

ALL AFRICANS NOT BRUTAL.

Moundans Bear Farming Tools Instead of Warlike Weapons.

That the native African is not always and invariably a poor, half naked brute has been proved by the reports and photographs brought back to France by the "Moli mission," an expedition sent to the French Congo about 18 months ago for the purpose of determining some unsettled boundary questions. South of Lake Chad Commandant Moll discovered a peaceful race of agriculturists and shepherds, intelligent and hospitable, ripe for civilization, living in pastoral simplicity.

Everything about the Moundans is picturesque and interesting. They are a vigorous and hardy race and very brave, but, contrary to the almost universal practice of the Africans in regions where white rule has not been established, they never carry arms. On the contrary, the implement oftenest seen in their hands is a hoe. Nevertheless, they appear to have descended from warlike ancestors and were probably driven southward from their original mountain home by some conquering chief. Reminiscences of this past may be seen in their semi-military architecture, which does not resemble that of any of the neighboring peoples. At a little distance one of their villages looks like a fortified city.

The Moundan village, of which Lere is an excellent type, is enclosed by a series of round towers connected by walls from two to three meters in height. Inside, parallel to the enclosing walls, is a circle of cupolas, each one pierced with a single hole. These are the granaries, the most important buildings of the town.

They are erected on piles supported on great stones, which places them beyond the reach of termites and rodents as well as of dampness, and the only entrance is through the hole in the vaulted roof. Between the outer wall and the granaries are the homes of the people, while the residence of the chief faces the entrance.

THE GREATEST GROUCH.

Good Story of Dean Swift, Told by the Man Who Ate Asparagus Stalks.

Perhaps the greatest grouch of literature was Dean Swift, that whimsical misanthrope, who evinced a morbid delight in humiliating his social inferiors, because he himself, when young, had been outrageously affronted by his superiors.

Swift had acted as private secretary to Sir William Temple. Once, when Sir William was confined to his bed with gout, the king, William III, visited him, and Swift officiated as his majesty's guide through the gardens of Moor Park. The king taught the secretary how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and Swift had also the felicity of seeing him eat the vegetable.

Years afterward, when Swift was dean of St. Patrick's cathedral in Dublin, his publisher, Faulkner, called at the deanery on business connected with some proofsheets. Having been detained until near dinner time, he was pressed by the dean to dine with him. Asparagus was one of the vegetables, and the guest asked for a second helping.

"Sir," snapped Swift, pointing to Faulkner's plate, "first finish what you have upon your plate!"

"What, sir? Eat the stalks?" asked the astonished publisher.

"Aye, sir; eat the stalks, or you'll have no more! King William always ate his stalks," added the dean in his most imperious manner.

Whereupon the meek Faulkner, yielding to the dean's will, ate the stalks most submissively.

Shortly after the dean's death, Faulkner was relating the incident as an illustration of Swift's insolence.

"And you were silly enough to obey him?" asked some one.

"Yes," replied Faulkner, "and let me add, sir, that if you had dined with Dean Swift, you would have eaten your stalks, too."

Washington College Girls Angry.

When Bishop Scadding of the diocese of Oregon, in the Episcopal church, said that western girls are cheaper to entertain than the eastern variety, he was unaware that he touched a tender spot in the make-up of the girls at the University of Washington. The variety young women say the Bishop does not know whereof he speaks, or he would not make such assertions.

The girls say that a gaze at Mount Rainier is not a substitute for ice-cream, and that they demand other articles of diet besides sea food. They also intimate that the Bishop has been in the habit of entertaining the sweet girl graduates of the land or he would not say they are cheap to feed.

The girls do not want the impression to get out, however, that they are expensive luxuries and that they "bleed" the youthful swains of the west. A happy medium is the keynote of their sentiments.—Seattle Times.

Considered It Hopeless.

He—I hope my proposal hasn't taken you completely by surprise, dear? She—Well, yes—it has. I had abandoned all hope of it.—Sketch.

How Some Men Talk.

"Betting is a fool's argument." "Oh, I don't know." "Betcher five dollars it is!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GETS BREAKFAST BY TRICK.

How the Seedy Individual Did the Restaurant Out of a Good Feed.

The man was a trifle "seedy," but still looked fairly respectable, and the two boys who came with him into the restaurant even more so. The waiter—with a tip in prospect—was very civil and took his order for sausages and buckwheats, to be followed (for the man) by coffee and cognac. While the lads filled up the man sipped his beverages in abstracted silence, and then called for a cigar.

As he handled the cigar—a 20-cent Perfecto—and fumbled for a match, a thought seemed suddenly to strike him. "How is it, water," he asked, "do you people allow smoking?"

