The Origin of Salmon.

The name salmon is given in England and all western states to a large trout-like fish which lives in the sea, chiefly about the mouths of rivers, and which enters the streams to spawn, running for a considerable distance up the stream and returning to the sea after the act of spawning is accomplished, says a writer in the Pacific Monthly. The old males become somewhat distorted, especially through the lengthening of the jaws, but the changes with age and season are not much greater than in any large trout. The true salmon, like the true trout, is black spotted. It is called in science Salmo salar, and along with the true trout it belongs to the genus Salmo. There is only one species of Atlantic salmon; it is found on both sides of the ocean, and on both sides it becomes sometimes land-locked and dwarfish when it is shut up in a lake and when it cannot or does not go to the sea.

Criminal Sneezing.

Great public interest is being manifested in the case of a man who has been prosecuted for sneezing in a public street. The hero of the incident is one Johann Furtmann, a resident of Muhlhausen, a small town in Prussian Saxony. Furtmann, who is highly respected by his fellow citizens, sneezed somewhat loudly in the main street of Muhlhausen. A policeman arrested him on a charge of creating a disturbance. The local police authorities prosecuted Furtmann on a charge of gross misdemeanor and rendering himself a public nuisance. After a lengthy trial Furtmann was acquitted. The police authorities appealed against the decision, and a new trial is necessary. Furtmann announces that he will call medical evidence to prove that a polypus in the nose prevented him sneezing less loudly than was the case when the arrest occurred.

Very Like It.

"Mr. Upp," said the merchant, sternly, to Adam Upp, his bookkeeper, "I saw you at the baseball game yesterday. When you asked me to let you off for the afternoon you said you were going to a funeral."

"That's so," replied the bookkeeper, "and I'm pretty near a prophet, ain't I? Did you ever see a slower game in your life?"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

His Official Title.

A little girl was asked, Who is the head of our government?

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher; "but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss, proudly.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

For a Party.

When your little brother or sister has a birthday party and you want a novelty as a centerpiece for the tea-table try the "Enchanted Pumpkin," and see what fun it will make for the guests.

It ought to be a prize pumpkin and a big one. Scoop out all the inside; that will do well enough to make pies out of for grown-up people on days that are not birthdays. Then stuff it full of toys tied up in mysterious-looking bundles.

To each package tie a bright ribbon, letting the loose ends fall out over the sides of the pumpkin. Then carefully

PULLING ON THE RIBBONS.

replace the cap or stem part, which you cut off, so that it will look as if it were still whole, and place it on your tea-table. Surrounded by ferns and colored autumn leaves, and decorated with the drooping ends of the ribbons, it will make a pretty centerpiece.

When the feast is over, set the children to guessing how many seeds are in the pumpkin. When all have guessed, tell each to take hold of one of the ribbons, and when you say "Three!" they must pull on the ribbons, and in that way they will find out how many seeds are in the pumpkin.

Of course, each little guest secures a pretty gift.—Chicago News.

Run, Boys, Run!

Every American boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they ever have since, every boy, and girl, too, was taught to run, just as the American child is taught to read. And so far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-chested, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, to run, ride and shoot the bow.

The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of 13 and 14 years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby, can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hounds run. Every boy is turned out twice a week and made to run and fill himself full of pure, fresh air and sunshine.

Rich Indians.

If it be permitted to call an Indian tribe a "people," as that term is used in statistical matters, some of them, it is said, are the richest in the world. According to figures that the editor saw recently, the English are the richest civilized people in the world, with an average, per capita, of $1,266. France comes next, with an average of $1,102, and the United States third, with an average of $1,029; but some of the Indian tribes out west, by reason of the sale of their lands to the government, are worth, it is said, from $5,000 to $10,000 per capita.

Chickens at Sunday School.

A bright and winsome little girl, daughter of one of the editor's friends, was sent out to the hen-house one day recently, to gather and bring in the fresh eggs, but she came back almost immediately without any eggs, and when her mother asked about them, the little one answered:

"Well, mother, the chickens were holding Sunday school, and I would not disturb them."

The mother afterward found out that the hens were all cackling at the top of their lungs, and this made the Sunday school.

