

SPEAKER MISSED THE POINT.

Report of a Meeting of Earnest Women That May or May Not Be Exact.

"Ladies," said the first speaker at the suffragette meeting, "I am here this afternoon to tell you how to be happy. I am here to tell you how to solve your greatest problem."

"Applause, rustle of silks and flutter of fans."

"I know you are badly used. You are tied down. You are restricted. You are suffering."

"More applause."

"Freedom is what you want. More liberty and less pain. It is your right and it can be accomplished."

"Violent applause, followed by exuberant silence."

"I bring you relief. I bring you a message that will remove the constraint and help you. It will allow you to sit in peace and to learn that time spent at your dressing tables is wasted. It will free you so that never again will you have that feeling of being pressed in, of restriction, and its attendant sorrows."

"Cries of 'O my, do tell us how!'"

"Yes, ladies, I will tell you. By the ballot. Vote for women! You elect the lawmakers of the land and you will not be tied down, restricted, pressed in, restrained. You will have freedom. You will have—"

"But the audience was departing with sniffs of disappointment."

"Silly," sputtered a pretty woman on the steps, "how on earth can you be a perfect straight-back 36-inch unless you are tied down and pressed in? And what has the ballot got to do with it anyhow?"—New York Times.

NOTHING ROMANTIC IN THIS.

Except That the Story Opens Well and She Really Was Not Like Other Girls.

She was not like other girls. This remark suggests that there is a story coming—a story of about thirty chapters—in which Deborah gives up the young man because her mother needs her assistance, and the young man cannot support three persons on his salary, and she mourns for him till her dying day, and gives the younger woman excellent advice, and is known as the sweetest, dearest soul in East Greenwich, R. I.

Not so, Noope.

The name of this girl is not Deborah. It is Maybelle, and be sure you spell it just like that. Her mother was not hard up, because she and a shrewd legal light and a probate judge have wrenched sufficient from Maybelle's former pa. And as for the young man—

Maybelle has no acquaintance below the tawny mark. Yet, she was not like other girls.

She went on twice a day at a vaudeville house, clad just sufficiently to attract the police unofficiously interested.

Everybody said she was a peach.

The difference between her and other girls was \$600 a week.—Exchange.

Cherlyman Gives Income to Charity.

Canon Hicks, a popular clerical figure in the County of Lincoln, England, has announced his intention of giving his private income to the poor.

"As a socialist," he said, at a recent labor mass meeting, "and a follower of one who had not where to lay his head, I have to consider how far I am justified in living on unearned increment from the wealth I happen to have inherited. It is a hard problem, but I intend to face it."

The canon has since been pressed to amplify his statement. "I can only tell you," he says, to inquirers, "that I am facing the problem as well as I can. I am not going to part with my capital." It is understood, however, that he intends to surrender the whole of the income from his private wealth, which is considerable. He has already made arrangements to sell his motor car and part with his carriage, and he will live entirely on his salary. His private means he will devote to the alleviation of suffering and want as it is brought to his notice.

Murderous Lawbreakers.

Every chauffeur who drives his machine at a dangerous rate through the streets assumes the possibility of manslaughter and must be held responsible for his deeds. Under no circumstances has any man a right to make the highways, in the city or the country, dangerous if he does he takes the chances of manslaughter; the specific intent is in his general disregard for the safety of the people about him. It is a very low or a very dangerous type of mind that will take such chances; and such a man, no matter what his intentions, is, to all intents and purposes, a criminal. A rigorous enforcement of the law, a rigorous supervision of chauffeurs and swift and certain punishment is directed wherever the law is broken, will deliver the country from the speed maniacs who have overshadowed its highways for the last two or three years.—The Outlook.

Slews.

The people know as the Slews appear in history north of the Black sea about the time of Emperor Trajan, A. D. 110, and began to be mentioned with some frequency during the sixth century. Since then they have pushed westward into the Teutonic domain, but have nowhere, save in Russia, retained political independence. Of the fifteen or more Slavonic languages, the old Bulgarian and the modern Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian and Serbian are of the most importance.

LEADS THE FASHION PARADE.

One Distinction That May with Truth Be Made for the College Youth.

