DRY READING FOR A CHILD.

Decidedly Grown-Up Book Little Vinginia Had Perused.

Virginia is five years old, and has fearned to spell cat and dog. The other day, on her return from kinderguiten she decided to call upon her neighbor in the adjoining flat. The lady was busy writing and Virginia, being a well-trained child, did not interrupt. She played awhile with the linears and her hostess, being still when hid with her writing, she said:

1 think I'll read, until you get through.

"Yes, dear, help yourself to a book," said the woman.

Later the woman wondered what book Virginia had found so interesting. When she looked at the title she smiled. It was the sixty-second annual report of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

FEE FOR THE LAWYER.

Jury Had Reason for Adding Money
to Damages Claimed.

During a term of the superior court in an Eastern county the jury awardand one cent damages in several suits. so the winning party. One morning when the jury rendered its verdict in one of these cases, Dennis A. Maher, one of the best known jury lawyers in the city, said it recalled a verdict he got in a case several years ago. He mad sped a man for a claim of \$1.25. The judge in the municipal court decided against his client, and Denmis appealed to the superior court. When it was tried, the jury, the foremean of which was a great friend of Attorney Maher, reversed the decision of the lower court, and brought in a werdist for \$6.

The court called the foreman up to find and said: "Mr. Foreman, is there not some mistake; the plaintiff only uned for \$1.25, but you have given a worder for \$6."

"No your honor, there is no mis-Table," replied the foreman. "We Thought Lawyer Maher should be alsowed something for his services."

. Timber for Wine Casks.

The growing scarcity of timber unitable for the manufacture of staves is a problem that confronts two continents and in which all the wine drinking world, and therefore the civilized world is concerned, said I. B. Goldman a stave grower and shipper of dieps. Ark

Timber best suited for manufacture ento staves comes from Arkansas and man, portions of Louisiana. Texas, Akatama and Tennessee. The timber has been cut in larger amounts every year to meet the growing demand. Proceed have advanced, of course, but the comand still advances, for no other wood can take the place of that

green and in our section.

These of the staves are shipped to Barenca: Spain, where they are used in the manufacture of wine tasks. Both Europeans and American nave tried to invent something to take the place of the stave, but so far without success. Glass and earthman tasks have been tried, but wine these tot age the same in these receptances and it has quite a different farer.

indian Keeps His Pledge.

a mixth: it survives to this day. At the May term of the court at Vinita Charles Boling pleaded guilty before Indge Parker at Sallisaw. He was sentenced to 60 days in the federal Jail and to pay a fine of \$25, says the Kalless City Journal.

He asked to be permitted to stay not of jail and make a crop in order to provide for his family, and Judge Parker granted the request, releasing Boding, who is a Cherokee, on a promite to appear at Vinita on December 2 to begin his sentence. No bond of any stad was required.

Heling was waiting at the court bonce one morning recently when the source were opened, and is now in jail serwing his sentence. He says his error is gathered and his family is provided for during the winter.

Women in Parliament. Protests by women in parliament were not unknown during the Middle Apris. Stow tells us approvingly of "a. knew of stout dames" who had the grounge in 1428 "to checke a great dake in open parliament." "There was cose mistris Stokes," he procuude, "with divers other stout women of Leedon, of good reckening, well apparrelled, came openly to the upper in: Sament and delivered letters to the Anke of Gloucester, and to the archbesooppes and to other lordes there present, containing matter of rebuke and sharp reprehension of the duke id Gioucester," on account of his treatgotti of his wife Jaqueline. "But what grad successe their labours tooke, my Mathor reporteth mot "

What would you say," he asked, "If twere to propose a trial marriage to

Well," she replied. "a good deal welld depend on the amount of allmery you were willing to settle on me

max the end of the term "

GOLD NUGGET A BEAUTY.

