



ANNNOYANCE OF DOUBLE GLASSES
 Eyeglass wearing is agreeable enough until we reach the period when two pairs of glasses are necessary, with the continual shifting from one pair to the other, or the alternative—the bifocal lenses.

"Bifocal" is technical, and to the uninitiated, explanation may be necessary. Bifocal means double or two foci, short and long, combined in a single pair of glasses.

Benjamin Franklin made and used the first bifocals. They were simple—two half lenses of different foci mounted in one frame, the distance focus lens mounted in the upper half of the frame, and the reading half below.

A later form had an oval cut out at the bottom, into which the reading lens was inserted, but until the advent of the Kryptoks, it was impossible to secure a two-in-one glass which would be perfect optically, and without the blemish of crack or dividing line.

In these new lenses nearly all of the objectionable features of the old style bifocals have been overcome and they are the greatest achievement in optical science for twenty years. If you would like to know more about this lens, write to the Columbian Bifocal Co., Temple Court, Denver, Colo., who will be pleased to send you full particulars.

WHEN THE DUNES WALK.

A Sand Storm Experience in the Desert of Sahara.

To flee from a sand storm in the midst of a drenching rain seems an absurd performance. The Arab, however, experienced in the ways of Sahara, knows that when the rain stops the dunes are apt to begin their most terrible "walking." He seeks shelter while there is yet time.

Our worst experience of the desert in one of its mad fits, says the author of "In the Desert," was on a morning when, luckily for us perhaps, we were nearing the large oasis of Nefta, near the Tunisian frontier. The flapping of the tent and the drumming of raindrops upon it awoke us, and Ahmeda, in some excitement, hurried our departure. He explained that so long as the rain lasted it would keep the sand quiet and that this was our opportunity. Accordingly, in a very short time we had struck tent, loaded camels, saddled ponies and were under way.

It seemed to us a somewhat purposeless proceeding. The rain was and had been heavy. The ground was saturated. There seemed no prospect of its drying in a hurry. As Nefta was only half a day's march away it seemed unnecessary to start in frantic haste in the middle of the night in a pouring rain. Ahmeda, however, made no answer to our protests. The other Arabs seconded his efforts with all their energy.

Morning broke wan and sickly. As the light grew the rain slackened. The big warm drops became less frequent and at last ceased. The dull, opaque sky was pasty white and the air hot and oppressive, but the wind still blew as hard as or harder than ever.

Hardly had the rain stopped when I tasted between lips and teeth the familiar, gritty texture of sand. Hardly had the light increased sufficiently to disclose to view the drifts when all their edges and crests could be seen crawling and flickering in the gale. Already there was the droning sound in the air which meant that the dunes were walking. We saw at last the reason for the hurry. The rain cannot hold the sand for more than the instant it is falling. As soon as it strikes the earth it sinks in. One moment you may be streaming with water like a drowned rat, the next you are choking in clouds of sand.

The air grew darker and darker, and the roar of the sand as it rushed along the desert made speech, except by shouting, impossible. I could just distinguish our tall camels in the gloom, their ungainly action giving them something the look of ships pitching and tossing in a gale.

Ahmeda led the way by some mysterious instinct to us totally incomprehensible. We followed as best we might, breathing sand as we went, our heads bent to protect our faces. My recollection of the next two hours is no more definite than would be the recollection of being rolled over and over by a huge breaker. A singing and roaring in the ears, almost total blindness, a sense of suffocation and the feeling that I was in the hands of elements more powerful than myself are the vague impressions that remain.

When we at last got to Nefta we could not have been more saturated with sand had we been buried in it and dug up again. Hair, ears, clothes were full of it. Our cheeks were scarlet and sore with the ceaseless battering, and on them had formed hard crusts of sand, cemented by the water that had streamed from our eyes.

Mount Dajo and Wounded Knee



A MORO DATTO.

