

People who deny that America has any leisure classes should observe the immense number of people who always have time to visit any exposition that is worth seeing.

If science makes as much progress in the creation of mechanisms for transmitting the human voice during the next decade as it has in the last decade the time may come when a man in Oklahoma can take from his coat pocket a little bell and "ring up" a friend in Nagasaki, Japan.

The London Daily Mail says there are still such heavy demands for horses in South Africa that there is no real reserve at the Cape. The British War Office is becoming alarmed at the heavy cost of providing horses, and has again enjoined General Kitchener to greater care in the expenditure of horse flesh, as the market is rapidly rising.

Texas owns her own domain. A vast area of it is pastoral and arid. When used free and in common, the land became bleak and repellent, its forage being destroyed. A steer could barely live on a hundred acres. Less than a decade ago, against the opposition of the stockmen, Texas made a leasing law. Now an area of seven-teen acres supports a steer. The range is restored, and a proposition to repeal the lease statute would convulse the State, states a writer in the Forum.

The Bernadottes, whom the first Napoleon transferred from his own army to the throne of Norway and Sweden, are returning to the democratic ranks whence they originally sprung. The elder son, Oscar, some time ago renounced his rights to the throne to contract a marriage with one inferior in rank, and now another son, Eugene, who is following the profession of an artist, with a studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris, has applied for the assent of his father to a marriage with an American lady residing in the French capital, and for permission to resign his right also to the succession to the throne.

The Medical Record contends that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule of eating or drinking for a body of people. The personal factor must be in every case taken into consideration—in truth, it commands the situation. What suits one person may be harmful to another, and if the individual be possessed of ordinary common sense, he will not be long before he finds out what food or drink agrees with him, and regulate his diet accordingly. A dyspeptic who eats to excess, or partakes of food which disagrees with him, will, in the nature of things, suffer; and, if he be wise, will alter his mode of life.

An indication of the trend of public opinion in France may be seen in the movement which is now on foot in that country to abolish all titles of nobility in the republic. The opponents of titles of the nobility in France point to the fact that France is a republic, and argue that a nobility is as much out of place there as it is in the United States. After the general election a bill will be introduced in the French Parliament, declaring all titles illegal; and a strong effort will be made to pass the measure. It is estimated that about half a million Frenchmen prefix the title of "Count" to their names; and it is certain that a large proportion of these titles are assumed, and have no significance in the blood or traditions of their bearers. The attempt will be made to apply the French national motto in a new direction by doing away with the nobility.

It is a sex to learn from, no doubt, but sometimes it is perplexing, observes the New York Sun. Here was poor Colonel Nairence of Hyeres in the beautiful south of France. He had done his work in the gendarmerie, had been retired, and was hoping to end his life in comfort in his villa with his wife. They had been long married and were attached to each other. Unluckily Mme. Nairence was ambitious for her husband; a Senatorship became vacant and she urged him to become a candidate. The Colonel knew better than to do that; he had run for office once and had been defeated, and he didn't care for politics any more. So there were animated discussions in that family till one day Mme. Nairence walked into her own parlor with a revolver in her hand and shot the Colonel dead. Then she rang for a servant and told him to call in the police. They will probably call this an emotional crime in France. The murderer may be extolled as a woman Brutus of political duty. It is not altogether safe to be a husband in France.

#### LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

How often in our busy life  
We speak a bitter word;  
We care not who the listeners are,  
We care not where 'tis heard,  
We do not know within our hearts  
To what it may amount,  
And truly, it is only one  
Of little things that count.

We often wound the trusting heart  
By being insincere,  
We do not think that which we do  
May cause a lonely tear,  
We give it but a passing thought,  
And bother not about  
The little things that rise and cause  
The trusting heart to doubt.

We often wrong within ourself  
The ones who love us true,  
Because they tell us of a fault;  
We're all impatient, too,  
And do not down the angry words  
That to our lips may mount,  
But watch and wait, 'tis only one  
Of little things that count.

