

TEA AS JAPANESE MAKE IT

Secret of Perfection Lies in the Proper Fusion of Black and Green Varieties.

Many American women wonder why it is that the Japanese women make such good tea, and the manner in which they go about the operation, the Boston Herald says. When the Japanese woman makes tea the foreign spectator is impressed, not only with the extreme sensitiveness of her hands, but also with the evident delicacy of her senses of sight and smell. The secret of the tea lies in the proper fusion.

Black tea requires boiling water, and green tea does not. Black tea requires fresh water poured on the leaves when it has just come to a decided boil. Hot water that has boiled a long time and has lost its life will not make a good tea. It should stand from three to seven minutes and only in a porcelain pot. Then all the liquid should be poured off. In other words, pour only as many cupsful into the pot as you wish to serve at once. Hot water standing on tea leaves draws out the tannin, according to the Japanese women, and this is the main thing to be avoided. For second cups pour boiling water on the leaves already used. When making a green tea the thing to bear in mind is that an oily beverage is desired. Water beyond 150 degrees Fahrenheit tends to destroy the flavor and aroma by driving off the volatile oil.

Allow hot water to stand in the cups to be served in order that they may be thoroughly heated. Pour fresh hot water cooled to such an extent that the finger can be placed in it, over the green leaves and let it stand in a porcelain pot for two minutes and a half. Then pour a little into each cup and then a little more, and so on. This makes each cup of like quality. No sugar or milk is needed if the water is of the proper temperature. Japanese tea made in this manner should have a greenish amber color, with a true tea bush aroma and an oily taste.

Fatal Omission by Jones.
"My friend Jones," said Mr. Skimmer, "invited me to spend a week at his place in the country and I went and had a delightful time, but I will never go again."

"Nice place Jones has and he sets a good table, his beds are good and everything about his house is charming, but there's something missing from his garden."

"It's a nice garden, Jones', flower beds and that sort of thing, and off at one end he has a place for vegetables; fine vegetables he raises, too. We had a generous taste of them. A nice garden sure enough, and still as I looked around there was something missing my eye sought without knowing what, something that it didn't find, and then it struck me all of a sudden."

"There wasn't a pergola!"
"I can't stand for that. Most hospitable man, Jones; but I can't afford to visit anybody living in the country that doesn't have somewhere about his place a pergola."

The Ways of Women.
"You insist on doing this?" asked the husband.

"I do!" replied the wife firmly.

"But, my dear—"

"Stop!" she commanded. "Nothing you can say will alter my determination! My mind is made up."

"In that case," replied the husband, who had transmuted the base metal of experience into the precious gold of knowledge, "I have nothing more to say. I realize that once possessed of an idea you are, like all your sex, beyond argument."

"Do you mean," demanded the wife with displeasure, "that I am incapable of seeing reason?"

"Reason with a woman," answered the husband from behind his paper, "is like water on a duck's back, in one ear and out the other."

"You are wrong!" cried the wife triumphantly. "And to prove it, I have already changed my mind!"—Smart Set.

Vendace of Lochmaben.

Last month an interesting old custom was observed at Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire, when the townspeople exercised an ancient right granted by charter of James VI. of netting the lochs surrounding the burgh for vendace, a very rare fish. The fishing, however, did not prove productive, very few vendace being captured, though in former years they were plentiful. This fish, which is peculiar to the Lochmaben lochs alone, takes no lure, and dies immediately when taken from the water. Its length varies from six to eight inches, and it is greatly prized by epicures, being a fish of great delicacy.—Court Journal.

To Judge by the Papers.

Mrs. Muggs—I bear yer father's in trouble with the police again. Was yer mother much upset?

The Child—No; she said she supposed every man had his trials.—M. A. P.

Got Enough.

"Biggles loves to talk about himself."

"Yes, but he's had about enough of it for once. He had a visit from the census man and two insurance agents today."

Wooring Sally Plum

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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The records of the Plum family bear witness that Sally Plum, as a baby, a child and a young girl, was different from others. She was serene and serene from the first. She went through senile rash and whooping cough and measles without a complaint. She had no use for rag dolls and play houses. She did not climb trees nor play marbles with the boys.

At the age of sixteen Sally attended a Sunday school picnic which lasted all day. The only time during the day she was heard to utter a remark was when a woman asked her if she wasn't sorry she came. She replied: "Yes, ma'am," and that was all.

It was because Sally was so different from other girls that her grandfather left her \$20,000. He also left Sally's widowed mother half that amount. The two lived in a village and were the richest persons in it.

Besides being odd and different, Sally was plain of face and rather awkward of figure. At twenty she had never thought love nor talked it. No young man had walked with her. She had never read a novel, and she did not know the meaning of romance. She cooked and washed and ironed and baked and sewed carpet rags, and was serene.

