

THE KIND A MAN WANTS.

See, Jack, I'm married. No, you never met her. She's not much like the girls in our old set.

Ira Had His Good Points.

By KENNETH HARRIS.

"He's a right clever old man when you get to know him," said the storekeeper, as the sharp-nosed veteran with the peaked cloth cap left the store.

"I reckon there's suthin' in that," remarked Sol Baker. "Bein' to'able well fixed makes a difference."

"If Uncle Jimmie wasn't a pillar of the Farmers' National an' if he done his tradin' with Seth Bowker mebbe Rufus wouldn't stick up for him the way he does," insinuated Marvin Persons.

"I hain't sayin' that a man's virtues be all hid when he's pore," said Hancock, "but I do say that a feller c'n see his good qualities a right smart plain-er if he's well fixed. It reminds me of Cre Sibley over in Buchanan, that uster live neighbor to us when I was knee high to a grasshopper."

"I reckon the Lord never made a man with bowlder laigs than what Ira had. When I met him a-comin' down the road I c'd see the meth'dist church—all 'ceptin' the spire—the blacksmith shop and Col. Barker's brick residence atwixt Ira's laigs all at one clip. Looked like a pickafer in one of these yer oval round frames. You've seen bowler laigs than what Ira had."

time an' snore the balance. Of all the ornery, no-account, wuthless loafin'—You know the way a woman talks. Well, Mis' Trumble kep' on thataway all mornin' as she was swashin' the water around an' thumpin' the mop. Ira set in the doorway smokin' an' all of a fitch to tell what had happened. Finly as Mis' Trumble come through to bring him a bucket for more water, he give her the letter an' tol' her to read it.

"For massy's sakes!" she says when she had spelled it through. 'Ira Sibley, do you mean to say that all that money's coming to you?'

"That's what it is," said Ira, puffin' at his pipe an' tryin' to look 's if he wesk'n't a-bustin' weth impatience. 'I reckon I'll have some friends now,' he says.

"You always did have friends," says Mis' Trumble. "There's them that doesn't epreshate you as well as I do, not knowin' you, but you've got friends."

"I won't be so ornery an' shiftless an' pizen mean now," says Ira. "They'll find out that I've got my good p'int's."

"Ish'd say you had," says Mis' Trumble. "Why, Ira Sibley, what do you want to miscall yourself that-away for? You've got more good p'int's than the most o' the men, an' I've allus said so. Ef there's any man that's got more I'd like to have 'em show him to me."

"Ira began to swell up still more. 'I don't say that ain't so,' he says. 'But you watch out an' see if anybuddy calls me 'howlaigs' after this. I bet you I won't hear no remarks about my whiskers nor my squint eyes. I would not wonder if they got to think I was a good-lookin' feller.'

"Why wouldn't they?" says Mis' Trumble. "You ain't no more bow-laiged than some other folks, an' I allus did like red whiskers. As far as eyes is concerned, I think a cast in a man's eyes is real cunnin'." I call you a mighty good-lookin' man."

"Sho!" says Ira, smilin' clear up to his ears. "Well, mebbe there's worse-lookin'." Some gal may take a fancy to me yet."

"You don't need no gal, Ira," says Mis' Trumble. "What you want is a stiddy, keeful, experienced, smart woman. One that knows your good p'int's an' is ecstomated to your ways an' kin cook for you an' do for you the way a man like you'd orter be cooked an' done for."

"That's what she said to him. It goes to show what I was a-sayin'."

"But what came of it?" asked Baker.

Hancock regarded him with an expression of supreme contempt. "Well, what do you s'pose come of it?" he said.—New York Evening Journal.

THE NEW MATTERHORN.

Future Climbers Can Risk Their Lives on Piece of Beef.

