



**Miss Fred and Miss Laugh.**  
Cries little Miss Fred,  
In a very great pet,  
"I hate this warm weather! It's horrid  
to tan!  
It scorches my nose,  
And it blisters my toes,  
And wherever I go I must carry a fan!"  
Chips little Miss Laugh:  
"Why, I couldn't tell half  
The fun I am having this bright summer  
day!  
I sing through the hours,  
And call the bright flowers,  
And ride like a queen in the sweet-  
smelling hay!"  
—Christian Register.

**What One Grain of Wheat Did.**  
Did you ever stop to think of the possibilities of a grain of wheat? We are so used to seeing the field sown with wheat and the crop come up and ripen that we quite forget how each little grain does a great work through the summer days in multiplying and adding to the farmer's harvest. A farmer near Phoenix, Ariz., planted one grain of white Australian wheat, and at harvest time from it had sprung 1300 grains of large, fat wheat. He planted ten acres of this wheat and harvested 177 sacks, each weighing 138 pounds. The single grain spoken of produced 36 stalks, so you see even a grain of wheat helps wonderfully.

**How Princes Are Punished.**  
That there is no whipping boy in Germany was evidenced the other day when the empress sent her eldest son, the future emperor, from the table on account of his rudeness. The prince, it appears, was unmannerly to a younger brother, and the empress, turning to the French tutor, who on that occasion had charge of the prince, said: "Monsieur, I beg that you will ask me to excuse his royal highness, the prince."  
The tutor begged that the prince be excused, and that young gentleman was forced to leave the table without finishing his meal. It is well known that the royal boys of Germany have had to grin and bear many a sound flogging administered by the imperial band, along with a vast deal of discipline from governors, tutors, etc.

A different state of affairs this from the time when a boy was kept to be punished instead of a prince. In England such a youth was called the whipping boy, and a famous English artist, W. A. Stacey, painted a portrait of Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI, trying to defend his whipping boy from a flogging which he himself deserved.  
In those days a prince who was to be a king was looked upon and treated as a person of great importance. His person was held to be sacred, and so it would never have done to punish him. If an English prince missed his lessons, was rude to his teachers, or committed any of the other naughty tricks common to saucy children his whipping boy was flogged.—Cleveland Leader.

**The Life of Chinese Girls.**  
Many Chinese girls have bright, attractive faces, and all have black or very dark eyes. They wear their raven locks dressed in different ways, according to the province in which they live. In most parts the hair is drawn back and twisted into one heavy strand, which hangs down the back and is tied with scarlet cord. Frequently the front hair is cut in a fringe. Sometimes two plaits are made and bunched up at either side of the head, being decorated with gay flowers. At other times especially in the winter season, they wear a strange little headdress consisting of a silken embroidered band, with a thick black silk fringe hanging down over the forehead and ears.

When a girl is about 13 years of age her hair is put up in womanly style. It is twisted around curious wire frames of various shapes. Some are like butterflies' wings, others resemble a teapot handle. Again, girls wear enormous chignons, and Manchou girls have their hair tied in a large bow upon the top of their heads.  
Until their marriage most girls wear the hair in front dressed round, keeping the natural appearance of the forehead. After the wedding it is dressed square. This appearance is obtained by pulling out the hair round the forehead, making it look broad and high. Even little girls frequently wear heavy earrings, bracelets and rings if they belong to a rich family.  
After the age of eight or ten the daughters of the wealthier classes are kept within the walls of their own homes. It is thought improper for them to be seen out of doors.  
They have few amusements, and though they have not to endure the hard, grinding poverty of the poorer classes, their lives are much more cramped, and they have little variety in them. Some girls are taught to play on musical instruments, and to sing songs or selections from the classics in a high unnatural key, by no means attractive to our ears.  
They spend much time in working embroidery. The paper patterns for these wonderful birds, flowers and figures are used in the ornamentation of Chinese clothing can be purchased at embroiderers' shops, but the girls frequently originate their own designs.  
Many women have helped to make the history of China, and stories are related of the various virtues possessed by heroines of past ages.—New York Tribune.

