

GLIMPSE OF AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING PHASE OF MODERN LIFE.



HE horde of tourists who spend the winter season in Egypt is increasing each yeargreatly to the delight of the pleasure seekers themselves, who are, as a class, ardent believers in the saying, "the more the merrier." But to students and dreamers who are sworn foes to modernity this phase of

life in the land of the Pharaohs is something to be deplored and lamented.

Among those visionaries whose constant cry is that the charm and mystery of Egypt are being ruined and obscured, there is no more ardent hater of the tourist class than the famous French Heutenant and writer, Pierre Loti. Ruskin fought no more flercely against our utilitarian age than does this Frenchman. English rule in Egypt, England's treatment of the Nile waters, the building of the Assouan dam, all these matters draw Loti's anger; but most of all it is the tourists. He never names American tourists specifically, yet we can-

not immune ourselves from his anger; he has simply lumped us with the English, the dominant race among the visitors there.

The desert of the Sphinx, he tells us, is now threatened on every side by modernism, and is becoming a meeting place for the idlers of the whole world. He says: "It is true that so far nobody has dared to profane the Sphiux by building in immediate proximity to its grandeur, the fixed disdain of which may still be potent. Yet, scarcely half a league away is the terminus of a road where cabs and tramways gather, and where motor cars of expensive makes emit their ducklike quacks; and yonder, behind the Pyramid of Cheops, looms a vast hotel, swarming with fashionables feathered as insanely as redskins for the scalp dance."

To the "fashionables" M. Loti appears only as a man out of tune with the times and his wails of protest seem only to increase the growing popularity of "touristridden Egypt" as a winter resort.

## SATISFACTION.

He never climbed the mountain heights; He never has attained success: His name has never yet appeared Within the columns of the press. And yet he proudly goes his way, Content in borrowed light to dwell; Of one who wine he'll always say : "I know a man who knows him well

Great things himself he never was, And I am sure he never tries; His greatest joy is to attract A crowd that he can patronize. And then, in a superior way, To them he'll condescend to tell How close he is to So and So. He knows a friend who knows him

The providest man on earth is not The one who is on top and knows it : Nor he who has succeeded well And feels above us all and shows it But he who, when some great man's name Is mentioned, lets his cranium swell! Oh, spare us from this bore of bores, Who knows a friend who knows his

well. -Detroit Free Press.

