

ANIMALS AS DESPOTS

TYRANNY OF THE PAMPERED SACRED BEASTS OF ASIA.

In Benares the Person Who Ill Treats a Monkey Runs the Risk of Being Torn to Pieces—How the Holy Bull Victimizes the Poor Man.

Readers of Kipling's "Kim," which gives a better picture of Indian life than anything else in print, may recall how the hero first begged on behalf of the Tibetan yogi. The bazaar woman to whom he gave the begging bowl cried:

"That bowl, indeed! That cow belled basket! Thou hast as much grace as the holy bull of Shiv. He has taken the best of a basket of onions already this morn, and, foomooi, I must fill thy bowl. He comes here again."

"The huge, mouse colored Brahmin bull of the ward was shouldering his way through the many colored crowd, a stolen plantain hanging out of his mouth. He headed straight for the shop, well knowing his privileges as a sacred beast, lowered his head, and puffed heavily along the line of baskets ere making his choice. Up drew Kim's hard little heel and caught him on his moist blue nose. He snorted indignantly and walked away across the tram rails, his hump quivering with indignation.

"See! I have saved more than the bowl will cost twice over. Now, mother, a little rice and some dried fish stop—yes, and some vegetable curry."

"A growl came out of the back of the shop, where a man lay.

"He drove away the bull," said the woman in an undertone. "It is good to give to the poor."

"Kim looked at the food lovingly. "That is good. When I am in the bazaar the bull shall not come to this house. He is a bold beggarman."

Indeed, he is, and he is only one of many. The people of India, like those of other Asiatic countries, are the slaves of their sacred animals. There is no tyranny more outrageous than that of the animal despots of Asia.

An English globe trotter of my acquaintance was being shown the sights of Benares, the most sacred city in all India, some years ago. As he passed through one of the narrow, crowded streets of the bazaar he met a huge white Brahmin bull strolling along as if the whole city belonged to him, brushing people aside right and left, and pushing his nose unheeded into the baskets of grain, rice and country produce which were displayed outside the little native shops.

It was exactly the kind of scene described so well in "Kim."

The bull and the Englishman met in the narrow "pathway-sidewalk," it would be called here, but in India sidewalk and road are usually indistinguishable. Neither would give way, for both belonged to an obstinate, self assertive race. The bull tried to push past. The Englishman hit him a smart rap on the nose.

"Get up, you brute!" he cried with an enforcing oath.

In a moment the bazaar was in an uproar. The natives, who, a moment before, had cringed servilely to the sahib, now crowded around him, with the passion of murder in their hearts. They pelted him with dirt and stones, called him all manner of vile names (more numerous, surely, in India than anywhere else on earth) and threatened most plainly to kill him. Was he not an infidel dog who had struck the sacred bull? Death by torture was surely too good for him. He would bring a curse on the city. The famine and the plague would come. Their wives would be childless.

So the talk ran excitedly from man to man. The tumult grew. The angry mob increased to thousands. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of a police patrol of stalwart Sikhs—regally scornful of Hindoo gods, and ever on the watch for such incidents as this—the globe trotter would certainly have paid with his life for his ignorance of Hindoo ideas as to the sacredness of sacred animals.

Such riots as this are common enough in India during the winter tourist season, and it is indeed marvelous that many Americans and Englishmen are not slain. The trouble occurs especially in Benares, the most fanatical city in the empire, and possibly in the whole world. The Hindoo Mecca, as it has been called, is the headquarters of Brahmanism and the chief stronghold of the animal worship which distinguishes that cult. There are sacred animals all over India, but nowhere else are there so many of them as in Benares, and nowhere else are they held in so much reverence and allowed so much license.

Anglo-Indians are often contemptuous of natives and native superstitions, but no Anglo-Indian would care to strike a sacred bull in Benares. Kim did it in Lahore. In Benares it would be exceedingly unwise even to swear at the holy beast in the presence of natives who might understand the oaths.

"The bulls are especially sacred," wrote Professor James Rinalton in a letter to the author of this article, after he had just returned from a tour of India, in which he secured some extremely interesting photographs of various sacred animals. "They live the walks of the city, enter sweetmeat and grocery stores and help themselves to the choicest articles without hindrance. They enjoy the freedom of every city. If a bullock chooses to lie down in a narrow lane where he fills the entire space, no pious Hindoo will pass that way while the sacred beast is taking his rest.

"The indulgence extended to these reinovines is wonderful. They enter the most sacred precincts of the temples. They are so pampered with

dainties and luxuries that they become burdened with fat."

