

WHAT JOE DID KNOW.

By EUGENE WOOD.

Joe Covell was just beginning to have a really good time with the Centerville boys. He was supposed to be paying a visit to his Uncle Frank and Aunt Emmeline, but he really put in the day finding out how different Centerville was from New York, and how like boys are the world over. Nice boys in Centerville went barefooted and he didn't have to tease Aunt Emmeline at all to let him do so. She said: "Why, yes; if you like," just as if it was nothing out of the common. But, of course, when it comes to getting in the shade of the Carmichael barn and bragging there could be no doubt that New York exceeded Centerville, and Joe kept Will and Alexander Carmichael and "Hooky" Gibbs and Fred Myers and Hen Thomas as much entranced as Marco Polo did the people of his day and time with his stories about the far east.



"LET ME KNOW WHEN THOSE ROCKS ARE HOT," SAID JOE.

Covell came, for his father was a horse dealer, and Hen always had horses to ride. Joe was going ahead at a great rate when Hen put in: "Didn't you never ride a horse before last night?" he asked in just the tone of voice one would use to say, "Don't you know how much two and two make, really?" Joe Covell felt his ears getting red with shame as he said "No" before all the fellows. It did not seem right to him that they should all laugh at him for not riding a horse when not one New York boy in ten thousand ever had his leg over the back of one. But they did laugh, maybe to pay him off for boasting so of what he knew, and Hen Thomas roared out: "Well, you don't know much if you can't ride a horse. Gee, fellows, you order seen him last night. I got him on old John. Here was Joe a-hikin' up on old John's neck, with fingers grabbin' the mane. I hit the horse a clip with the halter strap and he broke into a gallop, and it scared Josie most to death, didn't it, Josie?"

Hen was doing a little more than plain teasing. He knew how angry it made Joe to be called "Josie," though Aunt Emmeline could never understand why. Hen was a good sort of a fellow, but he was just at that age when boys get so that it is hardly possible to stand them. When Hen let loose that cackling laugh—his voice was just breaking—Joe felt like murder. "I don't care," pouted Hen. "I had you in New York and you'd be scared worse than me. Why?"

"Yes," sneered Hen. "I've heard you make your brags before. Whadda you think, fellows? He says that in New York the houses is so close together 'at they tech each other!"



DIDN'T YOU NEVER RIDE A HORSE BEFORE LAST NIGHT.

get some darlings as big as your two fists in there to heat."

stones hot let me know." In the meantime Joe was kneeling beside the prostrate boy. He pressed both hands on the beating ribs till the air gushed out of the throat. Then relaxing the pressure, he let the elastic rib spring back and the air rush in. Again and again, and yet again, with regular movements, as if one were inhaling and exhaling deeply. He listened for the heart beat.

"They're hot!" cried Reynolds. "Roll 'em over here," answered Joe. Reynolds took sticks, and partly by joggling them and partly by pushing them, got two hot stones at Thomas' feet. "Wrap 'em up in something, so they won't lose their heat fast. Keep his feet covered up. Now, get two more up here by his armpits. And tell Gibbs over there to stop crying and go for the doctor."

Reynolds shouted across the darkening river to the scared boy to run for Dr. McDowell, and to be sure and tell him to come over by the covered bridge. "I'm not going to give it up for a whole hour yet," promised Joe. "I've heard of people working longer than that and still rescuing drowned persons. I've heard of them working four hours. Got some more hot stones? Put 'em where you can. It's better to burn him than to let him die."

The minutes dragged slowly by. The dusk began to fall, and the terror of the dark, which no education can get out of us, drove the boys to greater vigor of effort, though their arms ached with fatigue. Joe steadily pumped air into the lungs of Thomas, pressure-pumped; relax—rest. In the quiet evening air they heard the thunder of a horse's hoofs trotting in the covered bridge and then the crash of buggy wheels striking the gravel of the road outside. A feeble flutter made itself felt under the fingers of Joe's right hand.

"Keep a-go-in," he whispered, as if in fear a louder noise would frighten it away. Another flutter and another, and presently something like a regular beating, feeble, it was. Once there was a quiver in the breast, and presently Henry Thomas began to breathe.

"Hooray!" shrieked Joe, and the others joined in the chorus as they chafed at the flesh, now beginning to lose a little of its chill. Just then there came a crashing through the underbrush, and Dr. McDowell ran down to where the excited boys were. "Good! Good!" he cried, when he saw what had been done. "You are boys out of ten thousand. There's mighty little left for me to do."

"Dress him the best way you can, now." They were getting him into his clothes when Henry's eyes opened, closed and then opened again. He saw Joe Covell. It seemed to anger him. He snarled, "You think you're smart, don't you? You don't know how to ride a horse; you don't know anything!"