The people who inhabit the islands of the Sulu archipelago, where the battle of Mount Dajo was recently fought, are a very peculiar race. Nowhere in the world are stranger customs to be found than prevail among these wards of Uncle Sam in the far east. It is something over 500 miles from Manila to the island of Sulu, or Jolo, where the American troops battled with a band of Moros who had fortified themselves in the crater of a volcanic mountain which rises over 2,000 feet above sea level. The 160 or more islands of the Sulu group are inhabited chiefly by the Mohammedans. The beliefs of these people account in part for the fact that almost all of the band which resisted the American troops at Mount Dajo met death in so doing. The Moro warrior gives no quarter and expects none, and when he dies fighting a Christian he expects to go straight to the Mohammedan paradise, there to be ministered to by hours and enjoy the delights pictured by the pantheists, or priests, who exhort the warriors until they are ready to fall upon their enemies and slay them even though their own death is sure to follow. This idea is carried to a terrible extreme in the case of the juramentados. They are Mohammedans who take an inviolable oath to shed the blood of as many Christians as possible. By the laws which have prevailed in the past among the Moros of Sulu and Mindanao, but which the American regime has sought to modify or abolish, the bankrupt debtor was the slave of his

NATURE IN THE OCEAN.

Creatures D-vouring Each Other to Prevent Overproduction.

It is estimated that the cyclops will beget 442,000 young in the course of the year, and if these were all permitted to mature and reproduce themselves the seas would in a short time be a simple mass of living organisms. But the cecocilius, or "wale food," constitutes almost the exclusive food of the vast shoals of herrings and the sea living salmon and salmon trout. Their existence is one of the greatest economic triumphs of nature, for these minute creatures scour the sea of its refuse and keep it sweet, while they form the food of fishes, which in turn furnish wholesome food for millions of human beings.

Feeding on dead vegetable and animal matter, these entomostraca are converted into the food fishes of the world by one remove, being first assimilated by the herrings, then absorbed by the tunny, cod, mackerel and other fishes which follow herring shoals and prey upon the latter. They mainly swim on the surface of the water, and it is the search of them in this position which brings the shoals of herrings to the surface. Their countless numbers are also augmented by the microscopic larvae of fixed shells, such as the barnacle, which begins life in this form first as a one eyed swimming crustacean, then growing a pair of eyes and finally affixing itself.

In rivers these larvae are the sole food of all young fish and often also of older fish. In early spring the creatures in every stage—eggs, larvae and perfect though microscopic entomostraca—swarm in the water, on the mud and on the water plants, and were it not for nature's provision for keeping them in check so rapid would be their rate of multiplication that the whole character of the water would speedily be entirely changed.

AIR IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

The Same as In Other Places, but It Contains No Microbes.

It is an error to think that the chemical composition of the air differs essentially wherever the sample may be taken. The relation of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same whether it is on the heights of the Alps or at the surface of the sea. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportions of its gaseous constituents. The important difference is the bacteriological one. The air of high altitudes contains no microbes and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground and some hundred feet about it microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places not only does the microbe impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also.

Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, especially in pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, that the curative effects of certain health resorts are traced. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But these traces of essential oils and aromatic product must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are apparently not necessary constituents of the air.

Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps also argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life and damp vegetation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ancient Remedies For Hiccough.

The hiccough seems to be a modern and dangerous disease, but the ancients knew it and prescribed remedies that might now be tried advantageously. Galen recommended sneezing. Aetius approved of a cupping instrument, with great heat, to the breast. Alexander believed in an oxymel of squills. Al-saharavins made use of refrigerant drafts. Rhazes put his trust in calefacients, such as cumin, pepper, rue and the like in vinegar. Rogerius looked kindly on encafeatic, attenuant and carminative medicines.

Not Just What He Meant.

Lloyd George was addressing a meeting in Wales, and his chairman said: "I half to introduce you to the member of the Carnarvon boroughs. He has come here to reply to what bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh disestablishment. In my opinion, gentlemen, the bishop of St. Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creashon. But he has his match in Lloyd George?"

Savored of the Truth.

"That's no lie," remarked the man with the newspaper.

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"This paragraph to the effect that 'wise men are more often wrong than fools are right,'" answered the other.—Chicago News.

Why Bodies Were Embalmed.

