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NUMBER 12.



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AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE

In the Treatment of Humours with More Than Magical Effect with

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A Remarkable Testimonial from a Most Intelligent and Trustworthy Lady.

"A tumor came on my neck and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed for fear it was malignant. My friends tried to persuade me to consult my physician; but dreading that he would insist on using the knife, I would not consent to go. Instead, I got Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment. I took the former according to directions, and spread a thick layer of the Ointment on the swelling. On renewing it I would bathe my neck in very warm water and Cuticura Soap. In a few days the Cuticura Ointment had drawn the swelling to a head, when it broke. Every morning it was opened with a large sterilized needle, squeezed and bathed, and fresh Ointment put on. Pus and blood, and a yellow, cheesy, tumorous matter came out. In about three or four weeks' time this treatment completely eliminated the tumor. The soreness that had extended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well.

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience, used the Cuticura Remedies with magical effect. I am willing you should use my testimony, and I will be glad to furnish you with a list of persons to whom I have written the above statements by personal letter to me."—Mrs. J. C. Nov. 12, 1903.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A century ago English did not deserve to be ranked among the leading languages of the world, so far as the numerical strength of those people who used it was concerned. At that time French, German, Russian and Spanish were the leading languages numerically, all numbering more followers than English. To-day the situation has notably changed. Of all the languages of the Northern peoples English is to-day the most widely used. At the present time the English-speaking peoples number about one hundred and fifty millions, as compared with about a hundred and ten million speakers of all kinds of Russian and ninety-five millions whose native tongue is German. French and Spanish have gone back notably during the century, and neither deserves to be ranked among the three most prominent languages in the world to-day.

The part of the world which, as Kipling would say, knows the meaning of soap and water, has cause to be glad at the growing importance of the English language in the world. Where English is spoken and read, it is only a question of time ere the ideals of individual liberty and justice begin to grow strong. An English-speaking world, in the course of no very long time, mean a world infinitely more liberal than is the world of the present day. It is perhaps too much to hope that the English language will ever extend its sphere of usefulness to every part of the world. That it is today becoming more and more the dominant language, however, is scarcely open to question.—Times-Star.

Governor Bushnell's Home Investment.

New York Tribune.

The news published Thursday about the will of the late Governor A. S. Bushnell of Ohio caused many a Wall Street habitue to wonder that so wealthy an estate could be thus constituted. Seven million dollars, and all invested just as though a Wall Street had never existed. Among other things were \$2,000,000 of International Harvester company stock, \$200,000 of Springfield Gas company stock, the entire Springfield, Troy and Piqua railway, a large percentage of the stock of the First National bank of Springfield, and also of the Springfield and Xenia Telephone company, and the Bushnell block, the handsomest block of real estate in the city.

How many wealthy men place their money all in local enterprises with which they are thoroughly familiar? And how many men of less means invest their lots in bonds and stocks whose names they hardly know, representing a business with which they are not at all familiar?

WIGWAG'S FATE By C. B. LEWIS

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We were heading off the Indians as they raided the Kansas frontier when we found Wigwag concealed in the willows along the banks of a creek. He was a boy of twelve, and his father, mother and two sisters had been massacred. He was handed over to a teamster and taken to Camp Supply, and but for the excitement of campaigning he would have been sent off somewhere soon. As it was, he hung about the teamsters for several weeks, no one giving him any particular attention, and then a sutler took him on. Wigwag was not enthusiastic over horses, guns or uniforms; but, quietly enough, he took to the signal corps. From the first moment he saw the men talking with each other through the medium of the signal flag his admiration was excited, and he began to pick up the system. He got little encouragement from any one, as all had enough to see to, but he had a head for the work, and he picked it up until within four or five months his flags could "talk" as well as any.

"Spring came, and we set off 600 strong to give the Indians a rub. No one was greatly surprised after we had left the forty miles behind us to find Wigwag on hand. He had 'jumped' the sutler, 'biked' a mule and followed after, and there was no sending him back. There wasn't a private soldier or teamster who wouldn't have shared rations with him, and such officers as knew of his presence winked at the breach of orders and said nothing. The boy had made signal flags for himself and had them with him, but they were looked upon as playthings by most of the troopers.

We swept across the valleys of the Big Park and the Big Salt, scattering the hostiles whenever they made a stand, and at length crossed the Canadian river and forced the red men back on the Wichita mountains, down on the Indian Territory line. We had them on the run and meant to keep them going. Just at sundown one evening as we were almost under the shadow of the mountains Wigwag was cut off and captured. His mule had gone lame and was lagging behind. An effort was made to rescue him, but his captors got away with their articles, and many a heart sorrowed that night over



HE HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF FLAMES WIGWAGGING IN THE CLEAR ATMOSPHERE.

the boy's fate. Our long and fierce pursuit had maddened the Indians, and they would certainly put their prisoners to the torture.

