

THE SICILIAN HIGHLANDS.

Significant Scenery Surrounds Mountain Town of La Generosa

There is, except from Mount Etna or from the comb of the Cammarata, from the great rock above Castiglione, or from the walls of Centuripe or Troina, or from the beech woods of Maniace at the summit of the Serrajele, no view in Sicily comparable to the magnificent range with that from La Generosa, as Polizzi is named, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly.

This small town, once a Norman eyrie of Count Roger—his mountain whip for the Saracens—stands on an extraordinary rock or precipice at an elevation of over 3,000 feet sheer from the surrounding mountain region. In the middle ages Polizzi was one of the most prosperous inland towns of the Sicilian highlands, though how it could ever have been so may well puzzle the traveler of to-day, who looks up to its craggy height either in the blaze of the merciless heat beating with a furnace-wing against the arid rock, or against the steady rain and tempestuous cloud of the tromonta or gregale in the dreaded stagione di tempore—the season of tempest.

The immense panorama of the view extends over much of central Sicily—from the last spurs of the Macedonian range on the north, above Gela and the Tyrrhene Sea, to the height of Etna, in the south; from the Montemaggiore and Cammarata Mountain range of the west to the steeps of Nicosa and Troina and to the snows of sky-reaching Etna on the east. Far below in the rock valley from the torrents which become the Flume Saleo (the Himera Meridionalis) and the Flume Grande (the Himera Septentrionalis).

Near by are the precipitous neighboring mountain towns of Castellena, on the flanks of Monte Balza—the site, it is believed, of the ancient Imachia. And even in the little town itself there are things of interest to be seen—in particular some fine carving and other sculptural adornment in the Duomo, or Chinese Matrice, as the cathedral church is always called in Sicily, and in the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, a really fine archaic triptych, brought here no one seems to know when or by whom, but obviously painted by a disciple of Memling, if not by the great Fleming himself.

FLAGGING THE ENEMY.

The agent for "The Modern World of Music" hesitated at the foot of the driveway and glanced again at the bright red flag which fluttered from the front porch.

"Coming up or not?" called a loud voice, as a tall figure rose from a chair on the porch and turned toward the stranger.

"Are you going to have an auction or have you got scarlet fever or something there?" called the agent.

"Tain't any auction, that's certain sure," bawled the voice from the porch, "and I don't reckon it's scarlet fever, either, leastways the doctor ain't said so. Come up, won't ye?"

"I guess not to-day," called the book agent, and he sped on up the road.

The man on the porch resumed his seat and looked affectionately at the small red flag.

Leaving outside the village as we do, I don't know how we'd manage without that little flag," he remarked to the summer boarder.

"It comes handy more ways than one. Folks are apt to be kind of winded after they've clim' up the hill, and in times past we've had agents for one thing or another settling on this piazzette hours at a time. But I most generally hear of 'em in the village the day before, and since the doctor give me that little flag I haven't had a mite of trouble."

"I guess now I'll take her in; the freeman don't gen'ly come by on Thursdays, an' yet of course he might take a notion; but if he don't get along by this time of day I am apt to give him up. Useful little critter!" and he smoothed the small flag tenderly as he took it into the house.

The Life of a Book.

Interviewed by the Book Monthly, A. M. S. Methuen admits that "an enormous amount of rubbish is published," but he holds that because it has no likelihood of living it does little harm. There are few people, he tells us, who realize how short the life of an average book is and how far shorter it is getting. "Fifteen years ago you could count on its existence for two or three years. Now three books out of four are almost dead as mutton in three months. You may sell a few copies afterward, but the sale that remunerates the author and publisher is over before you know where you are." Taken altogether, Mr. Methuen considers publishing the most difficult business in the world, adding that "with competition it is getting more difficult." The publisher need not look for wealth; but among his compensations is the interest of his calling—"the literary interest, which is grateful and agreeable under all circumstances."—London Outlook.

Two Kinds of Actors.

"Actors nowadays," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "are divided into two great classes."

