Scriptural Carving.

A Scriptural method of carving fowls when in secular company was claimed by a witty clergyman who, having been asked to carve one day, said, "Inasmuch as you demand it, I will carve fowl according to Biblical princi-s;" "Yes," exclaimed the hostess. ct according to the Scriptures." The theologian therefore began the carv-ing. The baron was tendered the head of the fowl, the baroness the neck, the

taining the remainder.
"According to what interpretation do you make such a division?" inquired the host of his guest as he regarded

"From an interpretation of my own," replied the elerical wit. "As the mas-ter of your house the head belongs to you by right: the baroness, being most near to you, should receive the neck, which is nearest the head; in the wings the young girls will recognize a symbol of their noble thoughts, that fly from one desire to another; as to the young barons, the drumsticks they they are responsible for supporting your house, as the legs of the capon support the bird itself." - London

Camel a Delicate Beast.

Contrary to the widespread but erro neous opinion, the camel is a very defi-cate animal. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a month's pasturage to recuperate. It is liable to a host of ailments and accidents. When a caravan crosses a seb-kha, or dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing it but to slaughter the animal and re tail its flesh as butcher's meat.

If the lower part of the limb has

been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches, which are bound with small cords. If no complications ensue at the end of a month the frac-ture is reduced. When it is a case of simple dislocation the injured part is coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days afterward the animal is generally cured .- Vulga-

That's All He Forgot.

The cab containing the absentminded man and his family drew up in front of the Broad street' station. There emerged the absentminded man. his wife, three children, a birdcage, a dog on a leash and innumerable bun dles and parcels. The absentminded man paid the driver, gathered up the bundles, dropped them and pressed his hand dramatically to his fevered brow. "There," he exclaimed, "I just knew

I had forgotten something!" His wife carefully counted the three children, saw that the dog and the birdcage were intact and took an in-

"We seem to be all here," she re-marked. "I am sure we have every-thing. What do you think it is you have forgotten?"

'Why, bless my soul!" cried the absentminded man. "Now that we are here I've forgotten where we intended going!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tongue Caught Ermine.

"This stole is of tongue caught ermine, hence its high price," the sales-

"Yes, madam. You see, the ermine's coat is extremely delicate. A trap tears it horribly. So the trapper catch-

es it by the tongue.

"The ermine is fond of ice. The trapper smears heavy knives with grease and lays them here and there The snow white ermine. weather. licks what he takes for a sliver of ice, and, lo, is doomed, for the steel of the heavy knife has frozen 'ast to his tongue."—Exchange.

Longest English Lawsuit.

The longest lawsuit ever heard in ingland was that between the heir f Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and ne heirs of Lord Berkeley respectg certain lands and possessions no far from Wootton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV and was pending till the reign of fames I., when a compromise took place after it had lasted about 120 cears.-London Answers.

Unheeded Remonstrances. "Was that you scolding a poor dog hat was merely indulging his natural nclination to how! at the moon?" askd the kind hearted man.

Yes," answered his neighbor. "Don't you know you ought to be ind to dumb animals?"

'That dog isn't dumb; he's only eaf."-Washington Star.

There Was.

The disheveled bard entered the eary eyed editor's apartment. 'Is there an opening here for a

oet?" he inquired.
"Yes, indeed." replied the editor. uching a button underneath his desk, ad the next instant the poet disap-ared through a trapdoor in the floor.

A Good Loser.

'John," she asked, "do you ever play ker for profit?"

No," he replied thoughtfully; "the me serves as my way of being char-ble."—Philadelphia North American.

ella-He fell in love with her pho-aph and asked for the original.
-What developed? Bella-She nim a negative

Coloring Billiard Balls Red

It often happens that red billiard balls more or less completely lose their color and then present a disagreeable about three-quarters of an hour on the corner of a stove, the temperature not being allowed to exceed from 40 de-grees to 50 degrees C. At the end of that time take it away from the fire

The operation is complete in from two to three hours. Care must be taken to turn the billiard ball from time to time, so that it may be colored all over, for the coloring matter is deposited, and the part of the ball at the

ottom would be too deeply colored.