In flanking the mountains the Redskins must fall back through Trapper's pass, and fall back through Trapper's pass in the foothills. We knew it to be a bushlike gorge, and at the south end it debouched upon the plains. We made camp within half a mile of the entrance of the pass, and every trooper knew that we had driven at least 2,000 warriors ahead of us. Would they continue their flight or wait for us on the plains beyond and have it out? The general idea was that the morrow would witness a big fight, and daylight had scarcely dawned after a night without alarm when our camp was astir. But for the Indians being so cute we should certainly have fallen into the trap they had set for us. We were almost ready for boots and saddles when a score of warriors came riding out of the pass to defy and taunt us. A troop was sent against them, and they retreated in haste, but as soon as the bugle blew recall the warriors were mowing us again. It was a scheme to get the entire command on the move and after them without having taken due precautions. It was so interpreted by the general, and he ordered a scout to climb up a spur of the mountain and see what could be seen. When the man had reached a height of 1,500 feet he signaled for a flagman to come up to him. Looking away to the south, he had caught sight of flames waving in the clear atmosphere of the morning.

The person waving them was stationed on another and higher spur, and for some time it was looked upon as a mysterious proceeding. The signal man had scarcely climbed up beside the scout when the mystery was solved. It was our Wigwag trying to open a "talk" with his flags. When his signals were answered he went at it and snelled out the words:

"I got up here in the night. Don't enter the pass. There are a thousand Indians in ambush there. The whole force is about 2,000 strong."

"Have you escaped?" asked our signalman.

"No, not yet," came the reply. "The Indians are below me, and I can climb no higher."

"Can't you get away to us before we move?"

"No, but I shall hide here until the Indians leave."

"What sort of an ambush have they prepared?"

"Indians in the bushes on both sides of the pass. If you ride in not a man will get out alive."

"Is there any other way to attack them?" was asked.

"I think I can make out a pass two or three miles to the left. If it is one it will bring you in behind the reds."

It took an hour or more to get this information, and then we acted on it and flanked the Indians out of the pass and smote them hip and thigh as they streamed on before the attack and were driven over we went up the pass to look for Wigwag, but our search was in vain. We found, however, that his flags had prevented a slaughter. Every rock and bush for two miles had scattered an Indian, and once into the trap we could not have retreated. Though we had to ride away without news of the lad, we hourly hoped to be joined by him, but he did not come. It was a year later before we knew his fate. What we got came from one of the Indians who were there. The only good news was that they had not tortured the boy, being too busy with other affairs. In the night he had managed to cast off his bonds, work his way past scores of sleeping warriors with his flags under his arm, and knowing that he could not pass out of the gorge, he had climbed up the mountain with the hope of opening communication with us when daylight came. This he successfully accomplished, and he had flagged the information recorded above before the excited Indians began to move. They had not tortured him, but he was up to a warrior was told of bringing the boy down with a bullet. They feared to discharge more than one rifle at a time, as we might suspect some ruse. The warrior had a fair mark, though far above him, and he had coolly fired a score of times before his bullet found its billet. It seemed as if Providence was shielding the lad until he could tell all he had to say.

"Tell the general that the reds"—he had flagged. And then the white staff went down to rise no more. He had lost his own life, but he had saved 600 men from slaughter.

The First Gold Rush.

The voyage of the argonauts, the date of which is uncertain, was professedly placed in the torments flowing down the banks of Mount Caucasus. But older much was the westward movement, which Chaldean records of 3800 B. C. chronicle, to the gold bearing land of Melchikha, afterward known as Midian.

Later on, but still at a very early period, there was a rush from Egypt to a spot inland from the present Suez. Long afterward this was described by Diodorus Siculus, who left a map, still extant, showing the wells placed at sundown one evening as we were almost under the shadow of the mountains Wigwag was cut off and captured. His mule had gone lame and was lagging behind. An effort was made to rescue him, but his captors got away with their articles, and many a heart sorrowed that night over

The Wicked Multiplication Table.

Intelligence is more than books and letters—it is knowledge of the forces of nature and ingenuity enough to use them for human service. The negro is generally acknowledged to be lacking in "the mechanical idea." In Africa he barely knows the simplest mechanical principles, such as that of the lever. In America the brightest of negroes were trained during slavery by their masters in the handicrafts, such as carpentry, shoemaking, spinning, weaving, blacksmithing, tailoring, and so on. A plantation became a self-supporting unit under the oversight and discipline of the whites, but the work of the negro artisans was "for the most part careless and inefficient." Since emancipation the young generation has not learned the mechanical trades to the same extent as the slave generations. Moreover, as machinery supplanted handicrafts the negro is left still farther behind.—John R. Commons in Chauvinism.

