WAS WORTH TWO DOLLARS.

Traveler Reached Destination Long Before Uncivil Autoist.

A story that is just coming to light is that of an interesting experience which happened to a member of the governor's party which visited Jamestown at the opening of the exposition, says the Baltimore American. One day this member became detached from the party and could not find them again. He hunted about for awhile, and finally decided that they had returned to Norfolk and that he had better travel the same road. It was impossible to get a vehicle, so he started out to walk. After he had gotten down the road a little way he was overtaken by an automobile, and he hailed the driver with the request to give him a lift. The latter, not having inbued sufficient of southern courtesy, refused. So the pedestrian trudged along.

The next person to overtake him was a southern negro with a ramshackle buggy." For a dollar he joyfully agreed to carry the unfortunate one to Norfolk. But a little way up the road stood the "red devil" which had so unchivalrously passed the pedestrian, and under it was its owner sprawled flat on his back and tinkering.

"I'll give you two dollars if you get to Norfolk before the automobile," said the gentleman.

"All right, sah, I'll do it if dis har mule can git thar."

And to make the story short, the darky earned the $2—for all the gentleman knows the unkind automobilist may be lying on his back in the Norfolk road yet—and the old story of the tortoise and the hare received a modern illustration.

VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Life Made Up of Comparatively Insignificant Happenings.

Just because we may not meet the fellow voyager on life's journey again should we miss the opportunity of leaving a pleasant, instead of a painful impression?

It is very trite to talk of making people happy by small kindnesses, but the person who thinks of anything save himself knows that life is made up of little hurts and little joys.

That the only way to confer happiness is to be careful in the small things as we go along.

One need not confide their innermost thoughts or secrets to casual acquaintances, but they can avoid wounding those they come in contact with by an excess of dignity, or a discouraging invulnerability of manner.

There is no position so exalted that does not render any human being ridiculous who assumes airs because of it.

There is no gift or talent so rare that they would not be robbed of half their worth if they lack the setting of gracious manners.

Starlings Egg-Stealers.

A correspondent, writing from Leith, England, expresses a strong opinion tha tstarlings rob small birds' nests.

Some years ago there was a large tree opposite my dwelling-house. There was a hole in the trunk of the tree about ten feet from the ground, and sparrows built their nests in the cavity. I have time and again seen starlings driving away the parent birds, enter the nests, taking hold of the eggs with their bills and flying away with them.

A gravedigger in Banffshire once told me that a yellowhammer had built its nest in the churchyard, and it contained four eggs. One day a starling attacked the hen bird as she sat on her eggs. The yellowhammer defended her nest and made a great noise, which attracted his attention, but before he got up to the nest the yellowhammer had been killed by the starling, and the latter was on the nest and breaking and eating the eggs. Forty years ago starlings were rare birds in many parts of Scotland, but now they are to be seen in thousands everywhere, and there can be no doubt they have some destructive habits.

Just Had to Talk.

It was a real hardship for Judge Brown to have to keep silent for any length of time. Even when traveling he usually found some one who would at least listen while he talked. But on one occasion he found himself in a railway coach with only one other occupant—a stiff, dignified old lady, who did not deign even to look at him when he raised his hat upon entering the coach.

The judge grew restless after they had traveled several miles. He drummed on the windows, coughed several times, then finally, in desperation, cleared his throat, and asked in stentorian tone:

"Madam, did it ever occur to you to wonder whether it had ever rained any before the time of the flood?"

The unusual question startled the old lady out of her dignified silence and the two old people were soon engaged in animated conversation.—Cleveland Leader.

Advice.

"Do you give your son good advice," said the solicitious friend.

"Yes," answered the somewhat sardonic person. "I give him the same good advice that my father gave me and that my grandfather doubtless gave him. If we keep passing that advice along from generation to generation, perhaps we shall eventually find somebody who will take it."

IN THE WRONG FLOCK.

No Wonder Mrs. Philpots' Blue Ribbon Caused Smiles.

The temperance society was to meet that afternoon. Mrs. Philpots dressed in a hurry and came panting downstairs. She was a short plump woman. "Addie, run up to my room and get my blue ribbon rosette, the temperance badge," she directed her maid. "I have forgotten it. You will know it, Addie—blue ribbon and gold lettering." "Yas'm, I knows it right well." Addie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold lettering when she saw it and therefore had no trouble in finding it and fastening it properly on the dress of her mistress. Mrs. Philpots was too busy greeting her friends or giving close attention to the speakers at the meeting to note that they smiled when they shook hands with her. When she reached home supper was served, so she went directly to the dining room, where the other members of the family were seated. "Gracious me, mother!" exclaimed her son, "that blue ribbon—have you been wearing that at the temperance meeting?" A loud laugh went up on all sides. "Why, what is it, Harry?" asked the good woman, clutching at the ribbon in surprise. "Why, mother dear, didn't you know that was the ribbon I wore at the show?" The gold lettering on the ribbon read:

Atlanta Poultry Show.
First Prize. Bantam.