## All in Half an Hour

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON OF T

~~~~~ "Half-past eight, Gardon," said Mrs. MacLean, "and I want you to leave two notes on your way to kindergar ten. This in your right hand is for the left-hand note to anyone but Mr. careless!"

Gordon's chubby fingers closed over His mother, standing on the doorway to watch the little coat and cap out of sight, felt her eyes suddenly blurred.

"So like his dead father!" she mur mured, as she turned back into the

A few minutes later she glanced from a window toward the moss-green house at the foot of the hill and said to herself, "I believe I'll go and call."

Over at Aunt Margaret Crane's a vi alon of red cheeks and brown eyes flashed in and out of the dining room leaving a note on the table. The wind had given Gordon a chase for his cap on the way there and at one stage in the skirmish both notes had found themselves clutched in one hand, but Gordon knew perfectly well that the right-hand note had been on top all the time.

"What's this?" said Aunt Margaret picking up the note. Already Gordon was tretting down the road. " 'Please send immediately one dozen eggs, one bottle vanilla, one pound-' This was meant for the grocer. I'll telephone It down to Jeffrey's for her."

Mrs. Jeffrey, who happened that mornink to be filling the place of a suddenly departed cashier in her hushand's store, had hardly finished takfor a telephone order to be sent to Mrs. MacLean's when Gordon Mac-Lean, breathless from running, boundad into the store.

"Oh! Isn't Mr. Jeffrey here?" he sked, tightening his hold on the note. Mother told me not to give this to inyone but Mr. Jeffrey.

"But I'm Mrs. Jeffrey, dear. It's just the same if you give it to me."

This was perfectly true when she mid it. Two minutes later there was no troth in it.

desk, opened the note and read, his throat. and of an order for groceries, this par: I'm afraid I should not ask

come again after your being day, but could you? I shall a all the morning. 'A word to Don't come this afternoon,

Suddenly she remembered one thiny clearly. It was her husband's voice saying, "Must be mighty lonesome for Al MacLean's little widow, up there in | broke. the old place. She was saying when she was in the store yesterday that she hardly knows a soul in town yet. She just came out here to the suburbs because she wanted to be near her aunt.

be in the place where Al grew ap." That had been three months ago Mrs. Jeffrey had meant to call, but other things had interfered. Tom had spoken of her going several times, but not lately. A bright spot had begun to burn in each of her cheeks as she read the note once more. She had never dreamed, when hearing about men's growing tired of their wives-

She spatched a sheet of paper and dashed off these words:

"This note from Mrs. MacLean to you will explain why Teddy and I are taking the 10 o'clock train for Chicago. I'm going to mother's."

Having inclosed the two messages in an envelope, which she sealed and ad dressed, leaving it on the deak for her husband. Mrs. Jeffrey told the boy in losis as a disease affecting the lungs the rear room that he would have to only, but as a matter of fact it may come and stay in the store until Mr. attack any of the organs or tissues Jeffrey returned. Then she walked of the body. swiftly down the street to her home. the meas-green house at the foot of the hill. There, upon her own porch, she found berself face to face with Mrs. MacLean!

widow. "Please forgive my unconven-Aunt Margaret and the one in your tionality in coming this way, Mrs. Jef- culosis seldom originates in the joint, left hand is for the grocer. Don't give | frey, but your husband said you really wanted to call on me, and I'm so lone-Jeffrey himself-that boy of his is so some that I've just acted on impulse and run down to ask you if you



"I'LL GO BACK TO THE STORE."

wouldn't come and have a cup of tea

with me this afternoon?" She cast an appealing smile up to Mrs. Jeffrey-and fell back. "How dare you?" said Mrs. Jeffrey,

compressing into three words a volume As she spoke Jeffrey came rapidly

"What in the name-" he began.

eyes took in the little widow. "How dare you?" Mrs. Jeffrey re hours give another scream. peated, with rising excitement, as she snatched the wretched note from her husband's hand and held it out to Mrs. MacLean. "After writing my husband

Mrs. MacLean, shocked and white, was leaning against a pillar for support. Then her eyes fell on the note and the color flooded back to her face. "That was for my Aunt Margaret!"

she cried. "Did Gordon leave it at treatment is usually by rendering the the store? And you thought-Oh!" buried her face in her hands.

Jeffrey shifted his feet and cleared

Mrs. Jeffrey stood rooted to the floor. unable to keep pace with the develop-

The little widow sobbed and sobbed At last, however, she lifted her face and looked at Mrs. Jeffrey. "I understand it now," she said, "and the a somewhat difficult matter to observe strangest part is that it all happened a live herring. It is a fish that dies scause I wanted you for my friend. Instantly on being taken from its na-From the first minute I saw you in tive element. Among fishermen first thurch I wanted to know you, but it arose the expression, "Dead as a herantiful way your husband ring.

spoke about you the other day that made me dare, this morning, when I was so lonely, to ask-" Her voice

Mrs. Jeffrey, with a lump in her throat, took one step and sat down on the porch settee.

"Tom," she said, as she put both arms around the little widow, "go back Mrs. Crane, and because she likes to to the store." And the clock struck 9 .- Chicago

Daily News.



~~~~~ Tuberculosis of the Joints.

It is customary to regard tubercu-

When the bones or joints are affect ed, the disease is called surgical tuber culosis, because it is then amenable to mechanical treatment, or may even be extirpated by the surgeon's knife.

The joints most frequently attacked "Oh, here you are!" said the little are the spine, the hip and the knee. although no joint is exempt. Tubera neighboring bone, in the lungs, glands of the neck, or other more or less remote part.

The symptoms of tuberculous arthritis, or tuberculosis of the joints, vary somewhat according to the joint involved, but as a type one may take tuberculosis of the knee, formerly called "white awelling."

