

LORE OF WERE-WOLF

STORIES OF MEN TRANSFORMED BY DESTINY OF WILL.

Servant Who, Being a Loup-Garou, Found Food for Master—Exposure of the Wife of a Nobleman of Auvergne.

John of Nuremberg relates how a man, lost at night in a strange country, directed his steps towards a fire that he saw before him. On reaching it he found a wolf sitting enjoying its warmth and was informed by him that he was really as human as himself, but that he was compelled for a certain number of years, like all his countrymen, to assume the shape of a wolf.

A strange country, indeed, where wolves when the evenings grow chilly light a fire and in the comfort of its ruddy glow are found ready to entertain the passing traveler with their conversation!

Olaus Magnus, in the early part of the sixteenth century, tells us a story of a nobleman and his retinue who lost their way in journeying through a wild forest and presently found themselves hopelessly foodless and shelterless. In the urgency of their need one of the servants disclosed to him in confidence that he had the power of turning himself at will into a wolf, and doubted not but that, if his master would kindly excuse him awhile, he would be able to find the party some provision. Permission being given, the man disappeared into the forest under semblance of a wolf and very quickly returned with a lamb in his mouth, and then, having fulfilled his mission, resumed his human form.

In Auvergne in 1588 a nobleman, in returning from the chase, was stopped by a stranger who told him that he had been furiously attacked by a savage wolf, but had been fortunate enough to save himself by slashing off one of its forepaws. This he produced as a trophy, when, to the astonishment of both, it was found to have become the delicate hand of a lady. The nobleman felt so sure that he recognized a ring upon it that he hurried to the castle and there found his wife sitting with her arm tied up, and on removing the wrappers the hand was missing. She had to stand her trial as a loup-garou, and, being convicted, perished at the stake.—Hulme's Natural History Lore and Legend.

Pay Physician's Bill Last.

The medical convention held recently in the new Memorial hall in Cleveland, O., brought a lot of physicians together socially. Now, when the profession meets in that way and momentarily lays aside the guardianship of the public health and pursuit of "bugs," a crop of good true stories is sure to be harvested. Here follow a few gleanings:

"The last obligation a man pays off is his doctor bill," said a Beaver county physician in a group in the foyer. All the rest nodded emphatically. "The grocer has to be paid or he refuses credit, the gas company peremptorily shuts off the gas, the landlord goes at once to legal processes and the saloon enforces a strictly 'pay-as-you-enter' rule. The doctor waits and waits, and dares not dun, or the man will go into a rage and haughtily change doctors, and never pay his bill.

"A man laid \$10 on my desk the other day and said: 'There, thank God, that's the last cent I owe.' 'That's what they all say,' I replied. 'Pay everybody else first, the physician last. Next time you get in debt, I want you to make that remark to the butcher, not to me.' 'The man looked at me in offended amazement, and walked out.'

Cats Drive Off Snakes.

For many years I have been running a cattle station in Queensland, where snakes are tolerably numerous. At the head station we have always kept up a standing army of from fifteen to twenty cats, and have been practically free from the presence of snakes about the buildings and yards. That this was owing to the presence of our cats I have no doubt whatever. They were always on the lookout, and I have often seen members of our feline bodyguard growling over dead or dying snakes and have more than once witnessed savage encounters between them and their victims. On the other hand, martyrs to their duty were from time to time found dead in the morning with all the evidence of a fight and their defeat in the shape of snakebite on their bodies.—Spectator.

A Shoe Tip.

Before putting on patent leather shoes always rub the surface of the vamp briskly with the warm palm of the hand, thus softening the shoe and rendering it less liable to crack. Many patent leather boots "crackle" all over the first time they are worn, when this precaution might prevent the accident. Another method is the gradual warming of the shoe, and it must always be remembered that shiny shoes are never kept in cold places.

In Doubt.

"I see you are still standing pat," said one statesman. "Yes," replied the other; "but I can't feel sure whether I am still in the game or playing solitaire."

ATTRIBUTES HIS SUCCESS TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



Christian Science has been credited with many achievements, but it is unusual for religion to have inspired the building of a railroad. That this is the case, however, is attested to by Arthur Edward Stillwell, who thinks he ought to know, since he is the builder as well as the president of the road in question, the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railway. Also in this connection it is worthy of note that once before Mr. Stillwell built a railroad which was lost to him by the reorganization methods of "high finance."

