RED ANTS FOR PEPPER.

Experiences of a Couple That Paid a Visit to Guatemala.

The Sunday bullfight, held in a large place de toro (bull ring) outside the town, was the principal amusement. I cannot say much for this sort of entertainment. The so called bulls were wornout cows, which deserved a better fate than to be goaded into some sort of fury by the dashing picadors, who stuck picadilloes into them. In most cases they had dropped, refusing to move, and the audience became furious.

At the end the toreador, especially imported for the day, came forward to the presidential box, where we were sitting, writes a woman correspondent of the Boudoir in describing a honeymoon in Guatemala, and after a florid speech, of which I understood little, he handed me, with a profuse bow executed in true grandee fashion, hand on heart, the begored and flower encircled picadilloes as a memento of the august occasion. To refuse to accept them would have been the greatest insult, and my husband was obliged to carry them home for me, much to his disgust.

Some Spanish ladies asked me afterward how I felt when the great matadore singled me out for this high honor. When I told them that I was rather annoyed by his drawing the attention of the crowd to me in this theatrical fashion they were furious at my ungratefulness and told me it would have been the day of their lives, and they would have had proposals galore.

In the course of a scrambling expedition into the country over rough mountain roads we were obliged to camp out on hard bowlders, with only a mackintosh to keep out the cold. During the night I was frightened almost out of my wits. I felt a hand tugging at my hair, and, calling out to my husband, we saw a big monkey leaning down from the branches of a tree above us pulling away at my hair. His horrible claws had gripped such a lot that when he finally let go, after being belabored with the stock of a revolver, he had nearly half of it in his hand.

On arriving at a very rough and ready inn the landlady set before us poached eggs swimming in water plentifully besprinkled with small red ants. At first I tried to pick out these additions, and, seeing the woman eying me furiously, I called her and tried to tell her in my best Spanish that I was not accustomed to eat ants and that I wished she had been careful not to let them drop into the dish.

Her indignation was immense. With flashing eyes and gesticulating wildly, she told me in excited language that it had taken her a long time to catch those ants and that it was "so good." "Do try it, senora," she said, and, dipping her dirty fingers into the bowl, she fished them out and showed me how much she, at all events, enjoyed eating them as a sort of savory to the eggs and tried to encourage me by her example.

Feeding Orange Trees.

The biggest and best oranges are not grown on good soil. Fruit growers can improve on nature when it comes to feeding a tree. If they want to get the finest fruit they no longer pick out the rich, alluvial soils. Very fertile land produces citrus trees of rank growth, which often bear enormous crops, but the finest and highest priced fruit grows on nearly sterile soil. This strange state of affairs is thus explained: In fertile soils plant food is seldom properly balanced; neither is it present in just the right condition for producing the best fruit. For some reason, too, it isn't possible to influence fruit through the medium of a rich, fertile soil. It doesn't seem to be a good medium for chemical fertilizers, whereas a soil which is almost sterile makes the right base upon which to build up ideal conditions. Trees may be started in it and then fed with just such chemicals as will produce the finest quality of fruit.

Rapid Writing.

A rapid penman can write thirty words a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third a full mile. He makes, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing at the rate of thirty words per minute, he must make eight curves to each second; in an hour, 28,800; in five hours, 144,000, and in 300 days, working only five hours each day, he makes not less than 43,200,000 curves and turns of the pen. The man that makes only 1,000,000 has done nothing remarkable; there are those that make four times that number. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 800 miles long to be traced on paper by a single writer in a year. In making each letter of the alphabet we make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and a half to four.

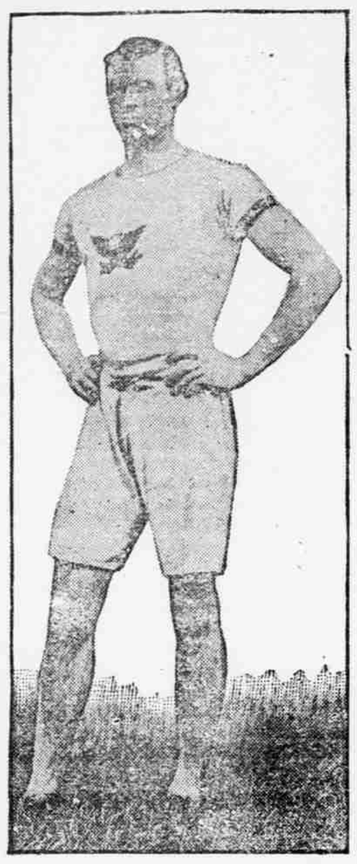
Buckle's Unfinished Work.

Buckle's aim was to trace the history of civilization, and from an early age he set himself to that stupendous undertaking. For twenty years he worked in silence and unknown, and then published three volumes which at once raised him from obscurity to the position he deserved. But his book, though long, was only an introduction to his great scheme, a mere study for the important picture he had planned. Yet it was all that he was destined to perform. Worn out by his efforts he went to the east in search of fresh vigor and passed away at Damascus, exclaiming in his last moments of consciousness: "My book, my book! I shall never finish my book!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

WON OLYMPIC LAURELS.

Martin J. Sheridan and His Victory In Classic Greece.

