

A NATURAL WONDER.

The Devil's Race Course in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"The Blue Ridge mountains abound in natural wonders," observed an old resident of Penmar. "Most wonderful of them all, in my opinion, is the Devil's Race Course, which is but a short walk from Penmar."

"At first view this strange natural phenomenon appears like a broad roadway of great stones which extends away up the mountain in a path no human hand could ever build. Many of these great stones weigh tons, while others are only a few hundredweight. Lying close together by the thousand, they present an extraordinary spectacle."

"Tradition has it and scientists agree that a thousand or more years ago this strange track was the bed of an ancient river. The conclusion is drawn from the looks of the stones. They are all well rounded and worn smooth, showing the action of water, which had polished their rough edges no doubt for centuries."

"But the mystery is if this theory be true to explain how the great body of water was confined at the sides, for the course is not hemmed in by high banks, nor is it located in a ravine. In fact, it stands somewhat higher than the natural side of the mountain. The puzzle only intensifies interest in the queer place and multiplies the arguments and theories of its prehistoric origin."—Baltimore American.

THE ANIMAL MIND.

A Story About a Cow and the Calf She Licked.

An absurd story is cited about a cow, showing what creatures of habit animals are. This particular cow would not stand to be milked unless she could lick her calf at the same time. For a long time she always had a calf of some age or other lick, but at last by ill fortune one of her calves died.

There is no reason why a bereaved mother should mourn her loss just at milking time, but there was the fixed habit of making certain motions. The farmer, however, was a practical psychologist. He stuffed the skin of the calf with hay and let the cow have that to lick. To be sure, the hay calf had neither head nor legs, but a cow has no general ideas concerning the nature of calves nor any special reason for assuming that calves should have heads and legs. It felt right, and it smelled right. It enabled her to go through the customary motions at milking time. Therefore it was sufficient.

By dint of caressing and licking her little calf the tender parent one fine morning unraveled it. The hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender.—E. T. Brewster in McClure's Magazine.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am; very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said some time later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer respectfully, "but there's been some ladies looking 'em over that there ain't!"

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.—Youth's Companion.

Lincoln's Religion.

I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.—Abraham Lincoln.

Queer Friends.

On board the Union Castle R. M. S. Gosh on a voyage from the Cape to Tenerife was a little monkey belonging to one of the stewards. It was very fond of sitting on the back of a tortoise, another ship's pet, while the latter crawled about the deck. Although rather ill tempered and snappish with people, the monkey was always friendly with the tortoise, which made no objection to being used as her steed.—Wide World Magazine.

Society's Mandates.

Society can and does execute its own mandates, and if it issues wrong mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life and enslaving the soul itself.—John Stuart Mill.

Well He Knew.

Emperor Francis of Austria and his empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theater he remarked good naturedly, "We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure that it will be speedily forbidden."

Hopeless.

"Love your neighbor as yourself." "I do."

"Then why do you have such a frown?"

"I hate myself."—New York Journal.

The first catalogue of the stars was published about 1550.

HUGO AND THE YOUNG POET.

Praise For His Verses Which the Master Had Not Read.

A Paris contemporary tells a story of Victor Hugo and a young unknown poet. The poet, hailing from the provinces, sent to the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" a copy of his work, which he had just published in the form of a book of poems. Hugo replied in most sympathetic terms, and the young man was delighted with the letter, as well he might have been.

His joy, however, was but short lived, for a day or two later his servant announced that the package containing the volume of poems had come back through the post unopened. The package bore the legend, "Refuse par le destinataire—affranchissement insuffisant" (refused by the addressee on account of insufficient postage).

Hugo's letter was hyperbolic and in these terms: "Your work has given me a proud pleasure, under the impression of which I hasten to congratulate you. Your fame is young and radiant; mine is declining. It is the salutation of the night which departs at the rising of the dawn. You are shining, and I am dying. You emerge from oblivion; I return here."

"The heart either grows hard or breaks forth. Your sentiments have come forth, and you have written sonorous and superb poetry which consecrates you as a poet as well as affirming you as a man. You are then 'deux fois mon frere' (twice my brother). Accept my admiration as great as my esteem."

SEAWEED.

Several Varieties Are Valuable For Food Purposes.

Seaweed is not much to look at, but seaweed does not depend so much upon beauty as upon more substantial merit to make itself worthy of attention. Various species of it are used in manufactures, and several varieties are edible, the most important of the latter being Irish or carrageen moss, used in the preparation of jellies—blancmange, for instance—dulse or dilsek, very highly thought of by Scotland, particularly when roasted by wrapping about hot stones, and kelp or tangle.

