

TURTLES' CURIOUS.

The Reptile Has an Instinct for Concealing Its Eggs. Although not credited with any high degree of intelligence, the turtle when about to deposit its eggs exhibits considerable cunning.

Jewels in Church Images. For some time past there have been frequent robberies of the jewels with which some of the statues in the churches in Rome are decorated.

It is well known of course that many of the statues and images used in the churches are decorated with jewels worth thousands of pounds.

Feared Their Women. Gaston Boisley of the French senate has been making a study of the suffrage movement, and tells in "Clor and His Friends" how much afraid the Romans were that women, who had such great influence in the home, would begin to exert as much influence in the state.

Who He Belonged To. A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics.

A Desirable Accessory. A certain rich man took some city boys out to his country home. After showing them some of the interesting things of the farm, he gave each boy a cup of milk from a two thousand dollar prize cow.

Urges Relief Party for Dr. Cook. Rear-Admiral Schley (retired), who brought home the survivors of the Greely expedition in 1894 and is now president of the Arctic club, makes an urgent appeal for \$20,000 to fit out a relief party to rescue Dr. Cook, who started in 1907 to explore the Arctic regions and has not been heard from in over a year.

The Value of Words. Only a few sweet, loving words that are full of meaning from the heart and going to the heart, they would brighten many a life and comfort many a soul, and the speaker of them little thinks. Let us not be so chary of them.—Mary H. Peckham.

Left Money for Worthy Cause. Mrs. Elizabeth U. Noble of Mansfield, Mass., who will have just been made public, left \$20,000 to the eight cities of New York and the same amount to build drinking fountains for horses and dogs in the streets of New York.

Begets Streets Frequently Dark. There are times when because of insufficient water power, it is not possible to supply electric light for both the houses and the streets in Bogotá, Colombia, so the streets remain dark.

Caution. I have adopted a new motto for my life, "I will never be misled by any man's word."—What is your motto?—Nothing is more important than to be misled by any man's word.

PECULIARITIES OF SAKHALIN.

Island Which Seems to be Exempt from Natural Laws. Curious facts have lately come to light concerning the island of Sakhalin, which lies off the eastern coast of Siberia. Cold winds and sea currents circulate around it, and their effect appears to be to produce on the island a reversal of the ordinary course of nature respecting the arrangement of temperature.

To Pat. A pun is often the easiest as well as the lowest form of wit. An example of the kind of pun to be strictly avoided is given in the following story, taken from the Chicago News.

Ten Days Queen. Lady Jane Grey was Queen of England for only ten days. Edward VI. died July 6, 1553. Two days later the public announcement of her accession to the throne was made, and on the 19th she was acknowledged by the Duke of Northumberland to be the crown for his own family of the order of succession as fixed by Henry VIII.

No Perpetual Motion. Every machine is constructed to transmit motion or force. In every instance the motion of the machine is derived from without, either from muscular action or the weight of falling water, or a current of air, or the expansive power of steam, or some other natural power.

Mrs. Lane's Old-Fashioned Ideal. "What is your ideal woman?" was asked of Ellen Massey Lane, the author of "Kathrine" and "Mrs. Lane" answered: "Nothing of the new woman. A loving, passionate, great-souled, generous creature who loves children and animals, men, water and plants."

Tea Grown in Oregon. A citizen of Hubbard, Peter Lane, has demonstrated the fact that the finest quality of Japan tea can be successfully grown in Hubbard and all parts of Oregon. He has a large patch of land planted to tea, which is growing nicely and is very thrifty.

Good Stroke of Business. The \$1 note is not the smallest issued by the Bank of England. It is a mistake a note of the value of one penny was made and issued in 1812. It was in circulation for many years, a source of annoyance to the cashier in making up their accounts.

Makes for Good Health. Boston has come to the conclusion that the health of the child is of great importance to its success in school, and a "health day" has been appointed. This was observed recently by physicians speaking to the pupils of the high schools upon the subject of "Health, Its Value and Cost."

Mandy Ink Eradicator. When a blot occurs and the ink eraser is not at hand, use a bit of the emery board which comes for manicuring the nails. It is quick and efficacious, but care must be taken to work gently so as not to make a hole in the paper.

Speller Best Seller. The book which is the very best seller in this country, outside the Bible, has been the humble Webster's Spelling Book. It being computed that upward of 30,000,000 copies of this work have been disposed of in the United States.

May Use Autos to Carry Mail. Baron Goto, minister of communication, is investigating the advisability of transporting mail by automobiles in the principal cities of Japan, and also possible to distant points where railroad traffic is not yet opened.