In the present and second venture Mr. Stillwell gave Wall street what might be called "absent treatment," and the new railroad is one of the very few in the country that have not received financial nursing from that well-known quarter.

Railroad builders have been common enough, as have captains of industry more or less identified with religion out of business hours, but Mr. Stillwell has attained unique prominence in that he frankly places his business success as the result of carrying his Christian Science belief into all his deeds.

During the 49 years since he was born at Rochester, N. Y., there have been many other interests than those of religion to mark Mr. Stillwell as a man of original thought and action. It was in Chicago that he laid the beginnings to his fortune and became interested in the faith of which Mrs. Eddy is the head. As a life insurance agent there he made a record. During this period he claims he was cured of a spinal disease by Christian Science healers, and in that way became interested in their religion. Shortly afterwards Mr. Stillwell suggested to the president of the life insurance company for which he worked that certain methods should be changed. That was many years before the era of insurance investigations and naturally Agent Stillwell, the "hustler" with the moral sense, was discharged. Still he had saved \$20,000 and with that and his faith he went to Kansas City to build his railroad.

This was his first venture and since then he has admitted that he was in error. To be sure, he formed the company, sold by his personal efforts \$20,000,000 of bonds in Holland, and finally saw completed the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf, a monument to Mr. Stillwell's ability, even though it is no longer his and the same he gave it has been changed to the Kansas City Southern.

But Mr. Stillwell was not discouraged. He decided to build another railroad and not to ask any help from Wall street, so he planned the line from Kansas City to Topolobampo on the Pacific coast of Old Mexico, a distance of 1,629 miles. President Diaz of Mexico was so impressed with the value of the road that he granted it a \$4,000,000 subsidy, while counties in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas came in for another million.

HERO OF BOER WAR IS SUCCESSOR OF KITCHENER



Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, a famous English officer, has succeeded Lord Kitchener as inspector general of the Mediterranean forces, a position held by the latter for only a short time. Gen. Hamilton distinguished himself in the Boer war and has been decorated by many countries. He was born at Corfu, in 1853, a descendant of military stock. His education was finished at Wellington College and he entered the army in 1873.

General Hamilton first saw service in the Afghan war, in 1878, and acquitted himself so well that he was given the medal with two clasps, a token of excellent service. He was in the Transvaal war of 1881 and three years later took a prominent part in the Nile expedition, gaining several medals and promotion to the rank of major. Next he was in the war with Burma and in 1895 he fought in the Chitral relief force, India. His record in South Africa gained for him additional honors. He commanded the infantry in the brilliant action at Elandslaagte and for his personal valor in the field was recommended for the Victoria Cross. During the rest of the campaign in Africa he served with no less distinction and in the end fairly won his title.

General Hamilton has also gained some fame as an author. His publications include "Fighting of the Future," "Taurus," "A Jaunt in a Junk" and "A Ballad of Hadji."

Method in His Heroism.

"It was noble of you to jump in and save your worst enemy from drowning."

"Well, I can't claim much credit. I had just been reading the swimming articles that tell you it is best to avoid struggles with a drowning man by giving him a hard punch on the jaw. I simply couldn't resist the temptation."—Washington Star

IN A FAR COUNTRY

By Temple Bailey

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Over her cakes and coffee Cynthia admitted her homesickness. Paris was the place of her dreams. She had thought her little home town dull, but it was nothing to this dreary waste of cathedrals and art galleries, with every one speaking a strange language.

Everett Batcheller had told her how it would be, but Cynthia had had her mind set on a year abroad, and she had scraped and saved, and had at least attained the fulfillment of her desire.

But, in her planning, she had forgotten to provide for friendships. Cynthia was a friendly little soul, and all her life she had had neighbors and church associates who carried her off to meetings, and club colleagues who consulted her about things. At home she was a very much occupied and rather important person.

But here she was nothing. The people at the boarding house turned up their noses at her, and an English girl had openly insulted her on the Fourth of July.

Cynthia had written to Everett of the latter incident.

But Everett was not entirely sympathetic. "You know that wherever you go the eagle screams, Cynthia," he told her. "You ought to stay in your own country, and among your own people, if you want to be happy." "Her own people!" That sentence stayed in Cynthia's mind long after



"Look Here, Let's Go Around Together a Bit."

she had tucked away the letter in her trunk for safekeeping.

