astronomers.
Capt. H. J. Hollinshed of the Arethusa talked, at a luncheon in New York, about the counct.

"We had a good view of the comet just off Tariffs in the Wediterranean," he said. "The sailors didn't like it. They sent a committee to me to get my opinion on it. "'Captain,' said the spoksaman, 'we

want to ask your optaion."
"Yes, mg lad," said I. 'What about?"

"'Yes, my lad,' said I. 'What about?'

"'About that thing up there,' he raid, pointing at the comet aflame in the western sky.

"'Very well,' said I. 'But first tell

me what you think it is yourself.'
"'Well, sir,' said the spokesman,
'we've talked it over very careful, and
we've about come to the conclusion
that it's a star sprung a leak.'"

Why do they call them ocean

liners?" she asked.
"They're getting new terms every
day," he said, without looking up from
the sporting page. "I never heard it
before, but an ocean liner is probably
a hot one that isn't fielded well and
rolls into a puddle or something."

rolls into a puddle or something."

She made no answer, but when he had gone to business she phoned the doctor about him.—Buffalo Express.

Always Prepared.

Mrs. Neighbor—I understand your husband is a versatile man.

Mrs. Newcombe—Tes, indeed. Why, he has a new hard-luck story ready every time I ask him for money.

FINDING BORAX IN THE WEST

The Romantic Stry of How It Was
First Discovered in Death Valley,
Nevada.

In the west a romantic story is told of how borax was discovered in Death Valley. It appears that in 1880 one Aaron Winters and his wife Rosis lived in a guich known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of the valley. Now, Winters was so attached to his wife that he would not permit her long to be absent from him. Their little hut on the side of the mountain was 100 miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged, forsaken country.

One day there came to their but a desert tramp, who spent the night at the Winters place. He told Winters of the borax deposits of Nevada. When he left Aaron began to think of deposits of the same kind he had seen on his explorations into Death Valley. Accordingly, he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which when combined with borax and ignited, would produce a green flame. Having prooured a piece of the substance which he believed to to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it burn? For years they had lived like Plutes on the desert, very often in need of the berest necessities of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the subutance with a trembling hand, then shouled at the top of his voice: "Sheburns green, Rosie! We're rich for

They had found borns. The mine was sold for \$20,000, and Winters took his Rosie to a ranch in Nevada.

### THE STORK BEHIND TIME

His Arrival in Europe From Africa
This Year Has Been Considerably
Delayed.

For some unknown reason the storic this year returned from Africa to Europe 14 days behind time. The storic is very pugnacious and his first work on his return to his village, house and chimney is to drive out the intruder, whether crow, jackdaw or other bird, that has taken advantage of his absence to occupy the nest. That the nest is repaired.

Storks are not so many as of yore, for slates are more often used for roofing and the old thatched roofs are passing out of use. This is a bad thing for the farmer whose fields are overrun with mice, for a field mouse is the stork's tithit.

The family instincts of the stork are an example to mankind. Turn about father stork and mother stork watch over the three or four sggs, and when these are hatched both parents are kept busy bringing mice, worms and frogs to push with their beaks into the throats of the hungry storkings.

Fourteen days later the education of the young begins. They must learn to fix in view of the long journey over sea they will shortly have to make. Above all the flight muscles must be strengthened by practise, and when the young pinions begin to fixp the parents insist that the flapping practise shall be continued. Short excursions follow until always under the storks begin to seek nourishment for themselves.

At the close of August all is ready and the family fly off across the seas at a speed of 70 miles an hour.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., praised, at a lunchcon in New York, the exquisite fruit of the Paris restaurants.

"There are peaches," he said, "as big as cantaloupes. The pears are like pumpkins. The grapes, in bunches as buge as a ham, are respectively themselves the size of plums.

"And of course this fruit is always served out of season. Hence it comes high, but justifiably high. I know a New York man who had a meion for desert at the Cafe Anglais in January, and then complained when he was charged seven dollars.

"The maitre d'hotel came in answer."

to his complaint.
"Ten't it outrageous," said the patron, 'to charge me seven dollars for this meion?"

d'hotel; and if you can find me a doses melous at that price, I'll buy them from you at once."

