

# A LEPROSY TRAGEDY.

## The Sacrifice of Kaomoua, the Hawaiian Beauty.

### HER LIFE FOR HER MOTHER.

A Story Which Sheds a Bright Light Upon the Filial Devotion of Kanaka Women—The Reason a Baby's Advancements Were Not Returned.

The usual Honolulu crowd was down at the dock when the steamship from San Francisco pulled alongside the pier on a brilliant, balmy afternoon in January some years ago. American women in summer afternoon costumes, a few English and a few German women of society, arrayed also in summer dress, leaned back languorously in their carriages and phaetons, under the shade of parasols, listening to the lazy conversation of the dock chaff, and the young ladies, who were waiting for the great steamer to depart, were looking at the people who were passing by with interest.

One of these Kanaka women at the dock on this brilliant January afternoon was particularly beautiful. She was clad like the rest of the women of her race. She was fully five feet ten inches in height, and the white silk frock with which, unlike the other Kanaka women, she drew her white dress over her waist emphasized the splendid proportions of her figure. Kaomoua seemed quite unconscious of her beauty. The young shipping clerks, hurrying to and fro on the dock with their pencils behind their ears, stopped suddenly when they caught sight of her. The women in the carriages, who had not been long down from the States or from Europe, saw Kaomoua and asked the women of longer Honolulu residence, "Who is that glorious creature?" Kaomoua, with a very sad face, spoke only an occasional word to one of the Kanaka women.

The steamship was made fast to the pier, and the passengers began to troop over the gangplank. There was one young girl with her pretty young wife and three-year-old child. The little girl was the first to catch sight of Kaomoua as she reached the bottom of the gangway. She quickly freed her hand from her father's grasp and ran toward Kaomoua with baby words. Kaomoua smiled at the little girl, but did not offer to take her up. Instead she folded her arms, looking down at the little pink faced child pleasantly. When the mother had taken the little girl she raised her eyes to look at Kaomoua.

"Did you ever in your whole life see such a perfectly beautiful woman?" asked the young wife of her husband in a whisper when he came up. "And Tina seemed to take to her immediate. If we could only have her for a nurse for Tina."

Kaomoua heard her. She replied in a soft Kanaka accent, smiling. Then a look of pain came into her face. "But it may not be it may not be." And with her hands at her eyes, Kaomoua turned suddenly and disappeared among the departing men and women of her race.

Three months later the parents of the little girl were at the dock to see the saddest of sights—the departure of the lepers for the island of Molokai. The Kilauoa Hou, the leper steamer, was being carried out to sea in barges, and a litter was borne through the roped enclosure for the lepers. On it lay a very old Kanaka woman in the final stages of the disease. At the side of the litter walked Kaomoua. Her face was very sad. The parents of the little girl wondered. They spoke to an official of the Hawaiian board of health, who was busy in the task of embarking the lepers.

"Surely," they said, "she does not accompany the lepers?" "Who is Kaomoua?" replied the health official. "Oh, yes, she does. But it is her own choice. Kaomoua, you know, has been serving her old mother for a number of years. We all ways knew there was something mysterious about Kaomoua—that is, we have known it for the last five years. She had made queer visits to a palm tree over in the Nuuanu valley. Last week we followed her. We felt there was leprosy in it. We found her mother in the hut. Kaomoua had had her in hiding, trying to save her from Molokai, ever since the disease became evident. Her face is infected in the least. She has been careful. But she elects to follow her mother to Molokai. Extraordinary! Why, not at all! You do not understand the filial devotion of Kanaka women—men, too, for that matter. Such cases are common enough."

The parents of the little girl looked at each other. There were tears in the mother's eyes.

"That is why she folded her arms and would not touch Tina," she said. "In this world of God, civilized or uncivilized, could there be anything more noble?"

All was ready, and the Kilauoa Hou, with Kaomoua and her mother on board, slowly started down the harbor, the Kanakas on the dock setting up the world, plaintive death wail—Washington Star.

Always Dressed the 14th. Most dismal of all men of the stage was Grimaldi, the clown, and his father had him. He had that curious dread of a certain date which assails so many. The elder Grimaldi hated the 14th of the month, and when it was passed he regarded himself as safe until the next. He was born, christened and married on the 14th of the month, and, being disconcerted with all three events, he will hope his death on March 14, 1788, satisfied him.—London Tatler.

Cutting Humor. With each and every laughing, he burst into the king's presence. "Have you heard my last joke, your majesty?" he cried. "I have," was the reply as the royal eye descended on the neck of the court jester.—Life.

