BOX ELDER.

George Younger is numbered with the sick.

The report is that Mr. Bolles is better.

The family of F. G. Lytle have nearly all been sick but are now on the way to recovery.

By the thickness of the ice found in tanks these mornings "King Winter" is some where near us yet.

Mr and Mrs. Beebe of Missouri are visiting their niece Mrs Stephen Bolles and their granddaughter Mrs. George Harrison

One Conductor Who Was Cured.

Mr Willard Adams is his name, and he writes about it—"Some time ago I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism. I used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington, Ky., Street Railway. It gave me more relief than any medicine I had ever used, and it will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. A. McMillen.

FAMOUS FISH EATERS.

The Love of Sea Food Was a Mania In the Time of Lucullus.

Many famous persons both in modern and ancient times have been known as devoted fish eaters. Gatis, queen of Syria, was so fond of fish that she ordered all caught within the limit of her kingdom to be brought to her in order that she might be continually supplied with the choicest quality. Philoxenes of Cytheria, on learning from his physician that he must die of indigestion from having eaten excessively of delicious fish, said, "Let it so, but before I go allow me to finish what remains."

Athens was a city of fish eaters, and its cooks were famous for their knowledge of cooking fish. The wise writers of the day spent much time in recording recipes for preserving fish in salt, oil or herbs. There was a law in the city that forbade a fishmonger to sit down until he had disposed of all his stock on the ground that a standing position made him more submissive and inclined to sell at a reasonable price.

The Romans inherited from the Greeks their love for fish. Rome's soldiers were fed on fish, her generals ate fish, her senators were epicures in fish, and her emperors recognized no dish more desirable than fish.

Lucullus caused a canal to be cut through a mountain near Naples to bring up the sea and its fishes to the center of the gardens of his sumptuous villa. The love of fish in those days was a mania. The red mullet was prized beyond all food. A sauce called garum, made from the entrails and blood of mackerel and other fishes, brought high prices, and great prizes were offered the man who could make a similar sauce out of the liver of the red mullet.

In more modern times kings have been known for their liking of fish. In the reign of Edward II. in England sturgeon could be served only on the king's table. In France fishmongers were licensed by the king. Louis XII. was so fond of fish he appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two and Henry the Great twenty-four.

Under the reign of Louis XIV. fish eating became as popular at the French court as it had ever been in Rome. A story is told that when fish failed to arrive from the seacoast in time for a grand dinner being given by the Prince of Conde to the king the prince's chef, an illustrious purveyor of fish, was so chagrined he ran to his chamber, took his sword and pierced his heart.—Boston Globe.

Forgetful.

Absentminded Annette belongs to a club of young women in the west end of town. She went to a bridal shower given by the club and left her present at home.

"I'm so sorry that I forgot it," she said.

"Never mind," the other girls told her. "You can send it around later."

A few weeks later the club gave another bridal shower, and again Annette left her gift at home.

"Do you know what I've done?" she said when she discovered her mistake. "I've forgotten my present."

No one felt disposed to help her out.

"But, then," she added, "didn't one of the girls forget her present last time, and didn't we say it would be all right if she sent it around later? I'm sure that happened to somebody."—Newark News.

Hampered by Conventionalities.

Washington was crossing the Delaware river at Trenton.

"Of course," he said, "I don't mind standing up in this boat and gazing sternly in the direction of the unsuspecting foe, since the artists insist on depicting me in this absurd attitude, but the blithering chumps ought to know better than to paint these blocks of floating ice projecting a foot above the water. Any man with an ounce of gumption knows that the ice in this river isn't eight feet thick."

Angered by these reflections, he fell upon the Hessians shortly afterward with extreme ferocity.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," said a writer, "sat at dinner on his last visit here beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts.

"'My detective powers,' he replied, 'are at your service, madam.'

"'Well,' said the lady, 'frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half dozen tin pie plates.'

"'Aha,' said the creator of 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat.'"—Exchange.

