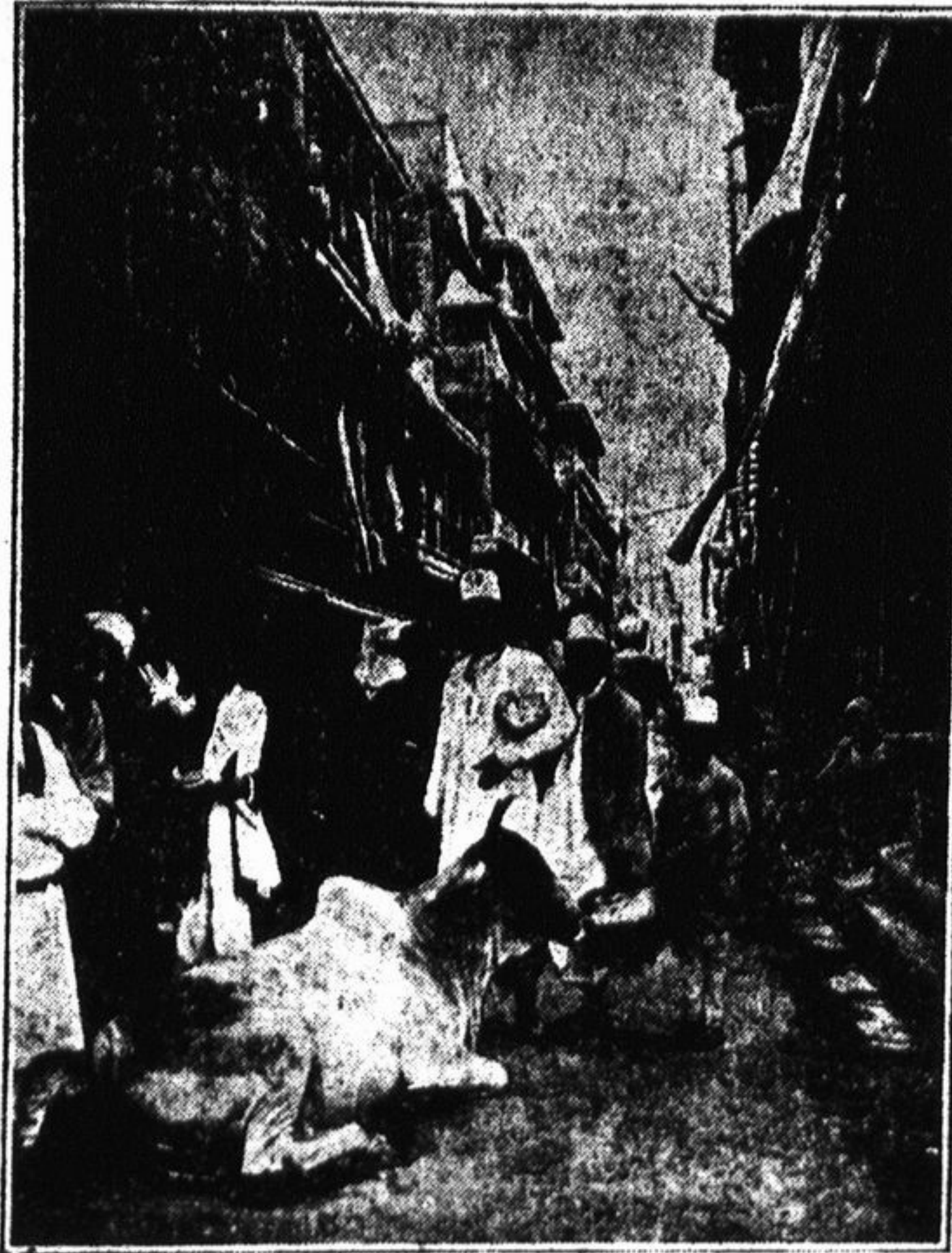


THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.



Scene in a Calcutta Street Where the Cow Is Permitted to Rest.

To the Hindus, who make up the great bulk of the population of India, the cow is a sacred animal, and many of the disturbances which break out between the Hindus and Mohammedans are due to the fact that the latter utterly disregard this Hindu reverence for the animal.

feelings were when I received that answer! A collision which would surely result in the loss of life seemed inevitable; nothing short of a miracle could avert it.