Realism. The Author—Well, how did you like my play? The Critic—Oh, it was very nice. The Author—Didn't you think the church scene realistic? The Critic—Intensely so. Why, a great many of us actually went to sleep while it was on.—Cleveland Leader.

# IT WAS NOT REFERRED.

## When Lincoln's Words Were Turned Inside Upon Himself.

General Robert Avery, who was wounded almost fatally at Chancellorsville and recovered just in time to lose his right leg at the tip on Lookout mountain, told an anecdote of Lincoln which shows the great president's appreciation of the fitness of things and his unflinching firmness.

"When I had recovered from the effects of the amputation," said General Avery, "a very dear friend of mine who had served long and faithfully as a regimental quartermaster was an applicant for a position as brigade quartermaster. He fled it with me, and after it had been properly briefed and indorsed I made it my business to put before the president. There was a long line of people waiting to see Mr. Lincoln when I arrived at the White House, but seeing I was a wounded man, he came over to me. 'I'll take my turn, Mr. President,' I said, and he turned to receive his visitors.

"The man ahead of me also had a request for an appointment—a letter which Governor Bramlett of Kentucky had indorsed 'respectfully referred to President Lincoln.' 'The man from Kentucky,' said the man from Kentucky, 'this doesn't show that Governor Bramlett respects anything. It says simply 'respectfully referred.' That means he just passed it along. If you can get Governor Bramlett to request me I'll do it. 'Respectfully referred' is only a polite way of getting rid of a person."

"He was sitting at his desk at the time, sitting lower and lower down in his chair until only his head seemed to show. I presented the papers of my friend. He read them and said, 'Why, yes.' Then he wrote on a card, 'respectfully referred to Mr. Stanton,' the secretary of war.

"This won't do, Mr. President," I said to him. "Why not?" he asked. "Because you have just said to that man from Kentucky that 'respectfully referred' is a polite way of getting rid of a person."

"The president slowly rose out of his deep seated chair until he looked seven feet tall to me, and then he began to laugh. 'You've got me,' said he, and then he wrote on a card, 'Appoint this man.'—New York World.

# THE BURYING BEETLE.

## Dead Mice and Birds Secured as Food For Its Young.

People often wonder what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds, for though they are not constantly dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they are buried by beetles. Buchner gives a brief account of them as follows:

"Several of them unite together to bury under the ground, as food and shelter for their young, some dead animal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole, a bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up or grow rotten or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from the outer air lasts very well.

"The burying beetles go to work in a very well considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body so that it sinks of itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough it is covered over from above by the beetle, who, by means of his wings, united forces and great efforts, drags the corpse to some place more suitable for burying. They work so diligently that a mouse, for instance, is buried within three hours. But they often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they only bury pieces as large as they can manage.

"There can be no doubt of the intelligence of these strange insects, as a gentleman discovered in a rather curious way. He desired to dry a dead toad, and for that purpose he fastened it upon the top of an upright stick. The burying beetles, however, very soon attracted by the smell, and finding that they could not reach the toad, they undermined the stick, causing it to fall with the toad, which was then duly buried.—Our Animal Friends.

A Comforting Word. A woman whose colored maid was assisting her in trying on a handsome gown one day got a shock when, after looking in the pier glass and admiring her really handsome figure as displayed in the new garment, she remarked to the girl:

"Julia, all I need now is a new face." "Deed, Mrs. Dyer," replied the colored girl, "I wouldn't worry if I was you. I saw a lady the other day no better looking than you are."—New York Press.

Time to Do Something. Mrs. Minus—Mary, it was 1 o'clock this morning when you got in, I heard you. Mary—Well, mam, if I was you I'd take something to make me sleep better. I took my shoes off in the kitchen and didn't make no more noise than a cat would. I've been kind of worried about you for a good while.

Satisfied. Mrs. Skowler—You will have to go, Mary. I can't put up with your impertinence any longer. I'm sorry I can't give you a recommendation. Mary—It's all right, mam. My leaving alive will be all the recommendation I need.—Boston Transcript.

The fool wanders; the wise travel.—Spanish Proverb.

Miners' Freedom From Cancer. "Miners never have cancer. In thirty-five years' practice in a mining town I haven't had a single cancerous patient."

