CHINESE ARE POOR SOLDIERS

Mversion to Being Ordered is One of the Most Prominent Traits of an Oriental.

The Chinese is a poor soldier. Not, that he is lacking in courage, for on occasions he cheerfully sells himself as substitute and goes willingly to the executioner's ax in order to prowide his parents with the small sum necessary to suport them through life, writes H. H. Windsor in Popular Me chanics. The strength of an army is In teamwork, and here is where he fails on account of his aversion to being ordered. This is found in his domestic and industrial work. A general line of policy or desired results can be laid down and he will faithfully work in accordance therewith, but he dislikes to be followed up through the details of the work with frequent orders. He will produce excellent results-but they must be accomplished in his own way. Hence the essence of good militarism-prompt and unquestioned obedience comes in direct conflict with his nature, and makes him a poor soldier. However, this trait is not entirely wanting in other nationalities, as every business man knows to his sorrow, and the difficulty of getting employes to do a thing in the prescribed way is one of the constant anxieties.

WHO WANTS TO OCCUPY IT?

English Hotels Seem to Have Queer idea as to the Popularity of a Hearse.

Some of the hotelkeepers "on the other side" have peculiar ways of advertising their houses, and one of the most singular of these methods is the statement in their advertisements that the hotel is equipped with a hearse! Inasmuch as the American hotelkeeper is only looking fer "live ones," it is not of record that hearses have been used as attractions in this country as yet. One of the English catering journals in speaking of this custom, recently said: "We have on several occasions commented upon the uncanny mixing up of the funeral traffic business with hotel keepingan unholy combination to be met with in some northern parts of Ireland. Apropos, here is an enticing advertisement from a Sligo paper calculated to bring quite a rush of guests anxious to test the accommodation: 'Mrs. proprietress of the hotel, hegs to announce that she has added to her establishment a glass hearse."

Steam for the Soil. For a year or two past certain growers of tomatoes, cucumbers and similar vegetables for the London market have been injecting steam into the soil with a view to destroying insects and It is reported that the plan works very well for that purpose, but the operation brought to light an unexpected fact—namely, that the soil thus treated increased greatly in fertility; so greatly, indeed, that the ordinary amount of manure cannot be used afterward.

This effect has been explained as being due to the sterilization produced by the steam, which kills the phagocytes or protosoa which in ordinary circumstances keep down the number of bacteria in the soil whose operations are beneficent in turning organic nitrogen into plant food.—Harper's

Force of Habit. An attache at the statehouse has a nose which slightly turns to the left, and when asked why, replies it turns that way from force of habit. "Habit?" some one asked one day,

"how can a nose have a habit?" "The nose didn't," was the reply, "but I did. When I was a boy my nose naturally turned to the right. It embarrassed me and I was guyed about it so much that I decided I would pull it straight. So I began to draw my left hand across it in the hope I could straighten it. The motion became a habit. I did it when in school, in church, and my mother said I did it when asleep. Before I could stop the habit I had the end of my nose pulled over to the other side, and I decided to let it stay that way."—Indianapolis

Our Jall in China. In the annual appropriation bill for the diplomatic and consular service of the United States there is included an item for the actual expense of renting a prison at Shanghai, China, for Amerscans convicted in the United States court for China. In the statutes the clace of confinement in Shanghai is designated a "prison," and as there is fout one place provided it serves both as a penitentiary and a jail. This prison consists of one small back room in a private building, in the wall of which there is a hole through which the prisoner is supplied with food, the jailer being a clerk in the United States consulate at Shanghal.—Har-

Mine Own. "How long would you be willing to wait for me?" she asked, in tones so he could scarcely catch the words. And then she went on: "You know. George, my father has recently invested in a silver mine, and he is soing there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you again, George. how long would you be willing to wait

per's Weekly.

for me?" "Wait for you, my darling?" repeatad George, for his was no fleeting love. "I will wait for you until we learn how . the silver mine turns out."

GIRL IN THE SHOW WINDOW

Remarkable Thing Seeme to Be That Few Women Are Seen Among the Spectators.

