



HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Heat Cures Burns.

The pain caused by a burn can be allayed by the simple process of burning again. If a person has the misfortune to burn the hand or the finger, the pain can be entirely stopped by holding the injured member as near as possible to the fire for a minute or two.

Have a Glue-Pot.

There are a great many times when a glue-pot in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, and is an economical investment, especially when of the kind here described: Buy at a tin shop one small tin can, costing five cents, and a large one costing about ten cents, in which the smaller can be set; five or six cents' worth of glue will mend a great many broken articles or will fasten things that have become unglued. Put the glue in the small cup with a little water; put boiling water in the larger and set the glue-cup in it; in a few minutes the glue will melt and be ready for use.

Decorating Bed-Rooms.

Some of the seven-cent flowered muslins are most charming when ruffled for curtains and covers, or when trimmed with a white cotton ball fringe. With ordinary denim and dotted muslin, or even with cheese-cloth, any bedroom may be made charming. There are many chintzes that cost only fifteen or sixteen cents a yard. The printed Indian cottons are interesting, and the cretonnes, armures, serims, cotton damasks and taffetas all lend themselves with delightful results to the decoration of bedrooms. There is an infinite variety from which to make a selection, but it is never to be forgotten that however pretty the paper, a large flower has no place in a small room. Figured and flowered curtains also have no place in one hung with flowered or figured paper. Heavy curtains ought not to be lighter in tones than the walls. With an occasional portiere the case alters, and again with certain Venetian silks taking up some one tone in the room.

Burlaps make an excellent wall covering for small rooms, especially when a wall is likely to be rubbed by any one making the bed. It can be wiped off with ammonia and water and picture nails can be driven into it and pulled out without leaving a mark.—Harper's Bazar.

Piano Drapery.

The piano, unless treated decoratively, is a stiff article of furniture. As standing the back to the wall deadens its tones, music lovers are inclined to reverse the instrument and place the back toward the centre of the room. As that is unsightly, some drapery is needed, which should be rich and heavy. A good way is to cover the back with a broad, double box-pleating of silk, drape over the top and one side a hanging of the same colored plush. Should silk alone be used it should be richly embroidered. A musical score and musical instruments artistically grouped would be very effective. The embroidery should be in monotone. If the piano is placed diagonally across one corner the stiffness is relieved by standing behind it a handsome screen, preferably one of dark, rich coloring and matching or contrasting with the wood of the instrument. A black background with mixed figures in gold embroidery, Japanese in motive, is decorative. A rich, dark corner cabinet is also suitable, or a tall pedestal holding a bust or a statuette. Other things will suggest themselves.—Good House-keeping.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Hamburg Steak Baked—Rub deep cooking dish with onion. Line with thinly sliced bacon, sprinkle with one teaspoonful of pepper, season two pounds of raw Hamburg steak with one minced onion, one teaspoonful each of sage, thyme, parsley and celery, one teaspoonful of salt; pack into dish, cover with thin slices of bacon. Bake forty minutes.

Delicious Apple Salad—Take half a dozen rather tart apples, peeled and sliced, and add a Spanish pepper, chopped fine. Place in your salad bowl the tender leaves of a large head of lettuce and upon that the apple slices sprinkled with the chopped pepper. Over all pour a dressing composed of six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a little salt. Serve with cold meats.

Oyster Macaroni—Break half a pound of macaroni in small pieces, cook in plenty of salted boiling water until tender; drain and arrange in a deep pan the macaroni and one pint of oysters in alternate layers. To one cup of rich milk thickened with one tablespoonful of flour add the oyster liquor, one tablespoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of pepper; pour over the macaroni and oyster and bake one-half hour in a hot oven. Serve with tomato catsup.

Philadelphia makes ninety per cent. of our ingrain carpet.

HIS COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

Reminiscences Suggested to an Old Boy by the News of Unionville.

"It is a fashion, I know, among city folk to ridicule the country paper," says a reformed traveling man, "but I have been a regular subscriber to the Unionville Banner for over thirty years. There's one evening in the week that I look forward to with zest. That's Monday night, when I light my old pipe, put on my slippers and lie back in the battered rocker for a musing and a dreaming over my copy of the Banner.