**A Clock Full of Swallows.**  
General Thibaudin, a former French Minister of War, lives now at Montfermeil, near Raincy, and he there finds a novel way of entertaining his numerous visitors. According to the Gaulois, he takes them into an adjacent wood, where stands the house of a master mason, Delavier by name. Here they are shown the singular sight of swallows nesting in the chimney clock that ornaments the dining room, and inhabiting it to such an extent that the owner does not wind it up during that period for fear of disturbing the process of hatching. The presence of the family at meals is in no way disconcerting to the swallows. At 4 o'clock each morning they strike against the windows as a signal to the master of the house to open the casements and allow them to fly forth and seek nourishment for their young.

**The Difference.**  
Down in Southern Georgia two widows were condoling with each other over their troubles. In telling of the last sickness and death of their husbands, one said: "My man, poor fellow, jes' suffered and suffered, and then jes' died for the want of breath!" The other replied: "Wall, mine didn't; he drew his breath to the very last!"—Argonaut.

Enthusiasm for music is leading the Earl of Dysart to make the rounds of his cottagers and to present a piano to each family where he finds that any of the children show an aptitude for music.

The worn-out uniforms of the British army, when sold bring back into the war office treasury close to \$50,000 a year.

**How Fred Crossed the River.**  
Fred's father was going to Mexico to examine a silver mine and Fred was going with him. They expected to travel four weeks horseback and camp out every night, and every boy in Fred's school wished his father bought mules.

They went by rail to the city of Chihuahua; there Mr. Bell bought their outfit for the journey of 300 miles into the mountains. There was a stage-coach for 150 miles, but as Fred was not very well his father decided to give him as long an outing in the mountain air as possible. So they were to go all the way horseback. Mr. Bell bought two mules for himself and Fred to ride, as mules were safer in the mountains than horses, and he bought four burros to carry the packs of bedding, clothing and provisions.

There were two mocos, Mexican servants, who went afoot to take care of the pack-burros and to prepare the meals.

The second day, about noon, they reached the Santa Ysabel river, and found that the early rain in the mountains had swollen the stream so that it could not be forded.

What was to be done? Fred and his father sat on their mules, on the bank, and looked in dismay at the flood of water that dashed and foamed past them.

Finally some men who saw them from a neighboring ranch and told them they could get the burros across, by letting them swim, and swimming at their heads to help them.  
So the burros were unpacked and the packs divided to make them lighter. Each bundle was wrapped in oil-cloth and tied securely. Then a rope was fastened to the burro's head, one of the men took hold of the other end, the animal was led into the water, and both the man and the burro swam across. The burros had to swim very hard to keep from being washed down the stream, but the men who swam with them helped them by keeping their heads turned toward the current, and they all crossed safely. But they had to make three trips to carry all the packs across.

Fred and his father, who had dismounted to give what help they could, stood and watched them until everything was on the other side. Then Fred mounted his mule, to swim across. His father told him to hug the animal with his legs so that he would not lose his seat in the saddle, to keep his mule's head turned up-stream, and not to be afraid.

Fred said he wouldn't be afraid, and urged his mule into the water, and they started all right. But before they were half way across the river something happened. Fred never knew just what it was. But suddenly, the mule's head was turned down-stream and they were whirling along with the current, sometimes edwise and sometimes sidewise.

Mr. Bell shouted to Fred to turn the mule's head up-stream, but the water made so much noise that the little fellow could not hear, and he would have been unable to obey if he had heard. The mule made many frantic efforts to recover control of himself, but the stream was too powerful; and he always ended by whirling along as before, sometimes edwise, sometimes sidewise, Fred clinging fast hold with both arms and legs.

