THE LOBSTER AND THE EAGLE.

This Time the King of Birds Met His Match.

As an excuse for dragging a lobster story in I can at least claim that much of the contention between the French and the English over the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland hinges upon the point as to whether or not a lobster is a fish, since the French fishermen claim the right to build lobster factories on the treaty coast in virtue of the clause of the treaty authorizing them to erect buildings for drying their fish.

The fisherman in this case was one of the white headed eagles popularly known in Newfoundland as a grip. The story is told by Col Haggard with whom I visited Newfoundland a few years ago in search of salmon. "John Stroud, one of our guides, and I," says the colonel, "were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching the grip soaring around in circles when suddenly we saw him dash down into a pool of water close by us on the beach and reappear holding an enormous lobster in his talons. He was an old lobster, with a huge claw white with barnacles; but the eagle had him clutched firmly around the back, and at first we could see the huge claw hanging helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight. Only for a second though. The ripples on the recently disturbed pool had not vanished away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall on its surface from the scarlet eagle's feathers and the captive lobster, when the latter suddenly saw as to the seriousness of the situation [illegible] think with that apparently helpless creature was to act [illegible] lobster of a ton [illegible] at white barnacled claw and seized the eagle round the neck. The grip had got the grip now with a vengeance. There was a furious fluttering and beating of his wings, a melancholy squawk issued from his choking throat and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again splash back into the pool. We rushed forward thinking that we could perhaps in some way secure both combatants as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But we had hardly time to pick up a rock apiece to leave at the eagle before the lobster feeling himself at home again let go his hold. Now, with his neck [illegible] and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a safe distance, while still brandishing his enormous claw in defiance the lobster remained smiling at the bottom of the pool. But the grip will doubtless tell you, if you meet him, that the lobster fishing in Newfoundland is very poor at present, and that he is going to give it up as the game is hardly worth the candle."
—Forest and Stream

A Future Financier.

There is a 6-year-old West Philadelphian who already gives evidence of possessing the necessary qualifications to place him at the head of some great trust. For some weeks past he has been troubled with toothache and his mother has coaxed, threatened, and hired him to go and have the tooth extracted, but the small boy could not get his courage to the necessary point.

Finally one morning, when mamma had been making bids like the crowd at an auction. "One dollar one and one-half," and at last had reached "three," the small boy broke in with:

"Say, mamma, would you give me five dollars?"

The mother hesitated a moment, and then said. "Yes." Anything to have it over.

"I'll do it then!" said the small boy.

So away they went in a hurry before he could repent of his bargain. Arrived at the dentist's, the operation was so painless and so soon over that the small boy didn't realize that the tooth was out until they told him.

On the way home, his mother said: "Now, Harold, don't you think that was a very little thing for mamma to give you five dollars for?"

"Yes, mamma, I do," said the young financier. "But, I'll tell you what! We'll call it $4.75 and you give me the $5 and I'll give you back the 25 cents some time when I have another tooth pulled."—Philadelphia Press.

Fire Set by Sun's Rays on Glass.

A correspondent, commenting on a paragraph recently published in the San Francisco Chronicle reporting the burning of a haystack near Montanban, France, through the focusing of the sun's rays by an empty glass beer bottle left on the spot by some picnickers, says: "It might interest you to know that such a thing as that is very common in some countries. I spent some years in North Queensland in the 'Never-never land,' and in the summer time we were careful not to leave any glass lying around after breaking camp, as destructive bush fires were often so caused." There is no doubt that many of the forest and possibly some of the grain-field fires which spontaneously break out in this state every summer are started by a similar cause.

Scot's First Bite of Ice Cream.

On his first visit to London a Scotch youth entered a refreshment parlor, and, noting a woman eating an ice, said to the waiter: "Hi, man, gi'e me yin o' thae." Being supplied, he took a spoonful and made a wry face. "I'm dootin' it's a bit frost-bitten, mister," said he. "Oh, no, sir," remarked the waiter, "it's an ice." "Gosh, do they eat ice in London " asked the wondering youth. "Man, we slide an' skate on't in Aberdeen!"—Exchange.

NEVER SAW A CHILD.

An Island Boy of Fourteen Who Had Only Seen Grown-Ups.

