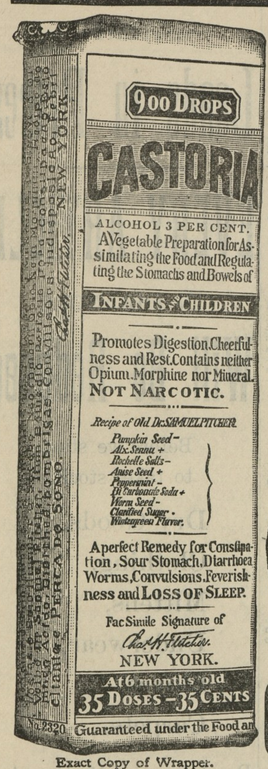

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DATES AND FIGS.

Frugal Fare of the Desert Wanderers of the East.

While journeying across the desert Mrs. A. Goodrich-Freer, author of "In a Syrian Saddle," met a lonely traveler bound for Medeba. On hearing that the caravan was bound for the same place he asked permission to join them. Incidentally he furnished an illustration of the difference between necessities and luxuries.

We were very grateful, says the writer, for coffee and an excellent lunch of sausage, potted meat and jam, with white bread, brought from Jerusalem. We ate our dainties with some sense of guilt, as the newcomer produced his lunch of dates and figs.

Dates and figs, he informed us, were the natural food of desert wanderers, sufficing to the body, stimulating to the mind. The wheat, the flesh, above all the alcohol of civilization, were mere irrelevancies.

Was it not diet such as this—and he waved a pair of sensitive hands over his ascetic larder—which had enabled him to reply to the inquiry of a personage as to how many hours a day he could ride in the desert, "Twenty-four, your majesty, since a day does not contain twenty-five?'

Was it not on a diet of figs and dates that he had ridden sixty hours without dismounting? Was it your meat eater, your wine drinker, who remained sound and wholesome when necessity obliged him to refrain from ablution for twenty-one days?

At this point he carefully counted his date stones, observed that two more were yet due to his appetite and finished his frugal luncheon.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Raising the Curtain For a Moment on One of Life's Tragedies.

A recent incident which holds in its simple outlines the possibility of past tragedy is described in the New York Times. It is another illustration of how careless the world is of the individual and how thick is the cloak which one may wrap about his personality. Not long ago a laborer employed by the Erie railroad in Jersey City was run over by a train and had his leg cut off.

A policeman telephoned for an ambulance. The injured man lay on a grass patch, apparently bleeding to death. Just then a typical railroad tramp in dirty rags sauntered along. He tapped a policeman's elbow.

"May I ask what's the matter, officer?" he inquired.

"Man bleeding to death," replied the policeman.

"Would you mind if I looked at him?" asked the tramp. "I might be of service."

"Go ahead," responded the officer.

Bending low over the wounded laborer, the tramp asked for water to wash his hands and then begged the crowd for clean handkerchiefs. With a half dozen deft, rapid twists he made a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood.

"Are you a doctor?" some one asked as the man slipped away through the crowd.

"I used to be," he replied as he hurried off.

Patriotism In the Making.

Patriotism in New York is cosmopolitan. They have a flag drill in the schools in which the children of every race and clime, as the hymn book says, are taught to salute the stars and stripes and give "their heads, their hands and their hearts to their country." And in some of the big downtown schools you may see children from homes German, Italian, Syrian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Hungarian, Chinese, Armenian, Greek and heaven knows how many other nationalities all joining in this picturesque ceremony. It gives one a realizing sense of the variety of material which it put into this crucible we call a city and which in another generation or two will be simply American.—Boston Transcript.

Talking Through the Nose.

So called "talking through the nose" is not talking through the nose at all, but rather failure to do so—that is, instead of letting the tone flood into the nasal cavity, to be re-enforced there by striking against the walls of the cavity, which act as sounding boards for the tone confined within that cavity, we shut off the cavity and refuse the tone its natural re-enforcement. It takes on as a result a thin, unresonant quality which we call nasal, although it is thin and unpleasing because it lacks true nasal resonance. The only remedy lies in ceasing to shut off the cavity.—Katherine Jewell Everts in Harper's Bazar.

Frog's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent writes: "My son, aged ten and a half years, was working in the garden when a viper about two feet long glided past him. A good shot with a stone about the size of a cricket ball broke the reptile's spine, while a sharp edge of the granite cut open the belly, thereby restoring to freedom a frog, which hopped out of its prison unhurt."—Madras Mail.

Speaking.

"Did you think Miss Jawkins has speaking eyes?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young lady. "If she had, her mouth wouldn't give them a chance to be heard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Young Baby.

From a morning paper: "Nurse wanted to look after young baby, age about eighteen." We do not know much about the subject, but is that particularly young for a baby?—London Globe.

Nursing baby?

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THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of genii once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the genii to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great bowlders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same bowlder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the bowlder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

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AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Strohschneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Strohschneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it.

"Strohschneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Strohschneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Strohschneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked.

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perils of Crineline.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near enough to be of use their own skirts would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes, father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

Pity the Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?"

"Oh," replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The New Yorker.

"You New Yorkers don't seem to know anything about the rest of the country," said the visitor.

"The rest of the country?" echoed the New Yorker. "What's that?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, sur, I never called him ony names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Tit-Bits.

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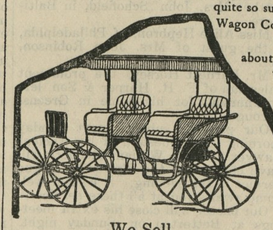

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