"I'd rather see a familiar face than all the portraits in the Louvre," she mused forlornly.

As if in answer to her wish, a form darkened the doorway of the pastry shop, a halting voice asked in very bad French for cakes and coffee, and with a hesitating step a very large lady came and sat down at the next table to Cynthia.

Cynthia, eyeing her with some curiosity, decided that she was an American. There was an unmistakable air about her clothes; there was less finish than in the attire of a Frenchwoman, and more of style than is possible for an Englishwoman.

There was tragedy in the face, and when the coffee came and the cakes, a sigh made Cynthia hold.

"May I come over and talk to you?" she asked frankly. "I'm awfully homesick, and I'm pretty sure you are an American."

The face beamed. "My dear," she said, "you have saved my life. I think I should have died if I had had to string out another French sentence. My tongue aches with twisting it."

Cynthia laughed. "Going abroad isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it?" she asked. "I have been homesick ever since I landed."

"Have you really?" the stranger confided. "Well, it's the same with me. I'm used to having my friends about me—but after my husband died and my mines turned out so well, everybody said I ought to travel—to broaden my mind. But I wasn't made to broaden my mind; I was made to sit on my front porch and fan on hot days, and to go in my kitchen and bake better buns than these on the cool ones."

Cynthia laughed. "I feel that way myself. I just long to bake a pot of beans or a clam chowder, and sometimes when I've been visiting toms and things I'd give anything for a cup of my own tea."

"Now that's just the way I feel," said the other. "Look here, let's go around together a bit. Maybe things would be better if we had somebody to talk it over with."

Things went so well that, on the second day, the two took a small apartment together, with a tidy servant in charge; and together they went the rounds of sightseeing, finding a certain satisfaction in their common complaint against this very foreign town, and in their common enthusiasm over the home country.

"But I wouldn't tell Everett for anything," Cynthia confessed to her friend. "He told me how it would be, and I wouldn't believe him. I thought it would be like fairyland, but I didn't understand that fairyland would be lonely without friends."

"Yes, it would. But who is Ever-

ett?" "Everett is the man who wants to marry me," Cynthia said, with knitted brows. "But I'd rather teach." "Goodness gracious," cried the other woman, "why don't you marry him? Any woman can teach, but it isn't every one who has a man to love her."

Cynthia laughed. "I believe I'm half in love with him. But he isn't broadminded. He's perfectly content to stay in that little town and stagnate."

"There are worse things," said the wise companion, "than stagnating. Think twice before you turn Everett down."

"I am perfectly contented as I am," said Cynthia, "and since I met you I am beginning to enjoy the toms and the Tulleries."

"It's the same with me; but you are young, and shouldn't feel that way."

In the midst of their satisfaction, the elder woman fell ill, and, in querulous fashion demanded home cooking.

Cynthia, rising to the occasion, dismissed the French maid, and, after some difficulty, found an English girl who agreed to follow American recipes. By means of much dependence on canned goods and dried products, a menu of baked beans and clam chowder, of codfish cakes and corn bread was made possible.

The days were cool, and, with the magazines from home, and some simple sewing, the two aliens spent their days happily.

"I don't seem to care for art galleries and things," said Cynthia; "it is so nice here under the lamp-light." In her letters to Everett, however, she still kept up her semblance of sightseeing enthusiasm. "I'm not going to let him crow over me," she decided.

But he did not crow over me, for suddenly his weekly letters ceased and Cynthia began to realize, after a month of silence, that it had been his letters that had kept her content.

"I can't understand," she said one night, "what has become of Everett." "He has probably found somebody else. No man is going to stand being treated as you have treated him."

Under cover of darkness Cynthia wept a little. She began to understand what Everett had really meant to her. She knew now that the vision of her future had always shown her in a circle of friendly faces in her home town, with Everett by her side.

He was so much in her thoughts that when he walked one morning into the Paris apartment, she met him without surprise.

"Oh, dear, I have wanted you so," she said.

"I knew it," was his sympathetic response. "You and I belong to each other, Cynthia, and even the seas couldn't really separate us."

After the first raptures, Cynthia introduced him to her companion.