Alaskan Mine Has Probably the

It is not an uncommon thing to see men who have enough greenbacks to choke an elephant, but it's not often that one meets a man with a gold nugget large enough to make even a horse sick if he had to try to eat it without having it run through a quartz mill. There is a man in Los Angeles, Cal., however, who has the nugget, and he is the Klondike king, Clarence Berry, who has come from Alaska on a visit to his brother. The nugget might be likened to a man's hand with the palm turned upward, for it is over six inches long, almost four inches wide, is an inch thick at the thickest part, and "weighs" \$1,510.

There are few men who can dig such chunks of gold out of their own mines, but Clarence Berry is one of these lucky miners. He is one of the pioneers of the gold mines of Alaska, and having been one of the first men to get to the various rich diggings, his energy and perseverance have been rewarded with a large amount of gold. How much no one knows but he, and he won't tell.

WHAT SHE WOULD SAY.

Young Teacher Evidently Had Her

A certain young teacher in one of the schools in Springfield, Mass., was recently more or less annoyed by the attentions of one of the masculine sex who holds a position of principal in the same school. There was in this young woman's room a pupil who was very dull and stupid.

One day the gallant principal was asked by the admired one to give his permission to have the child removed to some other room, thinking possibly he might be benefited by the change. The suggestion did not meet with the principal's immediate favor, and he remonstrated.

"Suppose," said he, "you and I were married and we had a child that nature was not overkind to, and we sent him to school. Suppose the teacher refused to have him in her room, saying he was too stupid and dull to learn, what would you say?"

"I should say he took after his father" was the quick retort.

Overtaken by Retribution.
William H. Berry, state treasurer of Pennsylvania, was talking in Har-

risburg about graft.
"Grafters seem to thrive at first,"
he said, "but retribution overtakes
them in the end. It is like the two

newsboys and the bad half-dollar.

"Two newsboys had a bad half-dollar and after discussing for some time the best way to get rid of it they decided to try to pass it off on a theater.

So they took their places on a cold night in the long line before the gallery door of a popular theater and the first one held the bad coin in his hand. It was their idea that in the hurry and confusion the ticket seller wouldn't take time to examine the money handed to him.

"And they were right. When the first boy reached the box office the man accepted the half-dollar without question and in return handed out a ticket and a quarter change.

"The second boy, grinning with joy, then handed forth a dollar for his own ticket. He got the bad half-dollar and a good quarter in change."

Art of Nature.

She had just turned from the black-board where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a "sum" which to her very youthful pupils seemed dif-

"Now, children, are you perfectly sure that you understand?"

There was a murmur of assent.

"Do any of you wish to ask a question?"

In the back of the room a small hand was raised aloft. The teacher, looking into the earnestly eager face, felt that glow of satisfaction which we all experience in assisting a budding intellect.

"What is it, Annie? What do you wish to know?"
"Miss M——, are your teeth false?"

demanded the earnest little seeker in a shrill treble.

Twain and the Office Boy. In his early days Mark Twain used to take his "copy" round personally to various editors, which gave rise to a rather good story of him told recently. His dislike of office-boys is very great; indeed, if there is a being on earth he cannot tolerate it is the average office-boy. A short time ago he strolled into a big publishing house in New York, and asked to see the editor.

"What name shall I give?" asked the office-boy.

"Mark Twain."
"What's your business?"

The pertinent question irritated Mark, but he only smiled sweetly, and said:

"Tell the editor I wish to ask his hand in holy matrimony."—Black and White.

The Teacher Declined.

A first-year pupil was absent from school one day last week. The next day she appeared at school and handed the teacher a note explaining her

absence, written by her mother. The

following is the explanation:
"My Dear Miss C—Please excuse
Helen for absence, as she fell on the
sidewalk and hurt the side of her
hip, and by doing the same you will
greatly oblige.

Mrs. 8——"

COMEDY IN MODERN SMUGGLING.

An Incident in Europe That Was Very.