How often from our very heart  
We let our anger rise,  
And never mind the pleading looks  
That come from soulful eyes;  
We crash, we bruise, in passion's hour,  
And scorn the falling tear,  
Little things, oh, little things,  
What sorrow wrought you here!

You count, oh yes, you little things,  
You count, but not for gain;  
You count to sudden trusting hearts,  
You count for naught but pain,  
You count as clouds in some one's sky,  
You darken some one's day;  
O cruel little deeds and words  
We can't undo, unsay!

Then ever speak the kindly word  
Instead of one of pride;  
'Twill banish sorrow from a soul,  
And anger turn aside,  
The loving word and deed and glance,  
Is borne on angel wings,  
And angel voices echo true:  
Be kind in little things!

—Kathryn C. Murray, in the Hartford Daily Courant.



Everybody 'round Pimly set up a laugh when Peter Jethson and his wife moved over on old man Grant's west eighty and set up for farming. Peter was always regarded as something of a joke in Hoke County, and the fact that he had married Sophie Grant, the prettiest girl for miles around, didn't save him. He was a sort of second cousin to the old man's first wife, and, of course, when he came to Kansas his kinsman took him in.

The objections to him were good-natured but numerous. He was always dressed up, he had no more knowledge of horses, cattle and pigs than a Kansas City dude, and for the first year of his life in Hoke County he didn't do anything but court Sophie. Old Grant never would have agreed to it if he didn't know that his son-in-law-elect "had money," for the youth was quite worthless from a bucolic point of view, and after six months trying to interest him in farming the old man gave in with:

"Well, ye kin have her, Pete, but goll darn ye, how you all gots to make out?"

Peter grinned quietly, saying, "Guess we won't starve," and went away to tell Sophie. They were married at Christmas, spent a week in Kansas City and then came home to settle down. Everybody thought they'd open a store in Pimly, but they



DOWN INTO THE TIMBER, WHERE HE COUNTED THE WALNUT TREES.

didn't. Pete leased the west eighty from his father-in-law and built a cottage, declaring that he meant to make his fortune right there. He started by bringing from his old home in the East all his books, fishing tackle, guns and other impractical effects. When the Kansas winter vanished before a matchless spring he began to roam over "our farm."

"What you going to do first, Pete?" Sophie would ask.  
"Just look around for a while. Sophie," he would say, and march off whistling toward the creek or down into the timber, where he counted the walnut trees and shot an occasional squirrel. Then he rigged up a shop near the barn and bought a lot of second-hand gas pipe, iron rods and queer implements that had nothing to do with farming.

"What ye gots to do now, Pete?" the old man asked, eyeing him with unexpressed wonder.  
"I'm going to make a well," said Pete, smiling like a willful child.  
"Well? You don't need no well; you got one an' a clatner. There's the pond and the creek, an' it's good an' rainy in Hoke. Well, fiddle! Ain't you gots to put in no crop?"  
"Later maybe, I'll get around to that later." And Pete would saunter

an' the baby when that comes. Jest own up, what is your idea o' making leases when you ain't so much as farmin' truck?"

"Gas, dad," said Peter, quietly. "Just keep it as secret as you can, but there's gas under every foot of this ground."  
It was not a very satisfactory explanation to Grant. He didn't see what particular good gas might do, and the next time he saw Dr. Jewett in Pimly he got the secret about Peter's idea. From the doctor's office the story spread, reaching ears that were not indifferent to the story of a possible gas belt under Hoke County. Strangers who had snickered at Jethson began to cross-question him, but he put them aside with a childish smile and a harmless joke. "How you gots to get the gas?" they asked him.

