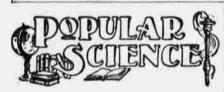


Government experts have discovered a new kind of food. It is said to be palatable, wholesome, nutritious, and ought to be reasonably cheap. The food in question is furnished by the seeds of the great yellow water lily, which in Southeastern Oregon have been gathered for many centuries by the Klamath Indians, who depend upon them to a considerable extent for their winter provender. They are so delicious, and so obviously available for consumption by civilized people, that it is thought there would be profit in collecting them on a large scale, preparing them for market by modern methods and putting them up for sale in neat and attractive packages, as a new food luxury.

The aborigines in question dwell among the foothills of the great Cascade range, in a region remarkable for multitudinous springs of icy-cold and crystal-clear water. It is from these springs that two vast water spaces, known respectively as Klamath marsh and Klamath lake, are supplied. The Klamath marsh, writes Rene Bach in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, contains 10,000 acres of the water lilies.

The water lilles are such exceedingly vigorous plants that they practically crowd out all other forms of vegetation over the area they occupy, even to the cat-tails. Thus the 10,000 acres represent that much space exclusively occupied by the "wokas," as the Indians call them. Their seeds are inclosed in large green pods, which when fully ripe undergo quite suddenly a curious sort of decomposition, as one might call it, literally melting and dropping into the water a mucilaginous fluid in which the seeds are most eagerly sought, the seeds having obtained a maximum of flavor and

White people in Southeastern Oregon often buy wokas from the Klamaths for their own use, paying from 10 to 20 cents a pound for them-that is to say, for the kernels ready prepared and parched. They like them very much. But the price seems to be rather high, and it is suggested by Dr. F. V. Coville, botanist in chief of the Department of Agriculture, that modern methods might be employed to great advantage in placing the crop on the market. It would hardly be practicable, he says, to gather the pods in any other way than that now adopted, but the processes required for separating, cleaning and otherwise preparing the seeds might be performed inexpensively and advantageously by already familiar milling machinesso as to place the product on the market at a price low enough to enable it to compete with other breakfast foods.



Calcutta is to spend nearly half a tank will be elevated 100 feet above laughter.

the ground on steel columns. To facilitate its telephone service, experimenting with a slot machine de- scenes. vice into which two pennies are "Black Beauty" was yawning. dropped when a call is made. If the

line is busy the money is returned. The navy's submarine boat, Octopus, holds the record for depth of operations. With a full crew on board the little vessel was operated for half an hour in Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, In water no less than 107 feet deep.

The first electric furnace in this hardening metals has been erected at cellent school for learning needle-Schenectady, N. Y. It consists of a work, Miss Prindle's Thursday aftercrucible containing metallic salts melt- noon gatherings were instructed in the ed by an alternating current of low

A prize of about \$2,400 offered in Germany in 1894 for the best method of preventing the pollution of streams by sulphite liquor from paper mills still remains unawarded. Scores of methods have been tried, but none has been notably successful.

F. Stubbs, an English ornithologist, expresses the opinion that birds habitually make use of storms in traveling from one part of their range to another. He points out that if a bird cannot find shelter, it must be more comfortable on the wing than on the ground during a storm, because in the flercest gales the air, as a mass, is at rest; that is, the bird is in a moving supporting medium, like a swimmer in a strongly flowing river.

The advantages of oil fuel for stationary and marine boilers are receiving much attention in England. Although the total cost is greater for oil than coal, oil has the advantage of greater convenience, simplicity and cleanliness. It is also more efficient, since a pound of good oil is found to have a calorific value about 35 per cent greater than that of an equal weight of coal. It also occupies much less space, and in that respect is very suitable for ships. Many improvements have recently been made in the methods of spraying and burning the oil.

A curious photograph of a crocodile's nest filled with eggs, from two of which young crocodiles were just issuing, is contributed to Nature by G. W. Grabham. The photograph was made in the bed of the river Rahad, near the frontier of Abyssinia. The eggs were about three inches long, and the newly hatched crocodiles are ten inches long. They are perfectly formed, and utter bad form, you understand." a sound resembling the croaking of frogs. Before being uncovered, the girl, "I think you met her last year eggs were buried about three inches deep in the sand at the bottom of a you remember? It was at the church hole a foot deep. The young croco- fair." diles, Mr. Grabham says, were perfectly willing to bite, but not strong a moment. "So I did. Well, in that enough to do any harm.