"Well, no, sir," said the waiter obsequiously, "you see, sir, it's getting on toward noon, and ladies may drop in—"

"Just so, just so," said the man, hastily, "that's all right, of course; I wouldn't have you relax a rule on my account, but I must have a smoke; my doctor tells me to smoke regularly after meals. You see, I have a cruel nervous disorder. Now, boys, you stay and finish your buckwheats, and I'll step outside. When the boys are through, waiter, just tap on the window."

The boys finished their cakes. The waiter tapped as he had been directed. Five minutes or so passed, and the waiter, a little uneasy, poked his head out of the door. There was no sign of the man up or down the street. Then he fetched the proprietor.

"Well, boys," said he, pleasantly, "have you had a good breakfast?"

"Bully," they answered promptly. "And how soon do you expect your father back?"

"Who?—that man? He ain't our father. We thought he owned this place. He asked us didn't we want some buckwheats, and we said, yes, we did, and he fetched us in."

WOULD MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP.

Comment of a Backwoodsman When He Saw His First Train.

When the White River branch of the Missouri Pacific railroad was completed, the first regular scheduled train was widely advertised throughout the country which it traversed. Natives came for miles around and the day had been proclaimed by the town officials as one of "Cause for jollification, learning and also a barbecue." The heretofore inland town had turned out every man, woman and child within its borders, and the small station, with its curious attractiveness and narrow capacities, was overflowing. One elderly man and the "old woman" had traveled many miles to see this, their first railway train.

Being skeptical at venturing too near the depot platform while the much-advertised "Ozark Limited" was speeding its mightiest over the new roadbed, they had sought safety on the highest hill near by, where their position afforded an excellent view. All of a sudden the train came crashing around the closest curve, panting, snorting and puffing, and the whistle, bell and steam coaks were sending forth their weird sounds that brought fear to all who heard. Within a second it had passed the station and was hidden from view around a hill, leaving only a streak of smoke, dust and flying papers in its path. The pair on the farthest hill were amazed, bewildered and dumbfounded. Turning to the old man the woman asked:

"Well, dad, what do you think of her?"

"Well, mother, that's a blasted good invention 's long as she comes through here head foremost," replied the old man, "but," he added, "if she ever comes through sideways it'll sweep the hull darn country."—Judge's Library.

King Edward Fond of His Pipe.

King Edward shares with thousands of his subjects the peculiar English affection for the pipe. His majesty, we are assured, although the slave of etiquette, is never really happy unless he can disregard it in the intimacy of his private apartments. He adores the pipe, and without being entirely willing to part with his kingdom rather than lose it, he is very fond of his briar, which is generous in size and innocent of sculpture. King Edward only smokes when he is safe from prying eyes. And as a king with a pipe in his mouth has never been seen in public, when his majesty goes out he contents himself with a cigar. But even when he is on official journeys his majesty takes with him his favorite pipe, which was made expressly for him in the Jura country.—Manchester Chronicle.

Sea Gulls Upset Boat.

The latest fish story concerns the herring and sea gulls, and it comes from Nantuxo. A boatload of herring, containing about 15 tons, was left at Johnston's wharf, Nantuxo, during the noon hour, while the fishermen went to dinner.

During their absence several thousand sea gulls, the chronicler says 10,000, ate all the fish on one side of the boat with such good results that they emptied it, and when the last herring had been removed from that side it was like to the last straw that broke the camel's back for the boat, with all the weight on the other side, upset, spilling all the remaining fish into the water.

Rural Peculiarities.

"I hear you have a beautiful country home this summer." "Yes, we have selected a fine hill site in the valley."

Eyes a Barometer.

The eyes are to a wonderful degree a barometer for our feelings. Half the people in the world are seasick only from seeing the waves move. If you doubt this, stand a person in front of a mirror on the wall and slowly move the mirror forward first from one side, then from the other. Nine out of every ten women will feel seasick at once.

Was Willing to Wait.

A criminal whose dread day of hanging had arrived was asked by the jailer if he had any last request to make, says the Washington Star.

"I have," said the condemned man, "and it is a very slight favor, indeed." "Well, if it is a slight favor I can grant it. What is it?"

"I want a few peaches to eat." "Peaches!" exclaimed the jailer. "Why, they won't be ripe for several months yet." "Well," said the condemned man, "that doesn't matter. I'll wait."

SPECTACLES MODERN INVENTION

Reference of Pliny to Nero Gazing Through Stone Explained.