Mr. Bell ran along the bank on his side of the river, trying to think of some way to help Fred, and the Mexicans ran shouting along the bank on their side. But Fred and his mule continued down stream at a speed that Fred thought must be equal to that of an express train, though it was really not so fast that his father and the Mexicans could not keep up.

About half a mile below the ford, the river made an abrupt turn to the right, and just at the turn the lower bank was quite flat and sandy. Mr. Bell was very anxious about what might happen when the boy and mule reached the swirling water of the bend; but luckily the two were dashed along close to the lower bank, and when the mule felt the sandy bottom beneath his feet, he made a great effort and partly scrambled, and partly was dashed by the water, up on the bank—and then he staggered along for a few feet and sank down on his knees, just as the Mexicans came running up.  
Fred slid off the mule's back dripping, entirely unharmed though feeling rather dizzy, and waved his hand to his father, which was the same as if he had said, "I told you I wouldn't be afraid!"—The Favorite.

**Crows at the National Capital.**  
A well-known supreme court official was busy at his desk the other day when his attention was attracted by the cawing of crows near the roof of the capitol. The crows were so frequent and loud that he concluded there must be something unusual going on. Looking out of the window, he saw two big black fellows alight on the roof near by and begin to claw in a rain-spout. They soon had a nest of young sparrows exposed, and it took only a few moments to dispose of the whole sparrow brood.—Washington Star.

**The World's Smallest Journal.**  
Probably the smallest journal in the world is El Telegrafo, Guadalajara, Mexico. It appears every Sunday, and is published in eight columns, 14 1/2 inches long and 1 1/2 inches wide, on thick manila paper. Its staff includes an editor and director, an administrator or business manager, the printer and last but by no means least the capitalist or owner.

Kaolin has been recently found in the Cumberland valley, Pennsylvania, and the industry is being extensively developed.

**A HEROIC CAPTAIN.**  
ONLY 19, BUT HAS RENDERED GALLANT SERVICE.

Said to Be the Most Youthful of His Rank in the Navy—Made Himself Famous During the Attack on Tientsin.

The youngest captain in the service of the navy department of the United States is Smedley Darlington Butler, of West Chester, Pa., who although but 19 years of age has served with distinction in Cuba, the Philippines and in China. In the attack on Tientsin, during which he was wounded, he so distinguished himself that he won promotion to a captaincy. The young captain is the eldest son of Congressman Thomas S. Butler, and springs from two of the most prominent Chester families. When the Spanish-American war broke out young Butler was a student at college, but becoming imbued with the spirit of patriotism, determined to volunteer his services. Going to West Chester without his father's knowledge he enlisted with Company I, Sixth regiment, N. G. P., but failed to pass the physical examination, his eyes being a little at fault.

Learning there was to be a competitive examination for lieutenants in the marine service at Washington, he resolved to try it, but his father objected. Finally he consented to the trial, but would tender no assistance. The boy went to Washington, passed the ordeal of examination, and out of a class of over 200 was second. He was given a second lieutenant commission and assigned to duty on Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York.

Although at that time not yet 17 years old, he saw active service and plenty of it. He was one of the leaders of that gallant band of marines that landed on Cuban soil at Guantanamo and engaged the Spanish forces in the guerilla warfare that ensued for several days. He was on board the New York during the destruction of Cervera's fleet and at the conclusion of the war was mustered out of service.

But he was not satisfied. A few months later, having again overcome the family objections, and when the trouble in the Philippines arose, he again submitted himself to a competitive examination, and once more passed well up at the head of the class. Butler was assigned to duty in the Philippines as first lieutenant of company G, First marine battalion. He served here with great credit until he was ordered to China, when he won



**CAPT. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.**  
the recognition of the English general commanding the allied forces for bravery in the attack on Tientsin, his promotion to a captaincy speedily following.