When the ball is withdrawn from the liquid it only requires wiping and then rubbing strongly with a woolen rag to make it brilliant again. It may be further pollshed by means of chamois leather impregnated with colco-thar.—Vulgarisation Scientifique.

Bread and Gloves.

"Did you ever notice that the man who brings bread to this place always wears heavy gloves?" asked the regular boarder at the hashery in address-

"No: I don't get here often enough to notice it," answered his friend.

"Well, you see him now. He always wears gloves, especially in handling rye bread."

"It's a fact. Maybe you would not believe me if I told you that he is more apt to get his hands torn and cut than I am working at machinery all

"Really?"

"I never have learned the real cause but the bread seems to have rough edges which scratch and cut the hands if it is handled in large quantities. Of course one or two loaves would not have any bad effect, but hundreds of loaves a day passing through a man's hands seem almost as dangerous as sandpapered brick would be."-St. Jo-

A family whose means were limited was expecting company for dinner. and the thoughful mother instructed her small son how to behave at the ta-ble and also told him there was one thing on the table he was not to ask

The appointed time came, and things looked very tempting, especially to the small boy, who suddenly said, "Say, ma, I want some of that," pointing to a plate of cheese.

The mother cast reproving glances upon him, but the child continued, "You going to give me some of that?" The mother again tried to attract the boy's attention to his error by stepping upon his toes, but it was of no use. for he continued. "Give me some of that or I'll tell." Beginning to count, he said: "One, you going to give me some? Two, you going to give me some? Three, my pants are made of the old window shades."

and that she liked his machine "a great deal better."—New York Tribune.

Workers in porcelain factories are literally baked, but by some miracle they remain sufficiently underdone to live. At least if they are not quite baked they endure a stronger heat than that which browns the Sunday lain is finished are kept at the flercest heat used in any industry. A chain of workmen, their heads and bodies swathed in fireproof garments, take the finished pieces from the fire one at a time and pass them to the cooling room. The man at the head of this chain-he who stands nearest the furnace can only work in five minute shifts. In his interims of rest he lies on a mattress drinking glass after glass of ice water from the hands of make religion so — serious." a small boy. At lunchtime all about the chain of men steaks grill.—Phila-delphia Bulletin.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright su-Hoot Owls.

"I am." said the candidate firmly "Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzzsaw, close your eyes and repeat after me"-

Early next morning shreds of Joy ner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, thirty miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, sixty miles away. He was reported still headed west.— Judge's Library.

Easy Method.
"Henry," said Mrs. Gloonip at dinner, looking down at her watch, but speaking to Mr. Gloonip on the other side of the table, "my watch hasn't varied a second in a week."
"Remarkable!" said Mr. Gloonip.
"How did you get it to vary so little?"
"I broke the mainspring."

Tanning.

Johnny-Don't they use bark to tan hides with, pa? Father—Yes, my son, but if you ask any more questions this evening you'll find that a slipper does fust as well.

A Mean Comment.
The Man-She looks nice enough to eat. The Woman-M-yes; plain food seems to appeal to some people.—Lon-don Illustrated Bits.

Breaking the Fast In Ramazan.

The Arabs say Ramadan; the Persians and Turks say Ramazan. They ill observe throughout the month a species of fast that has no precise ounterpart in the west. So long as the sen is in the sky food or drink of e sweet soluce of a eigarette. But rom the firing of the sunset guns unthe streets with drums to warn him that his moments of grace are name

Nothing is more characteristic of late afternoons in Ramazan than the preparations for the evening meal which preoccupy all Moslems, particularly hose who work with their hands. As lighted, tables are spread, bread is are rolled, and hands-are lifted halfway to the mouth in expectation of the signal that gives liberty to eat. This breaking of the daytime fast is colled iftar and is an institution in itself. To be invited to iftar is a particular mark of friendship.-Scribner's Magazine.

Skeleton in the Closet.

The original of the singular saying "A skeleton in the closet," which is found in almost every language in Europe, is found in one of those curious collections of stories that have come down from the middle ages. In one of these collections, compiled by an known hand about the middle of the tenth century, there is a story of a wealthy lady who, having a secret grief, confided it to a friend who was apparently a perfectly happy woman. She was the wife of a nobleman who lived in his castle in the south of France. She and her husband were outwardly on the most loving terms. Not a care cloud seemed to cast a shadow on her path.