"Yes, there it is. Hasn't changed a font of type, I guess, in forty years. Same old, queer job type. Same old Washington press 'still grinds it out. I'll bet, as it did when I was a freckled kid and used to hang around the front door of the tumbling rookery where snow-haired Editor Moore used to be pecking up the type or methodically scratching down the fact that 'Miss May Smith is visiting friends in our neighboring burg,' or 'John Loftus is preparing to build a new barn. Most of the lumber is already on the ground.'"

"I turn to the front page first, of course, and here, in my 'Local News,' I ascertain that 'Miss Ella Stuart has quite a class of music pupils here in town and also conducts a class in Pattersonburg. Miss Stuart has a good quality of musical talent.' Why, dear me, dear me; don't it beat all how things do move! Why, I used to go to the high school in Unionville with Ella Stuart's mother. And many a time I hung my baskets with her and then hung over the old white paling gate and held her hand until an ominous raising of an upper window indicated that a parent of Ella's mother desired the daughter's presence within."

"And, let's see! Why, here's something: 'Walter Thomas has been to the city this week, laying in a new stock of goods. Peter Figel is helping out in 'The Emporium during Walter's absence.' Well, it is surprising how some boys'll come up in the world in spite of poverty and distress. Know who that Walter Thomas is? Well, sir, he's the grandson of old Pap Thomas, as we used to call him, who used to live away down there by the railroad in that little hut of a place, and had a cabbage patch all around the house. Desolate a looking place as you ever saw."

"Pap was sort of half-witted and had a son who I should say was fully three-quarters witted. A peacemaker, law-abiding well-digger he came to be. Married a real bright girl, really considerably above the average, and here their son's become the leading merchant in Unionville! This Peter Figel is a relation—son, maybe—of an old foreigner who settled down in Unionville and earned a living at cobbling. Said to be of noble birth he was, and mysterious generally.

"I shouldn't know the faces that would greet me on Main street, I suppose now. Most of 'em come up since I was a boy. I wonder who really has made the truest success, the boys who stayed at home or those who were going to conquer the great world outside. There were my schoolmates who married and settled down in Unionville, and their sons and daughters are to-day's young men and women. I was going to do such big things when I struck the city that I couldn't exactly make up my mind to take time to come back and court Susie Williams. I kept putting it off and putting it off until I should get a little better and a little better position until, first thing I knew, Phil Kerns up and married her and I was left. So, that's how it is, and bless me if I don't wonder sometimes as I muse over the old Banner if the boys who stayed at home have made such a miserable failure of it after all.

"So, I read along to ponder over the memories that those quiet items in the 'Local News' call forth. Well, you may poke fun at the country weeklies as you will, but I fail to see why the fact that a resident of Unionville has lately bought the place of another resident of Unionville, and intends to move into it,' may not be as well worth chronicling in the local paper of Unionville as the fact that the dog of a famous actress died on the steamer is worth two-column pictures and a half-column description in city dailies. Blamed if I can see much difference in merit between a poodle dog editorial in a city daily and 'a big cabbage just laid on the desk of ye editor' of a country weekly."—Boston correspondence of the New York Sun.

A New Scheme.

A new scheme to get people to lay a paper has been on trial by the Evening, a London sporting journal. It advertised that on certain days a number of persons in its employ would patrol certain thoroughfares and count the copies seen in the hands or pockets of people who pass them. On reaching a certain unadvertised number the counter would present the person with an envelope containing a check for two guineas. Such a scheme would not appeal to American readers, as they would not consent to make walking advertisements of themselves, even though they might capture a \$10 bill for doing so.

Duration of the Victorian Era.

The Victorian Era has taken its place in history. It dawned at twenty minutes past two on the morning of June 20, 1837, and closed at half-past six on the evening of January 22, 1901, says St. James' Gazette. It lasted 23,223 days, 557,386 full hours, 33,443, 170 minutes and 2,006,590,200 seconds. All but 546 1-2 hours of it were in the nineteenth century.

The art of dentistry was introduced into New York City by John Greenwood in 1798. He is said to have made the first artificial teeth ever manufactured in this country.

GIANTS IN A CONTEST

CHICAGO SAID TO HAVE THE BIGGEST POLICEMAN ON EARTH.

He is Six Feet Three Inches Tall and Weighs 317 Pounds—Champion Policeman of Other Cities—Modern Goliaths in and Out of Shows—Tall Women.

There seems to be a revival in literature pertaining to giants. One phase of it started in St. Louis.