Wiedom From the Beby.
An uncannily learned infant recently desit laughing confusion to a group of the chatting elders whom she found sitting in the coft summer twi-

light,
"I wonder why we do like the halflights so well," mused a sentimental young lady, the conversation having turned upon this subject. Spoke up,

turned upon this subject. Spoke updiminutive Alice: "The Bible says that men love dark ness rather than light because their

deeds are evil!"

A Little Sermon.

Don't think dat you got de world in a swing, 'kase you ain't got dé strength ter swing it; an' don't think dat you kin fence it in, 'kase you got de wire. Ef you kin jest call ten acres of it yes own, you better go 'long 'bout yo' business an' be estis-

Question of Precedence,
"What makes you, doubt that all
sum are born equal?"

Sed."-Atlanta Constitution.

"The absolute confidence of every parent that his baby is superior to any other in axistence." BUZZ OF THE POLITICAL BEE

Ravages of This Invisible But Insidioue and Disastrous Insect Are Frightful Indeed.

The political bee is one of the most disastrous insects encountered by man. It is found all over the world, but is especially prevalent in the United States. It is a tmy insect, in fact, invisible, but its ravages are frightful, and so far, no known means of checking them have been discov-

The political bee never attacks young people under twenty-one. It very seldom attacks women, though of late, many victims among the gentler sex have been found. It is found in greatest numbers in caucuses and city halls, but has been known to attack an honest citizen while the latter is spading his garden in the back yard and render him utterly incapable for such work for the rest of his life.

The symptoms of the bite of the

The symptoms of the bite of the political bee are many. Perhaps the most prevalent is a marked swelling of the head. This is followed by an aversion to work, which in some cases, amounts almost to a phobia. The victim suffers from an irresistible desire to congregate with his fellowmen and talk. He develops a great batred for men who are in office, and does his best to drive them out, spending all his money to do so, if necessary.

As a rule a brief relief is found from the bite if the victim gets into office himself. This is only temporary, however. The swelling in the head becomes more pronounced and a larger office is soon necessary.

Some men thrive on the bite of the political bee and even manage to get rich and famous from the disease which follows. But as a rule the consequences of the bite are diseastrous in the extreme. The only known anti-dote is hard work at some good job for itie. However, no reliable method of applying the antidote has been discovered up to date.—Literary Magazine.

#### WOMEN AND CHARGE CHECKS

Turns Herself Loose When the

In most of the big luncheon clubs there is a ladies' room for the wives and daugiters of the members. The women have club cards and are allowed to sign their vouchers for what they have to eat and drink in their own names. The husbands, of course, pay the bills at the end of the month. It is a curious thing, but in one big New York luncheon club which has a membership of about 1,300 there are only twenty-five women who have cards. A member of the house committee accounts for it in this way:

"When a woman has to spend real money she is one of the greatest economists you ever saw. When she can get things charged she just turns cash for her luncheon she may spend as much as 20 cents, but if she signs a slip for it, it isn't real money, according to her way of thinking, and she will blow in \$8 or \$10 treating a party of friends at her husband's club without thinking it anything out of the ordinary. ... It's because our membors understand this, I believe, that they have been shy about letting their wives know that there is a handsome ladies' dining room."

The Agreeable Walter.
Har companion remained stient upon the subject, but she spoke. It was at

a club dinner.

"This is the poorest dinner I ever ate," she said to the waiter, "and the president has the cheek to charge us two sollars for it. It's aboutinable."

"You are quite right, madam," the

waiter said courteously. "I don't blame you. Not in the least. I said to the shef just now that I had served a good many dinners in my time, but never so poor a dinner, madam, as this one."

"Well, what do you think of that?" she gasped when he had disappeared. "Wasn't that a surprise? Such ready acquiescence! Such sunve courtsey! Remarkable!"

"It was to me," her companion assented, "rather elever, too. I think, I'll tip him about a dollar for that. Shall

An editor was talking in San Fran-

elsee about Jist Jeffries.
"I'm was a little erasty when he started training," daid the editor.
"He bated the idea, you know, of removing all that fat, He hated the idea of the weeks of self-dealal and abeti-

nemce that My before him.

"Jim was grumbling to me about this one day at the Seal Rock house.

"I hate the prospect of training," he said. "Training appeals to me just about as strongly as the sharity soup.

appealed to the eld apple woman.

"'Charity soup!' said she. Bosh!
Fill tell you how they conceet that.'
They just take a quart of water and boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

Oh, You Rooster! Sam Sunflower—Pete Green am gittin' mighty tony in als invitations dose days.

