

PITH AND POINT.

When a man of 80 does an odd thing, his loving relatives carefully lay the memory of it aside, to use in proving his insanity when his will is fixed.—Atchison Globe.

It is a pity we cannot get all the wished men to vote the other ticket just once so that we could figure out the exact size of the majority we need to convert.—Puck.

The river flows quietly along toward the sea, yet it always gets there. It might be well to remember this when you are trying to rush things.—Chicago Daily News.

Mistress—"Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a relative of yours or a friend?" Maid—"Neither, marm; he was only just my husband."—Boston Transcript.

An Extravagant Affair.—"Mollie," he said, "if I should die first, I want you to see that I am cremated." "Mary on us, John! Coal may be six dollars a ton then!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Jack—"I've resolved to give up drinking and betting and all that sort of thing." Tom—"Oh, you'll never keep that resolution." Jack—"I'll bet you the drinks I do."—Glasgow Evening Times.

She—"Why does a ship have to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port?" He—"Well—er—you see, the weight is constantly changing on account of the biscuits that grow on it in the water."—Philadelphia Press.

To Avoid a Strain.—"Feeling blue, are you, Mr. Lightwatts," said Miss Simplocote, sympathetically. "You ought to do something to occupy your mind. I don't mean," she added after a moment, "that you ought to work very hard at anything."—Somerville Journal.

TEA DRINKING IN THE SOUTH

The Quantity Consumed Has Greatly Increased During the Last Few Years.

The increased consumption of tea in one of the interesting phases of modern commercial life in the south, said a drummer for a New Orleans house, according to the Times-Democrat.

and you would be surprised at the vast change which has taken place in this respect. The fact is that during the past few years the changes in the tea business have amounted to a revolution. I have just returned from a trip on the road, and I touched some of the more remote places in Texas and Mississippi, and while I have been out before in the same territory, I was surprised at the increased number of tea drinkers.

"Up to a few years ago in the more remote sections of the country tea was used almost exclusively in the sick room. Tea had to be bought in the country from the druggist. The man who dealt in general merchandise rarely thought of selling tea, unless he had a medicine counter in his store. Tea was something flimsy, something to be given to the convalescing patient, along with crackers, tasteless broth, and things of that sort.

"This is not the case now. Tea is bought in rather large quantities by country merchants, and the country folk use it for other than sick room purposes. It is extensively used throughout the country.

"There is a still more interesting fact in connection with the growth of the tea trade. Negroes are now great tea consumers. You would be surprised at the amount of tea consumed by this element of the population. Using tea is a new thing with the negro element, but since they have gotten into the tea drinking habit they have vastly increased the consumption of the product. Yes, they have about quit using sassafras roots for tea making purposes, and this rather primitive drink is now used for its medicinal properties. It has exchanged places with the other tea.

"These are some of the reasons for the increased consumption of tea. There are, of course, many other special and general causes for the new demand, and altogether the changes form a rather interesting subject so far as modern commerce is concerned."

Distinctive "Reading." An aged colored man, who is well known to some of the attaches of the city hall, for whom he frequently does odd jobs at their homes, is familiarly called by the sobriquet of "Tute." One day "Tute" asked one of his many employers if he would kindly read a note for him. He requested was complied with, and it proved to be a call upon "Tute's" services as a whitewasher and cleaner of cellars. "Why, 'Tute,'" said the man, "this is very plainly written, and you surely ought to be able to read this yourself, for I have frequently seen you reading the papers."

"Well, that's just it," replied "Tute." "Ye see, I can't read writin' readin', but I kin read readin' readin'." This peculiar explanation revealed that "Tute" could manage to read print, but was unable to read writing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Diplomatic Reply. "Does your wife open letters that are addressed to you?" casually inquired the friend. "Now, no man likes to admit that his mail is opened by another, and yet Higgins wished to be truthful.

"Not when they are delivered at my office," he replied.—Chicago Post.

An Indifference Center. Percy—I don't see how you keep so blamed cheerful and contented. Guy—Easy enough; I don't waste time or vitality thinking about the people who have more of this world's favors than I have.—Detroit Free Press.

