LAS VEGAS NEVADA

Paul de Lourede is the latest French pretender, but he prudently lives in

A Butte man spent \$1,000 for a tree. That's nothing. A tree cost Adam all his real estate.

Senator Clark of Montana is in the hands of doctors, but they will find him tough and strenuous.

A Buffalo girl has been awarded 341.20 for a stolen kiss. It must have been marked down from \$41.25.

The Emperor of Japan eats a twenty-course dinner every day. He isn't going to have an indemnity to raise.

A Philadelphia paper refers to a "semi-millionheiress." That doesn't look much like being kind to the rich.

Maryland claims that her mosquitoes are bigger than New Jersey's. We suspect that Maryland is ringing in blackbirds.

Scotty created a continental sensation at any rate, and he did it on \$25,-000. He knows how to make money go a long ways.

There must be some limit to the size of new battleships. The quantity of available ocean room is fixed within prescribed limits.

Boston reports that a fisherman found a valuable diamond ring in a flounder. One must have some excuse for fishing for flounders.

Airships are becoming commoner and commoner, but aeronauts who maneuver over lakes or the sea continue to wear cork jackets.

Japan's champion heavyweight wrestler was introduced to Secretary Taft, but prudently refrained from opening professional negotiations.

J. Pierpont Morgan has returned from Europe with 127 suits of clothes. Russell Sage will be losing confidence in Mr. Morgan if he doesn't watch out.

Maryland is suffering from the ravages of a-new variety of kissing bug Or it may be that the seventeen year locust is developing a new form of at-

Mrs. Langtry is going into yaudeville, principally because she needs the money. Still, she never did muchtwanging on the art-for-art's-sake string.

A new plot against the sultan of tenji, Roumania. The sultan can't complain that he is being neglected, anyway.

The dry weather is playing havoc with the New Jersey peach crop, but as long as the applejack crop promises to be all right, New Jersey Isn't fretting much.

Pennsylvania produces more cherries than any other state in the Union. Statistics show, much to our surprise, however, that it is not the leading plum state.

A Philadelphia man was killed for kicking another Philadelphia man's dog. Since the awakening there the inhabitants of Philadelphia are just like other people.

The professional baseball player is described by a magazine writer as a morose, malancholy and suspicious being. Most umpires probably will corroborate this view.

There's comfort for the poorly-paid in the assertion made by Arnold White, the English writer, that "You cannot always judge a man's brains by the amount of his salary."

It is not true that Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania is going to sell his noted collection of 15,000 historical books because he doesn't have time now to read anything besides the newspapers.

The only strange thing about it is that the price of "Fads and Fancies" wasn't fixed at \$10,000 a copy. The people who subscribed for it don't seem to have stopped to consider the value of good money.

One hundred year old Mr. Warner of New York explains his case by the statement that he eats only two meals a day. He might live another 100 years by eating only one meal a day, but would it be worth it?

A woman in Orange, N. J., who wouldn't pay her rent because painters, driven away by bees, had not finished painting her house, found 300 pounds of honey between the walls. And now the painters must feel weary.

At Middletown, N. Y., a bride and groom were arrested because they displayed their affection for each other while in one of the principal streets, Let Middletown hereafter be merely a way station on the honeymoon

By an odd coincidence, Fraulein Hoaven, who arrived in New York from the Mediterranean the other day, had marie Hell as a fellow yoyager from Genoa to Gibraltar. The obvious comment we positively decline to make



When ma comes runnin' down th' stair
She stops right in th' door,
An' sort o' makes a picture there,
An' taps upon th' floor
Till pa looks up, an' then she cries,
"Well, how is this for style?"
An' pa jus' grunts an' drops his eyes—
An' then I see him smile.

My pa sometimes he gets so mad—
It's awful how he blows
About th' money ma has had
To keep herself in clothes.
An' ma she tells him how she's tried
To please him all the while,
An' pa he snorts an' looks aside—
An' then I see him smile.

An' pa he growls an' looks so grim,
An' then begins to knock.
When ma upstairs calls down to him,
"Please come an' hook my frock."
But ma she sof'ly smoothes his hair
In such a lovin' style,
Jus' where th' gray is comin' there—
An' then I see him smile. My pa has got a temper bad— He's always full of fight;

He's always full of fight;

He scolds at ma an' gets so mad—
But ma ain't scared a mite.

