

TROPICAL TITBITS.

Some of the Native Dishes That Are Served in Jamaica.

In Jamaica, as everywhere else, there are two ways to do things. There is the beaten track of the tourist to follow, with its hotels of varying excellence, conventional drives and all that sort of thing. To know the island and the allurement of its ingratiating tropical beauty, however, to appreciate the double interest of British resident customs, together with the quaint oddities of the negro native life, "next to the earth," one must travel a different course. Courtesy to visitors to the island is everywhere manifest. There are native dishes that no hotel on the island can make to taste so good. There I learned the indescribable deliciousness of a properly devilled Jamaica black crab. There were served curries that would make a habitué of Delmonico's sit up and take notice—turtle, real turtle, prepared with a delicacy to delight an epicure, and native oysters that Jamaicans facetiously say "grow on trees." Tropical fruits in all their fragrance and juicy prime gave an intimation of the productive possibilities of the island. The green tinted Jamaica orange, thin of skin and richly juicy, grape fruit of superior quality, the avocado pear, oily in composition and nutty in flavor; pineapples—in Jamaica they cut them in half horizontally and eat them with a spoon—mangoes, akee, breadfruit, ochra, choco, yams, and more yams, were there to tempt the inexperienced palate.—Travel Magazine.

THE ARKANSAS HOG.

It Can Outrun a Greyhound and Whip a Wolf or a Bear.

An esteemed contemporary gave space to the following communication from a subscriber on "The American Hog."

"Arkansas has a greater variety of hogs and less pork and lard than any state in the Union. An average hog in Arkansas weighs about fourteen pounds dressed with its head on and about six pounds and a half with its head off. It can outrun a greyhound, jump a rail fence, climb like a parrot and live on grass roots and rabbit tracks. It hasn't much tail or bristle, but plenty of gall. It will lick a wolf or a bear in a fair fight. It is called razorback because it is shaped like a sunfish. In hunting a razorback it is always shot at sideways, for there is not a ghost of a show to hit it otherwise, any more than to shoot at a split shingle. It can drink milk out of a quart jar on account of its long, thin head. This type of razorback is known as the stone hog because its head is so heavy and its nose so long that it balances up behind. The owner of this type of hogs usually ties a stone to its tail to keep it from overbalancing and breaking its neck while running. If the stone is too heavy, it will pull the skin over its eyes, and it will go blind."

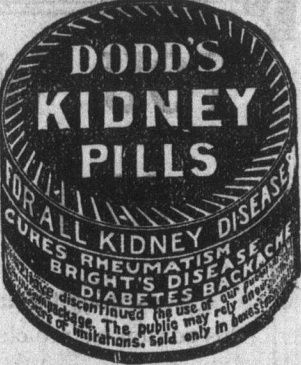
Switzerland a Modern Babel.
Switzerland, with its mixture of races and tongues, is a sort of modern Babel, a fact which causes much trouble in particular to the military authorities. At Wallenstadt the other day at the recruiting station there was a guard composed of five men. The chief was a lieutenant who spoke German only, the second a sergeant who spoke Italian only, the third a corporal who could speak French and Spanish, the fourth a private who could speak French and German, and the fifth a private who could speak French and Italian. When the lieutenant had to transmit an order to the sergeant he had to get the last named man to interpret for him. When he wanted to communicate with the corporal he had to requisition the fourth man, and so on, great delay and confusion being thus occasioned.—London News.

Shelley as a Boy.
Here is a glimpse of Shelley offered by Andrew Lang: "It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that I once knew a man who was at Eton with Shelley, who left in 1810. This was Mr. Hammond, a senior fellow of Merton college when I was an inquiring junior. About 1870 he told me all that I could extract from him about the poet. Shelley was not a clever boy; he never was sent up for good, which means, I conceive, that he never did a remarkable exercise in Latin verse. Mr. Hammond added that Shelley had a habit when he was walking alone of suddenly breaking into a sprint at a hundred yards pace. That was all."

She Didn't Do It.
The family jar waxed fiercer. "You talk about my being to blame for our marrying?" she exclaimed. Mrs. Vick-Senn. "John Henry, did I hunt you out and make love to you?" "No," he snorted. "But you could have given me the glassy eye and sent me about my business, and you didn't do it, madam—you didn't do it!"

The Gentleman.
"Supposing I decide to let you have the money, how do I know that I shall get it back at the time you mention?" asked Brown.
"I promise it, my boy, on the word of a gentleman," replied Moore.
"Ah! In that case I may think better of it. Come around this evening and bring him with you."

None Left.
"A college education," declared the enthusiastic mother, "brings out all that is good in a boy."
"Yes," retorted William's father, "and in Bill's case I wish a little of it could have stayed in."—Cleveland Press.



NO PREFERENCE.

British House Defeats Amendment by 255 Majority.

London, Feb. 22.—The House of Commons yesterday, after a debate lasting two days, rejected by a majority of 255, an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, in favor of a preferential tariff with the colonies.