SOLD THE SPIKES.

Railway Engineer's Tricky Scheme Which Brought Him in Considerable Cash.

"The shooting of President McKinley makes me think of an engineer driver who made a pot of money by selling spikes that held the rails that President Garfield's funeral train was carried over," said a New York woman the other day, according to the Telegram. "They hadn't held the rails at all, but that had nothing to do with it.

"We had been spending the winter before in Washington, and I had a mission sewing class there, and when we went back the next winter, his daughter, who was in my class, told me about it. She said her father sold almost a keg of nails, and I dare say he did. He got five dollars apiece for them, so it was rather profitable as an investment in old iron.

"He fell into it by accident. His locomotive was attached to the funeral train that started for Cleveland from Washington. At some point where the train stopped the driver got down and walking around he noticed a small gang of men replacing the track. They were pulling old spikes, and the driver took one, and put it in his pocket as a souvenir.

"When he got home he put it in his parlor, but a day or two afterward, when he was in the office of one of the railroad officials, he said he had the thing as a souvenir.

"It happened that in the office was a souvenir friend who paid fancy prices for trash, and he offered the driver five dollars for the spike. The driver not only closed with the offer, but he saw a way to do business. He told the man that he had some more, and he guessed he didn't care for them, if anybody wanted them five dollars' worth. The man said he would remember.

"The driver went home, sent away his one spike, and then he walked the track for a few blocks in the yard and picked up an odd dozen of old spikes. Whenever he was on a run for a few weeks after that he garnered all the old junk in the way of spikes that he saw, and thanks to the souvenir friend he sold numbers of them for five dollars. Later, when the demand was falling off, he reduced the price to one dollar, and he did a good business with old iron that had nothing to do with Garfield's funeral train. Which shows how the public likes to be fooled.

"You may think it's only a good story, but I assure it's all true."

FLAGS AND NATIONALITIES.

Italians More Demonstrative of Loyalty to Their Adopted Country of All Foreigners.

If the Italian people have the unenviable reputation of giving this country the majority of its murderous anarchists, the race seems to be heartily ashamed of the fact and anxious to express its sorrow. All over the city when the death of the president became known the poor raved with and even outdid the rich in showing tokens of their grief. But a walk through Mulberry Bend showed that the Italians easily won in the sad rivalry. From fully one-third of the tenement houses there fluttered an emblem of sorrow—a cheap little American flag with a bow of drooping black at the tip. Five cents would buy the flag and an old dress yielded the strip of mourning, but it means a good deal when every house shows the same tokens, says the New York Tribune.

The black draped flags now fluttering in Mulberry street (or they would flutter if they were long enough) are hardly fewer than when the king of Italy met a fate similar to the present tragedy. Italian flags hang side by side with the national colors in many cases. No foreign nation has in this city children so devoted to its flag as Italy. Every tenement house that shelters Italians can show proof of it in green, white and red. In their national holiday processions one always sees an American flag borne alongside each Italian standard.

Germanic, although doubtless fond of their fatherland as are the Italians, do not make nearly so great a display of hating on any occasion. The Austrian flag is rarely visible, although there are many ex-subjects of Francis Joseph in the city. Flags of any kind on any occasion are few in the ghetto, fond of display as are the dwellers therein. A few American flags, and here and there the blue and white emblem of Zionism, with the star of David in the center to recall Israel's past, are what one sees. Just now the draperies of black go to prove that it is not lack of loyalty, but want of practice which makes flags few among ex-subjects of the czar. "Twenty years, I lived in Rrussia," explained one, "and I never saw the flag wunst but twice, and then wunst it was covered up."

Humor in the Hub. A man who looked from his physical proportions as if he could back up any remark he might care to make in public boarded a South Boston car at Dover street the other night. The car was filled, but the man happened to get in a row which held only four passengers. None of them made any sign of an indication to move up and give him a seat. He hinted repeatedly, but received no encouragement, and finally said gruffly, so as to be heard by every passenger in the car: "These benches are made for five human beings or four car hogs."