Smuggling in these days is far removed from the grim realities which characterized it 70 years ago. A charming piece of light comedy which quite recently took place in the Grisons brings this fact into clear relief. The game is now so little dangerous that girls in their nonage can play it, even with the glamor of armed conflict thrown in.

Two sisters named Bachero, aged 17 and 19, were engaged in getting a quantity of contraband tobacco from the Swiss to the Italian side of the frontier when they were surprised by two customs officers in the Stilfser-loch Pass.

Instead of being a ground for alarm, this was merely the cue for an episode worthy of light opera. While the elder of the two sisters pushed on as rapidly as possible with her load, the younger, with all the coolness of a brigand of romance, posted herself, behind a ledge of rock and opened fire upon the officers with a rifle. It was not that she aimed at them with any serious intent. Bloodshed, indeed, was no part of the program. It was enough to burn powder, and plenty of it. The officers, finding themselves under fire, naturally took cover and returned it.

without any harm being done, and, indeed, so far as the fair girl smuggler was councerned, without any being intended. Her sole purpose was to keep the enemy in check till her companion had got far enough ahead to be secure. As soon as she judged that this had been done, she slung her rifle and, slipping away by the impossible mountain tracks familiar only to smugglers, made good her retreat to rejoin her sister on the other side of the border. Both escaped, leaving the officers with a painful sense of having been laughingly outwitted.—Berne correspondence Pail Mall Gazette.

This went on for about half an hour

SCOTCH LAD GOT EVEN.

He Turned the Joke on the Yankee
Tourist.

An American tourist on—a visit to Glasgow, on emerging from the rail-way station, was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir?"

The gentleman handed the boy the bag and requested to be shown through Glasgow.

Crossing George's square, they came opposite to Sir Walter Scott's monument, and the boy said proudly:

"That is one of the largest monuments in Scotland."
"Oh," said the Yankee, with an air

of indifference, "we have threepenny cigars as big as that in America."

They got onto a tram car going east, and just as they alighted at the terminus a long circular piece of iron on a lorry drawn by 12 horses came

The American, in surprise, asked the boy what that was for. The boy, remembering what the Yankee had said about the cigars, and with a resolve to be even with him, replied:

"Oh, a new hotel has just been built in the Toongate, and that is the kitchen poker."

The Potato Monument.

"If I ever get rich enough to present the city of New York with a manument I am going to give a copy of one I saw in Germany this summer." said a man who travels. "That is the most sensible thing in the statue line I ever saw. It is a monument to potatoes. It is certainly unique. The upper part consists of a statue to Sir Francis Drake, who is revered for having in troduced the plant into Europe. This, as well as the pedestal, is draped with garlands of the potato vine, with the full grown tubers intact. On the pedestal are inscriptions. The first sets forth that the above figure is Sir Francis; the second explains in words of highest praise what a blessing the potato has been to mankind; the third records that the statue is the gift of a certain Andrew Frederick, of Strasburg; the fourth contains the names of the erectors. It strikes me that a monument to some valuable product of nature is much more appropriate than all the stone efficies of celebrities that cluster our parks at the present

Wrong Man.

Wrong Man.
While Dooly was holding court in Washington county, Georgia, a certain Gen. Hanson came in and sat down at the side of the judge, and began to tell him about the vast amounts of property he owned.
"Stop just a monent, general," said Dooly. "Mr. Sheriff, call in Jones, the

receiver of tax returns."

In a few moments that worthy appeared.

"Mr. Receiver," said the judge, "come up here and make an inventory of Gen. Hanson's property. He had mistaken me for you."—Sunday Magazine.

Different Shades.
The celebrated medium rapped

three times on the black cabinet.
"And now, kind sir," she said, in a spooky voice, "what shade would you like me to tell you about?"

"Why," replied the little man in the audience, "I would like you to tell me the shades my wife told me to match when I started down town to-day."—Chicago Daily News.