Although the Brahmin bull is the most sacred animal in India, he has many competitors. There are more gods than worshippers in India. Beast worship seems to be natural to the Hindoo, and it is certainly one of the foundation stones of Brahmanism. Followers of the purer forms of that faith may say that the sacred beasts are only symbols and not gods, but a religion must be judged by the effect which it has on the times of its devotees. The monkey, the crocodile, the crane, the his, the cobra and other serpents are among the creatures that share with the bull the reverence of the people, if not their worship. Benares is the headquarters of all the numerous cults of Brahmanism that especially worship one or other of these sacred beasts.

One of the holiest places in Benares is the Doorga Khond, or monkey temple. The monkey comes next to the Brahmin bull in order of sanctity. An English resident in the city assured the writer that anybody who killed or even ill treated a monkey would run a very good chance of being torn to pieces by the fanatical natives. That is not generally true of India, for I have seen monkeys killed there without any trouble resulting, but I believe it is true of Benares.

At the Doorga Khond hundreds of monkeys are kept as pets by the priests. They run about all over the place just as they please and are never caged or restrained in any way. As a consequence they are jolly, good tempered little fellows, quite unlike the savage, sulky brutes you see in an American zoo. It is a mistake to suppose that a monkey's nature is essentially vicious.

The temple is simply a large paved yard surrounded by high walls on which there are a lot of wooden boxes and houses in which the monkeys live. There is a big tank for the monkeys to drink from and swim in, if they choose to do so, and a huge banyan tree gives them all the gymnastic exercise they want. Visitors are welcomed, but they are expected to buy food for the monkeys from the priests at an exorbitant price. As soon as they get inside the monkeys mob them, climbing all over them, snatching the food from their hands and then scampering off to eat it in the banyan tree.

These monkeys and all of their kind—the grayish brown, short tailed common monkey of northern India—are supposed to be the descendants of Humman, the monkey god of southern India. According to the myth of the Brahmans, Humman aided Rama to conquer Ceylon by building a bridge of rocks from India to that island. His image is to be seen in most Hindoo temples in the form of a man with a black monkey's face and tail.

Sacred monkeys scamper along the streets and over the housetops in most Indian cities and villages. The shopkeepers are constantly worried by their foraging escapades, but they dare not resent them any more than those of the sacred bull. These monkeys are often the companions of the hermits and fakirs with which India swarms, and they are the chief part of the congregation in many temples where they are fed and protected.

Tanks in which sacred crocodiles are kept are attached to some temples in Benares. In former days they were fed with children and other human sacrifices, but the British government, though very indulgent toward native superstitions, will, of course, not allow that now. Some Anglo-Indians assert, however, that such sacrifices are still made on the sly. Whether this is true or not, it is a fact that many fanatical Hindoos would not kill a crocodile which had killed their wife or child.

Some Hindoos are unspcakably cruel to animals that are not sacred, but in general the faiths of India enjoin kindness to dumb animals as a religious duty. Buddhism does so most emphatically, for the whole tendency of its teaching, rightly given, is to make a man gentle and mild. The Parsees are noted for their kindness to all creatures, man and beast, and they give largely out of their boundless wealth to the support of the Jain temples, which are perhaps the most delightful places in all India.

All the best elements in Brahmanism flock to the Jain cult as the needle flies to the magnet. The Jains recognize all the gods of the Hindoo creed, venerate the Brahmanical thread and adhere to Hindoo caste law. Yet they are utterly unlike the average Brahman. They have agreed to ignore all that is vile in Brahmanism and to devote themselves to all that is noble. They reverence the sacred animals, but they give to the worship a practical twist by adoring all animals, all living creatures, and by making veterinary surgery at once their vocation and their religion.

Every Jain temple is a hospital for the lame, the blind, the sick and the maimed among animals. The priests go around the streets of the crowded city picking up dogs with broken legs, cats that have been nearly starved to death and birds with broken wings. If they see an ass or a horse that is overworked and cruelly beaten, they will buy it from the brutal owner. All the animals thus rescued are taken to the temple grounds and tenderly and patiently treated and nursed back to health.

India is, of course, not the only oriental country in which animals are regarded as sacred. In almost all eastern lands, save those which are tightly in the grip of Islam, certain dumb creatures are the objects of reverence or of superstition, if not of actual worship. Siam's sacred white elephant—a curious superstition grafted upon a debased form of Buddhism—is the best known example, but dozens of others could be given.—William Thorp in New York Post.