**Mark Twain on the Stamp.**  
Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker. As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences Mr. Clemens took an active part in the presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year, he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley, of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said: "Gen. Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford, and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have

**KILLED BY BANDITS**

One of the boldest hold-ups in the history of the west took place recently near Hugo, Cal., in which William J. Fay, a prominent and wealthy resident of California, was killed while resisting the masked robbers. The hold-up occurred about 1 o'clock in the morning. The train left Denver early in the evening east bound and at a place called Limon Junction two masked men got on. When the train was going at full speed they drew their revolvers and ordered the conductor to lead the way through the coaches and wake the sleeping passengers one at a time. The frightened passengers were made to hand over their money and valuables, the conductor holding the bag for the plunder. One of the passengers, William J. Fay, would not submit so easily to being robbed, and drawing his revolver fired at the men. The shot was returned, and Mr. Fay fell dead, a bullet entering his mouth and passing through his head. The bandits secured \$100 in money and a number of valuables. They then ordered the conductor to stop the train and escaped.

the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor, whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow' he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful in his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Gen. Hawley."

**RUSSIA'S IMMENSE FIND.**

**Prehistoric Animals Dug Up Near the Dwina River.**

I have just had the opportunity of reading the hitherto unpublished account of the discoveries made by Prof. W. Amalzei on the banks of the Dwina last year; they will probably make a great stir in the scientific world when published, says a St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Mail. By permission of the czar, who makes an annual grant of 10,000 rubles for this purpose, Prof. Amalzei, of the University of Warsaw, was sent last year to conduct some excavations on the banks of the Dwina in northern Russia. These river banks consist of porous sandstone, and the excavator was soon rewarded for his exertions by finding a fossilized plesiosaurus in a complete state of preservation, twenty-nine feet long. As a temporary protection for this treasure a pit was dug 39 feet long, 13 feet broad, and 32 feet deep. In the digging of the pit a number of fossils of giant tree ferns and conifers were found, as well as another mine of plesiosauri, which were discovered lying one on top of another in layers. One of them lay on its back—this one had a well preserved set of teeth. The backs of these plesiosauri were covered partly with plates of horn, partly with horny excrescences. Judging from their teeth, these amphibious animals, whose species has not yet been established, were beasts of prey. They show a certain amount of relationship to the dinosaur, but are sundered from them by several distinguishing peculiarities. The professor's finds were immediately examined and classified in St. Petersburg. It is interesting to read of the difficulties with which he had to contend while making these excavations. The peasants of the neighboring villages at first took him for a gold digger, because he had Cossacks stationed all night long round his excavations. As time went on they became certain that he was the living Antichrist and refused to give him and his companions food and shelter, until a Russian priest living in the neighborhood had convinced them of the folly of the idea and had blessed the professor and his men. Finally the peasants satisfied themselves that the learned man was the cause of an outbreak of rinderpest in the surrounding villages, and went bent on stoning him and it was only the presence of mind of his Cossack guards that saved him from a terrible death. The process of excavating the banks of the river will be continued this year.

**Punctureless Tires.**  
A German scientist has patented what he asserts to be a puncture proof tire filling. The filling is a jelly made of glue. Glycerine is added to prevent hardening, and an antiseptic preparation that keeps it from fermenting. The mixture is first heated until it liquefies and is then beaten to a stiff foam. When in this frothy condition it is introduced into the tire or saddle and allowed to cool and partly solidify. The result is a light, spongy material of cellular formation, exceeding light in weight and proof against tacks, nails, glass and all puncturing objects.

**How Soot is Utilized.**  
Experiments in France have shown that chimney soot is valuable both as a fertilizer and as an insecticide. Its fertilizing properties are practically noted in gardens and meadows. M. Dasserre, a wine grower in southern France, avers that "chimney soot kills the phylloxera with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and at the same time endows the vines with extraordinary energy of growth."