—Youth's Companion.

THE LENGTH OF ETERNITY.

This Man Had His Own and Peculiar Ideas on the Subject.

Mrs. C. W. McCulloch, of Chicago, on taking up her new office of justice of the peace, told a Chicago reporter that in the performance of marriage ceremonies she proposed to omit the word "obey." "In these enlightened days," said Mrs. McCulloch, "the word 'obey' has lost its meaning in the marriage contract. The best wife does not propose to 'obey' her husband, any more than the best husband proposes to 'obey' his wife. Obedience is for dogs, horses—creatures without reason. So I think that we should drop this meaningless word. For it is meaningless. As meaningless as a certain other word was to a certain boorish husband. The husband had been particularly nasty one rainy Sunday at home, and his wife finally began to cry. 'Eight years ago,' she sobbed, 'you swore eternal love, and now—' 'Oh,' growled the man, 'how long do you expect eternal love to last, any way?'"

A Countess' Schedule.

The following division of the day made by the countess of Sheffield after she was the mother of four children may be profitably accepted by untitled mothers: Eight hours for bed and sleep, no more, no less; one hour for communion with myself; four hours to all necessary household duties, for if they cannot be finished in that time they may wait a day; four hours to the comfort and companionship of my children; four hours with my husband, music and books and the fresh air; three hours to friends and pleasures in which all may participate. So I have lived for 20 years, and so I hope to live until the end.

Japanese Flower Decoration.

In the Japanese method of flower decoration—to become a master in which a man must study for at least 14 years, seven years of hard work making him only fairly proficient—only few flowers are used. One beautiful bough is considered ample esthetic food for a day. The Japanese know that only one beautiful object at a time can be appreciated, and they aim at placing that object in perfect relation to its surroundings. A vase of flowers in a Japanese house is the principal thing in the room, near which the chief guest of the evening is seated.

The Lightning Rod.

The lightning rod was invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1752, to arrest the electricity of the thunder. When the information of the discovery reached Rabbi Saul Katzenellenbogen, of Wilna, he said that the theory was not new, because it was already known in Talmudic times, and he showed a passage in the Tosefta (third century) where it says that "On Sabbath it is permitted to place an iron near the hennery to safeguard the fowls from thunder and lightning strikes." The Talmud vouches that "there is nothing superstitious about this belief."

Busybodies.

"I never saw such a rubber-neck," sneered Mrs. Gabble. "Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter." "Yes," replied Mrs. Naybor; "I wonder how she'd like the rest of us to be that curious about her. You know the doctor stopped at her house to-day, too." "You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Getting His Salary.

A colored preacher who had only a small share of this world's goods, and whose salary was not forthcoming on several occasions became exasperated. At his morning service he spoke to his church members in this way: "Bredern and sistern, things is not as they should be. You must not 'spect I can preach on with you an' boa'd in Heben."

SINGING AS A FINE ART.

Correct Breathing at the Bottom of All Success, Says Melba.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art, writes Mme. Melba in the Century Magazine. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack," and the use of the registers must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of to-day wholly lack because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration, and in my opinion musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY.

Guide Was Not Asking the Party to Accept His Word.

A New York man, who spends a portion of the summer each year in England, tells of an amusing incident in connection with his first visit to Richmond castle. On that occasion he was accompanied by a guide who relied for his information mainly on a guide book, which, from time to time, he would furtively consult if he thought the visitor was not looking his way.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the New Yorker.

"According to hist'ry," replied the guide, "it's 92 feet."

Similar replies were made to other questions of a like nature, each being vouchsafed with the assurance that it was "according to hist'ry."

Finally there was reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"Pretty steep descent!" exclaimed the American.

"Yes, sir," came from the guide, in his monotonous tone. "According to hist'ry, it's almost perpendicular!"—Harper's.

Where Carp Thrive Wonderfully.

Three years ago the government stocked the Verdigris river with red carp as an experiment. The fish have grown, and now in this section of the river it appears that there are very few fish of any other kind. One fisherman caught 600 pounds in a net the other night, and all were carp except about half a dozen.