Spolled the Performance.

The play was all about a horse-a famous horse, the autobiography of which is even yet among the "best sellers." and over the sufferings of tears of sympathy. The four-legged it are conspicuous by their absence.

actor that had been cast for the part of the horse was doing his best, presumably to look pathetic.

With drooping head, it stood on the stage, from time to time switching Its poor docked tail. One of the twolegged actors was delivering an impassioned and really touching speech. million dollars for a 9,000,000-gallon when the audience suddenly burst into tank for its filtered water supply. The a fit of prolonged and uncontrollable

The oration came to a sudden stop. The actor glanced at the horse, then the British postoffice department is turned and fled in dismay behind the

THE FINE ART OF MANNERS.

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Miss Prindle was a formal and precise old lady who "conducted"-so the phrase ran-a very select sewing class country for annealing, tempering and for young girls. Besides being an exniceties of old-fashioned manners. Miss Prindle was herself a model of propriety, and had her pupils tried only to imitate her, their time would not have been wasted.

One day, down-town, Miss Prindle saw coming toward her a girl whom she recognized to be Marion Knight, one of her sewing class. The girl was walking along rapidly, not seeming to notice her teacher. As the two met, Miss Prindle caught her eye, and bowed and smiled in her most formal way. She then passed on, reflecting that Marion would doubtless benefit by the example of her salute, and some time be herself an example to others.

A few rods farther on, to her sur prise, Miss Prindle again encountered so she thought-Marion Knight. The girl was coming toward her, as before.

Miss Prindle stopped.

"Are you-" she began, "are you not Marion Knight?"

"Certainly, Miss Prindle," said the

"And didn't I meet you only a moment ago?" she asked. "No, Miss Prindle, I think that was

my twin sister, Elsie.' Miss Prindle looked her confusion.

"And she she isn't in my sewing class, is she, Marion?" "No. Miss Prindle; she has been

away at school for a long time." "O dear! O dear!" exclaimed the old lady. "And I don't know her, and I bowed and smiled to her! Oh-Marion. dear, will you tell her just as soon as you see her that I shouldn't have smiled and bowed to her, because I've Froissy brass band, and a womar never met her, you see? It was very holds the street cleaning contract.

"But, Miss Prindle," protested the when we first came to live here. Don't is generally heavier on the right side rush." Of course this error may be

"Oh, so I did!" cried the other, after case, Marion, you may tell your sister that I am glad I bowed, but I shouldn't have smiled. Good-by, dear!"

Neglected Opportunity. Though Swansea, Wales, is in the very heart of the Welsh anthracite which thousands of readers have shed | coal fields, stoves suitable for burning WHERE DANCES ORIGINATED.

Waltz First Popular Among Germa

Peasants. Of all the wonderful, stately old dances which 200 years ago were in vogue, only the minuet remains, and that nowadays is very rarely attempted. Of course every one admits that of all dances the waltz is queen. It originated among the German peasants in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. As they danced it it was the slow waltz, called the landler.

Later the Vienna musicians took it up, quickened the pace, and by their lovely musical settings of this dance rhythm established the reign of the waltz throughout the world. It is noteworthy that the composers of the finest dancing waltzes ever written-Schubert, Weber, Beethoven, Strauss, Lanner, Labitzky and Waldteufel-were all Vienna men. It is properly a threestep dance, whether slow or fast. The two-step waltz is a recent innovation and not an improvement.

Besides the waltz we owe to Germany the gallop, an impetuous, dashing dance dating from about 1800; the polka, a justly popular four-step dance derived from the Bohemian peasantry about 1830, and the redowa, a quick movement in triple time, also Bohenian in origin.

France has given us the minuet, the participated in by several pairs or sets erty. simultaneously.

Poland has furnished some beautiful troubled him-but not half so much dances, notably the much-admired mazurka in modern triple time; the state ly polonaise, a kind of processional much used in European courts and at elaborate social functions; the varsovienne, a slow three-step, and the cracovienne, a fast two-step.

Italy's chief contribution is the jig, which is danced under different names in all countries—in Italy as the tarantella and saltarello, in England as the hornpipe, and in Scotland and Ireland as the reel.