"Don't you mind him," said Dr. McDowell. "You boys know how to make a saddle by crossing your wrists. That's right. Now carry the horse, and I'll take him home in my buggy. Don't you mind him, my boy," he said, putting his arm around Joe. "When people are brought back to life from drowning they are almost always in a terrible temper. He'll be all right when he knows what you've done for him."

And so he was. There was nothing Henry Thomas would not do for Joe Covell, and the very next day Mr. Thomas himself brought Joe a beautiful pony and said: "This is yours. I wish I could give you more. Hen says you don't know how to ride, but I guess you'll learn. I hope you'll put it to as good use as what you do know."

CHINESE SHOES. The Comfort and Healthfulness of Woven Straw Sandals. "I may seem to be quarrelling with my bread and butter," said an uptown chiropodist to the Washington Star man, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion, the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Do you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or a bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the masculine foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities of the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laundrymen here in Washington; they stand at their work eighteen hours a day. No class of workmen in my foot of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and, physically, they are a wonderfully healthy race.

"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it. I attribute their exemption from foot ailments to the kind of house shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear any other for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horsehair. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the under part of the foot always cool. The laundrymen, you notice, are usually barefooted, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot.

STRANGE FOOD FROM EUROPE

A Variety of Foreign Dishes Added to the American Bill of Fare.

ODD DELICACIES FOR ODD TASTES

Importations from Many Lands to Tickle the Palates of Former Residents - What Custom House Records Show.

What strange things we eat! At least the custom house returns say so. Of the more than seventy nationalities that go to make up this great country of ours, relates the Philadelphia Times, there is probably not one that does not, at some time during the year, appear on the books of at least one of our ports of entry by reason of emigrants' desires for home dishes.

The Irish have very little to boast of in their native country from a gastronomic standpoint; yet they import regularly from the "sun-baked" regions of the Mediterranean a peculiar kind of dried seaweed which is obtained upon the western coast of the Emerald Isle. This latter is not very attractive in appearance, looking very much like the stuff employed in our seaside resorts for preparing clam bakes. Properly cooked, however, it becomes converted into a dark-colored gelatinous mass and is extremely agreeable to the taste. It is said to be very wholesome for people troubled with weak digestions.

The French keep alive their love for "La Patrie" by consuming any amount of Gallic food. The quester of all their imports is pickled cock's-comb, the animal tissue and not the flower being the article. Sometimes it is put up raw, and sometimes it is half-cooked, and then pickled or spiced. It is a very brilliant dish, but is not very fascinating to one unfamiliar with the luxury, being tough, poorly flavored and very suggestive of a piece of leather. A relic of the siege of Paris and the war of the commune is afforded in French blood pudding, which is darker, heavier and more homogeneous than the Teutonic blutwurst. The love for this dish is an acquired taste, the impression produced upon one who eats it for the first time being rather disagreeable. These puddings are made from the blood of calves or horses. During the exciting New Year period they are made from the blood of cats, dogs, rats, donkeys and birds, and were regarded as a wonderful delicacy by the starving defenders of Paris. It can be found on the table of nearly every French restaurant and boarding house in this country.

Germany's Many Dishes. The many German provinces are also large exporters of odd foods to the United States. Besides such common products as sauerkraut, sausages, pickled herrings and soured mackerel, they send hares and wild boars in the winter time; a curious confection called matzapan, which is made of small round cakes and blanched almonds, various kinds of bread, pastry and confectionery. Occasionally they send cabbages and potatoes. The former are smaller than our own, but are usually more delicate and finer flavored. The latter are small round cakes, together inferior to our own product. Other foods are goose breasts, which are dried, smoked and pickled; special kinds of ham, for which, it should be added, they charge special prices, and a very delicious mushroom, which is grown in Germany along the Rhine and other river courses.

The present war lived under the stars and stripes, yet they imported curious foods in large quantities and great variety from Spain, Cuba and Porto Rico. Few of these are ever found in our stores, nearly everything being consumed in either the household or the few restaurants which the Hispanians have established in the past decade. Among these luxuries are Vic, Catalan and Basque sausages, all of which are long, thin and narrow, smoked until they are almost black, and are had as a piece of wood, but finer than any other sausage that comes to this country; guayada and guayabada, which are marmalades made from the guava fruit alone or from it mixed with other fruit and boiled down so hard as to justify the stilling name of guayada and fork when it is served upon the table; red and green peppers, which have been canned in great tin boxes that contain ten and twenty pounds; Andalusian cheese, of which the maternal cows must have dieted upon onions and garlic in order to account for its odor; green peas, which are had as a piece of wood, but finer than any other sausage that comes to this country; guayada and guayabada, which are marmalades made from the guava fruit alone or from it mixed with other fruit and boiled down so hard as to justify the stilling name of guayada and fork when it is served upon the table; red and green peppers, which have been canned in great tin boxes that contain ten and twenty pounds; Andalusian cheese, of which the maternal cows must have dieted upon onions and garlic in order to account for its odor; green peas, which are had as a piece of wood, but finer than any other sausage that comes to this country.