It is said that the term "fad" is derived from the initials of the phrase "for a day." If so, its meaning could not be better illustrated than in students' clothes out at the University of Pennsylvania and in the neighboring college communities. Fashions change in the student world with a rapidity that even bewilders the professional baberdashers and clothiers, who, theoretically, ought to know several laps in advance which way the coin will flop on a new fad. The prevailing impression that students dolefully follow the men's fashion journals is not borne out by the facts. Students in a large measure lead the procession, instead of bringing up the rear. It was college men who popularized the soft straw, the stock, pumps and the broad cuffs on trousers. The custom of wearing the necktie, shirt and socks of a harmonious shade was in full swing out on Old Penn's campus before Chestnut street fully woke up to the fact that there was something new in style. Of course, university men quite generally affect a style that is too extreme to be serviceable. But young men in the business world seem quite content to follow in their footsteps at a modified pace withal. The use of green peak caps this spring started in this way, and the present resurrection of bowties and peccadilly collars. Fraternity handbags on broad-brimmed straws, as might be expected, are reflected in the meaningless fancy handbags downtown. The typical fog that serves to point the moral usefulness of a four-year collegiate course may never be heard of after graduation, but he can have and actually does have one title to distinction—he leads the fashion parade.—Philadelphia Record.

When Dana put such a question, his interlocutor used to tremble; he was no telling from his tone whether he meant to praise or to blame.

"Mr. Lord named the man."

"It's Homer, that's what it is," said Dana.

"The reporter," he said again, "wields the real power of the press."

"This, with all that it implies, was the thing which Dana left to his world."

SHARP RETORT TO BACHELOR.

Young Woman Extremely Ready When Defense of the Fair Sex Was Necessary.

Winifred Shaw, a young woman employed as a stenographer in Baltimore, has made a sharp reply to a crusty bachelor who complained in a Baltimore paper that the average woman of to-day is a vain, shallow creature, who makes herself ridiculous by "painting, powdering and slattery to hideous fashions." Miss Shaw writes as a "country girl," and she starts by telling the grumbling critic of her sex "that bachelors are inferior to the majority of women of the present day." She believes that the "white lights of a large city" have blinded him to the superiority of women, and continues: "I will invite this mistaken bachelor to take a day in the broad open country, where he will find girls whose lives are as pure and beautiful as the air they breathe; girls who have no time for the extreme and artificial style of fashion; whose labor is only for love and home, and whose pleasures are of the simple kind rather than the glaring amusements of the city. These country girls would prefer to settle down in a little cottage, with contentment and happiness surrounding them, rather than in a Fifth avenue mansion. My short experience of city life has taught me that men, by their flattery and admiration, are the cause of the extremely ridiculous fashions of the day."

Aerobetic Burglar.

Convicted of no fewer than thirty-two burglaries, Emilio Orieth, a Hungarian, who for years was connected with Barnum's circus as the famous "India-rubber man," has been sentenced at Marpe Assises, France, to eight years' hard labor and 20 years' banishment. Orieth, who was a clever clown, bareback rider, and acrobat, displayed extraordinary skill in climbing walls and picking complicated locks. The day after his arrest he astonished the warden by suddenly scaling the wall of the narrow prison courtyard, 15 feet high. He then took a flying leap of 19 feet on to a neighboring roof, and thence into the dry moat of the prison. When another warden tried to seize him Orieth jumped back to the court from which he had escaped. During the 12 months he spent in prison awaiting trial it was found necessary to keep him constantly in irons, hand and foot, and in a strait-waistcoat.

Makes Divorce Record.

Los Angeles county, in California, has established a divorce record for the first five months of 1909. The figures indicate that one divorce has been granted since January 1 for every four marriages celebrated. This is an increase over the ratio during 1908, when it was one to six, in San Francisco one to seven and in the whole of the United States one to twelve. Four hundred and sixty interdictories and 201 final decrees have been granted at Los Angeles in five months of the present year.

Origin of the Postmark.

Great Britain claims the distinction of having originated the postmark. The first one, employed in London as long ago as 1660, was an extremely simple affair, consisting merely of a small circle divided into two parts. At the top there were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half of the circle was shown the day of the month. No provision was made for indicating the year or the hour of the day. It is only by the date of the letters themselves whereon the mark was impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use.

Poverty in Hayti.

Abject poverty is the condition of much of Hayti's population. There is a brick demand there for old condensed milk cans, better and hard cans, of which are made practically all the cooking and table utensils they use. Old condensed milk cans have handles put on them and become drinking mugs. Cooking is done in old five-pound butter and lard cans. These latter are also the milk-cans universally used for the sale of corn and other grains and sirup. Petroleum, milk and other liquids are sold by the bottle, an ordinary quart wine bottle being used.

METHODS OF GREAT EDITOR.