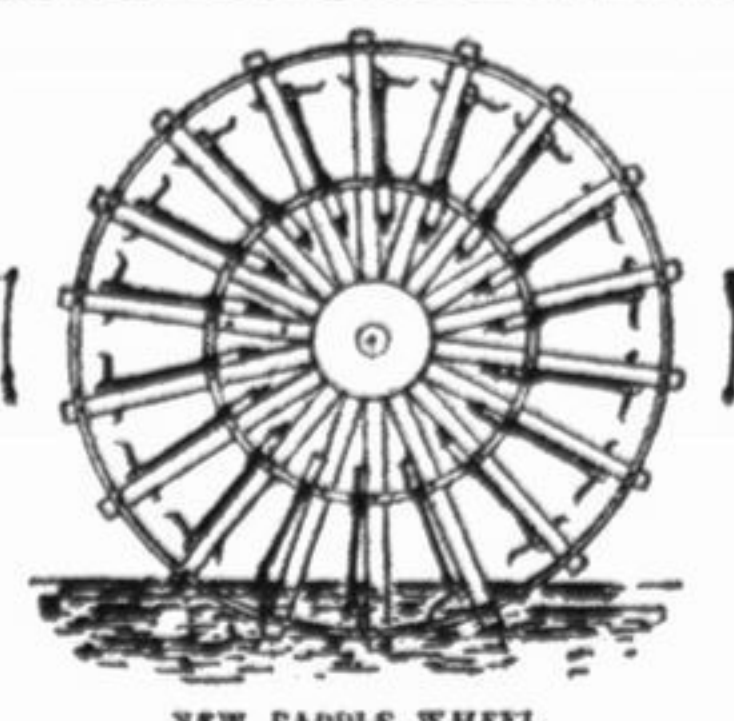
"I lost no time in approaching the conductor for the purpose of learning how the collision had been averted. To my surprise, he had no knowledge of the Old Tartar's being 'wild.'"

"Such proved to be the case. The Old Tartar was found at the foot of an embankment about a mile and a half east of this station. Near by were found several ties, most of them pretty well smashed up."

"They had just finished operations when the Old Tartar appeared on the scene. She knocked the ties a-flying, but they did their work, for she jumped the track and rolled down the embankment. Fifteen minutes later the accommodation passed that very spot unmoistened. The gang had decided that under the circumstances it would be best to 'hold up' a train."

DOCTORS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Medical Inspection Spreads Here, American Still Retarded European. In the United States, Boston seems to be entitled to the credit of establishing the first regular system of medical inspection of schools.



NEW PADDLE WHEEL.

ed, when an automatic spring releases them and they assume their former operative position. The concave form of the bucket creates greater pressure against the water.

Mrs. Elphinstone Howe of Centerville had never encountered "Hamlet," either in the pursuit of literature or on the stage, up to the time of her first visit to her Boston niece.

Wisdom that Smiles

The day of the man without a sense of humor is about over. As intelligence advances this sense is recognized as an essential asset.

Without it a man is not wanted in high places. Those products of conventionality and ignorance; the humorless warriors, kings and fanatics, who fill so much space in the world's history.

Shakespeare, the greatest intellect the world has known, was a humorist. To know what is ridiculous is to know what is sensible.

Lincoln, Franklin, Lowell, John Hay, Emerson, Thomas B. Reed, Henry Ward Beecher, were humorists.

Of the grave fools Beecher remarked: "Some people are so dry that you might soak them in a joke for a month, and it would not get through their skins."

Mark Twain could have done service in statesmanship better than many solemn-minded, so-called great men, had he turned his genius in this direction.

It is reported that Lincoln once said he would rather have written the Nasby letters than be president. And he could have written the Nasby letters or something as satirical and amusing.

To be keyed high, intellectually, is to have great sympathy for sadness and keen appreciation for the droll and ludicrous.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep," said Byron. The sober duties of state or church are best entrusted to those who have the "saving grace."

That there is a time for witicism and a degree of indulgence appropriate to occasions and one's profession is undeniable.

That Sydney Smith was too much of a wit to be a bishop—75 years ago—is probably true.