The fish, which were very small when put into the stream, now range in size from two to six pounds, and a few have been caught that weighed 12 pounds. The carp have grown better in the Verdigris than in any other stream stocked by the government.

The Verdigris is a muddy stream. The Arkansas river has too much alkali in it, and the average mountain stream of the territory is too clear and cold for carp.

Cunning of the Wolf.

"Wolves are very shy, and show extraordinary cunning both in hiding themselves and in slinking out of the way of the hunter. They are rarely killed with the rifle. I have never shot but one myself. They are occasionally trapped, but after a very few have been procured in this way the survivors become so wary that it is almost impossible even for a master of the art to do much with them, while an ordinary man can never get one into a trap except by accident."—President Roosevelt.

Wouldn't Tell Her Age.

The Man—How old is your parrot?

The Woman—Tell the gentleman how old you are, Polly.

The Parrot—Shut up!

The Woman—Oh, shame, Polly! Tell the gentleman how old you are.

The Parrot—Shut up!

The Man—A female parrot, I presume?—Yonkers Statesman.

Signs.

"Is he very wealthy?" asked one neighbor.

"I don't think so," answered the other. "I have never heard of his having appendicitis, and there have been no process servers hanging about his place."

Dissatisfaction.

"Any dissatisfaction on the canal?" wired the government.

"Yes," was the prompt answer; "one of the dredger crew struck a game Saturday night, and they rung in a cold deck on him."

A Bull's-Eye.

He (savagely)—I was a fool when I married you!

She (sweetly)—Yes, dear, and you haven't improved a bit.—Yonkers Statesman.

CONFIDENCE IN THE HOME.

Relations That Should Exist Between Parent and Child.

There can be no true understanding between parent and child without perfect confidence. Confidence is the basis of all beneficial human relations. Those whom we suspect we do not admit to the inner courts of our trust. If the child suspects that you are hiding something or are asking for more than you are willing to do, complete confidence cannot exist in the home.

The best proof of complete confidence between parent and child is furnished when the child tells the parent its troubles and asks for advice on matters which most children dread to mention to father and mother. Then is the great opportunity to bind the child's heart to yours with hooks of steel. As the child approaches the years of early youth, certain matters of health, morals and conduct must be explained. The parent must do it or some one else will. The "some one else" may do it in such a way that the child's moral nature will be dwarfed and endangered. That period is the crucial period of the child's life. A kind word then, in season, will do more to make the child your own for life than anything else you can do. But the way must be prepared by long years of perfect trust and soul communion between parent and child. The information must be given calmly, sympathetically and clearly.—Binghamton Press.

MODERN VALET A WONDER.

Must Be Able to Turn His Hand to Almost Anything.

"A good valet must understand massage, hair cutting and shaving, mending, darning, plain cooking and plain washing and ironing."

The speaker, a young millionaire, smiled thoughtfully.

"It is not extravagant," he said, "for a bachelor to employ a valet. The valet takes so many places—the barber's place, the laundress' place, the shoeblack's place, the cook's place, the masseur's place, the tailor's place.

"My valet darns my socks well. Every morning he gives me a velvet shave, and once a week he cuts my hair trimly. You should taste his souffles and his salads.

"When I am traveling and there is no time to send my linen to a laundry, he will do up a shirt and a half dozen collars—we always carry an iron with us—in an exquisite way. Furthermore, he is ambitious and is learning stenography, in order that he may typewrite from my dictation all my correspondence.

"Cooking, mending, ironing, hair cutting and massaging, the modern valet earns his pay. It is impossible, without him, to dress esquisitely."

Queer Athens Beggar.

Modern Athens has recently lost a twentieth century Diogenes. He was a beggar named Sacoules and displayed a good deal of the spirit of the ancient cynic.

He could not exactly place his tub on the streets, but he found out a sort of grotto in the side of the acropolis, the identical one which the ancients fabled to be haunted by the Furies, and here he lived for years. He was a beggar who had his price, and he fixed it at one penny, less than which sum he disdained to ask. If it was refused he only shrugged his shoulders with contempt.

He would penetrate the cafes and if the company ignored his presence he would exclaim: "What! 150,000 to work, and a wretch like me can't be assisted." Then would follow a sound rating. He had become an institution, and his death is commented on with regret.

Gun Loaded 40 Years.