Charles A. Dana Had His Own Way of Impressing Members of His Staff.

Charles A. Dana, for many years the editor of the New York Sun, believed that the work of reporting should be worthy of the best there is in a man. A contributor to the American Magazine gives several anecdotes of Mr. Dana's dealings with his reporters, many of whom learned from him lessons by which they profited and rose in their profession. On one occasion a reporter complained because he was kept on police court work.

"Young man," said Dana, "the greatest police court reporter who ever lived was named Charles Dickens."

"Another complained that they had 'botted down' his story."

"The story of the crucifixion was told in 600 words," said Dana.

He used to come out, continues the contributor, all excitement, and pointing to a mark on the margin of a clipping, say to the managing editor:

"A great sentence there, Mr. Lord. Who wrote it?"

"Who did that football story?" he asked once.

When Dana put such a question, his interlocutor used to tremble; he was no telling from his tone whether he meant to praise or to blame.

Mr. Lord named the man.

"It's Homer, that's what it is," said Dana.

"The reporter," he said again, "wields the real power of the press."

"This, with all that it implies, was the thing which Dana left to his world."

LEFT PORTRAIT OF FRIEND.

Unfortunate Artist, Before His Death, Redeemed Promise Made Many Years Ago.

William J. Comley, the aged portrait painter who committed suicide in New York a short time ago, standing a debt of many years' standing a few days before his death. When Heinrich Corried first came to this country looking for a place in a theater he knew little English. He looked himself in his room in Thirteenth street and set to work in an effort to master an English part with the aid of a dictionary. At last he obtained a place in an English speaking company. When he opened the part which the manager had given him, the first sentence he found was: "Switch me off at Mississippi." In the dictionary the German student of dramatic English found that a "switch" was a combination of false hair worn by a woman. This wouldn't do, so he consulted William J. Comley, whose room was near his. The two became close friends. After Mr. Corried had attained success and wealth he was able to be a financial help to his friend, the artist, who had been less fortunate. Comley promised Mr. Corried years ago that he would paint his portrait. Within a few days of the artist's death Mrs. Corried received from him the promised picture.

Tribal Custom.

Knowledge of tribal customs is not a necessary equipment of the diplomatist, but to an anthropologist ignorance of them may be fatal. The government at Manila realizes this after its investigations into the recent death of Dr. William Jones. It appears that, in returning to the head waters of the river Cagayan in order to obtain the boats, he unwittingly crossed a "dead line" that had been established by a hostile tribe. He was met by a party of warriors, who offered him a dish of fish as a token of defiance, in accordance with tribal custom. Not suspecting that he was thereby accepting their challenge, he ate the fish, and was immediately attacked. He managed to fight off his assailants with his revolver until he could reach a boat, in which he escaped, but he died five hours later from his wounds. His body was recovered by friendly natives. The investigating party has recovered the valuable ethnological collection made by Dr. Jones during his two years' stay in the hills, and it will be sent to the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago.

Drowned in Two Inches of Water.

An extraordinary fatality was described at an inquest held at Lewisham, London, recently, on the body of Ernest William Donoghue, an infant, eight months old. The mother of the child said that she left him sitting in a chair in front of a bread pan which was used as a bath, and in which there were two inches of water. When she returned she found the child head downward in the pan with the chair on top of him, and he was evidently dead. Medical evidence showed that death was due to drowning. The doctor said that he had found a crust of bread in the pan, and evidently the child had leaned forward in an attempt to reach it, and in so doing had overbalanced.

Fought for Other Fellow's Girl.

A remarkable duel has been fought to no purpose by two brothers at Vinkovits, Austria. Hokek and Albert, Bakabo, who lived together on good terms, recently discovered that they were both in love with the same girl; neither had proposed to her, but when they discovered they were rivals they agreed that the sword should decide their difference. The combat took place, and Albert, the younger, was wounded by his brother. The matter was settled; Hokek was free to make his proposal. Meanwhile the all-unconscious Fraulein Schneider had engaged her affections elsewhere, and when Hokek went to press his suit, the lady introduced him to her fiancée. The unfortunate man was so overcome with grief and vexation that he went home and shot himself. His brother is recovering from his injuries.

Odd Yanketoth.

An electrically wired tablecloth, upon which ornamental electric light fixtures diffuse illumination the moment they are set down, is one of the latest and most interesting illuminating devices designed in England, says Popular Mechanics. To the uninitiated the ability to get light by simply placing a structure on the table is nothing less than extraordinary, but the explanation is simple.