Freaks from Japan. Japan is a heavy shipper of outlandish foods to the new world. It has a practical monopoly of a novel kind of noodle, which is made of a mixture of wheat and rice, when prepared by an American chef, is the most delicious dish of its class in the world. It also catches and dries armies of devilfish, which are as popular in the east as dried codfish in the west. In fact, the two sea foods are very much alike in flavor, and differ chiefly in their texture, the flesh of the devilfish being hard, compact and more like muscle than that of the familiar cod. Tree mushrooms and sea mushrooms are two other famous Japanese edibles that come to us across the Pacific. They resemble mushrooms in their contour and structure, but in nothing else. The tree mushrooms have a flavor of wood bark, while the sea mushroom boils away in cooking very much as if it were made of manna gum. In fact, it is used in Japan for making vegetable gelatine.

for thickening stews and soups in very much the same manner as we convert the bladders of sturgeons and other fishes into animal gelatine for a similar purpose. Dried fishes are another important export from the land of the Mikado. Unlike us, the Japanese dry almost every eatable fish from minnows and whitebait up to marine animals as large as the sturgeon and the swordfish. Their drying appears to be conducted upon a different system from our own. When ready for the market their fishes are so dried as to suggest kindred timber. They apply the same process to the lower forms of sea life and delicate clams, mussels, oysters, prawns, limpets, cuttlefish and crabs until they resemble stone. In this condition the foods will withstand any climate and may be kept in the open air without spoiling for an entire twelvemonth.

China is a close rival of Japan and displays an equal ingenuity in making the delicacies which it exports to the American market. There is a long list of these which can be bought on Race street; the more important are crystallized limes, dates, figs and watermelon rind, preserved watermelon seeds, dried chickens and ducks, which are cleaned and flattened out until they resemble a hemlock shingle; gigantic sardines in oil, where each fish is a foot in length and the box is over a cubic foot in dimensions; salted cabbage, of which the leaves, unlike ours, are an inch wide and three or four feet long; sugared flowers, lal-chee nuts, mints, which are vegetables like a small potato in appearance, a chestnut in flavor and a radish in crispness; sweet pumpkins, which look like medium-sized watermelons and are sent over covered with flour or lime, and preserved eggs. These last are preserved by coating them with a mixture of charcoal, lime, clay and glue. There are any number of sweetsmeats. They are all made upon the same plan as the ever popular Canton ginger, being the fruit cleaned, prepared and boiled for many hours in strained honey. Tamarinds, limes and grapes dates cooked in this manner make an delicious dish as any sardine could desire. In August and September they send over vast numbers of moon cakes, which are little pieces of pastry used in the celebration of the festival of the harvest moon. In appearance they are like a small

brave," and in return a scowly river of gold and silver flows back to the countries which minister to the appetite of our strange brethren. This is a story that comes partially from the custom house.

Treasure Thrown Away. After the fall of Khartoum in 1888 an enormous quantity of stores had to be destroyed, owing to the want of transport. Among them were about a million pounds of ammunition, which was ordered to be thrown into the Nile. The duty of superintending its destruction fell to General Sir Herbert Kitchener, and when it was finished he found to his dismay that the contents of two of the boxes thrown into the river were not ammunition, but ten thousand gold sovereigns apiece, about \$100,000 in all. It is hardly probable that any attempt will be made to recover the lost treasure when the expeditionary forces reach the spot, for after a lapse of thirteen years it must be buried beyond all hope of recovery in the mud of which the bed of the Nile is composed.

Story of a Collision. Patrick Ryan, a section foreman on a Colorado railroad, doesn't believe in wasting words. One foggy morning, while running over his section, he ran into an extra freight, and Ryan's car was reduced to scrap iron and kindling wood. The report of the accident to his superior officer was as follows: "Father Mortality, Roadmaster, Equine: August the first, foggy morning, without frate, green man at the brak; handcar smashed to hell; where will I ship the

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Let's go away and leave him," said Will Carmichael. "He's teasing everybody this afternoon. Let's don't go home. I know a place down by the copper banks, a little further down stream, that's pretty near as deep as this. We'll wade across