In about four years' time, when you wish to climb the Matterhorn, instead of engaging a guide and waiting days for fair weather, and then risking your neck in a breathless, glorious scramble over the glaciers and cliffs, you will simply press a button and shout, "Going up!" The railway to the top of the mountain, which is to be completed at a cost of \$1,250,000, will be the most interesting of the world's great elevators, and will carry the "rocking-chair climber" to those grand viewpoints which defied all mountaineers until the memorable ascent in 1855 by Mr. Whymper, Lord Douglas and their companions, which ended tragically. The road will pierce its way upward through tunnels in the living rock to a point within sixty feet of the summit, at an altitude of 14,780 feet, where a number of rooms will be cut. The announcement is made that the terminus will be provided with various novel contrivances, not the least of which will be a special chamber filled with compressed oxygen for tourists suffering from mountain sickness. It is needless to say that the true mountain climbers, whose pride and joy it is to conquer the mighty Alpine snow peaks look upon the prospective intrusion of the railroad and hordes of "trippers" with ill-disguised grief. It was bad enough, say they, to have Jungfrau desecrated, but the Matterhorn, that superb peak, pronounced by Ruskin to be the perfect mountain, should have been left alone. On the other hand, thousands of people for whom the climb would be a physical impossibility, are fully capable of appreciating the glories of the outlook and the uplift that comes from standing on so renowned a summit. No one has an exclusive property in such a peak as the Matterhorn.—Boston Transcript.

Lesson in Accuracy.

Register of Deeds, Charles C. Maas a candidate for re-election, is taking in all sorts of religious and civic celebrations and ceremonies these days, and on Sunday afternoon he started out to witness the laying of a cornerstone of the new Jewish Temple being erected by the congregation Anshe Stand at No. 452 Sixth street.

Mr. Maas had been in the Ghetto district before, but he had some difficulty in finding the place where the corner-stone was to be laid, so he approached a bright looking little Jewish girl, perhaps ten years of age, and said:

"Little girl, can you tell me where they're laying the cornerstone of the new temple?" "No, I can't tell you where they're laying the cornerstone," replied the youngster, "but it's in the middle of the next block on the other side of the street that they're building the synagogue."—Milwaukee Free Press



Knowledge Is Sweet.

"Now, dear," said Mamma yesterday, "I will explain to you All in a very simple way How one and one make two; Here is a cookie from the jar, And here's another one; Just count and see how many are There now the sum is done!"

"And if you eat one cookie—so, Another sum is done. You count what you have left and know That one from two leaves one; And now you eat the other and Another sum you do. For you have none left in your hand When you take two from two."

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Isabel This very afternoon, "I thought I knew my sums so well I'd not forget so soon. I really think I ought to go And ask my Mamma quick To get the cookie jar, and show Me my arithmetic!" —J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

Johnny Defines a Kangaroo.

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a kangaroo?" Johnny: "A kangaroo is a curved stick of wood used by the Australians as a weapon. When projected violently into the air it returns in the direction from which it was thrown, and sometimes strikes an object in the rear of the person who casts it." Teacher: "That is your recollection, is it? Then what is kangaroo leather?" Johnny (stumped for a moment): "Kangaroo leather is — something that's made from the bark." —Christian Register.

How Could He?

Frankie Elsmore, aged 7, was presented by his mother with a new suit of clothes. The suit was very shiny and had much gold braid on it. As Frankie left the house to show himself to his playmates in his new glory, his mother said to him: "Now, my boy, do come home clean."

Frankie smiled confidently. In about three hours he returned. His face was black with dirt, the new clothes were smudged and torn, the gold braid was hanging in shreds. He was triumphantly explaining to the cook what a cave he and his companions had constructed, when his mother saw him.

"Frankie!" she exclaimed, "what has happened to you?" "Mamma," replied he in all seriousness, "how can one keep clean when they are digging a cave." —Home Herald.

Who Was It?

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite; Wouldn't say "Good morning!" and wouldn't say "Good night!" Felt it too much trouble to think of saying "please"; Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze; Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run; Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was sad? But the reason for it isn't hard to find. For this little maiden didn't like to mind; Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought to do.

Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't you. —E. M. Clark in The Outlook.

Tom's Table Manners.

Tom's table manners were wonderfully improved by a method described in "Harper's Bazar." Each time he made a mistake of any kind he was assessed five cents, the amount being deducted from his weekly allowance of spending money, and each time he could discover any lapse in table etiquette on the part of any other member of the family he could collect five cents, provided his own manners during the meal had been irreproachable. Tom's parents were not merely surprised, they were electrified, by the efficiency of this method. He even neglected his meals while he kept an eagle eye on "daddy" and mother. No deviation, however slight, from established table rules escaped him, and though he lost 35 cents the first week, he came out with \$1.70 to his credit at the end of the second. At the end of a few weeks he was equipped for the most formal dinner. —New York Tribune.

