

FEAR RAPPING OF CRICKETS

Superstition that it Foretells Death is Universally Prevalent in England.

In England, whether the cricket brings us good luck or bad, he is certainly not regarded as a fighting animal, as he is in China. The Chinese put the domestic cricket into, strict training and set him to fight single-round contests, on which they can bet with a will. The absence of any disagreement as to the proper interpretation of the leg-before rule gives the Chinese cricket match a great superiority over the English variety. The cricket superstition is not confined to England. Sir William Jardine noted its existence in Scotland last century. More widespread, however, is the death-watch superstition. I confess that the ticking of a death watch at night gives me an uncanny feeling. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," was probably the first to give a true account of this death watch:

"The noise is made by a little sheath-winged gray insect, found often in wainscot benches and woodwork in the summer. We have taken many thereof and kept them in thin boxes, wherein I have heard and seen them work and knock with a little proboscis or trunk against the side of the box, like a picus martius, or woodpecker, against a tree." But explanations, however, clear, do not dispel superstitions, and the "sheath-winged insect" still ticks terror into the hearts of watchers about a sick bed.—London Chronicle.

PATRIARCH HAD READY WIT

Possibly Stretched Truth a Little, but Was Not Going to Be Beaten by "Youngsters."

"The old man was a ghoul for work," Deacon Thomas told the new minister. They were speaking of Moses Rogers, who had lately died after an active life of ninety-one years. "Folks used to work in my young days," Moses would always tell you.

"He was a little mite cocky in former years, and one day he challenged John and Jim Boardman, thirty years younger'n him, to pitch up a load of hay's fast's he could load it."

"All right," they say. "The hay wag'n was driven round to the medder, an' they begun. Moses held his own awful well for some time, and if the boys stopped to breathe a minute, he'd call out: 'More hay! More hay!'

"But after a while he had to struggle round to keep on top of the hay, all disordered and half-tired down as it was, and it started to roll, and then to slide, and finally a lot of it tumbled out, and Moses with it."

"Hello! you got the boys. 'What you don't down here?'

"I come down after more hay," says the old man, beginning to pitch, "cool's you please."—Youth's Companion.

HIS FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

"I see that 180 men control the financial affairs of this country. They don't have anything to do with controlling mine."

"Yes, they do. The fact was brought out in the money trust investigation in Washington."

"That's all right. The money trust investigators haven't interviewed my wife."

PRELIMINARIES.

"What is going on?" asked the terrified stranger in Central America.

"Revolution," replied the man in the uniform.

"Who is leader of the rebels?" "Don't know yet. That's what this fight is about."—Washington Star.

FAME.

"I would rather be Thomas Burns dead than Pierpont Morgan living."

"Would you? Who was Thomas Burns?" "Great heavens! Haven't you ever heard of Tommy Burns? He was a Scotchman who wrote 'Beneath there a man with soul so dead.'"

THAT RED SOX VICTORY.

"Papa, I don't believe I will turn Christian when I grow up."

"You'll not? What do you mean?" "I think I'll be a Bostonian."

COMFORT.

"It is so hard for Miss Flirty to make up her mind."

"Perhaps she concentrates in that endeavor on her face."

WEIRD TALE FROM AUSTRALIA

Bushman Hacked Off Arm That Was Caught in Tree and Died to Death.

A weird story of a tragedy of the Australian bush is reported from Sydney, N. S. W. A few weeks ago a bushman named Daveny left Terri-erick cattle station, near Longreach, in Queensland. The other day his body was discovered in a lonely spot in the bush with one arm roughly severed at the elbow. Traces of blood led to a large withered tree. The missing arm was projecting from the hollow of the broken bough, in which was a nest of young parrots. There were horse tracks under the bough, and close to the body was found the man's penknife, covered with congealed blood. The man had evidently ridden under the hollow-bough to get the young parrots. The bough was out of reach, and so he stood on his saddle to reach it. Then he pushed his arm into the hollow to feel for the birds. The horse moved away and left him hanging in midair, with his arm jammed in the hole of the bough. In that position he probably remained for a long time. The trunk of the tree was scratched as though by his spurs as he sought to raise himself to the bough in which his forearm was imprisoned. The agony—for his life were bitten through—seems to have driven him to madness. With his pocket knife probably with his teeth, he began to saw at the elbow joint of the imprisoned arm. The crude process of amputation was completed and he dropped to the ground. He staggered a few yards, then fell down and died from loss of blood.

DEFINED



"What is an old maid?" "A Katydid."

CHINESE COMPRAADOR.

The comprador is an important factor in the treaty ports of China. Many large foreign firms are engaged in the import and export trade at these ports, and each employs a comprador, a wealthy Chinese, whose business it is to keep himself acquainted with the Chinese merchants in the various lines of trade in which his house is interested, in Tientsin, Peking and the other cities of north China. He receives a commission on all that he buys or sells for the firm. In return, if credit be given to any Chinese shop of firm, the comprador guarantees the obligation, and if the shopkeeper does not pay at the appointed time he must pay out of his own pocket.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST RICE CROP.

