

Peculiarities of Caracas.

"The morning after our arrival at the hotel in Caracas," says W. E. Curtis, "I called for a glass of milk while dressing. On every subsequent morning during our stay a glass of milk was brought to me at precisely the same hour without instructions, and although the servant was told several times that it was not wanted she did not appear to understand and continued to bring it just the same."

"In the hotel were electric bells. The first day I rang for something, and a certain boy answered the summons. The next morning I rang again and again, and no one responded. Finally I went into the dining room and found there half a dozen servants."

"Didn't you hear my bell ring?" I asked.

"Si, señor (yes, sir), was the reply.

"Then why didn't you answer it?"

"The boy that answers your excellency's bell has gone to market with the manager."

"But you know he was not here, and you should have come in his place."

"No, señor. It is his occupation to answer your bell. I answer the bell of the gentleman in the next room."

"And as long as I remained in that hotel my bell was answered only by the one particular boy. If he was not in, I could ring for an hour without receiving a response, although the house was full of idle servants."

Edison and Platinum.

A story will serve to throw light upon Edison's character. At one time there was a great fear in the scientific world that the deposits of platinum were about to become extinct. Edison thereupon organized a correspondence bureau and sent letters to every American consul upon the globe, to British consuls in ports where the United States had no representative and to scientific men in every land. The letter gave a clear statement respecting the metal, how and where it was found and might be found, how it could be identified and treated and much other information.

In each letter were inclosed samples of platinum as found in the various rock beds. This may seem to be a small undertaking, but when it is remembered that the letters were sent off by the thousands, that the postage was 10 cents to each letter and that the pieces of platinum inclosed were almost as valuable as metallic gold, the cost of the achievement is readily seen. While he did not succeed in greatly increasing the output of platinum, he set at rest all fear of its extinction and thus earned the gratitude of every scientific investigator.—Frank Leslie's Magazine.

The Place Was Filled.

At a séance the other day, when the lights had been turned low, the medium was describing a tall, dark eyed, handsome spirit, with long moustaches and his hair parted carefully down the center, that was hovering round a middle aged but elderly looking man, when he burst suddenly into tears. Heart-rending sobs shook his thin frame.

"George, George!" he cried. "Why, oh, why did you leave me to the misery of these past years?"

"Then you knew him?" asked the medium.

"Knew him?" murmured the down-hearted man. "I saw him daily for months and months. Oh, George," he continued, "why did you die?"

"My good man," pleaded the medium, "you must pull yourself together. Though his loss to you must have been a great one, you may yet meet another friend who will fill his place."

"No, no," he cried. "His place is filled."

"Filled! Why, what do you mean?" asked the medium, astonished.

"He was my wife's first husband"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Mysterious Sunday Disease.

Many people are seemingly well during the week, but afflicted with all manner of ailments when Sunday comes around, and on Monday they are all well again. I readily dread the approach of the Lord's day, for with the day there come to many of my flock colds, sick headaches, pain in the side and nausea, while numbers complain of "that languid feeling."

Sunday before last I spent really an anxious day, for those happened to be absent from the services quite a number, for the best of reasons, of course—a rushing in the head, a touch of sciatica, cramps, toothache, hardness of hearing, catarrh, torpid liver, inflammation of the membranes, lumbago and, worse than all, "that tired feeling."

Then, what greatly distressed me the next day was that Mrs. Henry Van Barscoy had issued invitations to an "at home" for that evening, and the fear well nigh paralyzed me that but few would respond, seeing many of her invited guests had been absent from the Sabbath services. Imagine, then, if you can, my profound surprise to see on that Monday evening so wholly unexpected, so general and complete a recovery, and when I made inquiry concerning the Sabbath ailments only two were able to recall what had really been the matter with them the day before.—A Minister in Christian Intelligencer.

Too Much Duplicité.

"She asked him to dinner in order to make him believe she could cook."

"Yes."

"And she expected him to think that the cherry pie she served him was of her own manufacture?"

"Well?"

