

RICE WATER NUTRITIOUS.

Curious Way Some British Officers Discovered This Fact.

It is probable that few accidental cooks who prepare rice in various forms for diet are aware that in discarding the water in which it is boiled they are wasting what is regarded by the orientals as the most nutritious part of the food.

It was when the officers were seriously debating this problem that the natives approached them with what was regarded as a curious solution of the difficulty.

Since that time Europeans in the orient, following the custom of the natives, have given rice water to patients, particularly in cases of cholera, as a last resort when no other food can be retained in the stomach.

In fact, it would surprise many cooks to discover how much may be done with this apparently worthless stock. If the rice is cooked in the oriental fashion—that is, boiled only so long that each grain comes out of the pan separate and not as a sodden mass—the water when strained off and permitted to cool will become a jelly.

Decorating the Teeth.

"It's a curious thing," said the dentist as he caught the end of a nerve on a crochet needle and knotted up a few inches of it in chain stitch, "that, while some people consider gold fillings very disfiguring, more people look upon them as desirable decorations. I have had a great many people come in here and ask me to put gold fillings in perfectly sound front teeth.

"Of course I couldn't do that either. It would not be according to professional ethics. It would be malpractice. But that woman offered me the price of a dozen gold fillings if I'd only make the filling in her tooth look like a 'J.'"

Guided by Himself.

The father of Thomas Jefferson died in 1757, and the son's situation was touchingly described by him years afterward in a letter written to his eldest grandson when he was sent from home to school for the first time.

"When I recollect that at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were.

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing and to feel the incessant wish that I could become as they were."

Do You Believe in Ghosts?

On the subject of ghosts the village is divided. Some people beg the question by a bold assertion that "ther' ben't sich things, an' them as sez they sees 'um on'y thinks 'um does."

The dictum of one hardy skeptic is worth quoting as an example of shrewd reasoning: "I dwun't believe in ghosts an' sich," said he. "Why should I, seein' I've niver sin nothink wusser nor meself all me life long? I looks at it this way, luk'ee. If sa be as they be gone to the right place 'tis sartin sure as they won't keer to come back year agen. If sa be as they be gone to t'other, they won't let 'um come, bless 'ee."

Waiting to Be Eaten.

The wasp is not a vegetarian, like the bee, and so the wasp mother has before her the problem of supporting her young with meat. As her eggs are laid out in hot weather and as food enough must be stored in the cell with the egg to mature the young insects, the question is how to preserve the meat fresh for so long a time.

After a tube is finished except one end, which is left open, she flies off on a hunt for spiders. She finds a fat, healthy one, pounces upon it, stings it, carries it off and places it in the mud cell. She repeats this process until she has placed as many spiders in the tube as, according to her judgment, will be needed.

Whether it is the result of a subtle poison or whether it is a special spot in the spider's nervous system where the sting is inserted we do not know, but certain it is that after being thus stung the spider lives on in a paralyzed condition for weeks and even months.

Whether the spider can feel pain in this paralyzed state is not known, but it certainly retains its sight and so watches the wasp grub growing, and a spider's natural fear of a wasp would cause ample suffering to atone for its own onslaught on flies.

She Started Early.

A martinet of a sergeant deciding to get married, some of his men decided that when the happy event came off it would be a fitting occasion to pay back with interest old scores, especially as their friends decided to keep up the time honored custom of throwing rice and old shoes at the happy couple.

On the eventful day when the happy pair emerged from their quarters they were greeted with a perfect shower of rice and old shoes, but one Tommy had silyly substituted a big pair of regulation Bluchers, which he threw with such unerring aim that the missile caught the sergeant just above the eye, inflicting a nasty cut.

Directly the ceremony was over the sergeant immediately went to the hospital to have the wound dressed. The doctor, after examining the swollen and discolored optic, inquired how it was done.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, "I got married today, and—"

But was cut short by the doctor (a married man) exclaiming: "Oh, I see! That explains it; but, by Jove, she's started early!"—London Answers.

Loaded With Fat.

