The Humorist in the Country.

Boy, to Fat Person—"Please sit still, with a new 'orse. 'E wants to see if it'll shy at yer.—The Sketch. Father'll be past 'ere in a minute

PRETTY STORY TOLD OF THE LATE QUEEN

Compliment She Could Never Forget—"Wearing of the Green" Sung.

"Not in the least interesting of the anecdotes narrated by Helen Vacaresco in 'Kings and Queens I Have Known' is that of the startling command of Queen Victoria in her own drawing-room to a lovely Irish girl to 'The lamps had now been brought (writes the Roumanian poetess), but large shades prevented them from bathing the whole room with light, and most of the people present remained invisible. Suddenly, in loud, distinct tones, Queen Victoria said, 'I want to hear "The wearing of the Green."'

"The title bore no significance to our ears, but an uncomfortable murmur floated through the audience, and I could even discern a few whispered words such as 'Oh, no, impossible!' However, the Queen repeated her request: 'sing that song, please. I wish to hear it very much indeed. Will you do that for me?'

'Yes, madame,' answered the beautiful girl, firmly. Her face was set, and her eyes shone with a strange glow.

"From the very instant she began to sing I grasped the meaning of the constraint and uneasiness with which the Queen's proposition had been received. In the full glare of a neighboring lamp the lovely young woman whose features were now fully revealed, began to sing. Her voice swelled out in accents as fiery and glowing as the flames of lurid torches, as furious as the harsh cries of multitudes raised up by wrath to a pitch of passion—fearful, indeed, but magnificent. The song she sang was a popular anthem, a shriek for mercy and pity, a defiant challenge from the weak to the strong—something starting and appalling, like a thunderbolt that falls on the bosom of the tempestuous sea and awakens thousands of echoes from its billows. All these waves of vengeance, all the cries, all the withering rage, which that young voice poured forth came to die like foam at the feet of the quiet queen.

"We were one and all wrapped up in the same thought: What would we say after the young girl had ceased—who would dare to break the silence this time? What would follow? When the dreaded pause came we almost held our breath; no word was spoken, no sound heard.

"Then an incident, unexpected as it was charming, took place. With dignified yet affectionate alacrity the Queen of Roumania came over and knelt by the side of Queen Victoria's chair, and, taking both her hands caressingly between her own, said, 'What a very great queen you must be, and how sure of the affection of your people when you can have such a song sung in your presence! In fact, were you not really a great queen, no one would have dared to obey you today.'

"'But the song is splendid, said Queen Victoria; 'and I wanted you to hear it. Besides, I am very fond of the Irish, you may be sure of that.' Then, turning towards the young girl, 'I thank you with all my heart, dear. You have given me great pleasure and been the occassion of my receiving from the Queen of Roumania a compliment which I shall never forget.'"

THEY DRIVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

The Sultan of Turkey owns about five hundred carriages. Collecting them is a fad with him.

DYSPEPSIA CURED

By my Cure or I Give Back Your Money.

If you have been a sufferer for years with a diseased stomach, my Dyspepsia Cure will positively cure you. Don't fail to get a twenty-five cent vial of these valuable little pellets from your druggist. If you do not receive an absolute cure I will refund your money.—Munyon. 108

SUGAR MAPLE BORER; A DESTRUCTIVE PEST

Care and Promptness May in Some Measure Prevent Its Operations.

This is one of the most destructive insects affecting an exceedingly popular and very desirable shade tree. Trees disfigured by the unsightly galleries of its larvae are to be met with in every section of New York where the sugar maple grows. The parent insect (Plagonotus speciosus Say) is a stout, jet-black, golden-yellow beetle, conspicuous on account of the bright inverted W upon the wing covers. It is abroad during the summer and deposits its eggs at the base of the large limbs and on the adjacent trunk. The grub soon begins its operations, and the latter part of August or early in September the characteristic borings may be seen hanging from a small scar which frequently bleeds and discolors the adjacent bark. Indications of the insect's work are seen in dead branches, large unsightly scars on the trunk, or at the present time by the sudden wilting of the foliage on entire limbs. A little care and promptness in the adoption of preventive measures should result in a material decrease of injuries caused by this species. This borer has been under our observation for a number of years, and the following protective measures are the best we can advise:

Very badly infested trees should be cut and burned before the following June to prevent the maturing of any insects they may contain. It may be possible to prevent oviposition if the trunk of valued shade trees are treated early in June with the carbolic soap wash frequently advised. This is simply a deterrent and renders the trunks so distasteful that the insects will not attempt to deposit eggs therein. The most successful method of checking this insect is by careful examinations each fall and spring for the characteristic borings. These are familiarly known as sawdust, and small comminuted particles of wood or bark at the base of the tree or in bark crevices should lead to a careful search for their source. It will usually be found in a burrow near the base of the limbs or in the adjacent trunk, and wherever such injury occurs, the borers should be carefully dug out, even though it means much cutting, because the grubs make extensive drafts on the sap of the tree, upon which they appear to live to a considerable extent. The galleries are usually under perfectly smooth, apparently healthy bark and within a quarter to half an inch of the surface. They should be followed carefully, and if a wire is used is may be possible to trace the gallery by cutting in here and there without exposing its entire length, something of particular importance when the boring has a tranverse or oblique direction. It should in any case be followed to its end and the offender destroyed.

This may seem like an extreme recommendation, but it should be remembered that if the borer is not killed, the nefarious work will continue and much more injury probably result than from the cutting, since in most instances the bark immediately over the gallery soon dies and after a term of years we have exposed wood and subsequent decay. The writer has seen a case where extensive borings by this insect were carefully cut out and the grubs killed. Several of the galleries had an oblique direction, and it looked as though the cutting would cause much injury to the tree, which was in a sickly condition, and the owned feared it was going to die. It is sufficient to say that the maple began to recover immediately after the operation, and nearly three years later was the picture of health, in spite of the severe scars left after exposing the galleries.

One of these galleries was partly transverse, extending about one-fourth of the distance around the trunk, and this injury could probably be helped by bridge grafting. In any event, it is advisable to cover such wounds with mortar, grafting wax or other material to protect the wood from the elements. Occasionally much cutting can be avoided by injecting a little carbon bisulphide into an inhabited gallery, but the objection to this procedure is that one can never be certain of destroying the grub. We consider it better to expose the gallery far enough so that a sharp wire can be inserted and the borer killed. A wound or two with such an instrument means death, and there is no necessity of securing the grub.—E. P. Felt, N. Y. State Entomologist, in Country Gentleman.

The liquor license issued in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, in New York City, on May 1, numbered 6,650, and the city's receipts from that source amounted to $7,300,000.

RUNNING A BATTLESHIP.

In the British Parliament the other day the Admiralty was asked what was the cost of running a first-class battleship. The reply showed that in the British navy such a ship would entail to keep her in commission the expenditure of almost half a million dollars a year. The figures given were for a first-class battleship of 12,000 tons. The wages of the officers and crew would amount turning pounds into dollars at the rough rate of $5 a pound, to $201,845. Victualing would cost $73,020; coal, $118,000; stores and repairs, $47,740; naval and ordnance stores, $27,500—a total of $468,105.—Boston Herald.

QUEEN AND DAIRYMAN.

When the Queen of England, daughter of the King of Denmark, was the Princess of Wales, she attended, one afternoon, a food show, at which was a display of butter that pleased her greatly. She praised the butter and to its exhibitor she said: "Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?" The dealer smiled and shook his head. "No, your royal highness," he answered gallantly: "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends up the best butter."—New York Tribune.

OLDEST CLOCK IN ENGLAND.

Peterborough Cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320 and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about 12 feet in circumference and the galvanized cable about 300 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of 3 cwt., which has to be wound up daily.

The clock is said to be of much more primitive construction than that made by Henry de Nick for Charles V. of France in 1370. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle.

The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs 32 cwt., and it is struck hourly by an 80-pound hammer. The going and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.—London Chronicle.

DOG AND DIPLOMAT

Magnolia was one of those quiet little towns by the southern sea where many people go to spend the winter. Its chief beauty lay in the wide forest of live oaks all about, through which wound the level driveway with its accompanying bicycle path. The sea knocked lazily at the door, but never with enough energy to cause the quiet little town to give it any attention beyond that of an occasional midwinter bathing party or a clam-baking expedition up the coast, where the rocks were large and black in the moonlight and the scenery peculiarly adapted to the telling of ghost stories and the walks home eminently well suited to the telling of love stories which, while not so thrilling, were infinitely more satisfactory.