After hearing the story of her afflicted friend the upble lady took her by the hand and led her to a secret cham-ber adjoining her bedroom, there open ed the door of a closet and exp keleton. "Know, my friend." she said. "no one is happy. Every day I am: forced by my husband to kiss this grinning death head, which is that of a gentleman who was my husband's rival and whom I would have m' had not my parents willed otherwise."

The End of the Ride.

Coming out of one of the large de-partment stores two well dressed women saw a group of street urchins gaz-ing at their automobile, and one little girl was heard to say, "Wish I could have a ride in it." The women smiled, and then the child was asked if she ed into the machine after assuring the women that she would not be missed at home. Her companions set up a cheer as the machine started, and some of them were still on the spot when it returned half an hour later, bringing gratulated themselves on having given but were disenchanted when she told them that her father was a chauffeur and that she liked his machine "a

A Compliment to the Minister.

In Albert Dawson's work, "Joseph Parker-His Life and Ministry," there are some anecdotes of the famous minister of the City temple. We are told that what Dr. Parker regarded as, in its own peculiar way, the best compliment he ever received came from an omnibus conductor. The vehicle was crossing Holborn viaduct, and when it came to the City temple a passenger alighted.

passenger angated.
"That's the man, and that's the place," said the conductor, indicating Dr. Parker's church. "I went there once, and I enjoyed myself so much that I'm going again the first night off I have. We laughed, and we cried,

Seeds Planted In Eggshells. Fill half an eggshell with good rich

earth, stick in a seed or two, stand the shell up in a box of earth, keep it warm and moist, and then, when you think you can trust the weather out of doors and the seeds have sprouted, you knock the shell off and put the little ball of earth into Mother Earth, and there you are. Not a root has been disturbed, and if you choose a favora-ble time for transplanting there will not be a wilted leaf to retard the growing of the plant.

Quickly Cured.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy

Can always be depended upon.

During the summer months children are subject to bowel disorders and should receive the most careful attention. As soon as any unnatural looseness of the bowels is noticed Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy should be given. Costs but 25 cents a bottle, and it is economy to always keep a bottle handy. You do not know when it may be needed, but when you do want it you want it badly. Get a bottle today.

Blood For Bread

Hunger! To what lengths will it drive men! Here is a passage from "Force," a tale of Napoleon's days describing how ten veteran hussars under a young officer, after two days without food, fought like fiends for a loaf of bread stolen from a woodman:
"He trembled with covetousness, but

he did not move. He was starving, but he was an officer.

"The foremost rider speared the loaf gan to eat. The others quickly closed on him. He was gripped from be hind and half strangled. The bread gan to fight in bitter earnest, and their sabers flashed dimly in the falling rain. One of them reeled under a

"He (the officer) flung himself in the melee and was thrown from his horse. As he crawled along the mud out of the way of the trampling hoofs he put his hand on the bread. His fears at once vanished. He bent over his prize, hiding it from view of the struggling soldiers, and lowered his head and got the loaf under his teeth and ate it.'

Nature's Handiwork.

The down upon the peach or plum is so delicate and so thickly set that one cannot touch the fruit with a needle's point without breaking the tender stalk, and yet the dew of the night covers the whole surface of the fruit and disappears in the morning, leaving the gossamer growth more orderly and beautiful than before. The dew covers every leaf of the glant oak, and the mighty tree drinks in the refreshing moisture to its thirsty heart through millions of pores, and the iron trunk that has withstood a thousand storms is made stronger by the gentle strength of the dew. The silent fall of the dew is caused and controlled by agencies of the most tremendous pow-The same power which shakes a whole continent with its subterranean thunder is the same as that which encircles the finest filament of thistle with a coronet of dewy gems so cate stalks with their weight.—London Globe,

A Hector Outhectored. A publisher's reader at a liter club hectored a group of novelists.

ways be coining new words. Good English isn't good enough for you. In the last half dozen manuscript novels I turned down there were such horri-ble neologisms as 'he hoarsed,' 'she parroted,' 'they shrilled,' 'he glimpsed 'it supremed,' and so forth.