"And to what, doctor, do you impute this immunity?" "Miners are singularly clean. They bathe every day, they rarely smoke. They are a temperate and regular set. Above all—"

The physician smiled grimly. "Miners," he said, "die young. Cancer is an old age disease. And there really is the reason of the miners' cancerous immunity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not the Same. "Excuse me," he said as he entered the public library at Paganite, "but do you have any social registers here?" "No, we haven't," said the librarian, with considerable hauteur. "This here buildin' is hot up by steam, and we haven't got nothin' but radiators, and we don't allow no settin' around with your feet on 'em neither. The nearest thing we got to a social registry in this town is the postoffice stove."—Lippincott's.

# THE PLAIN OF GUINNESS.

## Its Transformation Into the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

It was a magnificent display when Henry VIII of England and Philip I. of France met in good fellowship on the plain of Guinness.

"The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his 300 followers, headed the escort and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops and knights. With the escort came a regiment of 4,000 horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly 2,000 persons and 800 horses. The French king had an equally splendid retinue, and the strictly symmetrical cavalcade was magnificent, palaces of gold, the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in it and erected one for his king. The palace was the most beautiful place imaginable. It had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

"But Henry was not to spend all of his time in the palace. Tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suits were to lodge. The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

"The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them and of all the other members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling. Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright sun; and the horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, dashed about gayly. So gorgeous had the dreary plain of Leuwardt that it has become known in history as the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.'"

# BROWNING'S "SORDELLO."

## The Critics Had Lots of Fun With the Famous Poem.

When Robert Browning was twenty-eight years old and after he had written "Paracelsus" and his tragedy of "Strafford," he wrote "Sordello," about which there has always been such a variety of opinion. Dante in his "Turgatorio" wrote of Sordello, who was a poet of Provence.

"'Wierd "Sordello" appeared it made a sensation. Punch said it had of fewer lines to any person who would reasonably explain one single line and that after a year no one had claimed this reward. Burlesques were written on it, and in one of these it was claimed that the funniest lines were some of the exact original ones.

A story is told of witty Douglas Jerrold, who met a friend one day and asked, "Have you read 'Sordello'?" "Does it mean anything?" "The friend replied that it meant nothing whatever. 'Thank heaven!' said Jerrold. 'Then I am not mad! I read it yesterday and feared I had lost my wits. It is only Browning who has lost his!'"

Another story was that criminals at Newgate prison who were condemned to death were offered full pardon if they would listen to the reading of "Sordello," but in every instance they hastened with glee to the gallows. Browning once said that he blamed nobody but himself for the work and that it had many faults of expression; that he meant to lay stress on incidents in the development of a soul and that little else is worth study. This estimate of his work was given twenty-five years after it was written, when he had revised it and dedicated it to a friend. He rewrote very little of it, and his followers have a belief that he considered "Sordello" his best literary work. It certainly has many beautiful lines, and in particular there is a word picture as striking as anything in our language:

"Oh, dead! There were thousands of tinder boxes in little Boston the day I was born, and a few years ago I tried to buy one as a curiosity, and I could not find one in any of the junkshops. In those days old women would stop at the door and ask you to buy some bundles of matches. They had made these themselves of pine wood four inches long, which they had dipped in hot brimstone at both ends. And those were the only matches that anybody ever heard of.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Natural Inference. "Matrimony," said the lady who had just secured her third divorce, "is after all, an uncharted sea."

"That you have not navigated in both various ventures for charting purposes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Manners form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned.—Emerson.

How He Manages Her. "How is it that your wife is so tractable?" "Why, I told her when we were married that she could do just exactly as she pleased, and of course she finds no pleasure in doing it."—Chicago Post.

The Fighting Eel. Bacon—Which do you think is the gamiest fish? Ebert—Well, the black bass is the gamiest to catch, but the eel is the gamiest when it comes to getting it off the hook.—Yonkers Statesman.

Letting Him Down Easy. A young man of very limited means after the marriage ceremony presented to the minister 27 cents, all spread out on the palm of his right hand.

"This is all I've got, parson," he said. Seeing a disappointed look in the minister's face, he added, "If we have any children we will send them to your Sunday school."—Success Magazine.

Artificiality Natural. "Don't you men really think that women are very largely artificial?" "Why, yes." "And what do you think of it?" "That it's natural, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Result of Rashness. "Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Boss catch you firing?" "No, I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

What Did He Mean? "Yes, I believe that every intelligent woman should have a vote." "But, senator, I understand that you were opposed to women's suffrage?" "I am."—Judge.