**MENACE FROM ICEBERGS.**

**Frozen Wanderers Which Are the Greatest of Commerce Destroyers.**  
The glory and the terror of the sea is the iceberg; under cover of the night or the fog its dread form steals silently over the broad waste of waters menacing commerce and presenting, at a safe distance and in the broad sunlight, a spectacle of rare beauty. There is a short summer season in the far northland, and when the sun's rays are powerful enough the rivers, which are immense glaciers, begin to move toward the coast, and reaching there, freeze the waters of the ocean far beyond the shore; then as this mass of ice increases, its weight above the water becomes too great to be supported by the layers underneath, and crash into the sea go fragments of ice enormous in size.  
Frozen to the bottom of these mountains of ice are rocks and large pieces of earth torn from the river bottoms and carried down to the sea. This berg launching is accompanied by thundering and splashing noises such as never greeted any warship gliding from the straits. Strong currents, formed by the motion of the earth, seize these enormous frozen blocks and hurry them southward toward the banks of Newfoundland. Hundreds and hundreds of miles they travel, invading a region where icebergs are a novelty, and where also they are a terror to the crews and passengers of vessels whose path they are likely to cross. A collision with one of these vast accumulations of ice is certain destruction to any ship that floats, and during certain seasons the navigators of the deep keep a sharp lookout for them, lest they encounter one in the night.  
Many miles off the coast of Newfoundland the bottom of the ocean rises in a remarkable way and forms a comparatively shallow basin enormous in extent and surrounded by water five miles deep. This region is known as the Newfoundland Banks, and is the famous resting place of the merciless fogs and ice-clad brotherhood of the north. As these icebergs approach the warmer climate the action of the sun and water upon them is remarkable, and does for them what the sculptor's chisel does for the block of marble. Out of shapeless masses appear forms of the finest architecture; a drifting mountain creases, topples over, and finally twists itself into a beautiful cathedral or a many-turreted fortress, set high upon an elevation of clearest marble; vast interiors formed by icy arches springing from great bits of a breaking berg; and all these forms draped with rich traceries of cream-white lace in designs undreamed of. Then, too, the melting ice on the crests of these bergs falls down the slippery sides and into the sea in streams and cascades; and, strange as it seems, this water is always fresh, despite the surrounding salt of the ocean.  
Sometimes the government sends a warship scouring over the waters to crush or blow up these great enemies to navigation, but, despite this they still stand very near the top as commerce destroyers.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Turks at the Table.**  
Turkish households are often quite modern in their arrangements even aping the ways of Paris. But conservative Turks frown on such newfangled ways.

In a conservative Turkish household rich or poor, no tables are used and chairs are unknown. Instead, there is a huge wooden frame in the middle of the room about 18 inches high. When the family—the men only—assemble to dine cushions are brought, placed upon the frame and on these the members seat themselves tailor fashion, forming a circle around a large tray.  
The tray is a very large wooden, plated or silver affair, according to the financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a capacious bowl. About it are arranged saucers of sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare and sweetmeats. Interspersed with these are goblets of sherbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and boxwood spoons.  
Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the service, but each has a napkin spread upon his knees, and every one, armed with a spoon, helps himself.  
The bowl is presently borne away and another dish takes its place. This time it is a conglomeration of substantial stewed together, such as mutton, game or poultry. The mess has been divided by the cook into portions, which are dipped up with the aid of a spoon or with the fingers.  
For the host to fish out of the mess a wing or leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment, and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and put it into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as good manners.

**A Model Village.**  
The Dalecarlian village of Orsa seems to offer advantages as a place of residence to persons of small incomes. The municipality owns extensive forest lands, and by the judicious sale of some of them the village has a revenue of about \$75,000 a year. The inhabitants pay no taxes of any kind. A first-rate education is provided for their children without the cost of a penny, and each village in the district has its telephone, which is open free to the public use.  
**The Signs of the Boxers.**  
The Boxers' signs are so complete and so admirably arranged that individual Boxers are able to communicate with one another at a considerable distance, even in the middle of a surging crowd.



**WILLIAM J. FAY.**  
The robbers were run down Friday of last week by a posse and both of them killed after a desperate fight.