An' yesterday I said to pa—

'Twas after tea awhile—

'I guess you think a lot of ma'—

An' then I see him smile.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How to Distill Water. There is much use for distilled (pure) water in every house. No eye wash, for instance, should ever be used unless made with distilled water. But is costs something to get a little distilled water from the drug store, so

most people do without it. Your home need not do without it however, for you can easily keep it supplied with distilled water-a small quantity, at least.

Take a couple of bottles and prepare a cork that will fit so tight into the necks of both bottles that they will be airtight. Bore a hole through



the cork. Now fill one bottle with water up to the neck (See Fig. E), then lay it over an alcohol lamp, while the other bottle (C) rests on a kitchen vessel on an exact level with the other bottle.

Over C hang a funnel with its narrow end either pinched or plugged with cotton so that when filled with cold water it will release the water only drop by drop on the bottle (C) beneath.

As the vapor from the heated water in E enters C it will condense, and you will soon have a small quantity of distilled water.

The Left Hand.

It is strange that so strong a prejudice against the left hand has lived and increased for centuries when there is no natural or physiological reason for it. Examination of the skeleton of a person who was strong. healthy and well formed in life shows that the bones of the left hand and arm are just as large and capable as those of the right.

The study of physiology shows, too, that the muscles and ligaments and cartilages that fastened that person's arms to his body and gave them the power of motion were made to do their work just as well on one side of the body as on the other. If the left side was the weaker it was because of the failure to exercise it as freely as the other.

Monkeys, cats, dogs and other animals would be likely to smile-if they could-at the absurdity of their paws being rights and lefts, or that the paw on one side could do more than the paw on the other. And yet we hear boys and girls say that they can throw a ball, handle a racket, or do anything else only with the right hand, which seems to prove that they are not so well formed as the animals named. On the contrary, a human being is the most perfectly formed of all creatures.

It is all a matter of education. Children should be taught to use the left hand as much as the right. There would be no difficulty about it at all; but when a person who has been taught to use the right hand to the exclusion of the left attempts to use the left, of course he finds it awkward and discouraging. Let him persist, however, and he will soon be able to use one hand as' well as he does the other.

The White Buffalo. The disappearance of the stuffed white buffalo from the Kansas statehouse, whence it was taken by its owner, who left it on exhibition there years ago, recalls the day when the the animal kingdom-but the number of those which existed purely in the imagination was in wonderful disproportion. Every buffalo hunter could and slipping in pieces of stiff card smusement as well as a purchased tell stories of having seen and pur- board, which project at least half an one, and an ingenious boy can im sued white buffaloes. Many a hunter | inch on each side of the box. When prove on it and elaborate it as much

by false reports of this character. In I through, a ball tipped discharger 1873, for example, old "Ben" Canfield, who roamed the plains, with his tall, gaunt wife for a companion, followed a bunch of buffalo from the northern the building. The point is made of edge of what is now Oklahoma to the sand hills of Nebraska thinking to kill a big white bull at the head of his harem of cows. And, after three weeks of patient stalking, Canfield did kill the bull, only to find that he was covered with a coat of whitewash, which gave him the appearance of being white in fact. An explanation of this phenomenon would not be needed by people familiar with the natural lime beds of western Kansas. The habit of the buffalo is to roll in every pool of water or hole of mud which he comes to. The well-known "buffalo your two hands over the large, or wallow," still to be seen over the great flannel, end. Now blow through the plains, was the product of this habit. Canfields' buffalo had simply been rolling in a bed of the native lime, which coated his hide, when dried in the sun, with a kind of plaster. And no doubt these lime holes could account for many of the white buffaloes so often reported by hunters.

Game of Noted Men.

The hostess begins by saying: "I know a celebrated poet, the first part of whose name is very black, and the last is an elevation."

The player, responding "Coleridge," in turn describes the name of some other noted person. For instance, "Shakespeare," saying: "I know a noted author and poet, the first part of whose name people do when cold; the last part is a weapon of warfare.'