His rebuke caused a general laugh, which was quickly turned on him when one of the four men arose to leave the car. As he stepped off he remarked: "You are mistaken. These benches were made for four—three human beings and one car hog. Take your seat."—Boston Journal.

CONFEDERATE CURIOSITIES.

Relics of the Rebellion Preserved in the Former White House of the South.

In a house simple in appearance, but imposing in size Jefferson Davis lived as president of the southern confederacy, and that mansion is today one of the most notable objects in Richmond, the capital of the confederate states, and has become known far and wide as the "white house of the confederacy." Situated on Shockoll hill, it overlooks a great expanse of country, and from the broad porches that surround it the winding River James can be seen for miles.

While the home of Jefferson Davis is known to every southerner, but little has been written of that noble band of women who have converted it to its present appropriate use—a museum wherein the hallowed relics of the past may be preserved from generation to generation and the memories of that heroic struggle for liberty and home forever kept alive, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The city of Richmond purchased this property in 1861, and upon regaining possession of it from the federal government in 1874 converted the mansion into a public white school. The historic mansion served this purpose for many years, it being held that the hearts and minds of southern children should be trained and taught within its hallowed walls.

As time rolled on, however, the women of the south talked about the need of a confederate museum. They banded together and after long and patient work raised sufficient money to secure possession of the building. Not a change in its architecture was made, but steps were promptly taken to render it as nearly fireproof as possible and to make it tightly in appearance. The museum was formally opened in 1895, and since that time the most valuable relics of every description have been secured.

Some of the more important relics are in the Tennessee room, but all the southern states are well represented. To those who participated in the four-year struggle and are familiar with the happenings of those strange days a list of the relics embraced within the walls of this historic mansion will prove of intense interest, recalling as they do, men once foremost in the fray, but since gone to their last account, as well as scenes of peril and battlefields where shot and shell fell thick and fast.

Some of the interesting articles to be found are the following: A large collection of confederate money from a \$1,000 certificate to a ten-cent note.

Views of Castle Thunder, Libby Prison and other historic places. Wooded stirrups used by Gen. John H. Morgan, of Kentucky. Military hat worn by Gen. Bartow, of Georgia.

A napkin that belonged to President Davis. A piece of the tree under which Lee surrendered at Appomattox. A piece of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's army desk.

The original constitution of the confederate states. A hat made by a confederate girl ten years of age. A piece of calico brought from England which sold for ten dollars a yard in confederate money.

A piece of the woodwork of the Merrimac. Portion of a battle flag used in a fight at Seven Pines. Medallion of rock crystal containing locks of the hair of President Davis donated by his daughter.

A large book filled with documents of different kinds written and signed by Gen. R. E. Lee. Gen. Wheeler's army orders. Autographs of many distinguished confederate officers.

A collection of all the envelopes issued during the war. Books of photographs of scenes during the war, containing camp scenes, noted battles, such as Manassas, Bull Run and Antietam, and other scenes of events connected with the great struggle.

A large collection of books, among them war histories, histories of Georgia and a number of works of fiction rebound handsomely outside the original covers. Several editions of works bound in wall paper at Mobile during the war.

School books for the children of "Dixie" bound in the best material obtainable at that time. Probably no place in the south is more generally visited by tourists than the "White House of the Confederacy." It is under the care of the Confederate Memorial Literary society, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president, among the members of which are some of the leading women of the state.

There is a certain melancholy interest attached to the high porch which crosses the eastern side, for it was by a fall to the ground below that Jefferson Davis, Jr., was killed many years ago while reaching for some cherries from the limb of a tree that extended just above the rail.

With each passing year the zealous women are adding things of interest. Not long ago the shaft of the confederate ram Merrimac (Virginia) was mounted on solid masonry. It has attracted many thousands, who remember the history of the one-time wonderful craft.

The confederate museum is an institution wherein the south takes a justifiable pride.

The Last Stage. Thespia—What does a woman do when she becomes too old to be a ballet dancer? Foyer—Becomes a child actress.—Judge.

AN OSCULATORY MISTAKE.

