Pathetic Figure Appealed to the Traveler from the East.

Once in an open square, where the stust pail forbade sight or breath, I Breeted my steps toward the source of a throbbing roll that ceaselessly wove itself in with the noise of voices and the pattering of unshed feet of beasts. As I neated it the noise became detached from the hubbub, a dissinct and individual thing, which insistently claimed attention and made the very motes in the air dance to time. Under a willow tree, by the waper ditch that defined the square, sat a bent old man, unbelievably ragged. So torn were his many khalats that they did not seem like constructed garments at all, but strings of tatters and tags collected and hung on his fat, weak body. His head was bent on his breast, and his eyes were half closed. Oz his stomach was a wooden bowl, with a skin drumhead stretched across ft, and on this drumhead he beat inseesantly with his knuckles and his Bst. The motion was so automatic and and deadly regular in its recurrent changes that it seemed almost as # he were a clockwork figure set at the edge of the busy market to record The passage of time. I flung some coppers on the brass begging tray by his aide and went off, unconsciously adjusting my steps to his beating. He made the trivial barter and the driving of laden animals seem vapid and futile, and my bit of charity sickened me. It was as if I had happened along and patted Socrates on the back .--Century.

ON LOOKOUT FOR HEIRLOOMS.

Articles for Which Pawnbrokers Will Pay Good Price.

A Frenchman of undoubted "blue" blood got stranded in New York. His early possession that could be converted into cash was a ring with an muthenticated historic value. He conswited friends as to its most profitmble disposition.

A FOR

"Show it to collectors interested in such things," they advised. "Some one will probably give you a good price BOT IL.

"Take it to a pawnbroker," one wise man suggested. "He will give you twice as much as the average col-ECTOF .

The Frenchman accepted the advice isf all; he visited both collectors and pawnbrokers, but he sold to a pawnbroker.

"I knew you would," commented the man who knew. "There are no people in town who have such a keen scent for heirlooms and other articles with a history as pawnbrokers. They are always on the lookout for such things and they are willing to pay for the romantic associations as well as for the intrinsic value The average man of that calling is not supposed to have the bump of sentiment very highly developed, but he realizes the possibilities of such a pledge should it remain in his possession unreseemed, and he is willing to secure it at the best possible terms to the cus-

Maney Profit in Rose Growing. Rise growing for purposes of perfamery would seem to be a profitable garant in those lands of which the chmate is suitable for this species of intensified farming. It is calculated that on the third year after being play red a bush should produce about 260 flowers per square foot. As there are about 8,000 square feet in a hectare, or about two and a half acres. this is equal, if a flower is estimated to weigh four grams, to about 6,400 Misgrams of flowers per acre. On the hasis of eight decimeters of pure essence per kilogram of petals, this would give 5,120 kilograms of essence per hectare, which, at the very moderate rate of £40 per kilogram, would Theid £204 16s. 8d. per hectare.— Landon Globe.

Pictured Hay Fever.

In Paris there is just now proceeding a seasonable discussion on hay fever, concerning which an amusing instance of the capricious nature of the infection is related. A lady was write proof against catching the sneezings of hay fever from either hay or any other flower or plant except one. The mere sight of a rose used to set her sneezing violently. Knowing her meakness she carefully avoided these flowers, but one day she carelessly stopped before a still life painting representing a basket of roses. Almost instantly she was seized with a sneezing fit. Clearly imagination has its part in the case

Need of Information. The learned traveler had delivered his great lecture on the manners and costoms of Japan.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "I shall be pleased to answer questions pertaining to any peculiarities of this interesting people upon which I may not have touched in my dis-

Professor," eagerly asked a young rourined woman in the audience, "what go the Japanese do to plum juice to make it jeli ""

Campaign Material. ... What I want to give the people, excanned the orator, "is a speech

that contains facts and figures" TYou are wrong." answered Senator Serghum "Human nature is the same in politics as everywhere else. if you wat to get em really interlested, give 'em gossip.'