"Let me inform you," cried a novelist defiantly, "that your remark shows a pitiful ignorance on your part of our mother tongue. As for 'shrilling,' Ten-

"With petulant thumb and finger shrilling "Hence!"' "Chapman, the great Chapman, is an authority for 'parroting.' 'Glimpsing' has been used by Howells and Lowell, and 'supreme' as a verb may be found in Shelley's letters." — Washington

The Chinese Burglar. "The Chinese burglar is the most difficult to nab," declared Lecoq, the detective. "I might say he is impossible to nab. When this yellow scoundrel goes burgling he goes naked and covered with oil, and thus he is as slippery as an eel. But, you say, why not nab him by the pigtail, hey? The answer to that is that his pigtail is done up in a knot on top of his head and stuck full of needles and hatpins with the points turned outward. often see a Chinaman in Pekin or Shanghai with his clothes stained with oil and with tiny red pricks all over him. He's been having trouble with

Vegetable Suspension Bridge.

A remarkable suspension bridge spans the river Apurnmac in central Peru. The ropes of this bridge are composed of pliable roots and vines, while the planks are made of branches In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this start growing.-Wide World Magzaine.

The Court's Double. "You say it was your 'double' that stole the chickens?"

'Yassuh.' "You know I gave you thirty days once for chicken stealing?" "Ah remembah, suh."

"Well, this time you get sixty. That's the court's double."—Philadel-

Practical Considerations. "My family tree" - began the titled

"I'm tired of hearing about family rees," answered Mr. Cumrox. "In the part of the country I came from a man's industry and consequence are measured by the size of the family wood piles."-Washington Star.

After Old Masters.
Young Wife-This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own. Husband—Well, I should rather, my pet, that you could cook after the old masters.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Answered.

Village Minister to crofter's wife)-Well, Kirstie, how's your husband today? Kirstie-He's just like yersel'. He has plenty to dae, but he winna dae it .- London Answers.

His Affliction.
She—Your brother is a writer, isn't he? He—Yes. She—What does he write for? He—Goodness only knews. I guess it's a disease.-Judge.

Cindy's Logic.

Cindy was an old black southern "mammy," with all the lovable traits and inconsistencies of her kind. For many years she was cook in the Warren family and gave faithful and satisfactory service.

One summer the entire family were away for two months, and Mr. Warren gave Cindy a real vacation by paying her full wages for that time and giving her the keys to the well

A few days after the return of the family Cindy came bristling into Mrs. Warren's sitting room.

"I wants mo' wages," she announced.
"Why, Cindy," exclaimed the surprised mistress, "you are getting better pay than any cook I know of in a family the size of ours. You have a nice, comfortable room and good treat ment. Think how kind it was of Mr. Warren to give you a long vacation with your full wages."

"Dat's it," grumbled Cindy. Warren paid me dat money fur doin' nuthin'. An' now all you folks is come back fur me to cook fur an' wait on An' I gits more money or I leaves."-I ippincott's.

A Costly Client.

Miss Bayley told me that Mr. Phipps the oculist, told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire: Mr. Phipps was sent for to Chatsworth to operate upon the duchess' eye. He stayed there some time and at parting received from the duke a fee of £1,000. Just before he stepped into his carriage a message from the duchess brought him to her chamber. She hoped the duke had done what was handsome by Mr. Phipps. The gentleman protested: "Yes, and more than handsome!

"It is an awful thing," continued her grace, "to ask, but really I am at this moment in immediate, want of such a

sum, and if you could. Mr. Phipps."
What could the oculist do? He pro duced his 1,000, took his leave and never heard of his money from that day to this.-From "Recollections of Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John Cam-Hobhouse).

Shakespeare's House.

The house in which the master bard was born is lo ted in Henley street. Stratford-on-Av a, England. Washington Irving said of this famous abode of genius: "It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

Several years ago the house was purchased by subscription with a view to the careful preservation of it and of its contents for the inspection of future generations.

Tuning a Bell.

