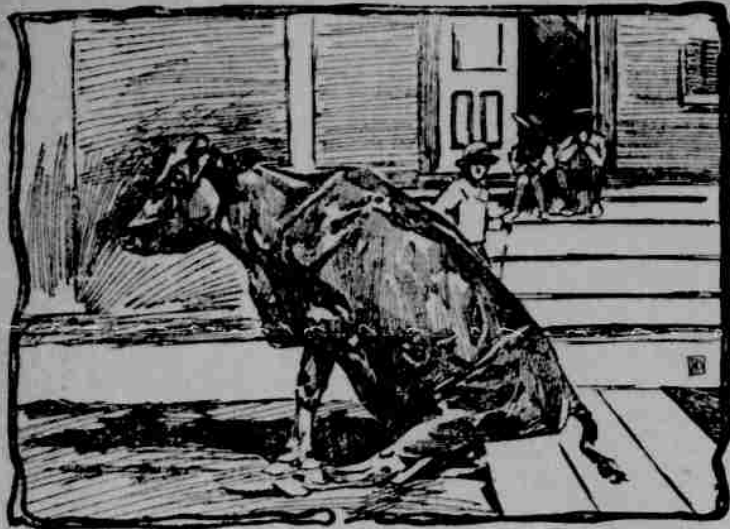


THIS COW SAT DOWN TO REST

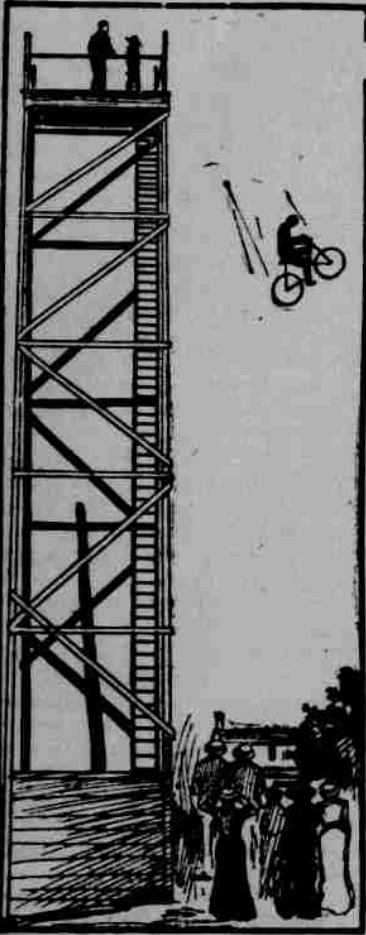


Perhaps the strangest pose in which a cow was ever photographed was on the occasion illustrated herewith. The cow actually "sat" for her picture. The cow had been driven 15 miles after being purchased, and the day was hot and trying to man and beast. Upon her arrival at her new home the animal

was very weary, and, on being led up to the house for inspection, deliberately sat, or "squared," upon a board walk. In this unusual position the cow remained, seemingly satisfied with the comfort of it, and showing no inclination to lie down in the more natural resting position.

DIVES ON A BICYCLE.

Most daring of bicycle feats is that being performed abroad by a cyclist named Gifford. Like Kilpatrick, who made the descent of a long flight of

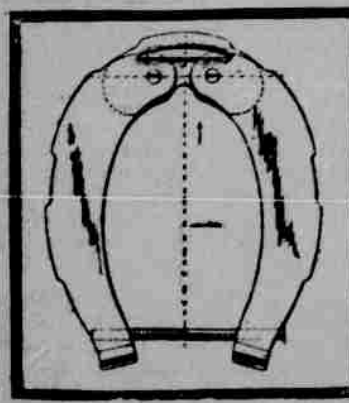


steps, this rider has only one leg. Gifford dives at full tilt from a tall gallery straight out over the edge and into the air. He drops 90 feet into a shallow tank of water.

NAILLESS HORSESHOES.

Ever since men began to shoe horses they have been using nails, but now a Cuban inventor says that nails are quite unnecessary.

The accompanying picture shows the kind of horseshoe which he proposes to substitute for the one now in use. Its



main feature is a plate, to which the various shoe parts are pivoted, and which is so constructed and arranged that it forms a protection and a support for the pivoted ends of the parts. Connected with the plate is also a mechanism for binding the various parts and keeping them in proper position.

Not a single nail is used when this shoe is put on a horse, as the plate surface to keep the shoe firmly on the foot.

Westminster Abbey Fees.

Officials of Westminster abbey charge fees aggregating over \$2,000 when a memorial is placed in the abbey.



THE SPANISH.

SUMMER IS HERE.