CREEKS AND TEN LOST TIMES

Indians' Story of Their Wandering Away From Palestine

"The Indians are the most superstitious people on earth," said a man a few days ago who had taught for years in a Creek Indian School, "They have myths and legends by the score. Some of them are as beautiful and picturesque as the legends of the old Greeks and Romans.

"I boarded for five years with a Creek Indian who had been educated at Carlisle. He knew the ' ... an legend that they are one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. This Indian was the son of a medicine man who was once great and powerful in the tribe. All his knowledge of Indian lore came from his father, the medicine man.

"This medicine man said that the Creeks were one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. The legend ran that they were once associated with the other tribes and that they had wandered and became separated. They wandered for years far to the north until they came to a sea. There they built boats and embarked. They steered their course by the wand of a medicine man. Each morning he went to his teepee and set up his divining rod and told them which direction to pursue. They followed this rod from a warm country to a cold sea on which they set sail. The sea was crossed and then they traveled toward the south

again. "The Creeks have a covenant of their tribe which is kept with the chiefs. No one but the elect is ever permitted to see this guarantee of the genuineness of the Creek faith and origin." - Chickasha correspondence Kansas City Star.

SYMPATHY WAS IN ORDER.

But Sam Johnson Was the One Mostly in Need of It.

"Pardon me," says the sympathetic gent on the station platform, "you

seem to be in distress." The woman addressed turns her melancholy eyes upon the inquirer and replies: "I am."

"Is there any way in which I might be of assistance

"I don't know. I've lost my husband, and-"

"Permit me to offer my condolences. Into each life some sorrow-". "Save your condolences for him when I get hold of him. We were sit-

ting here waiting for the train to go home when a comic opera company came into the station. One of them was a big, fat blonde, and my husband got up and said he was going to get a drink of water. That was an hourand a half ago, and-save your sympathy, young man, save it for Sam Johnson, of Mudford, who will be in sore need of comforting words within ten minutes after he begins to make excuses to me."-London

All Were Worried. The mistakes made by telegraph op-

erators are often very amusing and sometimes rather startling. A Washington girl, 16 years old.

went west recently, and it was her first trip unaccompanied by some member of the family.

After three days had elapsed and she had received no answer to her telegram, announcing her safe arrival, she decided to send another wire. This is the telegram as received by her fond parents:

"Why don't you write? Am married."

Her mother promptly fainted and her father rushed out, first after a physician, and secondly to wire the chief of police of a western city to look after a young girl, lost, strayed. stolen or married.

After many explanations by wire, it was found that a mistake had occurred in the telegraph office, and that the message should have read: "Why don's you write? Am wor-

Why He Stays at Home. "Mr. Bigabee seems like a model husband.

"Yes, lately. He's home every evening now. You see, his wife got the burglar scare and bought one of those pretty little pearl-handled revolvets.

"Well?" "Well, as Mrs. Bigsbee wakes up at the slightest noise, and is very near-sighted, Bigsbee doesn't take any chances on prowling around the house after dark."

Conversational Niceties. The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle the student of the English language, but one who has a governoss will soon acquire them

Thus a young French woman who was learning English while on tour with an Anglican attendant, exclaimed,

"O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horses sweat, men perspire, ladies merely glow." - Youth's Companion.

A Quadruped Bird.

A South American traveler has captured a rare bird, whose interest to science is that it is a quadruped. It is known to the natives as the cigana, or gypsy bird. For many days after hatching, before it is able to fly, the young one uses its claws to climb up bushes and trees. The front feet gradually develop into wings. The favorite haunt of this strange creature is among the huge calla like flowers of the tropics, in low, muddy places. In size the cigana is about as big as the ordinary pheasant.

JAIL BARRED TO HIM.

American Prisoner in China Receives Cold Welcome.

When the Chinese day watchman at the American consulate went his rounds the other morning he discovered that one of the cells that should have contained a prisoner was empty. Door and window were intact, and there was no sign to show how the occupant of the cell-C. B. Buttrickhad effected his escape. Buttrick was serving a sentence of three years' imprisonment on a charge of embezzlement, which was heard at Tien-tsin.