In the good old days when we were greatly pestered by a neighbor's sow, or mule, or bull, or dog, invading our premises and taking unwarranted liberties we loaded the old shotgun with powder and fat meat and, after serving due notice upon said neighbor and said notice being ignored, set out to uphold the first law of nature, self defense.

The amount of execution that can be done by a wad of fat meat on top of a good charge of powder is amazing. Wherever it strikes hair and hide disappears. It seldom if ever kills, but leaves scars that time does not obliterate. The fat being salty, causes excruciating pain, which lingers long in memory, and the stricken animal does not offend again.

A tallow candle can be shot through a two inch oak board without injury to the candle. In like manner a tallow bullet if driven by a sufficient charge of powder would penetrate a man's body and grease him so well internally that he would not care to go dueling again. A glancing shot would plow ugly furrows in the skin.—New York Press.

No Chance For Him.

Three negro lads met on a street corner one afternoon, and by some queer freak of Providence each had just 15 cents. "This was considerable for them, and, being so unfortunate as to have no 'craps,'" it required much serious deliberation to arrive at just the best plan for spending it.

Finally one suggested that they place their little capital in a pool and then, each in turn, guess what was good to eat, the best guesser to take all of the money.

This plan met with hearty approval, as each one had ideas on that subject, and the 45 cents was soon in a pile. Then the first one guessed.

"Possum, sweet taters an' watermelon," he said.

At this the second one reached down and began picking up his nickels, but the third stopped him with: "Hol' on dare! Let dat money 'lone!" To which the second replied:

"You think I've goin to guess agains' that fool nigger when he's done said all der is good ter eat?"—Types.

The Proofreader.

An anonymous writer in the American Printer of New York says: "The ideal proofreader for a small printshop ought to be an accomplished printer, a sensible person, a person understanding the scope and limitations of the English language, one comprehending the true offices of punctuation, one with a keen and true appreciation of literature, a storehouse of exact knowledge, a perfect grammarian, a perfect speller and with a fund of humor sufficient to enable him to do his whole duty along these various lines without making for an early grave.

If he does not really know everything, he ought assuredly to be able to scent out an error and to know how to get at the truth. If he reads the proofs for a weekly newspaper also, he ought to know all about local affairs and all about the town or city in order to prevent the reported marriage of the girl who merely acted as bridesmaid and untangle the mixed topography of the reporters' articles."

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

More than a thousand years ago— Shadows of time, how the days go by— There was a man I used to know— May seem strange, but you'll see it's so— After I tell you the reason why— Worked in a brickyard, same as you And all of us have to do; Mixed in the trouble and worry and strife, The mirsh and the other things of life; Stirred in the hopes and the pains and fears, Kneaded the mud with his sweat and his tears. Humanest man that ever you saw. "Poor brick!" said the man, "but I have no straw!"

Up to his knees in the miry pit, A pigmy's way, but a giant's gift: His back was a chain of throbbing aches, Lifting the mold with its earthen cakes; Elbows rusty as hinges of steel, Knees so lame he could hardly kneel; Mud so stiff it would clog a plow And couldn't be stirred with a wheel now; Nights as short as the days were long; Nothing seemed right, but everything wrong. "Beat I can do," said the man; "but, pshaw, You can't make brick when you have no straw!"

Taslmasters pitiless lashed the man. "Can't!" sobbed Weakness, but Courage cried, "Don't!" said Despair, but Duty cried, "Do!" "All right," said the man, "I'll worry her through! Can't do much, and I reckon you'll see Brick won't be just what they ought to be; Ain't no good as I know I could make If I just had straw; but you'll have to take The best I can do for the world's own sake."

He finished his tale of brick and then Went home to rest, and one son of men Looked on his perfect work and saw He'd have spoiled the brick had he put in straw. —Robert J. Burdette.

Change to Change a Quarter.