The Engagement Ring.
She—You know the old preverb
about riches taking wings.
He—No, but I know about witches

taking rings.

BRITISH MILITARY TRAINING.

Soldiers Play at War on a Vast Tract of Land.

England has reserved a tract of land several, hundred square miles in extent on which her soldiers play at war, according to F. A. Talbot in the Technical World Magazine. The Russian-Japanese war served to emphasize the radical revolution which has taken place in warfare due to the remarkable improvements which have been wrought in the devising of long-range and quick-firing weapons, combined with improvements in explosives.

The result of this revolution in warfare is that a battle front may range over as much as 60 or 70 miles. Consequently a grave difficulty presents itself in the training of an army to comply with and to understand these new conditions, since it is essential that an army in peace should be brought to a high standard of emciency which will enable it to cope with any peculiar difficulty that may present itself in actual combat. But to train an army upon this basis necessitates a vast tract of land having a conformation of the most difficult nature and far removed from the influences of human habitations, to enable the men to have the fullest scope in which to practice the new conditions of their science.

KEEN INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

A Story That Illustrates "What Banks

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention

in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen,

old Capt. Hiram Cack of Gloucester.

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless."

quick intelligence that characterized

"I fear, doctor," he said, 'there isn't

"Oh, yes, there is, the doctor answered. Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now."

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly:
"'What doctor did you have?"

Sorrows of a Humorist.

"This thing of being a humorist is about the saddest thing I know," sighed Simeon Ford. "An ordinary person can have his moods and humors as he pleases, but I must be on the job. I am constantly being invited out, not because I'm liked for myself alone or because ony manly beauty, but because I am expected to entertain the assemblage. The rest of the company may be as dull as dishwater, but if I do not shake up the gathering with a few jokes the hostess glares at me and really feels resentful. I may be sunk in the slough of despond but just as soon as I take my seat all lean forward and eye me

"My son, never get a reputation for being funny. It is the most mournful thing on earth."

Organ to Save Woodpile.

A number of years ago a village in the eastern part of the town of Middleboro was very much wrought up over the introduction of a musical instrument in their church service. At the final meeting when the matter was to

be settled excitement ran high.

One man whose reputation for honest dealings was not always above suspicion made a flery speech in opposition. A neighbor whose back yard joined the speaker's could hardly wait for the close of the remarks. Then jumping to his feet without waiting to address the chairman, he said:

"Gosh, sir, if I had known the gentleman was so afraid of an organ I should have had one hung on my woodpile years ago."

Wires Need a Rest.

"Messages," said a telegraph operator, "always slide over the wires better on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their Sunday rest.

"It is a fact that inanimate as well as animate things get tired and need a vacation occasionally. You know how true this is of razors, of automobiles, of locomotives—and it is just as true of telegraph wires.

"A wire after its Sunday rest gives a quicker, a fuller and a more delicate transmission. It is like a plano that has just been tuned."

Proper Coat of Arms.

John Thomas Brady got in to-night from St. Louis. John Thomas stopped a little while in Pittsburg on his way

"I heard some of them guys out there talking about getting a coat-of-arms," he said. "Now, take it from me that the only right thing for most of this bunch in the way of a coat-of-arms would be a set of burglar's tools properly displayed." — Washington Correspondence.

A Slight Difference.
Friend—Well, did you get your copyght for that last work?
Author (mournfully)—I did, but the

right for that last work?

Author (mournfully)—I did, but the printers didn't. — Baltimore American.

Well-Meaning Friend—Why have you never reformed?

Mr. Highball — Never reformed?

Why, I reform every morning.

Continuous Performance.

THE DARING DYNAMITE MAN.

Death May Come Any Time, but He Doesn't Fear It.

"Some day I guess 'twill get me. We

never know."

J. B. Boone, professional powder man, dynamite... d nitroglycerin handler, moved cautiously about a fire as he talked. At his feet lay 50 pounds of dynamite—frozen. Three feet away was a roaring fire. He was at a stone quarry at Courtney, Mo., where the night before 500 pounds of his materials had exploded. And he had built the fire to thaw out more.