What's going to happen to a plain girl who inherits \$20,000? She's going



to have offers of marriage, of course—more offers than a good-looking girl without any cash. Sally Plum began to have offers. The first came from Deacon Harper. The deacon was fifty, had four children, and was looking around for a good thing. He dropped in to court Sally. The mother left them together a whole evening, and the only words Sally uttered during the three long hours was in reply to the deacon's question as to why she was so silent. She thought for a moment and then replied:

"'Cause I've got a stone bruise on my heel!"

The deacon didn't relinquish his plans, but he felt tired.

The merchant of the village was an old bachelor. He had known Sally for years and years. Considering that \$20,000, with the additional fact that her mother owned her house and that he could live there rent free, it wouldn't be a bad match for him. He also went wooring. Sally was cutting carpet rags that evening. She cut and sewed and wound them into balls, and he talked and talked. He had been to New York, Boston and Chicago. He had seen a man hung. He had almost seen a mad dog. His brother John had been robbed on the highway. All these things he mentioned in hope of drawing Sally out. She didn't draw. She kept the same sober face and silent lips from start to finish. There were times when she looked at the man, but what's a look?

The merchant worked harder to draw Sally out and break the ice than he ever had to sell \$500 worth of goods, but not a word from her until he had his hat in his hand to go. Then she made a long speech, for her. She asked:

"Did the man you saw hung kick around much?"

The third candidate was William Simms. He was twenty-three years old and worked in a sawmill. He was a plain-faced young man and not much given to talk. He came courting with a small package in his hand, and when left alone with Sally he handed her the package with the remark:

"Some spruce gum that I got off the logs this afternoon."

Sally accepted and began to chew. She was knitting that evening. Mr. Simms canted his chair back on its hind legs against the wall and said nothing further. He had killed a big black snake in the mill yards that day, but he didn't mention it. He had heard at the postoffice that a trolley car in Philadelphia had run off the track and killed five passengers, but he didn't repeat it. In fact, he dozed and nodded and slept, and it was the clock striking 10 that aroused him. Sally had knit and

chewed and had a real good time.

"Bring you some more gum sometime," said Mr. Simms as he rose up and yawned and took his departure.

"Gum's good," was Sally's reply as she shut the door after him.

The fourth man came from a village ten miles away. He was a lawyer, about thirty years old. He was talkative and up to date. He made an afternoon call. He decided that Sally was plain, but that the \$20,000 was good. He had traveled, and he set out to arouse the girl's interest and curiosity. He told her of Niagara Falls—the great cities—the fine hotels—ocean steamers—London—Paris. She looked at him in amazement, and he was flattering himself that he was making a great impression when she opened her mouth and asked:

"Did you ever see a cow fall down on the ice on the mill pond in winter?"

He never had. He acknowledged that he never had, and Miss Sally Plum had no further use for him. She went out into the garden to weed the onion bed, and there was nothing for the lawyer to do but take his departure.

Then the fifth man came. He was a clerk from a store in another village. He was up on dress and etiquette. He was smooth of speech. He brought a bouquet with him. He raised his hat to Sally and again to her mother. He found them on the veranda, both sewing. He extracted a scented handkerchief from his pocket and did a lot of small talk. He also flattered both women. He was getting along bravely, when the mother withdrew. He began to talk about the poets, to see if Sally's approachable spot lay in that direction, and after a long hour she interrupted him to ask:

"Were you ever bit by a hyena?"

He never had been, and there was no call for the girl to say more. Then Deacon Johnson returned. He felt that he had not been explicit enough. He returned to say that in case of marriage he should buy a gilt-framed mirror for the parlor, and that the bridal tour should include Niagara falls. He had never been there himself, but had talked with a man who had, and he was going on to tell of the awful majesty when Miss Sally interrupted him to ask:

"Deacon, do you believe that 'aterbugs burrow into cucumbers'?"

Then back came Mr. Simms. Without any previous warning he drove up in a one-horse wagon, handed Sally another package of spruce gum and said:

"We are going over to Scottsville to the circus."

Sally got ready without a word. On the six-mile drive hardly a word was spoken. She chewed gum and he whistled the air of a hymn. When they arrived in the town he bought gingerbread and root beer. In the menagerie they walked from cage to cage, and Mr. Simms briefly explained:

"Lion here."

"This is a Bengal tiger."

"Blamed hyena here."

"Elephants over there."

While witnessing the circus performance they had peanuts and lemonade. The clown was funny, but Mr. Simms and Sally sat there as solemn as owls. The riding and tumbling were good, but they made no comments. When the circus was out, Mr. Simms handed over some more spruce to replace the "cud" thrown away to eat the peanuts, and they jogged home. Two weeks passed, and Mr. Simms called at the house to say:

"Sally, I shall get the preacher next week."