The other day a St. Louis editor discovered a wonderful young giant wearing the blue uniform and brass buttons of the St. Louis police force—a stalwart son of Anak, impressive in his official trappings and a terror to evildoers. With a flourish of boastful delight he sent forth a challenge to the students of giant greatness in other cities, calling on them in words that rang a defiant note to produce the equal or superior of the St. Louis Goliath.

The towering specimen of gianthood offered by St. Louis is Patrolman Murray P. Davidson, twenty-nine years old. His height is six feet two and a half inches, and his weight 291 pounds. The challenge in his behalf was directed to the police chiefs in other big American cities.

"Have you any officer in your city that will beat him?" said the letter.

The proud boast of St. Louis that it had the biggest policeman on earth was destined to early humiliation. Chief Kiple, of Chicago, read the challenge. Then a sardonic smile uncoiled itself upon his usually imperturbable face. He touched an electric button and asked for Edward Martini. In response Martini was speedily ushered into the chief's presence. The latter proudly surveyed his subordinate from the ground up, his gaze seeming to rest on the ceiling when it had reached the giant's head.

"What are your dimensions, Martini?" asked Chief Kiple.

"I am six feet three inches in height," said the policeman. "My weight is 317 pounds, my chest expansion eight inches."

"That will do," answered the chief, with a lofty wave of his hand. "It beats the St. Louis giant, and we can rest on our laurels until we hear from some other precinct."

He is thirty-six years old, and a native of Wisconsin. His record, dimensions and photograph were promptly forwarded to St. Louis, to the great chagrin of the champion giant of that town.

It was only a day or two before a Ohio giant entered the lists. This was Officer F. K. Starrett, a member of the Columbus police force. But he failed to carry off the palm. He easily beat the St. Louis giant in every point except height. His principal measurements are: Height, six feet one inch; breadth of shoulders, twenty-six inches; chest and waist girth, each fifty-five inches; calf of leg, twenty inches; thigh, thirty inches. He is thirty-nine years old and weighs 347 pounds. The Buckeye giant has thirty pounds the better of Chicago's biggest policeman, but the latter is superior and more impressive in height. Yet he lowers the proud standard that was raised by the champion giant of St. Louis.

There are doubtless many other blue-coated giants that will be heard from before this interesting contest is ended. It is natural that men of extraordinary strength and proportions should seek and find employment on the police force of large cities. A year or two ago, just after the reorganization of the Broadway squad in New York, it was said that Archibald Taggart and Harry Graham, at that time roundsmen in the squad, were probably the biggest policemen in the world. Graham was the tallest man on the New York police force, being six feet six and a half inches in height, but his weight was only 245 pounds. He was so tall and thin that he was called the lightning rod cop. In every point except that of height he is outclassed by the Westerners already referred to.

Taggart, in every way except in height, was a larger man than Graham. His measurements were: Height, six feet five and a half inches; chest, forty-seven inches; waist, thirty-seven and a half inches. His weight was 278 pounds.

Still, all modern Goliaths are not found in the police ranks. When Emperor William made his celebrated tour of the Holy Land, two years or more ago, he took with him for spectacular purposes the tallest man in the German Army. This German giant was reported to be seven feet eight inches in height. Prince Frederick Henry, eldest son of the Prince Regent of Brunswick, who recently attained his majority, is the tallest of the Hohenzollerns, being over six feet three inches in height.

Oswald Ballins is now said to be one of the greatest giants of the German Army. He is a Bavarian by birth, twenty-three years old, and seven feet one inch in height and still growing. He weighs 300 pounds and is, unlike most extremely tall men, in perfect health. He was recently married to Miss Beemen, a native of Tonquin, China. Her mother was a German, and her father a Chinese. She is considerably taller than most women, being six feet six inches high, and when last heard from was still growing at the rate of two inches a year.

Hassan Ali, who gives Cairo, Egypt, as his home, is said to be eight feet five inches tall. His head is thirty-one inches long. He married a Mahometan lady who was six feet high at the age of fourteen.

Miss Ella Ewing, the Missouri giantess, who is eight feet four inches in height, recently completed a house for herself at the town of Govin, in that State. Her new house has doors ten feet high, ceilings fifteen feet high, with chairs, tables, beds and every-

thing in proportion. Before this she never had a bed long enough to sleep in with comfort.