THE GEISHA GIRL.

It Takes Severe Training to Develop This Japanese Artist.

There are many geisha training schools in Japan, but the best of them all is, I think, the one in Kioto to which I, with some difficulty, gained admittance. It is apparently a delightful place, but it is a place of unremitting toil. The girls are apprenticed to these schools by their parents or guardians at the age oftentimes of six years, and for ten years at least they are put through such a course of training as would break the spirits of girls less inured to unquestioning obedience to authority. Their physical training is of great importance, of course, and each little girl must go through such exercises every day as will keep her little body flexible as rubber, and after that is finished she must devote her time to tasks that far exceed in difficulty any schoolgirl work imaginable to one of us.

No woman of ordinary mind can possibly become a successful geisha, because she must be able to acquire and make use of every kind of worldly knowledge which will lend to her conversation a vivacity and charm that will lead men to seek her society. The dancing and the music are the least of a geisha's attainments as it is understood by a Japanese. These are merely an accompaniment to the feast which is served by small apprentices, such little girls, indeed, as met us at the door of the wine red and iris purple tea house in Kioto, but after the feast the men must be entertained by interesting stories and bright repartee, and in this the girls are trained rigidly.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

SOME SECRET INKS.

Writing That Remains Invisible Until Exposed to Heat.

Letters written with a solution of gold, silver, copper, tin or mercury dissolved in aqua fortis, or simpler still, of iron or lead in vinegar, with water added until the liquor does not stain a white paper, will remain invisible for two or three months if kept shut up in the dark, but on exposure for some hours to the open air will gradually assume a color, or will do so instantly on being held before the fire. Each of these solutions gives its own peculiar color to the writing—gold, a deep violet; silver, slate; lead and copper, brown; but all possess the common disadvantage—that in time they eat away the paper, leaving the letters in the form of perforations. There are a vast number of other solutions that become visible on exposure to heat or on having a heated iron passed over them, the explanation being that the matter is readily burned to a sort of charcoal, simplest among which we may mention lemon juice or milk, but the one that produces the best result is made by dissolving a scruple of sal ammoniac in two ounces of water.

Writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practiced successfully in the correspondence with Jalahabad in the first Afghan war.

A LIMIT TO ALL THINGS.

Even to What a Woman Can Do With the Handy Hairpin.

He had been away on a long journey, and upon his return his wife was detailing to him a number of reforms and improvements which she had successfully engineered during his absence.

"And you know," she said, "the drawer that was locked for over a month and which you said couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well!—triumphantly—"I opened it."

"Well, how did you do it?"

"With a hairpin."

"And the oven door," she continued, "has been stopping around on one hinge for ever so long because you were too lazy to fix it, but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed? I fixed it myself—with a hairpin."

"And then there's that crayon portrait of mother that stood in the corner for almost six solid weeks because you never would bring me any picture hooks?"

"Well, I intended to, but—"

"Oh, but! Well, it don't make any difference now. I got it up with a hook I made myself—out of a hairpin."

"Ye gods!" he said.

"And there's Willie. You've been coaxing him and bribing him for a year, trying to break him off biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired weakly.

"No," she snapped. "Don't be a goose! With a hairbrush."

How We Catch Cold.

The rationale of the causation of the ordinary "cold" is pretty well understood at the present day, and it is generally conceded that when circulatory disturbances or vital depression is produced as the result of localized or general chilling of the body surface newly entered or already present pathogenic bacteria are enabled to attack the body with very good chances of success. At such times it is said that the powers of resistance are below par, and consequently the bacteria gain an easy victory. This point was illustrated in telling fashion by Durck, who found that rabbits infected with pneumococci developed pneumonia if they were subjected to severe cold, whereas unchilled control animals survived.—Medical Record.

Reputation.

A certain pompous individual from the state of Massachusetts was once strutting about the capitol at Washington. A western senator said to Senator Hoar:

"Who is that person?"

"That," responded Hoar, "is General Blank of my state."

"Does he cut as wide a swath in Massachusetts as he does in Washington?"

"No," said Senator Hoar, with a merry twinkle. "No, General Blank's reputation is purely national."—Life.

The Malaria of Ambiguity.

Admiring Friend (to captain of college boat club)—I say, Thompson has been slanging you like anything about putting Jones into the Henley boat. He says the fellow's the biggest fool in the varsity. Captain—Oh! And what did you say? Admiring Friend—Oh, I stuck up for you, of course, old fellow.—Punch.