"Dig for it," he would say, laughing. "An' if you git it, what then?"  
"Then it's up to you," grinned Jethson, as he walked away.  
Some of them did go rather bored into their farms, ashamed of their enterprises, they kept them secret from each other, but when they had vainly gone down 200, 300 and 500 feet through rock and clay and water, rage against the innocent Peter took hold of them, and they watched for a chance to get even. George Houch set the pace by actually leasing the "gas privileges" of his farm to Jethson for ninety-nine years for the cash sum of \$10, which was paid the moment the deed was signed. After that there was a rush to "do business" with Peter. The miscontents who had spent work and money sinking for gas wanted revenge, but they were afraid to give the victim "long terms," for fear when his mental condition was discovered his engagements would become valueless, so they did business with him on a cash basis until his money was gone and he had "the gas privilege" on over a farm and frog holding near Pimly.

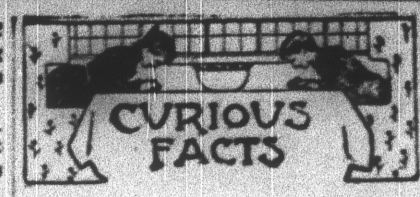
"What air you gots to do now?" groaned Papa Grant when Pete admitted that he'd like to borrow a hundred dollars.  
"I'm going to give Pimly a fireworks exhibition," he answered brightly. "I'm going to town now to put a card in the Barber announcing a show over at my place."

And he did. The erratic announcement drew every man, woman and child for miles around. The "fireworks" was all gas, it is true, but from a hundred jets along the drive, around the lawn, in the house and outside, it flared in clear white glory. Peter showed them his lathe and his pumps all run by burning gas. The men who had ridiculed him aside, admitted that they had dug for gas too. "Just on his say so," but that "they" want no gas within five hundred feet of them. Pete, ye want to stan' 'round under that lease, all right?"  
But Peter didn't want to "stand round under."

"Digging for gas, boys," said Peter, radiantly, "is like slung up your fellow men. It's no use unless you go deep, say a thousand feet or so."  
And they smiled with him, but they didn't mean it.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

First Step in Village Improvement.  
First in order in activities of this kind come cleanliness. Clean streets and public places, clean private premises—with these secured, the first great transformation in the community takes place. When nuisance-breeding rubbish heaps are cleared away, and vacant lots covered with all sorts of litter are cleaned up, everybody notices the improvement and is interested in seeing it maintained. Orderliness of course, goes hand in hand with cleanliness. The latter cannot be secured with good order. And with good order there is an aspect of neatness that commands popular respect. It pleases the public eye. Nearly everybody will desert from throwing rubbish in a well kept place, and from scattering torn up paper, or other litter in a clean street. Public sentiment is easily cultivated in favor of public cleanliness and order. A notable instance of its growth is to be found in the agitation against spitting in public places, since it was determined that the practice was a danger to public health. The posting of notices with regulations against it, and the frequent discussion of the subject in the press, have made a strong impression upon public sentiment, and in consequence the offense is not practiced to anything like the same extent in communities where there has been such agitation.—Sylvester Haxter, in the Century.

A Fascinating Profession.  
The tradition in India is that the man-eating tiger never gets over his thirst for human blood. Men refrain from evil habits, break off from trades and cut loose from associations and loyalties, but never or rarely from jobs. Some have tried to account for this well-known fact by recounting the fascinations of the "art preservative."  
This may be the case in some degree, but it cannot be all of it. When one has engaged in the newspaper business he acquires some partial knowledge of all the ordinary pursuits and avocations, and this seems to fit him for centralizing his faculties upon any of them. Consequently he experiences a certain timidity as to embarking upon mercantile or manufacturing pursuits.  
Besides this they all seem to him to be narrow and limited. There is a boundless wideness in journalism which gives the country newspaper man the impression that he would not like to be tied down to the groove in which he sees even the biggest furniture dealer or the most active grocer engaged.



A banker and municipal treasurer in an Italian town disappeared, leaving a deficit of \$100,000. The authorities proceeded to open his strong-box, which was found to contain a piece of paper inclosing thirty-six cents and stating that the money was for the locksmith who should be teputed to break open the safe.