The greatest thin giant of recent times was Joseph Blacyszewski, a laboring man in Chicago, who was seven feet eight inches in height, but weighed only 125 pounds. He lately died at the age of forty-one. He came to America from Poland.

Chicago has now a renowned boy giant in the person of one Harry Meyers, who says that he quit the show business a short time ago to become a tramp. He is one of the few tramp giants on record. He is twenty years old, stands six feet eleven inches in his stocking feet and weighs over 300 pounds.

Tennessee has a reformed giant. He is the Rev. Charles Kesterson, a native of Hancock County, in that State. His height is seven feet eight inches, though he says that in the prime of manhood he was over eight feet tall. He is now seventy-five and weighs about 300 pounds. Years ago he was a moonshiner and general all-round terror. Then he was converted, joined the Baptist Church and began preaching. He was still engaged in this work at last accounts.

It is said that the tallest man ever accurately measured was Winckelmeyer, who was eight feet six inches in height. Chang, the Chinese giant, the tallest person ever exhibited in this country, was only seven feet six inches high, though he pretended to be over eight feet.

The tallest woman on the American stage is Miss Mary Tull, who, beside her histrionic talent, has won worldwide fame as the favorite model of some American sculptors for their goddesses of liberty. Miss Tull's height is considerably over six feet, which naturally limits her field of endeavor as an actress.—New York Sun.

Hedgehogs and Moles.

Writing to a sporting contemporary a gentleman offers to receive any number of hedgepigs "up to a thousand," as he believes they would do good on his estates in Devonshire. Some people may be disposed to wonder what service can be rendered to agriculture by creatures that do occasionally make a late supper of chickens and partridges. The truth is, the hedgehog has never received full justice. He is, take him all in all, an admirable beast. Everybody knows that the hedgehog eats snails and slugs, but few people, perhaps, have realized that he is also a liberal consumer of moles.

Now, there are many estates in Devonshire where the mole employs a band of men to keep his family down, and there are places in Surrey, quite near London, where neither man nor trap can stop the ravages of these creatures on what is intended to be the lawn. Where the soil is sandy the mole lives deep, and he will fling up a chain of veritable mountains in his journeys under one's lawn in the course of a single night. This conduct may be borne with in parks and meadows, but in gardens it becomes intolerable. It may be suggested, therefore, to those householders whose lawns are ravaged by moles whom neither trap nor professional trapper can control that a few hedgehogs in the garden might bring the pestiferous moles to some sense of the fitness of things.—London Globe.

Curious Fish From a Driven Well.

Some time ago a driven well was sunk at the Howell Creamery, Pine Island, to the depth of 250 feet. The supply of water obtained equalled only one quarter of the amount necessary, and in order to obtain a greater supply two charges of javelite, a new explosive, were discharged by William J. Brown, an expert in its use. Both charges were set off simultaneously by an electric battery, and a column of water eight inches in diameter was thrown to a height of 300 feet. Many curious things came up from the bottom of the well, including three curious fish. They were about eight inches long and had neither head nor tail, both ends being alike. They could swim as easily backward as forward and were not provided with eyes or mouth. There were several small orifices at each end of these curious fish. When they came down with a shower of stones from the top of the column of water they bounded repeatedly many feet in the air. One was captured by a Polaroid, who, curious to see its interior, struck it with a dull hatchet, but made no impression whatever upon the fish, although he killed it. One is still alive in captivity.—New York Sun.

The Congressman Went to Sleep.

One of the most absent-minded men in the House of Representatives is Mr. Burton, of Ohio, chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors. The other day Mr. Burton having charge of the appropriation bill, forgot that for the time being he was boss of the House and that it was his duty to say when the wrogy lawmakers should quit work. When that time came Burton forgot all about it. The speaker looked hard at him, but Burton did not come out of his trance. Finally General Henderson's patience gave out. "The gentleman from Ohio," he shouted, just as if Mr. Burton had been asking for recognition. The Ohioan jumped up, looked bewildered and finally blurted out: "Eh, eh, Mr. Speaker," he stuttered. "I move the House do now adjourn." "Well, he's awake finally," muttered Speaker Henderson, sotto voce, "but some people do need a lot of sleep."—Chicago Chronicle.

King Edward's Curious Property.