Carleton saw her on the avenue one morning. He watched her enter a certain house with magnolias in the front yard. She entered with an air of proprietorship, and Carleton promptly decided that it was her home. He strode away to the nearest drug store, and by skillful diplomacy elicited from the benevolent old gentleman with spectacles that the house was occupied by Col. Barclay, of New York, and——

But Carleton promptly forget the rest of it as being "irrelevent, incompetent and immaterial." He remembered the name, however, and he saw her again that evening—afar off.

He was a modest fellow and he tried to keep out of sight. However, he thought about her most assiduously, and finally he dreamed about her. This was getting serious. To think all day about a girl you've never met and to dream about her all night is alarming, and an indication that it is time for you to leave town or hunt up a mutual friend.

Carleton knew no one in Magnolia and he could not induce himself to leave. He continued to haunt the beach and drive and tell his troubles to the big pointer, who always listened with an appreciative thump of the tail and a tremendous droop of his cavenous jaw.

One evening Carleton was laying upon the grass half a mile from town when suddenly the pointer sprang up with a startled bark and rushed out into the middle of the bicycle path, frisking and ready for a romp. He was just in time to collide with Miss Barclay's wheel and send that frightened young lady to the ground in an undignified heap.

Carleton ran out in a perfect agony of contrition. "It's all Don's fault!" he cried. "I hope you won't—are you hurt?" he finished anxiously.

The young lady was regarding her muddy costume with mingled wrath and mortification. Her face burned a rosy red as she sprang quickly upon her wheel and started with all speed from the scene of her tumble.

"He's a horrid, muddy beast!" she half sobbed, "and if I owned him I would have him shot!" Then with a half glance at the abject young man, who stood hat in hand, she swept around a bend in the road and was gone.

Carleton stood benumbed. "It's all over now," he sighed. "Don, you've done it this time all right!" The poor pointer hung his head and slunk away to lie down behind a tree and watch his master with agonized apprehensive eyes. He was guilty, but so sorry.

Carleton regarded him long and thoughtfully.

"Don, old boy," he said, "it's up to you. You've got to be sacrificed. It goes hard with me, old chap, but she has condemned you and that settles it."

Don wagged his tail anxiously and with doubt. He didn't understand, only that things were not at all right and that there was trouble ahead.

When Miss Barclay came down the next morning she found the big pointer tied to a magnolia tree in her front yard. Affixed to his collar was a card. She stood looking at the dog. Don sat down and smiled at her, thrashing his tail vigorously among the leaves to tell her he was sorry—but mighty friendly.

The girl approached slowly. Don watched her, but made no extravagant demonstrations. It was a point in his favor and went far toward excusing his ill-chosen frivolity of the day before.

Miss Barclay laid a tentative hand upon his head. Don looked into her eyes gravely, but made no effort to presume upon the short acquaintance by unseemly fawnings.

The girl smiled finally. "Whose dog are you, anyway?" she asked quizzically.

The pointer opened his wide jaws and laughed with a soft, panting breath. Then he solemnly raised his right paw and laid it in Miss Barclay's hand. Curiosity took possession of the girl and she tore the card from the dog's collar and read it:

"Dear Miss Barclay," it ran. "Here is the bearer, Don, pursuant to your expressed wish of yesterday. Perhaps it is a bit cowardly, but I confess I haven't the heart to kill him myself. He and I have been chums a long time and he is the only being I know in the whole South. So, while I express my deepest regret for the annoyance he caused you yesterday, let me bespeak for him an easy and painless death, for he has his good points. Very respectfully, ROBERT CARLETON.

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Barclay when she had read it. "Oh, my!" She glanced furtively up and down the street and across the way and seemed about to run. Nobody was in sight however, save a ragged negro boy carrying a valise around the corner. "How foolish of me!" she smiled. She re-read the note and looked at the dog. Don wig-wagged her a friendly signal, and the tears came to her eyes. "Kill such a dear fellow! Never!"

She sat down on the grass and puckered her brows as she thought. Presently a light came into her eyes and she gasped. Then she frowned and smiled.