An extremely funny situation has arisen in Marienberg, a small town in Prussia. Three friends of a Russian living at the town gave him 100 marks to shave off his beard. But his wife interfered with a police notice to the effect that she claimed a part proprietorship. The other friends are now suing the husband for non-performance of his contract.

An elderly man, having the appearance of a laborer, was walking down Blackfriars road, London, one Sunday night recently, when his wooden leg caught in a grating, and about a foot and a half of it snapped off. To the amazement of the passers by there rolled out from a cavity several sovereigns and some silver, for which there was at once a scramble, and some of the coins were stolen. However, the old man received back most of his hoard, and he was placed in a cab and conveyed to his home.

The latest development in surgery is the molding of noses in paraffin, which is now being practiced in Austria. In the deformity known as saddle nose the most remarkable results are said to be obtained. The process consists in the subcutaneous injection of paraffin, which before it completely sets is molded into the desired shape. A warmed syringe is charged with the melted compound and the needle is inserted between the eyebrows, just above the root of the nose. Then the compound is injected into the subcutaneous tissues as the needle is slowly withdrawn.

The body of a child appears to have lain in London for fourteen months as an unclaimed parcel in the cloak room at London Bridge Station. It formed at last the subject of inquiry at the Coroner's Court, Southwark. The Coroner said that he understood that the parcel was left at Victoria Station on December 3, 1906, and not being called for, was sent to the Lost Property Office for the annual rummage sale, and so the nature of the contents was discovered. The body was completely unrecognizable. The witness could shed no light on the matter, and the jury returned an open verdict.

The aborigines of the Malabar Islands employ a perfect whistling language by means of which they can communicate with each other over long distances. A stranger wandering over the islands is frequently surprised to hear from the hilltop the sound of loud whistling, which is quickly repeated on the next hill and so is carried from summit to summit until it dies away in the distance. But perhaps the most curious means of communication in the world is the drum-language of a Kongo tribe. These queer people can talk to each other with large drums made of bamboo hoops, over which the skin of some animal is stretched. The drum however, is used only on important occasions.

Navajo Sand-Painting.  
Sand painting by the Navajo Indians is a great religious rite. Sand for the ground work is carried in blankets. The fire which has burned through other ceremonies is first removed and all traces of it covered with sand. The colors used are made from ground pigments, sprinkled on with the thumb and forefinger. Pieces of bark serve as paint cups. The colors are yellow, red and white from sandstones, black from charcoal and a grayish blue formed of white sand and charcoal, with a very small quantity of yellow and red sands. The eye usually is the only guide for drawing lines, although sometimes a weaving stick is used.

The pictures represent gods and goddesses. The gods carry in their right hands a rattle and in their left sprigs of pinon. The goddesses carry pinons in both hands. The rattle and the pinion bring the rain. After the paintings are completed the priests sprinkle them with sacred meal and water. When the ceremony is finished the people hasten to take sand from the hearts, heads and limbs of the figures to rub upon themselves. The sand is gathered into a blanket and deposited at the foot of a pinon tree.  
These sand paintings are begun at sunrise and often not finished until late in the afternoon, although the artists work with great rapidity. The mingling of the colors is most beautiful, some of the work having the appearance of Florentine mosaics.—New York Herald.

Railways to Be Built in Montenegro.  
Montenegro—the country of the black mountains—is the only country on the European Continent which has no railroads. The Prince of Montenegro has now given a concession to a syndicate to construct a narrow gauge railway, some 700 miles in length, to the Serbian border. It is reported that the survey has already been made, and that work on the railway will be started in the near future.

The bill collector says he has no desire to dwell in the land of promise.

#### HOW PERKINS SAW THE KING.

The California Senator Tells of His Meeting With Oscar of Sweden.