"This is the dangerous part of the work," he said. "The jar of a cinder popping from the fire, striking this dynamite, would make it explode. A twig snapped against it or some object dropped upon it, would bring the end. Dynamite is not exploded by heat. It requires some jar—some friction. When it is frozen—and it freezes sooner than water—it is fairly safe to handle. But in thawing the warmer it becomes the more sensitive it is. When these sticks are warm a dimedropped upon them will make them explode. It's a dangerous business."

No screen was between the dynamite and the fire where "the powder man" worked. If he feared that fatal cinder popping from the dry sticks in the fire he did not show it. In a methodical, careful way, this grave, quiet man worked swiftly and silently by the fire.

"I began it with my father when I was 15 years old," he said. "More than 20 years now I've been a powder man, and—well, I'm here to-day, anyhow"

But he would venture no prediction for the morrow.

CUSTOM OF YUMA INDIANS.

teresting Ceremonies.

Burning the dead as observed among the Yumas is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed in logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered over and strewn about with dry fagots. The flames are applied and, while they burn, the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire. The horse of the dead man, however, is not burned among the Yumas, as is the custom with some Indians. A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned

them doomed to die and their prophecy will almost always come true.

at all. The medicine men are still

largely in control among the Yumas,

and the government makes no attemp

to interfere. Usually their patients

grow sicker, so that they proclaim

When Love is Young.

They had reached that stage of the engagement when there is usually more or less speculation as to the fu-

"It doesn't seem. Tom, dear, that we could ever speak a cross word to each other, does it, dearest?" she murmured from his coar lapel.

"Never, sweetheart!" declared Tom stoutly.

"But, dear," she persisted, "if mind I say if—if some morning the steak should be hurned and the coffee

steak should be burned and the coffee cold, and you were tempted to be just a bit—just a teeny wee bit cross, what would you do?"

She looked up into his face anxiously, and he felt that his reply

elaimed, triumphantly: "I'd go down town and get my bréakfastt."—Puck.

must be one that would fully reassure

her. After a moment's thought he ex-

Dr. John L. Morse of Boston, an authority on pure foods, said recently that the public could not expect pure

food at a low price.

"Take milk, for instance," he said.

"Milk absolutely pure cannot be sold to-day under 15 cents a quart.

"And so, till we are willing to pay for a genuine article, imitation articles, adulterated articles, will be sold to us.

"And the morality of the dealers will grow worse and worse, till, finally, I can imagine a sausage maker saying on his deathbed to his son:

on his deathbed to his son:
"'Always bear in mind, my lad, that:
sausage can be made out of anything
—even out of meat."

The Crowning Blow.

"Mothers and nurses have devised and invented many ways of procuring obedience and correct behavior from their little charges," said a park policeman. "The familiar bogy man is

still employed, but the times change and the people with them.

"The last fine day, when the park was filled with mothers and nurses, I heard a new way of appealing to the love or fear, of a child. A stylishly dressed young woman leading an irrepressible youngster, after making all sorts of threats and promises without effect, said: 'Child! Child!' you give

me wrinkles under my eyes."

Not Enough Stym.

The Butler—The house is on fire, madam. Here are the hand gren-

Mrs. Pacekill—You should have brought them on a tray, William.—Life.

Quicker Action.

"Here's an article which says that family jars eventually kill love."

"Family jugs kill it sooner than that."—Houston Post.

THEIR FAVORITE BEVERAGES.