"Impudent rascal!" she said. "He's trying to get acquainted with me. "It's perfectly outrageous of him!" She tried to be angry—very, very angry. But somehow she did not quite well succeed. She remembered the picture of a tall, flushed young fellow with a well-bred face standing before her with a look of miserable apology, and she was bound to confess that she was not able to feel just as indignant as she ought. She read the note once more.

"Impudent!" she said to Don. "Impudent—but—but clever!" and she laughed. The dog laughed back and whacked the ground violently with his tail.

Then the real serious part of the puzzle occurred to her. She did not knows the man's address. How then could she send this valuable animal back to him? And, really, did she not owe him an apology for her rude remark to him yesterday? He had not been to blame and he had tried so hard to apologize—

After a while she decided to advertise—discreetly. It seemed the best solution of the distracting problem. She untied the rope and led the dog around to the rear of the house, where she turned him over to the housemaid and went in to telephone her advertisement to the paper.

Fifteen minutes later she found herself out in the back yard again. Don's eyes met her reproachfully. He was confined ignominiously in a chicken coop.

Miss Barclay tried her best to think it was all right. Then she gave it up. He was such a splendid dog after all. She took him from the coop and allowed him the freedom of the back yard. Don did not abuse the privilege. He seemed to understand that he was on parole. He lay down at her feet and watched her adoringly. She wandered away to the hammock and tried to forget the whole incident in a book. Don followed, sat down and peered solemnly over the edge of the hammock with grave eyes which seemed to say, "What are you going to do about it?"

That evening Carleton picked up the paper and read:

"R. C.—Your dog has been pardoned and released on his own recognizance. Please come and get him. L. B.

And when Carleton called, Don had been promoted. He was in the parlor, lying on the best Persian rug.

"Bless old Don!" said Carleton, fervently, six months later. "He caused it all. He's a diplomat worthy the Court of St. James."

"Yes," said Miss Barclay, with a shy smile, "he's almost as great a diplomat as his master—save that he lacks his mater's impudence."

"Perhaps," assented Carleton, cheerfully, "but much goes with impudence which might possibly be missed by mere diplomacy." And he kissed her.

Passed Many a Sleepless Night

Till He Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Set H. S. Barnes Right on His Feet.

Hot weather and Indigestion travel hand-in-hand, each helping to make the other more disagreeable. For when the stomach lags in its work the body grows weak, and weakened bodies cannot stand inconveniences of any kind.

The remedy is to help the stomach and the help the stomach needs is contained in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Those who have used them will tell you that. H. S. Barnes, of Rat Portage, has used them and he says:

"I was a victim of Dyspepsia and reading of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets led me to try them. The effect was marvelous. They set me right on my feet after having spent many a sleepless night suffering from disordered condition of the stomach."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all stomach ailments. One or two Tablets taken after a hearty meal is an insurance policy against discomfort of any kind.

MAMMOTH ORIOLE NEST.

P. A. Lelong, of this city, received on Monday a mammoth oriole nest, sent to him by James Rea, from Choloma, Spanish Honduras, where the curiosity was found.

The nest is made of long straws closely woven together and consists of two long pockets wherein the young birds are hatched out and fed until they can support themselves. The entire nest is probably four feet long, and eight feet when stretched out. The pockets are a foot deep and the two hang side by side. The intertwining of the straws is most skillfully done, and makes a secure home for the birds. The material is about one inch thick, but in the nest pockets the grass is packed nearly three inches. The whole nest weighs probably a pound, and is, indeed a wonderful piece of workmanship. The nest is particularly clean, and it seems as if the straws had been selected for their length. While the nest is divided into two separate pockets they are neatly bound together by thongs that run from one to the other. As the oriole itself is not a large bird, the building of such a huge nest seems a waste of time.

Mr. Lelong says that he intends to give the curiosity to the Tulane University, to be placed in its museum,—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A "Dye" Soap!

MAYPOLE is a cake of soap that dyes to any desired color or shade. Fam ous the world over for brilliant, fast, clean, economical, easy, safe dyeing at home. As superior to the old fashioned "powder" dyes as gold is to brass.

Maypole Soap

Made in England, but sold everywhere 10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

Mr. Dooley Descants Sagely on the Political Situation.