"How much does it take to change a quarter?" asked the bartender. "Twenty-five cents, eh? Not on your life. It takes seventy cents to do the trick. How many ways do you suppose a quarter dollar can be changed? Just exactly eleven. A fellow of limited means may like the jingle of coin in his clothes. In that event you can give him twenty-five pennies or twenty pennies and one nickel. He may like to have a little sprinkling of silver in his clothes, and you can accommodate him with fifteen pennies and a dime or ten pennies, a dime and a nickel.

"If he prefers to have change handy for a beer and a car fare, why, fifteen pennies and two nickels will fit him up, and if he wants a cigar in addition, besides having a little stock of cash in his jeans, give him ten pennies and three nickels. That makes six ways. Now, then, a fellow with a quarter can trade it off for five pennies and two dimes, five pennies and four nickels, two dimes and one nickel, one dime and three nickels or five nickels, just as he prefers. And to accommodate him in any way that he might select you have to possess twenty-five pennies, two dimes and five nickels—seventy cents in all."—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Leather.

The process by which the Chinese leather acquires its peculiar characteristics is described as follows: The skins are put into tubs containing water, saltpeper and salt and after 30 days are taken out, the hair is shaved off and the skins well washed in spring water. Each hide is then cut up into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaming oven. Further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, so as to dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke of the oven makes the leather black, and if it is desired to have it of a yellow appearance it is rubbed over with water in which the fruit of the so called wongchee tree has been soaked.

Of the offal glue is made by heating it in pans for 12 hours over a slow fire, and the glue so obtained is poured into rough earthen vessels, where it remains three days in order to coagulate. The solid mass is cut into pieces with sharp knives and carefully laid upon gratings to dry, the time taken in drying varying from 5 days, with a northwest wind, to 30 or 40 days with a southwest.—Boston Transcript.

The Land of the Guitar.

In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools, and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than the anvil.

When the Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil, he does not hie him to a wineshop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke or whittle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him, he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterward he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumming accompaniment, tilted back in a chair against his own house or on the doorstep of a neighbor.—Philadelphia Record.

How to Treat a Cook.

"Into no department in life," says Yuan Mei, a Chinese authority on cooking, "should indifference be allowed to creep; into none less than into the domain of cookery. Cooks are but mean fellows, and if a day is passed without either rewarding or punishing them that day is surely marked by negligence or carelessness on their part. If badly cooked food is swallowed in silence, such neglect will speedily become a habit. Still, mere rewards and punishments are of no use. If a dish is good, attention should be called to the why and the wherefore. If bad, an effort should be made to discover the cause of the failure."

Manx Taxes.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There is no income tax, no succession duties chargeable against the estates of deceased persons, no highway or turnpike tolls. Roads are maintained by the revenue from two sources—a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof and a levy upon every male inhabitant, who must give a day's work on the road or its equivalent in cash. There are no stamp duties on receipts, checks, promissory notes, etc.; in fact, stamps are used only for postage.—London Standard.

Easy to Please.

We've all heard of the woman who bought her books with reference to their bindings and refused to allow the works of Shakespeare a place in her library because their covers did not match the wall paper. Well, almost as critical a person was in one of Baltimore's shops one day.

"I want a set of books this wide and this high," she said calmly, indicating with her hands about three-quarters and one-half a yard.

"What author?" asked the salesman politely. "It doesn't make any difference about the author," answered madam. "My little daughter's bookcase is entirely filled except a space the size I showed you. I measured it myself this morning, and I want something to fill it."

"If you could give some idea of the sort of books you would like, I am sure I could suit you," said the poor clerk, knitting his brow in a distressed fashion.

"Well, I think blue would be pretty, don't you?" she asked blandly, and he said he did and forthwith sent her away rejoicing with the requisite number of volumes in her arms, all of a deep cerulean blue.—Baltimore News.

The Linsed Pontice.

A dispensary doctor in the Emerald Isle is expected to dispense many things besides drugs.

His life is certainly not a bed of roses. These people are woefully ignorant, yet no Irishman likes to confess to want of adequate knowledge.

One day I ordered a linsed pontice to be put on an old man's chest. The next morning he was no better, and I was accused of incompetency.