Diamond Miller, the little son of J. H. Miller of Magan, Ky., while hunting in Slate Rifle hill, near that place, found a gun which is thought was lost there during the civil war. It is a double-barrel shotgun, and both barrels were loaded, each with nine bullets and seven buckshot. The gun is a muzzle loader and bits of newspaper were used for padding. The paper is discolored by rust, but a few of the words are intelligible, and confirm the belief that the gun was loaded at some time during the war between the states. Some of the words are "Captain," "Company 19," "Sergeant," "Commander."

The Giant Species.

"John," said Mrs. Stubb, the first night after their arrival at Harmony Hollow, "do you remember when we asked the old farmer if we would like the place he said we would be carried away by it?"

"Yes, Maria," replied Mr. Stubb, fanning furiously, "and that is the reason I have locked up the windows and doors."

"Why, John?"

"Because I am afraid we will be carried away by the mosquitoes."

As to Memorial Resolutions.

Memorial resolutions, all superlatively laudatory, fall equally upon the just and the unjust, and signify nothing. Some stereotyped forms of memorial resolutions, the names being changed to fit the occasion, are used hundreds of times and applied indiscriminately to persons as various in character as a judge and a prizefighter, a soldier and a clergyman. They are like the undertaker's crape on the door, which serves a multitude of the dead.

WAS A NEW KIND TO HIM.

Robber Has a Queer Experience on a Kansas Farm.

"Years and years ago, when I was a bad man," said the reformer, "I was knocking about the state of Kansas and heard of a wealthy farmer who always kept his money in his house. It was in my line of business to relieve him of it. I spent a month preparing the plant and then started out to do business. On the way to the farmer's I held up a traveler and took $200 off of him. An hour later I had effected entrance into the house and was spooking about when some one suddenly grabbed me, and two minutes later I was bound hand and foot. It was the old farmer himself that got me and after he had turned me over he said:

"'My son, this is bad business.'

"'I was driven to it by poverty,' I replied.

"'You should have depended upon the Lord to see you through. I am afraid you have little reverence for Christianity and I shall pray with you.'

"Thereupon he knelt beside me and held forth for two mortal hours without a break. When he finally let up he asked if I felt as sinful as before. I gladly replied that I didn't, whereupon he proceeded to go through me and rob me clear down to the key of my trunk. When he had finished he unbound me and said:

"'I am glad you came. I think I have done you good. In fact, if you will come back a second time I believe you will see your way clear to becoming one of us.'

"He had $360 of my money, but I never went back for it. I have often wondered over the affair, however. I thought I knew all kinds of religions by name, at least, but one that permitted a man to pray over a robber for two hours and then do him out of his last copper was a new one on me."—Chicago News.

PERSPIRATION ON THE FARM.

An Up-to-Date Agriculturist Delivers Himself of a Few Facts.

"Yes, it is hot," said the farmer, lighting an Egyptian cigarette. He was a farmer of the new type, a scientific farmer, graduated with high honors from a college of agriculture. "Yes, it is hot. My grains and vegetables must be perspiring tons today."

"But grains and vegetables don't perspire."

The farmer's gold front tooth flashed, as he smiled, like a little sun.

"Don't they?" he said. "They do, though. Look at that sunflower there. It is only four feet high, yet on a hot day it perspires two pounds of perspiration."

He waved his silver-headed stick over his fertile fields.

"All that stuff perspires," he said. "Beans, peas and corn perspire, during the five warm months, 200 times their own weight. Our perspiration is nothing to that, is it? Imagine me, for instance, a man of 150 pounds, perspiring 32,000 pounds every summer.

"The prespiration of the cabbage is the most profuse of all. Do you know that an acre of cabbage gives off daily in the summer over ten tons of perspiration?"—Buffalo Express.

Manila's River Population.

Dr. A. D. Wilkinson of Nebraska describes a queer feature of life in Manila: "The river population of Manila is a class by itself. Not to be outdone by Canton she has her sampans, known as cascoes and lorchas, supporting 15,000 people within the city limits, where thousands of children are born, grow, live and die on these floating cargo carriers. They never dream of any other world than that which floats about them. These boats are small, but accommodate a family of five of seven. They have a fire pot, a platform and rice kettle. The cabin or covered portion is very small—in fact, I don't see how they live—and it is a wonder to me that the children don't fall overboard and drown. You will often see a woman sitting at the end of the boat, rowing, with a child strapped on her back, looking for all the world like a little monkey."

Antarctic Birds.

Before the recent Scotia expedition nine species of birds had been found within the antarctic circle. The new collection has been investigated, and Eagle Clarke reports that it adds to the list four species—the arctic tern, the blue petrel, the short-winged petrel, and Hutton's sooty albatross. While the petrels and their relatives are doubtless drawn so far south by the extraordinary abundance of the food near the ice barrier, it is thought to be most remarkable that the arctic tern, after breeding in the north, should make the long journey to the opposite pole.