"Did you ever hear of a child or ever know of one yourself that had never seen a child?" asked a man who takes an interest in the oddities to a representative of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, I have, and the case is not a thousand miles from New Orleans either. The child in this instance had rounded into its fifteenth year before it had ever laid eyes on another child. It has never heard the musical prattle of companions other than the father and mother. The parents settled across the lake a few years ago, after a long residence on a small island of the sea. Where the child was born and where it spent fourteen years of its life there were no children. The little fellow knew no associate but the father and mother. I have often wondered since learning of this curious case what must have been the impression of the youngster when he gazed for the first time on a member of the human family smaller than he was. Did he think he had come upon a race of dwarfs? Or had his parents given him an idea of the existence of children? I do not know the family and therefore cannot answer these questions. But I would like to know just how the little fellow felt when he first beheld a child. It is the only case of the kind which has come to my knowledge. He had never had an opportunity to play the little games which most of us knew in the days of childhood. He had never gone through any of the things [illegible] to all of us fellows and [illegible] knowing but there may be compensating advantages in a [illegible] of this sort. I have always felt a bit sorry for the youngster in question. Come to think of it, though he missed a few things one wouldn't like to forget, for I suppose most of us have felt the rap of the maternal slipper because of disobedience due directly to [illegible] associations. At any rate we have always cherished the idea that our companions were in a measure responsible for many of the raps we got. The child who never knew a child could not be led astray in this way. So we do not know but that the lack of companionship may have something to commend it."

The Ancient Babylonian School.

The Rev. Vincent Schell, a German priest making excavations in an ancient Babylonian city, has unearthed a school just as it was 4,000 years in the time of King Hammurabi.

It is a small house of sunburnt brick and stands in the midst of the most populous district of the city of Seapur, just opposite the great temple. It has many inscribed brick, from the cuneiform inscriptions on which Father Schell has reconstruct the life life of the ancient Babylonian school. One brick says "He who learns to write well in the school will shine as the sun."

There were seven small rooms in the school, each with its various kinds of brick. In one room were found bricks with grammatical exercises. The scholars evidently sat on the ground in rows with soft clay brick in their hands, painfully forming the aard cuneiform letters. Father Schell says the thumbmarks of the teacher are to be detected where he smudged over the scholars' mistakes. There was a room where advanced scholars learned to write the elaborate and highly poetical forms of adulation often seen on Babylonian monuments. Much importance was attached to learning weights and measures, to arithmetic, and geometry, but the chief branches were grammar, writing, and the expression of adulatory forms.

There is evidence that girls got pretty much the same education as boys, and Father Schell found contracts in which the language and law had been revised by a learned woman named Amat Baon. There is evidence that a pupil was occupied with learning to write from seven to fourteen years.—Chicago Chronicle.

Toilet of the Elephant.

In an interesting little paper upon the grooming of wild animals it says that from every point of view the toilet of the elephant is by far the most interesting performance of the menagerie. It requires at least four weeks to complete the toilet of a single elephant. The operation is very expensive. The assistance of the elephant's valet de chambre must be engaged by the day or week, while an eperienced valet—he is known by another name—must be engaged to superintend the work, usually at a large salary. Then again the soap used in the process must be purchased by the hundredweight, the sandpaper by the gross, and the oil, an important ingredient, is used by the barrel. The toilet of a single elephant will not infrequently cost as much as $400.—Exchange.

A "Simpatico" Gentleman.

Mr. Kratz (the St. Louis boodler) has a good many friends in Guadalajara who want him to remain there and help build up that part of the country. He appears to be a simpatico gentleman, who is merely accused of having practiced a custom long known and sanctioned in the none too fastidious city of St. Louis, where municipal favors were a matter of bargain and sale.—Mexican Herald.

Among 76 of the largest English towns Hornsey had the lowest annual death rate in the week ending October 24. It was only 4.0 per 1,000, whereas Tynemouth, at the other end of the list, had a rate of 30.8 per 1,000. The average was 15.9.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Miss Emma Lanphere, special organizer of the Retail Clerks' National Protective Association, who is now organizing the clerks of Chicago, comes from Galesburg, Ill., where she was raised. She took up her present work four years ago and has built up organizations of clerks in various parts of the United States. She recently returned from three months' labor in Texas, and last spring went to Paris in connection with her work. Miss Lanphere favors keeping the girl out of the store and in the home, and says that if the women would stop working in the shops the men could earn enough to marry and support them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

How many women can answer these questions without feeling guilty?