The night watchman, who was at first suspected of connivance in the escape, returned to his post at seven p. m. as usual. He told a perfectly straightforward story. He came on duty, he said, as usual, at seven o'clock the preceding evening. Buttrick was then out for his daily walk, but returning at about nine p. m. called for a tansan and then retired; to his cell. The watchman saw nothing more of him, and when he left at seven a. m. he placed the keys, as usual, on a table where the day watchman would know where to find them.

Another version is that when Buttrick returned from his evening walk he was unable to get into the consulate. He knocked and rang for some time without any response, and finally, in high dudgeon at the inhospitality of the consulate, went elsewhere for his night's lodging. Our informant adds that he would not be surprised if Buttrick turned up some day to lodge a complaint against the American authorities for locking him out in this inhuman manner.-North China News.

DON'T JOKE IN ENGLAND.

Warning in the Fate of a Paragraph About Famous "Big Ben."

The worst of the sportive style in news writing is that it sometimes leads to misunderstanding. The London correspondent of a Manchester paper sent the other day a humorous account of the renewing of the hands of the great clock of parliament. It ran thus:

"A well-known character, who has et in Westminster all his life and is familiarly known to many Londoners as Ben, underwent a serious operation this morning.

'As Westminster hospital was too full to allow of him having a bed. the operation was carried out by two doctors in the open air and in the presence of a large crowd.

"Both of Ben's hands were taken off-successfully and rapidly. A new pair will be provided for him."

This seemed a curious but by no means an amusing piece of intelligence to the Manchester staff of the paper. They put it in a prominent position among the day's painful occurrences, next to a paragraph headed "Maniac Kills Seven," and gave it the following headlines: OPERATION IN THE OPEN AIR.

Big London Crowd Watched Man's Hands Taken Off. Which proved that it is, even in these frivolous times, still possible

to be too funny.--London News.

He Excepted the Captain.

Passing the pantry of his boat one day, Capt. Birch of Gloucester, Mass., overheard one of the cabin boys in dulging in animadversions on the officers and crew. He turned a very severe countenance upon the boy and said: "Young man, hereafter when, you have anything to say about anyone about the boat, please except the captain."

A few days later, when the captain happened to be on deck, the same cabin boy carried past him a dish of food prepared for the table, and a pet. hog running between the boy's legs upset him, scattering the food.

Picking himself up, with a most rueful countenance, the boy commenced berating the hog. "You are the miserablest hog I even seen," he hegan, when, catching a view of the old man, and remembering his injunction he added, "except the captain."

The boy has had a secure borth on Capt. Birch's boat ever since.

"Uncle John's" Chicken Deal. Down in South China, Me., was a good old Quaker, Uncle John Jones, whom everyone knew and respected. A slight defect in his speech added interest to his remarks. Uncle John raised poultry along with the other products of his farm. One morning he discovered that a number of his chickens were missing. Having his suspicions as to who the thief might be, he lay low, and finally recovered

his 1033. Tpon his next visit to the corner grocery store the loungers were interested to know how he recovered them. Uncle John said: "I went to that fellow for the third and last time, and told him to bring back my chickens, and he brought back chickens that I had and chickens that I never knew I had."

Grane Fled From 13.

Actors are notoriously supercritious, and W. H. Crane is no exception. One day, when he found himself in room 13 at a hotel, he immediately demanded that he be transferred.

"But," expostulated the clerk, "this is the best room in the house. It's a room, too, in which many emizent men have lodged. Why, your old friend John T. Raymond often occupied it."

"Indeed," mused Crane, somewhat mollified; "dear John! and he really stayed here?" "Yes, sir, he died in this we'll

rocm." Crane fled to another hotel. GOATS CLEAR BRUSH LAND.

Flock Quickly Makes Away with Tangle of Briars.