A Definition.

"What does the word 'aroma' mean?" was recently asked by a teacher. Only one hand went up. Its owner thus explained: "When you cook an onion in the kitchen, the aroma is what you get in the parlor."

A Round of Pleasures.

Nell—Last night was the happiest in my life. It brought me one round of pleasure. Bell—What do you consider one round of pleasure. Nell—An engagement ring.

An Insultation.

May—Ever been flitted, Edith? Edith—No, dear. What does it feel like?

LIFE BUOY AND OAR.

How to Get Into the One and to Support Yourself With the Other.

Very few persons know how to get into a life buoy, and, as in this uncertain world one never knows when one may need to make use of a buoy in real earnest, a little practice might prove of great value in an emergency.

Now, when the buoy is thrown into the water the temptation is to try to lift it over one's head and shoulders or to dive through it. This, however, is impossible. The correct thing is to grasp the two sides of the buoy, with fingers of the hands uppermost, lower yourself under the buoy and come up through the center, then rest your arms upon the sides, and you will be comfortably supported as long as it is necessary.

More often than otherwise, in case of accident, a life buoy is not at hand. In such event an oar may be used as a substitute. Now, there is some little art in saving oneself by this means, for an average sized scull is not buoyant enough to support a person if grasped as the first impulse would direct.

There is only one way in which the oar will support a human being. It must be ridden like a hobby horse. The haft is put between the legs and the blade allowed to project above the surface of the water in front of one. By this means the head is kept well above the water.—Pearson's Magazine.

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WHAT SHE PLAYED.

The Last Music That Theodore Thomas Heard on Earth.

During the last illness of Theodore Thomas, although he was not at any time unconscious or delirious, he hardly noticed the members of his family as they came and went at the bedside. But one morning he seemed to be better.

He made little jokes with the doctors and his sons and talked about his White Mountain home. At 12 o'clock he seemed tired. The editor of his autobiography says that he sank into a dreamy state, and then roused himself to say to his wife in a lingering, ecstatic voice:

"I have had a beautiful vision—a beautiful vision!"

Then he drifted off into silence.

His wife thought he was tired and went downstairs to luncheon, but chiefly with the purpose of leaving him to rest. He had given her a chime of bells, to be used in summoning the family to meals, and because of his illness they had never been rung in the house. Now, because he seemed so much better, she played on them a little bugle call that came into her head.

"Do you know what you have played?" asked one of the family. "Yes," the call that is sounded over the graves of dead soldiers."

She rushed back to the bells and played the call engraved on a metal plate above them. Afterward she found that this was revellie, the soldier's signal to rise.

So it had chanced that the last music Theodore Thomas heard on earth had been symbolic of death and the resurrection.—Youth's Companion.

THE DAINTY WASP.

Apparatus With Which He Makes His Complimented Toilet.

"Wasps are exceedingly dainty in their habits," says a writer in the Pile-gin, "and, in order that they may gratify their instinct for neatness to the utmost, nature has provided them with a set of marvellously delicate combs and brushes. If we look closely at the wasp's legs we will find that each bears on its outermost long joint two small, movable spines, known as the apical spurs, and if we examine these with a magnifying glass each is seen to be provided with a row of fine teeth, so that the apparatus answers for a comb and the fine-toothed comb.

"The tidying up process consists of various perfectly definite steps, usually taking place in a particular sequence. First, it passes both front legs over the face from above downward, and after repeating this movement several times draws them through the jaws. This is to remove any foreign substance which may have collected on them. The legs are then passed backward from the forehead, much as we should smooth back our hair. The wings are then stroked again and again from the base to the tip, although the most careful observer would fail to detect anything upon them. The abdomen is next carefully stroked from base to tip until every hair point in the right direction and a gloss as fine as satin is attained. Last of all, each of the six legs, in turn, is laboriously drawn between two of its fellows, so the wasp is once more ready to face its world."

A Story of Washington.

George Washington's head gardener was from some European kingdom, where he had worked in the royal grounds. But coming to America he left his wife behind. Homesickness for his "gude" woman's face soon began to prey on him, and Washington noticed the anxious eye and drooping spirits of his servant. Finally the man went down to the river and declared his intention of shipping to the old country, when who should come up and lean over the side of a newly arrived vessel but his wife. The kind hearted general had secretly sent for the woman, and she fortunately surprised her loving husband in one of his fits of despondency.