When David Came

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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Elm Dale was the scene of joyful preparation for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as "Patty," and her brother lived only a mile from Elm Dale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place, even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I did want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to 'step' them or two if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could 'step' 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children 'stead of five. I don't see how I came to forget little David when I counted noses. I've been wondering, dear, if you'd let him sleep here—either him or one of the others?"

"Oh, yes," Patty cried delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond."

The old lady smiled. "I brought his picture along," she said, "so you could see what a dear little fellow he was."

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub!" she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken twenty-three years before.

All that day Patty was very busy preparing "little David's room." An old high chair and trundle bed were brought down from the attic and dusted. Lizzie, the good natured girl in the kitchen, made some little round cakes, and Patty frosted them and put a pink "D" on the top of two or three. When evening came everything was in readiness for the expected guests. The tin waiter and the knife, fork and plate were on the dining room table, and the little rocker held out its welcoming arms in the sitting room. An old rocking horse that had been John's long ago waited patiently for his gallant rider, and a little white dog stood on three legs with an air of expectation.

The day had been a long one to Patty. At 7 o'clock she was rearranging the furniture in little David's room when the doorbell rang. She went to the head of the stairs and called to Lizzie.

"Hurry, Lizzie," she cried. "They've brought little David over. Take him into the sitting room and amuse him. I'll be down in a few minutes." She flitted back to her work and did not hear Lizzie's exclamation of astonishment when she opened the door and saw a big, broad shouldered man standing there. Probably he had overheard Patty's instructions to the girl, for his eyes were full of laughter, though he said soberly enough: "Good evening, I am David Terrell. Miss Saybin was expecting me, I believe?"

"Y-y-y-es, sir," Lizzie stammered, "but she wasn't expectin' quite."

"Quite as much of me?" he asked laughingly.

Lizzie giggled and led the way to the sitting room. The little chair held out its welcoming arms in vain to this guest. David Terrell's eyes rested at once upon the rocking horse and woolly dog, and his expression momentarily grew more cheerful.

"Where—these—these—preparations made in my honor?" he asked Lizzie. But before the girl could answer a sweet voice came from the upper landing. "Are you amusing him, Lizzie?" Lizzie giggled hysterically.

"Tell her you are," the young man whispered.

"Yes," she called in muffled tones from behind her apron.

"Show him the picture books," the voice went on, "and if the little fellow is tired take him up in your lap."

Lizzie stepped into the lower hall and turned her laughing face up to her mistress. "Please, ma'am, I can't," she said. "I'd hate to try."

"I'm ashamed of you!" the indignant reply came. "I'll come right down and take him myself."

Lizzie fled to the kitchen, and there was the quick click of heels on the stairs. Then David Terrell saw a pretty picture framed in the wide doorway. Miss Patty stood there, with surprise and disappointment plainly written on her expressive face.

"Where—where is he?" she began in a bewilderment.

David came forward. "I don't know where he is," he said. "If I did I'd get him for you, Miss Saybin."

"You?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm little David's successor. Will you forgive me for growing older and larger, Miss Saybin?"

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered. She had anticipated so much. Then she held out her hand and said, with a smile, "I suppose you can't help

WHEN DAVID CAME

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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it, but you don't look much like your picture."

"Oh, that's all! Grandmother showed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleasant eyes, quite like the little fellow's. "I am glad that you came," she said hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain some one of his own age. I hear him coming now." And she rose and went to the door to meet him. "John," David heard her say, "Mr. Terrell is here."

"Mr. Terrell?" the answer came.

"And who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us. It's little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" She slapped her hand into his and led him to the sitting room, and in a few minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining room for a little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are these things for my use?" he asked laughingly.

"What things?" Patty said innocently.

"This high chair, tin tray and so on."

"Oh," she said with a guilty glance at John, "these belong to my brother."

John stared at her in amazement. His face grew crimson with suppressed mirth when Mr. Terrell said, "How old is your little brother?"

"Twenty-seven," Patty answered demurely, and John exploded with laughter. "No good pretending, Patty," he cried. "Better show him all of my old possessions, including the trundle bed, but we'll not ask him to occupy it."

The morning of the golden wedding dawned clear and bright. It was a day filled with happiness for all who gathered at the old home. At 10 that night David Terrell gave John and Patty full account of "the gathering of the clan," as he called it. In conclusion he said, "I shall have to ask you to keep me another night, but after that there will be room for me at Elm Dale."

"I thought you said you must go tomorrow," John exclaimed.

"Yes; that's so, but since then"—and he glanced quickly at Patty—"I've had other arrangements. My brother and I are away on business, and I should have my summer vacation now."

"Oh," Patty cried, "I'm so glad! Aren't you, John?"

"Yes," he said heartily, but this sudden change of plans made him suspicious.