The address in reply to the speech from the throne was adopted unanimously.

May Turn Us to South.

London, Feb. 22 (C. A. P.).—The Scotsman, discussing the preference debate, says that if, as a result of the colonial conference, Laurier goes home with news that Britain will not even give consideration to any proposal for reciprocity, the United States will be quick to seize advantage of that section of Canadian opinion already favorable, and reciprocal relations with the States will be greatly strengthened.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY New Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 4, Windsor, Ont.

El Dorado.
The modern meaning of El Dorado may be traced as follows: One of Pizarro's men said that he had discovered a land of boundless wealth between the Orinoco and the Amazon. This country was named El Dorado, and many adventurers, among them Sir Walter Raleigh, endeavored to find it; hence the name has come to mean a golden country of the mind, a fabulous land of fabulous wealth, much as Cockaigne, a fancied land of luxury and idleness.

Happiness and Hunger.
"My idea of perfect happiness," said the seedy philosopher as he made his fourth round trip to the free lunch counter, "is to be in a position to go into the swellest restaurant, put my hand over the price list of the menu and order what my taste dictates, irrespective of the demands of a diminished waist."

The President a Slave to Catarrh.
D. T. Sampe, president of Sampe's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes, "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief. 50 cents."

Where Time is Real Money.
Windsor, Feb. 22.—June 1, 1906, is the date for the completion of the tunnel beneath the Detroit River. Butler Bros., the contractors, are to receive \$1,000 per day for every day the tunnel is in operation before the time limit expires.

Belleville's Police Magistrate.
Toronto, Feb. 22.—Stuart Masson, who is the senior barrister of Belleville, has been appointed police magistrate of that city, to date from March 2. The resignation of J. J. B. Flint, the present magistrate, will take effect on the 1st inst.

Sea Lord Stays At Post.
London, Feb. 22.—The report that Admiral Sir John Fisher had resigned his post as first sea lord of the admiralty, is declared to be unfounded.

Suicides.
Winnipeg, Feb. 22.—John L. Struvy, a real estate dealer, committed suicide in the Strathcona Hotel last evening by shooting.

THE PUBLIC IS OFTEN FRAUD.
Unscrupulous dealers, actuated by large profits, often recommend corn cures "as good as Paine's." There is only one genuine corn extractor, and that is Paine's Painless, which is a miracle of efficiency and promptness. Use no other.

The Mean Thing!
"Who was that fool you bowed to?" "My husband!"
"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize!"
"Never mind. I'm not angry. But what a kind observer you are!"

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going?—Mankato Free Press.

If we had our lives to live over again we should probably want to skip the teething period.

ZEB WHITE'S TALES.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells of His Last Drink.

WIFE COULDN'T REFORM HIM

It Remained For Two Bears to Bring Him to His Proper Senses, and They Did the Reforming Act in Short Order.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]
"I reckon that every man on these yere mountings was brung up alongside of a whisky jug," said old Zeb White one evening as we sat at his fireside. "That don't mean that all are drunkards. It means that they're known what whisky was from the time they was bo'n, and while some take it to others let it alone. I keep it in the house, as you know, but I give you my word I haven't had my nose to the jug for the last five years. I hain't sayin' that I didn't drink my full sheer up to that time, because I did. I reckon I got away with as much



"Between me and her was two b'ars," moonshine as any other critter for ten miles around, and I was fool 'nuff to feel proud of the fact.

"When I was married, fifteen years ago, my wife thought she could reform me. Mebbe I went a little light for a year or so, but the reformin' didn't reform. I'd promise and promise, but as soon as I got out with a crowd I'd fill up. The only good thing about my gettin' drunk was the fact that I never raised a row at home. I simply wanted to get home and to bed, and if left alone I'd sleep it off by next day. I had been sober for three months when town meetin' day come along. When I got ready to leave home the old woman said:

"Zeb, you've been livin' like a decent human bein' for some time past. Are you comin' home drunk or sober tonight?"

"Sober as a stump," I replied, not fearin' myself at all.

"Why not let town meetin' slide?" "I couldn't. I've promised to be there to vote."

"That'll be heaps and heaps of whisky than, won't they?" she asked.

"Fur shore. But don't you be afeared for me. I give you my word that I won't drink nuthin' stronger'n lemonade."

"That was a lively town meetin', with whisky flowin' like water, and though I held out agin it for an hour or so, I had to take a drink at last. Then I'd a second and a third, and by night I was roarin' drunk and fightin' everybody. They started to take me home in a cart, but when a mile from my cabin I got out and wouldn't go any further and was left there. It was a bright and beautiful moonlight night. I could jest remember that. How I got home after leavin' the cart I never could recall. I didn't know when I reached here and fell down in front of the house. The first thing I knowed was that somebody was pullin' me around in a mighty rough way. I opened my eyes and set up, and there was the old woman on the doahstep, and between me and her was two b'ars. They would look at her and then at me, and it was their havin' me around that had roused me up. I wasn't sober yit, you understand, but could reason things out after a fashion.