Only give the profession, nothing else. The following names readily trumpet. lend themselves to this simple but instructive little game:

Words-worth. Shell-ey (Shell-lea): Church-hill. Web-ster. Wal-pole Washing-ton. Long-fellow.

Black-stone. Isaac Walton (Eye-sack-wall-ton).

Why Lightning Rod is Pointed. Many boys and girls have wondered, no doubt, why a lightning rod is always pointed instead of having a blunt end, and also why the point is made of metal that does not easily corrode.

has the least possible surface.

a needle. The same charge received Nicholas.

would kill you instantly. Besides, a point attracts the lightning, and thus keeps it from striking other parts of metal that does not easily corrode because corrosion or rust, increases the resistance, and a rusty point, thereiore, might cause a violent and destructive discharge.

If you have a lightning rod on your house, no doubt it has emptied many a cloud of its electricity without anybody's knowing anything about it.

Toy That Will Talk. Would you like to make a talking machine? If you have a toy trumpet, put the small end in your mouth and trumpet and open and shut your hands once quickly. The syllable "ma" will be sounded, and if you repeat this in a quick succession, the word "mamma" will be spoken by the



It may have a strident sound, but it will, nevertheless, be a spoken word.

Another good imitation of the human voice may be made by taking a large empty spool and stretching across the hole at one end two rubber bands. The bands must be close together witheir edges, but must not overlap. You can tack or tie the ends over the side of the spool. When you blow through the other end of the spool the bands vibrate like the human vocal chords and make a sound something like the human voice, which will change according to the force with which you blow.

To Ward Off Stings.

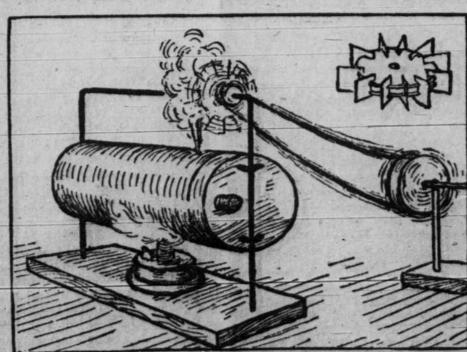
Hornets and bees are not so apt to The object of a lightning rod is to sting a person if he keeps absolutely empty a cloud of its electricity noise- still, but this is not necessarily due to pointed because a point offers no re- but simply that they do not recognize sistance to the discharge. The de- an enemy in a perfectly stationary gree of resistance is in proportion to body. The accumulated intelligence of the surface of the object, and a point generations has shown them that still objects, like posts, stones, or trees. If the rod had a ball or a knob on are not enemies, and that disturbance the top, the discharge would be vio- of their nests is always occasioned by lent. The difference is shown in dis- objects having power of motion. It charging a battery. You will be sur- thus follows that if a hornets' nest be prised to hear, perhaps, that the full disturbed or if a wild bees' nest be charge from a large battery may be agitated, danger of stinging is much pasted harmlessly through your body less if the person keeps perfectly still. If it be received through the point of |-From Nature and Science, in St.

How to Make a Steam Engine

box, one about the size of a pinhole, the boiler. the other as large as a slate pencil. wooden plug or a cork.

An easily constructed steam engine, damp sand to steady the slips, and may be made by any boy with very keep them put on the lid of the box simple materials. An old baking pow- and fasten it by glue so that it will der box will do for the boiler. Fasten not open. Arrange this wheel on the its lid to it with shellac varnish, and wire axle so that one side of it punch two holes in the side of the comes directly above the pinhole in

Now remove the plug from the The larger hole must be fitted with a larger hole and fill the boiler with water; then close it, and light an alco-Your boiler is now complete, but it hol lamp under the boiler. When the must be fastened at its two ends be- water boils the steam will issue from tween two upright posts that are at the pinhole in the boiler, and, strik-



THE HOME MADE STEAM ENGINE AT WORK.