Bill Blackberry—How's dat?

Sam Supflower—Why, Pete killed dat old roogier he had foh de last Eve yeahs en den invited de parson to a "chantleleer dianer" on Sunday.

"Fretty tough, isn't he?"
"Tough? Say, he can make a resor
dull by just carrying it in his pocket."

EXAMINATION AT LONG RANGE

Now Possible for a Physician Miles
Distant to Test the Heart Action
of His Patient.

The feeble sounds made by our body engine at work have much significance, and new importance has been given to them by the telephonestethoscope, which the other day enabled a number of physicians in the liste of Wight to listen to the heart beats of a woman in London.

In ordinary practice, tapping over the region and other near at hand observations are depended upon in addition to the indications of the stethoscope. The intensified sounds are made distinctly audible in the telephone, however, so that any irregularities are easily detected, and medical men have expressed the belief that with proper training of the ear it will become practicable to diagnose heart disease at a distance. There is little interference from extraneous noises. Other sounds can be transmitted, and it is probable that examinations of the lungs can bemade as well as those of the heart.

The new instrument gives the busy physician a means of watching a serious pneumonia or typhoid case without leaving his home, while country patients may be enabled to consult a heart specialist without the expense of a trip to the city.

#### FUSSED AT GOOD SAMARITAN

The Depot Matron's Effect to Help a Small Traveler Recented by the Mother.

And now Mrs. Olile Everingham, matron of the union depot, is wondering if kindness to little girl travelers with heavy suitoness isn't, after all, a mistake, says the Kansas City Star, at any rate, it's risky, Mrs. Everingham has decided.

ingham has decided.

The other morning came to the depot from out in Kaness a small girl and two jarge suitcases, also a sizable basket of preserves. The proprietor of the luggage had beed visiting "grandma," which accounted for the goodies. Mrs. Everingham considered the tiny girl and the preserves and the suitcases. Then she "suggested that the child leave the heavier suitcase with her at the depot for her mother to call for later.

Little Miss Eight-year-old appeared.
only too glad to do so.
Late in the afternoon came as trate,
woman who spoke as follows:

woman, who spoke as follows:
"I don't thank you one bit for buth;
ing in to my little girl's affairs. It
cost me ten cents to come after this
suitease!"
And the I. W. laid impatient hands

which accounts for Mrs. Everingham's doubts as to the wisdom of hainfulness.

upon the luggage and flourneed out of

Origin of the Sefety-Pin. An historian of invention tells us that to the walls of a los infant we owe the boon of the mafetypin. Here is the story: A little boy, named Harrison, an English blacksmith's son, had to look after his baby brother. The baby often cried, and its tears were usually traced to nin punctures. The boy nurse tried a long time to bend the pins in such a form that they could be used withsafety to his brother's Seeh. In this he falled; but his father, the blacksmith, perceiving the utility of the ides that the 186 had been at work on, took it up on his own account and eventually turned out the safety-sin that is in use today all over the world, Whither the safety-pin would have still remained in oblivion but for the tormenting of one little English baby

Public Speaking Explained.
The Japanese visitor to the city was asked to make an after-diamer speech.
He arose and began qualitiy:

no one knows, of course.

"I often worlder," he said, "why it is you Americans will hinder your dignation by making these after-dinner speeches. We Japanese rest after our meals. It is much better. I know that I traveled with a Japanese legation over the United States, and everywhere the Americans would make us dine, then ask us for speeches afterward. We would make in rather have dined at our hotels and retired afterward to rest for the following day. I asked some one way it was, this instrured after-dinner appearing among the American men at public dinners, and they replied that the American man never had a chance to say anything at home, and that was

in Hopes.
"George, have you asked father for my hand?"
"Not yet, darling, but I will right!

"Not yet, darling, but I will right away,"
"But I thought you were to have asked him last weight"

"Well, you see, Seer, I was rather inhopes or that is to say I thought the comet might knock the earth into smithereens and in that case it would not have been necessary."

Not Yot Popular.'
Styker—I think as a bride and a groom come from the altar they should carry an American flag.
Dyber—What would be the sense of

Dyker—What would be the segre of that?
Styker—Why the Sag would be type ical of their United States.