The harvesting of the first rice crop in this section of the country is now in progress. The industry centers chiefly about Richvale, in the vicinity of which place about 12,000 acres of land have been planted to rice. Figures from the first three or four days of harvesting show that the crop will average about 5,000 pounds to the acre.—Los Angeles Tribune.

HER REQUEST.

"Father," said the fair, timid young girl, "my William is coming to see you this evening, and I beg you will allow me in his case to reverse my usual request to you."

"What is that?" asked the father, suspiciously. "When he comes," she sighed, as a poorly drooped down her cheek, "please don't foot this Bill."

SO HE WOULD.

Bill—I see you are quite lame? Jerry—Yes, tried horseback riding yesterday.

"Did you stick on?" "No; the horse threw me."

"He probably knew you'd better be off."

BEST WAY TO TAKE EXERCISE

No Better Plan Than That of Indulging in Long Walks Has Yet Been Devised.

Walking, if properly and regularly followed, would become not only a restorer of health to many who at the present time are of the road to disease, but also a source of pleasure.

Let the arms swing if you feel like it and the limbs, too; open the nostrils and fill the lungs, and the movements will send a gentle electric vibration through the entire body, the result of which is the awakening of new life. Never take the lazy gait, as it soon makes one tired and produces languor. A little perspiration on the homestead may prove to be a blessing not only in carrying effect matter from the body, but in bringing an increased supply of oxygen into the blood and putting the blush of health on the cheek.

Perhaps the best time to walk is in the early morning. The air is then the most highly charged with the life-giving oxygen and the freest from dust and smoke which rises later in the day. At this time, also, the mind is liable to be free from worry and anxiety, hence in the best condition to drink in the blessings of freshness for us on every hand.—Health.

CLAIM FEES ARE TOO LOW

British Physicians Unanimously Dissatisfied With Remuneration Offered by the Government.

The question of whether it is worth six shillings or eight shillings six pence to a physician practicing in Great Britain to give medical attention to a patient for an entire year continues to be a topic of absorbing interest, not only to the doctors affected, but to medical men throughout the world. The British physicians maintain that the lower figure is inadequate. It is likely that the 120,000 practitioners in the United States and Canada heartily agree with them to a man. The matter is being discussed in medical publications in all civilized countries. The Medical Review of Reviews states that the British Medical association, apparently with the almost unanimous backing of the physicians of England and Scotland, is taking a firm stand against the government, and at its recent annual meeting strong resolutions were passed condemning the measure of the "six-shilling look."

GOOD, BROAD HINT.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically:

"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

"Indeed it must," was his response.

Then, after a while, with sympathetic disingenuousness, she exclaimed:

"It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—Photo Bits.

REAL QUESTION AT ISSUE.

"Do you think," said the young doctor, "that we can afford to operate on this man now?"

"That isn't the question," said the old surgeon. "Can we afford to have us operate is what we want to know."

ONE ADVANTAGE.

"Don't you find your short arms a disadvantage in life?"

"Not altogether. I can reach vigorously for a dinner check, yet let the other fellow beat me to it every time."

HE'D LIKE IT.

Bacon—I see a baseball player of one of the big leagues is studying law.

Egbert—Perhaps he's expecting to be sent to the bench.

SUSPECTED.

Jones—I want to deposit the sum of \$10.

Receiving Teller (who knows him)—What! Have you sold your car?—Puck.

PENALTY FOR OVEREATING.

Teacher—What comes after Thanksgiving day, Tommie?

Tommie—The doctor, ma'am.

ROLLER.

Belle—Did you notice how she rolled her R's?

Benah—Yes, and her eyes.

OLD POLISH CUSTOM REVIVED

Imposing but Somewhat Extravagant Idea May Catch the Fancy of Fickle People of Paris.

Paris is threatened with the revival of an old custom that was formerly in vogue in Poland. When the lord of a castle invited his friends to dine in his banqueting hall, he emphasized his lavish hospitality by throwing all the silver and plate used on his table into the well filled most after the meal, thus assuring his guests that they should never be asked to eat again from the same dishes.

The modern adaptation of this fantastic lordly whim is to invite one's guests to sit down at a table whereon nothing but the flowers, the table decoration and the napkins may be seen. As soon as the guests are seated a bevy of servants, presumably one for each guest, bring in the plates, glasses, knives and forks, etc.

Of course this could only be done with a very large staff of servants, directed by a butler who was a genius. If somewhat troublesome and rather odd, it would, no doubt, be very imposing; but it is a novelty which can never take the place of the studied elegance and refinement of a table that has been arranged beforehand with care and art.

STAGING A PLAY



"I can give you the part of a butler."

"I couldn't take a small part like that."

"You are evidently not used to society, drama. The butler has his share of the epigrams."

LESSER EVIL.

