

A SPANISH BRAVADO.

REVOLTING SCENE PICTURED BY A CASTILIAN NOVELIST.

A Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Retired General Who Would Not Persevere in Englishman to Obedience.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Sophia," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illuminate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville:

"Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmanly action had come. One of them climbed upon the table to make a speech, and, the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar."

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man."

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat, and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly:

"You can't do that."

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harebrained nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into it his cigar ashes heaped up before him, and, without saying a word, with the same scornful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass, and, not content with that, bit it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned."

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing."

"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impassive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking impudently enough to the others, who were not so drunk."

"So you are very valiant, are you? asked the count, still smiling disdainfully."

"More than you," retorted the Englishman.

"Don't you start to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?"

"What for?"

"To pin it down with mine."

"The Englishman, without an instant's hesitation, stretched out his huge, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damasked dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he raised the point with the other and drove it through both into the table."

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them."

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse and vomiting. Soon the count was doing the same, and both were taken to such rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

If She Were a Man.

"Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I were a man."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I'll not say what I would do, but there is one thing I will confess that I wouldn't do."

"And that is?"

"I wouldn't sit around as if I had hands on when I happened to be alone with a girl."—Cleveland Leader.

Scientists measure by the contraction of petroleum ether temperatures several hundred degrees below zero F. At 210 degrees below zero, the temperature at which liquid air boils, petroleum ether remains in a semiliquid condition and contracts with the decrease of temperature.

TRAINING A WARHORSE.

How He Is Taught to Stand the Blast and Thunder of Battle.

A warhorse is broken to be steady under fire by tying ropes to his legs. While the animal is down on the ground the officer takes a pistol and fires it close to his ear. Then in rapid order he fires the weapon over his back, under his neck, between his legs, anywhere that an opening presents itself during the horse's futile struggles. Not until he sinks back exhausted, all a-tremble and showing the whites of his eyes, does the pistol practice cease.

After two or three lessons of this kind it is considered safe to mount him with a bridle furnished with a curb bit. Up to this time the horse has never felt a curb. The light snaffle is still retained, and the curb bridle is only given a gentle pressure at first, just enough to let him know that it is there. Gradually the strength of the pull is increased, and with this safeguard the horse is taught to stand fire from his rider's pistol or carbine.

In carbine practice the horse must be fit roughly broken, as both hands are required in using this weapon, whereas with the pistol the rider may retain the bridle with one hand.

Then comes saber practice, and that is another trial to the horse. Again it is thrown to the ground, and he probably can't understand why he should have to suffer this indignity all over again, for he has learned that lesson very well. But when the bright blade of the saber, with quick thrusts flashing before his eyes and cutting the air in close proximity to his ears, appears to him he is again terror-stricken.

But the lesson he has learned from the smell of gunpowder stands him in good stead, and he soon gets over his fear. And even with a man on his back and another mounted upon a seasoned horse coming at him with saber raised in the air or slashing left and right he knows that it is all a part of his education and something to be expected. So he stands his ground or cants about the other horse while the two troopers indulge in their saber practice.—New York World.

FORESTALLED HIM.

The Chipper Youth Knew What Usually Happened in Such Cases.

The fresh young man with no respect in his soul for gray hairs and dyed whiskers swung himself on the car in the middle of a block, and leaning against the brake handle proceeded to roll a cigarette with great deftness. The fat man who despises the ways of the youth on general principles leaned against the window guards and watched the development of a cigarette.

"Got a match, neighbor?" inquired the fresh young man as he put the last finishing twist to his smoke.

"Young man"—began the fat man after a brief, elderly pause, calculated to greatly impress the cigarette smoker. "Yes, I know all about it"—interrupted the youth, "so you might as well choke your lecture on a burnin' I know cigarettes will kill me if I stick to 'em, but I don't care. It's an easy death. I know if I must smoke I should smoke cigars, but I don't like the color of 'em. I've got a touch of paresis now, and I'm due for more. I know you think of all the disgusting things in the world a cigarette is the worst."

"I know they undermine the constitution and are wrecking the rising generation. Now if I've forgotten anything you were going to say help me out. Come to think of it, I've got a match myself. If I keep on smoking these things, I won't be able to think at all before long. I know if you had a boy that smoked cigarettes you would lick him within an inch of his life. I nearly forgot you were going to say that. Where do you get off anyhow?"

"Here," gasped the fat man as he dropped off the platform, muttering something about what this country is coming to. And the fresh young man lighted his cigarette with a grin.—Washington Times.

The Recruit's Religion.

Captain Philip Trevor begins a paper in The Nineteenth Century on "The Catholicism of the British Army" as follows:

"What's yer religious persuasion?" said the sergeant to the recruit.

"My what?"

"Yer what? Why, what I said. What's yer after o' Sundays?"

"Rabbits mostly."

"Ere, stow that lip. Come, now, chu'ch, chapel or 'oly Roman?"

And after explanation from his questioner the recruit replied: "I ain't no-wise pertickler. Put me down chu'ch o' England, sergeant. I'll go with the band."

Accounting For the Size of a Fee.

"It strikes me, Mr. Brief," said Mr. Dogway, "that your charge of \$750 for this opinion is pretty steep."

"No doubt," said Mr. Brief. "But you see, Dogway, when you come and ask me for an opinion which violates all my convictions you've got to pay not only for your law, but for my conscience."—Harper's Bazar.

The Place For the Repentant.

They had eloped and returned for the parental blessing.

"Father," the beautiful young woman said, "we are sorry for what we have done. Will you?"

"Then," the stern old man interrupted, "why don't you go to the lawyer around the corner? I'm no divorce court."—Chicago News.