A Started Guest.

Mme. Patti took elaborate precautions against burglars at Craig-Nos, her castle in Wales. A guest there who was spending a sleepless night rose before dawn to open his bedroom window. Immediately there was a violent ringing of bells in different parts of the castle. The visitor made his way downstairs, only to find himself in imminent danger of being lacerated by a whole troop of snipping and snarling dogs. It turned out that he had unwittingly set the diva's patent burglar traps going, the dogs being released from their chains by an electric connection with the window.

Cats' Eyes.

What is the correct color for cats' eyes as related to the color of the cat? Is the question which has been answered as follows: A black cat or one known as a "blue" cat should have amber or orange eyes. White cats must have blue eyes, chinchillas green, though orange are permissible; orange, cream or fawn cats must have orange or hazel eyes; smokes, orange eyes.

Related Advice.

"That coat looks shabby," remarked Hicks to his intimate friend, the poet. "Why don't you have it turned?" "Do you think this coat has three 'des'?" asked the impetuous one sadly. And nothing more was said on the subject.

Patriotic.

"That horrid Axworthy has married again!" "Yes, and he's awfully fond of his latest wife. He says she's his glorious fourth."—Chicago Tribune.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theater of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.—Carlyle.

COLORED SKIN.

A Theory That It Is an Intermediary Stage of Development.

The origin of colored skin, or white either, is still unknown. If the sun is really the active agent in its evolution, the power of sunlight must have been curtailed when people took to wearing clothes.

The slightest protection, as seen in the use of ladies' veils, keeps the white skin pure. Therefore, if there is any protection afforded by natural dark skin, an equivalent is obtained for white people by the use of clothes. Until white people begin to discard clothing in the tropics their skin will remain white.

Sunburn must not be confounded with pigmentation of the skin. Sunburn is merely a tanning of the epidermal cells on the surface of the skin, whereas pigmentation is caused by a deposit of dark matter within the deeper layers of the true skin.

Summing the whole evidence up, considering all arguments derived from history, anthropology, ethnology and general evolution, it seems to me that the colored skin is an intermediary stage of development between our primate ancestors and the pure white or Caucasian skin. My general contention is that white skinned peoples come from the oldest stocks of humanity and that in the process of evolution they became white by the use of clothes.—Dr. T. F. Macdonald.

CHURCH ALES.

An Old English Custom of Raising Money For Church Use.

A curious light is thrown on ancient church bazaars and charity balls by certain records kept in some of the churches in England. For instance, in the records of Yateley church, which date from 1543, are frequent references to "church ales," the object of which was to get money for church expenses.

The feast was organized by the church wardens, "who provided a good spread at so much a head, and credited the profits to the church expenditure." It first appears as the "church ale," then as the "king's ale," then later as "our banquet at Whiteside." It was probably held in the church and went on until 1643, the year after the civil war broke out, when probably the Puritans put an end to such festivities. It was popular evidently.

One enterprising churchwarden has left on record all the good things which were prepared for the Crondall "church ale" in the year 1587. They had a band, brewed a quantity of ale, and made a profit of \$42. As money was then worth nearly ten times as much as now, the "church ale" may be said to have brought in about \$400, which was just 100 per cent on the outlay. The band was hired for four days.

THE SENSE OF TRAFFIC.

A Good Thing For Those In Crowded Centers to Cultivate.

Every town dweller should cultivate his "sense of traffic." At first this means that he will take every step in a crowded thoroughfare with a reasoned consciousness. He will never think of his business or his pleasure while he is in the street, but only of the way in which he is going of what is before him, of what is on either side of him and of what he is leaving behind him. At every crossing he will settle his course, so to speak, and look out for dangers from every point of the compass. After very few weeks of this careful self regulation he will develop the "sense of traffic." Without knowing it he will see and hear and realize all that moves about him. He will automatically avoid collision, and it will be as impossible for him to take a step at the wrong time as it was formerly difficult for him to take it at the right one. He will at the same time preserve his person and lighten the labors of the policeman. Street accidents occur to those who have no "sense of traffic."—London Lancet.

The Good Classified.

An Indian is a good Indian when he is dead; a boy is a good boy when he is asleep; a man is a good man when he is at work. Get busy and be a good citizen.—Douglas (Kan.) Tribune.

GOOD FOR OLD and YOUNG

Advertisement for August Flower, a medicine for children and the elderly. Includes an illustration of a child and a woman, and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Cloth Picking and Winding. Enterprise Silk Co.