"Tragedians and comedians?" queried the friend.

"No. Amateurs and scene-chewers."—Washington Star.

When there is a death in the family, people begin to realize the kindness of some neighbors. A card of thanks is really creditable.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Countrie.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary afeatherless,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked w' flowers, moulted, tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Father made them sae;
But these sic things an' these souns will be naething to me
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countrie.

I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' o'er, we shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain countrie.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er be remembered mair;
His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest;
I wad fain be gangin' noo to my Sa-tour's breast;
For he gathers in His bosom wittless, worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them himself to his ain countrie.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll surely come again;
He'll keep his trust w' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watchin' aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun' o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to lika aye who listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not;
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven?
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now, all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dear head here,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

QUEER THINGS TO EAT.

What Was Served at the Table of a London Epicure.

Here is a typical insect menu, of which no one need be afraid to partake, since every item has been known and esteemed by insect eaters for generations past. It was served, not long ago, according to Pearson's Weekly, at the table of a rich London epicure, who is also an enthusiastic advocate of an insectarian dietary: Green caterpillar soup, fried locust with wood-louse sauce, curried cockroaches, wasp grubs baked in the comb, stung beetle larvae on toast, motus baked in batter, deviled wireworms, grasshoppers "au gratin."

The green caterpillars that compose the soup feed entirely upon vegetables, and mostly upon particular vegetables most disliked by man, such as calabages and lettuce.

In appearance the soup itself is not unlike clear turtle, while its flavor is delicious.

The locusts, which constitute the second course, have, as every one is aware, been esteemed by gastronomes the world over, and from the remotest antiquity. "Eat ye the locust after his kind," was the biblical injunction; and John the Baptist is recorded as having lived for some considerable time upon "locusts and wild honey."

There are, of course, many ways of preparing them. They can be fried, after their legs and wings have been plucked off, which was, as a matter of fact, the process adopted in this particular instance. Or they may be powdered and baked into cakes, or curried, or boiled, turning red, like lobsters, in the process.

The woodlouse sauce, if properly made with fresh butter, flour, milk, pepper and salt, will be found fully equal to shrimp, which it much resembles in taste. Indeed, the woodlouse, although he lives on land, is first cousin to that much respected crustacean.

Cockroaches, curried or otherwise, are delicious if selected of a service-

able size and plumpness. No, too, are their grubs, when full grown. They should then be at least two inches in length and fat in proportion, and may be eaten uncooked, like oysters, or stewed in milk.

Perhaps, however, the most toothsome of all insect delicacies is that which comes forth on our "menu of the day"—wasp grubs baked in the comb. These grubs have been fed by their parents on a saccharine fluid composed of fruit and vegetable juices and are simply tiny balls of sugary fat, possessing a flavor as exquisite as it is unique. No one who has once tasted them will ever again be surprised at the preference shown by fish for this particular grub when used as a bait.

The stag beetle larva is, of course, identical with the cossus, which the old Roman epicures used to fatten for their tables upon flour and wine. The sixth course should be served steaming hot, since there is no more appetizing odor than that emanating from a plump baked moth.

Deviled wireworms are eaten in the form of a paste, spread upon sippets of toast, and taste not unlike an chovy when treated in similar fashion.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

About 5,000 Only Are Used by Educated People.

No one can say how many words there are in the English language, because there are so many words of doubtful standing, says the Springfield Republican. The Century dictionary contains about 225,000 words, and the new edition of the Standard dictionary lays claim to over 300,000. Of these many are obsolete, and many others are rarely used. Science has added a vast vocabulary of polysyllables and scientific formula rather than real words. They have no place in general literature. The ordinary English vocabulary may be said to contain from 30,000 to 50,000 words, the latter estimate being large. No single writer of literature has used so many as this lower number named.