F. P. DUNNE, IN THE CHIGAGO RECORD-HERALD.

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' labors iv th' con-vintions ar-re at an end!"

"If that's what ye call thim, they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "As Hogan says, th' dimmacratic convintion labored an' brought forth a muss. Th' rapublican convintion labored too, like a cash register. It listened to three canned speeches, adopted a predigested platform, nommynated a cold storage vice-prisidint, give three espicially prepared cheers an' wint home. Th' convintion's mind was all made up f'r it befure it met. They was a little too much make up, but who cares f'r that? Not so, th' dimmycratic mind. That's a good, plain, unvarnished, freckled mind that is niver made up. Not that us dimmycrats haven't policies. We have more thin annybody else. Th' attic iv ivry dimmycrat's house is filled with ol' policies that he wanst used, policies that have faded, or punctured a tire or broke a mainspring or been run over be a band wagon. I often go up an' fondle me ol' policies an' think iv th' days whin we thought free thrade was so becomin' an' th' income tax an' th' silver question. I've laid thim away in lavender, Hinnissy. 'Tis no good bein' onfash-nable, on'y sometimes I object to th' party wearin' th' cast-off duds iv th' raypublicans. Rather thin that I'd see it go naked iv policies entirely f'r awhile an' thin make itself a suit iv clothes that bore no tailor's tag.

"But, as I tol' ye, a dimmycrat has plenty iv principles that he'll fight f'r, on'y they niver get into a dimmycratic platform. A dimmycrat is a free and independent citizen who thinks f'r himself—wrong. A raypublican is a rich an' humble vassal who gets others to think f'r him—right. Ye cud hold a raypublican naytional convintion in a clothes-closet, but ye cudden't r-run an orderly dimmycratic convention in a forty-acre lot. There's a thousan' red-hot convintions inside iv ivry dimmycratic convintion. Ivry man has some principle that he'd lay down his life f'r, but would prefer to lay down somebody's else's life. That's why we niver get a satisfactory platform. There isn't a platform in th' wurruld wide enough f'r two good dimmycrats to stand on without crowdin'. So afther we've had our fights an' disturbed th' peace thryin' to frame up something that will permit th' gintlemen f'm New York to speak iv th' gintleman f'm Nebraska in th' prisince iv ladies, we pass a risolution declarin' that th' raypublican platform is all wrong an' go out an' take our dacint, complete lickin' like sogers. That is, some iv us who've niver held office, does. But a man who has held office a long time is a raypublican annyhow.

"So, me boy, th' dimmycratic convintion was sthrongly to me taste. Throuble an', merrymint f'r'm th' dhrop iv th' hat. Bands playin', women screamin', fiss flyin', lots of candydates, thousands iv platforms. Candydates, says I? Sure, ye'd think f'r'm th' spirit iv th' thing that all th' man that got th' nommynation needed to do, was to tellygraft to th' White House to have th' news made. An' he'd take ham an' eggs f'r breakfast in th' mornin'. They was a candydate f'r'm ivry state an' county: Th' sage iv Esoopus, th' sage iv Princeton, th' sage iv Pike, Sage Hearst, Sage Willyum Cochran, Sage Murphy, Sage Mike Fadden, Sage Champ Clark, Sage Roger Sullivan, ivry sage excipt Russell Sage. There was Sage Bryan, who wint around takin' a kick at ivry other sage's vir rable head. Then was Sage Hill, who got Sage Bryan down an' fed most iv his wurruds, a long an' ondigistible meal. O, it was fine. I wisht I'd been there. Such enthusyasm! Th' chaplain delivered a r-ringin' prayer an' th' con-vintion cheered itself hoarse. At th' mintion iv th' name ov that grand ol' dimmycrat who has shtud be th' party in time iv need atways, or almost always, or three times out iv a possible five, or sixty per cint—I mean to th' sage iv Princeton—th' convintion arose as one man an' cheered f'r two hours an' thirty-wan minutes. If in that lonely rethreat to which he had retired to escape th' heat iv battle an' th' discoords iv politics that vin'rable statesman did not hear this glorious thribute iv his fellow dimmycrats it was, Hinnissy, on'y because th' linemen had not quite finished th' long distance tilyphone connectin' th' lonely rethreat with th' con-vintion hall. A'ckly enthusyastic wu th' rayciption iv th' other sages. At th' mintion iv Sage Olney's name, th' convintion cheered f'r two hours an' eight minyits. At th' mintion iv th' name iv Cock'rill th' air was rent with cheers lastin' f'r two hours an' two minyits, mingled with cries iv 'Who?' At th' mintion iv th' name iv William R. Hearst, th' convintion cheered as one rayporther f'r th' Journal, f'r fr'm want half iv a second to nine hours an' forty minyits, depindi'n' on what pa-aper ye re-read. Some papers says jeered, but niver mind that.) An' fin'lly whin th' name iv th' peerless jurist, th' gr-reat statesman, th' renowned dimmycrat—a—Ah! Yes—Alton B. Parker, th' sage iv Esoapus, was sprung, th' con-vintion rose again an' again cheered, as wan man. An' that man, Hinnissy, was me fri'nd David B. Hill.