Did Nero wear spectacles? Pliny relates that the Emperor Nero used a precious stone through which he gazed on the gladiatorial combats. Dr. Magnus, the latest authority to examine the passage critically, holds that this means that the emperor was in the habit of gazing upon an emerald which he used to carry with him for the purpose of resting his eyes when they became tired of looking at the shows. This view is corroborated by the belief of antiquity that green has a restful effect upon the eyes. Contrivances for bringing the rays of the sun to a focus in order to produce combustion have been employed almost from time immemorial. Burning glasses were used to kindle fires and these must have been of considerable size even in a country like Greece, where the sun shines hot most of the year. Moreover, we are told they were kept in chemists' shops for the purpose. Though the art of making glass of certain kinds is old, spectacles had to wait the discovery or invention of some method that would produce it perfectly transparent, says the Chicago Tribune. Specimens of glass have been found in the Egyptian tombs more than 4,000 years old, and glass bottles are represented on tombs at least 1,500 years earlier. In Mesopotamia the art of making glass has been traced for at least 2,000 years B. C. But all of the glass of antiquity was of inferior quality and was almost useless for purposes where the rays of light were to be transmitted unbroken and with undiminished energy. Mirrors also were made in Egypt thousands of years before the Christian era.

POINTERS ON EGG COOKERY.

Some Things to Be Borne in Mind in Preparing Them.

Cheese and eggs, both having great nutritive value, may well take the place of meat during a brief season, says the Home Magazine. Epicures say an egg, to have the best flavor, should be 12 hours old, and certainly eggs over a week old are not palatable when boiled, though they are not unpleasant when fried and are quite as serviceable in other dishes. In cooking eggs it should be remembered that the albumen, of which the white is chiefly composed, is most easily digested when slightly coagulated, while the yolk digests easiest when dry and mealy. To boil eggs evenly, put them into a dish having a tight cover and pour boiling water over them in the proportion of two quarts to one dozen eggs, cover and set at the back of the stove. After seven minutes turn the eggs, re-cover and in six minutes more the eggs will be cooked. When more eggs than four are used by this method, about ten minutes longer after the turning will be required. In this way the white of the egg cooks to a jellylike consistency, while the yolk is much harder.

The Willy Arab of Tripoli.

Down the street the faint intermittent tinkle of a bell was heard. "Burrro!" (Get out!) in warning rasped the high-pitched voice of a camel-driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silversmith and watched four lumbering camels sledge softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stung, the halter rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and on the tail of the last camel are the flaps and slaps it from side to side tinkles a bell.

One on the Pompous Peer.

The late Lord Ritchie was not renowned as a wit, but a few years ago he scored against a pompous peer who resented the inclusion of a middle class commoner in the cabinet. They met at an "official" dinner, given on the eve of the opening of parliament, and when they were introduced the peer regarded Mr. Ritchie superciliously, and quite irrelevantly introduced the subject of the sugar trade, in which Mr. Ritchie was commercially interested.

Reward on Learning.

"Thar, my son, you see what learnin' done fer yer daddy, don't you?" "What, Paw?"

As She Saw It.

"Will you be mine?" "Yes—till we are married." "Till we are married?" "Yes—then you'll be mine."—Cleveland Leader.

SMYRNA CARPETS.

Employment Given to Thousands of Needy People in Aidens.

The celebrated "Smyrna carpet" is not made in Smyrna, it is a product of the vilayet of Aidon, of which Smyrna is the capital, says a consular report. The chief places of manufacture are the villages of Uschak, Koule, Ghiardis, Makri, Melessos, Kirka-gatsch, Axar and Demirdji. The industry gives employment to thousands of needy people, especially women, who are obliged to do the work almost entirely, while the men spend their time in the coffee-houses drinking strong coffee and smoking numberless cigarettes, all in true oriental fashion. Little girls are compelled to take up the work early, at seven or ten years of age at the latest, and they keep at it unceasingly until they go to their graves.

The market for the wools is held every Thursday from dawn to sunset in the bazar of Uschak, which is then filled with purchasers who have arrived on buffaloes, camels, donkeys and other picturesque beasts of burden. The spun wools are not dyed by the weavers themselves, but by special dyers.

More than 3,000 female weavers are employed at Uschak in the preparation of carpets. The operators are generally members of the same family, but there are a number of girls who earn about six to seven cents per day. The Ghiardis carpets are generally smaller than those of Uschak. Very fine prayer carpets, closely woven and of harmonious colors, are produced in imitation of the Persian carpets.