Shakespeare, whose vocabulary is larger than that of any other English poet, unless it be Browning, used about 15,000 words, while Milton, whose range was narrower, employed only about half that number. The vocabulary of the literate has been set at low as 20 words but this must be exceptional. It's more likely that the "ordinary workman" uses from 2,000 to 3,000 words, while, of course, he is familiar with several thousands more, which he recognizes in print but does not himself use. The common estimate of the average vocabulary of educated people is from 5,000 to 8,000, but in this case the number of words which are not used is enormous. A well-read college graduate should be familiar with perhaps 100,000 words, while in the course of a year he might not use 5,000 of them in his writing or conversation. Short-hand reporters find about 2,500 word signs and contractions ample for representing the words which are commonly used in public speaking.

Dead Shots Are All Deaf.

"I see you are a rifle shot," remarked Philosopher Simeon Ford to a man who after a good deal of sparring for place at last sat down in the hotel corridor by the side of New York's land lord orator.

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Ford's companion.

"Oh, easy enough. You are deaf in your left ear. All rifle shots are deaf in their left ears. All the Creedmore experts are that way. I am deaf in my left ear myself and got it shooting rifles. I met Gildersteel once and I was backing and filling and dodging to get a position where my right ear would hear on him and he was maneuvering at the same time for an opening where he could rake me with his right ear. Then Gildersteel said to me, as I have just told you that he observed I was a rifle shot it was the first time I had heard that all rifle shots were deaf in their left ears, but I have noticed it ever since and know it is true."

"The reason of it is that all the concussion of the rifle explosion comes on the left ear drum. The right ear is partly turned away and partly protected by the gunstock being brought up to the cheek when the gun is fired."—New York Sun.

He Got The Tip.

A certain literary person who is fond of giving an airing whenever feasible to the foreign languages which for the most part he is compelled to keep in cold storage happened the other day into an odd little restaurant where there is a single French waiter.

He gave his orders in French. The waiter stared. He repeated them in English. The waiter understood him at once. As the dishes were being served the literateur observed, perhaps in a slightly aggrieved tone:

"How does it happen that you don't understand me when I order in French?"

"Ah, monsieur," said the waiter, with exquisite tact, "you see, I was born in Alsace-Lorraine, where they speak very bad French."

Common to All.

Well—She and Mr. Gobbie appear to be talking very animatedly. They seem to have something in common.

Belle—Yes. They're discussing the weather.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A man is away from home all day. He wants to stay home in the evening. A woman is at home all day; she wants to go somewhere in the evening. This, in a nutshell, is the cause of the latest big quarrel.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Fewer Men Teachers.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that the report of the United States Commissioner of Education regarding common schools shows that there has been a marked diminution in the proportion of male teachers in those institutions. It is asserted that while the masculine instructors formed more than forty-two per cent of the whole in 1880, they now number only about twenty-six per cent. Roughly speaking, there are three female teachers for every male teacher in the common schools throughout the country.

It is not especially difficult to understand the probable causes for this change. One of them is undoubtedly the rapid industrial growth of the nation, making it far more profitable for young men of intelligence and ambition to seek fields of employment in which compensation was not only greater, but where there was a prospect that it would increase as the worker proved his worth and acquired more skill.

A question less easily answered is whether it is better for children of both sexes to be taught, as a rule, by women. Some of the British investigators who have visited this country within the past year, have expressed the opinion that there was some danger that American boys might become "feminized" by instruction of this sort. Home observers of the average male youngster are not likely to think that such a process has gone very far as yet whatever more or less direful possibilities the future may have in store.

In any event, there are no signs that the tendency of women to fill a growing proportion of teachers' positions has any present probability of reversal. Women are entering the gainful occupations in greater relative numbers each year. So far as teaching in the common schools is concerned, it looks as if they might eventually have pretty nearly the whole field to themselves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why Russia Occupied Manchuria.

