

Supplement To The Courier.

COOPERSTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

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The paths of all this is that these people never quite realize until some of the real calamities of life overtake them what they have been ignoring and casting aside. Until they are old, until they are stricken with illness, until they stand bereft of fortune or until they are visited by death—then and then only do they become aware of the importance of the individual relationship. It matters not in such an hour what the prime importance of the world may be. It will not avail them to know that the world still goes on and that the principal thoroughfares of the great cities are alive with a spectacle forever fascinating and forever new. Life in the abstract cannot aid them then. They are alone, left longing for a personal relationship, with an aching and, too often, a breaking heart. Friendship, affection, tenderness, how they loom large in the hour of despair!—Theodore Dreiser in Tom Watson's Magazine.

How to Walk Upstairs.

"There are but few persons who know how to walk upstairs properly," said a well known physician. "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step, springing himself up to the next step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should in walking or climbing stairs seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes upstairs with a springing step you may be sure is no philosopher, or at least his reasoning has not been directed to that subject."

In the Days of Chivalry.

Most people will be somewhat surprised to hear that the idea of women requiring escort, especially of a really protective nature, is of comparatively modern origin, says a contributor to the Grand Magazine. But such appears to be the case. Nothing strikes one more forcibly in the study of mediæval literature than the absolute freedom women enjoyed to travel and wander alone without fear of molestation. The times were unsettled, undoubtedly, and men lived for fighting only; but, nevertheless, the helpless and defenseless were safe enough, so far as one can judge from contemporary literature. I do not deny that they came to grief occasionally, but as a general rule men respected the other sex in the days of chivalry, and even the worst of scoundrels allowed an unprotected woman to ride by unharmed.

Henry's Conundrum.

"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, who somehow never gets hold of an idea until it is old, "I have a good one for you. I think you'll appreciate it, only you must not let it make you angry."

"What is it, Henry?"

"What's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?"

"The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when a real emergency arrives. That's the principal difference, Henry."

Singing Insects.

The many natural curiosities of Japan include a species of singing insects. The most prized of these tiny musicians is a black beetle named "susumushi," which means "insect bell." The sound that it emits resembles that of a little silver bell of the sweetest and most delicate tone.

THE REAL SAHARA.

How the Vast Desert Appears to the Caravan Traveler.

The Sahara is not at all as popular belief pictures it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals which appear like snow in the distance. The rivers from the Aures mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban. Sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and that none can understand unless they have spent several weeks with a caravan. At times the heat is very great, but, being perfectly dry, it does not enervate as our humid atmosphere does at a temperature 40 degrees lower. Near midday the desert appears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears, and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with visions of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! This is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of this kind the camels suddenly raise their heads and snuff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near. In the far distance a low black line indicated palm trees, and in a few hours the oasis of Sidi Okba appeared, distinctly relieving the doubts of those who feared it was only a mirage. Our dragoon kicked off his slippers and climbed very nimbly up a fine palm to get some of the luscious fruit growing at the top.—D. F. Elmendorf in Scribner's.

Wanted Hanging.

Douglas Jerrold, the famous humorist and satirist, and Henry Compton, the well known comedian, figure in a capital story told in a memoir of the latter celebrity. The two men were on intimate terms of friendship and one morning went to view the pictures in a certain gallery. On entering the anteroom they found themselves opposite a number of very long looking glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold:

"You've come here to admire works of art. Very well, feast your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass. "Look at it, there's a picture for you!"

"Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "very fine indeed! Wants hanging, though!"

The Chinese Way.

In China the entire family is held responsible for the acts of any of its members, and for certain offenses, such as an attempt on the life of the emperor, all are executed, even to the babe in arms. The teapson or dean of the village, elected by universal suffrage, is responsible for the conduct of the families of his domain. The subprefect, prefect, governor and viceroy are all responsible in different degrees. An inundation and a famine are laid at the door of the governor or the viceroy, who are "father and mother to the people." A number of years ago a mandarin was murdered by soldiers. As a result thirty-three functionaries—prefect, subprefects and superintendents—were declared responsible and beheaded and the governor and treasurer of the province were exiled.

Samuel Johnson's Preciseness.

Goldsmith and Boswell and Johnson having met at the usual hour at the chop house, Boswell observed that he had just encountered the Prince of Wales on the street.