King Edward VII. is proprietor of the beds of all British tidal rivers, such as the Thames, the Mersey, the Tyne, and others. He also owns that part of the shore all round the coast line which lies between high and low-water mark.

SUCIDES OF CHILDREN

LARGE NUMBER OF VICTIMS FURNISHED BY THE CITIES.

Pitiful Case of a Little New York Girl Who Was Weary With the Burden of Premature Womanhood—A Lack of Endurance and Fortitude.

One instance after another of self-inflicted death of children have caused a slowly increasing interest to trace the cause and find a remedy, and at last awakened a sense of duty concerning the incredible state of mind and morals which these young suicides demonstrate as existing in our day and generation, writes a correspondent of the New York Post.

There is something so at variance with human nature, as well as so abhorrent to all sane thought, in the willingness of a child to kill itself, that the natural impulse of the hearer is to disbelieve the fact. The almost irresistible desire to make some effort to remove the conditions which move such tender creatures to destroy themselves, might have better hope of good result, had records been kept and the subject been approached more scientifically, with data, parentage, race and all the testamentary statistics which could help theory and suggest remedies. Unfortunately none of these have been retained.

Cities unquestionably provide the larger number of these victims, but in the majority of instances noted the circumstances have not been those of either extreme want or misery. Many of the cases which have been reported have been pupils of the public schools, and there has been a questioning thought in this connection: "Could the schools help?" The idea is not that the schools are in fault, but that their large congregations of children, coming out of sordid unlighted homes, might afford the most vital opportunity to plant new ideas of what it means to live and die and what should bind a child to its home.

Perhaps the instance which finally forced the writer to make this appeal was this:

A child, a little girl, one of those pathetic creatures whom we know as "Little Mothers," was, at eleven years of age, quite creditably heading the household of her widowed father. There were three younger children; they are reported as having been clean and watched over with that extraordinary combination of vigilance and good sense which is common to these premature guardians of their brothers and sisters. She is not spoken of as morbid or abnormal in any way. She appeared to be bearing her burden after the wonderful manner of her kind. One day she asked her father if he would please come home early; "by 3 o'clock," she said.

Three o'clock was impossible to him, but he came as soon as he could, and when the door opened to his hand, there lay the "Little Mother" dead upon the floor. The bit of paper left for him said in purport—unfortunately the words are not preserved—"I cannot bear the responsibility of caring for the children. I cannot bear to go on any longer, so I am going to kill myself."

She was tired of living, weary with the burdens of premature womanhood, and unquestionably poisoned in thought and judgment by reading, so easily accessible, of how tired men and women took their impious ways out of this world. It would be impossible to express the vivid clearness of the picture left upon the mind by the brief paragraph printed in the melody of the day's "news." Poor little tired girl, lying dead in her clean print gown; brave enough to kill herself, and wholly ignorant of the majesty of life or the enormity of death.

Her innocence, her good record of duty done, her stricken father, all have kept her apart from the rest; from the girl who threw her life away because she could not go to a party; or her who drowned herself because she had been properly reproved; or the lad who hanged himself in his father's barn apparently in a spirit of retaliation to some wound to his pride.

We hear of frightful endings to the lives of young men and women of at least American birth, if not of American parentage, but there is almost invariably an attendant revelation of the breaking of the moral law which has rendered the conditions of life abnormal. With these this appeal has no direct connection, though they primarily have been educated where influences could have been brought to bear on mind and conscience and heart, which would have gone before, and closed the gates against evil passion and disgrace.

There seems to exist a fundamental lack of endurance and fortitude; desire, however trivial, must be gratified or the young spirit rebels to the extent of taking itself out of the atmosphere of discipline. Out of certainly ten cases which have been noted—to be conservative in the absence of data, we will say within a year—with the exception of the "little mother," the causes were the merest trifles affecting comparatively comfortable lives. The main reasons have been anger at a sharp reproof, or the denial of a coveted pleasure. There were two schoolgirls in a rural district who agreed to drown themselves together for no cause. Terror overcame them when death approached, and the stronger strove to rescue her companion, but failed, and when rescued was on the verge of final collapse herself.

The girl in whom I was most interested had only money enough to carry her to her bourne, and was devoid of other resources and without experience. Yet she went without hesitation, after skillfully managing to abstract a few garments from her home, and regardless of father or mother, or any tie of love or duty.