The Lobster's Color.

Did you ever hear of the young housekeeper who refused to buy a fresh lobster at the market because it was not bright red in color? And of the poet's bad blunder, who called it "the cardinal of the sea?" The point of the joke is that the young housekeeper and the poet both though that red was the lobster's natural color. As most of you know, perhaps, the natural color of the shell is a mixture of two pigments, red and blue. When it is boiled, the blue "washes out," and the red remains.

The President's Flag.

The President of the United States has a special flag. It was designed and first used by President Arthur, in 1883. It has a blue ground, with the arms of the United States in the center. Whenever the President is on board a government vessel, it is hoisted at the main.

"I had the most awful scare with one of those wretched automobiles the other day," said the woman of the house to the caller.

"Is that so?" said the caller, sympathetically.

"Yes, Pearl and I. I think it's perfectly shameful the way they're allowed to do. There are more accidents with them! Why, I was all of a tremble for three or four days after. I'm only just getting over it now, in fact. The people who drive them just think they own the roads, and that nobody else has any right on them."

"You didn't get hurt, did you?"

"No, luckily. Except the nervous shock. It was like this: Pearl and I went out to River Forest to see Alice, and Alice insisted after dinner that we should go driving. Well, we drove for quite a little while, when all of a sudden we heard that awful 'honk, honk' behind us, and Alice said: 'Mother, I don't want you to be scared. There's an automobile coming up behind us, but I'm sure there isn't the least danger, and there's plenty of room for it to get past.'

"I just grabbed at those reins, 'Alice,' I said, 'you stop this instant.'

"I jumped out and made Pearl and Alice get out, too, and stand at the horse's head. I held on to one side and Pearl and Alice to the other, and we stood there, and, my land o' mercy! I thought my heart would stop beating, with that awful thing coming up behind and not knowing what minute the horse would dash away and smash the buggy and us into splinters. Why, it was terrible!"

"It must have been!"

"And it came on and on, honking every minute or two, and at last it came up to us. It wasn't going very fast then. I guess they saw me wave at them and they slowed down."

"Did the horse scare?"

"No, but it's a mercy he didn't. I simply don't know what we would have done. But Alice's husband says he won't scare at a bunch of firecrackers tied to his tail and set off, because the boys tried it last Fourth."

"It must have been awful!" reiterated the caller.—Chicago Daily News.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE BUSY.

Eleven Million Pieces of Mail Matter Sent There in a Year.

For a number of years the Post Office Department has endeavored to impress upon the public the importance of exercising care in writing addresses on letters, etc., sent through the mails. Although this campaign of education has been effective in a measure, the fact that more than 11,000,000 pieces of undelivered matter were handled in the division of dead letters during the year 1905 indicates that there is still considerable carelessness in this respect.

Mr. De Graw, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, appreciating that much remains to be accomplished in reducing the number of "dead" letters to a minimum, recently obtained authority from Postmaster General Cortelyou to adopt a plan of procedure which it is believed will materially aid in solving the problem and thereby benefit the general public and relieve the department. The plan contemplates inclosing with each letter forwarded to adressee or returned to writer from the division of dead letters a card containing a model form of address on mail matter as well as brief instructions in connection with the writing of addresses.

The card bears the suggestions that ink be used in writing addresses; that the name of the addressee as well as the street number, post office and State be written plainly, and that the writer's name and address, with a return request, be placed in the upper left-hand corner of letters, etc.

Mr. De Graw believes that if these suggestions are followed there will be a marked reduction in the number of pieces af mail mater that fail of delivery.—Washington Post.

Necessarily the man who leaps before he looks doesn't take much stock in the theory that procrastination is the thief of time.

Loafers seem more out of place around a bank than anywhere else. And loafers are out of place anywhere.

BENGAL'S PREMIER PRINCE.

Ruler Over 2,000,000 People Is Only 27 Years Old.

Mahtab III, Maharajah Adhiraj of Burdwan has come into public notice because of his recent elevation to the throne of Burdwan, thus becoming the premier noble of Bengal and the ruler of 2,000,000 people at the age of 25.