Etter Stranger Enjoys a Very Pleasant Reception Intended for "Uncle Fred."

The Lindborg News, which, by the way, is edited by a charming woman, prints a story "on" the pretty 18-year-old daughter of a McPherson county farmer, says the Kansas City Journal. The story opens with the rather astonishing statement that, though Kansas born, the girl "is very sedate and had never been kissed." However, the editress probably knows what she is talking about, and without comment we give her story as follows:

"Now it happened that the farmer expected a visit from his brother, whom he had not seen for ten years, and the two girls of the family were jubilant. One morning, while the old gentleman was out in the field, a carriage stopped at the farmhouse door and a fine-looking young gentleman alighted. The little girl saw him, and, running out to meet him, cried: 'Uncle Fred, how glad I am to have you come!' The young man picked her up and kissed her. She led the way into the parlor, where she introduced 'Uncle Fred' to her big sister, who promptly puckered up her lips and gave her 'uncle' a hearty kiss of welcome. Half an hour later the old gentleman arrived on the scene, and as he entered the parlor 'Uncle Fred' arose, handed him his card, and introduced himself as Mr. So and So, of St. Paul, representing the Milwaukee Harvesting Machine company. The girls made their escape from the room, and when their uncle arrived next day they waited for their father to give them an introduction."

"PLEASE TOUCH."

An Inscription That All Bronze Statues in the Museums Should Bear.

If the experiments recently tried abroad are to be regarded as conclusive, and there is every reason to suppose that they may, the tickets to be placed against the bronze statues in our museums will bear the words: "Please touch!" Those experiments

know that handling preserves them, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It was observed in Berlin that those parts of bronze figures that had been surreptitiously handled by visitors were brighter and looked in a better state of preservation than the other portions. Inquiries of antiquarians and experts revealed the fact that the Greeks made a practice of polishing their bronze by rubbing with the bare hand from time to time, and that the oil exuded from the human hand was good for the metal.

An experiment was tried with four bronzes for a certain period; one was polished with oil occasionally, another was rubbed by hand, a third was wiped with a mixture of oil and a chemical preparation, and the fourth was left untouched. The last suffered most, while the bronze polished with oil took first place, and the hand-rubbed one came second.

THUMB SIGNALS.

That Member Tells When One is Likely to Be Affected by Paralysis or Insanity.

Specialists in nerve diseases by an examination of the thumb can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this trouble long before it is in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed. The success of the operation can be told, too, by the changed condition of the thumb.

No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers, or to fall listlessly into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multifarious duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.

ONIONS ON HER TOMBSTONE.

Aunt Betsy Preferred Them to Flowers or Verses, and She Had Her Wish.

In the quieter section of a cemetery near Evansville, Wis., is a stone known as the "Onion Tombstone." Drooping gracefully over one corner of the slab as if just pulled and laid there, is the marble semblance of a bunch of young onions. Beneath is the date of the birth and death of the woman who sleeps in this peculiarly marked grave. The only explanation the sexton has to offer is that Aunt Betsy liked onions to eat better than anything else and often said that she did not want flowers or verses on her tombstone, but just a bunch of onions.

New England is often credited with the quaintest of tombstone memorials, but here is one from another Wisconsin cemetery which is odd enough. It seems designed to embrace the all of a woman's career:

Sixteen years a maiden, Sixteen months a wife, Six weeks a mother, Then she quit this life.

Flouring for Pearls. In the four counties of western Missouri the larger streams dried up this summer, and farmers have been plowing up the beds, while the family gathered mussels and hunted for pearls. A West Plains paper states that several pearls of large size, regular shape and good color have been brought there, but most of the specimens are deficient in some way.

RUSH TO WEIGHING MACHINES

Everybody Immediately After Vacation is Anxious About Gain or Loss in Weight.

"Our company makes more money off the penny-in-the-slot weighing machines in September and October than in all the other months put together," said the collector to a New York Sun reporter. "Everybody wants to get weighed at this time of the year. The desire to keep posted on the number of pounds they have to carry around with them takes hold of them just like an epidemic of measles or scarlet fever.