The first frank symptoms of inflammation are often preceded by a feeling of weakness in the joint. The child-for it is the young who chiefly suffer from these troubles—walks a little stiffly or with a slight limp, and "favors" the knee. When questioned why he does not run about as formerly, he will usually say he does not know-and he does not, for there is no pain at this time, and at most, if he is pressed, he will say his leg is

Soon pain appears, usually indefinite in location, and often referred to some part other than the diseased joint. Then, as the disease declares itself, the knee will be seen to be swollen, and pain is now caused by motion, so that the little patient keeps the leg slightly bent and rigid. There is often night-crying; the child cries out sharply in his sleep, but may not waken; or he may wake and whimper for a beg your pardon!" as his astonished time and then fall off to sleep again, and again in a few minutes or a few

Tuberculosis of the knee may assume one of three forms. That seen most frequently in adults is dropsy the joint being distended with fluid. that-how dare you come to my The most common form is the so-call ed "white swelling." In this the joint is distended with a soft, spongy, fungua-like growth, the skin over it being stretched and white. The third form is suppurative arthritis, commonly following the second form. The joint immovable; sometimes by clean-She dropped on the porch settee and ing out the contents, if pus forms; and rarely by cutting out the diseased

> Life in the open air day and night, especially by the seaside, does as much good for joint tuberculosis as open-air life farther inland or in the mountains does for consumption of the

"Dead as a Herring." Until the day of aquariums it was JAPS' SUICIDE FASHION.

Many Have Thrown Themselves Over Lofty Mountain Waterfall. The Tokio papers are devoting much space to the "shiju" or suicide together of a young man and woman near the famous pleasure resort of Enoshima. The case is one of so many that it cannot be denied that a certain class of the Japanese is extremely prone to hysteria and sentimentalism.

A long series of suicides began with the death of six years ago of a student of Tokio University, who threw himself over the lofty Kegon waterfall in the Nikko Mountains. He left behind, pinned to a tree on the brink of the fall, a letter explaining the cause of his death, which seems to have been due to overstudy and his quest for a "new way into the unknown."

The circumstances of the suicide made the beautiful resort notorious. and numbers of hysterical young men and women took their way over the fall into the unknown, their reasons for seeking death being carefully chronicled on paper and left near the spot. Finally the police stepped in, an ugly police box was placed near the fall-a jarring sight amid beautiful scenery-and an unromantic police man is now on duty there.

Ambitious youths wishing to set the example in other modes of death are not uncommon. One young man, a student, threw himself into the crater of Asama Yama, an active volcano 8,000 feet high. The walls of the crater are perpendicular and worn smooth by lava action.

Alone, before the break of day, when the lava threw a glow upon the heavens, the student cast himself down. He left a carefully written but very badly worded note in English on the subject of the family life and love.

The suicides at Enoshima were brewery, who had got himself hopelessly into debt on her account. They were found bound together with their throats cut. Owing to the "romantic' pers phophesy that this form of suicide | Ruthle knocked three times. will become fashionable, as did that over the Kegon fall. Columns are de the postman. I see I have a letter." voted to the details of the affair, and photograph of the suicide is pubaffectionately around the neck of the for Flora, because she feels so bad-

## SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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A man should esteem character above beauty in a wife. But some mer are so swinish as to demand both qualifications.

The woman who lies abed while her

husband eats his breakfast is the first one to emit plercing squeaks when he comes home ten minutes late for dinner. Another undestrable citizeness

the woman who, sitting back of you at the theater, munches peanut brittle throughout the performance and breathes asthmatically.

Odd, Isn't It, that so many women with missions utterly fail to apprehend the elemental fact that the first and foremost reason why a man loves woman is that she is a female?

Now that the era of elbow-sleeved shirtwaists is all over, there can be no harm in whispering it that women with hairy or freckled or red forearms made a sad mistake in showing 'em.

Few men can figure out why it is that women who live their lives in the domain of smug respectability are so keen to find out all they can about women who are wholly outside the

The prevish woman who raucously demands of her husband, "What kind of a wife do you want, anyhow?" would feel a bit less perky about it if she could only hear him saying to himself, "I don't want any wife at all,

The women who, in giving their views about "How to keep a husband." write that "the man who is held cap tive by lingerie isn't worth having." don't appear to offer any "equally good" proposition wherewith to hold 'em captive.

No Competitors.

A New Englander, traveling on foot through the Southern mountains. studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a cer tain cabin at which he had been ad vised to stay overnight. "Going thar?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a firstrater, take him just right, but he's mighty queer.

"What do you mean?" asked the

"Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming; he'll take a good look at you, and of you don't suit him, he may set the dog on you.

"Ef he don't, and you get to talking with him, and say anything he don't just like, he may throw you down and tromp on you. But ef you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fust and listen to explanations afterward.

"But it's no use trying to get by trio. without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "Ef you was to undertake that, 'twould be that we can make the sun shine for all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggetty.

mountain whole, den't go past Tom's smiling brightly. cabin without stopping, whatever you could we go out?"

