

PIKE THAT IS NOT AFRAID

Pike Dared at a Man's Hand—Another Bit of a Fisherman's Arm. The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary, writes an angler. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing, and the head keeper of Richmond Park, England, assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond in that park when a pike made a dart at it and he had but just time to withdraw it.

A gentleman now residing at Weybridge in Surrey informed me that while walking one day by the side of the River Wey near that town he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked his shirt sleeves and went into the water to retrieve the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it.

During this attempt the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I know not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore it killed his cats, and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him for dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set a milling toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon, but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or get a law. And that is the way with the random shot, it never hits in the proper spot, and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart. Emporia (Kan) Gazette.

Where the "Good" was. One of the mottoes which, though good, are rarely applied, is "A place for everything and everything in its place." A writer in the Dundee Advertiser tells of a London cab-driver who seemed to think that affairs were ordered after this pattern. As he hung down the strand, an American sitting beside him asked him to point out the spots of interest.

"Eight you are sir," agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Lupit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em."

"A little later," there's Parliament 'ere, where they make the laws 'et does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Abbey, where they buried the good 'uns 'ot didn't get 'anged!"

One Thing He Could Not Have. Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which money had expressed a desire that was not in his possessions, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed," said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs so I could play together."

Important Personage. A King's coachman is a personage of no small importance. Certainly the coachman to her late Majesty Queen Victoria had a befitting sense of the dignity and responsibility of his position. On the occasion of the Jubilee of 1887 he was asked if he was driving any of the royal and imperial guests at that time quartered in Buckingham Palace.

"No, sir," was his reply. "I am the Queen's coachman. I don't drive the royal."—London Chronicle.

FIGHTING PNEUMONIA.

Fresh Air is the Best Cure as Well as the Best Preventive. The most effective weapon with which to fight pneumonia is fresh air, real fresh air, and lots of it. The fact that pneumonia might be called simply a shutting off of oxygen shows how important it is to the patient plenty of air in one large New York hospital suffers from the disease are carried to the roof and kept there day and night. When your child grows ill, move to the largest and sunniest room; the house and open the windows. It is too cold for that. Have another room near by into which the patient may be moved at least three times a day to permit a thorough ventilation of the sick room. All unnecessary furniture and all pictures, hangings and other impediments should be taken out of both rooms.

An attack of pneumonia begins in a manner which suggests a very bad cold. The patient has a fever and a cough, and a pain in the side. A cough soon appears and the breath becomes short and quick. The patient's heart is overworked and flushed cheeks, a quick pulse and flushed cheeks, and there are signs of a catarrh of the bronchial tubes. (Sometimes delirium.) During all of this period the blood is waging a tremendous war upon the invading germs. If it is defeated, the exhaustion will grow more and more marked, and the patient will die. But if it is destined to win there will come a time when it will be between the fifth and the tenth day when the patient will suddenly seem brighter. The temperature will fall, the breathing will be more regular, and the violent jumping of the pulse will cease. When this happens, it is a sign that the battle is won.

Microbes. Microbes came into existence about fifteen years ago. Since then they have multiplied so that they form one of our staple products. Microbes are of two kinds, the profitable and the unprofitable. They are also called germs, a germ being a microbe who has been through college. But generally speaking a microbe by any other name costs just as much.

There is no law against the manufacture of microbes by man, so that every one down to the most diminutive infant is constantly engaged in their culture. They are distributed by flies, wind and doctors, being one of the most important assets of medical science. One of the best ways to get a collection of microbes is from the rubber lips of a sweet girl. Do not take them all at once, but only on the installment plan. Remember also that there are good microbes and bad ones. The good microbes wear plain clothes and go to work in his sleeve and go to work in his good cause. A shrewd person has a bluff manner and looks you straight in the eye. The bad microbes are dressed in gaudy colors, smile a crafty smile, and has a sandbag up his sleeve. When an army of bad microbes, traveling rough-shod through your system, is suddenly met by an army of good microbes, fierce battle ensues. And if the latter win it makes you feel good. But if the former win you feel devastated.—Life.

Chinese and Europeans. Europe knew next to nothing of China or its people prior to the conquests of the famous Genghis Khan. The commotion raised by that monster made Europeans somewhat acquainted with Gai Cathay, as China was then called. It was about the year 1300, or possibly a trifle earlier, that the first Chinese made their appearance in Europe. The first commercial intercourse between Europe and China dates from about the year 1320.

A Live Scarecrow. Fred Small, on his farm in Swaziland, has a very successful method of scaring crows from his cornfield, having a Bantam rooster in a wire cage, with neat attached and as everybody knows the cockerel is a very early riser, and starts crowing at once, which keeps the crows from interfering with the corn.