"It happened that he was in the bakery when her little brother bought it, and the prospective engagement is all off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Read - the - Tribune.

A Tarantula's Jump.

"There are strange sights in Porto Rico," said a returned traveler. "Tarantulas are one of them," he continued, "and you should see a tarantula jump! One of them went through a marvelous performance, with myself and a dog for spectators. The dog's barking awoke me early one morning, and I slipped into my shoes and ran out. Spot—that's the dog's name—was making frantic plunges at an enormous tarantula, as big as my palm and its legs covering as much ground as a soup plate. Its wicked black eyes made me creep."

"All of a sudden the thing shrank up like a sponge and jumped for the dog. I gave you my word, it jumped fifteen feet if it was an inch. Twice the dog ran under the spider's jump—fact. Others were watching by this time, and they all saw it. Usually, though, he just side stepped a bit."

"I broke up little pieces of a branch of a tree and hurled them at the tarantula. My aim was just good enough to stir him up. At first he kept jumping away from us, but Spot always herded him back again. Then he jumped straight for us. At last a lucky shot keeled him over, and a few strokes with a convenient club finished him."—New York Times.

The Subjection of Man.

"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. "In fact, I have him right under my thumb."

"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl.

"You mistake me, my dear. It's a mental, not a physical, subjection."

"Would you mind telling me how?"

"Not a bit. Always glad to help any one steer clear of the rocks. First of all, you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of a fool and says things that make him almost wild when he hears them in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now, whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous I just turn out a record or so. Heavens, how he does rave! But he can't deny it. They always will, though, if you don't have proof positive."

"Thank you," gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a phonograph this very day."

His Prize.

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little frequented street of St. Petersburg one night when he spied high up on a lamp-post a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the czar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well known legend "Wet Paint."—Youth's Companion.

A Wife's Allowance.

It is one of the most humiliating elements in woman's life in America to-day and one of the phases which is most uncomplimentarily reflective upon American husbands that a just allowance is withheld from many wives. No matter how small the allowance may be, so long as it is fair in proportion to the income earned, every wife should have a purse of her own, sacred to herself and her needs and free from the slightest intrusion on the part of her husband. Every wife is entitled to this, and no young man—I care not how small his income nor what his reasoning may be—starts married life aright who withholds that courtesy and that right from his wife.—Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Fied Farmer.

"Yes, sir, you simply start our automobile plow and leave it to itself while you sit on the fence here in the shade and enjoy your weekly paper and a jug of hard cider. The plow will go right ahead and break up your field better than you could possibly do it, and when it has finished all you have to do is to press the button here and stop it."

"Waal, say, couldn't you fix it so's it would kind o' steer up here close to the fence, so's I could press the button without gittin' down?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teaching a Dog.

To teach a dog to "speak" hold some dainty before him when he is hungry. At first he will not know what is wanted, but say "Speak" to him, and when he barks, which he is pretty sure to do when he finds the morsel still beyond his reach, feed it to him at once. He will soon associate the work "speak" with the bark and the dainty.

Taught by Experience.

"We shall need," said the officer who was arranging for the government expedition, "food supplies for six men and a boy."

"Supplies for eight men," said the secretary, jotting it down. "What else?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Neglected Apple.

Mrs. BenLam—You used to say that I was the apple of your eye.

Benham—Well, what of it?

Mrs. Benham—Nothing, except that you don't seem to care as much for fruit as you once did.

A Fact.

Mr. Jones—Madam, let me tell you that facts are stubborn things.

"What a fact you must be," replied his wife.—Exchange.

Land Crabs.

One of the commonest and the largest of the Christmas island land crabs is the well known robber crab, which is found in most of the tropical islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. It sometimes reaches a length of two feet and may measure seven inches across the back. Its colors are of a very gaudy description, the ground color being a bright red, upon which there are stripes of yellow, but in some cases a purplish blue is the prevailing tint.

