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HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

The Mammoth Reclining Figure at Rangun, Burma.

To the eastern traveler the statue of Buddha is a familiar sight. From Colombo, in Ceylon, to Kobe, in Japan, he is everywhere greeted by the same calm, impassive and mysterious face of the eastern preceptor of perfection. But in no city in the orient do the form and face of Buddha constitute so frequent or so essential a part of the city's decoration as in Rangun, Burma, starting place of Mr. Kipling's famous "Road to Mandalay," the stronghold of Buddhists. Notable even among the countless statues of Rangun is the mammoth Buddha, representing the strange teacher, not standing or sitting crouched, as in the majority of statues, but reclining on a huge raised couch, his mighty form stretched out for 200 feet, while his shoulders rival the width of that wonder of the ancient world, the Colossus of Rhodes, their titanic breadth reaching fifty feet.

But one among the wonders of Rangun, this mighty figure rests near the famous Shway Dagon, the center of the Burmese Buddhist world, crowned by the golden pagoda, which rises 300 feet above it, its walls covered with pure gold, the gift of a prince who contributed his weight in gold to the pagoda. In the Shway Dagon there are countless other statues of Buddha, as well as relics of Gautama, the last Buddha. All, equally with the huge reclining Buddha, form a part of the religious rites of the Buddhists, for the essence of Buddhism consists in the struggle to become like Buddha, to attain his perfection by obedience to his precepts. To do this it is necessary always to have Buddha in mind, and it is for this reason that every city in the Buddhist world is literally crowded with his images. Buddha himself is not deified. Potentially every Buddhist may attain his perfection, but only by the eternal imitation of his practice.

But, while statues such as Rangun's huge colossus are important in Buddhist worship, of even more importance are the relics of Buddha.

It was about the Shway Dagon that the Burmese made their last fierce fight when the British came to Rangun. A Venetian traveler of 300 years ago visiting the Shway Dagon has left a description of this famous temple, conceding its claim to rivalry with his own Venice, that would serve as a contemporaneous description, and today, as in untold centuries past, the Burmese still bring their offerings of flowers and fruit, candles and paper flags, to lay before the huge reclining Buddha, whose hands would afford comfortable standing room for four of the worshippers and whose gigantic face wears the strange, inscrutable expression of calm which is the outward mark of spiritual Buddhism.—New York Tribune.

The Turkey's Real Name.

The original name of the turkey was oocoooco, by which it was known by the native Cherokee Indians. It is supposed that our pilgrim fathers, roaming through the woods in search of game for their first Thanksgiving spread, heard the oocoooco calling in the familiar tones of our domesticated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk." These first Yankee hunters, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real song, immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day. Much more beautiful and musical was the Indian name oocoooco, the notes peculiar to the flock when sunning themselves in perfect content on the river beaches.—Sunset Magazine.

He Told the Truth.

An Irish gentleman had a splendid looking cow, but she kicked so much that it took a very long time and it was almost impossible to milk her, so he sent her to a fair to be sold and told his herdman to be sure not to sell her without letting the buyer know her faults. He brought home a large price which he had got for it. His master was surprised and said, "Are you sure you told all about her?" "Bedad, I did, sir," said the herdman. "He asked me whether she was a good milker. 'Begorra, sir,' says I, 'it's you'd be tired milking her.'"—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

The Dragon Tree.

The dragon tree (*Dracaena draco*), which yields the astringent gum resin called dragon's blood, is an old settler of the Canary islands. A veritable colossus of this family once grew in the town of Orotava, Tenerife, which was eighty feet in circumference at the base, hollow inside, with a staircase for visitors to ascend to the branching top of the trunk. Humboldt remarks that its antiquity must have been greater than that of the pyramids. This giant went down in a hurricane in 1867.

He Sold and Left.

A lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross it, so he advertised him. "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to get out of town."

A Strong Part.

Soubrette—Yes, the understudy says he used to have a very strong part on the stage. Comedian—So he did. He used to be a acorn shifter and lift the mountains and castles.—Chicago News.

Home Traits.

"Isn't your husband dyspeptic?" "I rather think he is. I know he always disagrees with his meals."—New York Times.

LIFE IN GREENLAND.

The Ways of the People, Their Pleasures and Their Food.