HIS PERIODS OF RELAXATION.

Britain's Great Prime Minister Had the Gift of Occasionally Forgetting Cares of Office.

Some one says, "Unhappy is the man who cannot fool." He who cannot descend from his pedestal of greatness and play is indeed to be pitied. The change from rollicking gaiety to awesome dignity is not always so abrupt nor so plainly seen, however, as that described by William Tynbbee, in "Mr Pitt in Private Life," an article published in the Westminster Review. That great statesman, upon whose word so many tremendous issues hung, was in the habit of retiring to his country house for seasons of relaxation. There he dropped his character of august prime minister and became for the time a romping schoolboy.

One day he had been skylarking with his young friends. He rushed into every fray with the ardor of the youngest present. When the fun was most furious a servant entered the room and informed the prime minister, who was coatless and embellished with burnt cork, that Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereagh had arrived from London on important business.

"Ask them to wait," remarked Pitt, and proceeded with the game. When that was finished, Pitt said that he must attend to the two noble lords, and retired to his dressing room to repair damages. Presently he returned and a remarkable transformation took place.

Standing in the middle of the room, the prime minister drew himself up to full height of unapproachable dignity. To the astonishment of the young people present the two lords came into the room almost on their hands and knees, and with abject obsequiousness explained the object of their visit.

Mr. Pitt listened with an air of distant hauteur, and with a sentence or two dismissed his noble guests—Youth's Companion.

Standing in the middle of the room, the prime minister drew himself up to full height of unapproachable dignity. To the astonishment of the young people present the two lords came into the room almost on their hands and knees, and with abject obsequiousness explained the object of their visit.

Mr. Pitt listened with an air of distant hauteur, and with a sentence or two dismissed his noble guests—Youth's Companion.

YOUNGER AS YEARS WENT BY.

Ellot of Harvard "Old Man" in Youth and "Charlie" in His Bedate Old Age.

"There is a certain story," said President Elliot, of Harvard, at a Harvard dinner in Baltimore, "that is always told by some speaker at every dinner I attend, and if you will pardon me I will take this opportunity to tell it right, so all may have an equal chance at it hereafter."

"When I was twenty years old and a tutor in mathematics and a special student in chemistry at Harvard I was a proctor in one of the halls. One night I heard a disturbance and hurried down to see what was happening. There were two lights in those days, and as I moved about among the disturbers I heard them say: 'Look out, or old Elliot will catch us.'"

"Now, not long ago, when I was well past seventy, I was going from Cambridge to Boston one night about 11 o'clock, and I met a party of students returning from Boston to Cambridge. They recognized me and asked among themselves: 'Where the devil is Charlie going at this time, do you suppose?'"

The Men and the Mule.

It has long been claimed that the mule is the most obstinate and contrary of all creatures with which man has to deal, but now the New York Tribune comes to the front with the assertion that the hen can give the mule two in the game and beat it in a contumacious, it brands the hen as "a stubborn fowl, who keeps her eyes on the market reports and resolutely refuses to lay more than one egg a week when the price is high, doing her best work when the price is under 20 cents a dozen." We believe the Tribune does the hen great injustice in this matter. We believe her to be a better friend to the consumer of eggs than to act in any such bad manner. On the contrary, we believe that in varying her productiveness she tries to aid instead of injure mankind. If she goes on a strike or curtails production it is solely when resting after a bold attempt to prevent the cold storage man from getting the upper hand of the market and upsetting the natural law of supply and demand.

Lord Kitshener's Orbits.

Lord Kitshener, who leaves India next August, has lately been devoting a great amount of his spare time to gardening, which has been for many years a favorite recreation of his. His official residence in the fort at Calcutta possesses rather extensive grounds, and these he keeps under his personal supervision when he is staying there. He is a very early riser, and gives two or three hours every morning to his garden, digging and trimming the soil with all the ardor of a professional. He has of late years taken great interest in orchid culture, and has visited recently some of the more famous of the Bengal collections. It is his intention when he settles down in England to purchase a small estate, somewhere within easy reach of London, where there is space to collect orchids on a large scale.

Fought Duel in Church.

While all around them scores of people were kneeling at mass, Ricardo Quirose and Alfonso Garria, members of wealthy families, fought a duel with pocketknives as they sat in a pew of the cathedral in Monterey, Mexico. Both were seriously wounded. There had been ill-feeling between the two for some time, and Quirose had challenged Garria to a duel. No acceptance was received and when they met in the cathedral the other day Quirose taunted the man he had challenged, accusing him of cowardice. Garria at once drew his knife and began slashing. In an instant Quirose's knife was also at work, and before the combatants were separated both were bleeding from a number of wounds. The fight created a panic among the worshippers.