"Hinnissy, we've heerd it said that ye can't keep a good man down. Well, ye can't keep anny kind iv a man down if he's able at his job. Th' last I see iv David B. Hill was four years ago whin he was lapin' out iv th' front dure at Kansas City something less than a safe an' painless distance fr'm William Jinnings Bryan's congress gaiter. Th' nex' I see iv David B. Hill, he's gone ar-round th' backyard, climbed over th' fince, let himsilf in th' cellar dure with a skeleton key, climbed up th' dumbwaiter shaft, an' is nailing a pitcher in th' front window iv a peerless dimmycrat leader who will lead us on to victhry, that I niver heerd iv before. An' where was me frind, William J. Bryan, all this time? Well, no sooner had he made sure that Hill was chased off th' premises thin he left wurrud with th' hired man that he wouldn't be back befure mornin', locked th' dure, cocked his hat on th' side iv his head an' wint down th' sthreet lookin' f'r trouble. Where he didn't find any, he made some. Havin' spint th' night crooly maulin' ivry ladin' dimmycrat who poked his head out iv th' dure, an' aven goin' so far as to break into houses an' pull sleepy Palmer an' Buckner dimmycrats out be th' ears, he comes home in th' mornin' a little th' worse f'r wear, an' finds, as I tell ye, ol' Hill nailin' up th' pitcher iv th' sage iv What-d'ye-call it.

"An' there ye ar're. Ye can't keep Hill out onless ye set up nights ye-ersilf. That there wicked man has been politically dead thirty times that I raymimber, an' whin th' mourners rayturned cheerin' an' gay from th' fun'ral, they found him settin' on th' durestep wattin' f'r thim with a gun. Sure, why not? He didn't do annything else. Th' on'y time whin he seemed properly dead was whin me frind th' sage iv Princeton set on his grave. But there can't no light weight keep down a man as squirmy as that man.

"An' so there ye ar-re. We've had a gran' time, we've nommynated a gloryous statesman, adopted a set iv splindid risolutions that will make manny a man r-red th' raypublican platform to see what's in it, an' now we go back to our wurruk an wait f'r th' day whin we ar-re voted. Afther all, th' gr-reat issue before th' American people nex' Novimber will be 'Ar-re there more raypublicans thin dimmycrats, or ar-re there ron?'"

"D'ye think th' raypublican platform is a good wan?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' raypublican platform is me frind Teddy Rosenfelt," said Mr. Dooley. "He's standin' on himself. It's a sthrong platform, but he may become too heavy f'r it."

"Well, Parker is a safe man, anyhow," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He is," said Mr. Dooley, "but I wisht some wan else had th' combination besides Hill."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE CLAY-EATERS

ADDICTED TO A QUEER HABIT AKIN TO THE CHEWING OF TOBACCO OR GUM.

A recent traveler who has been studing the old country traversed by Xenophon on his famous march from Babylonia to the Black Sea has noted the effects on the peasantry of eating earth mixed with flour. The Armenians, being in the majority, are not allowed to have arms in their possession; the Kurds, who are nominally Mohammedans, are permitted by the Turks to plunder and oppress their Christian fellow citizens at their own sweet savage will; hence abject poverty among the Armenian villagers who scarcely keep body and soul together. It is these unfortunates who are massacred every now and then when some ambitious Osmanli or Kurd wishes to earn a decoration for his prowess in suppression of a fictitious insurrection. It is they who literally "eat dirt."