Irish moss and some other species, particularly eel grass and flat stalk rock weed, have been found valuable as cattle food, especially when boiled to destroy the rank taste and mixed with meal. The eel grass and rock weed compare favorably with hay as regards the most important constituent—protein—containing 6.03 and 8.21 per cent respectively. They are deficient in fat, but contain a large amount of ash.

The great bulk of the seaweed gathered, however, is used as a fertilizer, and the average seaweed contains large quantities of all the essential fertilizing elements. Allowing 10 cents a pound for nitrogen, 2 cents a pound for phosphoric acid and 4 cents a pound for potash—and these are as low prices as it is possible to procure those materials in any form—a ton of seaweed containing 80 per cent water is worth as a fertilizer \$1.42 a ton.—New York Times.

An Ancient Mountain Race.

The most ancient people still living in the mountains of India are the Todas. Long before the arrival of the other tribes of the region the Todas were the kings of this country, which they held in common without strife or treachery to one another. The Todas are a fine race, tall, well proportioned and with regular features. Their complexion is of a light brown, and their eyes are bright and intelligent. The men wear a linen or cotton garment that reminds a European of the Roman toga. Their bearing is proud and dignified; their countenances are pleasing; their fine straight hair is regularly cut and well kept. Their superior appearance, the mystery that surrounds them and the obscurity of their origin have caused certain students of ethnology to suppose that the Todas are descended from the soldiers of Darius or Alexander, the ancient conquerors of India.

Deaf Guests at Hotels.

"To waken a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking for the same reason is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open, so we can walk right in and shake him, but there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient. It seems to me that the man who can't attend to a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."—New York Globe.

The Other Side.

Hank Stubbs—I fixed one uv them all agent fellers today. Big Miller—How so? Hank Stubbs—Waal, he come sneakin' up to my front door an' ast me if the lady uv the house was in, an' I said no, but the gentleman uv the barn an' hoss stables is.—Boston Herald.

The Caddie's Sneer.

Golfer—The day I get round these links under a hundred I'll give you a shilling. Sandy? Juvenile Caddie—Hoo will I want it when I drawin' me auld age pension?—London Punch.

His Vowels.

Ethel—Have you noticed how Lord Binker drops his aspirates? Fred—It's nothing to the way he drops his vowels; I've got more than a dozen of his I O U's myself.—London Scraps.

The Ubiquitous Purist.

Vicar—I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas, Thomas—Ya-as, zar. But it's my liver wot be wrong, y' know, zar.—London Telegraph.

Sky High.

Howell—Our servant kindled the fire with kerosene the other morning. Powell—Did you reprimand her? Howell—You bet she got a blowing up.—New York Press.

Hold your tongue and you will pass for a philosopher.—Italian Proverb.

ROYAL FAMILY OF THE DUTCH EMPIRE.



This is a new photograph of Queen Wilhelmina and the prince consort with the heir to the throne of Holland. The "little queen," as the ruler of Holland is known, insists upon taking personal care of the baby princess, who passed through her first summer with remarkably good health and bids fair to one day fill the place of her royal mother, who is worshipped by her subjects.

HONOLULU COWBOYS

Capture Prizes at Recent Roping Contest in Wyoming.

Learn Art in Rounding Up Wild Cattle on Mountain Peaks of Little Island in the Pacific Ocean.

Honolulu.—Since a dusky Hawaiian rode out into the arena at Cheyenne in the Frontier day contests and beat the best of all the ropers in the world, and since Iruka Purdy's cousins, Archie Kaaua and Jack Low, won third and sixth places in the contest, many have wondered how these men from a group of tiny islands in the middle of the Pacific were able to come to Wyoming and show the best of the plainsmen how to rope a steer.

The answer is simple. Ever since these men have been old enough to straddle a horse, they have been used to riding over rough country and roping cattle under conditions such as the average prairie cowboy never saw nor imagined.

The island of Hawaii contains a mountainous and rugged land through which the wildest of wild cattle roam. High up above the level of the sugar plantations the mountains are well wooded and the task of rounding up and roping cattle in such country requires the greatest skill and coolness in the saddle and with the rope. Only once in a thousand times will it happen that the animal to be roped lays itself open on a level piece of land. The throw is almost always made on the slope of a hill, sometimes with a sheer precipice at one side, and for this reason the Hawaiian cowboy never makes his rope fast to the saddle horn before throwing. It would be as much as his life is worth to do so, for the steer is liable to break away when the horse is on ground that makes it impossible to throw the animal, and so the roper must let go of his rope to save himself and his horse. These Hawaiians are accustomed to throw from all angles and up or downhill indiscriminately. The advantage of being used to this kind of work was well demonstrated at the recent championship contests in Cheyenne.