Do you wear any article of clothing which makes you feel uncomfortable?

Do you eat food which you know disagrees with you?

Do you give yourself so little time to dress that you have to rush through life to keep your appointments?

Is your bath a pleasure and a recreation?

Do you keep your feet dry and warm?

Do you drink plenty of pure water?

Do you take plenty of exercise in the open air?

Do you do to-day's work only, leaving to-morrow's burden until to-morrow is to-day?

Do you plan your work and try to save yourself time and steps, or do you dip into first one thing and then another blindly?

Do you always try to be cheerful, or do you fuss and fret and worry about everything and everybody.—Savannah (Ga.) Press.

"I always hate," said the lady who was twirling her glasses, "to hear a man refer to the lady whom he has wooed and won as 'my wife.' Only wife! Indeed! Pouf! In the next breath he speaks of 'my horse' or 'my dog.' I'd like to have such a man for a husband a little while. I think I could teach him a few lessons that would be good for him. When a man has occasion to refer to the lady who lowered herself by accepting his ring at the altar he should speak of her as 'Mrs Smith' or Mrs Jones' as the case may be. I'd like to hear my husband mention me as his wife! I think he would limit himself to just that once!"

"And yet," said the little lady with the rather timid manner, "it seems to me that a man might do worse than speak of her as 'his wife.' When your husband was over at our house the night before last, Mrs Frithington, he and my husband played ping pong, and I happened to be in an adjoining room for a few minutes, where I could overhear their conversation. I thought it sounded awfully nice when Henry spoke of me as 'his wife.'"

"Well, of course, some women are so constituted that they prefer to be regarded as inferior beings, and where a case of that kind exists it may be just as well that the husband does take it for granted that he is her proprietor. But you didn't hear John Frithington refer to me as 'his wife,' I'll venture."

"No, when he spoke of you he merely called you 'the old woman.'"

Some of John Frithington's friends seem to think that his wild, hunted look is of late more in evidence than usual.—Tit-Bits.

Dog in a Muff.

"What a pretty little dog!"

"I'm glad you like him."

"Where did you get him?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I adopted him one evening last week. I was walking up North Pearl street with A—— when the puppy came out of one of the hallways and ran toward us eager to play. She dared me to pick it up and take it home, and I would not be dared. I lifted the little love and placed him inside this big muff, and feeling decidedly guilty we both hurried uptown. When near Orange street we heard footsteps behind us and turned to see a man running toward us. Instinctively we grabbed our skirts and increased our speed, and I tell you we were greatly relieved when the man behind boarded a motor car, which proved to be the object of his hurry. I have grown attached to Fido, but I wouldn't want to go through that experience again for the whole world."

This was a conversation I overheard on a trolley car the other evening, which proves that other things besides dainty hands can be concealed in a muff.—Albany Journal.

Chinese Gilt Buttons.

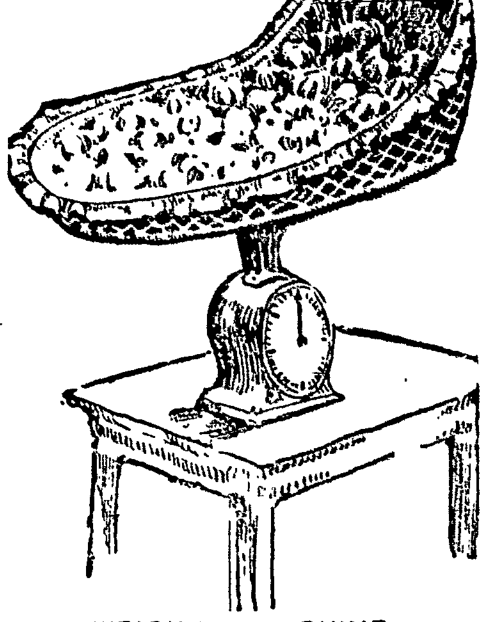
"Chinese gilt" is the trade name now given to the dull finished metal buttons seen so often on tailor-made costumes. If they were bright to begin with they might tarnish and become dull irregularly in spots. But, being dull finish to begin with, little else is expected of them, and the owner of a coat so trimmed will not feel constrained to polish up her buttons with a chamois cloth.