"I have had her in training," the matron stated. "I wish you could see the way we live. We sew and read and eat American dishes, and if it wasn't for the fact that we can see Notre Dame from our windows instead of the Baptist church spire, we wouldn't know whether we were in Paris or in Pike's Corners."

"Why—so we wouldn't," Cynthia cried. "I don't believe I am as broadminded as I thought, Everett."

"Well, you are broadminded enough for me," Everett stated. "And now, if you don't mind, Cynthia, we will get married, and continue this foreign tour together."

"And I'll go home and get things ready for you," said the other. "I wanted an excuse and this is the best ever, and I guess Cynthia and I will have more fun talking over our experiences on your front porch than in living them in a far country."

TEACHING A CROW TO TALK

If His Tongue Is Split Straight Down the Middle Lengthwise He Can Speak Better.

"You know, of course," said the man in the mackintosh, "that you can teach a crow to talk."

Silence gave negation to this proposition.

"It's so, anyhow," he persisted; "but if you slit his tongue straight down the middle, lengthwise, he can talk a good deal better. Why, I've seen that thing tested. A neighbor of mine, a college professor, had a crow that could speak several words. He had his tongue slit, and when the tongue got well the bird could say almost anything the professor wanted it to say."

"Did it perch upon the bust of Pallas, just above the—"

"Cut that out! I'm telling you something that actually took place."

"Did the bird talk itself to death?"

"Did it talk the professor to death?"

"Could it sing two parts?"

"Did it use words that had a double—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the man in the mackintosh, "you make me intensely weary. The professor, it is true, gave the bird away. A bartender has it now."

"What was the trouble?" inquired the man with the green goggles.

"He couldn't make it talk grammatically. It split its infinitives."

Sometimes Happens.

"He's been around the world and yet you never hear him tell about his experiences."

"Maybe he was chased around the world by detectives."

NEW SOUP RECIPES

GIVING VARIETY TO FIRST COURSE IN MENU.

Potatoes and Sorrel Added to Familiar Tomato Bisque—How to Use the Water in Which Fowl Has Been Boiled.

In the fall the housewife's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of soups. With the first few whiffs of snappy autumn air the stock pot acquires an interest which it has lacked for at least three months, while the daily menu becomes longer by one hot, wholesome course.

When reinstating soup to its proper dignity this year it would be an excellent housewife's study to vary it to a greater extent than in former seasons.

The average first course is extremely limited in point of variety, and good and tasty recipes are so numerous that it is a pity this should be the case.

While fresh tomatoes are still with us, try a variation of the familiar tomato bisque. Have the fruit weighing just a pound, and cook them in salted water, with either three or four white potatoes (peeled, of course) according to size, and have a bunch of sorrel in the water. When soft, rub them through a sieve and heat again with some butter. Add the seasoning liked, boil up yet again, and serve with toast fingers.

Any poultry stock makes a good soup in capable hands. And by poultry stock is meant not the extracted juices of a whole fowl, but simply water in which the bird is boiled.

This is the method followed by one adept manager to use up the superfluous liquor when serving boiled fowl. To a pint and a quarter of the latter add just a little celery, a mere slyer of onion, a saltspoonful of pepper corns, and a teaspoonful of salt to taste. When it has reached the boiling point, simmer it slowly half an hour, and afterward strain.

Prepare the usual blend of flour and butter, gradually pour on to it the boiling liquid. Add one cupful of milk and season with salt and pepper.

If the yolk of one egg is slightly whipped, thinned with a tablespoonful of the soup, and added to the potage proper it makes for additional richness. In such case it must be served immediately, or it will curdle.

Artichoke soup is less known than many other vegetable broths which are less choice. Following is a reliable recipe for it. In a tablespoonful of good butter fry a white turnip sliced thin, red onion ditto, three pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, washed, pared and sliced, and a thin slice of bacon. Stir these in the hot butter for ten minutes, and gradually add one pint of stock. Season to taste, strain and press vegetables through a sieve, after which add two cups of boiling milk, reheat and serve.

One of the many uses of a can of salmon is a soup easily whipped up on washday or to eke out a scanty luncheon menu some time.

Remove all bits of skin and bone and mash the fish in a bowl to a paste. Mix together two cups of veal broth with the same quantity of sweet milk and bring to a boiling point. Cream together two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter, and with it thicken the stock, stirring smooth. Add the fish, boil up once more and serve.

