

NO USE FOR MONEY.

SETTLEMENT OF QUEER PEOPLE ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

They Do Not Worry About Fine Houses and Balm, and Food is as Plentiful as Air—They Are Not Worried Over Financial Problems.

"We had to remain in Panama bay three days before the steamer sailed," said a traveler who had recently returned from a trip across the isthmus, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "and a friend and I decided to spend the time exploring the bay. We hired two West India darkies, who had a longboat, with a sail which could be utilized when the wind was fair, to row us around. Well, of course, we sailed up the canal as far as there was any water and saw the progress which had been made, or rather the lack of progress; but that is another story.

"We shot one alligator and shot at a dozen more. They were lying along the banks of the canal sunning themselves, and looked exactly like logs to the inexperienced eye from a distance. Upon nearer approach the log would suddenly become animated and would slide off the bank into the water with a splash.

"But what I started to tell about was a peculiar settlement of natives some distance up the northern shore of the bay. It seemed peculiar to me, but such things may be common down in that country. I am told they are. At any rate, it was a settlement of people who had kept themselves so far removed from the modern world that they had no desire for money.

"To tell the truth, they have little or no use for money, but yet I have never before seen people who honestly cared so little for the root of all evil as these half naked natives of the isthmus did. It was a small settlement of perhaps two dozen houses. A dwelling consisted of small poles stuck up endways, an inch or so apart, to allow the air to circulate freely, with a thatched roof. Each habitation consisted of one room, open to the gaze of all the neighbors through the spaces between the poles.

"In this lived father, mother, children, pigs, dogs, chickens and any other animals in the possession of the family. The children, up to the age of 12 or 14, did not wear any clothing whatever, and the adults none to amount to anything. Bananas, coconuts and other tropical fruits grow on every hand, and there were plenty of fish in the bay, which were easily caught.

"The members of the whole community seemed to spend their time much as the alligators did, lying about sleeping and sunning themselves. When they wanted any fruit, it was to be had for the picking, and the fish were secured almost as easily. It was a long sail in our small boat from the ship lying at anchor in the bay, but we had started early, the wind was fair and we arrived at the settlement about noon. The natives paid little attention to us and some of them did not deign even to wake up as we passed. Others partly opened their eyes and listlessly looked up upon our approach, but when we had passed they went to sleep again without so much as turning their heads to see where we were going.

"Our guides told us to pick as much of the fruit as we wished. We expressed a fear that the owners would object, but were assured that they would not. So we picked a basketful in one family's back yard, if that fenceless town could be said to have a back yard. But we felt somewhat guilty nevertheless in walking away with a big basket of delicious fruit without so much as offering to pay anything for it. We so expressed ourselves to our guides, so they told us to offer the people something—whatever we pleased.

"I took several small silver pieces from my pocket and offered them to the man who seemed to be the head of the family. He was lying with half closed eyes near the entrance of his home. He opened his eyes a little wider when I approached, looking at the coins in my outstretched hand, shook his head and mumbled something which I could not understand. I looked inquiringly at the guide, who had followed me. 'He says he has no use for it,' the guide interpreted, and so we went our way, and it was starlight when we again reached the ship."—New York Tribune.

Wales Not a Fashion Leader.

It is not true, one now learns, that the Prince of Wales is the leader of fashion. The heir apparent, in fact, is not allowed to be aggressive enough to be a leader. One of the proofs that he does not lead fashion is that he wears a silk hat with a sack coat. It also proves that he does not follow the fashion. The real swells who do set the male fashions once resolved to make an innovation during Ascot week. Sporting men were dressing in light clothes and white hats, whereupon all the men in the swim appeared in black hats, black frock coats and dark trousers. For some reason the prince had not been notified of this change, and was caught in the paddock in a snuff colored suit.—London Tit-Bits.

A Foul-smelling Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Granada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.—St. Louis Republic.

According to the patent laws of Switzerland, work on a patent device must begin in that country within three years from the date of the patent.

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the greatest possible lightness.

LIFE LINES ON THE FOOT.

Secrets They Reveal to the Student of Character.

There is a man in Philadelphia who claims that it is much easier to read one's character and past and future from the maps on the soles of one's feet than it is from the palms of the hands. He calls it "pedalogy."