All the eyes are fixed on stalks which can be moved independently of one another, and there are two pairs of feelers, one long, the other short. The latter pair are continually jerked up and down. There is a pair of powerful claws, then several walking legs. In general appearance these animals are much more like rather stout lobsters than crabs, and one's first encounter with one of these creatures in the middle of a forest far from the sea is productive of much astonishment on both sides.

Another species of land crab common in Christmas island is a little bright red animal which in general shape is much like the common shore crab. This variety makes burrows in the ground, and in some places the soil is honeycombed with hundreds of holes. The crabs spend most of their time collecting dead leaves, which they carry in their claws, holding them up over their heads, and drag down into their burrows, into which they scuttle at the least alarm.—Pearson's Magazine.

Crabs In Disguise.

Human beings are not the only creatures that have discovered the appetizing, though indigestible, qualities of crabs, and some of these animals have been compelled to resort to various defensive measures. Disguise is one of these and is practiced with great effect by spider crabs.

These deliberately bite up seaweeds and plant them on their backs, very soon establishing a growth which harmonizes perfectly with the surroundings and deceives many an enemy. Should the weeds grow too vigorously, the crab industriously prunes them with his claws and every now and then scrapes the whole lot off and starts a fresh garden on his roof, so to speak.

The sponge crab behaves in a similar manner, nipping off little bits of living sponge and sticking them on his back, where they grow vigorously. The same end is served as in the other case. It is very amusing to keep crabs of one or other of these kinds in an aquarium and deprive them of the usual means of concealment.

They get very nervous and agitated and try to cover themselves with bits of paper or anything else that may be provided. One such captive is said to have had a little greatcoat made for him, which he put on in a hurry as soon as it was handed to him.

The Earl and the Highwayman.

One night when the Earl of Stanhope was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on, "that watch you must not have. It was given to me by one I love. It is worth £100. If you will trust me, I will go back to Chevening and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree. I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining. Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the note, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner." A strange race; but the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.

To Be Cheerful.

The sovereign, voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else will on that occasion. So, to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling.

Why We Wink.

No satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink. Some suppose that the descent and return of the lid over the eye serve to sweep or wash it off; others that covering of the eye gives it a rest from the labor of vision, if only for an inappreciable instant. This view borrows some force from the fact that the record of winking is considerably used by experimental physiologists to help measure the fatigue which the eye suffers.—Popular Science.

Of More Immediate Value.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I presume yours is not one of the Mayflower families.

Miss Triplex (of Minneapolis)—No, indeed. Ours is one of the famous Minnesota flour families.—Chicago News.

TRACTION BUILDING BURNED

One Life Lost and \$100,000 Damage in a Richmond Fire.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 11.—Fire on Saturday totally destroyed the four-story brick structure at the corner of Main and Seventh streets, occupied by the Richmond Traction company, the Virginia Electrical Railway and Development company and the Tower-Bingford Electrical Supply company. A negro perished in the basement.

The total loss is estimated at \$100,000. There was \$10,000 insurance on the building, the Tower-Bingford company had about \$15,000 insurance on stock, and the traction and electrical companies had full insurance on their stock and office furniture.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. Those who were at work in the building heard a dull report, and a moment later dense smoke and flames were seen to rise. It is believed that the boiler of the steam heating plant exploded.

AFTER FILIPINO LEADER

General Smith Considers Lukban's Capture Only Question of Time.

Manila, Nov. 11.—According to advices received from Sathalagan, capital of the island of Samar, Lukban, the insurgent leader, has sent a message to General Smith, declaring that he will not listen to negotiations for surrender until all the Americans have withdrawn from the Gandara valley. General Smith has ordered every American soldier in the island of Samar and the island of Leyte never to be without arms, even at meal time. He is determined that there shall be no more surprises, and commanding officers will be held responsible. He considers the capture of Lukban only a question of a very short time.

Incriminating evidence is accumulating against Gibson Eaton, the representative of two of the largest firms in Manila, and he will probably be arrested and tried. Lukban's commissary general, who was recently captured, says that both concerns had an agreement with Lukban to furnish 500 sacks of rice each year. He has given the dates of the delivery to men now in Cebu.