The only dances native to his counry are sundry jigs, reels, clog dances, break-downs, etc., mostly originating among the Southern plantation hands. While these dances are lively and amusing, they cannot be called artistic, like the national dances of Germany, Poland, Spain, Scotland and France.

## ดูลลลลลลลลลลลล A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

It was a murky day in August, and the old sea captains were talking of a schooner which had been struck by

lightning a few days before, and adding their contributions to nautical fiction, thinly disguised as fact. "How about the Emma S., Captain Eli?" asked the privileged listener at last. 'Wasn't she struck once?"

"She was, sir," and Captain Eli fixed his gaze on a crack in the cell. and piggle's squeals were no more. ing of the old wharf office. "She was, indeed, off the Cape; home'ard bound, she was."

"I'd like to hear the particulars," said the young man, and all the cap tains moved in their seats and fixed their eyes on the crack which held the gaze of Captain Ell.

"'Tisn't much to tell, only what might happen to any vessel under similar succumstances," said Captain Eli. 'A bolt struck the deck amidships, and bored a hole right down through the bottom o' the schooner big as a man's leg.

"The water come rushing in, and o' course the Emma S. would have foundered if a second bolt hadn't come and struck my foreto'galla'mast, cut it off near the top, turned it end for end, and drove it right into the hole, plugging it up an' making it watertight.

"'Twas a clear case o' what folks call the ravages an' repairs o' nature,' said Captain Eli, as he removed his gaze from the crack and let it rest thoughtfully on the ingenuous face of the only landsman in the company.

## Busy French Women.

There are 7,000,000 women in France who earn their own living. In Paris women now work as cutters of preclous stones, and they have proved so water lily, or whatever flower is skillful that they may win supremacy chosen for the experiment. Over it from Amsterdam as the center of the then clap a tin funnel. Now slowly stone-cutting industry. The women lift the funnel, at the same time blowcutters receive \$1.80 a day, against ing gently through its small end. the 60 cents paid the Paris seam When you have blown a large enough stress. Women are found in almost film, you can disengage the bubble every line of work in France. For by turning the funnel at right angles. example, a woman is in charge of the A great variety of objects, from china railroad station in Froissy, a Paris dolls to Easter eggs, may be in this suburb, while her husband works un way filmed over with a gay sphere of der her as a porter. The only barber iridescence. shop in Froissy is run by "Mile Jeanne," who works only on Tuesdays and Fridays. Mme. Lesobre holds the joint position of telegraph messenger and postman. She averages twenty miles a day, seven days a week, and has not missed a day in fifteen years A woman pounds the big drum in the the use of the objective case instead

## The Right Side.

of his face.

Patrice I don't see, then, why a side of a man!

After a woman has been married six months the tradesmen don't hear so much about what her husband likes to eat.

Sometimes a man wants a thing so much that he forgets the other fellow doesn't want to give it up.



MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

Tom the piper's son stole a pig from Farmer Jenkins and away he ran to make good his escape. But piggie objected to being stolen. The moment he understood his true position, he



started to squeal at the top of his voice. This aroused the farmer from his noonday siesta (get Uncle John to quadrille or contradance and the far- explain this word), who at once startandole, all square dances or dances ed in hot pursuit for his lost prop-

Poor Tom! Already his conscience



as the pig's squealing. Do what he might, he couldn't stop it, and all the time his pursuer was just following the squeal and getting nearer and nearer. Tom tried to hide the animal under his blouse, but piggie simply



wouldn't let up even for a second. In desperation, Tom opened his mouth very, very wide, took ont mouthful

But with a pig in the inside of his stomach, Tom couldn't run-nor could you, dear reader. The farmer over-



took him, grabbed him by the collar, gave him a sound trouncing, and sent him flying down the street as fast as ever his legs could take him. Tom never stole another pig, you may be

quite sure of that. Flower in a Soap Bubble. A pretty experiment is that of placing a flower inside a soap bubble. To accomplish this feat, which is often

mystifying and always amusing, put water in which a good deal of soap has been dissolved into the bottom of a tray, or shallow pan, to the depth of about an eighth of an inch. In the center of the tray place the rose, or

## A Common Error.

An error that is frequently made and for which there should be no excuse save that of ignorance, is often said to be the result of hurried composition; but you will admit that that is less than no excuse at all. It is of the possessive, before a gerund or verbal noun, ending in ing. As an illustration, take this phrase that was inadvertently published in a news-Patience-They say a man's beard paper: "To prevent them making a corrected in one of two ways: "To prevent their making a rush," or "to girl always tries to get on the right prevent them from making a rush." If you will think only a moment, the reason will be obvious.