The three Hawaiians naturally enough, did not have their own horses, and depended on what they could borrow to ride during the contests. Purdy selected one that looked about right for the work, but a few seconds after he started for the steer he found to his disgust that the horse was not well neck broke and he had difficulty in guiding the animal right, and it looked as if it were impossible for him to make the throw successfully. But Purdy was used to that kind of work, and without any hesitation he threw from one side. As the nose rose and fell cleanly over the steer's neck a shout of derision went up from the crowd. They thought it impossible for any man to throw a steer in that way. But, quick as a flash, Purdy made fast the rope to the horn of the saddle, and almost before the spectators knew what had happened, the steer was struggling on the ground. The final result of about the famous Purdy run to the steer and had it properly tied in one minute and three seconds, making the best of the day and beating Archie Kaaua's time by six seconds. When the finals came off Purdy was more used

to his horse and tied his steer in 56 seconds.

The man to whom much of the credit for the Hawaiian victory is due is Eben Low, brother of Jack Low, half-brother to Archie Kaaua, and cousin to Purdy. Mr. Low is a retired rancher, who now lives in Honolulu. He it was who started the fund to pay the cowboy's expenses to Cheyenne.

Purdy's first appearance in public was made in Honolulu a year ago, when Eben Low produced a wild west show at Kapiolani park. Angus McPhee, then champion of the world, was present and took part in the competition, beating Purdy and Kaaua, but using a tied rope instead of a loose one, to which the Hawaiians had been accustomed.

Purdy is a typical Hawaiian of the mountains. Like a Greek god, the symmetry of his well-muscled limbs is something to wonder at. His face is dark and has many of the features of a Wyoming Indian, but he is none of their characteristics, for he is well educated and speaks three languages with ease and fluency. In manner he is quiet and talks but little. He is in no way conceited about his wonderful victory, but chats of his trip and his doings in the easiest and most modest way in the world.

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Electric Light

Always Ready
Brilliant
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PASSPORTS.

Method of Applying For Them to the State Department.

Passports are issued to citizens of the United States upon application to the state department in Washington. The application must be accompanied by an affidavit attested by a notary public or other officer empowered to administer oaths stating that the applicant is a citizen and giving the place of birth and age, and it must be accompanied by the certificate of one other citizen to whom he is personally known that the declaration made by the applicant is true.

The application must be accompanied by a description of the person, particularly as to age, height, complexion, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, hair and face. Blank forms are furnished by the state department on application. The fee for each passport is \$1. Citizens traveling abroad may also obtain passports by applying to United States ambassadors and ministers.

Where any person has made a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States and has resided in the United States for three years a passport valid for six months may be issued to him. This passport is not renewable and does not entitle the holder to the protection of this government in the country of which he was originally a citizen.—New York American.

MOUNT ETNA.

It is Said to Hold All the Climates of the Earth.

Mount Etna has furnished more material for travelers' tales than any other mountain on earth. Astonished Englishmen of a century ago, who fell into the fashionable habit of climbing to its highest peak—and some did so in the dead of winter—have left on record in the exuberant language of their day the emotions that thrilled their souls. "The man who treads Mount Etna," wrote one of these, "is a man above the world. Every river on the island can be traced from its mouth to its source."

"The characters," the same writer continues, "of all the climates of the earth can be detected—the frigid close around one, the temperate with its belt of trees just beneath and the tropical at the base of the mountain, with its vineyards and luxuriant groves. The great ocean around, with the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli and Vulcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet, and you look down upon the whole of Sicily as upon a map."

In addition to all the climates, Etna is reported to have trees that rival the giants of California, lakes that never thaw, bottomless caverns and snail-like snow.—Chicago News.

WHICH LEG?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered.

A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunately enough to have the other leg fractured in an accident. Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying:

"It's a gay bad business for Paul, but man, but it's his ain leg or the leg that belongs to the foot that's broken?"

UNION PACIFIC TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND.		EAST BOUND.	
No. 11.....	8:00 a.m.	No. 4.....	4:45 a.m.
No. 12.....	1:45 p.m.	No. 13.....	10:25 p.m.
No. 14.....	5:55 a.m.	No. 14.....	5:55 a.m.
No. 5.....	11:41 a.m.	No. 6.....	2:36 p.m.
No. 11.....	2:55 p.m.	No. 16.....	2:16 p.m.
No. 15.....	2:35 p.m.	No. 19.....	3:55 p.m.
No. 3.....	6:50 p.m.	No. 18.....	6:58 p.m.
No. 15.....	6:45 p.m.	No. 2.....	8:50 p.m.
No. 21.....	8:45 p.m.	No. 22.....	7:12 a.m.
No. 19.....	11:20 a.m.	No. 20.....	1:20 p.m.