"Ever notice what haspens every time some enterprising firm puts a real live girl in a show window?" asked the old timer the other day, according to the New York Herald. "Same thing every time. I don't care what it is she's demonstrating-a new hair dye, a vacuum cleaner, the advantages of pink teeth or a breakfast

food-result's the same every time. "There's a big crowd to see the show, but never a woman pear. Human nature, that's all. It's easy to figure on what the men are doing there. If it's a vacuum cleaner they're calculating the week's expenses to see how soon they'll be able to take one home to the other half, and they want to know al about the way the thing, works.

"If it's a new breakfast food that the young person is advertising, why! they're all waiting outside till they begin to distribute the samples to take! home to the same half again. If it's a new hair dye they're wondering whether anybody would notice if if they had to begin to use it, and if it's pink teeth that the girl's showing off -well, find your own reason, but it comes to the same thing. Breakfast food or teeth, vacuum cleaner or hair dye, these men all look as if they are going to know all about it, and they're going inside to ask questions if they can't do it any other way.

"But with the women it's not so easy. Why don't they stay to see the show? Might be for one reason, might be for another. Might be that they'd like to see it more than a little, but they can't. They wouldn't like to push a man out of the way. Or maybe they wouldn't look if they could—the girl in the window's getting all the attention, the husey-or maybe they just haven't time. What do you think?"

KNOW AND APPLY REMEDIES

Lower Animals Have Instinctive Idea of What to Do in Periods of Affliction.

It is held that the simple remedies of nature generally suffice to cure beasts of their ailments and that they are guided to them by instinct.

A large number of species wash themselves and bathe—elephants, stags, birds, ants, etc. Animals rid themselves of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet. keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink much water and sometimes plunge into it from time to time. When a dog has lost its appètite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass. Cats also eat grass, catin etc. when sick. Sheep and cows in the same circumstances seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism invariably keeps as much as possible in the sun. The warrior ants maintain regularly organized ambulances.

Latreille cut the antennae of an ant. Other ants covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid from their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the flow of blood by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass .-Harper's Weekly

Cannibale. Some one has recently written a book about cannibals. It seems that cannibals still are! Enough of them to write a book about! It must be unpleasant to be a cannibal, and still more unpleasant to be eaten by one! And yet they tell us that in large sections of Africa and still larger sections of South America the custom of eating one's friends and relations, not to mention one's enemies, is general. There are certain points of etiquette to be observed, such as not eating one's mother before a certain time after her death, or one's children, except as a religious celebration. But in general the lid is off. Go as far as you like! Eat anybody who will be eaten! Or who won't be!

Instinct. Where the river winds through grassy meadows, as sure as the south wind brings the rain, sounding his note in the reedy alders, the starling comes back to his nest again. Are these not miracles? Promptly you answer: "Merely the proce of natural fact; nothing but instinct plain and patent, born in the creatures, that bids them act." Well, I have an instinct as fine and valid, surely, as that of the beasts and birds, concerning death and the life immortal, too deep for logic, too vague for words. No trace of beauty can pass or perish, but other beauty is somewhere born: no seed of truth or good be planted, but the yield must grow as the growing corn.—Bliss Carmen.

Curiosity Seen at Sea. A large tree, fully leaved out and with its branches all alive with birds of gay plumage, was seen floating in the sea 100 miles from any land, according to officers and passengers of the steamer Limon, recently arrived at Boston from Jamaica. The tree was encountered off the west coast of Cuba. About thirty feet of it was clear above the water line, and it stood upright as if embedded in the ocean bottom. The officers of the steamer were of the opinion that the tree went afoat in a cavein on some shore line and retained sufficient soil and rocks entwined in its roots to

HIGH AIM OF THIEVES

ROYAL CROWNS HAVE BEEN OS-JECTS OF DEPREDATIONS.

Latest to Be Recorded is an Attempt to Purioin the Now Disused Diadem That Once Belonged to Brazil's Ruier.