## MONARCHS ALWAYS IN PERIL.

Efforts to Appear Calm Often Upset by Apparent Danger. One of the principal rules in the

life of a king is that his face must

never betray his emotions; he must

never show surprise or disappoint ment or anger. Above all, he must never show fear. But sometimes, says an English writer, it happens that the iron self-control of a ruler will break down.

One can readily understand the effect that the terrible events of her wedding day must have had on the nerves of the young queen of Spain and though at the time her calm courage was the amazement of all, it is quite certain that the fright has had a lasting effect.

After a recent visit to England she was about to embark on her journey back to Spain and had taken leave Man-You will if you git enny! of the friends and relatives who had come to see her off. Suddenly she thought he would save the State. turned back and hurried toward her Bocker-And now he is trying to save mother, flinging her arms round her a dollar a week. and embracing her passionately again and again.

"I fear I shall never see you again," he's the man I lay the blame on when she said, with tears in her eyes.

The only time the German emperor has been seen to look frightened was when he had just arrived in England on his way to the deathbed of Queen Victoria.

He landed at Cowes, where he was their seats in a closed carriage preparatory to driving to Osborne. As ened the window and there was a is coming up to spend the summer." sharp click. The emperor turned dead- She-Better join our picnic party. camera that an overeager photog- yard? rapher had thrust almost into the open window of the carriage. His majesty ing been betrayed into showing good as any?

A curlous episode showing the state when he and the Czarina paid a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral in 1896. It had been arranged that when the imperial train arrived at Ballater station some rockets would be sent up to announce to the queen their safe arrival and also as a sort of welcome to the Czar himself. Unfortunately, no one had prepared the Czar and, as was startled by the sudden roar and like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a crash as the fireworks raced aloft and moment's reflection)—I think I should burst forth with a flash.

The Czar sank back in his carriage half insensible with fear and quivering like a leaf, and it was some min- daughter," said the wedding guest utes before he recovered sufficiently sympathetically. "It's a blamed sight to bow to the crowds that lined the harder to lose the homely ones," reroute through the village.

A dramatic little episode once oc. yet to go. curred on the magnificent staircase of the royal palace in Madrid.

On the night of October 7, 1841, a with the intention of kidnaping the dear," replied the brute, "but I didn't child queen Isabella. Shots rang out say you should bake mine." and there was a murderous hand-tohand combat on the staircase.

let them kill me!"

As day broke over the city the mutineers fled and most of them were afterwards shot.

## SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Cob Meal Industry Not Especially Well Known to the Public.

"Have you ever bought any cob meal?" inquires a writer in Popular Mechanics, and adds: "If so, you did it unintentionally. Cob meal is made by grinding corn cobs, and the industry is one shrouded in great mystery. Not that there is any secret of particular value in the process of grinding, but the ultimate purpose of the corn cob meal is not such as to make lars have been spent in perfecting the

"It is apparently reassuring to learn date it so far ahead.—Philadelphis that 'it is necessary, of course, to have Press. the cobs clean of husks, stones and pieces of chain, brick, etc.'; but in about forgiving our enemies, but, I vestigation develops the fact that this tell you, it's a hard thing to do precaution is taken not on account Browne-That's what it is. We should of the meal, but to safeguard - the not be expected to forgive our enemies grinding machinery. Even so ignoble except when they freely admit that a thing as a corn cob grinder rebels they don't deserve our forgiveness .at being fed on pieces of stone, chain and brick, and the machines are rather

\$28 per ton.

deception developed that several States Bits. have already imposed severe penalties on the use of cob meal as adulteration. Inasmuch as the nutrition in cob meal is on a par with pine sawdust, it would seem a proper subject for national pure food legislation. The leading milling journals insist that the millers of wheat flour seldom are offenders, daughter as a substitute.—Philadeland that cob grinding is chiefly done by manufacturers of mixed and compound feeds, especially those composed

largely of molasses. "It's a mighty mean and contemptible man whose automobile is pur chased with the stealings from the

Color Blind. Servant-A pound of tea for the

rations of a faithful, helpless animal."

missus.