Doubting Dennis.

Judy-Will ye give me yer promise, Dennia, that ye'll love me forever? Dennis-Sure, an' Ol'd like to do that same, Judy, but Oi'm hardly of the opinion that Of'll last as long as that.-New York Times. with von, if you wish,"

The great difference between a widower and a married man is that the married man is watched by only one, and that one has a right.

His Mother.

We sit in one big chair, for mother' And rock and talk, all in the fire light's glow;

it's funny. It's somehow easier to visit so. She loves to read the very books that

I do. That tell of Laucelot, and all the

She thinks that Charlemagne was such But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best.

She knows about the school, and what I study;

She likes the boys, remembers nicknames, too. I tell her everything that I am doing-Why, bedtime comes before we're

nearly through! She's glad that I'm a boy, and grow-She isn't serry that my hair does

My mother is not like a grown-up

I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.

-Alix Thorn.

THE MUMP PARTY. Ruthle was guiding Flora's hand as geisha and her lover, a clerk in a she wrote. Flora could write almost as well as her little mother. She carefully spelled out "Grandma" on one side of the slip of paper, folded the paper and poked it through the circumstances of the tragedy the pa- key-hole of grandma's door. Then

"Bless me," cried grandma, "there's "It's an invitation," explained Ruthie, running with the paper to lished, the man with his arm placed grandma's chair. "It's a mump party Rutale's.

Ruthle flew away to get ready. Back she came with Flora dressed in her prettiest gown. Then came the best tea-set used only on state occasions. "We're going to have something very nice because Flora's so disap-

"There's going to be sugar in milk for tea, and animal crackers! "Then I shall have to put on my

best black silk apron," decided grand-

pointed," Ruthie said as she set out

the dishes on grandma's tab'e.

and brought the apron. She had on her own best dress and her hair nicely combed. It began to feel like a real

"What games does Flora like?" asked grandena when Ruthie at last announced that the party was ready to

begin. "She likes What am I thinking of," replied Ruthie glancing at grandma's lame foot. She would not be so impolite as to say tag or hide-and-seek. So they sat still as mice and guessed what Flora was thinking of for ten

minutes, by the clock. "She'll bave to tell us," said grand-Ruthle jumped up and clapped her hands. "She's thinking it's time for

the animal crackers," she cried. It was queer they had not guessed sooner. Flora had been staring at the heaped-up plate on the table all the

Then something happened. The door opened, and in came mamma with a big dish covered with a napkin. A card on the top read, "For the mump party." Under the napkin were little chocolate cakes, macarooms, and bombons, "Something for Flora from Dorothy," said mamma. Ruthie hopped on one foot with delight, and hugged mamma and grandma and Flora. She poured out the milk tea, and they ate first the animal crackers, then the macaroons and chocolate cakes, and snapped the hon-

"Guesa what Flora thinks now, grandma," said Ruthie as she tled a pink bonbon cap on grandma's head. "Don't you know? Why she thinks mump parties are 'most as good as really ones."-Ethel S. Young, in the He is tame and cannot walk. Mary Christian Register.

A RAINY-DAY JOURNEY. "Why, dearies," seed Aunt Bertha, as she came into the nursery and found the three children with solemn little faces pressed against the rainspattered windowpane, "have you yet to learn that it can be sunny within if it is rainy outside?"

"If this was the last day of your vacation, and it had rained most every day, I guess you wouldn't say that," said Bobby, the eldest of the

"When I was ten years old, I presome I wouldn't have said so," replied Aunt Berths, 'but I have learned since us almost always if we are only willing to try. How would you all like "Ef you want to come out of the to go on a pleasure trip?" She was

"In the rain?" asked the three, in surprise, "Why, Aunt Bertha! How

"Oh, the rain won't affect us in the least. We shall not even need rubbers or umbrellas," she answered. laughing. "You may put on your rubber boots. Pobby, and run over and ask your playmates to come and travel

Bobby looked rather doubtful, but he went, and room five children were but the National Association must be watching son'y stitch up four long consulted or the great American game strips of brown naper on the machine, is done for. Shame on you, girls!-This she divided into five booklets. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Next she brought a pile of old magazines, several pairs of scissors, and

some paste and brushes. "Now," he said, "you may all travel just where you wish. These magazines are full of pictures taken in interesting countries all over the world. Wherever you decide to visit, just find all the pictures you can that have any connection with the place, and paste them in your little books, and you will have much of the pleasure and excitement of a real jour ney, with none of its dangers and discomforts. I will leave you for little while now, and when I come back I shall expect to find you all

She pats my hands, perhaps you think | How quickly the next two hours passed, and how busy the little brains and fingers were!

home again, safe and happy."