Senator Perkins, of California, who, to quote his own words, is a sailor by profession, a merchant by necessity, and a politician by accident, has had in his life more adventures than fall within the experience of an ordinary man. Perhaps this is because Senator Perkins followed the sea for so many years. One of Mr. Perkins' most interesting adventures was his meeting with King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

"I was quite a boy then," said the Senator, telling the story yesterday. "I had sailed in the good ship Lena from New Orleans to Sweden with a cargo of cotton, and while the ship was in port I thought I would like to see the royal palace in Stockholm. One Sunday afternoon in company with a sailor named Harry Branscombe, an Englishman, we went up to the palace. Boy like, we wanted to get into the grounds, and so we crawled through a waste pipe which ran through the walls around the palace park. As soon as we got inside, however, we were arrested by the gendarmes, and as we did not know a word of Swedish we were in a sad plight.

"Presently," continued the Senator, "a party of distinguished people came along and seemed interested in our trouble. One person in the party spoke English. He asked us what we were doing in the King's park. I told him that I was an American boy, who wanted to see the King and how the King lived.

"But don't you know," he said, "that you might be put into prison for trespassing?"  
"Oh," I said, "I don't want to hurt the King; I only want to see him."  
"I am King Oscar," was his reply, and then," added Senator Perkins, "I learned that I was really in the presence of the monarch."

"What happened to you then?" asked his listener.  
"The King," he replied, "sent a soldier with us to show us the palace, and we had a splendid time. But that wasn't the sequel to the story. Thirty years later, when I was Governor of California, I went off on a little cruise on a yacht, and who should be a sailor on the yacht but Harry Branscombe. He knew me and I knew him, although we had not seen each other for thirty years. I took him up to San Francisco and gave him a place on one of my ships."—Washington Post.

#### Drill of the Chinese.

The aptitude shown by Chinese soldiers for drill and maneuvers in close rank is said to be remarkable. The drill is modeled on German methods; the gun is carried over the left shoulder, the parade step is the base of all the marches in close rank, but the Chinese still keep to their large red standards; there is one for about every ten men. The only other European method employed is the "tiger drill," a curious fencing movement with the bayonet accompanied by fierce threats and savage threats at the throat by the whole battalion. The native character of the Chinese soldier is admirably suited to the maintenance of perfect discipline and a faultless execution of parade drill. Commanded well he will, perhaps, equal the Japanese soldiers who are already equal to European troops, but the Chinese officers ignore the art of war and even do not command their troops during drill. While the military maneuvers step came of too sacred in comfortable armchairs in a corner of the drill camp, quiet inferior officers give the directions and exercise the real command.

#### Little Squirrels Kill Sigger Ouse.

A news item states that the people of Fall River, Mass., have succeeded so well in protecting the gray wild squirrels in the neighborhood that the animals wander into the streets of the city and accept food from friendly hands. Probably such cases are rare. An experienced hunter says that large gray and black squirrels can never become abundant because they are of a gentle and peaceable disposition, and are unable to defend themselves against the murderous attacks of the small red squirrels and chipmunks. The latter are savage little beasts who make rear attacks on the larger species, springing suddenly upon them and inflicting fatal wounds. With these fierce enemies continually on the alert, the gray and black squirrels have a poor chance for life, and although some of them escape, they grow more scarce year by year. In these circumstances it is difficult to see how any measure of protection can do very much toward saving them.

#### An Underground Health Resort.

In a recent address on ventilation, to a lack of which he attributed most human ills, Dr. A. Wynter Blyth, an English physician, after discussing the excellent meteorological conditions which obtain in the new London underground, said: "One could imagine a Jules Verne cavernous city, where the sky was the ever-white changeless chalk, where no rain fell, where no frost penetrated, where the light never failed, and where dry, warm, filtered pine-ozone air bathed the lungs and fanned the cheeks of its denizens in the constant white glare of a never-dying summer day."

An automobile truck is now employed for moving iron safes. It has two propelling motors and a third elevates the safe to its place in the building.

The court language of England is English; the royal family is said to speak it with a strong German accent.