Two sizes of these Chinese buttons are employed for the jacket of a two-piece suit. Larger size of buttons will be used in a double row to fasten the jacket fronts. If there is a shoulder cape it will probably be arranged that a row of small Chinese gilt buttons be used as a trimming, in single row here and there.

Very often there is a row of these dull-finished buttons down the shoulder seam, or fastening of the long epaulette, which comes from the neck band and runs far down the sleeve below the shoulder.—Philadelphia Record.

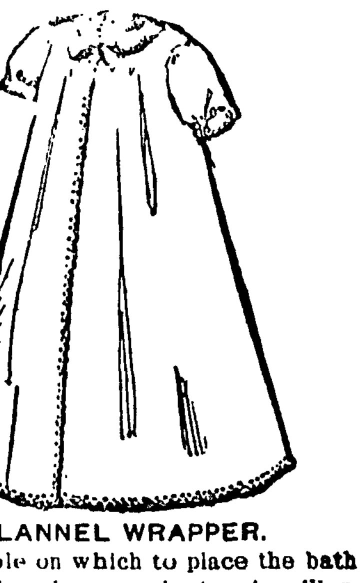
NURSERY'S KING.

"Which is the way to babyland? Up one flight, then turn to the right, and that is the way to babyland." The modern nursery is not exactly babyland, but it is an excellent imitation of it. Such luxuries as surround the monarch of the nursery. In the first place, the best room in the house is given over to his majesty. His proud mamma spends many thoughtful hours on the selection of the room which will be the setting for the most precious jewel in her collection. It must have a warm southern exposure, free from chilly winds. It must be light and airy, a good fireplace and plenty of



WEIGHING MACHINE.

windows. The walls must be painted a light, cheerful color and yet not too light for the baby eyes which will spend many hours in aimlessly gazing at them. The floor should be hard wood or painted, so that the rugs may be shaken every day. The bed in which the mother or nurse sleeps should be a light iron affair, easily moved about. The baby's bed or cradle may be as ornate as his mamma pleases if the curtains are thoroughly shaken every day. A chiffonier will hold most of his wardrobe, a drawer for everything. The weighing machine is a luxury, but a comfort and satisfaction as well, as it shows exactly how the baby is thriving and whether his food is nourishing him properly.



FLANNEL WRAPPER.

A low table on which to place the bath will be found convenient. A willow hamper in which to keep his finer clothes will also be a comfort. Another almost indispensable comfort will be found in a yard square of soft flannel in which to wrap him immediately on taking him from his bath. There cannot be too many little coats and knitted afghans, they all come in handy some time or other. Warm little bootees are always useful and a number of dainty flannel wrappers will be found necessary. A soft little pillow with his monogram embroidered in the corner is another comfort much appreciated by Master Baby, and a carriage strap to match makes a pretty finish to his carriage when he takes the air.

Emigrate for Husbands.

The American housewife's struggles with the domestic problem are as trifles in comparison with the tribulations of the English colonial woman. Soon after the Boer war hundreds of English girls were sent out to South Africa to take the place of native servants. The housekeepers looked forward with joyous anticipation to their arrival, but instead of the expected treasures the girls proved themselves anything but acquisitions. They upset the households in an unprecented way. A parlormaid refused to stay because horses were not provided for her use; a nurse balked at wheeling the baby perambulator; another left because she was not presented to the guests at a tennis party. The whole trouble arose from the fact that the girls had emigrated with the sole purpose of finding husbands. The matrimonial bait had been held out to them by the London emigration societies, and, womanlike, what they had started out to get they intended to have. And to the credit of their persistence, be it said, many of them are now mistresses of their own homes.

France's Woman Lawyer.

Mlle. Dilhan has the honor of having been the first woman to take part in a murder trial in France. She defended a woman in Tours who was accused of having killed her son-in-law. The trial was a sensation, because there was a woman lawyer in it. There was no doubt about the murder, but Mlle. Dilhan got her client off with the lowest possible penalty, such is the well-known gallantry of French juries.

"Does the drum-major belong to the band, pop?"

"Well, to judge by appearances, my son, I should say that the drum major imagined the band belonged to him."

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