

**THE TRUE FISHERMAN.**

**He Enjoys Nature's Beauties and is Not a Mere Butcher.**

The angler's art is but a pretext, or, rather, the incentive to a ramble, and not the sole object of the fisherman, unless, alas, he belongs to that too common variety, the man whose sole object is his catch. Such a man fishes with a worm, hides fingerlings in the depth of his basket and photographs his catch as a witness of his crime. He is not a fisherman, but a butcher. A yellow primrose on the river's bank is to him a primrose and nothing more.

The true fisherman loves to catch fish, to match his wits against the weary trout, but as he wanders from pool to pool the songs of the birds greet him restfully. Every turn in the stream reveals a nook in which strange wild flowers nestle. The gentle excitement of the sport prevents the scene from becoming monotonous. The element of chance, the uncertainty of the catch, add the drop of tabasco sauce which gives zest to the day. And the noontide meal by the brink of the stream! When did a meal have a more delightful flavor? Delmonico never served a trout like unto those we have eaten by the banks of a mountain brook with the clear blue sky above, the waving forest round about and the murmuring stream at our feet.

The hour of contemplation comes afterward, with the pipe of peace in our hand instead of the relinquished rod. How far off the city seems! Are there such things as corporations, trusts, stocks, bonds, electric lights that amaze the sight, harsh warnings of trolley gongs, the rumble and grind of the wheels and the brakes on the elevated road which affright the ear? The barshest note that breaks the stillness here is the boom of the bittern in the distant marsh.

Home to camp the fisherman goes, taking a cast in this silent pool in which the trout rose in the forenoon to his cast, but missed the fly, or in that dark hole deep under the bank in which a vigilant eye may detect the brown sides of a trout with lazily waving fins and tail, an old campaigner not easily caught.—Dr. A. T. Bristow in World's Work.

**CHINESE CONTRASTS.**

We bake bread; in China they steam it.

We divide the day into twenty-four hours; they into twelve.

We locate intellect in the brain; they locate it in the stomach.

Our calendar is based on solar time; theirs is based on lunar time.

With us the seat of honor is on the right; with them it is on the left.

Our given name precedes the surname; theirs follows the surname.

The needle of our compass points to the north; theirs points to the south.

We have standard weights and measures; their weights and measures differ in each district.

Our children stand facing the teacher to recite their lessons; theirs turn their backs to the teacher.

Our watchmen quietly go their rounds with a view to catching thieves; theirs beat gongs and yell to frighten them away.

We bury our dead a few days after their decease; they often keep theirs in the house in heavy, sealed coffins for years.—China's Millions.

**The Hookah in India.**

The hookah is smoked as a refreshment and sign of fellowship by the natives of India and not merely as a luxury. When a group of natives are seated together and, as is the custom, the hookah is passed around to each in turn it is considered very bad manners for any one to decline to have a few puffs. If the hookah is thus refused in a friend's house or while one is the guest of another it is regarded as an insult. If for any reason a native is put out of caste the fact is strictly marked by his former caste fellow's refusal to smoke with him, and any one who eats, drinks or smokes with an outcast is himself outcast.—Chambers' Journal.

**"Executive Ability."**

"But then, of course, he has executive ability," we said conclusively. "Executive ability!" repeated our acquaintance. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the quality of holding subordinates responsible for failures and taking credit to ourselves for their successes," we responded.

Which we considered rather clever for studied impromptu.—New York Herald.

**Mad and Bad.**

Kind Hearted Citizen—"Tut, tut, tut! Don't worry over it, little boy. You didn't break your pitcher, and there's no use, you know, in crying over spilt milk."

Little Boy—"Do I talk as if I was crying, mister? (Resumes his violent language).—Chicago Tribune.

**A Mystery Explained.**

"I don't understand," said the ignoramus at the academy, "why they always put the baldheaded man up in the front row."

"That's easy," butted in the usher. "They put 'em up there so they'll be near the flies."—Boston Herald.

**Evil.**

Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute. It is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity.—Emerson.

