



MUSSELS ARE GOOD FOOD.

Their Use in the United States Has Been Very Much Neglected. "There is one shellfish, the mussel, the use of which as an article of food seems to be totally neglected in the United States," observed an Englishman of several years' residence in this country to a Star reporter recently. "In fact it is so seldom employed that it may be said to be practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is rarely seen in your markets, and near the salt water bays and estuaries in which it is taken it is used, I am told, as a manure for certain crops. This lack of recognition of mussels as an epicurian delicacy probably arises from the popular superstition among Americans that this shellfish possesses poisonous qualities. Such an impression is, however, rather absurd, for in England they are largely consumed by the poor and middle class people, and if they contained any injurious properties their use would be promptly prohibited. "It is well known that some persons are unable to eat of particular sorts of shell fish—to some oysters, clams or lobsters are more or less poisonous, but mussels are only 'noxious' to the greater number for the reason that they deteriorate more rapidly when removed from the water than any other species. There are mussel beds within a radius of ten miles of New York and other eastern cities of sufficient capacity to supply millions of people with a clean and nutritious article of food; one that would lessen to a large degree the exhaustive demands made upon the clam, oyster and lobster fisheries. "To prepare mussels for the table they should be selected of medium size and care should be observed to wash them carefully and place them in a vessel of salted water for several hours, so that they may clean themselves; that is, discharge the dirt and grit found within their shells. When this process is completed the bivalves should be placed in water and boiled—or steaming is better in the vapor generated by their own juice. When they are done they may be easily taken out of their shells and are ready to be used in one of the many forms of which they are susceptible."—Washington Star.

KEEP OUT THE WHITE MAN. What Wichita and Kiowa Ghost Dancers Hope to Accomplish. Under ordinary circumstances news that an Indian tribe is indulging in the wild frenzy known as the ghost dance is enough to call up visions of murder and rapine. In the past days numerous murderous raids of the red men have been preceded by such festivals. But a ghost dance now being held in the Wichita and Kiowa reservations of Indian Territory is not believed to presage any such terrible scenes. The reservations named are to be opened to white settlers when the

allotment of lands to Indians shall have been completed, and the red men fear that once the paleface gets in among them the days of tribal power will have been numbered. With the view of preventing the impending incursion these older chiefs have organized the ghost dance, which will, they hope, serve to keep the white men away. Blanki, the leader of the ghost dance, is a high priest in his tribe and a dreamer as well. He is a quiet man between 50 and 60 years of age, of dignified manner and with a thoughtful countenance, according well with his tribal positions as chief priest and head man.



Remarkable Natural Curiosity. Giles County, Virginia, contains a remarkable natural curiosity known as Salt Pond, which is described as a lake of fresh water sunk in Salt Pond Mountain at an elevation of 4,500 feet above sea level. It is fed by no visible stream, yet it is claimed to have been gradually enlarging since 1804, the date of its discovery. Fish that have been placed in Salt Pond have mysteriously disappeared. Its depth is unknown, experiments with a line 300 feet long failing to reach the bottom. The origin of the lake is unknown.

A Curious Street. Canton, China, possesses the queerest street in the world. It is roofed in with glazed paper fastened on bamboo, and contains more signboards to the square foot than any street in any other country. It contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and dentists. Physic street is its appropriate name.

A New Will. "Hello, Jasper," exclaimed Spenders, stopping his rich uncle's valet, "how's uncle this morning?" "Well, sir, he says he thinks he needs a change of heir."

"So, he's sent you for the doctor, eh?" "No—for his lawyer."—Philadelphia Press. If hard work is creditable, how many creditable men there are!

THE DOOR OF SUCCESS IS NOW CLOSED TO THE IRRESPONSIBLE CIGARETTE FIEND

Do you smoke cigarettes? If you do, you can't get a responsible position in any big railroad company east of the Mississippi. The street railroad people have no use for you. And you might as well give up trying to get anything to do in any of the big stores. Pipes, cigars, chewing tobacco—nobody says a word against these—but the cigarette must go. The merchants and the railroad men and all the big employers have said so. The Rock Island Railroad recently sent an investigator all through the shops, its offices and its railway stations, and every man who smoked cigarettes received notice to quit. The Burlington, the New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern and the Pennsylvania Railroads all issued printed slips for would-be employees to fill up in these blanks is the question: "Do you smoke cigarettes?" If the man who is filling out the blank writes "yes" after that question, he will never get the place he is asking for. Marshall Field, the big dry goods man of Chicago, discharged every man in his place who smoked a paper pipe, over two years ago. Macy's, Siegel & Cooper, Lord & Taylor, McCrory, Wanamaker's all the big stores of New York, have instructed their superintendents to employ cigarette smokers. You can't sell goods or figure profits, or even go on the road for any of the large Eastern wholesale or retail firms if you smoke cigarettes. It takes a man to be a soldier. No dull-eyed, half-awake cigarette smoker need apply.—From an Exchange.