Bobby went to California. His first picture was of the "Sunset Limited." the train in which he chose to cross the continent. There were views of Western cities that he passed through; and when he reached the sunny land he filled his booklet with scenes in the great harber on the Pacific coast, pictures of wonderful flowers and fruits that grow only under southern skies, photographs taken at an ostrich-farm, and many other things of interest, until the last leaf of the

journey-book was covered. Elsa went to Japan, and she collected pictures of bamboo houses and Japanese chi'dren with cherry-blossoms and butterflies.

Everybody journeyed somewhere. When Aunt Bertha came in again, she brought a big plate of sugar jumbles. and the way the cookies disappeared proved that each little traveller had returned in good health with a good appetite.-Christine Gleason, in the Youth's Companion.

SOME NEW FRIENDS. Would you like to make some new friends, and meet some pleasant mer-

ry folks? Hunt up some bits of cottom batting, pieces of horse hair, string and tow, and little strips of cloth. Fasten these to bushes and limbs of trees, fence posts and any other handy place. Then walt and see what will

on the very first warm days of spring. you will see some little feathered folks come hurrying back from the ly not to go to her cousin Dorothy's South. And the very first thing these real party this afternoon." Flora's wise little creature think about is throat was tied up in flannel, so was a home for themselves and a nest for the new bebles that always come "Mump parties are the best kind ; to them in springtime. Their sharp for lame old ladies," said grandma, eyes can peer into every nook and with a kiss as thanks for her invita- corner, and you may be sure that

your little offerings will be seen. You will be surprised to find how early they begin their building, what a merry time they seem to have and

how many kinds of nests they make. Such strange taste some of them have! The kingbird and the golden robin, for example, will want all your cotton battings, and will fight off all the other birds that have the same fancy. The chipping sparrows will carry off every horse hair and never seem to have enough. The other birds have, one and all, their own choice Ruthle gave grandma a little bug of building material, and know just where their nest must be and all they ask is to be let alone.

Do not fail to provide a birdhouse also, for some of the more helpless ones. Take a starch box, cut a bole in one end for a door and nail the cover on firmly. Set it in a well protected crotch of some old, knotted apple-tree, and you will see how the birds fight for it. They konw what you mean-they understand that you are offering them a home. Mr. and Mrs. House Wren will burry into it. and the bluebirds or tree swallows will run a race for its shelter.

In a few weeks your building material will have vanished, but all summer long the birds will sing pretty songs, will wake you in the morning, or serenade your at sunset and thank you for your kindness .- Philadelphia Record.

MARY'S SCRAP-BOOK. "Oh, dear," said Mary one day, "! is so stormy. I cannot go out to play I don't know what to do."

"Why don't you make a scrapbook?" said mother. "I don't know how," said Mary, So mother showed the little girl how to cut out the pictures from old magazines. Then she pasted them on some white muslin. How pretty they look-

ed! Mary was delighted. Soon the little girl was working busily. She never noticed how quickly the time flew by. She was much surprised when mother told her it was

Mary says she is going to work on her scrap-book every stormy day until it is quite finished. Then she is going to give it to little Cousin Joe. thinks he will enjoy looking at the pictures.-Primary Education.

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON "Put down," the little fellow said reading from the advertisement, "ten pounds of sugar at five cents a pound, an' four pounds of coffee at thirty cents a pound, an' two pounds

"I've got them down," the grocer said, looking up from his pad. "How much does that come to?"

pound, an' two cakes of soap at five

of butter at twenty-eight cents

the lad asked. The man ran up the column. "Two thirty-six," he announced. "Hurry up, who are taking this year's course of "An' if I was to give you a five-

"You get \$2.64—give it to me," the grocer said, impatiently, "Thanks—that is my 'rithmetic for

dollar bill, how much change would I

tomorrow, an' I couldn't work it," the | ly unfamiliar to biblical students, but lad said, as he disappeared through the door.-Home Herald. Want Them in Pairs.

