

ODDS AND ENDS.

A NAME.
At first a shimmer, winking and pale,
Pierced here and there a cloud's overhanging veil.

And then at length a great star, full and bright,
Broke forth and cast its radiance on the night.
—Catherine Young Glen in Century.

CHURCHES OF GRANADA.

They are at once magnificent and beggarly,
solemn and gay.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun steeped streets were left, the loiterer's hand was lifted, and we were suddenly in darkness as of night, a great altar looming dimly in far shadows, vague, motionless figures prostrate before it. Their silent fervor in the strange, scented dusk gave a clue to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter of fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery has its price, solemnity its tawdriness. In cathedral and capilla real if we ventured to look at the royal tombs at the grille—which even in Spain is without equal—at the retablos, with their wealth of ornament, one sacristan after another kept close at our heels, impatiently expectant.

If in unknown little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness, it was that they might be offended with Virgins gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christs clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meal that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last in self defense we went. The Cartuja's architecture struck us as elaborate, its decoration as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gaiety of Bohemia's rococo, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded cafe or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.—Elizabeth R. Pennell in Century.

Where the Waiters Ask No Odds.
Common as the practice of tipping is becoming in this city, there must still be restaurants in which tips are neither given nor expected, and among these must be some, at least, of the beef and iron places in the neighborhood of Park row. I have not been so familiar with these places in recent years as I used to be years ago, before they had grown so large and when coffee and cakes furnished the chief staple of the food provided. In those days I am quite sure that nobody ever thought of tipping the waiters, and I believe that the same practice prevails in them now. It might be that a waiter would take a tip from some old customer with whom he was on friendly terms, but I doubt if he would take one from a casual guest. I think if such a guest should put a tip on the table the waiter would wipe it off on the floor with the cloth with which he swabs the table.

Charging a Bear With Bayonets.
Russian soldiers in Siberia are not only encouraged to exercise their martial ardor on big game, but are actually led out in squads to take part in the hunt. On a recent occasion a local police inspector joined in the hunt and got two of the soldier hunters to act as his bodyguard. When the bear came merrily romping toward him over the snow, the inspector got flurried, missed both barrels, flung down his gun and buried his head in the snow, seeking to burrow out of sight. The bear came on in a great fury. Two of the soldiers waited till he came to close quarters and turned him back with a volley. They then charged with fixed bayonets and finished him off in true military style. They have been rewarded for their presence of mind in saving the life of the guardian of the peace by having their photographs hung in their headquarters and being each presented with one rouble.—London Globe.

Who Steals the Bibles?
Although nearly all the passenger cars running out of Chicago have little overhead racks marked "Read and Return," few of these racks contain Bibles, as they used to. The explanation is that the Bibles disappeared systematically that the American Bible society discontinued furnishing them, believing that they could employ their money in fields in which it would be more appreciated. The suggestion has been made that the Bibles be attached to the car with chains, as city directories are in drug stores and hotels, but the idea of chaining down a Bible is so incongruous that it has met with little favor.—Chicago Tribune.

Why?
"Why does that Blodgett girl wear such a thick veil?"
"She thinks it increases her beauty."
"Then why doesn't she get behind a screen door?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I learn several great truths—as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soothe of the human breast.—Goldsmith.

It is said that the first English duke was Edward the Black Prince, who, by his father, Edward III, was created Duke of Cornwall in 1337.

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The Aryan Cowboys.
The study of domestic cattle should be of especial interest to us because they have undoubtedly occupied a more important place in our own ancestral history than any other species of animal. The Aryan tribesmen from whom nearly all western civilization folk are descended were cowboys almost to a man.

Like the Kaffirs and damaras of South Africa today, all their thoughts were about their herds. This is shown in a curious way by the study of the early development of our language. The Sanskrit word for a king meant originally "a chief herdsman." The word for an assembly, or the meeting place of a congress, was the same as that for a cowyard. A soldier was "one who fights about cows." It would seem as if they regarded nothing else as worth ruling over or talking about or fighting for.

Professor Max Muller traces the word "daughter" to the ancient term for a milkmaid. In the good old times they plainly did not take any account of young ladies who were not accomplished performers in the cowpen.

The Thought Switch.
"I suppose," said Mr. Glimmerton, "that if a man is blessed with fairly good health he ought to be able to sleep nights, but, as a matter of fact, many people lie awake half the night worrying over things not worth fretting about, and waking up in the morning tired out to start with."
"What is needed is a thought switch that will switch the thoughts over from unpleasant lines to lines that are pleasant and keep them there. There are plenty of such switches now, but the trouble with 'em all is that they don't lock. They're all open switches. A man gets over all right, but it's always my grade where this switch is laid, and the first thing he knows he slides back on the old line of thought. What we want is a switch that will keep him on the right track till he's gathered strength enough to climb the hill to the level, where the going is easy, and where the track lies straight for dreamland."
"There's money for the inventor in this, and what a boon he would confer on his brother man."—New York Sun.

Heartless Girl.
"Proud beauty," said he, striking an attitude he had learned by constant attendance at the 10, 20, 30 drama—"proud beauty, I go from here to the river, where I shall end my sorrows by jumping in."
"I wouldn't go to the trouble of jumping in and having to be searched for with grabhooks," said the girl who had refused him. "Just take a drink of the water. That will do."—Chicago Journal.

Variations.
"I wish," said the editor of the comic journal, "that you would give us something first rate in the way of a bicycle joke."
"I'm afraid the bicycle joke has been overworked lately," was the answer. "H'm! Maybe it has. Well, give us something about the bicycle joke being a chestnut."—Detroit Tribune.

FLASHED INTO EXISTENCE.