No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true note. As a matter of fact. every bell sounds five notes, all of which must blend together harmo niously. If one is the least bit out the tone will be spoiled. The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the sec up, the third still higher up, and so quite near the top. As the character

of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal, it is possible, by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell, to alter the five notes until they are all in harmony.

Old newspapers give us many instances of men's names fitting their callings. Thus we have Last, a shoemaker of Exeter, and Treadway, who plied the same trade in Hammersmith. There was a Bristol school-master named Rod. Dodge and Wynne, attorneys at law of Liverpool, must have been the butts of their fellow townsmen, while few could the Primitive Methodist preacher River Jordan.—London Chronicle.

Bear Ague.

"Speaking of 'buck fever,'" said a survey official, "reminds me of 'bear ague.' Never heard of it, eh? Well, I first encountered it in Wrangel narrows, Alaska, a number of years ago. We were on the old surveying steamer

"Just as we rounded a point of land not more than 200 yards distant a big black bear was seen on the beach looking at us. Eight men took up rifles at once and were about to shoot when I told them to wait and fire all at once in a volley when I gave the order. They all took careful beads on the beast. 'Ready, fire.' I shouted.

"There was a rattle of musketry as the eight pieces were discharged, and every one looked to see the animal's death throes. There was the bear running up the hill as lively as a jack rabbit. Not a shot had hit him. Bear ague, that's all. F , man's hand was trembling so he couldn't hit a Buck fever's nowhere alongside of it,"-San Francisco Call.

Her Vocal Selection

A wedding was recently held which was of the fashionable kind, and there were all sorts of preparations and frills. Among the "features" was a song by a baritone singer of con-siderable local renown, and just what he was to warble was a matter of considerable discussion.

A little ster six years old of the bride took much interest in the program. "Sis," she said, "I want to sing at your wedding."

"No. dear; you can't sing," was the

"But I can, and I want to," she "What would you sing?" her father

"'Heaven, Look With Pity!" was her rejoinder, and her father hasn't got over it yet.—Kansas City Journal.

Ladies First!

"Scratch a southerner and you find a knightly soul" might be said to be one of the morals of the Chicago Rec ord-Herald story below. The second moral is reasonably obvious:

"What is the reason," began the irritated traveler from the north, "that the trains in this part of the country are always behind time? I have never seen one yet that ran according to its schedule."

"That, suh," replied the dignified Georgian, "is a mattah that is easily explained. It is due to southern chivalry, suh."

"Southern chivalry! Where does that come in?"

"You see, suh, the trains are always late in this country because they wait for the ladies, God bless them!"

The future belongs to him who knows how to wait.—Russian Proverb.

How to Have Variety In Meals

Sameness in foods grows monotonous. Folks want a frequent change. And see how easy it is to have the variety all people crave. There's a new kind of meal for your family every time you serve Beards-ley's Shredded Codfish in a different way.

It makes dozens of delicious dishes. Each one new in taste.

You can have it once a week the whole winter through and never serve it

twice alike. BEARDSLEYS

For Breakfast Or Lunch empt the family with Shredded Cod-Balls for tomorrow's breakfast or

Or let them try it Creamed. Or with Macaroni.
Or have a Shredded Codfish Omelet—Souffle—Chops—Croquettes—Kedgeree.
Here are new things to eat which will fairly melt in the mouth.

No Trouble No matter how you serve Beardsley's



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

It is ready to cook the minute you open

the package.
And no fish food in existence is half so delightful in flavor.
For we use only the choicest fish—the finest that come out of the deep.
And we take only the best part of each fish—only the sweetest meat.

Have It Tomorrow

Have It Tomorrow
Order a package of Beardsley's
Shredded Codfish today. And tomorrow
you'll have the finest meal anyone ever
sat down to.
Please see that your grocer gives you
Beardsley's—the package with the red
band. We want you to have the kind
you are sure to like. For Beardsley's is
the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented.

Ask your grocer for our book of new and tempting recipes.

Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of our Shredded Codfah.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons 474-478 Greenwich St., New York

Some of Our Other Pure Food Products: Acme Sticed Bacon; Acme Sticed Dried Beef; Acme Peanut Butter.