tached to a baseboard, so that the ing the paddles of the wheel, will white buffalo figured in hunters' tales. two holes will be at the top of the cause it to spin very rapidly. There was a tradition among the boiler. The side posts should rise at | A grooved wooden wheel may be hunters that some one had hung up least two inches higher than the top glued to one side of the paddle wheel, a reward of \$1,000 for the skin of a of the boiler, and should be connected and a string run around the groove white buffalo. There were white buf- at the top by a piece of stout wire, may be connected with any of the toys faloes-albinos, such as are found at which will serve as an axle to a stiff that are to be set in motion by miniarare intervals in all the families of wheel, like a water wheel, or the pad- ture steam engines. You may use for dle of a steamboat.

large pill box, making slits in its sides, This engine will serve for your as been sent on a wild goose chase these are in place, fill the box with as he likes.

the grooved wheel a small spool such The wheel is made by taking a as buttonhole silk is wound on.

Jamaica's Glories Gone

(Special Correspondence.)

oust have wished that they could have lived in Jamaica in the spacious days of Paul Gelid and Aaron Bangs, and held high festival with governors and judges and bishops and admirals in the "great house" of a sugar plantation which in those distant days, produced a revenue sufficient to make the Creole heiresses the first prizes in the English matrimonial market. The sugar plantations are no longer

a source of great wealth, owing to the competition of the European beet product. Once, when you said a man was a sugar planter in Jamaica, you meant that he was a magnate. Now, the term implies that he is an unfortunate wretch who lies awake at nights thinking about the mortgages on his property. Even Aaron Bangs' plantation-for he was a real man and his house and property were faithfully described by Michael Scott-has now 'gone out of sugar," as they say in Jamaica, and is devoted to the cultivation of bananas for the American market. But the "great house," which is called "Tulloch," still exists exactly as it did in the time of Scott. It is owned by my uncle-in-law and I have stood in the hallowed spot where Tom Cringle split his breeches and had to be helped out of the room under cover of his pretty cousin's petticoat.

Near by is Spanish Town, formerly called Saint Jago de la Vega, in the days when it was the capital of the colony and "the home of all that was wise, learned, gallant, hospitable and distinguished." Now it is a moribund town-little better than a deserted negro village, with grass growing in the streets. Long-tailed pigs wander about the main thoroughfares and quarrel with the John Crow vultures for the ownership of the garbage. There are no other scavengers.

Prominence of St. Jago.

Yet, as you wander through the deserted streets, you feel that once St. Jago de la Vega was indeed a city. The huge houses, now empty and tumbling to pieces, have an air of aristocracy about them, to which those in Kingston, the modern capital, have no

"Cho. sah!" says the old negro wno of the abandoned king's house, where houses.

Readers of "Tom Cringle's Log" | ing to see her still treating the mother and grandmother as children. They take her scoldings as if they really donot know they are grown up.

Here is a conversation I heard between one of these dear old women and her mistress, who was the mother of eight children and the grandmother

"Miss Lily"-any one whom nana ever knew as "miss" remains "miss" to the end of the chapter, even if she has been married for a generation-"Miss Lily, you mus'n' walk 'pon dat damp grass wid dem thin shoes! Come in dis minit, now, an' put on thicker ones!"

"Oh, nurse, I'm only running across to the chicken yard. My feet won't get wet."

"Neber mind if you was only goin' two steps! You mus' come in an' put on you' thick shoes."

"Nurse, you're an old tyrant; but I suppose I must." And the mother of eight children

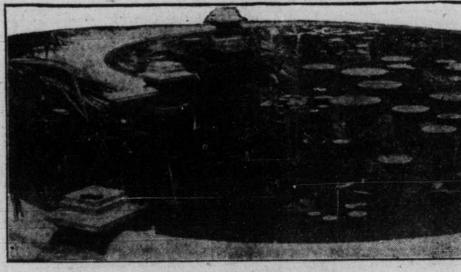
meekly did as she was told. Hospitality in Jamaica is a fine old tradition which even the opening upof the island as a tourist resort has not yet destroyed. The poorest planter prides himself on maintaining it. If the traveler is provided with letters of introduction, so much the better; but he can hardly travel through the country except by the well-beaten tourist routes without receiving several hearty invitations to stay in private

"My dear," says the planter at breakfast, "I hear there's an American gentleman staying at old Mother Mendoza's lodgings in the village."