See? And yet, figuring it in any way you want to, what every woman knows isn't much as compared with what nearly every man knows.

STOVES IN THE SHOES.

No Danger of Cold Feet With This Kind of Footgear. People who are troubled with cold feet may take heart. In Germany there has been patented a contrivance described as a "heatable shoe."

The Impulse of Courage. In many cases courage is merely instinctive. Many a man has distinguished himself in the performance of some act of heroism the thought of which caused him completely to lose his senses when the danger was over.

Husbandless Honeymoon. There will be a very unique wedding at Atchison soon. A certain girl has never married and as all her sisters married and enjoyed pretty clothes and wedding presents, her father announces that he wants to do as well by her and will give her a nice wedding.

Language of Arts. Insects carry on conversation among themselves, and while this is done by means of their feelers they are not entirely dependent upon them.

England's Woman Voter. A return of the number of women voters in England and Wales who are qualified to vote for county councils and for councilors in municipal boroughs, issued to-day, shows that the women's franchise for county councils extends to 563,961 for England and 41,945 for Wales, making a total of 605,906.

New Fruit for California. California is to try acclimating the Korean wild fig. The fig, growing on a hardy vine on trees, trellises and hedges to a height of 30 feet, bears a delicious fruit. Some of the seed has been sent to the department of agriculture, California State university. The fig grows wild in Korea and has proved of great value there.

Overcome Adversity. The waves which sorrow lashes up around us stand high between us and the world and make our ship solitary in the midst of a haven full of vessels. Cannot one do like the fair sun, and go under the waves and yet come back again. And yet, after all, if you look upon his going down rightly there is no such thing in reality.—Richter.

Gossip. Let the greatest part of the news that you hear be the least part of what you believe, least the greater part of what you believe be the least part of what is true. Where lies are easily admitted the father of lies will not easily be excluded.—Quarles.

Delicately Put. "The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disagreeable."—Everybody's Magazine.

Pagan Idea of Death. Death—a stopping of impressions through the senses, and of the pulling of the cords of motion, and of the ways of thought, and of service to the flesh.—Marcus Aurelius.

Horribly Mean. The meanest man in the world is the husband who placed his money in a mouse-trap so that his wife could not get it in the early morning without disturbing a mouse.—Buckham.

A WANDERING MONUMENT.

It Has Slid So Far That No One Is Sure Where the Grave Is. It is probable that no burial monument in existence has a more peculiar history than that placed over the grave of a young man who was buried on the banks of the Assiniboine River in Manitoba, Canada.

Birds Killed by Golf Balls. A lady playing at the Hendon (England) Golf Club recently made a mistake about which lifted the ball. This in its flight struck a swift on the wing and both ball and bird fell straight to the ground.

There are madam. "There are madam," said he. "There are madam," said he. "There are madam," said he.

Spencer on Sports. Herbert Spencer one time put very nearly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend who invited him to play billiards. This philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot.

Entitled to All Praise. He endeared himself to guardians, tutors, inmates and staff, and his efforts (Christian demeanor, constant cheerfulness and good temper) endeared him to all. He is the epitome of the Huddersfield, England, guardians upon a pauper who, after spending 20 years in the parish workhouse, recently died there at the age of 94.

Other Troubles No Trouble. Among the patients in the various wards of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

Appreciation Should Be a Stimulant. Appreciation should be a stimulant, not a sedative. Do not let yourself be misled by words of praise. If someone tells you that you have talent, do not conclude that it will not be necessary for you to work any more.

The Champion Hen. Mrs. E. B. Emley of Tyson, Va., is satisfied she possesses the champion American hen. The prize of her barnyard lays eggs weighing on an average a little more than a quarter of a pound.

Means March for Egypt. Oil has been struck 150 miles south of Suex, on the Red sea coast, the number giving increasing quantities daily, and indicating large reserves. The possibility of a cheap supply of oil is a discovery of the greatest importance to Egypt.

Attaining Success. Success is a series of golden stairs ending up to the heights of fame and fortune. On every stair is a man who knew how to make good use of time, who grabbed the forelock of opportunity, and held on with grim determination until he got "there."

A Woman of Some Weight. A woman who weighed 446 pounds was buried at Eps, Suffolk, Eng., recently. The coffin was six and a half feet long, three feet across, and two feet deep, and was taken to the cemetery on a day, being lowered into the grave by chains and pulley.

A PARSIMONIOUS PEER.