The Egyptians believed that the soul lived only as long as the body endured; hence their reason for embalming the body to make it last as long as possible. It is estimated that altogether there are 400,000,000 mummies in Egypt.

Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live.—Socrates.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.—Bovee.

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The Bloodstone.

Almost every jewel has superstition of some sort attaching to it, and the bloodstone is not wanting in this particular. The story is told of it that at the time of the crucifixion some drops of blood fell on a piece of dark green jasper that lay at the foot of the cross. The crimson crept through the structure of the stone, and this was the parent of this beautiful jewel. The dark red spots and veins were supposed to represent the blood of Christ, and many wonderful properties were attributed to the stone. It was thought to preserve its wearer from dangers, to bring good fortune and to heal many diseases.

Great Men Have Been Erect.

The first object of physical methods should be to straighten and expand the body. The world may in a broad, general way be divided into two great classes—the erect and the inerect, the strong and the weak. The epoch makers—the Cromwells, Luthers, Napoleons, Wellingtons, Washingtons and Websters—have been men marked by a straight spine and a broad, high, deep chest. The mastered millions, the defeated ones, have been the inerect.—Outing.

Extenuating Circumstances.

A woman was charged with stealing a dozen cases of silver. She appeared before the second judicial chamber. Said the judge, "Come, tell us the truth." Said the woman: "The truth, my good judge, is that I have not been able to resist the temptation. Consider, your honor—they all bore my initials!"—L'Independance Roumaine Bucharest.

No Wonder.

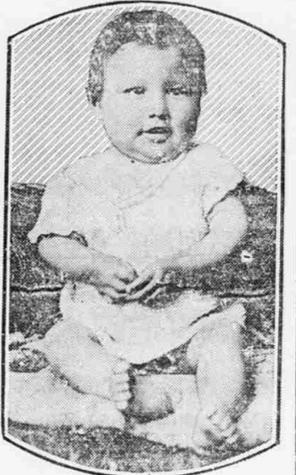
"What makes Archie Feathertop have such a strange, preoccupied look about him lately?"

"Preoccupied is the right word for it. He's engaged to a girl, but he has found another girl that he likes better."—Chicago Tribune.

Accomplished a Good Deal.

Mrs. Hoyle—What do you think of my dressmaker? Mrs. Doyle—She's great. She has almost given you a figure.—New York Press.

Let thy speech be better than silence or be silent.—Dionysius.



ZINTKA COLBY, INDIAN BABY FOUND ON WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD.

creditor. His wife and children were likewise slaves, whom he could free only by the sacrifice of his life—that is, by enrolling himself in the ranks of the juramentados. Lashed by the pantheists into a frenzy of enthusiasm, the juramentados would rush into a village, with their weapons concealed in their clothing, and cut and slash right and left until overpowered. A story is told of a band of eleven juramentados who concealed themselves in a load of fodder they pretended to have for sale and thus entered a town. Jumping from their places of concealment, they drew their crosses, stabbed the guards and rushed up the street, stabbing at all whom they met. They thus succeeded in hacking fifteen soldiers to death and wounding many others.

The Moro women often fight with the men, as they did in the battle of Mount Dajo, and in such cases they usually assume a dress which makes it difficult to distinguish them from the men. Boys fight with their sires sometimes.

The slaughter at Mount Dajo recalls the circumstances of the battle of Wounded Knee in South Dakota in the year 1890. In this battle the Indians made a treacherous attack upon the soldiers, and in the confusion of close fighting many squaws and boys as well as men were shot down by the troops. Speaking of the fight, an officer said: "In an Indian fight you cannot stop firing long enough to find out just what kind of an Indian you are firing at. The women and the men look very much alike in their blanket costume, and the former are quite as fierce fighters as the men." He added that if a soldier found a ten-year-old boy pointing a gun at him with as good aim as the best marksman in the army he could not very well stop to inquire the young man's age. The reports say that the wounded Moros stabbed American soldiers who tried to minister to them. After the battle of Wounded Knee the Sioux fired at those who tried to succor their wounded. It was on one of these occasions that the soldiers found among the dead a little baby girl less than one year old. She was brought up by whites and given the name Zintka Lannin Colby.

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