She didn't reply for a minute, and then said:

"William, them hyenas was awful."

"Yep."

"But the peanut was fine."

"Next week, Sally."

And Sally plum was wooed and won. Any one could have got her and her \$20,000 had they studied her. She was different, you know.

To Catch Woodcock.

He who desires to take the woodcock must put on a cloak and gloves, the color of dead leaves, and conceal his head and shoulders beneath a brown hat, leaving only two small holes to see through. He must carry in his hands two sticks covered with cloth of the same color, about an inch of the ends of which must be of red cloth, and, leaning upon crutches, must advance leisurely toward the woodcock, stopping when the bird becomes aware of his approach. When the woodcock moves on he must follow until the bird stops without raising its head. The fowler must then strike the sticks together very quickly (moult bellement), which will so amuse and absorb the woodcock that its pursuer may take from his girdle a rod, to which a horsehair slip noose is fastened, and throw this around its neck, for it is one of the stupidest and most foolish birds that are known.—Dr. Peter Belon, Sixteenth Century.

The Man and the Cigar.
You can't always tell a man by the cigar he smokes; but you can get a pretty good idea of the cigar.

SPORT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA



WE STARTED from Natrobi, and about a week after leaving the railway we reached the Gnaso Nyoro.

As we got near the river we saw large herds of zebra, hartbeest and Thomson's gazelle feeding on the plains, and we had a glimpse of some giraffe. So far we had shot very little, only meat for the camp. The first three days of our trek had been through a waterless tract of country. It was a hot, sandy stretch, and then a very steep pull for the oxen over the Mau hills. We had brought a considerable amount of water in the wagons, but in spite of the greatest care we found our supply was getting low, and on the third day our porters suffered a good deal. We passed several water holes on the way, but owing to the exceptionally dry season there was no water, so we were forced to push on and make a long march to reach the Big Rock river, which we did very late that night. After a day's rest we trekked on to the Gnaso Nyoro. We were now on our shooting ground. The following weeks were full of interest, and we soon added wildebeest, impala, Roberts' gazelle, rhino, topi and giraffe to our list of trophies; but so far no lion had been seen, although we often heard them at night round the camp. Eventually we were fortunate enough to get a good number of lion. These were usually found on the open plains and sometimes as many as six together. It was useless to attempt to stalk them, and we found the best way was to gallop them on ponies.

One day, having carefully spied our ground, we decided to go after a rhino. The wind was right, but when we were within three hundred yards of him two lions and a lioness jumped up. "Simba, simba" (lion), whispered the excited gun-bearer, and hurriedly changing our solid bullets for soft-nosed, we got on our ponies and had a most exciting few minutes. They did not go far, perhaps half a mile, before they turned and faced us, the lioness in the center; they were grunting furiously and swishing their tails. The lioness was the most aggressive, and gave us a good deal of trouble before she was killed. We also shot the two lions. It took the men some time to skin them, and having seen this done and sent the porters back to camp we rode quietly homeward. On our arrival we had quite a reception; the porters ran out to meet us, shouting and singing, and danced round the lion skins in the most absurd manner to the accompaniment of a grunting chorus.

I was very anxious to get an eland, but up till now I had not seen any good heads. At last my patience was rewarded, and we saw two fine bulls feeding on the edge of the scrub a considerable distance away. By the time we got up to them they had fed on to the plain, and our only chance was to gallop them. We started as soon as the ponies came up. As we went along we disturbed great herds of wildebeest, zebra, Thomson's gazelle, etc., until the whole plain seemed alive with game; but the eland kept moving on, and they had gone some distance when they separated, and I was lucky enough to get my eland. The other one, unfortunately, got back into the bush.

We galloped eland again on another occasion, but this time the bulls were accompanied by cows and calves, and did not go far before R. got his chance and killed a good bull. We found the eland meat was excellent, rather like beef, and a welcome addition to our larder. The same evening on our way back to camp we met a number of Masai, who told us that a lioness and cubs had been seen entering a donga. We did not see anything of her, but we found her lair, which I photographed; in it were a quantity of bones and the remains of a young giraffe.

The Masai had recently come on to the plains to get fresh grazing for their enormous herds of cattle, which with flocks of sheep represent their wealth. The food of the Masai consists of milk, meat and the blood of sheep and cattle. They never eat game, and only destroy lions on account of their stock or in self-defense. Their method of killing a lion is by forming a ring round him and spearing him. The Masai often came to

the camp, and took great interest in the heads and skins of the game. The men all carried spears and the warriors carried, in addition, zebra shields and bows and arrows. On treks the women are put in charge of the pack-donkeys, and they also do most of the work of building the new kraal.