# THE CHAMELEON.

## This Curious Animal Is Like Two Half Creatures Joined.

The chameleon is not allied closely to any other animal. It stands as a genus by itself. The nervous centers in one lateral half operate independently of those in the other. This seems outrageous, and it is, but it is true. The chameleon has two lateral centers of perception—of sensation and of motion. There exists also a third center—that common one in which it blends the powers of seeing and hearing of which the two sides of the creature may be forced to work in harmony with each other. But this center of concentration does not at all dominate the situation. Notwithstanding the strictly symmetrical structure of the animal's two halves, the eyes move quite independently, and they convey distinct and separate impressions to their respective centers of perception. As of the eyes, so of the other members—each reports to and is controlled by its own center.

The result is that when the faculty of concentration becomes disturbed everything is jumbled. Let the chameleon be much agitated and its movements grow erratic. They are those of a creature fastened together, on either, of two half creatures joined. Each half exhibits its intention of going its separate way. The result is a pitiable confusion of movement. There is no concentration of action. A curious example of the chameleon's helplessness when unduly excited is found in the fact that it cannot swim. The shock of being plunged into water produces the noise of its faculty for concentration. For each side strikes out wildly for itself, to its own undoing. The chameleon is the only four-legged vertebrate that cannot swim.

When the creature is calm every limb to motion is referred to the common center of concentration, and the entire organism is in firing accord with the commands issued by that faculty. Thus, while totally different impressions from the two eyes are transmitted from their centers to the common one, that concentrating power decides as to which seems to be the more important and then directs the eye otherwise engaged also to regard it. The same principle applies in the center of all the members—so long as the animal remains unexcited. Any obstacle which tends to interfere with this dual nature in a superficial way by some experiments with a sleeping chameleon. A touch on one side of the animal will wake that side up, while the other side sleeps calmly on.

# FLINT AND TINDER.

## Making Fire in the Days Before We Had Matches.

A friend of mine of just my age used to laugh about his own boyhood and tell the story of his mother shaking him in bed and bidding him put on his boots when he dressed and his overcoat and made through the snow to the next neighbor's to get a pair of hot mittens. He said he had a pair of mittens which he had had for his father's. He said he had a pair of mittens which he had had for his father's. He said he had a pair of mittens which he had had for his father's.

Now, whoever was in the kitchen in the winter and found that the last hot coal of the wood fire had gone out, took down the tinder box and struck the steel with the flint smartly and often until a red-hot spark fell on the tinder; then very carefully she blew with her breath on any flakes of the tinder which had lighted until she had quite a little cove of lighted tinder. Then she took what we called a brimstone match and put that very carefully in the little hot hole. If all went well, the tinder, which was a little piece of wood, the brimstone lighted, and she lighted the candle, which made a part of the tinder box.

Oh, dead! There were thousands of tinder boxes in little Boston the day I was born, and a few years ago I tried to buy one as a curiosity, and I could not find one in any of the junkshops. In those days old women would stop at the door and ask you to buy some bundles of matches. They had made these themselves of pine wood four inches long, which they had dipped in hot brimstone at both ends. And those were the only matches that anybody ever heard of.—Woman's Home Companion.

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# LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT.

## The Puzzle of the Tiny Firefly and the Mighty Comet.

Each holds the secret. It is a mystery to science, and the man who is able to penetrate that mystery will be in a position to revolutionize this planet of ours.

This is not an Aesop fable, although it has a moral. There are two things in whose presence science stands wondering and awed—the tiny glowworm (or the yet tinier firefly) and the mighty comet trailing the sky with its glimmering train. Each of them holds the same secret—how to make light without heat. The man who gets that secret will revolutionize the planet.

The late president of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain referred to the value of the comet's secret in his retiring address. He thought that we do not sufficiently appreciate the wondrous spectacle of a comet's tail. It shows us hundreds of billions of cubic miles of space simultaneously glowing with luminosity whose origin is a mystery.

Yet the persistent glow of the comet's tail shows that there is no real vacuum there, but a vast quantity of extremely attenuated matter which no doubt is the cause of the luminosity. We ought, Professor Newall thinks, to measure the importance of this light. "Who knows," he says, "whether, if we could discover a method of disrupting gases and vapors in ultra-vacuum spaces artificially maintained on earth, we should not have a method which we could suggest to ourselves as that of the glowworm and as brilliant as is needed for our nocturnal life?"

This thing may really be within our reach, although at the present time we cannot even suggest to ourselves exactly how it is to be attained. But the tendency of recent investigation is in that direction. As Sir John Herschel said of another discovery which was just at the door, "We can feel it trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis."