The crimson rose is climbing up the string. The small boy gets the hornet in the neck. The coalman thinks his business a wreck. The woman's on the dance and on the sing. The scent of new-mown hay begins to waft. Across the sunny mead that daisies bloom. And now the auerated dog's on deck To carol, and to leap, and to spring. The baseball clips the cloudship on the fly. The umpire 'neath the hat disintegrates; And while the swallows round the stable veer, And we're besoupered with the cherry pie, We slip our pikra and defy the fates. Because we know that dear old summer's here.

—Judge.

Tale of Five Cents.

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

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NEVER, thought Bessie Ayres, had she been in so unpleasant a predicament. Her purse was gone; it was not in her muff, nor yet in either pocket of her jacket. When, where, or how she had lost it she had not the least idea; not that that mattered much, except the disagreeable fact that she was in the street car, miles from home, with the rain outside falling in a steady drizzle, and that she had not five cents wherewith to pay her fare. What could she, what would she do?

"Will the conductor put me off?" she said to herself, "or will he trust me for my fare, if I promise to mail it to him as soon as I get home. He must know papa by name," and then she thought that if he doubted her honesty in one respect, he would do so in all, and might not believe that she was Judge Ayres' daughter. "Well, he may put me off if he likes. I can go to a drug store and telephone for a cab." Then her face grew blank with the recollection that in order to telephone she must have twice the amount needed for car fare. As the thought drove her sense of helplessness home afresh, she looked up involuntarily and caught two blue-gray eyes fixed on her, and twinkling with amusement. She turned pink with vexation. "Thinks it funny, does he?" she thought. "I just wish he were in my place!"

The young man, standing near, looked away instantly. When he boarded the car Bessie had at once attracted his attention as an unusually pretty girl, and he had watched the little pantomime with interest, thinking, meanwhile, that he had rarely seen so expressive a face.

"Poor little girl," he thought, pityingly. "She looks as though she expected to be arrested. Evidently she is not used to taking care of herself; belated by accident, no doubt, or has had her pocket picked." The flash of resentment which lit her eyes, as they caught his, confirmed his ideas as to her social standing, and completed his amusement at her plight. He turned his back and faced the conductor, who was rapidly approaching. The sound of the bell, as the fares were rung up, jarred Bessie's nerves.

"Fare!" she parted her lips, but before she could speak, "Two," said her neighbor, handing the man a dime, and the dreaded crisis was past.

For a moment Bessie fancied that the conductor had overlooked her in the crowd—the car was packed to the utmost. Nor was it until she saw the stranger, whose observation had annoyed her, making his way towards the door of the car, that, finding him alone, she understood that he had paid for her as the other one of the "two."

The discovery not only found her ungrateful, it filled her with indignation. The one thing needed to complete her annoyance was that a young man, with whom she was totally unacquainted, should treat her as an object of charity. How dare he do such a thing? Fortunately, she remembered that there was still something worse; to make a scene and call out towards the door. She had no choice but to ignore the transaction and appear unconscious of the man's existence. She knew that her cheeks were burning, but she clenched her hands inside her muff and toiled neither to the right nor to the left.

Bessie had always been quick-tempered. As a small girl, when she got into a passion, her mother used to make her repeat poetry until she quieted down. She had kept up the practice, of herself, in later years, finding it wholesome and easy discipline. She tried it now, and became so absorbed that her thringing nerves soon found relief.

By that time, the stranger who had come to her rescue had left the car, to her great satisfaction. Her ride was a long one, and before reaching home she was cool enough to conclude that, except for staring at her, the man had done a kind action in a gentlemanly way.

"He meant well enough, I dare say," she told herself, "but if I ever see him again I shall pay him that five cents, or die."

It was with this resolve that for weeks and months she kept a constant lookout for the unknown. All in vain, however, notwithstanding the fact that he carried away with him a mental photograph of a charming face, framed in a fluff of brown hair, with large brown eyes, and rosybud mouth, quivering with the look of a frightened child, a face which he told himself he could not fail to recognize wherever he might see it.

Nearly a year afterwards Bessie Ayres went to a neighboring city to officiate as maid-of-honor at the marriage of her father's niece. There was to be a round of gavottes, of luncheons and dinners and theater parties, and she found the bride-elect bemoaning

Sad End.

"I think I have heard," said the tenderfoot, "that the man you called Rattlesnake Sam came to an unfortunate end—hanged for horse stealing, or something of that kind?" "Worse than that, pard," replied the cowboy, shaking his head with ineffable sadness. "He was killed by being thrown from a box."

