

SCHEME OF BOOK AGENTS.

Travel in Paris and One Introduces the Other to Intended Victim.

The latest wrinkle invented by book agents in order to circumvent the vigilance of office boys and get past the guarded doors of business offices, was tried the other day in one of the large brokerage houses in Broad street, relates the New York Sun.

Instead of one agent calling, and endeavoring to gain admission into the inner offices two young men called and asked to see Mr. Blank. When Mr. Blank came out one of the young men introduced himself as assistant secretary of one of the prominent yacht clubs. As Mr. Blank is an enthusiast on yachting he was glad to see the young man.

After the conversation had gone on for a few minutes the young man introduced his friend and said that he was connected with one of the big publishing houses, and if ever Mr. Blank wanted any books his friend could get a reduction for him.

The second young man immediately produced the sample books and bindings usually carried by book agents and started in to tell about the fine books his house was carrying. When he had finished speaking the first young man started in to corroborate him, but at this point the broker smelled a rat and excused himself for a few minutes.

At the last report the young men were still waiting for him to come out.

AN IMPRESSION AT HOME.

Delightfully Ingenious Scheme of a Writer for Getting His Name Up.

A man from some obscure town in California, whose effusions had been repeatedly rejected, invented this delightfully ingenious scheme for making his friends believe that at last he had found his way into the magazines, relates the Bookman. In forwarding his manuscript he wrote to the editor thus:

"Dear Sir: This is a small place where I live, and whenever a story of mine comes back the whole village knows it. Now, I know you don't want the enclosed manuscript, but I'm sending it along, just the same, together with a post card, which I beg you to recall to me. The postmistress will read it, of course, and I need not tell you that within three hours the news of what is on it will be all over town. I will know when it comes that my manuscript is rejected, and you need never return it to me. But please mail the card to me, and win my everlasting gratitude."

The postcard had been carefully typewritten and self-addressed. It bore these words:

"Dear Sir: Your manuscript received, and accepted. Will write you fully regarding it as soon as possible. Is \$100 a satisfactory price? Yours truly, Publishing Company."

JAIL DOORKEEPERS SURLY.

Are Beaten by So Many Foolish Persons They Lose All Patience.

"Why are the doorkeepers of prisons always surly? I guess it is because they have to answer so many foolish questions," said a prison doorkeeper, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Only this morning a ring comes at the bell. I halt in the middle of my breakfast. I tramp down the long corridor. I unlock my 50-ton door with my 20-pound key. Outside stands a tough young man, his hat on the side of his head, who says:

"Boss, when'll Joe Mac get out? Me and another feller's got a bet on it."

"People come here and ask me when this prisoner's trial and that prisoner's trial take place. They come here without permits and demand to see a prisoner with the same air as you'd go to a friend's house and demand to see your friend. They bring presents to prisoners—boxes of cigars, bottles of rum, scorpins and poker dice."

"It is the constant rebuffs of all these foolish persons that makes the doorkeeper of a prison surly."

TRADE SECRETS GUARDED.

Chinese and Syrian Workmen Must Make Oath Not to Reveal Them.

"There are two trade secrets," said an artist, according to the Chicago Chronicle, "that the outside world, it seems, will never learn. One is a Chinese secret—the making of the bright and beautiful color called vermilion, or Chinese red. The other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver."

"Among the Chinese and among the Syrians these two secrets are guarded well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear a strong oath to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of premium and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty."

"You have seen Damascus steel, of course, and you have seen vermilion, or Chinese red. Remember, the next time you look at these things that their secrets have been guarded inviolably. Have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for thousands of years."

Reduced. Van X—What makes Blowhard wear such loud shirts? DeQ—He has to; it's the only way he can attract attention.—Detroit Free Press.

MARINE ANIMAL FLOWERS.

Sea Anemones Make an Attractive Exhibit in the New York Aquarium.

As fine a sea anemone as the Aquarium has ever had from local waters is now on view, says the New York Sun of recent date. It was fished up lately from the ocean bottom off the Jersey coast by an angler on one of the fishing steamers that go out daily from this city. There was brought up with it a little boulder of five or six pounds weight, to which the anemone had attached itself.