What Some of the World's Great Men

The entertaining author of "Collections and Recollections" has been writing on the favorite beverages of great men. Thackeray's choice was claret. He said that "our intellect ripens with good cheer and throws off surprising crops under the influence of that admirable liquid, claret." Mr. Gladstone, to whom the other pleasures of the table meant nothing, was a stickler for port, a believer in it, a judge of it. Mr. Russell says that the only feeble speech he ever heard from Gladstone was made after dinner at an otherwise hospitable house, where

wine was not suffered to appear. Lord Tennyson drank his bottle of port every day, and drank it undecanted, for, as he justly observed, a decanter holds only eight glasses, but a black bottle nine. Mr. Browning, if he could have his own way, drank port all through dinner, as well as after it. Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to complete his hundred years, drank a bottle of port wine every day after he came to man's estate. Mr. Finching. the wine merchant in "Little Dorritt," [thought champagne "weak but palatable," and Lord St. Jerome, in "Lothair," was esteemed by the young men a patriot "because he always gave his best champagne at his ball suppera."-Town and Country.

WOMAN IN STRANGE FIELDS.

Exploration and Discovery No Longer, Left to the Sterner Sex.

Not long ago the triumph of a woman who had ascended one of thei Himalaya peaks to a height hitherto unequaled by any mountain climber was duly chronicled. A few days later a foreign news item announced the arrival in South Africa of an American young woman who seeks the jungle in order to study the language of the monkey tribe. She is alone in her daring quest and appears to have a full realization of its perils.

full realization of its perils.

Still another venturesome woman is Margaret Selenka, of German birth, who is to head an important scientific expedition to Java in the early part of the coming year. She goes there in the endeavor to establish the identity of a fossil man ape found on the

island, as the so-called missing link.

It is evident that these women are admitting no hand(cap because of their sex. They are courageously entering regions that few men have penetrated and their action suggests that it may not be long before the supremacy of the sterner sex in the fields of exploration and discovery will be very seriously questioned.

A Wonderful Countr

"Eastern visitors to the west are generally prepared for any phenomenal showing in the line of agriculture, stock-raising and the like," says a Colorado man, "but once in awhile

They are taken by surprise.

"A New Hampshire man, who was spending his vacation on the ranch of a relative in Colorado, went out one morning to inspect a large incubator in which the young chicks were hatching. In one corner of the incubator a neglected peach-seed, encouraged, by the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tmy sprout several inches

long was growing out of it.

\[
\subsection \text{Suffering Caesar!}\] exclaimed the New Hampshire man, as this caught his ever do you hatch out your peaches in this country?"—Harper's Weekly.

Fishermen Use Wireless.

The wireless telephone, it is claimed, has successfully entered into the despsea fishing industry. For the last week experiments have been conducted by the wireless telegraph station at Brant Rock, which is equipped with a wireless telephone, with a small vessel stationed among the fleet of the south shore fishermen 12 miles out in Massachusetts bay. Recently, it is asserted, the fishermen wished to learn the prices ruling in the Boston market. The operator on the wirelessfitted boat casted up Brant Rock, and telephoned the fishermen's request. The land operator asked Boston, and the answer was forwarded back to

Condensation With a Vengeance.

A Kansas editor is said to have entertained extreme ideas with reference to the value of a "condensed style." On one occasion owing to lack of space he wielded his pencil at the end of a syndicate serial story with this result in the way of compression: "Reginald took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket and lastly him

the fishermen.-N. T. Post.

own life."

Underdone.

Bobby gazed critically at his new baby brother.
"Don't you like him, dear?" asked (
the nurse.

"Y—es," he admitted. "But don't you think you ought to send him back for a minutes? He's too rare!"—Cleveland Leader.

Might Head Her Off.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a phonograph and talk into it, so that if I happen to die first you can still hear my voice." "Perhaps," replied Henry, hopefully, "I will die first."—Houston Post.

Relief in the Baby's Cries.
"Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when she cases?"

"She used to, until she discovered that the neighbors preferred to hear the haby."—Cleveland Leader.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

grau Je candido des Le itulans et dans fions les Etats dull'Etat de l'entre dons les femmerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abounements ser l'anné : Estit » Ovoildienne 312 fi