Robberies of royal crowns are naturally extremely rare, and the number of thefts of this sort that have taken place since Col. Blood was captured in the act of carrying off the crown of England from the Tower of London, in the reign of Charles II., may be counted on the fingers of one hand,

Recently the imperial crown of Brasil was stolen from the Chateau d'Eu, in Normandy, only a few miles from Dieppe. Already on June 13, three of the largest diamonds of the crown were found to have been pried cut and to have disappeared, along with three costly rings belonging to the Countess d'Eu. The services of the police and of private detective agencies had been called into action by the royal occupants of the chateau, but without avail.

On August 17 a large dinner party was in progress at the Chateau d'Eu, when suddenly the dogs outside began to bark violently. Prince Louis of Orleans Braganza, taking it for granted that some thief was again aboutthe guests at the table had just been discussing the robbery of June 12jumped from his chair, and running through the gunroom, seized a rifle, which he did not even take time to load, and rushed into the grounds. In a few minutes he found, held at bay by the dogs in a thicket, a man at whom he pointed his gun. The fellow offered no resistance, although on being seized and searched by the people who rushed out after the prince it was found that the intruder was armed with two revolvers and a long knife, while in his waistcoat pocket were the three diamonds missing from

the crown and one of the rings. Further search revealed in the shrubbery where he had been crouching a bundle containing the imperial crown itself and the jeweled coronet which the Brazilian crown prince had worn on the state occasions. The burglar was afterward ascertained to be a former servant of the chateau named Louis Nieuten, who had decided to turn his knowledge of the interior and fittings of the place to good

Attention has thus been drawn to the owner of the endangered imperial gems, namely, the Countess d'Eu, ex-Crown Princess of Brazil, and only child of the late Dom Pedro, Brazil's last emperor, who was dethroned in

" Sixty-six years old, very tall and imposing with large, bright eyes and most unaffected in manner, the excrown princess has inherited much of her father's looks and character. Like him, she lives a life of mingled stateliness and simplicity. Born at Rio de Janeiro and married there in 1864 to Prince Gaston, son of the late Duc de Nemours and grandson of King Louis Philippe of France, she repeatedly acted as regent of Brazil during her father's absence in Europe and the United States, and it was as such that it fell to her lot to sign the decree abolishing for all time negro slavery in his dominions.

Decay of Handwriting. The decay of handwriting was the subject of a plaint by a correspondent recently in the London Times.

"The steel pen." he wrote, "was one factor in altering the style and legibility of writing, and the fountain pen, in some of its varieties, has proved to be a still more harmful machine. Typing certainly secures legibility, but that is not writing, and it is doing much to discourage the practice of caligraphy.

"There is good reason to believe that neat writing is neither taught nor even encouraged in our great secondary schools. Schoolmasters appear to accept any kind of bad writing. The average boy or girl now takes little or no pains to form letters. In other words, they do not write at all. Few parents or teachers appear to take any notice of this writing, and the letters of the last century, which were generally neat and legible, at the hands of both sexes, certainly put us to shame today."

This "laudator temporis acti" concluded by a curious prediction that posterity will have some severe comments to make on the handwriting of the twentieth century.

Gold Reports on Alaska. The United States geological survey! has just published as Bulletin 520-H a report on the mining and water supply of the Fortymile, Seventymile, Circle and Fairbanks districts, Alaska, by E. A. Porter and C. E. Ellsworth. The estimated value of the combined gold production of the Fortymile and Seventymile districts for 1911 was \$212,000, an increase of \$12,000 over the output for 1910 due to the success of two dredges on the headwaters of Fortymile river. The value of the gold production of the Fairbanks district in 1911 is estimated to be approximately \$4,500,000, a decrease of \$1. 600,000 from the output for 1910, due mainly to the fact that most of the bonansas of the camp have been worked out and the major part of the mining was confined to deposits of relatively low grade. The Circle precinct in 1911 produced gold with an estimated value of \$350,000, which exceeds that of any other year since 1898. The increase was due entirely to the improved methods employed.