"Why don't you get the gun and shoot the b'ars?" I called to the old woman, but she never 'peared to notice me. The b'ars did, however. They turned from her to me and begun a sort of hossplay. One of them fetched me a sort of cuff on the ear that stretched me out and made my head ring for a week arter, and then they begun playin' ball with my body. I knowed them fur b'ars, and I knowed that it would be all play until I tried to get away from them or fit back.

"Well, suh, I can't begin to tell you what them thar b'ars put me through that night. They rolled me over and over; they dragged me about feet first and head first; they pulled me down to the pippen and then pulled me back; they used their teeth and claws only in play, but they left marks behind that didn't go away for two months. Every time they rested I called out to the old woman, but she wouldn't answer. Sometimes she looked at me in a pityin' way, and sometimes she was laughin' at the way I was tossed about. The ride was on its looks in the house and loaded, and in that moonlight she could have shot one of the varmints through the heart, but she wouldn't move to do it.

"I reckon them b'ars sported with me fur half an hour or so befo' they had had 'nuff of play. By that time I was in rags and jest as sober as you are now. I have thought some of takin' out a patent on that adventure of mine. That drunk oter have lasted me the best part of three days, but the b'ars cured me of it in about forty minits. Seem the old woman would do nuthin', my line was to play dead and hope the varmints would get tired and go away. They got tired of the play, but they wasn't through with me then. They began to growl and show sign of madness, and I called out to the old woman:

"Mary, can't you see that they all are dun gittin' mad?" "I kin," she said, speakin' fur the first time and speakin' mighty keerslessly at that.

"They all will begin to bite and claw in earnest now."

"They will fur shore."

"Hain't yo' gwine to do anything to help me?"

"Nothin' tall, Zeb. A man who can't stay sober had better be dead, and it don't make no difference whether he falls from a tree or gets clawed up by b'ars."

"But yo' wouldn't see yo' own husband perish befo' yo' eyes, I take it?"

"I'll think it over. If yo' are gwine to live on, yo' got to keep sober arter this. It will be well for yo' to have some scars to pint to. Arter yo' have been half killed mebbe I'll do sunshin', but it does seem pizen mean to live the b'ars away when they're havin' so much fun."

"Jest then the old he b'ar took a long look into my face and then uttered a growl that made chills shake me all over. He knowed me, and I knowed him. He was a b'ar I had hunted for three years, and he had three of my pullets in his body at that very minit. Yes, suh, that critter knowed me fer Zeb White, the man who never yit had mercy on a b'ar, and he seen that his time had come to git even. He hauled off and gin me a swat that almost stove in my ribs and then bit me twice. His mate pitched in, and fur the next two minits I was mauled about between 'em like a rag doll. It was no use of my tryin' to make a fight for it. They was all over me all the time, and even if I had a knife it wouldn't have helped me out.

"What sent the pesky critters off at last was the old woman shootin' down the he b'ar, but I was left in a powerful sad state. I had skeered a stitch of clothes left on me, and I was one mass of bites and claw marks. I had to be dragged into the house and boosted into bed, and I didn't tech toe to the floor for three weeks to come. I hadn't any bones broke, but the claw marks and bites of a b'ar don't heal fur a long time. Durin' all the time I was in bed and sufferin' the old woman kept whisky under my nose. I had the scent of it until I positively hated it and begged her to take it away. The hull thing taken together worked a cure so thorough that, though I run a moonshine still fur three years, I never tasted a drop of the stuff."

"Did Mrs. White have anything to say to you after you got better?" I asked.

"Never a word," he answered. "What was the use? If all that b'ar play wouldn't stop a man from makin' a fool of himself agin, then words would be thrown away. No, suh, she never done said a word, and that's why I reckon she's jest the nicest and best wife in this yere state of Tennessee."

M. QUAD.

Two of a Kind.

Intoxicated Individual—Shee the show?

Enthusiast—Yes; I saw it twice.

Intoxicated Individual—So'd I, illustrated Bits.

Wanted to Know.

Irishman (hunting for burglars)—Is there any one there? (No answer.) Is there any one there? If not, speak up and say so.—Pick-Me-Up.

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At the Book Club.

Vacuous Customer (in a hurry)—Can you tell me where I can see "Fools Rush In?"

Clerk—Yes, sir, here.

When Nancy Dances.

When Nancy Clancy dances, Her grace my soul entrances;

She catches all th' glances, From young men in th' hall;

She glides along so lightly, She smiles so sweetly, brightly,

While I—hold her tightly, I'll squeeze that waist so small.

At almost every turnin' I tell her of a burnin'.

My heart has; it's a yearpin' To call her mine, all mine.

She says, "Tim, don't be teasin' If me you would be pleasin'."

My heart will get unity; I'll make her Mrs. Dooley

Before a month rolls 'long.

—Dedyer Post.

When Nancy Clancy dances, Whilst both of thim eyes prances;

Some night I'll learn my chances By pleadin' good an' strong.

An' if she loves me truly, My heart will get unity;

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