The pedalogist, while refusing to tell the names of the owners of the feet in most cases, showed a number of diagrams the other day and explained to a reporter how he read the fortunes of the soles.

"Maxine Elliott," he said, "is a public character, and I do not mind mentioning her name. Here is her story. Look at it. It's worth studying, for she is not only one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, but it is remarkable in other ways. Her foot is so beautifully arched that little of her sole touched the paper when she placed her foot upon it. The intellectual and artistic lines are very clearly defined on her foot, and one need but see and hear Miss Elliott speak for a few moments to realize that her artistic and mental capabilities are of a high order. The lines of intuition and imagination are both remarkably long. The cross between the line of love and the head line indicates that in a love affair Miss Elliott would be governed largely by reason. She has strong affections, according to the long heart line."

A contrast to Miss Elliott's foot was that of a factory girl from Kensington. This was a foot common to people of little education. There was scarcely any instep to the foot. The lines of imagination, mental capacities and intuition were very short, and the artistic line was entirely lacking. The heart and love lines were well defined and long. The lines also indicated firmness and great ambition, with a decided fondness for pleasure, so the pedalogist explained.

Still another foot was that of a society girl. Here again was the high arch. It showed, among other things, that she did not have to stand on her feet, as did the poor factory girl. The lines told of her having less heart and less ambition than the factory girl too. There were selfishness and vanity in the impression. It seemed well that silk stockings and dainty shoes usually kept it from the sight of those who would read its owner's character in the soles of that foot.

There was the foot of the preacher and the policeman and the lawyer, and each seemed to tell a story in keeping with its owner's vocation and habits. Last of all came the print of the man about town. There was no arch there. It had come down "flat footed." It looked as if it was used mostly in walking up and down a fashionable street and standing about the club. It had good nature and self satisfaction, some generosity and some brains in it, but little ambition.—Philadelphia Press.

Pope as a Trickster.

Mr. Leslie Stephen writes strongly, but not too strongly, when he says in reference to the correspondence of Pope, "It is painful to track the strange deceptions of a man of genius as a detective unravels the misdeeds of an accomplished swindler." Pope was a confirmed liar, and he lied very hard indeed about the publication of his letters. Having by means of a trick secured their publication by a notorious piratical bookseller, he at once declared that the letters were forgeries. Yet while he was calling out for their suppression he was really anxious for their sale. The details of all his trickery and lying need not be gone into here.

Pope, full of vanity and longing to publish his correspondence, had purposely employed a notorious bookseller to issue an edition in order that he might then be able to say that the version was a piratical one, and that in self defense he must publish the genuine text. The odd thing is that, though the whole affair was exposed at the time, it does not seem to have done Pope any harm. Dr. Johnson, indeed, says that it did him good, and that the nation was full of praise for the admirable qualities of candor, benevolence and fidelity which the letters revealed. Here is some comfort for any living literary genius who has not yet published his private correspondence.—Longman's Magazine.

A Rap at the Men.

If a woman cannot throw a stone or catch a mouse, men ought to cease plaguing her about her disability. As a rule, men do things which they cannot—writing up toilets, for instance. A man once told me that a bride wore "white corduroy, cut on the bias and trimmed with crinoline." Anything more awful than that I haven't encountered until today, when I read of another bride "arrayed in cream organdie silk and muslin, trimmed with gignon." Fancy the honey turned to gall in reading descriptions like these after the wedding.

Oh, yes, the rural correspondent is abroad in the land. Last week one of him sent the following note to his weekly newspaper:

"Mr. Slick celebrated the semiannual of his first wife's death by getting married again."—Folly in Chicago Times-Herald.

His Rates.

Executor—Pray, sir, what do you charge for a funeral service?

The Rev. Mr. Canter—I always charge, my dear brother, in proportion to the property left behind. Couple of guineas for a poor man, 5 guineas for £10,000, and so on.

Executor—Well, my friend has left £50,000, so that would be £25; but it seems a good deal.

The Rev. Mr. Canter—But, my dear brother, think of the strain on my conscience.—Ally Sloper.

Home, Sweet Home.

Little Girl—Let's play we're married and keep in house.

Little Boy—Let's don't. My teacher says it is wrong to fight.—Pearson's Weekly.

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" Tea, extra quality, per lb.,	20
" Lima beans, "	05
" Navy beans 8 lbs. 25c., 35 lbs.	1 00
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