LOOKING TOWARD OLD AGE

Some Reflections as to a Record That Comes to the Majority of Mankind.

Whether long life be a blessing or not God alone can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reasoned, a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or friends; but after that, it is hard if he be not content to die.

In life, as in wine, he that will drink it good, must not draw it to the dregs. Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain; and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by craving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past.

Therefore, men in the health and vigor of their lives should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation. and the worthiest actions, either in public or private station; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

RATS SETTLE AN OLD SCORE

In Numbers They Mutilate a Veilum Copy of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Rats invaded Wall street a few nights ago and made a vicious assault upon Robert Browning's poem of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. In that poem, it will be remembered, the rats do not have a very good reputation. So far as known, this is the first case of retaliation by the rats against Browning for the hard things he accused them of. George D. Smith, a dealer in rare books, discovered the evidences of the fray early one morning. The particular volume of the Pied Piper upon which the rats vented their spite was an unusually handsome copy printed on vellum and illustrated with quaint views of the Piper and the army of rats in his wake wending their way to the river. The illustrations and decorated borders were by Harry Quilter, and the book was printed in London in 1898. It is not a rare book, but is a choice edition of the "Pied Piper," and very few have ever been printed on vellum. The volume was on a shelf with some other vellum books in Mr. Smith's shop. All edges of the book from top to bottom were nibbled down close to the printed text and it is a curious fact that one or two falls of the rats in the decorated borders have been eaten off.

Arts and Crafts idea. We have all seen very attractive bits of jewelry made from gold or silver coins by having the background space etched away, leaving only the head and the encircling rim with a few little connecting bars. The same idea can be carried out by using for the head a little silhouette portrait, made by posing the subject against a bright sky through a window in a room, darkened all except that one window, then taking a snanshot. A camera taking a picture two inches by three is large enough and the whole head should be less than an inch. Take several pictures until a good outline is obtained. A baby's head is exquisite and done in silver would be a beautiful scarfpin. For such a pin have only the head without an encircling rim. A mother's baby's head in gold would make a pendant that would be a great treasure. For a man who has two small sons I am planning cuff links, each link to have at one end a "different" boy, the other end of the link, of course, to be the usual dumbell.-De linestor.

Simple Dimples. She had a dimple in each cheek-a deep, dainty, loving, kissable, delicious dimple.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young fool, "how I wish I had dimples like that;" and he reached out his hand and patted them softly.

The maiden smiled until the dimples were a hundred times loveller, than before, and the youth was completely captured. He took her for drives in the park. Then he took her to a hotel and treated her to a dinner such as visiting princes indulge in at the expense of the government. Next they went to the theater and occupied a box, and after that they sought out a cosy cafe.

And since then he has had two dimplea, two deep, cavernous, empty dimples, one in each side of his purse, and, they will stay there until next pay day.

Stone Microbes. The decay of building stones, according to more than one authority, is not due to wind action or other surface influence, but to internal disintegration resembling wood rot, and this is ascribed by some to a low organism like the fungi and the molds that cause the decay of vegetable substances.

A cure has been found for the stone disease, or at least a form of treatment that diminishes its ravages. The stones are treated with germicides, the best of which appears to be a mixture of sulphate of copper solution with bichloride of mercury and creeNOT SUCH A GREAT AMOUNT

"Worth One's Weight in Gold" Har Been Accorded Altogether Too Much Significance.

You often hear of a man or a woman or an object of some sort that is proclaimed to be "worth his (her or ita) weight in gold." Did you ever stop to figure out what your weight in gold would be? Or your sweetheart's? Or your baby's? Or your favorite pipele? You can do it-approximately. The value of gold fluctuates. Usually it runs in price somewhere between \$19 and \$20 and ounce. Let's take the latter amount. It's easier to figure with. Gold is weighed by troy weight, twelve ounces to the pound. In other words (at \$20 anounce) \$240 a pound. Do you weigh 150 pounds? Then your weight in gold is about \$36,000. (The "capitalization" of a man who gets an \$1,800a-year salazy.) Is your girl's weight 110 pounds? She is worth only about. \$26,400. Nearly \$10,000 less than: yourself, though you probably won't acknowledge to her. If your pipe weighs two ounces its weight in gold is \$40. Your 10-pound baby is worth only \$2,400 in gold. So you see "worth its weight in gold" is not such exorbitant praise after all. Next time tell her instead that she is worth her weight in radium.