"I put the plaster to him, your honor," said his wife, "though he spit an' spit like a big snail. But it ain't done no good! An', docthor, honey, it was a big dose!"

Then I realized Mrs. Moulton's method of poulticing her good man's chest. She had applied the soft mass internally!

Another time I compounded (we are our own dispensers in the Isle of Destiny) a box of pills for "brown kitties." The result of grinding these with a big stone and wearing the powder as a charm was not satisfactory. My verdict as "c'rowner" certified "natural causes." It should have been given as "crass ignorance."—Good Words.

Beavers' Teeth.

Of the cutting power of the beaver's teeth Frank H. Risteen says in Rod and Gun:

"The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up most any kind of wood that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, 22 inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair sized sapling, say three inches through, in about two minutes and a large tree in about an hour.

"One of the queerest facts about the beaver is the rapidity with which his long, chisel shaped teeth will recover from an injury. I have known beavers to break their teeth in biting a trap, and when I caught them again ten days afterward you couldn't see a sign of the break. The teeth had grown out to their former perfection in that short period."

More Than Imagination.

A commercial traveler, whose wife is one of those women who borrow trouble indiscriminately, had occasion to make a trip east.

His wife was very anxious about him and felt certain that he would fall a victim to smallpox, which was reported to be prevalent in the city to which he was going. She begged him to carry a little lump of asafetida in his pocket to ward off contagion.

Naturally he objected and positively refused to be made the permanent abode of such a persistent odor.

When he came home from his trip, he said to his wife:

"It is wonderful, the power of the imagination. Why, don't you know, I imagined that I smelled asafetida the whole time I was gone."

"It wasn't imagination at all," quietly replied the wily little woman. "I sewed a bit of asafetida in the corner of your coat before you went away!"—Memphis Scimitar.

In the barks of our forest trees are contained a multitude of latent buds, which are developed and grow under certain favorable conditions. Some trees possess this property in a remarkable degree, and often, when the other parts are killed down by frost, the property of pushing out these latent buds into growth preserves the life of the plant. These buds, having once begun to grow, adhere to the woody layer at their base and push out their points through the bark toward the light.

The buds then unfold and develop leaves, which elaborate the sap carried up the small shoot. Once elaborated it descends by the bark, when it reaches the base or inner bark. Here it is arrested, so to speak, and deposited between the outside and inner layer of bark, as can be learned on examining specimens on the trees in the woods almost anywhere.

Manx Taxes.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There is no income tax, no succession duties chargeable against the estates of deceased persons, no highway or turnpike tolls. Roads are maintained by the revenue from two sources—a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof and a levy upon every male inhabitant, who must give a day's work on the road or its equivalent in cash. There are no stamp duties on receipts, checks, promissory notes, etc.; in fact, stamps are used only for postage.—London Standard.

Enduring Paints. Patton's Sun Proof Paints endure in any kind of weather. They are appreciated most in the worst climates. They are guaranteed to wear well for five years—but very likely you need not have to repaint then unless you wish to. They endure because the ingredients are pure, the proportions (Patton's secret) are correct, the mixing and grinding done by powerful, exact machines. More about paint in our free book of paint knowledge. Send for it. Liberal inducements to paint dealers. PATTON PAINT COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis. FOR SALE BY J. KOENIGSTEIN, NORFOLK, NEB.

YOU MUST NOT FORGET That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the Most Artistic Ideas and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all kinds of framing. I. M. MACY.

FRISCO SYSTEM THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE KANSAS CITY TO JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA

GOODS HONEST WEIGHT. THE SOAP THAT DOES THE WORK Diamond "C" Soap IS THE BEST FOR ALL LAUNDRY USES. Complete catalogue showing over 300 premiums that may be secured by saving the wrappers, furnished free upon request. Send your name on a postal card and we will mail you the catalogue. Address: Premium Dept., THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., South Omaha, Neb.

ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES? ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS: BALTIMORE, Md., March 30, 1901. Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and 30 days after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md. Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 505 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.