We saw several ostrich nests, and also young ostriches with the mother; it is not easy to distinguish the chicks when they are quite small, they so closely resemble the color of the ground. A little gray monkey was fairly common, and we once saw some baboons. The prettiest of the monkeys was the colobus, the black and white fur of which is very remarkable. They live on the top of the highest trees and are only found in certain districts. One afternoon, as we were returning to our camp in the Gnaso Nyoro, we disturbed some impala and were following them through thick scrub, when the second gun-bearer touched R. on the arm and pointed to a rhino feeding at a distance of about fifty yards on our right. It was lucky for us that we had stopped in time before he got our wind. We should have been in an awkward predicament if he had charged at such short range. As it was, R. had the satisfaction of adding a good specimen to his collection. Rhino were very numerous, but those on the plains had very poor horns. They often caused considerable delay to our safari, as the porters were afraid of them.

We were fortunate in having an excellent staff. The gun-bearers were Somalis and Swahilis; our tent-boys too were very good servants and could talk a little English. The cook, a Swahili, talked English fairly well, and introduced himself to me as a "student from Zanzibar." I afterwards discovered that this meant that he had been taught at the mission there. His cooking was excellent considering the difficulties he had to contend with.

The country we were in is not picturesque, in the ordinary sense of the word, but it has a great fascination of its own. The brilliant color of the trees, the tropical tangle of vegetation along the river banks, and the deep blue of the distant mountains make vivid patches of color against the burnt-up veldt; but what impressed me most were the immense plains and the great stretches of uninhabited country. They more than all beside make one realize the vast solitude of Africa.

ALICE K. MUIR.

Shooting Sharks With Water.

When he is working in water infested by sharks and other sea monsters likely to do him harm, the diver has at present to rely for his safety on the use of the knife, or, failing that, on a quick return to the surface. Now comes the invention of Capt. Grob, a German diving instructor, who has constructed a rifle which can be fired under water, and is designed for the better arming of the diver. The most remarkable thing about this is that it fires, not bullets, but water, which is propelled with such force that it has an extraordinary power of penetration. Indeed, the inventor himself has pierced armor plate of medium thickness with the water jet from his weapon. The rifle has a stout barrel and is loaded with a cartridge case in India rubber. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that experiments were made in the sixties with a submarine rifle firing small explosive projectiles by means of compressed air, but the inventor never got beyond the experimental stage and no details of it are to be had.

Usual Attractions.

"I spent my summer in the Yellowstone. The geysers are wonderful. It's a great resort."

"The Yellowstone may be wonderful, but it will never be a resort until they have a board-walk and a geysers of orangeade."

Better to Stay Out.

Getting out of trouble requires time and energy that might as a rule be more profitably spent.

The Man and the Cigar.

You can't always tell a man by the cigar he smokes; but you can get a pretty good idea of the cigar.

GETTING EVEN WITH MAMMA

In This Case Child's Punishment Certainly Failed to Have Salutary Effect.

A little girl had been so very naughty that her mother found it necessary to shut her up in a dark closet—in that family, the direct punishment for the worst offense. For 15 minutes the door had been locked without a sound coming from behind it. Not a whimper, not a sniffle.

At last the stern but anxious parent unlocked the closet door and peered into the darkness. She could see nothing.

"What are you doing in there?" she cried.

And then a little voice piped from the blackness:

"I thpt on your new dress and I thpt on your new hat, and I'm waiting for more thpt to come to thpt on your new parasol!"

SUFFERED FIFTEEN YEARS.

How Chronic Kidney Trouble Was Permanently Cured.

F. P. Semmel, Sr., 236 N. 6th St., Lehigh, Pa., says: "For over 15 years I suffered from kidney trouble. My kidneys were weak; the secretions contained sediment and passed with a smarting sensation. Sharp pains shot through my body and bent me almost double. I became so bad I could not drive to my work. After doctoring without benefit, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and soon received relief. Continued use cured me. I believe Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Place of Honor.

Farmer Hodge was of the good, old-fashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time.

It was harvest time and the feast was about to commence.

Giles was the oldest hand and the hostess, with beaming cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently unresponsive.

"Come," said the hostess, "don't be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—"you've a right to the place of honor, you know." Giles deliberated a moment, then spoke.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this pudent!"

A Biased Opinion.

"Do you think buttermilk will prolong one's life, Colonel Socksby?"

"Ahem! I have no doubt, Miss Plumper, that if a person had to drink buttermilk every day it would make life seem longer."

Force of Habit Too Strong.

Diner—How is it that most of the things on your bill of fare are struck out?

Walter (confidently)—Our new manager used to be an editor.

Considering what most people are willing to do for money it's a wonder there are not more millionaires.

The next best thing to being rich is to have people think you are.



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