For the Invalid.

A neat little booklet for an invalid can be made by saving witty clippings and pasting in a small scrap book. Often when one is not able to read lengthy articles something bright and witty will help brighten the day. It should only be loaned and passed along where it would probably be the most appreciated. Little pieces can be pasted on cards and are much more easily held by persons lying in bed. Bright pictures, comic and otherwise, are nice for children and afford amusement to the impatient little sufferers who must remain in bed.

TURKEY OUR NOBLEST BIRD.

Crossing with the Wild Species to Improve Market Product.

The most notable American bird in the farm category is the turkey, growing as he does to the great weight of 30 and even 40 pounds, and losing nothing in flavor and toothsomeness.

Likewise, the most regal of our remaining game birds is his blood brother, the wild turkey, from which he has descended.

There is perhaps no instance where domestication has scored so little in improvement as with the turkey. In fact, in some respects the taming and breeding have hurt instead of helped the species.

No prize domestic gobbler is ever so beautifully marked or so resplendent with feathers of black shaded with rich bronze and illuminated with a lustrous finish of burnished copper as is the typical wild turkey, while the vigor and vitality of the wild bird is such that to this day we strengthen the most virile of our bronze turkeys by an infusion of the wild blood.

Rhode Island stands for the best in turkey production. The last census shows less than 7,000,000 turkeys in the United States and only about 5,000 produced annually in Rhode Island, yet, according to a turkey expert, if all the turkeys of the country were of such good quality as Rhode Island's, their total value would be doubled.

According to the department of agriculture, the growing of turkeys has greatly improved during the last few years as a result of a determined effort on the part of producers of "standard bred" stock to demonstrate that it is much more profitable to use pure breeding stock than the smaller and less vigorous stock of times past.

The wild turkey is also being used to instill further new vigorous blood into the bronze flocks. Inbreeding is the fatal defect among the practice of many turkey growers.

The fact that turkeys will from the time that they are six weeks old until winter gain the greater part of their entire living from bugs, insects, grasshoppers and waste grain assures their existence during this period at little or no cost to the grower where there is a sufficient range for the birds.

Nineteen-Hour Days.

"Our hours," said a nature student, "are nothing to the birds'. Why, some birds work in the summer 18 hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects.

"The thrush gets up at 2:30 every summer morning. He rolls up his sleeves and falls to work at once. And he never stops till 9:30 at night. A clean 19 hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 206 times.

"The blackbird starts work at the same time as the thrush, but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at 7:30, and during his 17-hour day he sets about 100 meals before his kiddies.

"The titmouse is up and about by 3 mouse is said to feed his young 417 in the morning, and his stopping time is 9 at night. A fast worker, the titmouse—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day."

Senator Pettus' Library.

The late Senator Pettus of Alabama was a "Forty-niner," going overland to California in the early days and engaging in placer mining. He took with him on that long and tedious journey three books, the Bible, Shakespeare and Burns' poems.

He said of them at one time not long since: "I read the Bible from cover to cover, I read the side notes; I read the captions of the chapters; I learned great parts of it by heart, and I haven't forgotten them yet. I learned many of Burns' poems by heart and much of Shakespeare in the same way, too." Such reading of these three books was an education in itself. It is not likely that many miners engaged in that search for wealth spent their leisure in as profitable a way.

Goshawk's Changing Plumage.

I know no bird which passes through so many changes of plumage and color of eyes as the goshawk.

A young one which I have mounted is about the size of a small hen and is covered with white down. His eyes are pale blue. I colored the eyes exactly from life. When fully grown the first plumage is dark brown above and the eyes are pale yellow. No one would be likely to suspect this being a goshawk who had only seen adult birds.

Later it changes to the dark shady blue of the adult, and the eyes, after passing through all the intermediate changes in color from straw yellow, orange yellow and pink, finally assume the deep rich red of the adult. —Forest and Stream.

Long Overdue.

"What," queried the very young man, "was the happiest day of your life?"

"It hasn't come yet," answered the oldest inhabitant, sadly.

"Hasn't come yet!" echoed the other in surprise. "When do you think it will come?"

"When people cease to ask fool questions," answered the old man.

He'd Failed So Often.

"Mr. Timmid has asked if he might call to-night. I think he wants to tell me that he loves me," said Miss Yerner.

"Oh," replied her sister, "that goes without saying."

"Yes, and I'm afraid that he will, too."