Aurienter Byldenes,
"My daughter, Gladys Mas, has become guite an ejecutionist."
"Yes," poevishly replied the nextdoor neighbor, "so I hear! — Pusk.

SHOCKING THE CHILDREN

Nervous System is Often Seriously Injured and Harmful Effects Result in Later Years.

A shock to the nervous system of a little child is sometimes so injurious that years afterward the harmful results are apparent. Even if the temporary effects be considered, the importance of protecting the nervous system in infancy should be recognised by parents or by all who associate with children. They should never be frightened by loud noises of unusual sights.

is kept during the first year of its life the better chance it has for a life of health and happiness. The fact that so large a proportion of the human family die in infancy is due largely to the folly of nurses and the ignorance of mothers.

Overbright babies do not commend

themselves to physicians, who know

that the first year of a child's life should be spent largely in sleep. All efforts to arouse the dormant mind of a child at this period are attended with danger. The foolish practice of tossing a helpless baby in the air while it screams both with affright and delight is a most dangerous one A physician with a large practice tells the story of a precoclousis bright child which showed evident delight when tossed in this way by a doting father, who was accustomed to play with it every evening. The child trembled with delight when the hight's frolio was over; but one eve ing from this trambling it passed into a spasm, the first indication of one of those fatal brain diseases against

which medical science is helpiess.
Mother nature generally pursues
her course in quiet, unsuspected ways,
and any attempt to introduce the use
usual and to shock the little baby
cannot but result disastrously.

# AFTER FOUR WHOLE DAYS

Pennimistic Predictions of the Smolest Who Hee Endured This Period of Total Abetinefics.

"A fine, large, beautiful meraing.

Mr. Gray," suggested the boarding-

house optimist cheerily.

"Humph!" grumped Gray. "One of these beautiful mornings when you go out and get grip and pleurisy, and when everybody says 'How well you look—lend me five dollars." Yes, a great day for grafters. Nellie, why the deuce can't I have a dish of corn-fishes that hasn't been out in the morning dew? Also you might tell the cook that steak' je good if it jen's cooked dark brown: Phew! Where'd; you get that cof—I mean chicory?"

"I see that Taft—" began the floor-

walker.

"He's a grafter," growled Gray;
"they're all grafters and crooks.
Roosevelt is the bell-wether. You're
a grafter, I'm a grafter. I tell you
the country is rotten, the politicians
are all bums, everybody's out for
money. We're going to have a panie
pretty soon, too, and there'll be theusands starving to death. It's fleroe

the way things are going!"
"They ought to put the supreme court in jail, the senate should be electrocuted, and congress boiled in off." A lot of yeggmen, that's what

they are!"

"Gee, but you're the merry glean;
of sunshine this morning," observed;
the optimist.

"Well, I'm just getting wice to this

world, that's all. They can't fool me any longer. I kndw, I tell you— "Buy,"—the floorwalker's grin was wide—this is the longit day show

you guit smoking, int't ft?"
"Yee," guiltily admitted Gray.
"'S enough!" laughed the optimist.
"Pack.

Taking Ne Chances.

Frank, aged four, while bustly engaged with his blocks on the floor, happened to overbear his father and mother discussing an Nem in the paper about being buried aliys.

"Oh," exclaimed his mother, "I hape some one will see that I am not

"I will," chimed in Frank. After a moment's thought, he said:
"Oh, no I won't, either."

"Th, no I won't, either."
"Why not?" exclaimed both parents.
"Well, you see, if I should stick a
pin in you, and you came to Min,
you'd tirk 'ground and give him a
lickin' for stickin' the pin in you."—
The Dulineator.

"I west you to do me a favor."
"What is it?"

"I want you to find out from Mrs.
Jones why she did not invite me to
her tes."
"I did ask her that already."

"And why did she not invite me?"
"She said it was because if she had
you would have bedre."

From Pu's Point of View.

Little Willie-Say, pa, what is a Snancier? Ps—A Snancier, my con, is a man who can separate other people from their money without the sid of a sand-

Human Westness.

"How did they manage to get ou a fine thumbprint of the burglar!"

"How did they manage to get such a fine thumbprint of the burgiar?"

"The house had been anitied that day and he just couldn't resign the temptation to feel of the paint to see if it was dry,"—Houston Post.

Must So.
"It gives my husband a bad turns
whenever I get a new hat."
"He must be a crank."

# L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS