EL DORADO.

A cripple on the wayside grass, I watch the people come and go; Te many a fair abode they pass, Ladies and knights, a goodly show. But though my hos prefer no sound, No less from all men I inquire: "Oh, say, I pray you, have you found The country of your heart's desire?" Theres

Some pass with pity for my lot, Some pass, nor heed, and others fling A glance of scorn that wounds me not, Who in my heart am murmuring: "Ah, could you buy, or could I sell, How gold and gem, and hall and squire, You'd gladly give, like me to dwell In the country of the heart's desire!"

You travelers in lands afar, With that world-hunger in your eyes, On every sea your galleys are, Your glances dare the darkest skies; Yet for some land unseen, unguessed, Your eager spirits faint and tire; I know the country of your quest— The country of the heart's desire.

with a constancy unwavering.

Those who knew Jones in his early

days found in him a source of merri-

ment. Poor chap! Every shaft of

cheap village wit found him vulnera-

ble, and when he struck back, which

was not often, he did it with such gen-

tleness and awkwardness that he ap-

peared quite ridiculous. His love af-

fair with Mary Brown furnished

amusement for two summers and two

winters. It was not much of a love

affair. Beyond the fact that he was

smitten by the girl's charms, which

were many, both of mind and body, it

was not outwardly a love affair at all.

had the girl not sickened he would have

asked her to marry him, and would

have been refused. But the sickness

came while the words were yet un-

spoken, and one day he was missed.

He had gone West, his moth-

er said vaguely to those who

inquired. She was afraid he

would never return. He was a

good boy, she added, her voice break-

ing slightly, but he had never seemed

able to get along with the people. He

was not understood. She had hoped

to see him and Mary Brown married,

but he had spoken to the doctor about

it, and the doctor had discouraged

him. It was not right, the doctor said,

for folks with consumption to marry.

dear!

There are reasons for thinking that

THE MAKING

A sudden terror veils you round, You lovers, even as you greet; Your spirits have no room to meet; Your spirits have no room to meet. Have peace! There is a deeper faith, And there is a diviner fire, A love more strong than time or death, In the country of the heart's desire.

And friends pass by with 'yal micn, They are together-lonely yet! A subtle barrier between,

A source carrier between, A longing, and a dim regret. But they are wholly satisfied, And they have done with doubt and ire, With grief and parting, who abide In the country of the heart's desire.

My country is a dream. you say? Nay, yours are dreams, and they shall cease, And yours are visions, day by day Wherein you strive to find your pesce! But fair, and fadeless, and supreme, The home to which all souls aspire, The only land that is no dream— The country of the heart's desire. —May Kendall, in Longman's Magazine.

JONES.

OF

He repeated the words slowly, moistening his lips the while, as one does when the memory of something pleasant lingers.

"It was well that I got there when I did. There were three in the family -a man, a woman and a daughter-a family that had come from the North for the sake of the mother's health. Their small plantation was practically isolated, and they had not feared the fever. They were quite unprepared for It. It is not necessary for me to tell you of the struggle we had; it is sufficient to say that they all lived. And one afternoon, when they were convalescent and I was able to remit the care, which until that time had been constant, I seated myself in a rocking chair, with the family photograph album upon my lap. I did not remain seated long, for among the first portraits in the book was that of a girlgirl who looked like one I had known-we had known-at home. 1 rose to my feet excitedly and carried the book to the woman, pointing with finger that shook disgracefully to

the portrait. "'Who is it?' I asked. "'My brother's daughter,' she said.

" 'And her name is-'

"'Mary Brown.'

"My legs went out from under me then, and my head buzzed. I was tired out, I suppose. I collapsed into a chair, and the woman, in her weakness not noticing, went on talking as some women do.

"'My maiden name was Brown,' she said. 'I haven't seen my brother's folks for ten years or more, but we have never ceased to correspond. Poor Mary was sick a while ago. The doctors called it galloping consumption. But it wasn't. If it had she'd have died. The doctors don't always know, begging your pardon, sir. 'Twas something else, like a decline, a kind of pining away, that was a mystery. Her mother thinks now 'twas love for a young fellow-one of the harumscarum sort-that lived in the village once. She thinks so because the girl got into a way after a while of talking in her sleep-repeating over and over the fellow's name, which was Jones. It seems that Jones was her whole life, and yet after he'd flirted with her for a time he went away, and has never been heard of since. He must have been a heartless scamp. Poor girl!'

"'And she isn't married yet?' I asked. My throat was so dry that I had to exert all my strength to make my voice audible. ''No.'

"'And you think that, bad as he is and shameful as was his treatment of her, she'd be glad to see Jones?' "There's no doubt of it, poor girl."

I left the room then. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went and threw myself upon the ground, and sobbed and laughed and kicked up my heels like one gone daft. She had spoken my name in her sleep! She wanted me! . She would, be glad to see me!

"The quarantine was raised four weeks later, and I went North. It was not a large population, and the 16,000 all true. She was glad to see me. of its inhabitants who left there last he reproached me for g e away

In Pennsylvania a married woman's property cannot be seized to pay her husband's debts.

Long Island farmers moving for the regulation of automobile speed do not propose to have their cornfields scared out of a year's growth.

Wilhelmina of Holland can now be as original as she likes. Among fifteen kings, six emperors and twentytwo presidents she remains the only

ruling queen in the world.

Professor Pupin believes that communication with Europe will be as audible and as certain as it is now between points afty miles apart. If all these expectations are realized by will be in use within two years.

A tax on cats is the latest scheme of the French sportsmen, who have presented to the Chamber of Deputies a petition calling for such an impost. The tax, they say, would diminish the number of undesirable cats which play havoc with small birds and game.

John Fiske, the historian, warmly approves the proposition to celebrate in 1907 the three hundredth anniversary of the landing at Jamestown, Va. "Of all dates in the history of the New World," he writes, "there is none which more imperatively calls for commemoration."

To show how the rural mail delivery promotes reading of newspapers, one of the carriers in North Carolina states that when he first began the service on his route, last August, only one farmer took a daily newspaper, and only a dozen took weeklies, while now forty take dailies and more than 100 take weeklies.

Less valuable than the trade with India, with Australia or with South Africa is England's trade with Canada. It is not difficult to believe that if the English were assurred of the kinship support of Canada in the event of a world crisis menacing the power of Britain they would consent to Canadian independence without a protest. asserts the St. Louis Republic,

The news that Norway is rapidly losing its inhabitants to the United States is true. When tested statistically the story shows that if Germany were sending its subjects to the United States in proportion they would number 400,000 annually. Norway has

IMMUNE TO SNAKE POISON. A Dog Who Hunts and Fights Rattlers

With Impunity. Dog fanciers and those who have lived in the country with a dog for their friend know that many of the canines of pure or mixed breed have a native antipathy to reptiles and will attack a snake at every opportunity. Other dogs are mortally afraid of snakes, and will flee from them in terror. Few persons, however, know the a dog car be immune against the pols-

on of a snake. That this is true is the observation of Mr. John W. M. Kiger, Secretary to the local Board of Health, who spent some time last summer in Wonpocoma, W. Va. At that place he fell in with a dog-a small common cur, with long shaggy hair. The dog is a born fighter, obstinate and pugnacious. his invention we may expect that it He has been bitten so often by copperheads and rattlesnakes that he is immune from their poison, which is deadly to many dogs.

This particular dog is the friend of sportsmen who visit the locality, and he gayly joins them on their excursions. His method of fighting a snake is simple. The sight, smell or rattle of a snake puts him on the aggressive. His sharp, bright eyes follow the reptile's movements and he circles nim bly around for a chance to nab his prey. When he sees an opening, there is a sudden spring, a quick snapping of his sharp teeth, and a sharp, strong jerk lifts the snake from the ground and prevents its striking. Soon the battle is over and the snake is dead. A short yelp of triumph announces the victory, and the dog is off for another battle if it should come his way. Occasionally the dog miscaledlates his leap upon the snake and it eludes him. Then before he can get away he is bitten. A yelp of pain escapes him when struck by the rattler, but he does not give up until the snake is dead. Few escape him. After the battle he licks his wound and no ill effect results from it.-Cinciunati Enquirer.

"How Soon We Are Forgot."

A writer in a Washington newspaper, in a column devoted to instructive and entertaining chat about the capitol, expresses surprise because in the basement of the building are portraits of "worthy old gentlemen" forgotten by "nine-tenths" of the visitors to the building, who wonders somewhat why Richard Montgomery, Thomas Mifflin, Charles Thomson, and Francis Hopkinson should find a place in the memory of the painter and on the wall of the Senate basement. The writer had looked in Fiske's "History of the United States" and could not find either Thomson or Hopkinson. When he goes to Quebec he may find the mark to indicate where Montgomery fell while trying to capture the citadel and the house in which he died. At St. Paul's Church, New York, he can find his tomb. Mifflin he can find as the President of the Congress that received Washington's resignation and Thomson he will discover to have been regarded as one of the brightest men of the Revolutionary time; while he has but to look at the original Declaration of Independence to see "Fras.' Hopkinson's name, one of the best known of all signers because of the brilliancy and variety of his accom-

THE APPLE-BARREL.

It stood in the cellar low and dim, Where the cobwebs swept and swayed, Holding the store from bough and limb At the feet of autumn laid. And oft, when the days were short and

drear And the north wind shrieked and

roared, We children sought in the corner, here,

And drew on the toothsome hoard

For thus through the long, long wintertime

time It answered our every call With wine of the summer's golden prime Sealed by the hand of fall. The heat there was of the earth and air, Of rain and sun and breeze, Changed to a pippin sweet and rare By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we Its message but rightly heard, Filled with the takes of wind and bee, Of cricket and moth and bird; Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June When skies were soft and blue; Thronged with the dreams of a harvest

O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh homely harrel, I'd fain essay

Your marvellous skill again; Take me back to the past, I pray, As willingly now as then;-Back to the tender morns and eves,

The noontides warm and still, The fleecy clouds and the snaugled leaves Of the orchard over the hill. Edwin L. Sabin, in the "New" Lippincott.

FITH AND POINT.

Ella-"Isn't that a beautiful sky?" Stella-"Yes. What a lovely color for a shirt waist."-Harper's Bazar.

"Papa, is an authoress always a married woman?" "That ucpends, my son, on whether she can earn enough to support two."-Life.

"Will nothing induce you to change your mind and marry ?" he asked, "Another man might," she replied.-Philadelphia North American.

Madge-"You'd better not trust that girl with a book. She never returns one." Marjorle-"But she won't keep this-it's a dlary."-Smart Set.

The lovesick poet seeks in vain For words that will rhyme handy; But his best girl would, no doubt, Prefer a box of candy. —Chicago News.

Little Tommy's sister had been ill,

and when he saw her he exclaimed: 'You look as though you had swallowed a skeleton too blg for you."-Life.

She-"Of course, every woman likes to be flattered." He (with a meaning look)-"But there are women whom it is impossible to flatter."-Boston Transcript.

"Oh, well, you prude, I don't care for your kisses." "Sour grapes." "You needn't send me any over the tele-phone, either." "Sour currents."--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The wireless telegraphy realinds ma of a groundless quarrel." "What possiple connection is there between the two?" "It's practically having words over nothing."-Philadelphia Times.

"I dare you just to kiss me!" Exclaimed the pert young miss. "I never take a dare," he said, "And so I'll take the kiss." —Philadelphia Rocord.

Burglar (sternly)-"Where's yer husband?" Woman (trembling)-"Under the bed." Burglar-"Then I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have such a husband, without being robbed, too." -Tit-Bits. Mrs. Newlywed-"I had horrid luck with my cake." Mrs. Binthare-"Too bad-did it fall?" Mrs. Newlywed--"Yes. I placed it on the window-ledge to cool, and my husband, either by accident or design, pushed it off."-Cleveland State Journal. "You don't seem as foud of poetry as you used to be," remarked the waste basket. "No," replied the office goat; "I'm suspicious of it. I picked up a poem yesterday that looked very sweet at first sight, but it turned out to be a bit of satire. I never tasted anything so bitter."-Philadelphia Recerd.

ERHAPS Jones accepted life | was a matter of sheer impulse. There were vacancies in the medical corps, in too serious a spirit; per-My credentials were good. I enlisted." haps he was oversensitive and "I am glad you are here, Jones,' overmodest; perhaps he attached an undue importance to certain said the other, and he looked at the emotions which in the breast of orditall, sunbrowned surgeon admiringly. This was not the Jones of seven years nary men are transitory, but certain

ago. The old Jones had shown few it is that the days of his early manqualities to inspire respect, and this hood were deeply tinged with blue; that he fell backward in the fight for was a man who had proved himself place, and permitted bitterness to enworthy of many things. He was not ter his heart, although it passed not to be laughed at now. his lips; that he loved sincerely and

"I am glad to have seen you," said Jones, "but I leave here to-night, while you"-he glanced significantly at the low buildings about the parade ground -"will probably remain for some time. I am off on special duty. I may return here and I may not. It makes little difference, anyway. Since mother died I have nothing to-"

shoulders shook. His mother had died in the first month of his absence. He had not learned of her death until his letter, written after securing work in the drug store, had been returned to him with the word "deceased" written appropriately in blue across its face. Presently be recovered himself.

going," he said. "Possibly some of my old friends will inquire for me. You can tell them, if you wish, that there was a post in the South stricken by yellow fever, and that I went thereto do what I could-at my own request. I would rather do it than not. They will be so glad to see me, you know-those poor chaps from whom the others have run away. Ah, it is worth while to have some one glad to see you! You can't imagine what it means to a fellow like me, who was missed somehow when the qualities of personal charm were distributed. It is so glorious when one's motives are understood and appreciated."

He turned away his head, and his

"I may as well tell you where I am

"I suppose it is," said the other. He She was glad he had not proposed to the girl; it would have made it so was thinking of the time when this man was the butt of the village fun. much more painful for the girl, poor and he was conscious of a feeling of shame for the part he had taken in More than one young man left the he cruelty. "Jones," said he, extending his hand suddenly, "forgive me," "Forgive you!" Jones was quite astonished. "Yes, for-for not knowing you. You are worth in the sight of heaven more than all the rest of us put together." "Bosh!" said Jones. But his lips quivered again, and the clasp of his hand was exceedingly warm. "It is good of you to say so. It is very gratifying to me to have one of my old friends say that, even if it is not true. I am no more worthy than I was seven years ago." It was not reproof, and yet it was The other hung his head. "Don't let us talk of it, Jones," he said; "don't let us speak of those times."

village that year to seek his fortune. as the saying is. It was like other villages-a place to be born in and to be reared in; that is all. It offered no encouragement to the ambitious. Occasionally one of its sons, battered and bruised by the outside world, came back, haltingly and tremblingly, to die; but few returned to live. Some of these young men went into the market places, and some into the gold fields, some here and some there, but two of them enlisted in the service of their country. And it came to pass, not strangely at all, but naturally, that they met at an army post in the Far West, and accosted each other fervently and with joyousness. One of them bore the red cross on his sleeve, and the other touched it lightly with his finger when the long handshake was over.

"How did you come to get into it Jones?" he asked.

There was the slightest of unintentional emphasis upon the pronoun, and Jones's sensitive lips quivered for an instant.

"I don't really know," he replied; "it just happened so. When I left home seven years ago I went to work in a drug store at Davenport. It was not a very good job. The druggist frankly, whether he was in the habit laughed when I applied for it. He faid he wanted a boy. Still, he would rather have a big chap like me if I would be satisfied with the pay. didn't promise to be satisfied, but I took the place. I was tired of looking more glad to see me than I had exfor work, and the little money I had was getting alarmingly less. That was the beginning. In two years, by hard study, I was a registered pharmacist, and getting fair wages, but I yellow fever with horror again. I wasn't happy. I don't suppose I'll don't know when I have enjoyed my-ever be regularly happy, although I've self as I have during the last six been nearer that way since I got into months. There would be little te know before what it was to have any one's face light up with welcome when they saw me coming. I never knew before what it was to have my fellow men cling to me and depend on me; it's sweet-sweet!"

He drew a long breath, as if inhaling a pleasant fragrance, and there was a far away look in his eyes, akin to rapture.

"I studied medicine after I received my degree in pharmacy." he went on, suddenly recalling himself. "I covered the course in two years, and got my permit to practice; but somehowthe same old reason, I suppose-no one seemed to care whether I practiced or not. For a few months I, happened that I was so situated that drifted around looking for a location. I could go. It was too good an opporcouldn't push. I wanted to settle ride under the brolling sun and place where the people weren't glad to conest, heartfelt, fervent welcome hand. I saw a placard at the door of It - was - worth - the - while-anda recruiting office, and I went in. It more."

"Very well," said Jones. And then, with a suggestion of hunger in his eyes he said good-bye.

Six months later the two men met again. Jones bore the appearance of one to whom physical rest has been long unknown, but there was a sparkle in his eyes that the other had

never before seen there, and he carried his chin high, as one who is satisfied with himself. He greeted the other with something like effusiveness, and the other wondered and said so of assuming a new character twice each vear.

"God is very good," said Jones, in explanation of the lightness of his heart. "Those people down there were pected. They actually showered me with blessings-regularly honest blessings, that entered into my life and lifted me up. I shall never look upon this than I ever was before. I never dread-little of sofrow-in the world were it not for human ignorance. Possibly it is better so. Man would be a wild, dangerous sort of animal if his spirit were not subdued with occasional hot irons. The keenest delight known to us is that which comes with calamity unrealized. Yes, yes, it is well that we are ignorant." "You are a philosopher, Jones."

"Don't call an old friend names."

said Jones, gravely. "One day down there word came from out in the country that a family-a whole familywas down with the fever. There was no one to give them care. The messenger, a negro boy, asked if we could not send some one to them, and it just Of course I didn't find it. Young doc- tunity to lose. I knew they would be Then fifty pictures can be taken in tors have to push in these days, and I glad to see me. It was worth the long rapid succession in from ten to fifteen down, but I wouldn't settle in any through the choking dust to meet an on its own axis all parts of the mucous see me. Finally chance took me in from some of one's fellow creatures. photographs are about the size of a

from her, and I was sorry clear down to my feet. But after all-and there is comfort in it, as I told her-I'm more worth marrying now than I was then."

"You are going to remain in the service?" inquired the other. "No, I'm going home to settle down at last-home-home!"

There was a rapt expression upon his worn face, and he raised his eyes reverently to the sky.

"Home," he repeated softly, "home -home!"-New York Tribune.

Under Shelling.

The writer's first taste of fire was an unexpecting shelling of the camp when dinners were being prepared, and all Journal. men were in a peaceful frame of mind inseparable from the fragrant smell of cooking meat. A high whistle, like an escape of gas in the air, a heavy thud upon the ground between two rows of tents, an appalling crash and a leap into the air of clods of earth, and a whirring and groaning of fragments of jagged iron-these were signs amid which the faint boom of the gun responsible for them was almost unnoticed. Another and another, while men still gaped at the first-the camp was under fire sure enough. How very like the pictures was the bursting of the forty-pound shells!

All hands were ordered to seek shelter under the lee of a bit of rising ground in front; how were all hands taking it, considering that they were men who had only landed from the transport three days before? Apparently they were not "taking it" at all, in the sense of being affected by it. I have seen soldiers make more fuss over the upsetting of a perambulator than they did over the shouting of those grim messengers from the faroff kopje. Some slept, others lay grumbling at the spolled dinner, a few took a mild interest in the destination of the shells, and laughed a little when they fell and burst in a totally different spot to what they had expected, and laughed a good deal when they fell and did not burst at all -Blackwood's.

Moving Pictures of the Stomach. Drs. Lange and Melzing, says the Photographic Times, succeeded in taking photographs of the mucous membrane of the stomach in the living subject. A stomach tube is introduced. having at the lower end an electric lamp and at the upper end a camera. The stomach is first emptied and washed and then distended with air. minutes. By turning the apparatus membrane can be pictured. The cherry stone, but, of course, they can be enlarged.

year created an immediate deficit in the census returns for Christiania.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given over \$10,000,000 to free libraries, and is still living. His example may be commended as a safe one for benevolent plishments,-New York Times.

millionaires to follow. Gifts to colleges and universities are good when the donor can resist the temptation to dictate the instruction, but in libraries that temptation is absent. Every reader can find what instruction he needs, as Mr. Carnegie did himself. The liished.

brary is a people's university, dedicatasserted. ed to liberty, observes the New York

So fatal have the endless and most exhausting duties of the office of Governor of Indiana proved during the past ten years that not a former Governor of the State is now alive. In this time four men have been called to discharge the duties of the office, and three of them were comparatively young, were in robust health when they succeeded to the office and gave evidence of failing health before the close of their term. The people demand too much of their Governors aside from the executive work pertaining to the office.

Nearly every farmer's wife and oth er good housekeepers know that when a potate has turned green by exposure to the sun and wind it is neither pleasant nor wholesome for food, and, in fact, it is very poisonous. Fortunately the taste is such that no one is likely to eat enough to get a fatal dose. This is due to the presence of solanin, an active vegetable poison, which probably exists in all potatoes, but more abundant in the white sorts than the red, it is claimed. In some German experiments, it was found that old potatoes contain more solanin than those freshly dug, perhaps three times as much, and if they have sprouted five times as much, and with very

much more in the sprouts. If peeled before boiling the water extracts much of the poisonous solanin, but this is not the case if boiled with the skin. Potatoes when sprouted should not be given to animals, it is stated, as the bolling does not remove the poison. If fed with them animals become lame in the knees or other joints and sometimes they die.

Taking Wise Precautions.

"On my right arm, please," said the sweet young thing.

The physician who was arranging the vaccine points looked surprised. The mother, who was supervising the proceeding, seemed even more aston-

"You mean your left arm, Clara," she

"No, I don't; I mean my right arm," answered the willful girl.

"But it will annoy you much less or your left arm," insisted the mother. The girl blushed but shook her head. "You don't understand," she said. "I confess I don't," admitted the mother.

"Very likely that is because you were not vaccinated at a time when you were engaged to be married," suggested the girl. "Harold has been vaccinated on his left arm, so I-eras a mere matter of convenience, don't you see, when you consider the juxtaposition in some circumstances-Here the mother and the physician made a mental diagram of the customary situation when two hearts are beating as one and quickly saw that the girl was exceptionally thoughtful and far-sighted.-Chicago Post.

Unique Cycling Performance. Edward Hale, the well-known English cyclist, has recently completed a ments and careers of men as they have unique cycling performance, viz.: the riding of 100 miles per day for a year, Sundays excepted, upon a chainless cycle. The distance he has covered ter than Disraeli's. "The secret of all parts of the country. Hale was as sound in health after he had completed his performance as he was when he first set out, the only difference being | well" is to separate yourself from the a decrease of seven pounds in his multitude-to excel.-New York World, weight and a slight enlargement of the heart, which is generally the resultant effect of a course of violent gymnastics. The cycle has stood the trial well. The bevel gear has given no trouble whatever, and has stood thoroughly the repair to the cycle only comprising renewals of the bearings and the tires.-Scientific American.

The Lottery of Marriage.

An Atchison girl boasted r. few years ago that two men were so anxious to dies simply cut out the bottom, and by marcy her that she drew straws to drawing what is left over their neads, see which she would take. She drew the wreng straw.-Atchigor Globe.

The s.r.f.llest mail ever dispatched was one recently made up for Buenos Ayres, the official entry of which was: Letters, 1; newspapers, nil."

A Rockefeller Idea of Success To just how many millions John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be heir it would not be easy to state with exactness. It is sure that the young man-he is twenty-five years old-has every temptation, were he so inclined, to prepare himself for a straightaway course in fast automobiles, fast company and rapid living generally. Instead he has taken to sober paths, and we find him assuring the members of the Students' Club that the things most worth while are not the search for wealth or extravagant joys, but these four: Character, friendship, health and success. And success, young Mr. Rockefeller says, "is to do the common duty of each day uncommonly well."

The epigrammatic wisdom of that single sentence is wortthy of an older head. With all its brevity it differentiates the characters, accomplishbeen since the beginning of time and as they are unfolding to-day the world over. Mr. Rockefeller's saying is betis 32,479 miles upon the high roads in success is constancy to purpose," because it expresses more than a success which might be merely personal. To "do the common duty uncommonly

Dresses For Congo Belles.

According to the Svenska Dagblad, of Stockholm, the postal authorities at Brunswick have lately noticed that the mail bags dispatched to the Congo were not being duly returned, and after a lot of trouble they have discovered the reason. It appears that the colored postmen in the Congo Free State make presents of the mail bags to their wives or fiancees. These laand, with the assistance of a piece of string, they have an ultra-modern cendy-made costume. The fact that the sacks are furnished with an enormous black seal bearing the legend, "Brussels Centre," does not disconcert them in the least.