A Christian Chiraman declares that in the City of Foochow and suburbs there are 1,200,000 persons who spend annually on rice connected with laundry the sum of \$1,000,000.

the fact that the best man could be present only for the wedding ceremony. A substitute had to be provided for him even at the last grand rehearsal. "I wonder that Mr. Ross didn't choose some one who had more time to give him," Bessie remarked. "So do I," agreed her cousin. "I told Ned as much, but no, my dear, he thinks more of Mr. Benson than of his own brother, and won't have even him really grateful to Mr. Benson for coming in his place. Indeed, I believe he is going at all, and it is had for him to get off. You see the head of the firm is ill, and in Europe, and only Mr. Benson can fill his place. As it is, he comes and goes at night, so as not to be away but one day."

Bessie was not pleased. In spite of the serene confidence felt by every one else that whatever Mr. Benson did was sure to be done well, she had her misgivings, and the maid-of-honor plays a responsible part at a fashionable wedding. Still she was wise, and held her peace.

The all-important day came. The bride was a radiant vision in "sheen of satin and shimmer of lace," and Bessie, after completing her own toilet, turned away from the mirror with her sustaining consciousness that she also, did credit to the family reputation for beauty; pink and silver became her marvelously well.

Mr. Ross and his best man were waiting at the foot of the wide staircase, as the bride and her attendant came down for the start to the church. "Miss Ayres, Mr. Benson,"

Lloyd Benson instantly recognized the girl of the street car. Bessie did not raise her eyes—as her father always said, she was a person of one thought at a time. Just now that idea was the duty of the hour. She bowed mechanically, and attended to the bride's train instead of looking at the man who handed her into the carriage.

It was not until the ceremony had passed off beautifully, the wedding breakfast was over, and bride and groom had departed for Mexico, in a shower of rice and rosebuds, that Bessie found time for a really good look at her fellow-second in the great event.

Once more a pair of blue-gray eyes, twinkling with amusement, met hers. For an instant Bessie felt dizzy, and a startled look of recognition swept across her face, then she recovered herself and smiled.

"I think I owe you five cents," she said. "Indeed, why, and wherefore?"

"I think you know," she replied. "Besides, there is a year's interest due on the debt, and I shall be glad to pay it."

"You are a conscientious debtor," said Mr. Benson, laughing. "Will you pay me with a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you, I live in the same city. Seriously, Miss Ayres, I have been looking for you ever since that evening. If only I had known you were Judge Ayres' daughter! I know your father slightly, as who does not?"

Bessie picked one of the flowers at her belt to pieces while he spoke. "Mamma's day is Wednesday," she said, softly, when he paused.

"Thanks; then I may all? Since my best friend has married your cousin, you and I are connections, of a sort, are we not? So this is an revoir, not good-by."

Bessie whispered: "I hope it is not good-by."

A Little Amusement From a Cent. Don't say penny, say cent. A penny is an English coin. The Standard Dictionary says penny may mean any coin of trifling value, but if you mean cent, say cent, as a penny may or may not be a cent.

With this little piece of advice to start with, let us suggest how a little amusement may be obtained from a cent:

What official is suggested by this coin? Copper.

A messenger is mentioned on the coin. Where? One cent (one sent).

Where do you find the first American? Indian.

Where do you remark a snake? Copperhead.

Point out a Southern fruit? Date.

Where do you find computers? Figures.

Something denounced by audiponists? Feathers.

Piece of ancient armor? Shield.

Name an emblem of victory represented. Wreath.

Where do you find a great assurance? Check.

Where do you find what all families should be in feeling? United.

Point out a swift animal? Hare (hair).

Where do you discover an emblem of royalty? Crown.

Part of a hill? Brow.

Part of a river? Mouth.

Pertaining to an Eastern country? Indian.

Place of worship? Temple.

Where do you find a negation? Knot (not).

That of which our country is made up? States.

Announces or affirms? States.

What our ancestors fought for? Liberty.

Principal foremost, greatest? Chief.

Abandons? Departs from? Leaves.

Where is an orchestra found? Band.

Name a part of a bottle represented? Neck.

Fastens bolts? Locks.—American Boy.

A Cautious Claim.

"Is your wife one of these women who look at their husbands and say, 'I made a man of him'?" "No," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."—Washington Star.

Handle With Care.

"Mug o' beer?" said the bartender. "Certainly, sir. Wouldn't a glass do just as well?" "Certainly not," responded the customer, irritably. "It's muggy weather."

Waiting in Turn.

And when you've knocked the meat trust out, And it totters to its fall, Then tackle the coal trust, Uncle Sam, The meanest of them all.

Emperor William has decreed that hereafter no statue of his grandfather shall be erected in Germany unless it bears an inscription alluding to the dead emperor as "William the Great."

Since the introduction of penny-in-the-slot meters, the total consumption of gas in certain districts in Berlin has increased by nearly 700 per cent.

VESSELS SHAPED LIKE ANIMALS.