This youth, whose official title is Maharajah Adhiraj Bijay Chund Mahtab Bahadur, succeeded the late ruler of Burdwan in 1887. He was the adopted son of his predecessor on the throne, and was born in 1881. His accession to the throne proper was delayed because of his youth and until his education was concluded. Now he has been installed amid the pomp and magnificance of the East and in full power over his multitudinous subjects by the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, and

MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN.

his sway extends over a territory of 4,194 square miles.

Mahtab III is the only Krhattriya prince in India, and is the head of that community. His fortune is vast, even for an Indian prince, and he supports at his own cost a college at Burdwan, where free education is imparted to the youth of his realm up to the first arts standard; a high school at Kalna and a free Sanskrit college and a girl's school at Burdwan.

The prince also maintains at a great cost annually many temples at Burdwan and Kalna. At these the poor are fed daily. He also supports almshouses, where rice and flour are distributed daily to all who apply.

CHINESE AND THE COMPASS.

Very Probable that They or Some Other Asiatics Discovered It.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered, many centuries ago, that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. We call this ore magnetic or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone, but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone it would receive the attractive and directive power of this ore. With this wonderful appliance placed at the service of navigation, the vessels that had hugged the coasts soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be chartered with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of directions and lengths of the Black Sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portulan maps.

Looks No Consideration.

The Spencer Courier makes an interesting offer:

"An interesting old bachelor dropped into the Courier office one day this week and wanted to advertise for a wife. He said all that was necessary was that she have a good bank account. He cared not her age or accomplishments, and when asked if he wanted her to be a good cook, he said "he was not particular," just so her bank account was all right. Any lady with matrimonial plans will please call at the Courier office and we will give you the name and address of this ambitious bachelor."

Had All Eternity.

An old Kansas citizen, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Manda," said the old man weakly, "but so fur as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it!"—New York Tribune.

People who agree to everything you say are almost as entertaining as a phonograph.

The "400" Defined.

"Pop," said Tommy, "what do the newspapers mean when they say 'a member of the 400'?"

"They refer, Tommy, to certain society men and women who think they are better than anybody else, and that's about all the thinking they do."

"Did you ever see one of 'em, pop?"

"I don't know, Tommy; but you can easily tell one if you happen to run across it."

"If it's in a street car it talks so loudly that you can't hear the roar of the wheels.

"If it's in church, the plumes on its hat hide the preacher.

"If it's at a party, the most of its clothes are in the dressing room.

"If it's in an automobile, dodge it. If you are quick enough, and come home to mamma alive.

"If it's walking on the sidewalk, it usually strides along as if it was taking the street home with it.

"If it's in a theater, you can tell by the stony stare in its face that the actors are doing good and intelligent work.

"If it's in a railroad station, in full dress, you'll wonder why the locomotive doesn't jump the track and take to the woods.

"You can't miss it, Tommy."

The Faith of the Boy.

The four-year-old son of a certain western senator had a very high opinion of the importance of his father. The latter tells how, on one occasion in their western home, the lad came across a magazine in which, by some chance, there were engraved side by side portraits of the President and the Senator mentioned.

When the lad caught sight of his father's features he broke into a broad smile. "That's a good picture of you, daddy," said he.

"Very good, my son."

"Who's the man next to you, daddy?" asked the youngster.

"Why, my son!" exclaimed the Senator, "don't you know? That is one of the greatest men of the world, a man more admirable and more powerful than any king. That, my son, is President Roosevelt."

The lad again looked at the picture of the President. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he observed:

"Say, daddy, the people in the east will be awful proud when they see the President's picture next to yours, won't they?"—American Spectator.

Cautious.

"Is this car perfectly safe?" queried the old lady.

"Perfectly," replied the conductor, reaching to assist her on.

"You are sure they won't no accident happen to it?"

"Absolutely sure, ma'am."

"Well, I'll risk it; ye see (confidentially) I've got a hole in one of my stockings an' I'd hate dreadful for anything to happen."—Houston Post.

At the Conversazione.

"See that man with the re-enforced forehead and prominent teeth? That's Mouldypast. He's more sought after by literary men and critics just now than any other man in the room."

"What for?"

"He claims to have unearthed an original manuscript from the pen of Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"I see. They are trying to get him to suppress it."