Suffers For Her Belief.

"There are no martyrs these days."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"Do you think there are any people today who would suffer tortures for their beliefs?"

"My wife believes that an eighteen inch waist looks better than a twenty-two, and I think she suffers a lot of genuine torture because of that belief."—Houston Post.

The Usual Residue.

Hampton—Was anything left after the debts of Millionaire Flammer were paid? Harler—Yes; his relatives were.—Lippincott's.

Have a purpose in life and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

RETURNED THE CHANGE.

An Experience on a Train Between Metz and Paris.

"For scrupulous care and trouble taken to return change I have never heard of anything that equaled an experience of mine on the railroad between Metz and Paris," said a national guardsman the other day. "I had been studying the battlefields about Metz, and when I decided to get back to Paris I converted most of the money I had left into francs.

"It was a hot day in August, and the second class compartments were so crowded that I decided as we stopped at a town near the French border to change to a first class coach. There was a supplement to pay, and the only German money I had was in twenty mark pieces. The official who made the transfer did not have the proper change, and while I was waiting for him to come back with the 12 marks and some pfennigs that belonged to me the train moved off, and I gave my money up for gone.

"About 11 o'clock that night the train stopped at a town about halfway to Paris. There was only one other occupant of my compartment, a man who had got on at some station in France. Soon after we stopped the door of the compartment was opened and a man inquired which of us had given a twenty mark piece to be changed at the station in Germany. I replied that I was the individual.

"'Come with me, monsieur,' he said. So I alighted and followed him into the station office.

"There I found that my change had been telegraphed on, and he had the sum due me already counted out. There were a lot of receipts and things to sign, and the train was held up almost fifteen minutes on my account, but I got my money and a lot of satisfaction."—New York Sun.

POISING OF THE TROUT.

Its Resemblance to the Hovering of the Kestrel In the Air.

As the kestrel is to the clouds so is the trout to the crystal waters. Both kestrels and trout display that magical poising as if suspended by invisible threads—only now and then, when cross currents are encountered, is a sign given to show that life itself is not in suspense.

A brief agitation of the kestrel's wings, a swishing of the trout's tail—the cross current is weathered, and bird or fish poises motionless again. And as when walking along we are pulled up in ever fresh wonder by the sight of the hovering kestrel, so we must needs pause on a bridge when there is a trout in the stream below.

He looks his best poising with head to the stream—a shapely form against the background of smooth brown pebbles and waving emerald weeds. Leaning over the bridge with eyes on the trout a vision is conjured—an alluring fly drops on the water, then a slack line tightens, there is a song from the reel, a rod bends, there follows a dazzling dance of vermilion spots against the green of the bank.

Or as we come to the bridge on a winter's day we think we hear a mighty plashing of water over the pebbles, which turns out to be the play of thirty or forty trout, the play of the last round of some water tourney. As they come to the surface, rolling and wallowing, their great fat sides look twice as big as when seen through the clear water. They almost make a dam across the stream as they jostle each other, seeking for the choicest places on the spawning bed.—London Standard.

"Berlin, Germany, U. S."

"Say, is this letter addressed right?" asked a subject of Germany, holding up an elaborately decorated envelope before the eyes of a postman the other day. The latter surveyed the writing closely. There were a name, a street and then the city and country, "Berlin, Germany." Below were written in bold characters the letters "U. S." "Oh, you don't want 'U. S.' on there," remarked the postman. "Berlin, Germany, isn't in the United States." "I don't mean United States by 'U. S.,'" remarked the man from Kaiser Wilhelm's land. "I mean 'up stairs.' This friend of mine lives on the second floor."—Buffalo Commercial.

His Little Pun.

An inveterate wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag. "Then I see you have been well provided with provisions this trip, at all events."—London Graphic.

Hoot Awa', Mon.

An English clergyman, talking one day with a Scottish brother of the cloth, remarked facetiously, "Well, David, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours."