When Lincoln was a candidate for the State legislature and practicing law in Illinois, he was wont to amuse his auditors and point a moral with quaint anecdotes, but when he became a candidate for president he was no doubt discreet in not diverting from the straight seriousness of his subject.

But without a sense of humor Lincoln would never have been president. Its very seriousness makes existence a joke.

There never was a funeral without a smile in it. The more solemn, grand, or pretentious the event the funnier is the little incongruity.

A king on his throne brushing a persistent fly off his nose is funnier than a country bumpkin doing the same thing.

Humor as a general thing is just a hair's breadth removed from pathos. A drunken man trying to keep his balance and scratch a light with a toothpick, looks funny but it is pathetic if for the moment we blot out the spectacle before us and think of the drunkard's wife and hungry children.

A fat man running for a train looks funny, but this is so amusing as to be the beginning of a fatal illness.

The light flings at the marriage relation and all subjects for jesting are to be looked at singly, and at the moment with no thought of the serious side.

part of the general campaign against flies, Dr. W. C. Woodward, health officer of Washington, will cause the prosecution of stable keepers who fail to register at his office.

MUFFS FOR HUNTERS. A muff is a recognized article of attire for German sportsmen. Not that every sportsman carries a muff, but the wearing of it is no more surprising than the wearing of a pair of fur lined gloves.

Not Uncommon in Germany—Some With Cartridge Pockets. A muff is a recognized article of attire for German sportsmen. Not that every sportsman carries a muff, but the wearing of it is no more surprising than the wearing of a pair of fur lined gloves.

These muffs are carried on a cord, passing around the neck or strapped around the waist, and some have a pocket in front which serves to hold cartridges. Those in general use have the merit of cheapness as well as of warmth.

For an extra couple of shillings one can have a similar muff with a pocket in front. Ten shillings is the price of a catskin muff trimmed with tails, lined with sheepskin and having a pocket for cartridges.

A foxskin muff of similar pattern, ornamented in front with a mask, is to be had for 11s. Covering the front with the skin of the common seal brings the price up to 12s. 6d.

How the Drawback to Such Car Has Been Overcome in Bavaria. One of the drawbacks of the self contained motor car for railroad use is in the fact that the power is self contained.

SELF-CONTAINED MOTOR CAR. How the Drawback to Such Car Has Been Overcome in Bavaria. One of the drawbacks of the self contained motor car for railroad use is in the fact that the power is self contained.

This disadvantage has been overcome by the Bavarian state railways in a manner which would seem admirable anywhere. The Bavarian government has been operating self-contained motor cars for a number of years and finding the above stated condition to be a great disadvantage.

Electric Light Alarm. System in Pennsylvania Town by Which Fire Warnings Are Given. The town of Avon, Pa., has a novel as well as highly satisfactory fire alarm system composed of electric light signals.

Every two minutes a ton of coal is burned up at Panama, every minute twelve carloads of rock and gravel are torn from the earth.

A Minute at Panama. Every two minutes a ton of coal is burned up at Panama, every minute twelve carloads of rock and gravel are torn from the earth.

A vigorous campaign against the fly has also been begun in Louisiana under the leadership of Mrs. Bernard Titcher, of New Orleans. A code of respectability has been established in household affairs, and the housekeeper who is known to permit a fly to become a member of the family is put in the same category as one who harbors other notorious insects which all good housekeepers shun.



"Didn't I see him kiss you?" "Oh, that was only a trial kiss."—Life.

"What did she get first when she inherited her billion?" "Furs and chauffeurs."—The Bellman.

Hoax—Here comes Borleigh. Do you know him to speak to? Joax—Not if I see him first.—Philadelphia Record.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir, will you have it too short or too long?"—Elle-gence Blaetter.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

She (at the piano)—I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not? He—Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.—Judge.

Havkins—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon? Robbins—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.—Puck.

Little Girl—What's an intelligence office, mamma? Mother—It's a place where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York Herald.

She—Fred, do you believe that the pen is mightier than the sword? He—Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?—Illustrated Bits.

Husband (getting ready for the theater)—My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for? Wife (coldly)—To read between acts.—Life.

Mrs. Youngwife—What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing? Mrs. Oldone—I always say first, "Have you ever lived with me before?"—Life.