The college girls are going too far

when they make it a college ten instead of a college nine. It may be all right to have an extra shortstop,

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

There are 752 kinds of flowers

found in the Arctic regions. Of an average each resident of Berlin is said to spend one-eleventh of his income on intoxicating drink.

It is estimated that the Canadian Northwestern coal field, between Morrissey and Banff, contains about 45.-000,000,000 tons of coal.

The total production of turpentine in the Southern woods during the last year was 36,500,000 gallons, and of rosin 4,000,000 barrels. The value of the two products was \$32,000,000.

In connection with the recent trial of Chatham (Eng.) dockyard men for thefts of old metal, the auditors' report on the navy says: "Some of the conspirators obtained leave of absence from the dockyard in order actively

to carry out the thefts." Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others outdoor. The latter all recovered, . . while the former all died.-Medical Record.

A seven-foot alligator has been disporting himself in the canal near Pine street bridge. He has afforded much amusement for the school children, for the gator has evidently a musical ear. He only appears when singing is going on in the school. When this fact became known a number of the children went to the bridge and to the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," sung by them, he lazily came from his hiding place and enjoyed the impromptu concert. The experiment has been repeated several times with success .- Ft. Pierce (Fla.)

Tribune. Amsterdam enjoys an enviable reputation for its cleanliness. Owen Feltham, who visited Holland in the seventeenth century, was particularly impressed by the spotlessness of its streets and houses. "Whatsover their estates be," he writes, "their houses As soon as the snow melts away, must be fair. Therefore, from Amsterdam they have banished seacole, lest it soyle their buildings. Every door seemed studded with diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightnesse, as if rust there was not a quality incident to iron. Their houses they kept cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls."

Australia has an area of 3,974,501 square miles. In 1906 the estimated white population was 4,119,481, and the estimated residue of the aboriginal "black fellows" about 75,000. Of these fully 20,000 are within the limits of the state of Queensland, which occupies the northeastern part of the continent and has a white population of about 600,000 on an area of 670,000 square miles. The Australian aborigines are not civilizable and have a very low intellectual capacity. They are cared for by a well considered system of laws and are looked after by "protectors" located at numerous points throughout the continent.

A query has been addressed to Kew as to the wood used for mummy coffins in Egypt, which was stated by the correspondent to be that of aveamore. Some pieces of mummy coffin wood were presented to Kew in 1875 by H. H. Calvert, Bfitish consul at Alexandria, and later specimens of the wood of Ficus sycomorus were forwarded from Egypt by Dr. Schweinfurth. The microscopic structure of these specimens has been compared in the laboratory, and we learn from the Bulletin that there is no reason to doubt that the mummy coffins referred to were made from the wood of Fleus sycomorus—the sycamore fig.

Cattaro, the Austrian sea gate of Montenegro, which was recently believed to be threatened by Prince Micholas' guns, was held by Montenegro once for a little time. Montenegro acquired it in 1813 with the aid of a British squadron. Any inhabitant of Cattaro who was contemporary with the rise and fall of Napoleon must often have had to pause and think what country he belonged to. For having been Venetian for centuries, Cattaro became Austrian by the treaty of Campo Formio, and Itallan in 1805, by the peace of Pressburg. It was absorbed in the French empire in 1810, and wrested from it in 1813, and finally, in 1814, Russia compelled Montenegro to give it up

-Westminster Gazette.

to Austria.

Of the world's Islands Borneo and New Guinea are accounted the two largest. As their areas have not been accurately ascertained, it is uncertain which is the larger of the two. Authorities vary, some calling New Guinea the largest island on earth, some the second largest. Its area is estimated at about 313,000 square miles greater than that of all our Atlantic coast States from New Jersey to Florida, with West Virginia added. Of this vast isle the Dutch own nearly half-and the best halfall west of longitude 141 east of Greenwich. This large tract of land, estimated at 152,000 square milesmore than three times the extent of the State of New York-is practically

The following gems of literature are bona fide examples of the erudition posessed by certain, students English A at Harvard. An effort to write something about the word "Vulgate" in connection with the Bible resulted in the production of "In the fourteenth century lived Bulgate. He translated the Bible for Roman Catholics." Ahithophel is a name not wholperhaps this will give new information concerning him: "Ahithophel was the first man after the flood to lead a holy existence, but after him and before the time of Christ there were a number of Christians ensconced in different places."--Christian Register.

There is no picture equal to the timtype, if you are satisfied with a like-