The King of Beasts.

The old Egyptians sometimes used lions when they went hunting. Some of their pictures show that they tamed lions to hunt for them like dogs, says the Christian Intelligencer. That is something that we should hardly want to try now, although some persons have made pets of the animals. Even so fierce a beast can be led to love those that show it kindness, as is shown by a very old story. A slave once ran away from his master in Africa and hid in a cave. He was frightened to see a lion coming to him, but the animal did not try to hurt him. He was suffering from a thorn in his paw, and seemed to ask the man to take it out. He did, and the two became good friends. Some time after the slave was caught and taken to Rome. There he was to be put to death by letting a lion loose upon him, but to the astonishment of the people the lion seemed to know him and was pleased to see him. Both of them were set free, and the man used to be seen in the streets leading around his strange friend.

DO APES REASON?

An ape, reared from babyhood at the Biological Institute in Amani, German East Africa, has accomplishments as a bicycle rider. There was a demand from Berlin for so gifted a specimen of the anthropoid ape and he has now been added to the collections in the zoological garden of that city. Perhaps it is not very remarkable that an intelligent ape, with innate love for feats of balancing and gymnastic stunts on the branches of trees, should learn to ride a bicycle.

His trainer reports that his patience and time were not overtaxed in teaching him to ride. The ape was a little slow in grasping the idea that by working the pedals he could propel the machine, but when light dawned upon him his education as a wheelman was almost complete. He is not yet sufficiently observant of obstacles in the road but he is improving.

Just now the German public is most interested in the studies that Dr. Alexander Sokolovski has been making of three anthropoid apes at Steglitzen, near Berlin. His scientific specialty is zoological psychology and he has been observing the life of two orang-outangs, male and female, called Jacob and Rosa, and an unnamed chimpanzee. He has convinced himself that these animals have not only instinct but also elementary reasoning powers.

The three animals are excellent friends, but there are marked temperamental differences between the chimpanzee and the orang-outangs. The former is full of life and is doing something every waking moment. The latter are more quiet, sit reposedly for long periods on the floor, and when they attempt the swinging bar they are slower and more cautious than the chimpanzee, who is reckless. He likes rough and tumble play with Jacob, but Rosa is his favorite. There seems to be a perfect understanding between them and she is his dutiful servant in many of his original performances.

To facilitate Dr. Sokolovski's studies the keepers gave a good deal of latitude to the three animals. The chimpanzee especially has had his own way to an unusual extent. He acts more naturally when he does not know that he is under human observation, and for hours every day he has been apparently by himself though watched every moment.

Some of the most interesting results of Dr. Sokolovski's studies grew out of the chimpanzee's desire to escape confinement. He does not like it, though his two friends seem content. They occupied a part of a very large wire cage, more than half of which was used as the summer sleeping place of the giraffes. The board partition dividing the cage into two compartments was high, though it did not extend to the roof. Nobody dreamed that the chimpanzee could surmount this wall, but he did, and it was of his three successful attempts to get out of his cage.

In a corner of the cage against the wooden partition was a large box in which the apes slept and so heavy that they could not move it. One day the chimpanzee jumped up on this box and seemed to be critically examining the partition. He jumped into the air again and again with his arms stretched above his head, but he could not bring his fingers within three feet of the top of the wall. His attention suddenly became riveted upon a large tin globe which had been given to the animals to play with. It was made of thick plate and was so big and heavy that it was not easy to handle. It was made for rolling along the ground.

Now was the time for Rosa to help, and she was summoned. Together they boosted the globe upon the box and rolled it into the corner. Here it was kept by the faithful and intelligent Rosa while her friend clambered up over her back to the top of the globe. Rosa still kept the globe in place while the venturesome chimpanzee jumped again and again for the top of that partition. But he could not reach it by several inches. Then he had a conference with Rosa. Just how he communicated his idea to her is not known, but she understood him somehow or other.

The chimpanzee took her arm and helped her to clamber up on the globe. She stretched herself face downward on the rounding surface. The chimpanzee mounted on her body and made another mighty spring into the air. It was a great success, for he clutched the top of the partition and dropped down among the giraffes on the other side. He was not a bit concerned about leaving his friends, but the unselfish Rosa had helped him to desert without reaping any advantage herself.