There are not a few men, who are regarded by their harder-headed scientific brethren as "dreamers," who picture to themselves a fast coming time when we shall not only obtain light as cheap as a rate as the firefly has it, but when we shall have tapped the exhaustless stores of energy that sleep all around us in nature.

If it is a dream suspended in the midst of a vast workshop crowded with multitudinous machines, all whirling and chattering in a storm of energies, but which he can neither control nor understand. If we could see these things they might terrify us, as the dreamer is terrified by the whirling belts and spinning wheels of his vision, seeming to grasp at his life.

If the scientific investigator needs to establish a reason d'être in the eyes of the public, which cannot follow either his processes or his results, he has only to point to the fact that the greatest practical discoveries of modern times have come out of the laboratories from things as incomprehensible to the uninitiated as so much magic. It is a well known fact that the growing night of Germany springs from her devotion to "pure research."

Returning again to the pregnant hint of the comet, Professor Newall is clearly right in saying, "Here is a theme that should stir up the most commercial mind in the support of astronomy."—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

On the Cars of New York. The surface cars of New York carry on each line as different a nationality of people as if they belonged to a different country. On the Eighth Avenue line there are mostly colored people; on the Sixth Avenue they are largely Americans; if there are any Americans in New York; on the Broadway cars there are stylishly dressed New Yorkers; on the Third Avenue Irish and Jewish people predominate; on the Second Avenue Jewish, Italian, Hungarian, Swedish and German, while on the surface cars that run along Avenue A you see every foreign nationality under the sun, all intermingled.—New York Press.

Vain Regrets. "That man Biffin lacks courage and energy." "Yes, confound him!" "Why do you say that?" "Because he was courting my wife long before I met her. If he had had a little more courage and energy—But what's the use of talking about it now?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# WILD ELEPHANTS.

## A Herd's Successful Raid on a Granary in Ceylon.

Some soldiers stationed at an outpost in Ceylon, says a Colombo paper, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice were sent off a few miles to quiet some unruly villagers. Two of the party remaining behind. No sooner had the soldiers departed than a herd of wild elephants, which had long been wandering about the neighborhood, appeared in front of the granary. Its walls were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the center of the roof, which was reached by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants the two men climbed up into a lofty banyan tree to escape injury. Screened by the thick foliage, though unseen by the elephants, they easily saw all that went on below.

The granary was the scene of operations at the corners of the building. Two powerful elephants, after putting forth every effort, but in vain, to make an impression on the building, were forced to retire exhausted. A third came forward, and applying his tusks as levers, he at length succeeded in dislodging a single brick. An opening once made, others of the herd advanced, and soon an entrance was obtained sufficiently large to admit them. As the whole company could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small groups of three or four. After satisfying themselves they retired and gave place to others until the whole herd, upward of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, and those still in the granary rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first officers, after leaving the building, had acted as sentinel while the others were taking their turn. He had perceived the troops returning from the village, and gave the signal for retreat, whereupon the whole herd, flourishing their tusks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

The soldiers found the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a fieldpiece was discharged at them in their retreat, but they only wagged their tails as if in mockery, and were soon hidden in the recesses of their native forests.

# DAYS OF THE WEEK.

## At One Time They Were Designated Merely by Numbers.

Formerly the days of the week were numbered one, two, three, four, five and six, beginning with the Sabbath. Even now the custom still prevails among certain nations, Greeks, the Slavs and the Finns. Many old fashions returned from the Quakers, particularly in the north of England, still hold to this custom, which was the common one in the days of the apostles as well as among the Jews and the Arabs. The orthodox Quakers use the numeral system in preference to the ordinary on the ground that the gods are goddesses, from whom the names were taken, were not of the highest respectability in point of morals.

The week was originally only a convenient quarter of the lunar month because it began on Monday, or moon day. The Italians still call Monday the first and Sunday the seventh day of the week. Tuesday is derived from the Norse Tiu, who corresponded to Mars, the god of war, a most disreputable person in the eyes of Quakers. Thursday was Thor's day, Thor being a god warrior who was morally no better than he ought to be. Wednesday returns from the Quakers, who correspond to Mars, the god of war, a most disreputable person in the eyes of Quakers. Thursday was Thor's day, Thor being a god warrior who was morally no better than he ought to be. Wednesday returns from the Quakers, who correspond to Mars, the god of war, a most disreputable person in the eyes of Quakers.

Called it the day of ill luck because Saturday was called after Saturn, and Sunday was known to the Christians as resurrection or sun day. The week of seven days was imported from Alexandria into Greece and into Italy about the time of Christ. The Greeks had previously divided their month into sets of ten days, the Romans into sets of eight days, three and a half sets being equal to one month.—New York World.