How Daubigny Studied a Door All Day to Paint a Picture.

Charles Noel Flagg of New York tells interesting stories of bohemian life in Paris in the seventies.

"I was at Honfleur one summer," said Mr. Flagg, "when the Daubignys—father and son—were there. I have always thought Daubigny the strongest and sanest landscape painter in the Barbizon group, and it was interesting to see how he worked and how he taught his son. This son was a man of brilliant talent, who died soon after, unfortunately. He would take an enormous canvas cut into the field and cover it in an hour and a half—this was to get composition, massing of light and shade, etc.—and then his father would come and criticize it. Some of these big swift things were shown in the salon afterward. The painters used to contribute in one way or another to the fine old inn where we stopped, and the landlord wanted young Daubigny to paint the panel of a certain door. At last the painter promised to do it the next morning. I resolved to see that thing done, so I got up before dawn, planted myself in the old dining room at a good point of view and pretended to sketch from the window. Pretty soon young Daubigny came down professing to be not in the least disturbed by me, so I staid. He sat down in front of the door and looked at it hard for an hour or so. Then he got up and viewed it from different angles. Then he gazed at it from the end of the room. Then he sat down again. The hours came and went, and still he was studying that door, with scarcely a pause for meals. By afternoon I was nearly wild; if he didn't open his paintbox soon, I would smash the door. At last, at the beginning of twilight, presto!—I was too excited to see. All in a minute a few lightnings flashed out from him, and there was the miracle! And breathlessly I realized that he had been painting that picture all day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MAKING A MINE.

In Some Instances It Costs Nothing—In Others the Cost Is Millions.

There are no hard and fast rules in regard to making a mine from the time it passes into the prospector's hands until it becomes a dividend payer. Many mines are such, as the miners say, "from the grass roots," and turn out large quantities of ore from the beginning.

J. B. Haggin, the millionaire mine owner, took \$5,000,000 from the Custer mine, in Lemhi county, Ida., before it became necessary to use a candle (grant powder). This mine was known as the Mineral mountain. A man came along one day, and after looking at it remarked, "Why, the hanging wall is gone." This was true. Nature had assisted the miner in this case; the mountain side had been eroded, leaving the mineral standing there. Mr. Haggin also spent about \$3,000,000 in developing the Amegonia mine before it was on a paying basis.

Mines have been discovered containing fabulous wealth, although a prospector would starve to death in trying to work them. This was true in regard to the Homestake mine, in the Black Hills. The prospectors who made the discovery could do nothing with it, and it passed into the hands of Senator Hearst and other California capitalists. They concluded that, unless it was worked on a large scale, it could not be made profitable. An \$9 stamp mill was ordered and shipped in from Cheyenne, at a cost of \$135,000, as an experiment. The mine has paid in dividends \$37,500 a month for 17 years.

It requires a large amount of money usually to put a mine on a dividend paying basis, and, as a rule, this the prospector cannot do, although prospectors have made fortunes with their properties.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

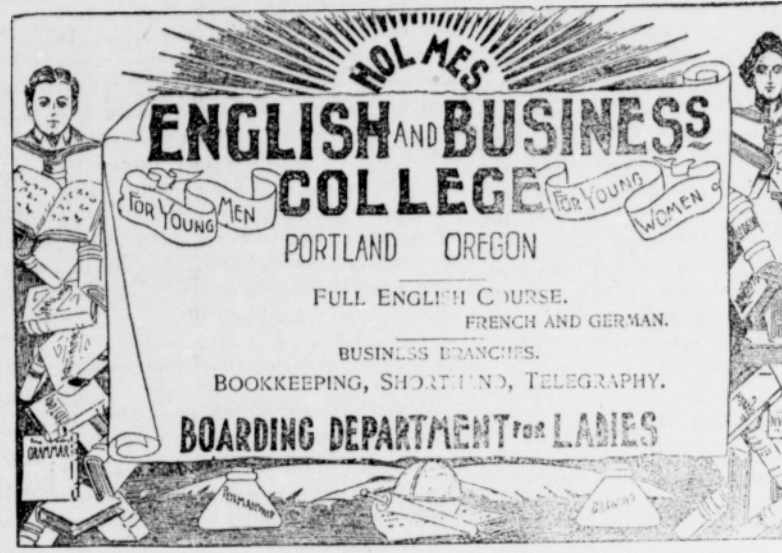
Vegetable Flowers.
The far famed vineyards of the Rhine are a great disappointment to tourists who see them for the first time. Vine clad hills may have pleased the poets, but apart from the sentiment aroused by the remembrance of the exaggerations of such writers they are not interesting and it is difficult to see how any one could have raved over their beauty. "A potato field is better," said one disenchanted traveler. Many flowers produced by edibles are worthy of place in our gardens. The scarlet runner is too well known to need commendation. An innovation recently seen is what is known as the broad bean. Farmers use them for feed for cattle, though they are considered a table delicacy in foreign countries. The flower is one of the most peculiar seen in the vegetable world, being white with jet black markings. The white being as pure as that of the sweet pea, the effect is striking.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Comparison.
"How I would like to live in a home," said Miss Flatdweller, "where there was room to go about, and where I could go up and down stairs."
"How delightful it is," said Miss Boardinghouseweller to her friend, Miss Flatdweller, whom she was visiting. "to have room to move about in, to be able to go from one room to another when you get up in the morning!"—New York Sun.

It Failed to Walk.
"Speaking of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out," said the weary and wayworn erstwhile Polonius, "it ain't a marker to 'Hamlet' with the ghost left out."
And the Rialto was 400 miles away.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Italian patent, including fees and taxes for one year, costs \$100. It is granted for 15 years and must be worked within two.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.



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