Bank Robber Confesses.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 11.—John Callahan, who was arrested in the Union Iron Foundry, after an attempt to hold up the night watchman, has confessed to Chief of Detectives Desmond that he was one of the three men who robbed a bank at Turon, Reno county, Kan., in October, 1899. After the safe was blown the money was divided among the trio. They then rode 20 miles on a Missouri Pacific hand car to make their escape. Callahan says his home is in Cleveland, and declares that since the robbery he has not seen his comrades. The authorities of Reno county have been notified of the arrest.

Celebrated Battle of Tippecanoe.

Cincinnati, Nov. 11.—The anniversary of the battle of Tippecanoe was celebrated here yesterday with a very large attendance, at the new tomb of General William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, O., near this city. The late President Benjamin Harrison, before his death, had a new tomb built over the grave of his illustrious grandfather.

Killed By Powder Explosion.

Davy, W. Va., Nov. 11.—John Isaacs and Homer Frowell, white, and Tom Coleman, colored, all miners, were killed near here by the accidental explosion of several kegs of powder in a shaft.

Writing a Book.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then, for no reason that he can give, there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter; every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house because it was bad and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote chapter XVIII and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Post.

Fattening English Quails.

A curious account of how quails are fattened for the market is given in a London paper. It appears that quails, being regular in their habits, always feed directly they wake up in the morning. They are therefore put in a large cask lit only by electric light. In the dark they go to sleep, but directly the light is turned on they wake up and breakfast. This process is repeated time after time, and the birds, always laboring under the delusion that morning has arrived, once more breakfast, over and over again. They have been known to do so six times in an afternoon.—Philadelphia Record.



NO ONE BUT A MOTHER

can appreciate the benefit sleep gives to an ailing, teething, feverish, colicky, fretty infant. Almost distracted by its constant crying, and worn out with weary, anxious care and watching, she tries everything possible to obtain even relief for the little sufferer. With what comfort and delight she sees her little one drop off into a deep peaceful health-giving slumber, after its little clogged bowels are cleared of their poisonous burden by a single dose of Laxakola, the great tonic laxative and mother's remedy.

Laxakola is a pure, gentle and painless liquid laxative, and contains valuable tonic properties which not only act upon the bowels, but tone up the entire system and purify the blood. A few drops can be given with safety to very young babies, which will often relieve colic by expelling the wind and gas that cause it. Great relief is experienced when administered to young children suffering from diarrhoea, accompanied with white or green evacuations, as it neutralizes the acidity of the bowels and carries out the cause of the fermentation. LAXAKOLA will aid digestion, relieve restlessness, assist nature, and induce sleep. For constipation, simple colic, coated tongue, or any infantile troubles arising from a disordered condition of the stomach it is invaluable.

Laxakola, the great tonic laxative, is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz.: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At druggists, etc., and spec. or send for free sample to THE LAXAKOLA CO., 139 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 37, Beaufort Street, Chicago.

A Reef, a Sand Bank and a River.

Lord Coleridge, the famous lord chief justice, once recounted to Sir Mount Stuart E. Grant-Duff an incident of his earlier life. He had to cross examine an eminent professional witness about a proposed harbor. In the course of doing so he said, "But, Mr. —, isn't there a reef of rocks that would be a great inconvenience to you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the witness. "Undoubtedly there is, but we propose to get rid of it in such and such a manner."

"Very good," rejoined Coleridge, "but when you have got rid of it, would there not be a very awkward sand bank to contend with?"

"Certainly," said the witness, "but against it we should provide thus and thus."

"Well," answered Coleridge, "but when you have removed both these obstacles would you not still have a great deal of trouble from the current of the river when in flood?"

"Clearly," was the answer, "but we should encounter that difficulty successfully by another expedient," which the witness proceeded to explain.

"You have seen the place, have you not?" said Coleridge.

"Oh, yes," replied the other.

"Well, I never did," was the rejoinder. "I have invented alike the reef, the sand bank and the river!"

The Tunnel Was Forgotten.

