

WANDERLUST.

The road—a ribbon of white unfurled...

Over the slopes, the hills and leas...

The road—it waits, and I hear the song...

The Senora's Chicken

AN INCIDENT AT PANAMA

By STEPHEN KEENE

A deal depends on the mosquito...

In the zone "going to Taboga" signifies something rather serious...

While I was at work on the large "navy" camp at Emperador...

In fact, I nearly ran into the Senora Rafaela...

Naturally the woman was astonished...

But the Senora Rafaela laughed...

Taboga is an island seven miles down the bay from the old City of Panama...

Otherwise the island is a kind of picnic ground for the Panama people...

As the sanatorium was uncomfortably full of patients at this time...

Senora Marel's house is several hundred feet up the hillside from the sea...

For a week I lay there, nourished for the most part on chicken...

One of the two rooms adjoining mine served the senora as a kind of fruit store...

What the room on the other side contained was not so clear...

Once in the night, however, I was awakened by a single loud squawk...

I had been able to get up and move about I might have settled the question by opening the door...

I shouted several times for the senora to come and shut it...

At last I drowsed off again, but was awakened by some heavy creature...

tered off the stand! My first thought was that it must be a pig or a dog...

Over went the wash-stand, and on the instant I felt the brute land on my feet...

Clatter-smash went basin, stand and chairs again, and then swish, with a whirl of repulsive odor...

Before I knew it, I was sitting up, striking out with both hands...

Under my pillow I had one of those little vest pocket electric lights...

My hand shook as I tried to keep the beam of light focused on the horror...

I don't know how I did it, but I leaped out of that cot and actually ran out at the door into the patio!

In fact, I nearly ran into the Senora Rafaela, who had heard me call her...

Naturally the woman was astonished. "Senor! Senor Estevan!" she cried...

"Fetch a light! Fetch a light!" I cried. "There's a Gila monster in my room!"

She brought a candle, and after striking a number of matches, lighted it and peered into the room...

But the Senora Rafaela laughed, wholly untrifled. "No tenga miedo, senor!"

"Si, senor. Muy bueno para la comida. Very good to eat." And marching in with her candle...

I returned to my cot with much matter for reflection, but had the senora leave the candle burning...

I imagined that I had something to tell the doctor when he came to see me that morning...

"Oh, yes," said he, laughing. "It is guana. But it's just as good. Why, all chickens, all fowls and birds of every kind were reptiles once..."

"Oh, all right," I said. "But I have my own opinion of it." Plainly I could not astonish him that way...

In fact, I left Taboga the next day. But I did not partake of any more of Senora Rafaela's cold chicken...

"He's the most pestiferous little pup in town, sir!" exclaimed the angry neighbor...

"You dare to so much as shake your little finger at that dog of mine and I'll knock your head off!"

"Who said anything about your dog? I mean that youngest boy of yours." "Oh, well, that's different. I'll give him a talking too, and whip him if he bothers you any more."

Governor C. E. Hughes of New York is a Baptist.



While and Grandpa. Willing little Willie Smith took a stroll one morning with Grandpa Smith...

Strolling thus, at length they came to a structure known to fame, Brooklyn Bridge, whose arches spanned Watery leagues...

As the old man and the child stood and watched the river wild, Grandpa leaning over the side, dropped his matches in the tide.

"Willie," murmured Grandpa kind, "Save my matches, do you mind? There's a good boy, jump and get them. Eric the angry waves shall wet them."

Willie, with a shout of joy (He was such a willing boy), leaped into the water's flow. Several hundred feet below.

Voices rose from many a crew. River whistles gayly blew. "Ship ahoy there, man the hatchet! Grandpa Smith has lost his matches."

Gallant tars the river crossed, Searching for the matches lost, And a box was found. Willie Smith? Oh, he was drowned.

MORAL. Children, this should teach to you Simple kindnesses to do. When on little errands sent Always be obedient.

Toad in Terrier's Throat. A fox terrier, owned by Louis Genlin, of Park street, Bloomfield, N. J., picked up a good-sized toad and tried to swallow it.

The terrified terrier, unable to bark, frantically dashed through the street, turning somersaults and rolling about until women sitting on the piazzas of their homes screamed "Mad dog!"