Grocer-Green or black? Servant-Shure, ayther will do. She's as blind as a bat!"-Judge.

that married men have opportunities thrust upon them.

A man has no business with religion ried man.—New York Weekly. if he doesn't use it in his business.



Mrs. Briggs-Does your husband take any special exercise? Mrs. Griggs Yes; he's all the time kicking.

Mr. Summerboard (politely)-Shall I help myself to the beans? Hired Knicker-When he graduated he

"Your wife doesn't seem to care

much for that friend of yours." "No;

I'm detained downtown." "Who's that homely girl you spoke to?" "Sir, that lady has promised to be my wife." "Cheer up. Lots of

women don't keep their promises." Editor-What are you writing? Rereceived by the Prince of Wales (the porter—A race with death. Editor present king) and they had both taken Say we call that race off and get it up in some other form this time.

"I've moved to the country now. the carriage began to move off through and planted a garden." "Anything the respectful crowd something dark. coming up?" "Sure. My wife's family

ly pale and shrank back into his cor- He-What's the use, when I can more ner. But the click was nothing more easily enjoy warm lemonade and sandserious than the sound of a snapshot wiches with ants on 'em in my back Customer (looking at electric fans)

-No. I don't believe I care for a dearly loves to be photographed, but second-hand fan. Dealer (waving his on this occasion he was furious at hav- hands)-Vy? Ain' segond-hand air as Hub-Reckless and extravagant-I?

When did I ever make a useless purof the present Czar's nerves occurred chase? Wife-Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago; we've never used it once. "I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel," remarked young Sap-

> so," rejoined Miss Slashem, "when a pint cup would more than hide it." Fond Mother-Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you

> leigh. "You would be foolish to do

enjoy seeing the baby spanked .- Fi-"It's hard to lose a beautiful plied the old man who had several

"Mean thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Newliwed; "it's just brutal of you to call it 'this stuff.' You said you'd be glad crowd of mutinous officers swarmed up if I baked my own bread—" "Yes,

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)-Very fine indeed. But Poor little Isabella, all her real dig. what is that passage which makes the nity forgotten, wrung her hands in cold chills run down the back? Coman agony of fear, screaming, "Oh, don't poser-That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him .-Fliegende Blaetter

> Mr. Budworthy-Rather clever fellow, that young Dudelong, don't you think? Miss Pewstules-I really could not tell. He scarcely uttered a word the whole time he was here. Mr. Budworthy-Sly dog! He knows when he is at his best.—Puck.

> "How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?" 'Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we

compared notes."-Fliegende Blatter. Miss Passay-This gold dollar was given to me by my grandfather when publicity desirable. Thousands of dol- I was christened. It was just coined shortly after my birth. See, it is datgrinding machinery, and the process ed 1880. Miss Sharpe-Yes, how conis now reduced to a practical science. siderate of them to have the coiner

> Towne-It's all well enough to have Philadelphia Press.

She (indignantly)-Why did you fail to keep your appointment with "Where the cob meal goes finds a me yesterday? He—I'm awfully sorry, ready explanation in the fact that it but I was compelled to wait in a rescan be made at a cost of \$6 to \$7 per taurant until it was too late. She ton, while ground feed brings \$25 to (icily)-Pardon me, but I thought you had a position in a bank. I wasn't "To such an extent has this class of aware that you were a waiter.—Tit-

Merchant's Wife (suddenly appear ing in her husband's office)-Ha! 1 thought you said your typewriter girl was an old maid? Merchant (much confused)-Um-er, yes, m'dear, of course, of course; but she is sick to day, and she sent her little grandphia Record.

Epicure-Waiter, this steak is posttively bad. It must be three weeks old. Waiter-Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze meestake, and have brought you ze venison. Epicurean-Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah! to be sure, it is venison; and very nice, toovery nice, indeed!-Town Topics.

Mrs. de Temper (looking up from the paper)-Well, I declare! Another woman, single-handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have been killed by the brute; but the pa-It was David who said, "All men pers say the moment she grabbed a are liars." And he might have added poker and made a dash for him, his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright. Mr. de Temper-He is probably a mar-