This sea anemone, which is of a deep and bright salmon pink in color, with tentacles of a lighter tint, would measure, distended, about six inches in height, with its top and bottom disks each about five inches in diameter, while in spread of tentacles it would measure from six to eight inches. It is as big as well as a fine specimen.

There has lately been received at the Aquarium a lot of smaller sea anemones, such as are found in great numbers on the rocks in the waters hereabouts, and which may be gathered at low tide. This lot was brought from City Island.

These smaller sea anemones from City Island are shown in the same tank with the big one fished up from the ocean bottom, making altogether an attractive little spring exhibition of these curious and wonderful animal flowers.

FEWER MEN USE UMBRELLAS

The Once Popular Rain Chute Is Becoming as Obsolete as the Rubber Overshoe.

"I believe the use of umbrellas by men is largely being discontinued," said the dealer, according to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "There was a time when every man had an umbrella, and was absolutely dependent upon it in the event of a storm, but from observations I have been making for my own satisfaction, I am convinced that in a few years the man with an umbrella will be the exception, and not the rule."

"The umbrella will become as obsolete as the rubber overshoe is to-day. Not many years ago shoes with soles as heavy as those on the finest footwear of the present period would have been thought fit only for an outdoor laborer. Men wore dainty shoes then, and used rubbers when it rained. Now they wear the heavy shoes, finding them comfortable in fair weather, necessary in wet."

"The cravatette raincoat will as surely put the umbrella on the shelf. It is light and comfortable, stylish in appearance, and can be carried with as little inconvenience as an umbrella or cane. Then there is no trouble about managing it in a wind storm. But when a man has struggled through a small-sized hurricane with an umbrella, he is about ready to throw it away and take his chances with the elements."

WYLE'S ISLAND STATUE.

Antique Specimen of Sculpture in Wiltshire, Eng., That Has Hazy History.

English people cling to their traditions and antiquities long after they have ceased to possess any definite interest. One of the curios of Wiltshire is a statue in the middle of a river at Wyle, says the New York Herald. Upon a pedestal near a bridge is a statue of the conductor of a coach blowing upon his horn. The statue bears every mark of antiquity; indeed, it is so old that no one knows just exactly what it is intended to commemorate, although there is an unverified legend that it is intended to keep in mind the memory of some accident occurring at that point. According to some, the bridge was wrecked and many were saved through the brave efforts of the conductor, while according to other accounts the bridge went down in a flood and all were lost in the angry waters. No matter what the original intention was it possesses a modern interest as being the only statue erected in the middle of a river, and as such is regarded with more than local interest. Several times it has been found necessary to make repairs to the pedestal, and the money has been cheerfully provided, the town realizing the value of this relic of the past.

The Perfect Prescription.

A patient at a metropolitan hospital goes away best satisfied when he is given something to drink out of a bottle. The drinking, according to ancient ritual, must not be less often than three times a day, and the ceremony must have some reference to meals. The draught, to be efficient, must be colored. It must have a marked odor, so that he may invite his friends to smell it. It should be loathsome to the taste, so that the taking of it may call for some heroism. Above all, it needs to possess an evil-looking sediment, which will require a formal shaking of the vial.—Hospital.

Frequent Occurrence.

"I've been reading of a man who reached the age of 50 without being able to read. He met a woman and for her sake made a scholar of himself in three years."

And I Know a Man who at Middle Life was a Profound Scholar.

At the age of 50 he met a woman, and for her sake made a fool of himself in three days.—Cleveland Leader.

Eternal Feminine.

Mr. Cumso—I have often wondered whether, in the event of women being granted suffrage, they would wear the party yoke as meekly as we men? Mrs. Speechem—You may be sure they wouldn't if yokes were not in style.—Puck

SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Trout Are as Easily Caught as Sun-fish and Perch in the United States.

Brook trout and brown trout are not appreciated in Newfoundland, being far more common than are the perch and sunfish of the states, says the Country Calendar. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler who casts his flies from the shore of almost any lake. Such catches are counted by the dozen—one lot of 72 dozen being brought aboard the train at Harbor Grace. One dozen ten-inch trout usually sell for ten cents.