A police man killed the animal with a blow on the head. Then the toad jumped out of the terrier's mouth and hopped away.

One Way To Get Out of It. Johnny took his seat in the arithmetic class, and the teacher immediately asked for the daily exercises.

"John," said the teacher sternly, "where is your exercise?" John caught one terrible glance and resolved to say nothing about the ball game.

"You told us yesterday we were to do the eighteenth. But Jimmy Smith said last night it was the seventeenth."

"Well, you've brought nothing at all," said the teacher. "Please, sir, I was afraid I'd do the wrong one, so I didn't do any!" gasped Johnny.

Dog Flags Train. In Muskogee a negro who drives the street sweeper has a fine bird dog, which walks ahead of the sweeper at night and carries a lighted lantern in his mouth.

Queen Adelaide. Adelaide, queen consort of William IV, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Meiningen.

At Charlotte's suggestion negotiations for a marriage between her son and Adelaide were entered into. The match was speedily made, and the marriage took place in July, 1818.

Although Adelaide and William were the parents of several children, they all died in infancy. In 1830 George IV. died, and, having no children to succeed him, the crown reverted to his surviving brother, next in line, William.

During William and Adelaide's reign the court of England assumed a pure and elevating atmosphere, proving a model for the young, something which cannot be said of it at any former period.

In the year 1837 William IV. died, and as queen dowager Adelaide survived him twelve years. She was present at the marriage of the young and beautiful Queen Victoria and the charming Prince Albert.

In Eldorado a bridegroom gave his best man an envelope containing a twenty dollar bill to be given to the clergyman after the ceremony.

Agreed For Once. "A poor man's chances for becoming rich," declared the optimist, "are as good as they ever were."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Words never fall a smooth hypocrite.

There's always room for a few more—at the bottom.

A funny story gets more applause than sensible talk.

It's a woman's plain duty to be as handsome as she can.

Jonah was the first man on record to get inside information.

It takes a fool to fool himself into the belief that he isn't foolish.

Popularity is an article that isn't displayed on bargain counters.

It's up to a married man to be a husband—not merely an ex-bachelor.

When a society woman attempts to put on style, it looks much like a take-off.

No, Alonzo, a man seldom puts his foot in it when he takes a step in the right direction.

Female suffragists, Cordelia, are just plain women—and the plainer they are the more they suffer.

It is far better for a girl to remain single than marry a good-looking man, for he will monopolize the mirror.

Probably nothing tickles a fat woman more than to encounter another woman who is much fatter than herself.

It depends a great deal on the size of a man's bank balance whether his ailment is gout or just ordinary rheumatism.

LEARNING FROM OUR SCHOOLS.

Europe Thinks American System Nearly Perfect, Except for Absence of Trade Institutions.

When Sir Alfred Mosely last year sent two hundred teachers to the United States to study the American public school system...

Opinions expressed by British teachers on their return are being reflected in educational papers throughout Germany, Austria and France.

While the general educational scheme followed by American schools is heartily applauded, German pedagogues join their British colleagues in their criticism of two very important points...

Herr Ullmann, of Berlin, provincial school director, remarks:—"In prevailing conditions trade schools are an absolute necessity. Our boys cannot all become professional men."

Bowdoinham cats are noted for their sagacity, but it remains for the intelligent feline owned by Mrs. Samuel Donnell of that town to cap the climax.

"Our cat has taken a strange place to rear her last kittens," Mrs. Donnell told the Journal Friday.

"When she wants to lay an egg she pecks at the kittens, who are too small to resent it, and if the mother is near she pushes them gently from the nest."

"Slaves," said the Socialist, smiling grimly, "should be interested in the price of other slaves. Well, then: 'Before the war a good strong man was worth \$2500; a woman \$1,500, a child, \$500.'"

"In Rome, in the Golden Age, a laborer only cost \$100, and sometimes, after a great victory and an influx of captives into the capital, it was possible to buy strong, capable slaves for \$5 apiece."

"Skilled slaves, men with trades, brought higher prices. Cicero paid \$1000 for a scribe; Catinine had a cook that cost him \$2500."

"A gardener was worth \$300, a blacksmith \$750, an actor \$5000, a physician \$10,000."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Was the Best Man. In Eldorado a bridegroom gave his best man an envelope containing a twenty dollar bill to be given to the clergyman after the ceremony.