A flock of Angora goats was put on a rocky hillside that it was desired to have cleared and put into grass. It was such a tangle of brush and briars that it was with difficulty one could make a way through it. The goats actually ate their way in until it was penetrated with paths inall directions. After the leaves within reach were eaten they would stand on their hind feet with their forefeet in the branches and so eat the leaves higher up, or, if the brush was not too large, would throw their weight against and bend it to the ground, where others of the flock would help strip it of its foliage. The leaves would come out again only to be eaten off, then aprouts would come from the roots to share the same fate, until at the end of the second summer everything in the shape of a brush not over six feet tall, except the pines and laurel, were completely killed and white clover was beginning to appear. These goats, with their long, curly white fleeces, attracted more attention than anything else on the place, but, as can be imagined, they had to be well fenced in for they would run over a stone wall like dogs.

WHY THE BABY YELLED.

Its Loyal Mother Got Even With Two Grouchy Passengers.

Recently a wearied-looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a Rapid Transit-fiver at Broad and Chestnut streets, and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends, unless the pictures had seen previously re-

touched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street gabble for half a block, and with a grouchy glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevishly re-

marked to his pair "I think we had better sit over here.

This ungaliant act plainly embarrassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion

"It won't do a bit of good to change your seats, gentlemen," said she, in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as he could here."

No More Arguments for Him. It was the blissful half hour after dinner and a group of workmen were beguiling the time with an argument

on some question or other An interesting deadlock had been reached when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate, who had remained silent, during the whole of the debate.

"'Ere, Bill," he said, 'you're pretty good at a argyment. Wot's your opinion?" "I ain't a-goin' to say," said Bills "I

threshed the matter out afore with Dick Grey." "Ah!" said the other, artfully, hoping to entice him into the fray, "and

what did you arrive at?" "Well, e-eventually," said Bill, Dick e arrived at the orspital and I arrived at the perlice station."-Stray Stories.

Coal Mining in India.

All the coal of India is bituminous. Some of it is hard and glossy, like Rock Springs, Wyo., coal. It sells for from \$2.08 to \$2.24 a ton. It only costs fifty-five cen's a ton to mine, screen and load in the cars.

The coal fields now operated are in Bengal, the native states of Central Indian, and Hyderabad. India is first among the coal producing dependencies of Great Britain, and its coal field covers 35,000 square miles. The total output in 1905 was 7,762,779 tons. Bengal supplied about 93 per caut of the amount.

India has abundant labor, capital, and convenient water transportation to the sea. The hauls by rail are short and comparatively inexpensive.

The cousul general thinks that eventually India and not Japan will control the coal market of the Eastern world.

Child's Pathetic Answer.

This happened in Minneapolis. A young lady agent of a savings institution handed a little girl one of the forms to fill out before making a deposit. One of the questions asked was "What is the occupation of your father?"

The little girl wrote "Drunkard" iz answer to this. "But that is no an occupation," said the young lady agent.

"It's all I ever saw him do," innocently replied the nine-year old tot. That father ought to hire himself out to stand behind a full fledged mule for about ten minutes

Saturday Night Diversion. In a London street a girl of 12 and a boy of 10 were playing a family drama of "mother and father," and Booby was being instructed in his cole. "Now, Bob," said the girl, "you jest walk up ter ther corner an' wait there till we tells yer to come. Wo're a-goin' ter git dinner ready, an' when we calls yer, yer ter come 'ome and chuck the fings about." "Ho!" said Blobby, "Come 'ome, drunk do I? And why for?" "Why for, stoopid?" retorted the girt, with a glance of mingled shorn and pity. "Ain't it Saturday!"

Saltien het omedelry \$5.00.

MBREAKFAST F OUT A FINERIT.

Färst Meat of the Day in England Cannot be a Pleasant One. An observant water in Health says: "The woman who spends her every aft-

ernoon on visits to friends is bound to develop the 'tea face'. The 'tea face' is frozen vivacity. The eyes have as uminterrupted sparkle, the head has a permanent sudden tilt of interest and expectancy, while the amile looks as if It had been done up in curl-papers over nlight." One knows that face. It is prefer-

abile, however, to the breukfast face.

