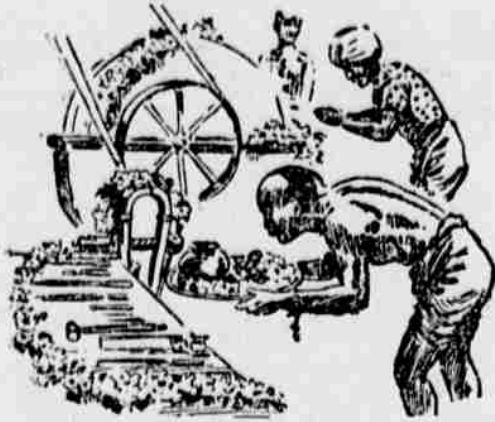


HOMAGE PAID TO ENGINES.

A Remarkable Festival Observed by the Brahmans of India.

Of all the many wonderful sights in that wonderful land of India, none is perhaps more striking to the European than the festival of Sri Pancham. Pancham is the god who looks after the implements of those who have to work for their living, and one day early in the year is set apart to pay homage to those implements. The night before the festival the mechanic polishes up his implements. If he is



Hindu Mechanics at Worship.

went to look after a gas engine, he gives it a thorough overhaul, or if he be a carpenter, or a weaver, or a blacksmith, he makes his tools bright and lays them out for the coming morn.

On the day of the festival the implements are festooned with flowers or other decorations, and during the day the religious-minded Hindu offers dainties to his tools, particularly sweetmeats. While he offers the sweets he mutters prayers, invoking success to his future labor.

VICTORY NOT WITH HIM.

After Fight With Wife, Husband Was Satisfied With Draw.

Among the many court legends related by ex-Judge Schatz, of Mount Vernon, is one of an Irishman called to the bar on a charge of wife-beating. The accused, a lightweight, whose manner reflected more of meekness than ferocity, sat quietly nursing a few facial scars as his wife, a burly specimen of her race, excitedly told the story of her grievances. When this, and the corroborative testimony of other witnesses had been



heard, the Judge turned to the prisoner and sternly exclaimed:

"Stand up there, Holahan, and let the court hear what defense, if any, you have to make to this charge of brutality."

The prisoner staggered to his feet, and as the blood trickled from his wounds, as if to emphasize the plaintive tones of his remonstrance, he replied:

"Beggin' yer pardon, yer Honor, but Oi don't t'ink Oi bate her."

"What!" indignantly shouted the Judge; "don't think you beat her? After all the damning testimony we have heard have you the audacity to expect the court to believe your unsupported assertion that you didn't beat her?"

"Axin' yer mercy, Joodge, for me bowldness," deferentially replied Holahan, "but all the same Oi do be t'inkin' that ef yer Honor had been rifereein' the schrap yersilf ye'd a-called it a draw."—New York Times.

Report Seeing White Robin.

A white robin was discovered in North Brookfield, Mass., the other day. The bird was in a flock of ordinary plumed robins, and created so much of a sensation that a freight engine was stopped to allow the trainmen to see it.

Went Through Poultry Flock.

A pet dog turned himself loose in a Damariscotta, Me., poultry yard the other day and slew 120 chickens in as many seconds.

KEPT ON THE MOVE.

Handkerchief Has Been Around the World Many Times.

The "Coffin Handkerchief," which for fifteen years has been a continuous traveler around the world, is again in Newcastle, Ind., having been received by Harry T. Coffin, a business man. Fifteen years ago it came into the possession of the family and was started from one member of the family to another, each in turn "working it off" on some other member without his knowledge. In this manner it has been kept on the go for fifteen years and has been to Manila, Porto Rico, England, and all points in the United States. During the Coffin family reunion in Newcastle last summer it was slipped into the trunk of a New York representative of the family, who several weeks later discovered it and sent it on, with the result that it went around the world, reaching Omaha, where a member of the family lives. The family considers it a relic and will keep it traveling as long as there is a member of the family living to send it to. It bears a proper inscription, and each recipient adds a little to it each time.—New York Times.

Early Bird.



A Roman servant girl goes to market early every morning to buy the breakfast—bread, butter, and milk for coffee—eggs, too, if desired. She buys only enough for one meal.

Calf With Two Heads.

A well-developed calf with two heads was born at the farm of Charles S. Atherton of Essex Junction, Vt., April 28. It lived but a few hours. The heads were perfect, and were joined to the body by a short, thick neck. Mr. Atherton fed the calf and it received nourishment at both its mouths.