"Uncle Jack, mother says you're ill, so I thought I'd like to come and talk to you a bit." "That's kind of you." "Will there be a band to play the Dead March at your funeral?"—Aly Sloper.

Indulgent Papa—Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? She—This one is not to entertain my friends papa, but to snub my enemies.—Life.

"For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe-book for all the things John's mother used to make."—Brooklyn Life.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby squawk!—Paris Figaro.

He (calling)—I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie. She—Yes, Mr. Staylate. He—I never like to keep people waiting. She (significantly)—Waiting for you to come, you mean, of course.—Washington Post.

"If I went out in a small boat," said the teacher, "and the farmer knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?" After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir!"—Catholic News.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Christian Work and Evangelist.



Suggestion in the Nursery.

People to-day seem to be divided into three camps on the question of how much help medical science can get from mental or spiritual suggestion. There are enthusiasts for and conservatives against, and then a large class of mild conservatives, who are willing to see mental suggestion gain and keep a place as the handmaid of medicine, but refuse to have her masquerading as queen.

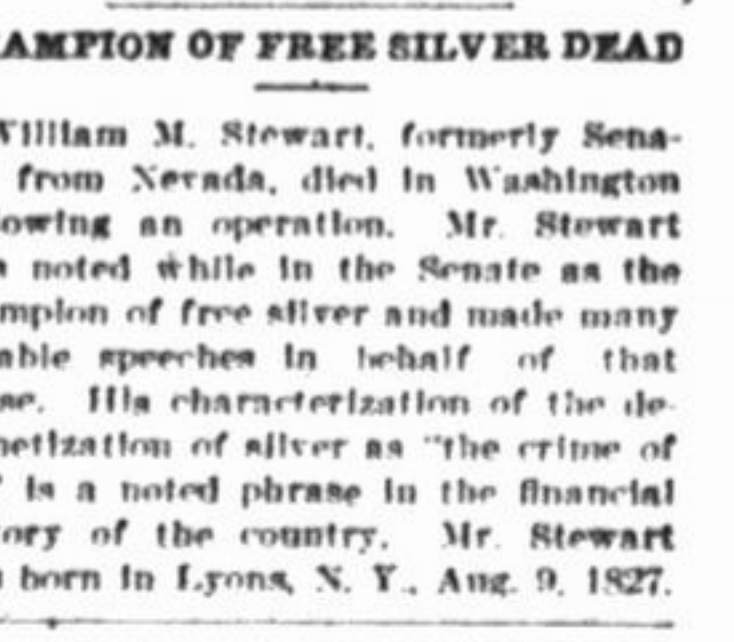
Some persons make the mistake of treating every little childish ailment with a sort of portentous solemnity. They talk in such a way as to arouse all the dramatic instinct of a small patient, and help it to fill the role of invalid with gusto.

To win over the dramatic instinct of childhood to the service of health is surely a work worth doing, and quite as easy of accomplishment as the opposite, and it cannot be begun too early.

It is pleasant to recall one nursery full of healthy, happy children, where all passing minor ailments are met with a sort of tolerant surprise by both mother and nurse, and bumps and scratches and histionic "pains-aches" are distinctly unpopular. Behind this attitude the most watchful care, of course, prevails, but it is, so far as the children are concerned, a silent care, and the language of disease is unknown. The system works perfectly, and is recommended for trial.

CHAMPION OF FREE SILVER DEAD

William M. Stewart, formerly Senator from Nevada, died in Washington following an operation. Mr. Stewart was noted while in the Senate as the champion of free silver and made many notable speeches in behalf of that cause.



WILLIAM M. STEWART.

He was a student in Yale College when the gold discoveries in California were made in 1849 and went to the Pacific coast overland. He was admitted to the bar in San Francisco in 1852. After being Attorney General of California he went to Virginia City, Nev., where he practiced law and became interested in mines. The Comstock lode made his fortune. He had a stirring frontier life and many narrow escapes from death.

A Use for Tin Cans. The unpretentious tin can is put to good use in several Arizona mining camps and no longer is left on the hill sides to be nibbled by the pentive gophers. Particularly at Bisbee, Clifton and Jerome the cans and all other scrap iron available are gathered up and heaped into long troughs and into vats for the precipitation of water that is pumped from the copper mines, carrying copper in solution with sulphur.

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