The breakfast face is washed vacuity. The eyes have the sparkle of cold lead, the head has a weary droop and an unwillingness to turn either direction. while the scowl looks as if it had been left out in the rain all night. By the way, I speak merely from memory. Since the day of my emancipation, some eight years ago, I have carefully avoided that pleasant,

ch.eery, chatty, timetables-and-toast,

bills-and-bacon function known eu-

phiemistically, as the English break-It is only fair to add that, to the best of my knowledge, I have never been missed. Nobody ever is missed from the English breakfast table:-London Sketch.

والمنافضة والمراجع والمنافظة فالمناف المارية والمارية

CLEAN MONEY HER HOBBY.

Young Woman Had Distinct Prejudice Against Seiled Bills.

She stopped in front of the paying: tellier's window and produced a wad of soiled bills.

"Would you kindly exchange these notes for clean ones" she asked, in response to his polite inquiry as to what he could do for her.

"Why, yes, madam, certainly. You are afraid of the disease germs, I supposse," he remarked as he counted out the amount in new greenbacks and pushed them over the little brass door

"No, not exactly," she smiled. "It

4s simply a case of habit. Before I imarried I had experience in the bank ing business as a working woman, and, like all in the work. I acquired a love of fresh bills. I positively refused to handle anything soiled or worn. It is one of the few things I have had to regret in married life. The mades men will give one that kind of tainted money in making change, usually they have nothing else in the cash drawer As soon as I can possibly do so. I hurry to the nearest bank and get clean ones. These are lovely; they smell quite like old times. Thank

WOES OF YOUTHFUL PRINCE.

yora so much. Good morning."

Condign Punishment That Followed Loss of Temper.

"What inexhaustible treasures of history, political, administrative, and secial, are contained in those acres upon acres of parchment called the French Anchives! M. Jules Lemaitre has laucly unearthed the diary of that promising heir of Louis XIV who died of smallpox in the flower of his youth Here is an extract September, 1693 -A few days ago Monsieur l'Abbe this tutor. Fencion) land at me be cause I blundered it reciting my Nicgill. I said to him. Monsieur, correct me. If you please, but do not make merry at my expense. There are certain persons who are not to be lamphed at He continued to tease me, whereupon I lost my temper and th gew my copy of Virgil in his face. My governor, M de Beauvilliers, was roll of this, and I got to it a whipping at his hands.' Further on the boy actids, "But M. l'Abbe is so fond of me that henceforth I am determined to piecase him to the utmost." The illfaited lad was just 11 years old.

Newspaper Bulwark of Sanity. Sir James Crichton-Browne, the Emitish authority on mental and nervorus diseases, maintains that the ne-wapaper is a bulwark of sanity. He

"It is the antidote to corroding exctism, and gives a world-wide horizon to- the purblind and shortsighted. It is real and earnest in its tragedy and comedy, while a novel is only a makebesteve. It supplies snacks of blograiphy in the form of gossip. It manufactures heroes by the dozen, and it furnishes an eastly digestible intellectual pabulum. Many a man has been saved from melancholy and fatunity by the daily paper. Suppress your newspapers and you will have to

emlarge your hinatic asylums."

Had Ulterior Motives. Col. W. H Osborne, of Greensboro, has an ear for good things. On the Bryan special the other day he told: thie following story: "I heard a goods ome the other day," said Col. Osborne. "The negro who drives the icewagon that comes to my place was: hailed by another negro boy, who assked: 'Say, nigger, when is you go-

"I don't know. What makes you axe me dat? "'Cause, I fes wan'ed fer know." "'Does you want mor place?'"-Charlotte Coserver.

in,' to school?'

Easy to Understand An ardent teetotaler, in conversation with the late Sir Wilfred Lawson, once found fault with the practice of "christening" vessels with champagne before being lamehed. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree with him, and said a good temperance lesson could be learned from the practice. "How can that be?" asked his companion. "Well," replied the witty baronet,

"after the first taste of wine the ship

takes to water, and sticks to it ever

a fter!"--Independent.

ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

Secret Sign on an Envelope the Cause

of Present System.

Quite recently there has been more or less discussion as to the origin of

the postage stamp. Perhaps the most authentic story is that which comes from the post office department at Washington.