The Philosopher of Folly. "I have an intense hatred of greed and money-grabbing," says the Philosopher of Folly. "It makes me sick at heart to see men making more money than I do."—Cleveland Leader.

Author a Prey of Cynicism. "Tobin, in the 'Honey Moon,'" says: "All women are angels before marriage, and that is the reason why husbands so soon wish them in heaven afterward."

Only Freedom Worth Having. "The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anyone who will take it off me."—Huxley.

Man Who is Not Safe. The man who knows better how to do another man's work than he does his own is not safe for any kind of work.

Beyond the Limit. A man may think he is thinking and still have glimmerings of intelligence. When he thinks other people think he is thinking there is no hope for him.

SERPENT-SAVED BOY'S LIFE

India Village School Story Quite Oriental in Details. A strange story is given by a subscriber of a drama said to have happened in a Jubbulpore (India) village school.

A few days ago one of the teachers detained a Mahajar boy, wearing ornaments, after school hours, saying that he would not be allowed to go home till he had prepared his day's lesson. When the rest of the students had gone away and there was none to watch them the master shut the boy up in a small room and demanded all his ornaments. On the latter's refusal the master gave him several cuts with a blunt knife. As the knife was too bad to kill the boy and the boy also was suffering from excruciating pain, he requested his teacher to kill him by a stone lying in the school compound. No sooner said than done the master agreed to it and went to bring the stone. The master had hardly lifted the stone when a black serpent rose up and coiled itself round his arms. The half dead boy seeing that his master did not come back, shouted and some passersby came there seeing the boy in this state, they informed the police, who reached there immediately. The unfortunate master was still in that condition. Seeing the police the serpent left his prisoner and the master was arrested.

Returning the Play. There is a story of a man who, to be funny, asked a girl in a bakery how she sold milk, and when she replied, "By the yard," he asked for a yard of it. She dipped her finger in the pan and drew a three-foot line of milk along the counter. The man was not to be so easily beaten. "Is that a yard of milk?" he asked. "Yes," said the girl. "All right, wrap it up and I'll take it." A tale worthy to match this is told by a writer in the Emporia Gazette.

The captain of a schooner that traded between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every occasion that offers he loses his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of his target. Booner or later the stinger gets stung, and this chronic pun artist is no exception to the rule. On one occasion, when about two days out from New York, he approached a group of sailors who were washing the forward deck, and singing out a big, raw-boned Irishman who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked: "Can you steer the mainmast down the forecabin stairs?"

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Yes, sir, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up." Amber. The passage referring to amber is Ezekiel 1, 4, and is as follows: "And I looked, and behold, a stormy wind came out of the north, a great cloud, with a fire infolding itself, and a brightness round about it, and out of the midst thereof, as the color of amber." There is scarcely anything that can be handled that has not at some time in the course of history been used as money. Amber was once so used in some of the countries around the Mediterranean.

Origin of Meteors. There is pretty good evidence for the scientific belief that a ring of meteors revolves around the sun, portions of it very thickly studded with them, while at others they are sparsely scattered. Every year the earth's orbit cuts through this ring, though only at intervals of about thirty-three years through the part where they are most crowded.

The Point of View. It was a Glasgow tramway car, and it was crowded. One man was rather noisy and a sharp-faced woman, opposite to him said: "I love your wife I'd poison you." The man gazed at her fixedly for a moment, and then said: "Woman, if it was your man I'd let you do it."

Exposed. A physician upon opening the door of his consultation room asked: "Who has been waiting longest?" "I have," spoke up the tailor. "I delivered your clothes three weeks ago."

Statistics of London Fires. In London more fires occur on Saturday than on any other day of the week, and more in August and December than in any other months.

Fine Definition of Liberty. Liberty is the state in which the soul no longer finds any obstacles in the way of its union with good and with its object.—Plato.

Lighthouses on British Coasts. There is a lighthouse on every 14 miles of coast in England, on every 34 miles in Ireland and on every 38 miles in Scotland.

His Busy Day. Gen. Winfield Scott, on August 20, 1847, gained five victories in a day while marching to the City of Mexico.—Toledo News Bee.

As It Appears from a Distance. The half that doesn't know how the other half lives puts in a good deal of its time acting as if it were afraid, it might find out.

Advice from a Wise Man. After getting the best of a man in one deal clear of him, for he will begin to sit up and take notice.

A JAPANESE TOILET.

The Dances, Shows Maids to Her Holiday Attire. The Japanese college girl entering the fudge party with oriental reminiscences.

"On every holiday," she said, "the Japanese maids must rise and have her toilet finished before the sun looks over Fujiyama, our sacred mountain. "And what a toilet! The long, coarse black tresses are washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The throat, neck and bosom are powdered but at the nape of the neck there are left three lines of the original brown skin, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art.