One of Rare Species.

An unsalted specimen of the genus American, who was introduced to J. Pierpont Morgan recently, facetiously inquired:

"Did you ever see a genuine monopolist, Mr. Morgan?"

The banker, hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Yes, I did. I once met a man who minded his own business."—New York Times.



When Meat Was Cheap.

Good beef sold for a cent a pound in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England. Pork sold at the same price, a chicken at 2 cents and a fat goose at eight cents.

THE FIRST WOMAN'S CLUB.

Old Church Where It Was Formed is Still Standing.

Near the town of Baldwinsville, N. Y., on the old homestead of Elizabeth Farrington, stands the ruins of a little old Puritan church which for years now has been the home of pigs.

Yet associated with the spot and the few decayed boards remaining are recollections that will ever live even in the memory of feminine clubdom.

It was in this little house that, in the early part of last century, a society was formed by some charitable and socially inclined young women which proved to be the nucleus of the oldest woman's club in America.

It will delight the hearts of the members of Sorosis and of feminine clubdom of the country over to know that this mother of all women's clubs



The Old Presbyterian Church.

still exists and is in a most flourishing condition.

No woman's club in the United States can boast of such an aged ancestry, and surely it should be awarded the first place upon the roll of honor of all federations of women.

Lysander, N. Y., is its present home, and it is needless to add that it plays a most important role in the social life of the vicinity in which it is located.

MARVELS IN HUMAN VOICE.

Singers Who Do Wonders With Their Vocal Chords.

The London Mirror has an article on high and low notes of the human voice, and of the singers who sing them. Starting with a woman's voice, we find that the average top note is the G, an octave and a fifth above the middle C (1)—the number refers to the note on the scale. The professional soprano generally takes the C above, known as "C in alt." Mme. Patti sings an F above (2). Ellen Beach Yaw goes one better than Patti and takes the G above the F (3). The last record-holder was Miss Edith Helena, who could sing the next note, A (4). But now there is a marvel—Mlle. Amelia de Lagreze can sing C, three octaves above the middle C (5). This



Marvels in Sound.

young lady's vocal chords, when she sings her top C, vibrate 2,048 times a second.

Borrow Money to Pay Bounties.

The little town of Marion, Me., is paying 5 per cent interest on money borrowed to pay the bounty of 25 cents per head which the legislature of 1903 placed upon hedgehogs.

Divorces While You Wait.

Seven divorces were granted in a single hour in the superior court at New Haven, Conn., last week.

NOBLEMAN LIVES IN CAVE.

Wealthy Man Carries Love of Solitude to Excess.

One of the most remarkable noblemen in all Europe is probably Count Russell, whose love of solitude is carried to such an extent that he lives in a series of caves placed high up on the snowy Vignemale in the Pyrenees.

The Count has a house in Pau and is a man of wealth—a Frenchman of Irish extraction. He does not, however, care for social functions, and so he conceived the original notion of renting from the French government the whole of the Vignemale mountain from 8,000 feet to its summit, 11,000 feet. For this he pays the nominal rent of one franc (20 cents) a year. While the caves were already in existence, the Count has considerably "assisted" them by means of pickaxes and dynamite, carried up on mules.

The Count frequently sleeps in deep snowdrifts, wrapped in his reindeer sleeping bag, and from his nest among the eagles both France and Spain lie at his feet on either hand. The caves are quite comfortably furnished, but have carpets of straw, and the Count frequently lends them to friends who come to visit him in Pau.

Literal Literature.

(Extract from a popular novel): "Florabel was a vision of feminine loveliness. Her swan-like neck supported a fair face crowned with a wealth of golden hair which glowed



like radiant autumn leaves. Her shell-like ears, eyes like twin stars, and coral mouth made the fair maid indeed a dream of beauty."

Red Rose Paid for Rent.

Probably one of the longest leases known was granted for a small piece of meadow land, some sixteen acres in extent, in Surrey. It is for the term of 2,900 years, and was granted on St. Michael's Day, in 1651, at the singular rental of "a red rose when demanded." It is not stipulated that the rose shall be the product of this land, which is fortunate, for no such rose grows anywhere on the sixteen acres.

Strange Racer.



This is the type of automobile in which records were smashed on the sandy beaches of Florida.

Present for Pet Cat.

A small bag that came through the mails addressed to "Hon Tommy Postoffice, Hartford, Conn.," was found to contain catnip, presumably intended for the pet cat at the Hartford office.