BRITISH opinion on the whole seems to take the view that the Russian occupation of Manchuria, and of Port Arthur in particular, was an act of wanton aggression, principally the work of prancing consuls and ambitious generals, whose proceedings have been reluctantly endorsed by a government too far removed from them to arrest the execution of their projects, and that now the same government would be only too glad to be quit of the whole entanglement. This, we believe to be a common notion in France, but it is deduced from inaccurate premises. The expansion of Russia in the direction of China has not been the handiwork of adventurous spirits, whose proceedings could have been easily disavowed if unsuccessful. It is, on the contrary, a deliberate and well-thought-out scheme of compensation for checks in Europe. It is recognized by Russian statesmen, if not openly avowed, that projects of development in the Near East are not likely to prove remunerative for some time to come, if ever; and that China offers a far more favorable field for their energy. If this be the case, it is easy to account for the immense efforts made and expense incurred in civilizing Manchuria, in building towns and railways, which the last few years have seen. The British people had indeed spent a great deal less in money and labor in the development of South Africa before the Boer war than Russia had spent in Manchuria before the outbreak of war with Japan. Why should Russia, then, be any the more ready to retire from Manchuria, even if Kuropatkin be more decisively defeated than he has been at present, than the British were to give up the struggle after Colenso?—The Saturday Review.

A School for Brides.

IT is in Philadelphia that a school for brides is to be opened. The prospectus isn't out, but the supposition is that the institution will fill a long-felt want in the lives of young women who simply couldn't wait to be married, and who had neglected most of the preparatory steps.

There are some such. They look mighty sweet clad in white, smiling divinely and saying "I will" in a tremulous whisper, while a tear slips down a pink cheek. For a little while they board, it is unsatisfactory. There isn't much home to it, and it takes a lot of loving to cover the coffee spots on the tablecloth and make the soggy biscuits seem like angel's food. There is nothing that

PIG-FARMING FOR WOMEN.

Six years ago a daughter of Dr. W. Seward Webb began an experiment in stock-breeding on Shelburne Farms. Doctor Webb's countryseat on Lake Champlain. She was sure she had some business ability, and could make money if her father would give her a chance, says a writer in Country Life in America.

This her father agreed to do, and the young girl invested twenty dollars of her own money in a brood sow, and with her father's permission made arrangements with the shepherd to care for the sow and little pigs. As there was an abundance of skim milk, this was given to her without cost, but all the grain was charged for at market prices. From this single investment she cleared ninety dollars the first year, two hundred dollars the second, and three hundred dollars the third.

By this time the stock had so increased in number as to outgrow its quarters, and was proving so profitable that Doctor Webb thought it advisable to buy her out. So at the end of the fourth year he took over the stock at market prices, and gave her a check for seven hundred dollars, which represented the year's profits.

From this start the present piggy on Shelburne Farms has been developed. It is the most profitable department of the place. Two hundred or more pigs are sold yearly, averaging from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds in weight, and bringing one-half cent per pound more than the ruling market prices because of the superior conditions under which they are kept. The piggy is a model of its kind. The building is in keeping with the others on the place in exterior style, and the interior is finished with hard pine, cement floors and iron troughs with fixtures.

THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

A girl's piggyery is a new avenue of opportunity, and one that might be followed with more or less advantage by almost any country girl.

GREAT TOMB OF CONFUCIUS.

At the city of Chufansien, the Mecca of the believers of Confucianism, is in the province of Shantung, one of the most populous districts of the Orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which are inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion believed to be by 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnameable monsters that never lived on earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the Orient.

If a man can get into a bank after banking hours, he considers himself a prominent citizen.

makes a newly married couple year for a home of their own like life in the average boarding house. And then they get home. There isn't much money. They realize that they spent more than they should on wedding things, and Charley discovers that he must give more attention to business and less to household matters if he is to continue to draw his weekly stipend.

The girl who doesn't know how to cook and dust and sweep, and make beds and run a home, is miles deep in a hole. She is going to realize it sixty-three times a day and have a little weep every time the awful fact comes home to her. She is going to read a cook book and feel more hopeless every time she goes over a recipe. She is going to lose some of her pretty looks and a good deal of her sweetness while experimenting in the kitchen over a hot stove, and unless she has the disposition of an angel, and her husband is ripe for a halo, the first quarrel will occur at mealtime with poorly cooked "grub" for its foundation.