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CONCERNING THE CLAM PIE.

Details of Making and Manner of Baking the Tom Sawyer.

"What? You didn't know they ever put potatoes in clam pies? Why! They always do; always; only," said a man who knows all about clam pies, "there's right ways of doing it, and wrong ways."

"Some people put boiled mashed potatoes into clam pie, which, of course, is wrong; and then some people put in potatoes cut into cubes or dice, which is foolish and frivolous and out of keeping with the clam."

The real way to fix potatoes for a clam pie is to take medium-sized potatoes and peel 'em and then cut them into not very thick strips of uniform thickness, so that they'll look nice in the pie and so that they'll all cook alike.

"And then some people chop up the clams for a clam pie, a terrible mistake to make. Chopping the clams mashes 'em all up, and that way you lose half the juices of the clams, lost in the chopping bowl."

The true way to fix the clams is this: You take medium-sized clams of uniform size and lay them on a board and slice them into pieces not too small; they look better that way, and they are better, and so they taste better.

"Of course, you have for the pie a number of thin and narrow strips of pork of the sort that has a streak of lean in it; and when you have got all the ingredients ready, composing, so to speak, the pie stuff, you cook them all together, partly, enough so that when you come to put this filling in the pie and put the pie in the oven to bake, the baking will bring the whole pie out cooked perfectly."

"Now, of course, there are all sorts of clam pies; small individual clam pies, and pies cooked in dishes of various larger sizes, to be cut up and served; and different people may have different notions about what size and shape is best for dishes to cook clam pies in; but the best clam pies I ever ate were cooked in a dish about fifteen inches in diameter by about three and a half inches."

"The pies baked in this dish were made with no bottom crust, but with a crust all around the walls of the dish, and of course, the crust on top. And whenever a clam pie was baked in this dish there was brought into use with it a teacup which was especially reserved for this purpose only and which was used in the manner that I will now describe to you."

"This teacup was a very deep cup, or a very tall cup when you turned it over, bottom up, and made of thin china. And when the filling was in the pie and it was all ready to put on the top crust that tall, thin cup was set in the centre of the pie, bottom up, and then the top crust, with a hole in it of exactly the right size at the centre, was put on the pie, leaving now the bottom, or as we now have it placed, the top of the cup, projecting up at the centre above the top crust like a little dome."

"The object of the dome? Why, as the pie bakes the steam within, or a good part of it, rises not to saturate the top crust and make that soggy, but it rises in the cup, to be condensed in the dome and go back with all its flavor and richness into the pie itself, making the filling rich and elegant, as it ought to be. While the crust remained nice and light; and then when you came to eat your portion or portions of this clam pie you could break up that nice light crust and sop it in the juices of the pie if you wanted to."

"And when you get a hold of a clam pie built like that, why, then you begin to realize what a great joy a real clam pie can be."—New York Sun.

Birds Cutting Away Pillars. Birds are cutting away the pillars of the Kosciusko county courthouse, which has long been regarded as one of the most handsome county capital buildings in the state.

The exterior is constructed of limestone, and for many months sparrows and pigeons have been pecking into the stone for gravel. In consequence many of the pillars on the second and third floors have been more than half eaten away.

A similar condition is found on the first story. Several hundred pigeons have made their home in the belfry for years. The county commissioners will take some action at the next regular meeting to eliminate the danger of portions of the building falling down.

Bees Have an Inn Sign. At Grantham a remarkable sight has been witnessed outside a public house known as the Beehive Inn. Over the doorway is a hive in which bees store their honey, and it is believed to be the only "living" public house sign in England.

The sunshine of Saturday had a surprising effect and the occupants of the hive were swarming, much to the discomfort of those who desired to enter the inn to quench their thirst. Thousands of bees were flying about and a large crowd of persons stood at a respectful distance watching the landlord collecting them in another hive by the side of the footpath near the door.

Sizing Her Up. "You don't seem to like Miss Gabbie, Mrs. Malaprop," remarked Mrs. Browne. "Why is it?" "I detest her," replied Mrs. Malaprop, "because she's nothing but a scandal monger and everybody that knows her will collaborate that statement."—Philadelphia Press.