"The reason for the early fall being the favorite weighing season seems to be that it is the ambition of the majority of the mountain or seaside visiting folks to come home with more flesh than they took away with them. Or, if they don't want more, they want less. No sooner do they come home and resume their daily trips about town than they become anxious to see how their plus or minus condition is holding out. Hence the patronage of the weighing machines.

"I know people who get weighed regularly every morning for the first four weeks after their return, and not until they fall back to their normal weight do they give up the job of coaxing their adipose tissue to stay on or off. All this anxiety as to avoirdupois redounds to our benefit, and from now on to the middle of October we will gather in a bushel of pennies every day."

PLAN POLAR ANIMAL PARK.

Norway is Preparing for an Immense Preserve Under the Arctic Circle.

People in Norway are now planning to construct in the northerly district of their country an immense national park in which animals from the polar regions are to be placed. Herr Mohr, a scientist of Christiania, is the originator of this plan, reports a London paper.

He points out that there are some polar animals which cannot live in the ordinary zoological gardens of Europe as the climatic conditions do not suit them, and he claims that the north of Norway is the only part of Europe in which a suitable home can be arranged for such animals. He admits that some animals from the polar regions, such as bears, foxes, hares, seals, reindeers, Eskimo dogs and various species of birds, seem to thrive well enough in the zoological gardens in the north of Europe, but he claims that they would be much happier if allowed to rove over a large domain in the north of Norway, and, furthermore, he points out that all attempts which have yet been made to acclimate the musk ox in zoological gardens have failed, and that only by placing several specimens of this interesting animal in a national park in Norway can all danger of its possible extermination be guarded against.

ONE OF WOMAN'S WAYS.

She is Greatly Annoyed at Having to Pay Out Bills That Are Clean and Crisp.

"Most women hate to spend new money," says an observant salesman, according to the Philadelphia Record. "I haven't the faintest idea why this should be so, but I've noticed it often right here in the store. A woman will make a purchase and pull out her purse to pay the bill, but if she happens to have to part with a clean, crisp note in making up the amount she looks greatly annoyed. I've seen women with wads of bright brand-new bills flustered when they came to pay for purchases, because they hadn't sufficient old money to meet the charges. They would dig out the contents of their purses and stow the crisp notes to one side, and if they couldn't scrape up the sum in a few cases I've known them to go without buying. Others will give utterance to little feminine exclamations of dismay, and will hasten to pay for the articles selected in the new money. Then they will march off with quite a show of indignation, just as if they had been inveigled into spending the money. I know one man who always takes his salary home in beautiful, clean certificates. He has caught on to this peculiarity of the sex, and he says it saves him all kinds of money."

Queer Names. "You can talk all you want to about queer names, but I've got one that caps them all," a Duluth (Minn.) paper quotes a railroad man as saying. "This man's name is Thing, and he's a preacher, too. He is called Every Thing, Any Thing, and sometimes any old thing, but he bears it all with a patient shrug. The way he got his name is rather amusing. He lives near Zumbrota, in Goodhue county. When he was a youth and his name was handed to him it was 'Hog'—yes, spelled the same way, and also pronounced that way. After he engaged upon his ministerial duties he did not care to be called a hog, so he asked that his name be changed. He appealed to the district court, and the judge asked him what name he preferred. He replied, saying anything would do. Therefore, they gave him the name of Thing, and it is his for keeps. He is the pastor of a pretty little white church, with green blinds, and everyone that knows him says he is a good Thing."

Disease of Silk Worms. "Muscardine" is a disease to which silk worms are liable. It consists of a fungus growth in the body, which breaks through the skin and speedily kills the insect.

THE MAN FROM MISSOURI.

Met Several Wise Persons Who Wanted to Be Shown and He "Showed" Them.