There should be no necessity of a school for brides. There should be no marriages without the home education necessary to make them successful and happy. But things are not what they should be, in this world, and so let's hope that the Philadelphia experiment will prove a success and that a host of girls will be graduated into useful wives.—Cincinnati Post.

Dolls in Heaven?

LITTLE JESSIE RAYFIELD, of Kansas City, blind and still in babyhood, was dying. The mother stood by her bedside speaking cheerfully while the tears that ran down her face welled up from a broken heart.

"Mamma, when I am gone," said the child, groping in her poor blind way to touch her mother's face, "I want you to bury my dolly with me. When I get to heaven then I can see her and, oh, mamma, next to you I love her so." The poor mother, almost fainting in her grief, promised the child, "I love my dolly, mamma, and though I hate to leave you I am glad to die, because I can see what my dolly looks like. She and I have been playmates a long time."

Treading softly, the mother took the doll and put it into the arms of the dying child. Fondling dolly with her weak arms, she spoke words of love and tenderness. And then—that "old, old fashion, death," touched the girl and she slept.

And afterwards as she lay in her little white coffin in her simple white dress, the doll, dressed in the same pure white, was laid upon her breast and her wasted arms folded over it. And those who came and looked upon the child could scarce see her for the rain of tears.

And look you: Who will say the child will be disappointed in her wish? Who would put his cruel fingers upon those sightless eyes to keep them forever from "seeing what dolly looks like?" They must be as kind where she is going as they are here. Can they refuse her pleadings for dolly?—Des Moines News.

How to Live.

IT is well to live many years if we can, provided we try at least to make the years useful. Each year means three hundred and sixty-five more days of possible effort; each day has its twenty-four hours in which a good thought or a noble ambition may be born. But we devote altogether too much time to things mere thought of long life and good health. We should adopt some definite plan of self-control and self-denial with the hope of living to be old.

But the plan thus adopted should become a matter of constant habit, working without any thought or effort on our part, as the heart works in its lifelong pumping. Once our physical plan of life is mapped out, our thoughts should be diverted from it. From that moment every particle of energy we possess should be devoted to the task of making ourselves useful. We should concentrate our lives upon some form or upon many forms of mental activity. We should compel ourselves to know the important work that is being done around us, as well as the great things that have been done in the past.

We should resolve to add something, no matter how little, to the good work that men have done. If we cannot create we can at least spread knowledge. If we cannot do the great things, we can talk about them intelligently, in a way that will stir up ambition in the minds of those that are younger and abler.—New York Journal.

TELEGRAPH MANAGER AT 14.

Julius Diehl, whose parents are expert operators, Regins Young.

Julius Diehl, 14 years old, on Oct. 1 became manager of the Western Union telegraph office at Madison, N. J. This place requires an experienced operator, and one who is well versed in all the details of an office, but Julius is well qualified for it.

Born within sound of the telegraph, he says there never was a time when he did not know what the sounds of the instrument meant. He worked the telegraph key as soon as he was able to spell. His mother and father were both telegraph operators.

Last spring Julius' father disappeared, and Julius had to assist in earning a living for his mother and a little baby brother. He became a messenger at the Postal Telegraph Company's Morristown office. A few days ago he told W. H. Linder, manager of the Western Union office here, that he was going to apply for a place as operator. Mr. Linder knew that the place in Madison would become vacant, and wrote to the Western Union urging them to put Julius in there. At first the New York office thought it was a joke, and laughed about it over the wire, but when they found that the joke was absolutely serious, they were thunderstruck. The idea of putting a boy of 14 in as manager of an office did not appeal to them. They began telling Mr. Linder various things over the wire. Julius was there, and, hearing the conversation, concluded to take a hand in it himself and sat down at the key. In fifteen minutes he convinced the New York office of his ability.—Letter to New York Tribune.

Saying It Too Often.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.