Marquis of Westminster Looked After the Pennies. The late Marquis of Westminster had queer economies, according to W. G. Thorne, in "The Bill Life of the Middle Temple." On one occasion he went to Grosvenor House and informed the butler he had brought his lunch with him, producing a penny tray.

The Turk is a Fatalist. War is one thing that can rouse the Turk from his apathy. When you left him over the Mussulman he is not excited about politics, science, history or literature. He is not anything foreordained. Leave it to Allah.

Roman had no desire to see her for various reasons, but he was accustomed to follow the suggestions of Sterling.

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The Punishment

It was afternoon when Roman stepped off the train and looked about him. The sunlight filtered through the quiet trees that surrounded the station. It was all unchanged, although he had not seen the place for 12 years.

"I am here!" There was an impatient weariness in Roman's audacious soliloquy. "Are you satisfied?" An idle station agent sat at a walled window.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked. Roman did not hear him. He heard only that familiar voice of Sterling as it answered his question.

"Have you no wish to see my daughter?" Roman had no desire to see her for various reasons, but he was accustomed to follow the suggestions of Sterling.

The station agent had come from his booth and was approaching. "You are Victor Roman?" he asked curiously. "I thought you might be—but you're changed. The mark of travel and success is on you. What's the matter?"

Roman had turned a flushed face upon him, wondering that he had not heard Sterling's ironic laugh. "I'm here," he exclaimed. "To look up the daughter of an old friend—Sterling's daughter."

The man nodded. "She lives with her mother's people, the Whitlers. Marcella's a good girl. Takes things too serious, I think—but she's like her father in that, 'Going to ride over!'"

"No," said Roman. "I'll walk." The agent went to the end of the platform with him. "This town's always kept an eye on you," he remarked admiringly. "When you left here no one thought you'd come back to his 'Kief.' Why make such a name for yourself. How excited about politics, science, history or literature? He is not anything foreordained. Leave it to Allah."

"Ah, how did you? How did you?" prompted Sterling. Abruptly Roman set off alone, but by the time he reached the Whitler home a strange calm pervaded him. Standing by the gate, he looked out over the green valley and the trees beyond.

"If there was rest for such a man as I, it should be found here," he mused. "Even happiness might come here."

Someone was coming down the walk, and he was turned to see who it was. A girl of 18 stopped and stood looking at him seriously.

"Marcella!" he said. "Marcella!" Roman had been stopping at the hotel for a week. It was the happiest week he had spent in years. He had passed the days with Marcella. The evenings were dreamed away on the Whitlers' piazza. What they talked about he could not tell. He only knew that what she said refreshed and encouraged him. The deadening load which he had carried for years was lightened in her presence. Why he could not say. She was very good. He had grown to love her goodness. Sometimes he thought that it was his contact with sinners which had made his own sin lighter. Sterling had not spoken since the day of his arrival. Perhaps he would never speak again. It seemed that a life of devotion to Marcella would make amends for what he had done.

The days drifted idly until the summer was gone. "Very soon," said Marcella one morning as she and Roman wandered the woods together. "Very soon you will have spent your holiday and will go back to the city and your work."

"If you will come with me," said Roman. "I will go back. If you will not, I will never go back again. My happiness depends on being near you." But as he waited eagerly for her answer, he heard Sterling's voice. "You must tell her what you are," it said distinctly.

Reverently Roman gazed past the voice at Marcella. Her trustful eyes were upon him. She opened her lips to speak. "Tell her," repeated Sterling. "Marcella," said Roman in desperation. "I love you, but before you speak you must know my sin."

"Your sin?" "Marcella, once there were two struggling young fellows who went from here to make their fortunes. They had a desire to write. One was a genius, the other had only common ability, but they worked together. They starved and hoped and failed together—until one day the genius stopped writing. The other found him lying back in his chair, his rigid fingers still gripping the pen—but there was a manuscript on the table. After a time the other read it and it was good. The writer was dead. Marcella, that was my sin. That first book, by which everything of mine has been written, was not mine. It was written by your father."

"You mean—you stole it?" she whispered. He did not answer. There was nothing to say. He could not look up. After a long time he gained courage to raise his head. He was alone. The load on his heart was intolerably heavy again and the loneliness was deadening. In desperation he called on Sterling fiercely. "I could have made amends. Does punishment last forever?" But even Sterling was silent. He was alone. — ELIZABETH MASON.

Not a Unit. The Lover—I love the tree, the good, the beautiful. The Cynic—Three glads.