True Devotion.

Auntie had been absent some years and didn't know the latest news about Ethel, who, in the meantime, had reached the mature age of 11.

"How is Willie?" inquired Auntie.

"Oh," with a toss of the head, "haven't spoken to him for 'most two years."

"But weren't you very good friends?"

"Yes," answered Ethel, "I was faithful to him for eight years!"

TOO EAGER TO SECURE WORK.

Enthusiastic Laborers Had Overlooked Important Point in Their Calculations.

Bob and Jim were two Jack-of-all-trades, and whenever possible worked together. One summer's morning Bob came round to Jim's house at the early hour of three o'clock, and, having managed to wake Jim, went inside. "Now, then," he cried, "burry up; there's a big factory chimney wants pulling down, about a mile away from here, and I got the tip from the factory foreman that if we could knock 20 feet off before the authorities were about it would save the factory the expense of a scaffold, and it would mean a five-dollar note apiece for you and me."

"What?" cried Jim. "Let's go."

Their destination was reached, they climbed to the top of the chimney, and soon masses of brick work were falling to the earth. A man who lived near was disturbed by the noise and started to make a fuss.

"Here, Bob," cried Jim, "you climb down and quiet that fellow. Keep him talking while I finish this job up here."

So Bob climbed down and engaged the indignant man in conversation. Suddenly Jim heard Bob calling to him, and looking down, saw his friend beckoning him to come down. So down Jim came.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Let's go home, Jim, thundering quick. We've been pulling down the wrong chimney."—London Tit-Bits.

NEED OF INTENSIVE FARMING.

With the Growth of Population Increased Production Will Be Imperative.

As the population of this country grows, intensive farming will increase. Japan's 50,000,000 of people are fed from an area a good deal smaller than the state of Pennsylvania. Some day the state of Pennsylvania may grow ten times the amount of food products that now come from the earth.

Seattle's exposition bears the label of one of America's chief mineral treasure houses. While it is true that \$20,000,000 or more gold comes down from Alaska every year, it is still more significant that right at Seattle's door are apple orchards worth \$3,000 an acre.

Plains that were fruitless and almost entirely barren of all vegetation a few years ago are now yielding to the sinuous fingers of irrigating ditches huge crops of apples and plums. Oregon has become one of the nation's great fruit growers and Washington's vast forests and fields to fallow fields are blossoming forth as splendid farms.

An enterprising Pennsylvania is preparing to turn some useless hillsides into a 160-acre chestnut orchard. A northern tier "gentleman farmer" 250 miles from any big city is taking \$900 an acre out of his costly beds. Philadelphia reaches into five states for its milk supply.

Insane at Father's Grave.

A Parisian girl of 16, whose wayward conduct drew from her father a stern reprimand, left home, and began to frequent the cafes at Montmartre. A party of revellers with which she was connected conceived the bizarre idea of promenade through Père Lachaise cemetery.

The party were leaving one path for another when a sharp cry arrested their steps. They turned round, and found the girl kneeling at a freshly made grave, her eyes fixed on the marble slab. It was the grave of her father, who had died suddenly, and had been buried on the previous day. The girl sank into a swoon, and when she came to she was insane. The shock at finding her father dead and buried had turned her brain.

Lord Kitshener's Orbits.

Lord Kitshener, who leaves India next August, has lately been devoting a great amount of his spare time to gardening, which has been for many years a favorite recreation of his. His official residence in the fort at Calcutta possesses rather extensive grounds, and these he keeps under his personal supervision when he is staying there. He is a very early riser, and gives two or three hours every morning to his garden, digging and trimming the soil with all the ardor of a professional. He has of late years taken great interest in orchid culture, and has visited recently some of the more famous of the Bengal collections. It is his intention when he settles down in England to purchase a small estate, somewhere within easy reach of London, where there is space to collect orchids on a large scale.

Fought Duel in Church.

While all around them scores of people were kneeling at mass, Ricardo Quirose and Alfonso Garria, members of wealthy families, fought a duel with pocketknives as they sat in a pew of the cathedral in Monterey, Mexico. Both were seriously wounded. There had been ill-feeling between the two for some time, and Quirose had challenged Garria to a duel. No acceptance was received and when they met in the cathedral the other day Quirose taunted the man he had challenged, accusing him of cowardice. Garria at once drew his knife and began slashing. In an instant Quirose's knife was also at work, and before the combatants were separated both were bleeding from a number of wounds. The fight created a panic among the worshippers.