The same rule can be used when there is a pound of fresh boiled salmon in the larder to be picked over, and it is equally delicious with halibut.

Good and appetizing, too, especially noteworthy in a household where there are school-going appetites, is cream of sago. For it is the sago, after being thoroughly washed, is soaked three hours or more. A quart of white stock is put in the soup pot with a small onion, a bay leaf and a parsley spray and is slowly simmered for 30 minutes, after which the greens are removed. A pint of cream or milk is brought to a boil and is thickened in the usual way with blended butter and flour. This thickened milk is poured into the boiling stock, seasoned and the potage is ready for immediate appreciation.

Olive Salad.

Mash two anchovies and add them to French dressing. Stone 24 olives and chop them rather fine. Cut one boiled beet into dice. Chop a small cucumber pickle. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, sprinkle over the gherkin, then the olives, then the beet and potato. Dust with salt, paprika and white pepper. Chop two hard-boiled eggs very fine and place them over the top. Sprinkle lightly with three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, pour over the French dressing, toss and serve.

Boiled Tripe.

Wash half a pound of tripe then boil up in water, drain, cool and cut into small pieces. Put these with one cupful of milk, one cupful of water, two sliced onions, season with pepper and salt, and let simmer for two hours. Mix one heaping tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, add to the tripe, stir until it boils, then let it simmer for another 30 minutes.

Cream of Squash.

Peel and boil squash until tender, add one onion, mash through a colander; to every cup of squash add one cup of milk; put in a small lump of butter, season with salt and pepper; serve hot.

Landlord and Tenant.
I have been a property-owner for nearly 40 years and during that period have lost from depreciation \$25,000, from empty houses \$10,000 and from defaulting tenants over \$5,000 or a total loss of over \$40,000. During this 40 years I have never known a defaulting tenant honest enough to pay a shilling of the arrears when once he removed from the neighborhood.—Lectur in London Telegraph.

Loose Shoes.
Quite as bad as too tight shoes, against which we are always warned, are too loose ones; they cause corns and bunions and often produce flattening of the arches. The woman with the peculiarly shaped foot who cannot get shoes exactly to fit her except when made to order, should get them a little too long rather than a little too wide; it is the lesser of two evils.

Sweden's Church Boat.
The church boat is a popular institution in Sweden. It brings families to service from the farms around Lake Siljan to Leksand. The water route is the nearest and most convenient, and so the big boat goes from farm to farm along the shore picking up the church-goers, who later return by the same route.—Wide World Magazine.

The Humorous and the Witty Story.
The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art—and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America, and has remained at home.—Mark Twain.

Sown Oats.
"It's no good looking at me like that, father," said Augustus Frederick, twelve years old, as his parent, having punished Sebastian Claude, fourteen years old, for being in possession of a packet of Roes of the Prairie, looked searchingly at him. "You know perfectly well I chucked smoke tin when I was eight."—London Globe.

Cattle From the Sahara.
The cattle raised on the fringe of the Sahara are known to be of good quality and are estimated at 2,000,000 head. With a little scientific feeding during the dry season their numbers might rapidly be increased and the Soudan region might become a sort of second Argentina.

Above All Others.
The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, 3,500 feet deep; the biggest dock is at Cardiff, Wales, and the strongest electric light is at the Sydney Lighthouse, Australia; while the largest lighthouse is at Cape Henry, Virginia, being 165 feet high.

Very Fast.
The electric ventilating fan on the wall of the restaurant was whizzing round. A gentleman who had dined extremely well sat looking at it for some time. "Waiter," he complained at last, "that clock's fast!"—Punch.

Daily Thought.
Though we soar into the heavens, though we sink into the abyss, we never go out of ourselves; it is always our own thought that we perceive.—Condillac.

Big Bank's Business Methods.
Before discounting any paper the Bank of England requires at least two good British names, one of which must be the acceptor. It seldom holds over \$150,000,000 in bills discounted and securities of all kinds.

No Humiliation in Apology.
If you make a mistake and offend a friend, don't hesitate to apologize. It will make you bigger, broader, happier, and will prove you a man instead of a sham.

Lie Seldom Harmful.
No lies can hurt a man for a long time. There is little use in spending your time trying to correct lies. The lie itself will drop like a feeble shaft against the armor of truth.

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