The keepers escorted the ape back to his own compartment and deprived the three friends of the globe that had given them so much amusement. They were very certain that the chimpanzee could not surmount the partition again. They did not know the extent of the animal's resources. It was observed a few days later the chimpanzee was having more fun than ever on his trapeze, and it looked as though he was continually trying to swing himself against the roof. At last he gathered all his energies for the biggest swing of all, and when at the summit of his flight he sprang off the bar and just managed to catch the top of the partition. The next moment he was among the giraffes again. That very day the partition was extended to the roof and flight in this direction was quite cut off.

His next attempt was to break the fastening on the door of the cage. He observed with much apparent interest that when the keeper entered the cage he handled a bunch of keys, one of which he inserted in a padlock. The keeper sometimes gave him the keys because he was so gravely curious to examine them one by one, and often he would strain up against the wire to look at the padlock outside, for the idea seemed to dawn upon him that it had something to do with getting into or out of the cage.

One day Jacob managed to break the wooden piece on the swing and this put an implement into the hands of the chimpanzee. The bit of tough hardwood was about three feet long and it had broken so that one end was almost a point. Dr. Sokolovski could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the ape thrust the stick outside of the wire, push the thin end up through the staple that held the padlock and then pry with all his might to force it out. The keeper was notified, the performances terminated, and the chimpanzee was deprived of his new tool.

As he felt his restraint so deeply it was decided to give him a little occasional exercise in the open, and so one day the keeper took him out into the garden for a stroll, leading him by a small chain. It was a great lark for the ape and he plainly manifested his enjoyment and all the more when they reached a fruit stall at the gate, where he was regaled with bananas.

He had the time of his life and the very next day he decided that he wanted another stroll and more bananas. He set to work on the wire of the cage, which was merely meant for summer use, but was supposed to be strong enough to hold any animal that was put into the cage. The chimpanzee confined his attention to the smaller wires that were bent around the network of larger wires to keep them in place. He bit and tugged at one wire with his strong teeth till it broke, and then he uncoiled it with his fingers and threw it on the ground. He treated a number of these wire bands in the same way and then with his enormously strong hands and arms he pulled and bent the larger wires till he had cleared a hole big enough to crawl through.

It was high time to sound the alarm, but before anything could be done the chimpanzee was out in the garden and Jacob and Rosa were at his heels. The leader was making straight for the fruit stand when the force of keepers corralled the party and forced them back into the cage.

This is only one series of observations among many which led Dr. Sokolovski to the conviction that these animals, while less than human, are much more than brutes. He learned many things also from the orang-outang, but they were not so bright and interesting as the chimpanzee.

One of the peculiarities of this fellow was his antipathy for everything human excepting his keepers. Jacob and Rosa would blandly extend their hands for a cordial shake with the public while the chimpanzee lurked behind for a good chance to snatch off the headgear of the visitors. Spectacles aroused his greatest ire and he had a way of sweeping them off the nose with a sort of backhand claw that hurt and almost stunned the victim.

Dr. Sokolovski advises that a number of young men trained in zoological or comparative psychology be stationed in the native homes of these animals to make a thorough study of them. He does not think that the anthropoid ape was the direct ancestor of the human race, but he believes man originated through some striking differentiation from them.

At any rate in physical structure and in mental processes they are the nearest approach which the brute creation has made to man. They are worthy of the most minute study, and with the present methods of investigation Dr. Sokolovski believes it will be possible to reveal their whole life and history and to learn just what they are.—New York Sun.

Men of the Hour.

"We need only to study the map of the eastern coast of the United States," said Mr. Samuel G. Taylor, of the Illinois Central Railroad, who is at the Hoffman House, "and then trace the route planned for the inner coastal chain of waterways to see that James J. Hill is right when he says that the railroads and the proposed internal waterways are in no sense antagonistic to each other.

"On the other hand a highly developed railroad system and an internal waterway system would be interdependent and mutually helpful.

"The greatest problem before the country is that of getting products to market. A national policy of developing internavigation routes has been too long delayed. There is no other proposition of national importance which is received with so much popular interest as that of deepening and linking together the inner water routes of this country."—New York Telegram.

A Dull Letter.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widgee woman you wuz ago-in' ter marry has turned off with a book agent. Outs' of these heer things, we air all adoin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

England loses 60,000 persons every year from emigration.

The Morris of New Zealand number 42,000.