"Do you think," asked Goldsmith, turning to Johnson, "that the Prince of Wales will ever be king?"

"It is impossible!" retorted the great doctor. "Utterly impossible!"

"Why do you think so?" asked Boswell.

"Why, condemn you!" roared the doctor, getting red in the face. "Why, because, sir, the minute he gets to be king he ceases to be Prince of Wales."

Josh Billings.

Josh Billings in "His Sayings" (1866) wrote the following declaration: "To Deaken Uriah Billings—a man of munny virtues and sum vices—this book is completely dedicated—and may he have the strength to stand it—his own nephew, Joshua Billings." And in the same volume the author says to the reader: "Tread lightly, dear reader, for the way is ruff. This book was got up tew sell, but if it don't prove tew be a sell I shan't worry about it. J. Billings."

THE COW TREE.

A Vegetable Freak Found in Mountain Regions of Venezuela.

The mountain region of Venezuela is the home of one of the most remarkable botanical freaks known to grow upon the American continent. It is a tree which flourishes only upon the mountain sides and always at the height of about 8,000 feet above sea level. It is lofty and slender for its height and has broad, stiff leaves of a dusty white color, which give it the appearance of being almost dead. What is queer about this tree with the tall, slender trunk and dead looking leaves and branches? It is odd enough, sure, for, although it is a very stupid looking forest growth, it is known the world over as the "milk" or "cow tree"—the famous "palo de vaca," which Humboldt so glowingly describes. It is an evergreen variety, and those who have used its "milk" pronounce it "perfectly delicious." When the traveler, hunter or native of the Venezuelan mountains is tired, hungry or thirsty he needs but to cut the bark of the cow tree in order to be rewarded with a copious flow of this milky sap, which is said to be even sweeter and richer than the milk of the best high grade Jersey. If collected in vessels and allowed to stand for some little time, say from eight to twelve hours, it grows thick and yellow, and the "cream" goes through the process of "rising to the top," just as it does in ordinary milk.

At about the time of sunrise, according to scientists, is the hour chosen by those acquainted with the tree's peculiarities for tapping the bark. At that time the milk is believed to be more palatable and nutritious than if taken after the sun has been acting for some hours upon the leaves. Attempts have been made to cultivate the cow tree both in Mexico and in the smaller Central American republics, but so far all such innovations have been failures. As soon as it is removed from the mountain sides, even in its native land, where the natives have tried to grow it in the valleys, it withers and dies.

On the Honeymoon.

She said something that rubbed him the wrong way.

Seeing the look of pique on his face, she cried:

"Oh, my darling, my darling! I have hurt you!"

"No, my dearest," he replied gravely. "The hurt I feel is due to the fact that I know it hurts you to feel that you have hurt me!"

"Ah, no! Do not let that hurt you for an instant. My hurt is because I know it hurts you to feel that I have hurt myself by hurting you."

"No, my precious. My hurt is because you are hurt over feeling that I am hurt because you feel that you have hurt me and are therefore hurt yourself and—"

Let us leave them, dear reader. They will get over it in time.—London Answers.

Dicestrous.

"Maria says she'll never get off a street car the right way again."

"Why not?"

"The other day she stepped off the way George told her, and at the same moment a fat woman in the seat ahead stepped off the wrong way and the car started, and Maria and the fat woman met face to face and Maria bumped squarely up against the fat woman, and the fat woman fell against Maria, and Maria clutched the fat woman around the neck, and the fat woman placed her fat hands on Maria's shoulder as if she meant to waltz with her, and then they both went down in a struggling heap."—Indianapolis Star.

An Invitation Declined.

A keeper was in the hyenas' cage at Hall by the Sea, England. One of the animals improved the opportunity to turn upon the man in an ugly mood. The keeper promptly defended himself and, to teach the animal manners, gave it a drubbing until it slunk into a corner. One of the spectators, a dear old lady, then remonstrated with the keeper and thought he had acted cruelly. The man stepped out of the cage and, advancing to the lady, said, "Praps, mum, you'd like to come inside and manage him?" The invitation was not accepted.

A Smart Girl.

"She told me she had made a study of palmistry."

"Well?"

"Well, she offered to read my palm, and I let her."

"Naturally."

"And then she told me I was going to suffer a disappointment in love, but would get over it and marry a poor girl."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? She's rich, and I had intended to propose to her that very evening."

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