"Mon," returned the other, with ready wit, "I never tocht before that your head was sae empty."—Boston Transcript.

Progressing.

"How are you getting on as a newspaper artist?"

"Rapidly. They now allow me to draw the crosses showing where the tragedy occurred."—Cleveland Leader.

Noble Effort.

"Cholly has brain fever."

"How did he get it?"

"He met a girl who kept saying, 'Just think!' And Cholly tried to."—Pearson's Weekly.

A PATHETIC PARTING.

Last Meeting of William Winter and Richard Mansfield.

The last days of Mansfield were inexpressibly afflicting and sorrowful. His condition underwent very many changes, his suffering at times was great, but slowly he gained a little strength. He had for some time been determined on a journey to England. His passage was engaged for May 4, but he was not able to sail. I saw him on the morning of May 11, 1907. "I told them I would see you, Willy," he said, "even if I were dying." We sat together for some time. He did not speak much, nor would I speak much to him. It seemed best that we should both pretend to believe that he would soon be well, but I knew that I should never see him again. When he did speak it was little more than a murmured word or two. His mind was busy with the past. Several times he mentioned Jefferson and his paintings "Studies in green they are," he said. Once he spoke aloud to himself, "I have not lived a bad life." Presently I rose to go and clasped his hand and said goodby. At the door I turned to look at him once more. He was sitting huddled in his chair. His figure was much emaciated; his clothes hung loosely about him; his face was pale and very wretched in expression, and I saw in his eyes as he looked at me that he knew our parting was forever. I went back and kissed his forehead and pressed his hand and so came away. We never met again. Since then I have stood beside his grave. Life seems to be chiefly made up of farewells like that and memories like these.—"Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," by William Winter.

BLOTTING PAPER.

Its Discovery Was the Result of a Workman's Carelessness.

Blotting paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. It may be imagined what angry scenes would take place in that mill, as the whole of the paper made was regarded as being quite useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. All of a sudden there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."

The reason the paper is of use in drying ink is that really it is a mass of hairlike tubes which suck up liquid by capillary attraction. If a very fine glass tube is put into water the liquid will rise in it owing to capillary attraction. The art of manufacturing blotting paper has been carried to such a degree that the product has wonderful absorbent qualities.

The original blotting paper was of a pink color, due to the fact that red rags were used, rags which could not be used for making the ordinary paper, as the color could not be removed. Here was a method for using the apparently useless matter, and so for a long time pink was the predominant color.—London M. A. P.

The Arch.

The consensus of opinion among the learned is to the effect that the arch was invented by the Romans. Some claim that Archimedes of Sicily was the inventor, while there are others who would make it to be of Etrurian origin, but there can be no doubt about the fact that the Romans were the first to apply the principle to architecture. The earliest instance of its use is in the case of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great sewer, of Rome, built about 588 B. C. by the first of the Tarquin line of kings, a work which is regarded by the historians as being one of the most stupendous monuments of antiquity. Built entirely without cement, it is still doing duty after a service of almost twenty-five centuries.—New York American.

The Word "Slave."

An interesting instance in history of the twisted application of the names of a people is afforded by the case of the word "slave." Now, the Slavi, tribes dwelling on the banks of the Dneiper, derived their appellation from "Slav," meaning noble or illustrious. In the days of the later Roman empire vast numbers of these Slavs were taken over by the Romans in the condition of captive servants, and in this way the name of the tribes came in time to carry with it the idea of a low state of servitude, the exact antithesis of its original meaning and one that has survived to this time.

Where He Belonged.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent—"I say, sir, do you know to what sect I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer, "but to judge from your make, shape and size I should say you belong to a class called the in-sect."—London Tit-Bits.

A Description.

"What kind of man is Witherington?"

"One of those fellows who depend upon their whiskers to lend them distinction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Problem.

Howell—What are you trying to figure out? Powell—How long it takes my wife's age to pass a given point.—New York Press.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.