The mother was nearly crazed with grief and apprehension, and the family, all hard-working people, expended \$1000 of their savings in their heart-breaking search, before a clever detective discovered her in a Boston street coming from work.

Her only—and to her own mind entirely sufficient—apology was: "I could not stand being laughed at." She was wholly devoid of all realization of obligations regarding the relations of parent and child.

Endurance is an unknown duty to these children's undisciplined minds. "I can't stand it," or "I will have it," are the imperative rulers of their lives. Only to-day a little boy of six in an "east side" tenement told his mother that he would not live at home if she required of him some small domestic service. "I'll quit yer and take care of meself," he said, and the defiance was so fearless and positive that the poor mother trembled with fear—a small boy is so easily lost in a great city—and her heart ached with dread of what he would threaten when his curly pate would reach to her shoulder.

Our quick-eyed, quick-eared children, who read with eager haste the newspapers so easily obtained, know well who are greatest and best among our men and women. Might there not be hope of lasting benefit from the words of eloquent and tactful people? Could not the authorities who so wisely provide profitable and instructive lectures on art, history and science, free to the people of every district in our city, find a way to break into the class routine of the schools, and try what could be done to build up character and open the eyes of the children? From time to time might not magnetic, earnest men make the attempt to tell them what it means to be responsible for life?

Sheepskin Waistcoats.

It may be that the coachman sitting tranquilly on the box, apparently comfortable, though the wintry blasts do blow, has got on a garment more or less worn at this season by men much outdoors. These men include coachmen, truckmen, motormen and others. The garment is a sheepskin waistcoat.

This is a waistcoat made of sheepskin with the wool on, and worn with the woolly side in. The skin is tanned to a tan color. The waistcoat is cut high in front and is provided with pockets. It is worn sometimes in place of a coat that would otherwise be used, or perhaps with a lighter weight coat than the wearer would put on without it. The overcoat is, of course, worn over all, as usual.

Some sheepskin waistcoats are made to button together at the front as any waistcoat would. Others are made to fasten together in front with straps and buckles.

There's a high degree of warmth in a sheepskin waistcoat, but the price is not very high. They cost about \$2.50.—New York Sun.

The Laureate Holds On.

I have read carefully most of the tributes in the press to the late Queen. I have also read the ode by Mr. Alfred Austin. On the whole, I think the pressmen have done more justice to the occasion than the poet. There is a good deal of poetry in the prose, and still more prose in the poetry; and of the two the former seems the less out of place. By the way, is the office of Poet Laureate one of those of which the tenure has been confirmed by royal proclamation? Many had hoped, with me, that the demise of the crown might involve the demise of the laurel wreath. But the appearance of the official elegiac seems to nip this hope in the bud, and deepens the national gloom.—Labourer, in London Truth.

The End of the Zoar Community.

The very last act completing the dissolution of the Society of Communists at the historical village of Zoar, Ohio, which disintegration was begun over two years ago, was completed when the last surveying and apportionments were made. Not only the buildings in Zoar, but also the 7000 acres of land, have been apportioned. The valuation of the properties received by each member averages about \$5000. For the first time since the arrival, almost a century ago, of John Banneler, the Zoarite leader, and his band of German followers, the community is now governed like other towns. A mayor and councilmen have been elected and have already entered upon their new duties.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Perfect Lady.

It was on a cable car, and two young women were talking at a lively rate. One of them said: "I never had a more pleasant evening. I liked Mrs. Blank so much. Indeed, I enjoyed her company very much. She is a perfect lady, and knows what is due to her. She never took the trouble, like others, to set out a table with a lot of stuff on it, but she just had a tray and glasses and a pitcher, and the gentlemen of the company took the pitcher in turn and had it filled. Oh, she is a perfect lady and knows what is her due. When I have a home of my own I am going to do just the same. I like to see people know what is due to them."—New York Herald.

Cow Worship in Africa.

Two show marches brought us to a long pool of still water. Here we found another branch of the Magoos, who called themselves Katua. To my surprise I discovered these people to be cow worshippers and to indulge in certain rites which were supposed to be peculiar to the Hindoo religion. The origin of this cow worship is presumably the same with the Katua as with the Hindoo, traceable to the great dependence placed upon the animal for sustenance. The Katua eat the cow, but all their people turn out when a beast is killed and go through much ceremony. They would not sell a single cow.—Geograph. J. Journal.