With charcoal she rounds and lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens her lips with cherry paste, adding a gilt diamond to the center of the pouting lower lip. She puts on eight fresh garments, and she ties her obi, or great sash, in a symbolical knot. Her socks—she doesn't wear stockings—are very white and pure and her clogs are lacquered till they shine like a silk hat. Now she is ready to set out. She fills her silk tobacco pouch, thrusts her pipe in her girdle, puts six paper gaudierchiefs up her wide sleeves and smiles forth, turning her toes in and waving her fan with a demure grace. —Los Angeles Times.

The Story of a Song. The story of "Ninety and Nine" is the well known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by the Rev. E. Locke at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Doctor Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it one night in Edinburgh. Mr. Moody asked him to sing Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story.

As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on a flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing and I sang the words of that poem. When he had finished, Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping, and the audience was in tears so great was the impression produced by the song.

I sang it as God gave it to me. Mr. Sankey replied. He never changed a note of the song from the time it fell from his lips.

An Outside Vegetarian. If you are not an outside vegetarian you are not really a vegetarian at all.

The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray cloth gloves, gray scarred hat, gray cloth boots, he continued: "An outside vegetarian is one who puts in his vegetable eating that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals.

See my gloves, vegetable gloves of cotton, not made up of the skins of murdered kids. See by boots worn on my feet, nothing but some poor animal's skin. See my buttons, wooden, not made of grizzly bones. Inside and outside!" So the quiet faddist concluded. "I am a vegetarian, and inside I get along, without the murdering of any creature, fish, fowl or fowl. There are many like me." Philadelphia Press.

Something Definite. Angelina Spring, in spite of the beautiful sound of her name, had a bad temper. One day she insisted on going to church, and protested, when the question was put often enough to either answer that she had a "pain." "Pain?" "Certainly," she would not or could not describe. Her persistent fretting finally won for her a vigorous spanking.

After the punishment there was quiet. A caller came, and heard the tale.

"You see," said Mrs. Spring, "I kept saying that 'it hurt her,' but she wouldn't say where. So there seemed no other way to stop her bawling than to spank her."

"Kind of localizing the pain?" suggested the visitor.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Spring, heartily. "That is it precisely."

A Remarkable Aeroplane. Thomas A. Edison believes that the aeroplane will not be of real practical use until it is made on the helicopter principle. "However," said Mr. Edison, the other day, "I heard of a new aeroplane that went without a pilot last week all the way from Chicago to Philadelphia."

"It went," he added, "by train." Brief and to the Point. There is no superfluous verbiage in the note which a tradesman sent to a dilatory creditor. "Sir, the enclosed is a bill. If you pay it, you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

Money Well Spent. Health is an important factor to the people of New York city and the public treasury expends \$6,800 each day in looking after it.

BRUTAL PRACTICE OF BULL BAITING

Said to Have Originated in Tutbury, in Staffordshire by the Priors. The brutal practice of baiting bulls, which had afterward the sanction of a barbarous legislature," said the poet laureate of all the Pascou-las the other night, "look its rise in Tutbury in Staffordshire, where, according to a manorial custom, a bull was given by the prior to the minstrels. After undergoing the torture of having his horns cut, his ears and tail cropped to the very stumps and his nostrils filled with pepper, his body was to be smeared with soap and he was turned out in that pitiable state and if the bull was taken or held long enough to pull off some of his hair he was then tied to the stake and baited. In this unfeeling manner was the most innocuous and useful of the animal creation treated by savage man, by priests and legislators, in too many periods notwithstanding their pretensions to equal enlightenment and enlightenment to the lowest of mankind! The voluntary combats of animals form a case widely different. Nature herself has sown the seeds of destruction in the constitution of men and beasts, and it would be the equal of a barbarian to suppress an act of legitimate curiosity if it be no proof of the sufferer's feelings, of the soul's indignation, to set to be very ancient, and of Greek or even Indian origin; and there are, it seems, at this day in India game laws which equal in their spirit those of our country. The Indians are extraordinarily fond of cock-fighting, especially the inhabitants of Sumatra and the other Malay isles. They pay even greater attention to the training and feeding of these birds than we could dream of. In New York's case, cock-fighting was not a thing of a few years ago. They arranged a cage only, not with a slender gaff as we used to do, but with arms in form of a wheel, which were used to draw the destruction. The cocks are never trimmed but left in full feather. The Sumatrans fast their cocks for ten days before a match, as we know to make his wife and children a son, his mother's sisters and four uncles are appointed to watch the cock. There is no appeal, but the sword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are bewitched by the devil, a father on his very death bed has, under that opinion, directed his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, under the full conviction of consequential success. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Baked Beans in Lumber Camp. Had at ear hear of the capture of the lumberman's baked beans—the destruction of the baked beans is very common once a week stick to the rice provender that coats in amber juices and that when mixed in the morning from the bean-hole emit such delicious odor as to make mouths water among the border. The cook and the cooker join drives in building up this monument to high art in culinary. The woods-cook usually, by a tin washbottle nearly full of beans, first parboiling them before he puts them ready for the pot. Then he opens the can and slices it into the bottom of the pot. Then he pours in half the beans, then slices over them another onion, then puts in the chunks of salt fat pork, then douses in the rest of the beans. Over all this he pours a pint of molasses and then more pork. Just enough water is added to cover the beans and then a sheet of birch bark is placed over the top of the pot and the cover pounded in tight. When the water begins to steam the bark swells and seals the pot holding in all the flavor. The cook (there's all the difference in the world between the cook and the cookee) builds the fire in the bean-hole. When the birch wood has heated the stones that line the hole and the bark burned to red-hot coals, most of the bark is taken out and the beans are put in. They stay there all night. In the morning they are dug out. All other baked beans are hiled on the name, for these have the sauce of the pine and the spruce. And they're eating them every day up in the woods of Maine. Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. The coming man seldom arrives on amiable time. Students of ancient history are not up to date. It takes a lot of cold cash to keep the furnace cooled. Lawyers are not the only animals that draw conveyances. The more fool questions you ask the more you don't learn. The father of seven grown daughters has no love for milliners. How difficult it is to convince stupid people that they are stupid! The man who is unable to bear misfortune is indeed unfortunate. An ichneumon is a neck of land—and that is where Panama will get the canal. Don't wait for your happiness until others hand it to you on a silver platter. Beauty is only skin deep, but a sweet disposition extends all the way through.