At Brussels the visitor is often struck by the extreme thinness of the earth covering the Braine le Comte tunnel and wonders why the common sense of the engineers who made the line did not direct them to continue the cutting and thus avoid a subterranean passage.

The mystery is thus explained: When railways were in their earliest infancy, the Belgian government sent a party of engineers over to England to acquire experience in construction of the new iron highways, and on their return they were instructed to lay out the first railway in that enterprising little kingdom. The work was accordingly put in hand, but on its completion one of the engineers exclaimed: "Good gracious, we have forgotten the tunnel!"

The consternation was general, especially when it was remembered that there was not a single line in England but could boast of a tunnel. What was to be done? Nothing but to construct the long corridor at Braine le Comte, and when it was finished the earth was put on top. The tunnel was the glory of the line.

Massage For the Scalp.

The hair falls out when the strength of its roots is insufficient to sustain its weight any longer, and a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to split or fall out, massage of the scalp is excellent.

Place the tips of the fingers firmly upon the scalp, and then vibrate or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.

Irregularity and Indigestion.

A common cause of indigestion is irregularity respecting the time of meals. The human system seems to depend upon the performance of its function in accordance with the habits formed. In respect to digestion this is especially observable. If a meal is taken at a regular hour, the stomach becomes accustomed to receiving food at that hour and is prepared for it. If meals are taken irregularly, the stomach is taken by surprise, so to speak, and is never in that state of readiness in which it should be for the prompt and perfect performance of its work.

Soda water—all flavors—at Kelper's.

Obeyed Orders.

An old Yorkshire farmer was walking one day looking very glum and miserable. He was a typical Yorkshireman, and he dearly loved a joke. But jokes seemed a long way off just then, and the old man was thinking deeply when he was accosted by a tramp, who made the usual request for a night's lodgings and something to eat, as he explained he had had nothing for two whole days. The effect upon the farmer when he said this was magical.

"Why, man," he said, "I've been looking for you all day."

And then without more ado he knocked him down and walked on him from one end to the other. The tramp got up, looking very staggered, and asked him why he had done that.

"Well," said he, "my doctor has ordered me to walk on an empty stomach, and now that I have fulfilled his injunction I can go and have a good feed, and you can come with me."—London Answers.

Bathing In Salt Lake.

"Salt lake is a remarkable sheet of water in many ways, and bathing in it possesses features which are unique," says a Utah man. "It is very invigorating and refreshing, to be sure, but it takes some time to become accustomed to the extraordinary buoyancy of the water. It is quite impossible to sink or to drown in the lake, but many people have been killed by the water. When there is a breeze and spray is dashed upon bathers, the water is so densely impregnated with salt that the liquid portion evaporates very quickly, and leaves a deposit of salt on the skin."

"On several occasions people have drifted out while bathing or been wrecked and thrown overboard and afterward found dead on top of the water, choked to death by the accumulation of salt in their mouths and nostrils."

Child Baptism In Early Days.

The following from the early court records of York county, Me., we give verbatim et literatim: "At a general court held at Saco Sept. 17, 1640, it is ordered by the court that the Worshipful Thomas Georges and Edward Godfrey, councillors for this province, shall order all the inhabitants from Piscataquis to Kennebec, which shall have any children unbaptized as soon as any minister is settled in any of their plantations, they bring their said children to baptism, and if any shall refuse to submit to the said order that the party so refusing shall be summoned to answer their contempt at the next general court to be holden in this province."—Lewiston Journal.

No Reciprocity.

"Brownly thinks he has the smartest child in the world."

"Yes," answered the morose man. "That illustrates the ingratitude of life. There isn't one chance in a thousand that that child when he grows up will go around declaring that he has the smartest father in the world."—Washington Star.

A Woman Balance.

When a woman stoops over to pick up something on the floor, why does she always balance herself on one foot, extending the other outward and backward as a counterpoise? This question, not new, never has been satisfactorily answered.—New York Press.

The Equality Line.

"All people," remarked the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend, "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Exchange.

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