A typical farmer from "Up-on-the-Elkhorn" reached Omaha on a recent Saturday and registered at the Merchants' hotel. Sunday morning, after breakfast, he inquired concerning the location of a certain church, saying he wanted to attend the services and listen to some good music. After dinner he asked the clerk for a sheet of writing paper, volunteering the information that he wanted to write his wife and tell her about the fine singing and the splendid music. After getting the paper he took a seat at one of the desks and commenced his letter. After he had written eight or ten lines he walked up to the clerk's desk and asked a question, relates John Dicks Howe, a judge.

"Beg pardon; I didn't catch that," remarked the polite clerk. "How do you spell 'choir'—church choir, you know?"

"O-h-o-r," responded a traveling man, who was waiting for his mail. "Well, now, maybe you're right," said the man from Up-on-the-Elkhorn, somewhat puzzled; "but it seems to me that q-u-i-r-e is about the proper thing."

Three or four bystanders commenced laughing, which caused the man with the pea to become indignant.

"Perhaps you city people think because I'm a plain farmer I don't know how to spell," he said, his face as red as a ripe tomato.

"Well, I should say not! Q-u-i-r-e spell choir? Not where I came from," remarked a St. Louis traveling man. "They may spell it that way out in Nebraska, but it wouldn't pass in Boston," remarked another pilgrim from 'way down east.

"I wasn't talkin' about St. Louis, Boston, or any other place; I was goin' 'cordin' to old Dan Webster, that's all. Now, when I was teachin' school up near Long Pine—"

"How would you like to make a little bet that you're right," remarked a man who had remained silent up to that time.

"Well, I ain't got no money to throw to the birds, but I wouldn't mind bettin' a five-dollar bill that I'm—"

"Put up another with me, won't you?" interrupted the drummer from St. Louis, anxious to be "showed."

"I'd like to chip in a V on that, too," remarked the man from Boston.

The clerk wanted a slice of the pie, and so did eight or ten others, who had been attracted by the discussion. The farmer was about to declare the betting closed when the office stenographer looked up from her typewriting and asked to be admitted, saying that, while it was against her principles to bet on a Sunday, she couldn't think of letting a snap like that pass.

After the bet had been recorded, the man from Missouri called for a dictionary. The ancient tome which the hotel proprietor had inherited from his father, was handed him. After turning the leaves rapidly he ran his finger down one of the pages. Finally he paused, and a look of consternation spread over his countenance.

"Read it, read it!" was the cry. And so he read: "Quire—A body of singers; a chorus. The part of a church allotted to the choristers; the choir."

For a minute there was a silence so intense that one could have heard a clap of thunder in far-away Boston; then the clerk broke the silence by handing the "quire pot" to the farmer, saying, as he did so: "Let's step into yonder room—I'm getting dizzy."

They fled into the room, the man with the hoe and the pen bringing up the rear. When he came out, half an hour later, he finished his letter, to which he added a postscript, which read:

"Think I'll stay in Omaha a day or two longer than I expected. Just found \$70 under the door-mat."

Chartreuse of Fruit. Put a cupful of washed rice in a double boiler and cover with milk; add half a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of granulated sugar. Cover and steam until rice is tender and milk is absorbed. You may have to add more hot milk, some rice being very hard, but three pints should be enough; line bottom and sides of a wet dish with any kind of cooked fruit except berries; then carefully pat in enough rice to make a thick wall, at least one inch in thickness, packing it smoothly; fill the center with more fruit, drained well. Then cover with a smooth layer of the rice. Set in a cold place; when set, turn out on a cold dish; and completely cover with whipped cream to which you have previously added the juice drained from the fruit.—Washington Star.

Beef Tea. In cases of severe sickness, where the greatest nourishment must be compressed into the smallest quantity of broth, by far the best method of preparing beef tea is by pounding up the beef with cold water. To one pound of beef, with every particle of fat and skin cut away, use one pint of water. Mince the beef very fine with a chopping knife or pass it through a meat chopper; then pound it up with the water thoroughly, using a wooden potato masher, and strain off the tea. The residuum of the meat should be gray when all the juice has been pounded out, and it is quite worthless. The tea should be heated well when prepared for use, but not boiled. A pint of this tea has more nourishment than twice the quantity made in the usual manner.—Good Housekeeping.