It appears that about 65 years ago Rowland Hill was traveling through one of the northern districts of England and for a time was sojourning at an inn where the postman came with a letter for a young miss, who turned it over and over in her hand and after examining the envelope minutely inquired the price of the postage, which was a shilling. She sighed sadly and returned the letter to the postman. saying that it was from her brother but that she had no money.

Mr. Hill was an onlooker and was touched with pity. He paid the postage and his action seemed to embarrass the girl. When the postman had gone she told Mr. Hill that some signs marked on the envelope conveyed to her all she wanted to know and that as a fact there was no writing inclosed. In extenuation she said that she and her brother had contrived a code system of communicating, as neither of them were able to pay post charges.

Mr. Hill thought of the results of a system which made such frauds possible. Before another day he had planned a postal system upon the present basis.—Harper's Weekly.

PLANTS THAT TAKE PILLS.

Latest Wrinkle Devised by the Art of the Florist.

A very large and sturdy orange tree was growing in a small pot. . "if that tree," said the florist, "didn't take pills it would require a pot as big as a bathtub to grow in. But it takes pills like a hypochron-

"Chemists, agricultural experts now make plant pills spills no bigger than chestnuts, that contain sustenance for six months, a kind of tabloid food. These chemists analyze a plant's ash, and make pills of the constituent. salts. The pills, inclosed in a

metal cover; are builed in the earth at the plant's roots, and the saits gradually dissolve and diffuse through the metal, giving the plants day by day the sustenance that they re-Tuire

"Pills are also applied to weak, dekly plants, which they help wonderfully.

Derivation of Words. Arnold White remarks that "an admiral is an emir of the sea. "Ad-....ul," or rather the older "amiral". (the "d" is an intruder), is one of many familiar words of Arabic origin. di represents "amir-al-bahr," commander of the sea. The dropping of he bahr" has left in this case a motifated form meaning literally only 'commander of the-." in other mores the Arabic definite article-and he following substantive still trans-

ishes, "alembic," the cup, "alcohol," for "alkohi," literally "the burned" hing," and "ebxir," which stands for 'anker," the philoscuber's stone or iowder

sate together. Thus there is "alge-

na," the reduction, "alkali," the plant

How the Noblemen Rank. "After royalty comes dukes. The premier duke is Norfidk, the fifteenth of his line. After dukes come marmises. After marquises come earls lifter earls come viscounts. After viscounts come barons. After barins come baronets. After baronets

zome knights.

"This, then, is the order." Duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, barmet, knight. I don't mention lords. A lord is an earl—the earl of Craven. for instance, is often called Lord Craven-or else the title is only the sourcesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes-as Lord Randolph (Burchill, second son of the duke of Mariborough."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hertzean Waves at Sea. A German scientist has invented an automatic mechanism for preventing collisions at sea, based upon the.

use of Hertzean wavos. Miniature. wireless telegraphy plants are to beinstalled on vessels, effective within a thousand yards radius. Two ver sels fitted with apparatus approaching each other in a fog and with the mechanism set would at 1,000 yards give mutual and automatic warning by acting upon each other's signal, which would, in its turn' automatically stop the engines.

Peason for Madness. Richard Mansfield at a dinner party

in New York contributed an an-redote to the cid question of the saraty of Hamlet. "One morning in the west," he said, "I met a goung friend d mine and asked him where he had been

the night before." "I went," my young frien # replied. 'to see So-angeso's Hamlet.' "Aha, did vou? said I, Now, tell

me -- do you think Hamlet was mad? I certainly do, said se. Therewasn't \$100 in the house."

Leve.

"Yes," said the Chicago girl, 'Tm engaged to Mr Rocks. It was really hard to decide because I like Mr. Bul-Hon quice as well and they're equally wealths."

"What decided the thing?" sasked ber friend Wall, Mr. Rocks promised me the most alimony if such a thing should become necessary."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS * 130 months of Land tons for the Etate de Sade Pr published offer done is sommerce des avantages exceptionnelle. Prily de l'abonnement un l'anné il Editi n Outilievas 139 ft.