FATHER'S NERVE TONIC. Wonderful to Take of Change of Life. Have taken Father's Nerve Tonic during 18 years as needed and always with the best results. Have used it for all my family and recommended it to friends and acquaintances. Although it is not recommended by any medical authority, I have found it good during pregnancy. It will do away with all those distressing symptoms such as shaking, trembling, palpitations, nervousness, trembling and sleeplessness (by its action) is wonderful and will not harm you or child. I also find this Tonic good for getting on the stomach and indigestion, and if you don't still believe this statement, feel at ease: From 1 to 3 doses will cure any case of ordinary indigestion. Had this Tonic wonderful for taking of change of life (to try it others for this reason, it will not disappoint you). —Mrs. J. W. Westcott.

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PRAISE FOR KTS. OF ST. JOHN

Bishop Hickey Sends Letter to Colonel Frank J. Schwab. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey sent the following letter to Colonel Frank J. Schwab Tuesday:

"Permit me to extend to you as colonel of the regiment of the Knights of St. John, and through you to the officers and all the members of the regiment, the heartfelt gratitude of the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Rochester for the respect and honor shown by your knights to our beloved Bishop McQuaid on the occasion of his death and burial. The large details standing as guard of honor and attending the funeral services added by their splendid appearance very much to the solemnity of the occasion and the fact that the men constituting the various details represented an element of true religious strength gave special value and importance to their presence. I will esteem it a favor if you will kindly communicate to your knights how deeply I appreciate their generous tribute to the name and memory of Bishop McQuaid and extend to them at the same time my best wishes that they may always be found loyal sons and faithful members of our Holy Mother Church."

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday February 7. Gospel, St. Matt. xx, 1-16. St. Richard King and co. pastor. Monday 8. St. John of Martha, co. pastor. Tuesday 9. St. Cyril of Alexandria, bishop, confessor and doctor. Wednesday 10. St. Scholastica, virgin. Thursday 11. St. Saturninus, martyr. Friday 12. St. Benedict of Anian, abbot. Saturday 13. St. Catherine of Ricci.

AUBURN, N. Y. Branch 69. C. M. B. A. will hold a euchre party Tuesday evening Feb. 9th. Prizes will be given.

The funeral of Thomas J., son of Elizabeth and the late Henry Kavanagh, was held from the family home, 27 Myrtle Avenue, Monday morning at 8.40 o'clock. Services were held at St. Aloysius church with interment at Saint Joseph's cemetery.

Auburn Council, No. 207, Knights of Columbus, will take part in the third degree for the district at Geneva on the night of Thursday Feb. 11th. The work will be in charge of District Deputy Wm. T. Foley and his staff of New York. A special train will take the Knights to Geneva.

A euchre party will be held at Woodmen's Hall next Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Auburn Orphan Asylum.

Miss Mary E. Doyle and Thos. Hayden were married at Saint Mary's church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. J. Smyth, while Father Mulhern read the nuptial mass. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are both popular young people and their many friends extend to them best wishes for a long and happy wedded life. They will be at home to their friends in this city after Feb. 10th.

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