WINTER HOMES OF TRAMPS.

Knights of the Road Have Favorite Jails in Which to Lodge.

"It's very funny how the professional tramp will locate good and bad jails with a view to spending as comfortable a winter as possible," said the Sheriff of a neighboring parish, who has had an extended experience with the hobo fraternity. "You know how an epicure in a big city will hunt for quaint, out-of-the-way restaurants, and when he finds one that is really excellent how he will hide the discovery from his friends, for fear that popularity will deteriorate the service—well, it's exactly the same way with tramps. They all calculate on spending the most inclement part of each winter in jail and during their summer wanderings they endeavor to locate some 'easy' institution where they will be well fed and warmed and not expected to do any work. When such a place is found the secret is carefully guarded, so the jailer's heart will not be hardened by too many calls on his hospitality. "Last month I had a typical educated hobo on my hands for a fifteen days' sojourn in an amusing fashion. He said he had two jails located as desirable cold weather quarters—one in Southern California and the other in a small town in Florida. 'I don't know anything personally about the Florida joint,' he said, 'but the last four tramps I've met from that country all warned me as a friend to give the town a wide berth. I judge from such solitude,' he added, 'that the jailer there is dead soft and gives pie at least once a week.' The California lockup was in a small place, as I ascertained, avoided by wayfarers on account of the bad reputation of a former sheriff. 'The bums don't know that he is dead yet,' said my guest, 'and I am doing my best to keep the sad news from reaching their ears. The present incumbent is a peach—no work, three meals a day and plum pudding on Sundays.' The jails that are regarded as especial 'soft snaps' are generally in remote country districts, out of the beaten track of tramps. The hobo who is yearning for winter shelter will get himself arrested by committing some petty misdemeanor and is often treated more as a guest than a prisoner by his kind-hearted captors. The location of such a refuge is a valuable trade secret.

Harmony for the Insane.

Music treatment for the insane being tried on Ward's Island, New York, with some encouraging results. The idea of utilizing rhythmic tunes to soothe the insane dates the ancients, but it was only recently that systematic work in this direction was begun. In 1877 and 1878 a desultory effort was made on Well's Island. In 1886 the London set discussed the subject, and is quoted as saying: "Music influences both the spinal cord, probably on account of music having vibratory or wave motion, and through its vibratory stimulates the nerve centers, and acts as a refreshing mental stimulant and restorative. Therefore, it is depressed nervous tone and indifference through the nervous system reaches tissues." In the present experiment class twelve are treated. The class is used into the music-room and left free every movement is watched by a nurse, however, and just before the music begins and when it is ended the respiration, temperature and pulse of each patient are carefully noted. The instruments used are the harp and violin with the piano accompaniment there is singing. A baritone voice employed. Even in the short time experiment has been in progress proved attention has been not. This is one of the most interesting of investigation that has ever been followed with the insane, and a full report on the work will undoubtedly contain much valuable information.

ONE MILLION FOR A PAINTING?

Fabulous Price Said to Have Been Offered for a Work of Titian. The preposterous report that someone had offered £200,000, or \$1,000,000, for Titian's celebrated painting of "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese collection at Rome, is due, says the Boston Transcript, in all probability to the universal hunger for astonishing people, although it may have some color of possibility to the imagination of kindergarten financiers. Insane prices have been paid for Raphael's, that in the National Gallery especially, which came from the Marlborough collection; also for the works of other old masters, but never any such incredible price as this. Yet it would be a hard matter to set the exact limit of value in the case of a sale of Titian, more particularly such an example as the absurdly misnamed "Sacred and Profane Love." If there exists in the world a picture worth \$1,000,000, who would be bold enough to deny the right of Titian, the potentate of painters, to be the author of that work? As to the picture known by the title of "Sacred and Profane Love"—a title which Titian did not give it, and which has needlessly puzzled many commentators—it is now generally considered simply as a fanciful or romantic composition. But Franz Wickoff, a German critic, has evolved a theory which has a good deal to recommend it, that this picture represents an incident in the seventh book of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea, the enchantress, daughter of Aetes, King of Colchis, unwilling to yield her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who

The Usual Way.