One Consolation.

There is one consolation in being on the shady side of life. When a man gets to be 50 years or so and he says of a young woman, "Confound it, if I wasn't married already I'd marry the girl myself," he actually believes she would have him. This is as good as getting her, better perhaps.—Boston Transcript.

Naval Impudence.

Fifty years ago the allowance of paint in the British navy was very small, and sometimes the officers had to pay large sums in order that their ships might maintain a decent appearance. One of them, resorted to a humorous expedient, either to soften the heart of the navy board, or if that proved impossible, to express his opinion.

Sir John Phillimore painted one side of his old yellow frigate black and white and used the rest of the black paint in printing on the other side in large letters, "No more paint."

The navy board wrote to call his attention to the impropriety of his conduct and signed themselves, as they did officially, "Your affectionate friends."

To this Sir John replied that he could not obliterate the objectionable letters unless he was given more paint and signed himself in turn, "Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

The navy board then called his attention to the impropriety of the signature, to which Sir John replied, acknowledging the letter, stating that he regretted that the paint had not been sent and ending: "I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

His frigate was allowed to run in her original yellow, and perhaps the navy board did right thus to punish Sir John's impudence.—Youth's Companion.

Beneficial Effects of Coffee.

A woman writer who gave up coffee recently found that she was unable to continue her writing with any success until she had resorted again to the stimulating beverage. Without it her mind was logy and heavy. The Medical Times quotes an authority on the subject of prescribing coffee as a medicine in certain states of great debility and adds:

"Tea and coffee seem to be much alike in many respects, but the latter is greatly preferable as to its sustaining power. It would be a great advantage to our working classes and a great help toward the further development of social sobriety if coffee were to come into greatly increased use and if the ability to make it well could be acquired. As an example of the difference of effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves the writer notes what he believes many sportsmen will confirm—that it is far better to drink coffee than tea when shooting. Tea, if strong or in any quantity, especially if the individual be not in very robust health, will induce a sort of nervousness which is very prejudicial to steady shooting. Under its influence one is apt to shoot too quickly, whereas coffee steadies the hand and gives quiet nerves."

Thought Him One of the Queer Ones.

Mr. Quiller-Couch tells this story in the Pall Mall Magazine: "Hicks, governor of the Cornwall Lunatic Asylum, had a great many friends—extramural friends, I mean—and among them an accomplished landscape painter. This artist, captivated by the beauty of the little seaport town of East Looe, took lodgings there, chose his 'subject' and started to make some drawings of it on the rocks at low tide."

"A few days later Hicks drove over to see him, and arrived at West Looe to be taken across the harbor in a boat. To his surprise, he found a boatman waiting for him. Still more to his surprise, the boatman hailed him thus:

"Aw, Mr Hicks, I've a-been looking out for 'ee the last day or two. I knowed you'd come. He's over here now. He's been hollering and screeching. He sits at low water down among the weed, a-painting at a bit of board, and he calls out, 'Come into the garden, Maud.' A pretty garden he've a-got there! 'I'm here by the gate alone.' Not a gate within a mile of 'un! You can take 'un; he's quiet."

Presence of Mind.

Although it is not given to everybody to know exactly what to do at the right moment, one woman at least can lay claim to a presence of mind which may, without undue exaggeration, be considered phenomenal.

This woman's little boy was ailing from some trivial childish complaint, and the doctor ordered him some medicine. He had just taken his daily dose when his mother said, with some excitement:

"I quite forgot to shake that bottle afore givin' yo', Johnnie. Come here." Johnnie obeyed, and, much to his astonishment and disgust, was subjected to a vigorous shaking from the strong arms of the parent, at the conclusion of which he was laid down with the remark:

"There, my laddie, that'll dae. It should be grey wool mixed up noo, I'm thinkin', but don't let me forget again."

Johnnie promised.—Pearson's Weekly.

Information From a Boatswain's Mate.

An American vessel lying at Naples was visited by the king and his suit. One of the latter, with cocked hat, moustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch wind sail for a mast and leaned against it. The officer of the deck was promptly advised of the accident by the boatswain's mate, who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them 'ere kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."—"On a Man-of-War."

Seaweed.

The longest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

The most offensive thing you can say to a Tuscan is that he is ignorant, or ill bred. You may call him a fool, or a thief, or a liar, and he will only grin at you, but every peasant considers himself a gentleman and desires to run a knife into any one who questions his manners.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Leases CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

READ UP	EXP. Mail	May 15, 1908.	EXP. Mail	READ DOWN
No. 27	No. 55		No. 56	No. 28
8:10	8:10	PHILADELPHIA	8:10	8:10
8:25	8:25	PHILADELPHIA	8:25	8:25
8:40	8:40	PHILADELPHIA	8:40	8:40
8:55	8:55	PHILADELPHIA	8:55	8:55
9:10	9:10	PHILADELPHIA	9:10	9:10
9:25	9:25	PHILADELPHIA	9:25	9:25
9:40	9:40	PHILADELPHIA	9:40	9:40
9:55	9:55	PHILADELPHIA	9:55	9:55
10:10	10:10	PHILADELPHIA	10:10	10:10
10:25	10:25	PHILADELPHIA	10:25	10:25
10:40	10:40	PHILADELPHIA	10:40	10:40
10:55	10:55	PHILADELPHIA	10:55	10:55
11:10	11:10	PHILADELPHIA	11:10	11:10
11:25	11:25	PHILADELPHIA	11:25	11:25
11:40	11:40	PHILADELPHIA	11:40	11:40
11:55	11:55	PHILADELPHIA	11:55	11:55
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