AGAIN, "TO WHAT BASE USES"

Here is Story That Will Shock Admirers of Two Recognized Men of Genius.

The ladies at a watering place in-Bohemia recently organized a dressmaking exhibition. A certain princess agreed to open it. At the last moment some one noticed that the most important models, two very gorgeous lace blouses, were not displayed to proper advantage. The caretaker was called and instructed to beg, borrow or steal two dressmaker's dummies and to drape the blouses uponthem before the princess arrived.

After the opening ceremony it was noticed that the exhibits were exciting a great deal more attention than the committee had counted on and the princess insisted on seeing the two objects which were the center of attraction. Her surprise was very great when she caught sight of two lifesize busts of Schiller and Goethe. both decked out in lace blouses.

The caretaker, not being able to secure dummies, had borrowed the figures of the poets from the reading room, and as they were somewhat flat chested had carefully stuffed them with dusters to fill out the blouses.

Cornered Him. "Are you Mr. Doxey?" asked the beautiful young woman who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the private office.

"Yes." he replied, regretting as he glanced at her that he kept her waiting so long in the antercom. "Won't you sit down?" "Thank you. I suppose I ought not

to have disturbed you at this hour. You are very busy." "Oh, no; I have nothing on hand

that can't wait as well as not," he replied with an encouraging smile. "I hardly know," she said, looking sweetly embarrassed, 'how to explain

what I came to see you about. I'm afraid I ought not to have come." "Don't hesitate to let me know what can do for you. You needn't have the slightest fear that I shall not be

glad to help you in any way I can." Thank you so much. You are awfully kind. I just wanted you to raise my husband's salary about \$25 a month. He is Mr. Timpkins of your sales department and he didn't want to ask you for the raise himself, but you don't want me to have to keep on economizing any more, do you?"-Chicago Record-Herald.

Moneymoons.

An Englishman and his wife have recently had a honeymoon, the second since their marriage. They left the babies at home and went to the place where they went on the day they were married and stayed as long as they could stand M. They didn't like it at all. They didn't see how they'd managed on their previous honeymoonwithout the children! In short, the times had changed and honeymooning wasn't to their way of thinking any longer. Honeyattens do read well. We hear about people going on them and we think we'd rather like to go along. Or go again. But if we didreally, I think going again would be almost as bed as going along! I guess the English couple sized it up correctly. There's no "Backward. turn backweet, oh! time, in thy flight!" No change of a second hon-eymoon. Unless we get a second husband or a second wife.

A tree does not die of old age. It' accumulates infirmities with the years, and has many diseases. It may starve or die of thirst; caterpillars may est its foliage, scale bugs suck its juices, beetles tunnel under the bark, scab, rust, moids, sot, blight, may prey upon it. The wind is also an enemy. Pealing the back of the birch does not kill it. The immbering season is over when the sap begins to stream up-ward as wood est "in the sap" is lisble to decay. A sugar maple in three weeks yields of its life's blood to the extent of 25 gellons (70 drops falling every minutes, which boils down to a little less then five pounds of sugar. The trees are not injured if properly

treated, nor eshausted by being bored

too much or at the wrong time.

"Much Like Human Life.

BROUGHT NERVE TO RESCUE

Experienced River Man Took the One Chance That Was Left Him and Seved Life.

The day the ice started to move there was a jam fust above Athabasca landing, writes a Canadian correspondent to the London Telegraph, and as the mail for Peace river starts from the opposite bank, the postmaster hunted up a man who was willing to take it across in a boat through the clear water below the ice. Every one in town turned out to see him cross the river, but no one offered to go with him.