An Author's Initials. Initials are sometimes the resort of the writer who is anxious to conceal his identity, and a glance through any one of the 700 volumes that comprise the catalogue of the British museum reading room will discover some strange instances. A theological book entitled "Inquiry Into the Meaning of Demonicals in the New Testament," is attributed to T. P. A. P. O. A. B. I. C. O. S. Its real author was a certain Arthur Sykes, and the initials reveal his position as "the presentor of the prebendary of Alton Borealis in the church at Salisbury."—London Chronicle.

# He Got the Teacher.

A man called at a grammar school in a large city to see one of the teachers and, uncertain just which was the room he wanted, noted the bell buttons in the main corridor. He pressed one of them. His surprise was great when soon after the sound of the gong children and teachers fled forth from the various rooms, all in orderly line and with no excitement or crowding. The visitor had fired the button which called for the fire alarm drill practice.

Useful to Flirts. A young man called on a patent expert and showed him an idea he wanted protected. It was in the form of an engagement ring.

"But," said the expert, examining the very ordinary looking circle, "what is there patentable about this?" "It is adjustable, sir," said the inventor proudly.—London Answers.

There is no greater grief than misery to turn our thoughts back to happier times.—Dante.

Puppies Both. "I would give half my fortune to be in your little dog's place," said a "man" who was riding in a railway carriage to a girl who had a toy terrier in her arms.

"And it would be the right place for you," she replied, "for I am taking in to have his ears cropped."—London Express.

Those Elaborate Defenses. "Would you shoot a man who as I should your veracity?" "No," answered the peaceful citizen. "I'd rather take a chance on his personal opinion than to go before a jury with a story that might convince the general public that he was right."—Washington Star.

Pretty Light. "I'll have to ask you to pay in advance," remarked the hotel keeper. "Isn't my luggage good enough security?" "I fear it is a little too emotional." "Emotional?" "Yes; easily moved."—London Mail.

Wanton Waste. The Nurse—You've been badly hurt. The Victim—What's the matter with you now? The Nurse—But you with alcohol. The Victim—Ge, I wish I'd been turned inside out.—Cleveland Leader.

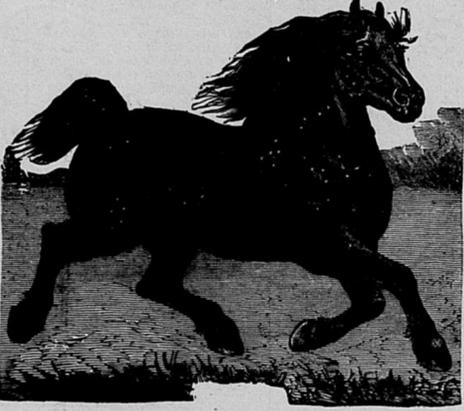
# WINCHESTER

## Smokeless Powder Shells

"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them for field or trap shooting. Ask Your Dealer For Them.

# PURE BRED BELGIAN DRAFT STALLIONS.



PORTE DRAPEAU (Am. 945.) (Foreign 15818) is a bay, pure bred Belgian, low down and blocky, lots of quality, and bone to spare, one of the best sires in Delaware county.

SULTAN de KEMEXHE (Am. 3391.) (Foreign 37430.) is a pure bred Belgian draft, blue roan, has a large number of colts in this county that speak for themselves. Each of these horses weigh over a ton.

TERMS.—\$15.00 to insure a live colt to stand up and suck. Owners disposing of mares, service money becomes due at once. Mares bred at owner's risk.

EDWARD COOK, Manager and Keeper.

# CHAUTAQUA

MANCHESTER, IOWA

JULY 26 to AUGUST 1

The Hargrove agency sold 120 Indiana silos in Iowa during the past month.

# INDIANA SILO.

It is made of best lumber; they own their own timber land, and have their own Mill. It has the best ladder front door frame; the doors are made so they are absolutely air tight and no iron to come in contact with the ensilage. Hoops made of 5-8 round iron.

The silo is no experiment but a necessity if you make farming pay on high-price land. There is only about 5 per cent. shrinkage on ensilage and you can carry from 40 to 50 per cent. more stock with the same amount of land.

Milk can be produced cheaper in the winter with ensilage than in the summer with pasture.

The round Stave Silo is generally considered by ensilage users to be the best style.

H. C. Hargrove, Western Agent, Des Moines, Iowa.

Geo. S. Lister, Agent for Delaware County.