Even when there is an undercurrent of reality the stream of Irish humor flows smoothly. A man walking along a country road met a peasant driving a wretched-looking donkey, with a load of turf that seemed to tax the strength of the unfortunate animal to its utmost.

"Why," said the man, "you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals for leading the ass so heavily as that."

"Begorra, sir," said the peasant, who was on his way to the market town to sell the turf, "begorra, if I didn't do that I'd be took up for cruelty to a wife and six children."—Weekly Telegraph, London.

FASHION'S CHANGE.

"I remember you cured me of this same trouble a dozen years ago. Why don't you use the same treatment now?"

"A dozen years ago?" echoed the doctor. "My dear sir, the medical profession has made wonderful strides since then, and I couldn't think of such a thing."—Puck.

LITTLE POVERTY IN SERBIA.

Though the progress of Serbia has been disappointing, said to be due in a considerable measure to the fact that the country has been afflicted with two native dynasties, yet poverty is almost unknown. The peasantry is prosperous, almost all being small land owners and quite well-to-do.

MOSTLY FINANCIAL.

Tommy—Pop, what are the circumstances that alter cases?

Tommy's Pop—Financial circumstances, as a rule, my son.

ONE SIDED.

Gibbe—It's easy to trade your reputation for money.

Dibbe—Yes, but you are up against it if you want to trade back.

AT WORK.

Patience—Did he ever try working to music?

Patrice—Sure thing; he's a dancing teacher.

USE SAILS ON THEIR WAGON

Brooklyn Boys Have Put Novel Idea into Execution, and Pronounce It a Success.

No gasoline, carburetor, engines or other things that go to make the motor car an expensive vehicle are used by seventeen-year-old James P. McGovern of Brooklyn to make his sail wagon, Flying Dutchman, a success. All he requires is wind to enable him to speed along country roads at from twenty to forty miles an hour. McGovern's vehicle is built somewhat on the lines of the ice racer. The triangular body is of ordinary lumber, with two bicycle wheels at the "bow" and one at the "stern" for steering purposes.

McGovern and his chum, Richard Kallman, nineteen years old, have been traversing the roads of Kings county for some weeks in this machine, the envy of every small boy who sees them.

"I call the Flying Dutchman my aeroplane wheel," said McGovern. "It's a wonderful success. Dick and I have got more enjoyment out of it than we would out of a motor car. We get up early mornings, raise the eight-foot sail, a gust of wind comes along and away we go."

CONFUSED IMPRESSIONS



"Did Mr. De Gunner see a deer while on his hunting trip?"

"Yes. But in his excitement he mistook it for a member of his party and asked it for a cigar."

PUCK ON MODERN MEDICINE.

A very honest man who was sick wanted to keep on living (as reported by Puck). With that end in view he called the neighborhood doctors into consultation. "Big dose," said the Allopath. "Small doses," said the Homeopath sapiently. "Fresh air and exercise," said the Physical Cultivist. "An operation," said the Surgeon. "Starve," said the Fastener. "Fruits and nuts," said the Dietist. "Kneading," said the Osteopath. "My favorite prescription," said the Patent-Medicine Man. "This is all very interesting," said the patient, "but likewise it is all very different. Is there any grand principle on which you all agree?" "Yes," they chanted in chorus, "we all agree that when it comes to fees the proper thing is to charge all the traffic will bear and the Devil take the Undertaker. We will send our bills by the next mail." And they did.

HUMAN SHUTTLECOCK.

"Doctor, I wish you would see if you can't remove these unsightly warts from my hands."

"Why don't you go to a manicure?" "I did, and she sent me to a chiropodist."

"Well?" "Well, he sends me to you."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't risk my reputation on such a job as that. I shall have to advise you to go to a safe blower."

MORE HUMILIATING.

"Being struck by a train is a horrible experience."

"Being tripped by a train is nearly as bad."

BLUFFING.

"The British suffragettes are threatening to blow up parliament."

"Oh, that sort of talk is merely bombastic."

PARADOXICAL POLITICS.

"There are queer things sometimes about straight tickets."

"What is that?" "When they're crooked."

UNGALLANT.

Miss Oldgirl—I wish, professor, you would give me a few wrinkles. Professor—You already have your fair share, madam.

ITS CLASS.

"The new play is called 'As Was in His Hands.'"

"Then it must be a serious performance."

SUBURBAN AMENITIES.

He—The hens are cackling at a great rate next door.

She—Yes, the club members are meeting there.

CANDID.

"Tell me why they call good roles in plays 'fat parts?'"

"Because they are supposed to lead to the pork barrel."

THEIR CLASS.

"What are the kind they call fugitive poets?"

"I suppose they are the ones whose style is chased."

THOUGHT SHE HAD.

Patience—What's the hen cackling so about? She hasn't laid an egg. Patrice—No; I guess she's absent-minded.

NO GAMBLER.

Patience—Polly says she believes marriage is a lottery.

Patrice—Poor thing! And she's never had a chance!

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