"I was digging for bait to-day and I unearthed a golden doubloon of Spanish mintage." "You have discovered a buried treasure!" cried my wife, excitedly. "Nonsense!" I replied, with the most calmness. "Had I discovered buried treasure, would I not have up the corroded brass handle of an ancient chest first?" My wife colored deeply at this. It nettled her to be found unguaranteed of convention.—Detroit Journal

Determination.

"Don't you admire determination man's character?" "It all depends on the result," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "If it brings success, I praise it as a splendid perseverance. If it brings failure, I pronounce it as confounded obstinacy."—Washington Star. You probably know a lot of people who want you to "do" things for them. Do you know anyone who is anxious to "do" things for you?

AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving long ago. There were uncles, aunts and cousins, by the sixes and the dozens. There was such a groaning table, the cutest roasted pig, the dearest old farm, you know. Perhaps it might be blowing, perhaps it might be snowing. But we never thought of weather on

Thanksgiving long ago. There were uncles, aunts and cousins, by the sixes and the dozens. There was such a groaning table, the cutest roasted pig, the dearest old farm, you know. Perhaps it might be blowing, perhaps it might be snowing. But we never thought of weather on

Thanksgiving long ago. There were uncles, aunts and cousins, by the sixes and the dozens. There was such a groaning table, the cutest roasted pig, the dearest old farm, you know. Perhaps it might be blowing, perhaps it might be snowing. But we never thought of weather on

Dick's Thanksgiving Dinner.

LATE on the day before Thanksgiving the boys were returning after a day spent in the woods, and all were in high spirits. They had succeeded in trapping a rabbit, which was now slung over Dick Morris's shoulder in sportsmanlike fashion, for to him was due most of the credit of capturing it, and he felt very proud. "What are you going to do with the rabbit, Dick?" Edward White asked, gazing admiringly at it. "Yes, that's it," exclaimed Archie Rhodes, "what will be done with it? Somebody tell." "Why, cook it, of course," said Dick, and then a happy thought struck him. "Oh, I'll tell you what, fellows. We'll have it for dinner to-morrow. What did we catch it for if we didn't want to use it?" And glowing with pride, he gave all the boys a hearty invitation to dinner at his home the next day. "It's a go!" shouted Fred Miller: "it's a go! I'll come early in the morning so's to be on time." With a burst of pleasure his companions joined him in accepting the invitation, and then all went home to dream of the morrow's feast when they would partake of the spoils of the day's adventure. "Did you bring anything from town for our Thanksgiving dinner?" Mrs. Morris

was saying to her husband as Dick stepped in the door. Mr. Morris laughed. "Did I bring anything? Ha! ha! I brought a thirty-five pounder. I sold the coat this afternoon and turned all the money over to Pritchard and that just raised the mortgage on our home. I tell you, I was mighty thankful, and I thought we'd celebrate the occasion 'mong ourselves with the biggest turkey we could get. How's that?" he said, holding the fowl at arm's length. "Couldn't we have a rabbit, too?" Dick suggested as he laid his bundle on the table. "Mersey sakes!" exclaimed his mother, "where did you get that?" With reluctance Dick told how in the spirit of fun he had trapped the rabbit



and how Fred Miller's father had skinned and dressed it for him, and how he had invited all the boys to dinner. "Well," said his father, "I don't mind havin' the boys come, but plain, everyday turkey's all they'll get and that's good enough for anybody. There won't be any frills on our dinner. And look here," he added sternly, "I don't 'prove of your trappin' rabbits for fun." Dick was deeply disappointed and soon went to bed, but he couldn't sleep, and in the dead of night he stole out of his room. "This is a nice fix," he said. If he hadn't invited the boys, he wouldn't have cared. How would he tell them of the change in the menu of the expected feast? He simply couldn't do it, that was all. By the light of the moon that came in the window he saw on the table before him the nimble little animal that he had captured lying by the side of the big turkey, which had been made ready for the oven and was fairly bursting with delicious dressing. "Oh, I know what I'll do! There!" he said, as he unfasted the stout cord that bound the bulging sides of the turkey, scooped out the dressing, stuffed the rabbit in the simple cavity and fastened the cord again. "We'll have the rabbit anyhow, but nobody will know till it's cooked." Then he went back to his room. When he awoke in the morning the first thought that struck him was that his mischievous prank might spoil the whole dinner. Yes, he was sure it would. He had never heard of such articles of food being cooked together and he became badly frightened. He hastened to undo his work of the night, but it was too late. The turkey, with its strange consort, was already roasting to a nice brown in the oven. He felt very sorry and when the boys came he took them aside and told them everything.