David made good use of those four weeks. His grandmother laughingly accused him of spending half of his vacation with the Saybins.

The last day came, and David walked over for a farewell visit. He found Patty alone on the dimly shaded porch. "I was away on business, as explained. Never mind," David said cheerfully. "It is you I wish to see." Her clear eyes were raised to his inquiringly.

"Will you keep your word," he said gently, "and take me?"

"My word?" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes. Before I saw you I heard you tell Lizzie that you were coming downstairs and you would take me yourself. There was a mischievous light in his eyes when he said that."

Patty's face flushed. "You know I didn't mean"—she began.

He interrupted her anxiously. "But you will take me, dear, on trial for the sake of little David?"

She smiled into the honest eyes, so like those of the child in the picture. "Yes," she said, "for the sake of little David's successor."

JAPANESE POETRY.

It is Confined to Lyrical Effusions of the Utmost Elevation.

Japanese poetry is absolutely confined to lyrical effusions of the utmost lyricity. The Japanese poem is generally limited to three, four or five lines and seldom exceeds a few dozen. One would look in vain for a poem of the length of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Japanese literature has never invaded the epic field and knows no metrical form which even remotely resembles an ode, a ballad or a long poetic narrative like "The Ancient Mariner." Also minor metrical arrangements like the rondelet, triole, villanelle, etc., are absent. Of what, then, does Japanese poetry consist? It once discusses its apparent lack of scope and resources with a Japanese, he is sure to point to the "Manyoshu Kogi" (Collector of Myriad Leaves). True enough, its bulkiness is most alarming, as it extends to 122 volumes. But it proves to be only an anthology of short poems, each complete, bearing no relation to other stanzas, except in the choice of subject, the work being divided into poems of spring, summer, autumn, winter, poems of parting, love, sorrow, etc. Collections of this kind, admirably printed and supplied with numerous indices and elaborate commentaries, are published at intervals under the auspices of the government. They represent the classical poetry of Japan.—The Reader.

FEMININE INTUITION.

The Philosophy of the Girl at the Candy Counter.

The girl at the bonbon counter put up five large boxes of judiciously selected candy under the personal supervision of a nervous young man. He left a card for each of them, handed over a list of addresses for their delivery, paid his bill and walked out looking decidedly glum.

"Ought to bag a sweetheart out of that broadside," remarked the cashier.

"Guess again," said the salesgirl. "It's caramels for cut fare that he has a sweetheart and he has quarreled with her, their first, probably. He is sending that candy to his ladylove's dearest friends, because he knows they will not fail to tell her about it."

"A candy counter is the horoscope of the human heart to girls who can read it. When a young man buys a pound of candy, any old thing handy, without looking twice at it, his affections are not very deep set. When he begins to get particular in his selections, Cupid is getting in his fine work. The lovers quarrel inevitably ends in such a reckless display as you saw just now. When the reconciliation takes place, we shall have nothing in stock good enough for that fellow. When he's married, he'll stop coming."—New York Press.

INSECT MIMICS.

Clever Disguises That Save Them From Their Enemies.

A well known naturalist tells us of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the birds prey upon it in such a reckless manner that he has quarreled with their food. Mr. Slater noted in South America another insect, one of the membracids, which not only mimicked the leaf cutting out for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a dime.

Even more wonderful is the disguise of the mantis of Java, which turns itself into so exact a semblance of an orchid flower that the insects upon which it feeds visit it in hope of a feast, but remain to furnish one.

The heliconid butterflies, which are avoided by all insect eating creatures, are exactly imitated by another class, which are so good to eat that if they did not assume a protective disguise they would be exterminated, and they do so to such perfection that even expert naturalists sometimes cannot distinguish them. Another authority mentions a small beetle which turned itself into so good a copy of a wasp that he was afraid to touch it with his fingers.

Dropped the Subject.

"Five thousand dollars for a dog?" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for \$5,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it! Just think of crapping the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and spluttered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.—Exchange.

Cafes in the Hungarian Capital.

The trees and the cafes in Pest are Parisian, only there are more trees and more cafes, and in Pest the cafes do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special provision had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris was all on a hill on one side of the Seine and new Paris had been built since 1850 and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that exuberance which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

Calling the Doctor.

It is a popular delusion that doctors are compelled to attend to any and every call made upon them. Nothing of the kind; but medical men very rarely refuse, although they do have the chance of receiving a fee is remote. Street accidents or people suddenly taken ill (sometimes a mailerger) will make a kind hearted onlooker run to the nearest doctor for assistance, quite oblivious as to who is responsible for payment. As a matter of fact, the one who calls the doctor is liable.—London Tit-Bits.

Artists.

"I see that those New York society women have discovered a method of hiding their bushes."

"What is it?"

"They paint them over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.