Greenland's west coast is considered to have the grandest scenery of any coast in the world by Roger Pollock, who writes of a journey thither as follows: "The sunny arctic day, which lasts for months; a sky all flaming glory, the fretted spires of the Alps flanked with stupendous cliffs and based on the restful levels of the sea, cities of crowded bergs, compound of dazzling light and radiant color—such scenery as that blots out one's former memories. Our first port of call was Jakobshavn, at the head of Disco strait, biggest of the northern villages, a metropolis of nine white people and 400 natives. Beside a pocket harbor, perched on round shoulders of the naked granite, are the buildings, all tarred black, of the Royal Trade company. For a background to the dismal scene rise higher rocks, littered with garbage and turf huts, the homes of the natives. At heart the place is gay, for our sailors went ashore every night to dance with the Eskimo girls, while the officers of ship and colony swapped dinner parties, breakfasts and luncheons all through a nine days' festival. "Men and women alike," the writer continues, "were linguists, well read, accomplished, a little too polite for comfort. Living a metropolitan life on one batch of letters a year in an arctic outpost. Expecting the pathos of banishment, I found the gaiety of perfect content. The Danes of all the settlements were alike in social charm, gentle and polished—arrant gossips, too—and the indoor life had little to remind one of the outdoor wilderness. The innuit servant maids wore the furry breeches, boots to the hip and curious topknot of their national dress. One had to fall promiscuously in love with all of them. "Even the Danish men wore native dress, but there was one important distinction—they washed. The food, apart from Danish groceries, was seal meat, fish, reindeer, venison, shellfish, ptarmigan, sea birds and their eggs, which, as served in Greenland, are always pronounced in flavor."

THREW UP HIS HAT.

The Story of Cockrell's Election to the United States Senate.

The truthful story is told in Missouri that the throwing of a broad brimmed hat to the ceiling of the hall of the house of representatives in the capitol at Jefferson City made Francis Marion Cockrell a member of the United States senate. The state had been stirred by a contest for the Democratic nomination for the governorship. The lines between supporters of opposing candidates were sharply drawn. In a state convention numbering a thousand delegates Charles H. Hardin had won by the narrow majority of one-half of one vote. So close was the result and so bitter the feeling that the Democratic leaders feared irreconcilable division in the party ranks. The result, however, had scarcely been announced from the secretary's desk when the tall figure of the defeated candidate, General Cockrell, was seen coming to the platform. A moment more, as the hush of expectancy fell upon the crowded hall, Cockrell's voice rang out. "No man," said he, "will more loyally support the nominee of the convention than myself. No man will throw his hat higher for Charley Hardin than will I." And away to the ceiling went the broad brimmed Cockrell hat. The convention, frantic with enthusiasm, heard not another word. But the following spring General Cockrell became United States senator by the unanimous vote of the Democrats of Missouri. For five successive terms after March 4, 1875, with never a Democratic vote against him, he was elected to the senatorship, the first political office he ever held. No senator from his state surpassed his record in length of years, and none equaled it, save Thomas Hart Benton, the great Missourian.—Walter Williams in The World Today.

Stockbrokers and Juries.

A prominent New York stockbroker says: "The newspapers do not get wind of even a small fraction of the suits brought against brokers because of misunderstandings between us and our customers. Ninety-nine customers out of every hundred think we rob them when they lose their money in the market and give us no credit when they win. We do our hardest to settle all suits out of court, for there is not a jury on earth that will find a verdict for a stockbroker. Why? Simply because every juror has been scorched now and then in the market and holds a grudge against all brokers."—New York Press.

Willing to Oblige.

On one occasion, when Robin Allison, who was bundle at Kilwinning, had carried some goods for a traveler visiting his customers, he was delighted with a dram over and above his pay. "Deed, that's rare guid o' ye, noo," said Robin, "but maybe I'll be able to dae ye a guid turn yet. Ye ken I'm the gravedigger. Dae-dae ye like your head high?"—London Standard.

His Originality.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—Oh, I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.

The Customary Climax.

Nordy—How did the new play end? Butts—Oh, in the usual way. Nordy—And what do you call the usual end? Butts—In a whirl of hats and feathers and opera cloaks.—Houston Chronicle.

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