The American athletes proved the heroes of the Olympic games at Athens, and the splendid showing they made in the great stadium under the shadow of the Acropolis astonished the world. The performance of the Americans evoked enthusiastic praise from King George of Greece, who was an interested spectator of the events. Foremost among the athletes from the United States was Martin J. Sheridan of the Irish-American Athletic club of New York, who has been called the best all round athlete the world has ever seen. Sheridan was very popular with the Greeks, even though he beat them at their own game of throwing the discus. He threw it 136 feet 2 inches, while the Greek champion, Georgandas, came second with a throw of 124 feet 9 inches. Sheridan's feat broke the world's record. He put the sixteen pound shot 40 feet 2½ inches.



MARTIN J. SHERIDAN.

Sheridan is wiry and finely built. He stands six feet one inch in his socks and weighs 180 pounds, is twenty-seven years old and came to America about eight years ago. Recently he has been employed on the athletic grounds of the New York park department.

A NIGHT AND DAY BANKER.

What the Phrase "Banking Hours" Means to G. M. Wynkoop.

The first all night bank in the world opened for business in New York city a few days ago. A day and night bank is a new departure, a breaking from financial traditions that some deprecate, fearing that it will mean longer hours and harder work for dwellers in cities. But a large proportion of New York's population work at night already, and in the district in which the night and day bank is located, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, the financial transactions "after hours" in the hotels and restaurants have reached a proportion that compels recognition. The bank is expected to prove a great convenience to many in that it will enable customers to make up their accounts at the close of the day's business and then deposit the receipts.

Gerardus M. Wynkoop, vice president and executive officer of the night and day bank, was born in 1867 in a country homestead at Huntington, N. Y., and it was on a ranch in the west that he gained the bodily vigor and mental energy that paved the way to his success in New York's financial district. In 1893, when he landed at Spearfish, S. D., he stepped off the train with 3 cents in his pocket and hired as a man of all work at a local tavern to get a meal and a night's lodging. In 1898 Mr. Wynkoop started his career in the Wall street district as a clerk at $5 a week. Promotions came, and when the financial interests concerned took up the organization of the Night and Day bank he was chosen vice president and executive officer.

Copyright, 1906, by Theo. C. Marceau, N. Y.

GERARDUS M. WYNKOOP.

GODFREY'S TANKARD.

A Seventeenth Century Relic of the Plague In London.

A curious historical relic of London is the large tankard of solid silver presented by Charles II. to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1666. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover and weighs nearly thirty-six ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient, together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the fire, which are still in excellent preservation. The engraving of the pesthouse men carrying corpses to the dismal plague pit and that of the crowded blocks of houses surmounted by flames are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellinge, in Kent, was a timber merchant, possessing wharfs at Dowgate city and at Charing Cross. He prospered, became justice of the peace for Westminster and member of parliament for Winchilsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay and Green will need to be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unraveling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose hill, face downward and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery.

The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city, with great pomp and pageant, for the burial ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Felds, it was preceded by 70 clergy and followed by upward of 1,000 persons of distinction.

THE JAW AND THE TEETH.

What May Happen if We Continue Using Soft Foods.

The teeth are really appendages of the skin, and not of the skeleton, as people generally believe. The jaw is formed in accordance with the necessity for providing a hold for the teeth—that is, if there were no teeth to come, the jaw would grow differently, and would not have its present shape. The jaw is not an independent part, as it would like to be; it has to form itself to accommodate tenants with which, strictly speaking, it has no ties of kindred.

The use of soft foods decreases the size of the teeth, and they will ultimately disappear, unless we make more use of them.

As there does not seem to be any likelihood of a change in our habits, we must expect to lose them in course of time. Then the jaw will assume probably another shape. Further, the gums might disappear, for there can be no use for them after the disappearance of the teeth.

The loss of the teeth makes the lips fall in, and brings us near to the Punch form of face! We find it impossible to pronounce sounds, such as t, d, sh, ch. The change of face, so to say, will certainly lead to a modification of the tongue, and this in turn to the inability to pronounce other sounds.

Atonic Dyspepsia.

The ultimate cause of atonic dyspepsia is constitutional depression. It may be due to overwork, and especially to prolonged worry. Sometimes the dyspepsia is the first manifestation of tubercular poisoning. Again, there seems to be an inherent failure of the digestive organs. Once established, dyspepsia is, in turn, the cause of loss of strength, of mental inertia and visceral weakness. Some degree of simple anaemia is almost inevitable. The exciting cause may be an illness of any kind, the excessive use of tea, coffee or other beverages, the lack of proper food, some error in habits of eating. Often it is not discoverable.

Consolatory.

A correspondent of an English paper tells how some one visited a wild beast show and saw a countryman come in bearing unmistakable signs of having had a glass too much. A tiger scratched the back of the hand with which the man grasped a bar of the cage. The laceration was severe, and the pain was great. The sufferer danced about and twirled his shillalah, crying: "Let him out! Let him out till I have me will av him!" A companion tried to soothe the irate dancer, with this neat impromptu: "Never mind, Pat. Sure, he only wanted to scrape acquaintance wid ye."

He Knew.

The first witness called in a petty lawsuit in Cincinnati was an Irishman of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt. At their instance there was put to him before being sworn the usual interrogatory, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman as he replied:

"Indade, your honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."—Harper's Weekly.

Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy? He—Oh, yes, but always just about that time some new girl comes along.—Life.

Her Status.

The Captain—That's a handsome woman! Is she unmarried? The Belle—Oh, yes! (Captain indulges in pleasing reflections.) She's been unmarried several times!—London Mail.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.