SIOUX FALLS.		SALIDA & ALBION.	
No. 77 mtd.	4:20 a.m.	No. 79 mtd.	4:50 a.m.
No. 29 pas.	1:00 p.m.	No. 31 pas.	1:10 p.m.
No. 30 pas.	1:40 p.m.	No. 32 pas.	1:20 p.m.
No. 78 mtd.	6:40 p.m.	No. 80 mtd.	7:50 p.m.

Daily except Sunday.

NO. 1, 2, 7 and 8 are extra fare trains. Nos. 4, 5, 13 and 14 are local passenger. Nos. 29 and 30 are mail trains only. No. 14 due in Omaha 4:45 p. m. No. 8 due in Omaha 5:50 p. m.

G. B. & Q. Time Table

No. 22, Pas. (daily ex. Sunday) leave... 7:35 a.m.
No. 21, Pas. (daily ex. Sunday) arrive... 9:30 p.m.
No. 21, Pas. (daily ex. Sunday) arrive... 9:30 p.m.
No. 21, Pas. (daily ex. Sunday) arrive... 9:30 p.m.

THE KING'S ORDER.

It Was Obeyed, and Yet the Monarch Was Not Happy.

When King Gustavus III. of Sweden was in Paris he was visited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fellow countryman.

The king, who took small interest in the progress of science, felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic order, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count."

"His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister as he read the order, "but who in the world is Scheele?" A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information. "Scheele is a good sort of fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot and a first rate hand at billiards." The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher.

The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His majesty was indignant. "You must all be fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Scheele is!"—Argonaut.

THE CRISIS.

A Loving Mother Guides Her Girl at the Fateful Moment.

"Your whole future life depends upon it."

The mother, her face tinged with sympathy which we must ever feel in the presence of an immaturity that is hesitating between right and wrong, laid her hand over that of her beautiful daughter.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "into every life there comes at one time or another a supreme temptation. If the crisis is passed all is safe, but if you yield at the fatal moment you cannot retrace your steps. You are then committed to a fatal policy."

"But, mother, father says he cannot afford it."

"Exactly. Fathers from time immemorial have always said that. It is their way of imposing on youth and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do not forget that I am with you, that I will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can command."

So saying, the proud woman folded into her arms the weak creature, who even then, if it had not been for her timely rescue, would have been betrayed into a humiliating and shameful surrender.—Success Magazine.

What Yeomen Were.

Yeomen were formerly considered to be by their title on a level with esquires, and they were called yeomen because, in addition to the weapons proper for close engagements, they fought in the wars with arrows and a bow which was made of yew; hence the word. After the conquest the name of yeoman, in reference to the original office in war, was changed to that of archer. The term, however, was continued with additions—the yeoman of the crown, of the chamber, yeoman usher, etc.—and we find that considerable grants were bestowed on some of them. In the legal view a yeoman is defined to be one that has fee land of the value of 40 shillings a year and is thereby qualified to serve on juries, to vote for knights of the shire and to do any other act which the law may require. The yeoman always took a leading part in whatever concerned the regulations or interests of his numerous heroic achievements.—London Globe.

Insects and Flowers.

Experiments on showy flowers like the poppy tend to show that insects are not always attracted to flowers by the brightly colored petals, but rather by the perception—doubtless by means of smell—that there is honey or pollen. In these experiments the unopened flower bud is enclosed in a gauze net so as to protect it from insects, and when it expands the petals are carefully removed without touching the remaining parts with the fingers (for bees avoid a flower if the smell of human fingers is left on it, and the petal-less flowers receive practically as many insect visits as untouched flowers do.

Her Complexion.

We once knew a woman who quarreled with her complexion. At one time she touched it up so much that it became tawny. At another time it was beyond the pale. Occasionally it broke out and became very fiery. But, however much she quarreled with it, she was always ready to make it up.

Judicial.

"Prosny old Judge Talkit got hold of Smythe the other day and treated the poor fellow to a regular judicial proceeding."

"What was it?"

"First he arrested his progress and then he tried his patience."—Balti more American.

Happy Thought.

Mrs. Newell—How does the breakfast suit you, darling? Newell—It's just right, sweetheart. It may be rather plebeian, but just the same I'm awfully fond of calf's liver. Mrs. Newell—So am I, dearest. Don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have calf's liver every morning for breakfast.—Chicago News.

Not That Kind.