**A Poor Bargainer.**

Ethel—I offered Ferdie a penny for his thoughts. Edith—Well, I'll never let you do any shopping for me!—Puck.

**How England Drank in 1512.**  
This is how our forefathers managed in a time when tea and coffee were unknown and beer was the common beverage of the Englishman. In the Northumberland Household Book, commenced in 1512, we have an exhaustive account of the domestic economy of the great Percy family, and from it we learn that at breakfast, which was served at 7 o'clock in the morning, the earl and countess had a quart of beer and a quart of wine between them; two sons, "My Lord Percy and Maister Percy," a pottle (two quarts) of beer, and two children in the "Nursery" a quart of beer. For dinner, at 10 o'clock, my lord and lady had a gallon of beer and a pottle of wine, the two boys a quart of beer and the younger children a pottle of beer. At supper, at 4 o'clock, the earl and countess shared a pottle of beer and a pottle of wine; the children also had their allowance. For "livery," which was served in the bedroom between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, the parents were supplied with a gallon of beer and a quart of wine and each pair of children with a pottle of beer. Surely there could in this case have been no "drinking between meals."—London Chronicle.

**Bulgarian Wedding Customs.**  
A curious wedding custom which exists in Bulgaria is the shaving of the bridegroom on the wedding day.

While the barber is engaged upon his face a dancing crowd of boys and girls surround the bridegroom. When his hair has been cut, the pieces are carefully collected by some of the girls, to be preserved in one of the bride's chests.

After the barber has finished his work he receives a small white linen cloth as a present, and each person gives him a trifling sum of money. Then the bridegroom kisses the hand of each girl, washes his face and dons his wedding dress, which must be first accurately weighed three times by a lad.

These strange customs are said to date back to pre-Christian days, but they are still strictly observed, especially in country districts.

**Forty Bibles a Minute.**

The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 200 years and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common. An order for half a million copies can, according to the Caxton Magazine, be readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute. There are 110 different editions of the Oxford Bibles in English, varying from the magnificent folio edition for pulpit use to the "brilliant" Bible, the smallest edition of the Scriptures in the world. The largest folio Bible printed in Oxford measures 19 by 12 inches, and no erratum has as yet been found in it. The "Brilliant Text Bible" measures 3 3/4 by 2 1/4 inches and is three-fourths of an inch thick.

**Stockings.**

How many readers are familiar with the history and origin of the most common articles they daily use? We eat, drink, wear without thinking whence or wherefore. Stockings were known among the Romans more than 1,800 years ago, as is proved by paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii. They were considered more ornamental than useful. In the colder climate of northern Europe they became a necessity, and the manufacture of them became a recognized employment in the twelfth century, when they were fashioned chiefly of cloth. In the reign of Edward II, they assumed a resemblance to those now worn. At the courts of Spain and Italy they were fashioned of silk and were made enormously large.

**Got His Numbers Right.**

A certain lawyer, who is now a very able judge, was, when he first came to the bar, a very blundering speaker, says Youth. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, he said, "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as are in that jury box!" The effect can be imagined.

**Rhinoceroses With Two Horns.**

Several species of rhinoceroses, now extinct and only found in a fossil state, used to exist which had no horns at all. The name, meaning as it does "horned nose," is rather a misnomer in their case. Several kinds of rhinoceroses in Africa have two horns, one behind the other, but the extinct rhinoceros, known as the dyceratherium, had a pair of horns on its nose side by side.

**Looking Pleasant.**

Mrs. Chugwater—So that the photograph you had taken the other day, is it? I'd like to know why you can't look as pleasant as that when you are in the house.

Mr. Chugwater—Well, it may be that the photographer tried to bring out my pleasant expression, and you don't.

**A Dampener.**

Visitor—Is Miss Rankin in?  
Servant—Yes, sir.

Visitor—Is she engaged?  
Servant—Yes, sir, but the gentleman ain't here this evening, sir. Come in.

**Ambiguous.**

Askington—She has a rich husband, hasn't she?  
Teller—Yes, and at the same time a mighty poor one.—Smart Set.

