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## THE SPANIARD.

**His Primitive Instincts of Hospitality and Charity.**

Havelock Ellis in his "Soul of Spain" has revealed intimately and charmingly the temperament of the Spanish people. According to him, the Spaniard is still fundamentally primitive. In proof of his possession of the primal instincts of hospitality and charity he quotes the following anecdote from an Aragonese newspaper of a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon:

A laborer out of work came on the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a wagon. The laborer bade him halt and demanded his money.

"Here is $30, all that I have," the detained man replied.

"There is nothing left for me but robbery. My family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said apologetically and proceeded to put the money in his pocket, but as he did so his mind changed.

"Take this, chico," he said, handing back $29. "One is enough for me."

"Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity.

"Yes," said the man. "Take this dollar back too. I had better have some rice and some beans."

The wagoner handed over a bag of eatables and then held out $5, which, however, the laborer refused.

"Take them for luck money," said the wagoner. "I owe you that."

And only so was the would be robber persuaded to accept.

## THE BABY CROP.

**Worth More Than All Other Crops as a National Asset.**

When you come to think of it, there's no escaping the conclusion that the baby crop is worth more to this good country of ours than all the corn, wheat, cotton, beef and poultry products put together—worth more in dollars and cents. Untimely frosts, the boll weevil, the wheat rust, the green aphis and all the other crop and animal scourges couldn't work so great a national disaster as a genuine baby famine.

And it is simply appalling to think what would happen to our national temperament if babies were abolished. Our sense of humor would instantly go glimmering, and smiles would become rarer than black hollyhocks. The education of parents in all the little arts of tenderness would go into instant decline, and we would speedily become a nation of ossified hearts and sour faces.

Babies are the chief apostles of unselfish affection. All the world admits that. The mother who has constantly maintained an attitude of unalloyed selfishness toward all the world will go to the depths of self denial and sacrifice for the helpless child, and men of fiery and autocratic temperament become meek and plastic disciples in schools of patience and restraint wherein their own babies are the teachers and disciplinarians.—Red Book.

**Gloom Spread by Book Agents.**

"When I was a small boy living in Huntsville, Mo., an early day book agent came up from St. Louis by steamboat and flooded our country with a harrowing volume entitled 'Agnes—The Key to Her Coffin.' Everybody bought the thing and everybody wept over it," remarked a Macon resident. "Its influence descended upon the community like a nightmare. It reeked with shrouds, funerals and graveyards. For a long while 'The Key to Agnes' Coffin' was the sole diversion of certain portions of the populace. They seemed to take a pure and chastened joy in the awful weight of woe that oozed out from between its lids, and it made them feel better. There were not many books in the country in those days, and the sagacious agent had sized the community's taste up about right. The book was supposed to be very consoling to the distressed in that it told of worse troubles than their own."—Macon Republican.

**The Scent of Books.**

The publisher shut his eyes.

"Bring me books," he said, "and by the smell alone I'll tell what country each was published in."

He did indeed distinguish in this manner a French, an English and an American book.

"English books have the best smell," he said. "French come next. Our own come last. Our own smell salty. The others smell fresh and sweet. Have a try?"

The skeptical clubmen in their seats, snuffing the books, were soon able in their turn to distinguish them by the odor.—Exchange.

**Hunted the Hunter.**

"Is it really true," asked Miss Chellus, "that you're engaged to Mr. Richley?"

"It is," calmly replied Miss Bute.

"My," exclaimed Miss Chellus, "he was a great catch!"

"I beg your pardon," retorted the other haughtily; "catcher."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## SALVATION FREE.

**But There Was a Collection and Also a Reason For It.**

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free" and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a-yeah, pahson," he interrupted; "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I find out. Now"—

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate. S'pose yo was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo could kneel right down an' drink yo fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Ob cou'se not. Dat's jest what I"—

"Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But, s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, suh, but"—

"Waal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon; pass de hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

## DURABLE INK.

**The Secret of Its Manufacture Seems to Have Been Lost.**

The ink manufacturer has made great strides in his field. He has produced many colored fluids that seem well adapted to ordinary use. But how long will this ink last without fading?

Did you ever pick up a letter written ten or fifteen years ago and note how much of it is illegible because the ink has faded? Some precious documents not a century old are preserved today in air tight cases, so that the ink will not fade any more. Others have been copied in order to retain the exact chirography of the original authors.

Fading ink is one of the things in which the ancients did not believe. Many of the mediaeval manuscripts six and seven hundreds years old have their letters formed of ink that is as black and bright as on the day when first written.

Who has the secret of this lost art of making durable ink? It is another one of the lost arts that is worthy of investigation. The ancients had fewer materials to work with and less facilities for laboratory tests, but we must acknowledge that there are some things in which they excelled us.—World Today.

**Joy of a Yawn.**

When life seems more than usually insipid—and such moments do come to even the most hopeful of us—there is a sudden pleasant sympathy in the yawn of the terrier on the rug before the fire. "Ah, you, too, find things a little boring, old fellow!" we say to ourselves. A dog yawns nobly, making no attempt at disguising it with politely uplifted paw. All animals seem to enjoy a yawn except man. We once saw the late lamented hippopotamus at the zoo lift himself slowly from his murky pond and yawn. It was a great spectacle, tremendous, Homeric. The concentrated boredom of the whole creation seemed expressed in that gigantic gasp. For a few fascinated moments pond, shed, railings, people, all seemed merged in one colossal mouth. It was wonderful. Oh, we thought as we came away, to be able to yawn like that when life becomes too silly!—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Get Out of Doors.**

Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others outdoors. The latter all recovered, while the former all died. This experiment shows that a rabbit living upon its natural food and under a natural environment is proof against tuberculosis. There is abundant reason to believe this equally true of man. In other words, tuberculosis is not a necessary evil of human life, but is a natural consequence of erroneous habits and departure from natural conditions. Man is naturally an outdoor animal. A mole lives a healthy life in a burrow. A man must live in the fresh air and the sunshine.—Medical Record.

**The Brigands.**

The word "brigand" is derived from a portion of the armor worn by archers, English and foreign, anciently called the "brigandine." This consisted of an apron of leather plated over, scale fashion, with thin pieces of steel. From the irregularities of the light armed men who wore these defenses the name of brigand became in course of time infamous.

**The Touchstone.**

The Magnate—You will succeed, sir. You are a genius. The Inventor—No, I'm not. If I were a real genius practical men like you would consider me a darned fool.—Cleveland Leader.


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