Charlie came to the doctor's office in a state of great excitement and said: "Please, doctor, come right straight down to see Freddy. Mother says he's wretched in agony."—Delineator.

The Responsible Party.

Visiting Relative—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair! The Naughty Son—Yes, and he's got me to thank for it too.—Puck.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with its beams.—Webster.

PLAYED WITH A LION.

A South African Child Who Ran to Meet the Big "Doggie."

The infant son of one of the Dutch settlers in South Africa had strayed away. After some time a search party discovered little footprints leading in the direction of the bush. Following up these, the search party came upon a large open space, at the farther side of which they discovered the object of their search sitting hugging a little wooden doll and munching a piece of bread and butter. Before they could make their way through the thick, tangled undergrowth a large lion sprang into the clearing. The little boy, far from being frightened, ran to meet the lion, holding up his bread and butter and said, "Take a bite, doggie."

The father stood powerless to move or speak through fear, expecting each instant to see the child crushed under the lion's paw, but instead of doing as he dreaded the lion turned himself over and lay on his back at the child's feet, looking up in his face as a cat would do at play. Watching his opportunity, the father raised his gun and fired, hitting the lion in the leg. The animal sprang up and, leaving the child, rushed on the party, injuring two of the number before it was finally killed. From this circumstance the child was immediately christened by the settlers "Daniel."—London Family Herald.

WAITED FOR HEALY.

An Incident of the Land League Agitation in Ireland.

One morning during the Land league agitation Mr. Parnell left Dublin by the early mail train for Roscommon to address a meeting. On arriving in the town he received a telegram from Dublin which read:

Missed mail train. Will get down at 6 o'clock. Postpone meeting till I arrive. HEALY.

Mr. Parnell was pleased to learn that T. M. Healy, M. P., was coming down. Delighted, too, were the local promoters of the demonstration, and the meeting was gladly postponed for a few hours.

At 3 o'clock the railway station and its approaches were thronged with people with bands and banners, and the train from Dublin steamed in amid terrific cheering for Tim Healy.

The train pulled up at a carriage door opened, and the local reception committee rushed to it, when out stepped "Healy," but it was not T. M. Healy, M. P. It was W. Wallace Healy, a well known reporter on the staff of the Irish Times.

He had been assigned to the Roscommon meeting, had missed the mail train, and it was most important that his paper should have a report of Mr. Parnell's speech; hence the telegram.—Pearson's Weekly.

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Yeomen were formerly considered to be by their title on a level with esquires, and they were called yeomen because, in addition to the weapons proper for close engagements, they fought in the wars with arrows and a bow which was made of yew; hence the word. After the conquest the name of yeoman, in reference to the original office in war, was changed to that of archer. The term, however, was continued with additions—the yeoman of the crown, of the chamber, yeoman usher, etc.—and we find that considerable grants were bestowed on some of them. In the legal view a yeoman is defined to be one that has fee land of the value of 40 shillings a year and is thereby qualified to serve on juries, to vote for knights of the shire and to do any other act which the law may require. The yeoman always took a leading part in whatever concerned the regulations or interests of his numerous heroic achievements.—London Globe.

Insects and Flowers.

Experiments on showy flowers like the poppy tend to show that insects are not always attracted to flowers by the brightly colored petals, but rather by the perception—doubtless by means of smell—that there is honey or pollen. In these experiments the unopened flower bud is enclosed in a gauze net so as to protect it from insects, and when it expands the petals are carefully removed without touching the remaining parts with the fingers (for bees avoid a flower if the smell of human fingers is left on it, and the petal-less flowers receive practically as many insect visits as untouched flowers do.

Her Complexion.

We once knew a woman who quarreled with her complexion. At one time she touched it up so much that it became tawny. At another time it was beyond the pale. Occasionally it broke out and became very fiery. But, however much she quarreled with it, she was always ready to make it up.

Judicial.

"Prosny old Judge Talkit got hold of Smythe the other day and treated the poor fellow to a regular judicial proceeding."

"What was it?"

"First he arrested his progress and then he tried his patience."—Balti more American.

Happy Thought.

Mrs. Newell—How does the breakfast suit you, darling? Newell—It's just right, sweetheart. It may be rather plebeian, but just the same I'm awfully fond of calf's liver. Mrs. Newell—So am I, dearest. Don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have calf's liver every morning for breakfast.—Chicago News.

Not That Kind.

Charlie came to the doctor's office in a state of great excitement and said: "Please, doctor, come right straight down to see Freddy. Mother says he's wretched in agony."—Delineator.

The Responsible Party.

Visiting Relative—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair! The Naughty Son—Yes, and he's got me to thank for it too.—Puck.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with its beams.—Webster.