Carpets are made into bales of 280 pounds each and covered with goat-skins. The caravans pass the night in the open country at the foot of some hill, the drivers under tents and the camels and their loads in the open air. Very large carpets, too heavy to be packed, are folded and thrown across the backs of the camels in the form of a covering. When the carpets arrive in Smyrna they are spread out, beaten, broomed and repacked in bales weighing 500 to 600 pounds each for exportation.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Silvery Luster on a Pond That Set a Beadmaker Thinking.

The string of artificial pearls was very beautiful. But for the regularity of the beads anyone would have thought it a rope of real pearls worth a king's ransom.

"Till tell you," said the jeweler, as he wrappd up the deceptive necklace, "how the wonderfully perfect artificial pearl came to be invented."

"A rich French beadmaker, Moise Jaquin—he lived in the seventeenth century—found a pond in his garden covered one morning with a lovely silvery luster. Amazed, he called his gardener, who said it was nothing—some albatross had got crushed, that was all."

"Albatross were little fish—bleaks—the Lenciscus alourum. The gardener explained that if you crushed them they always gave the water a pearly sheen like that. Jaquin put on his thinking cap.

"For six years he worked with beads and bleaks, wasting millions of both. But finally he achieved success. He learned how to extract the pearly luster from the bleak's scales and to cover a glass bead with it.

"What he did—and his method is still used—was to scrape the scales from the fish, wash and rub them and save the water. The water, decanted, gave off a lustrous fluid of the thickness of oil, a veritable pearl paint, a magic fluid that imparts a lovely pearly sheen to everything it is applied to.

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DYSPEPTIC CARLYLE.

Physical Condition Which Affected His Conduct Towards His Friends.

Carlyle, in addition to his other troubles, was a sufferer from dyspepsia. He was, therefore, anything but sympathetic in intercourse with his friends, anything but fair in his estimates of other writers.

Though Carlyle personally liked Tennyson, he spoke with impatience of his "cobbling odes;" dismissed Jane Austen's novels as "dish washings;" Hallam, the historian, as "dry as dust;" and Goldsmith as an "Irish blackguard." Even the writers of editorials in the press were scored by the irritable Sage of Chelsea. "What are these fellows doing?" he asked. "They only serve to cancel one another."

A characteristic incident illustrates Carlyle's disposition to inflict pain even on a friend. An artist, who frequented the house of Carlyle, painted a picture of him in his dressing gown smoking a pipe by the fireside, and Mrs. Carlyle in an armchair sitting opposite him. The portrait was hung at one of the Royal Academy's exhibitions, and, though not a striking work of art, was purchased by Lord Ashburton, Carlyle's friend, for £500.

The delighted artist hurried off to Carlyle, expecting congratulations on the sale and some manifestation of pleasure on their part at having such a value placed on a picture of themselves and their domestic interior. He delivered his glad tidings, but the only response he got from Carlyle was:

"Well, mon, 500 pounds was just 425 pounds too much."

Browning one day left a copy of his new poems at Carlyle's house. In speaking of this action to Tennyson the next day, Carlyle broke out with a savage snarl:

"What did that fellow mean by leaving that cartload of slops at my door?"

A REAL STRAPHANGER.

Chicago Judge Finds One Arm Longer Than the Other.

John C. Scovel, municipal court judge, is a real straphanger, and can prove it, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The other day he was measured for a coat at a tailor's. When the garment was delivered he thought that the sleeves did not seem just right and compared them. One proved to be an inch longer than the other.

Indignant, the judge took the coat back to the tailor without even trying it on and asked him what he meant by turning out such a piece of work. To his surprise his tailor was not at all abashed, but merely smiled.

"Just try it on, and we'll look at it," said the tailor.

The judge did so and to his astonishment the sleeves extended to the same place on each hand and seemed to be faultless as to length.

"You do a good deal of riding on the street cars, don't you?" said the wise maker of the garment.

Judge Scovel admitted that each morning and evening he had for years been obliged to make a long, wearisome journey on a North side surface line.

"You have probably never noticed it," replied the tailor, "but clanking on to a strap has made your right arm somewhat longer than the other. I continually have straphanging customers, and so have become careful in measuring the arms and making each sleeve according to the length of the arm."

Hurt the Neck.

It seems that women will not heed the warning concerning the wearing of the high collar as a sure means of damaging the beauty of the neck.

The high, stiff, tight collar is very becoming to some women and so they take their chances in blemishes on the throat. Nine times out of ten the blemishes get the best of the game and the woman has a brown ring around her neck along with wrinkled cuticle and saggy muscles.

When the high collar is worn it should be comfortably loose. The muscles should be allowed full play and the skin shouldn't be squeezed. If women would obey this easy rule the beauty experts would go short on questions concerning "brown spots," "wrinkles" and "dark rings" as blemishes of the neck.