"My goodness, Jack! Whatever will he think of Mrs. Mendoza's greasy soup? I wouldn't want my worst enemy to eat it. Go down and call on him and ask him to come and stay with us."

Parties in Honor of Guests.

The planter does so, and as soon as the guest is installed at the "great house" tennis parties and dances are arranged in his honor. They are attended by other planters' families within a radius of twenty or thirty miles and it is not long before the American, if he is desirable, receives conducts you through the vast halls invitations to stay at half a dozen



Lily Pond in Garden of "King's House."

former governors of Jamaica lived and (white gentlemen) dem gone, sah. De young ones, dem no good! Dere was it free. Dem dance ebry night, sahan' dem drink-land, sah! how dem did drink!" And the praiser of the times that

have been tells stories of Lucullan leasts of jerked hog and black crabturtle soup and old Madeira. He confures up pictures of the wicked old times when aides-de-camp used to ride alligators through the streets, when admirals of the blue gave balls to the brown girls of the town, when vice in every shape and form was more reputable, if not more fashionable, than it is at present. But it is all a memory. There is not a single bottle of the old Madeira extant. Nobody even remembers the Hell Fire club, and the oldest inhabitant of the town cannot tell you how to compound the famous Bath punch. Nevertheless, the life of the white planter in Jamaica is fully as pleasant to-day as it was in the time of Aaron Bangs. It is very much like the life on the plantations of Virginia and other southern states in the days before the war, barring, of course, the slavery of the blacks. Many of these Jamaican planters

belong to the oldest and noblest British families, just as the old southerners did. Their ancestors who emigrated to Jamaica were probably friends in the old country of those "gentlemen adventurers" who built up the colony of Virginia. The plantations and the family plate and family pride have been handed down perhaps for more than a couple of hundred years. Such a life as that which Thackeray has described in the opening chapters of "The Virginians" is still lived to-day in much the same fashion on many Jamaica plantations. There is the same generous hospitality, the same pride, the same solicitude for dependents, the same free, open-air, rollicking life. There are a thousand points of resemblance, but perhaps the closest is the likeness of the West Indian "nana" to the old southern "mammy."

"Nana's" Position. When one of her former charges

marries "nana" goes to her new home as a matter of course. It is not at all uncommon to find that she has nursed mother, daughter and granddaughter, one after the other. Naturally she becomes the family despot. It is amus-

The planter's house servants are alheld high revel, "all de old bockra ways looked upon as the luckiest of the negroes on the plantation. They have all the faithfulness and lively wit money in de old days, an' dem spend and humor so commonly associated with the southern darky and it is curious how closely their habits and amusements correspond to his. He dances the cakewalk; they dance the "shay-shay." He tells Uncle Remus stories; they tell stories about Br'er Anancy, the crafty spider. And they are fond of making up songs about the events of the day, just as he did in the good old times, and singing them in their quarters at night. Many of Jehovad had entered through them these ballads eventually become enshrined in West Indian folklore.

What She Said.

A young man strolled into a florist's last week and spent half his week's salary on a remembrance of her birthday anniversary. These he sent to her by a special messenger, inclosing his card with a few select words of good He stationed himself around the

corner from the young woman's residence, awaiting the return of the messenger. When the latter appeared the young man asked him whether he had seen the young lady and what she had said. "Yes," replied the messenger, "I

seen her. She was sittin' on the porch wit' a young feller she was sparkin', I guess. I give her the flowers, all right."

"And what did she say?" "Nuffin' to me, but she asked that other guy if he wouldn't like one of the roses for his buttonhole, and when he said 'Yes' she picked one out and pinned it on him herself."

Points About a Watermelon. To plug is to let air into the melon. causing withering and decay around the edges of the holes, no matter bow carefully the plug is replaced. To plunk does no harm. Down on yours knees over a fine, large one, shining green amid the vines of the patch: lean over and press one hand on each side—a quick, sharp squeeze—an ear inclined to hear sound. Does it crackle in response? Does a sound come forth like a ripping of the heart within-a breaking down of those

walls of solid juiciness? Then it has

plunked, then it is ripe, then it is at