Skilled potters are the Kadlono Indians, of Paraguay, and nowhere is their skill more strikingly shown than on the vessels which they use to carry water.

These vessels are formed to resemble certain animals, and most of them are like armadillos, tortoises and stags. After the vessels are molded into these forms they are richly decorated, and except are sometimes roughly handled, which are treated with great care and are regarded as specially valuable property. They are made in several sizes, the largest being used for the purpose of

bringing water from brooks and rivers, and the smallest as drinking cups, or as vases, in which pearls and other trinkets may be kept. Those of intermediate size are frequently kept in nets, as in that way they can be carried more easily, and when nets are not used they are fastened to cords, which serve a similar purpose.

While some vessels are decorated with symbolic figures, which have a religious significance, others are ornamented with flowers and leaves, the Kadlono having been taught by missionaries some years ago to embellish their pottery in this manner.

A Thousand Dollar Bill; A Relic Saves a Fortune.

HERE was a time in the life of the confederacy," said the Southern colonel, "when we had so little regard for the

North, or so much for ourselves, that we didn't think a roll of greenbacks was worth any more than a roll of wall paper. Out of this feeling grew a very pretty romance which began in Holly Springs, Miss., and ended at the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York city."

"I was a young fellow of the enthusiastic sort that believed utterly in the final success of our cause, and when in 1862 Van Dorn swung round into Holly Springs and captured Grant's money and stores I was on hand with the boys, whooping it up in great shape. Among the articles captured was a big lot of greenbacks, \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000, more or less, and we had plenty of it."

"I had about \$50,000 in my saddle bags that I was taking along with me to give away as souvenirs. It wasn't good for anything else in my opinion, but it was worth carrying along for that, as part of it was in \$1,000 bills and didn't take up much room."

"I knew a pretty girl near Holly Springs, and I incidentally called on her. We had a good deal to say about the success of our arms, and as a little remembrance I got out one of my thousand-dollar greenbacks and stuck it in her autograph album, writing my name and the date below the bill. I don't suppose there is a picture page in any of the best illustrated magazines of today that represents \$1,000 in cash, as did that illustration I put in that girl's album."

"Later I rode out to our camp, some miles away, and putting up my horse, I adjourned to the banks of a little stream near by and was pouring my soul out through a flute. There was only a small bunch of our men, and we weren't thinking much about Yankee soldiers. I know I wasn't."

"I wasn't even thinking about my saddle bags full of money which were lying under a convenient tree, where I had thrown them. I was thinking about the girl. Suddenly there was a row and a ruction, and a troop of Yankee cavalry had swooped down on us."

"There was no time given for preparation, and thinking only of how to get away, I made a grab for my horse, and without saddle or bridle, and guided only by his halter, I cut out through the woods. The saddle bags I left under the tree; also the flute, and I haven't played the flute since. How I got away

DOLL OF WITCHCRAFT.

Recently a very curious doll was discovered in Hungary by Franz von Gabeney, a noted ethnologist, and it has been presented by him to the National museum of that country. It is made of wax, and was fashioned by an old witch for a girl who had been forsaken by her lover.

In order to make a doll of this kind effective as a love charm a long cere-



monly in your bed. If you do not come back I will drive my knife into your heart (at these words the girl sticks a knitting needle through the doll), and then you will surely die and the ants will eat your flesh. I pray, too, that as the tongue goes into the mouth, so may you go after me; and as I cannot live without a tongue, so may you not be able to live without me."

If the faithless swain does not appear in due time the following curse is shouted up the chimney by the two women:

"Demons, bring him back, wherever he is, for he shall have no rest. May my curse follow him and, as formerly St. Peter betrayed Christ three times before the cock had crowed twice, so may the devils persecute you, and I, too, will torment you as long as there is breath in your body. Here by this elder bush I bury you, and may the devils and their servants throw you into their mill and bruise your body until your blood gushes out and only your skeleton remains."

Having uttered these words, the girl spits three times in the doll's face, and then buries it under the elder bush.

It is doubtful if there is a single genuine old witch in Hungary now, and, therefore, common wax dolls, which are made in factories, are used by girls who desire to punish their lovers.

Office Hours of Beed.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed goes to Maine occasionally and occupies his summer home near Old Orchard Beach during the warm months. He has become so much in demand in New York that he is often asked if he intends to become a permanent resident of the city. The way he parries the question is interesting.

"I find," he said to a group of friends, "that the financial importance of a New Yorker is gauged by the earliness with which he leaves the city and the lateness of his return; his riches are measured by the length of time he stays away."

"But how about yourself?" asked one.

"Well," he said slowly, "I am still keeping office hours."—Saturday Post.

The injunction against the beef combine does not seem to lower the price of meat. But there will come a day of reckoning.