The use of various clays, mixed with flour, or entirely pure, does not, however, mean in every case that hunger was the patentee. Some of the most unappeasable clay and earth eaters seem never to have had the spur of necessity to drive them to such a perversity. On the Amazon and Orinoco the Indian tribes lay up during the dry season a store of slightly-roasted balls of potter's clay for eating when the rainy season stops the fishing. They enjoy crunching these clay balls between their teeth at any time. The Eskimos, the Otomacs, the Javanese, Bengalese, and other people of India consume clays of different kinds, generally a soft, smooth, fatty sort, just as we eat candy; especially do the women and children indulge the habit. Scientists have imagined that geophagy is a disease, a perversion of the human mind and sense of taste, because in many cases geophagists pine away in consequence of too much of their unnatural food. But the facts are not so tragic in the case of Spanish and Portuguese ladies who munch the thin brittle potsherds of the water coolers, or the patients who used to be fed on costly little biscuits of clay from Lemnos, Malta or Cyprus, in the firm belief that they would be cured of certain maladies thereby.

Our clay eaters in the southern states are supposed to have learned the trick from the negroes of the west coast, who are "convinced" eaters of soft potter's clay. The monotony of their food may have something to do with the habit, and possibly certain useful chemical elements are supplied to the stomach in this crude way; but it seems more sensible to believe that such are similar to childish tricks like chewing gum, the eating of nuts in endless quantities, the use of tobacco for chewing. Most children if left to themselves will try any peculiar looking clay by putting some in their mouths. Clay eating is so widespread among savage, semi-civilized, and advanced peoples that it cannot be considered so abnormal as it once appeared. Like the bark ground fine which the peasants of Sweden and Finland mix with their rye and buckwheat flour in times of famine, the use of soft clays when kneaded with nutritious food does not destroy the health. It is only when it becomes a passion that the victim of this trick sufferers, and often dies.

Our bakers, however, should not say, "Go to, we shall make the loaf heavy and yet not unsavory, with cunning clays," nor imagine that alum, that magical stuff, does no harm; neither should the candymakers load their wares with terra alba undetected and unassailed. There is great need of watchfulness over a staple article like bread lest the ingredients meant to lighten and whiten it should be adding to our national disease.—New York Times.

Sunlight Soap brightens and cleanses everything it washes. Quite as good for cleaning household utensils as washing clothes. 128

COMBING HER HAIR IN PUBLIC

"It is the most extraordinary thing the way you women over here comb your hair at the theaters," exclaimed a foreigner. "I've just been watching that girl over there

"She has taken every comb out of her hair, run it up the back of her head several times and then replaced it. Now she is patting her hair to see that it is all as she wishes it to be.

"I've seen lots of girls over here go through the performance. Rather shocking, when you come to think of it. Look at this one—she's going to do the same thing!"

It was a very fuzzy blond head that was being combed this time. A good many sweeps of the big side combs were needed to bring together the little frowsy curls that had sprung their confines and were hanging down from the pompadour.

The girl's gestures in arranging her hair were not in the least furtive. They were as deliberate as though she were standing before her bureau at home

"Can't see exactly how it ever started," murmured the American whose attention had been called to her countrywoman's action. "I never do it myself, but I'm afraid that I have seen so many girls do it that I have become hardened to the sight.

"I remember an American woman's look of disgust when she saw a Frenchman comb his mustache in public. That's pretty bad, too, but this is in my eyes the more awful, for one expects daintiness and charm from women, and this energetic combing and arrangement of hair in public places is extremely vulgar."—New York Sun.

Dr. Cecilio Baez, the newly-appointed minister from Paraguay to the United States, is the first minister that country has had there in 15 years.

KING EDWARD DESSERT

One-half pound of prunes; stew; when done strain off the juice. Then dissolve one package of Pure Gold Calf's-Foot Jelly Powder in a pint of boiling water, adding one tablespoon granulated sugar. When dissolved, pour over the prunes in a glass dish or mould, then set in a cool place until cold. Serve with or wi hout whipped cream.

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