True Devotion.

Auntie had been absent some years and didn't know the latest news about Ethel, who, in the meantime, had reached the mature age of 11.

AS FRIENDS SAW WHISTLER.

Much Allowance Made by Writer for Acknowledged Peculiarities of Great Artist.

It was Whistler's complaint that the world never understood him, but he himself was largely to blame for this. In surroundings of antagonism, he once confessed, "I wrap myself in a species of misunderstanding." Again and again he took deliberate pleasure in befuddling people. Even the matter of his birthplace was the subject of a bon mot which wrapped the whole subject in obscurity. He was born in Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1831. But when an article in a French magazine gave Baltimore as his birth place, and the mistake was many times repeated, he did not take the trouble to deny it. "My dear Cousin Kate," he said to Mrs. Livermore, "if anyone likes to think I was born in Baltimore, why should I deny it? It is of no consequence to me. To an American who introduced himself by saying, 'You know, Mr. Whistler, we were born at Lowell, and at very much the same time; you are 67 and I am 68,' he replied, 'Very charming! And so you are 68, and were born at Lowell, Mass.' But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell, and I refuse to be 67."

Something of this same fantastic spirit ran through Whistler's whole life. He refused to treat people—and especially people whom he did not like—seriously. He delighted in banter and perineage. He loved to tantalize. He was sometimes of a brag-gadocio. But these attitudes, we are coming to see more and more clearly, were the expressions not of a shallow nature, but of a man ultra sensitive and intensely in earnest, who found in them his readiest weapon of defense against a Philistine world.—Current Literature.

MEAN METHOD OF ROBBERY.

In Garb of Woe Philadelphia Woman Attended Funerals and Robbed the Borrowing.

Originally arrested on a charge of drunkenness, a woman who says she is Annie Allen, sometimes of Camden, Gloucester and Philadelphia, was arraigned before Magistrate Gallagher in the Twentieth district police station on suspicion of being a "funeral thief" who has been much sought by the authorities, says the Philadelphia Record. When taken into custody at the Broad street station the woman carried a small handbag, which on being searched was found to contain more than seventy pawntickets, together with black veils and other mourning apparel, which the police say she used in attending funerals as a professional "mourner."

The pawntickets found in her possession bore the names of 24 different pawnbrokers, with places of business in all sections of the city. Many complaints have been received from houses of mourning where petty robberies have been committed, while the services were in progress, and the police say the woman now in custody admits that she has put on her black veil and mourning raincoat and attended funerals for the purpose of robbery. Pending further investigation of her career, and to give the police time to draw out the owner of some of the articles called for on the pawntickets found in her possession, the accused was held in \$500 bail for a further hearing.

Bound to Have Fine Casket.

Much Bad Luck, an aged Laysal brave, arrived in Dayton, Wash., a week or two ago, and paid for a casket he ordered from a local undertaker nearly a year before. Last September Much Bad Luck went to the undertaker and in a voice choking with sobs tried to buy a casket for his son, who had died a short time before. The Indian wished his son to be buried "American fashion." The few dollars the old man had would scarcely buy the silver mountings on the casket of his choice, so he was told that the casket would be reserved for him until he earned money enough to pay for it. The Indian left Dayton the next day. He told the undertaker how he had saved the pennies from his meager earnings. Somewhere in the hills east of Dayton the old man's son is buried. The body will be exhumed and placed in the expensive casket.

Died Like Jean of Arc.

An extraordinary tragedy, attributed to mystical madness, is reported from the village of St. Julien, near Chaumont sur Saone, France. A woman named Madame Bouquet, after attending a church service where she heard a sermon on Jean of Arc, shut herself up in a dilapidated chapel, saturated her clothes with inflammable spirits, and built a funeral pyre of straw and wood, which she ignited. She was found by the neighbors kneeling amidst the flames and praying to Jean of Arc.

Though promptly rescued and rendered every assistance, she died shortly afterwards in frightful agony.

True Devotion.

Auntie had been absent some years and didn't know the latest news about Ethel, who, in the meantime, had reached the mature age of 11.

"How is Willie?" inquired Auntie.

"Oh," with a toss of the head, "haven't spoken to him for 'most two years."

"But weren't you very good friends?"

"Yes," answered Ethel, "I was faithful to him for eight years!"

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Publie le Mercredi 14 Juillet 1909