**His Fool Pursuit.**

"Are you following the races?"  
"Yes, and if I ever catch up to them I'll quit."—Princeton Tiger.

The respect of the common people is the highest reward a man can reap in this country.—Schoolmaster.



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**MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES.**

Modernized So as to Meet the Popular Demand.

"The jingles of good old Mother Goose, which have gladdened the hearts of children through many generations, perhaps will live as long as the race endures, in themselves an unalterable if absurd literature," said the untamed poet. "Yet if they must remain unalterable in form why should they not be modified in spirit so far as to meet modern conditions? I contend that they should be, and with this idea in view the following simple substitutes—"

The untamed poet left his sentence unfinished, and, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, read as follows:

Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep.  
One day while feeling woozy,  
"By their soot I will trace their hiding places,  
For they're Pittsburg sheep," said Boozie.

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle!  
The cow jumped over the moon.  
"I'm middling high," said she, "but, my, just wait till I'm beefsteaks soon!"

Ride a 'mobile to hear people squeal  
At fifty miles per hour;  
Then swear in a court, for the people's sport,  
That the limit was twelve miles power.

Simple Simon met a pleman  
Yelling his wares in town.  
Said Simple Simon: "You're a guy,  
man,  
Go way back and sit down."  
Said the pleman to Simple Simon,  
"You are a saucy elf!"  
The pleman's head was heavy, and  
Si can't sit down himself.

Mary had a little lamb,  
With mint sauce on the side.  
They brought the bill to Mary,  
"Good Lord!" she said and died.

Rockaby, baby, your cradle is green;  
You in the park shall be frequently seen  
To roll and to romp with the kids of your class  
And hear the policemen yell, "Off or der grass!"  
—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

All For the Best.  
"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, "my daughter's commencement essay was very fine."  
"Did you enjoy it?"  
"I should say so. I wish I could write something like it."  
"You regret not having applied yourself to literary pursuits?"  
"No. If I had I probably couldn't have afforded to give Ethelinda the education which enabled her to produce this masterpiece."

**Squeezed.**

Feline amenities show themselves most forcibly at committee meetings. There was one of these latter gathered together to discuss a charity bazaar. The chairman smiled sweetly upon the artist's wife and said:

"You'll get your husband to let us have some little thing of his for the art table, will you not, Mrs. Mahlistek?"

"Well, you know husbands are not always easily managed, my dear."  
"Ah, but take him after one of your nice dinners and then put in a word for our worthy cause. But remember we are not allowed to have anything which sells for over \$25."

"Indeed!" And then Mrs. M.'s eyebrows went up alarmingly. "Then perhaps he'll induce one of his pupils to dash off something for you."—New York Times.

**Painting Animals' Eyes.**

One of the most difficult things which the artists and taxidermists of the government studio have to do is the painting and preparation of glass eyes for the mammals, birds and reptiles mounted at that institution for exhibition in the National museum.

These "eyes" are made of glass, hollow within and from the rear, so that the inner surface may be painted any color desired. As no two animals' eyes are alike and as the colors are often complicated and unusual, it requires a great deal of skill, study and practice before one is competent to undertake the work.

**Life Saving Superstition.**

The superstitious collier is often laughed to scorn, but a miner in north Wales is just now thanking his lucky stars that he believes in omens. He was boring under some coal and was startled by seeing a rat scuttling away. He walked away from the spot, and directly afterward a large fall of coal occurred just over the place where the man had been working.—London Standard.

**How to Remove Stones From Land.**

Large rocks should be heated by burping a quantity of brush on each one, and then with a good heavy sledge and steel wedges most of them can be split into fragments that can be hauled off upon the drag. Medium sized rocks may be drawn out by digging round them, fastening a log chain upon the lower side and attaching the team. Let the horses start slowly, and with a little effort the stone may be pulled out at the second or third pull. A good way to get rid of stones is to bury them, but bury them deep—not less than three feet from the surface—as they will be certain to work up to the top in a few years, when the work has to be done over again at considerable cost.

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