I was calking on boat No. 1 at the time, and I watched him start. First he had to cross about two hundred feet of rotten ice, dragging his punt along after him, haunch the boat into the clear water, row across, and go over as much soft lee on the other side. He was helf-way across the open water when the whole river seemed to stand on end-in plain words, the jam broke. Strange to . say, the boatman did not at first notice it, for the ice against the bank was grinding and clashing all the time; but a man on shore fired a gun, and everybody pointed and waved upstream.

The hoatman never lost his nerve; he rested on his oars for a moment, glanced round, and turned the boat upstream. Slowly at first, but soon gathering speed, he sent his frail craft hard at the ice. The boat hit the ice squarely, and ran up it. It was his only chance, for if the mass... had caught the boat sidewise, it would have smashed it like an egg-shell.

Hanging to the punt, dragging itfrom one piece of ice to another, jumping some pretty wide gaps once or twice, and sometimes hauling the craft after him with the short line, he struggled on.

It was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life, but I don't want to see it done again. On both banks the people stood helpless; they could do nothing except watch, and some could not do that.

Finally the intropid boatman reached the shore, and, needless to relate, he did not try to come back that day.

BROUGHT HOME HIS DUCKS

Early Day Method of Catching the Birds in Great Numbers That "Was Popular In Maine.

A duck drive is what they called a novel way the early settlers took to capture the ducks that were plentiful in the early settlement of Maine.

For a few days in August the birds could not fly, as they were shedding their feathers. The time was well known to the inhabitants of all the towns about Deer Isle and those who could come did not fail to be present First a circle of boats was formed so as to partially surround them and others were stationed so as to prevent

the birds taking a wrong direction. Duck Harbor was the place selected to drive them into, ft being narrow and extending half a mile inland. Beginning at the upper of the bay the boats were drawn in for several miles. As this went on more birds were overtaken and as they reached their destination a large number were includ-

ed in the drive. Reaching the shore at the head of the harbor, the ducks not being able to run much were overtaken and killed in large numbers. At one time a large drive was made and the birds attempted to walk through the woods to the other shore, but being unable to walk died in large numbers. This was the last big drive that was made. Birds that escape a great danger avoid the same locality.—Lewiston Journal.

Got Even With the City Fellers. "Now and then," said Tobe Sags of Goshkonong, "there comes over us small town fellers a low, febrile yearning to go to Kansas City for the purpose of hunting up total strangers with whom to match our hard-earned dollars, the merry game invariably resulting in our finding ourselves with a hectic head, no money left and an allpervading realisation that we have made gosling-green fools of ourselves. This is very similar to the craving that overtakes the city man, once in so often, to quit his comfortable office and buy expensive hunting tools and outlandish raiment, and hie him down here and tramp his legs off in the worst weather of the season and drink large quantities of 40-rod whisky and sleep on beds of pain and get fined for trespass and contract the rhoumatism and age perceptibly, and all for a few measly soological or ornithological specimens that he could buy at the market for \$1.35. Still, looking at it dispassionately, it 'pears like a beneficent arrangement for keeping the per-capiter equitably adjusted."-Kansas City Star.

Ominous Description. "Ya-as," said the farmer, "ye can git to Swattleburrer by this here rud. Keep right on till you come to the sheriff's heouse at th' top o' the hill, then turn to the right till ye pass Si Medders' piace—be's toawn constabuli —then ye go on fer half a mile to Bill Widdems'-Bill's our pros'cutin' attorney after passin' which ye'll see Justice o' the Peace Whibley's res'dence loomin up shead on ye-ye can't miss it-it's got a pink barn in front of it—and then ye turn to the left past the court hacuse with a clock over the door, followin' the road to the big brick buildin'—thet's the jail. an' ye'll find Swattleburrer waitin' for ye with open arms."-Harper's Week-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

so de Louiste militatiff en Cuis du itue de aubient die socia Launmentliet uns terret antique la financia de finan

. "His inchiera 'sir.", is pa