Bas.

Nobody can doubt the capacity of the famous Washington county black bass. Swallowing live rabbits is one of their favorite pastimes. Nor can there be any doubt as to the fine flavor which a rabbit, fed on the spring verdure of Texas imparts to Texas unrivaled black bass. The Potomac black bass have some local reputation in the vicinity of Washington, but they feed for the most part on small frogs and June bugs and do not grow to heroic proportions like the bass of more ample Texas.—Houston Post.

The Very Latest.

Here is the latest handed out by the Rialto. You put your hand palm upward and with fingers and thumb extended say to your friend as you do the trick yourself before his eyes: "Can you do this? Bend your fingers over slowly and altogether, like this, until the finger tips touch the palm of your hand without bending your thumb?" And he says: "Why, sure, I guess I can do that," and he does it at the first trial triumphantly, and then you say to him: "Well, I guess you can squeeze a lemon."

TONS OF DIAMONDS.

An Estimate on the Output of the Mines of the World.

Like all precious metals and stones the unit of weight usually employed in regard to diamonds is the carat, of which 154 go to make up a single ounce. To think of sacks of diamonds by the ton staggers the imagination. Indeed, the average annual output of the Kimberley mines is not more than half a ton all told.

Statistics have been published recently at Cape Town giving the output for several years past of the Kimberley mines and the river diggings. These yielded in the three years 1903-05 nearly 7,250,000 carats, say a ton and a half. The monetary value of these diamonds was £10,450,000. Since the first diamond was discovered by the banks of the Vaal in 1867 down to the end of 1906 it is estimated that the total weight of diamonds extracted from the Griqualand mines is over 13 1/2 tons, of a market value of fully £95,000,000.

If statistics of this sort can be trusted—and in the case of the South African yield they closely approximate to the facts—only 17 tons of diamonds had been mined all over the world to the end of 1901. With the same relative output since that year from Brazil and India the world's output of diamonds is now more than 20 tons.

The figure seems small, considering the ages diamonds have been worked in India and elsewhere in the east, and must be largely guesswork with respect to the output in antiquity. It is, however, certain that more diamonds have been placed on the market in the last 40 than in the previous thousand years.—Fall Mail Gazette.

INNS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Fruitful and Interesting Fields of Study for Traveler Abroad.

Those who learn history from stones, those who travel to read the long account of races and nations in the time-scared buildings of the past, will find in old inns one quality possessed in the same degree by no other remains of antiquity. They will find broad human nature.

Cathedrals will give you the history of the priest, castles and manors the story of the nobles, and across the record of the guildsman and merchant. But it is at the wayside inn that all meet together. It is there at the comfortable hostelry, that each, for a time, throws aside his calling and justice with his neighbor as a wayfarer.

Inns have never been renowned for stiff neckedness. It has ever been their pride to hold out welcoming arms to all who can pay their way, whatever their character or creed, and indeed, they must run the risk of being cheated by those who have not a great. They must find a room for the king, if need be, and a shelter for the polite stranger who nightly cuts purses on the king's highway.

The runaway couple must be warmly retrofitted, while their smoky horses are led into the galledered courtyard and within an hour nine must screw up his face for a welcome to those who pass in hot pursuit of doors and out.

Change of Scene for Holiday.

Too many people bear their 25th burden with them when they get off for rest. There must be a change of thought as well as scene. The farmer there's nothing better than a glimpse of city life. But the man should savor the summer road and that is where he is usually to be found. Live in the open air, in the open if you can. Matfends with the birds and trees above. Rub up against rural nature and see what enlightenment will be from it. Get the views of people look at life clearly and frankly at new angles. Get sunburned, soaked, get tired and then get rested.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Long in Public.

Judge John V. Wrip, Tennessee, now an attorney, was 30 years old in June, has connected with public life for 17 years longer than any other living American. He is still as vigorous as a 60 and keeps up with the 3 of to-day without forgetting his passed and gone.

King's Real Diet.

When King VII. visits Marienbad for his diet is much restricted breakfast he may partake of old ham, rusks and coffee. Luncheon is served about 1:30, and the diet is recommended: Fresh chicken, veal and composites, while white wine with Gel water is drunk.

Oddly Built This Library.

"The money is inclined to be fanatical," lowered the literary "May be it keeps all the individual in its shelves the modern nearly as bad as money looks."—Washington Star.

Running Both Ways.

An husbands should have the opinion to inspect and revise their "fitting lists. The women probably were granted the same privilege, respect to their husband's "fitting lists."—Washington Star.