There are 687 named lakes on the island, and 30,000 known ones without names. The island has about 4,000 miles of seacoast, including that of bays like Bonavista, Notre Dame, Fortune, St. Mary's, Bonne, St. George, Placentia and Bay of Islands. From one to six streams of clear green water empty into each of these bays. Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon stream. Back from all that coast are other and easily reached streams that have not even a tradition of a fishnet, rod or hook, and lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare wild geese and ducks, willow grouse, whose plumage turns white in winter, ptarmigan, plover and curlew. These camping places bring a unique sense of remoteness and solitude. Only one who has actually seen the wall of darkness around a campfire in the Newfoundland jungles and over the tundras can understand the tinge of fear that sometimes becomes almost appalling in the vast solitude.

SALESMAN MADE EXAMPLE.

Pickle Manufacturer Makes Good Use of One Who Was an Able Talker.

Pittsburg, the home of the steel makers, also possesses a manufacturer of pickles who has attracted much attention by individual business methods, says the New York Tribune. He has salesmen all over the country, and once a year he sends out invitations to a general convention of his agents, which is held at the Pittsburg factory. This convention was in session a few weeks ago, when the salesman of an elevator construction firm called on the head of the pickle house. For half an hour the young elevator salesman talked in a most interesting and persuasive manner. The pickle manufacturer was obviously pleased, and the sale seemed sure.

"Young man," said the old manufacturer, "that's a most convincing talk you've given me. I wonder if I could get you to repeat it to my salesmen, who are holding a meeting here?"

The elevator salesman, feeling sure that he had made a sale, consented, and for another half hour he talked his nicest to an audience of several hundred pickle salesmen.

"There, gentlemen," declared the pickle manufacturer, when the other had finished. "There's a talk that is a talk. That's the way I want you to sell pickles."

Almost before he knew it, the elevator man found himself bowed out without having made a sale.

THE LAST AMERICAN KING.

Passing of Maximilian, the Gentle and Courageous Emperor of Mexico.

In March Maximilian and his followers were shut up in Queretaro. Many powerful influences were at work to save him, writes William Garrot Brown, in Atlantic. Seward also did his best. But he made little or no effort to escape. If he had failed as an emperor, he could at least face disaster with the courage and the dignity of a right princely nature. Betrayed by the infamous Lopez, tried before a court-martial of boys, and ordered to be shot, he spent his last days in the discharge of all the obligations of friendship and courtesy. A false report of the death of Carlotta being brought to him in prison, he said simply: "One less tie to bind me to the world!" Led forth to his execution, and told to stand between two of his generals who were likewise condemned, he surrendered the place of honor to Gen. Miramon in recognition of his courage. The rattle of the muskets marked, perhaps, the end of all monarchy in the new world; but the bitterest critic of democracy could scarcely desire a gentler figure than Maximilian's to stand before the eyes of Americans as the last representative of aristocracy and of kingship on this continent.

Walter's Walk.

Some interesting particulars are given as to the ground covered by a waiter in dancing attendance upon a guest in a restaurant in Christiania. The waiter had provided himself with a pedometer before starting his work. According to his calculations he took rather under 100,000 steps, covering some 37 miles, between eight a. m. and 12:30 a. m. Working (and walking) four days a week, he calculated that he covered more than 7,000 miles in a year. Which would seem to show that Swedish waiters take their work very seriously, unless, indeed, the pedometer was "fast."—Westminster Gazette.

Nothing to Long For.

"What a discontented, dissatisfied look Mrs. Fullerton has!" "Well, what could you expect? She has a husband who gets her everything she wants."—Town topics.

An Old Habit.

Casey—How did Finn lose his job as postman? Mulligan—Sore, he stopped work when he blew the first whistle.—N. Y. Times.

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME

Gambler Who Bet on Sure Things Only Meets with a Cinch That Fails.

"There was a sure-thing gambler down in Mississippi named Gamble—good name, by the way," said John Sharp Williams, according to the Rebooth Sunday Herald. "He never made a bet unless he was sure he would win. He was out at a country fair, staying at a hotel. One morning a man who was in the sporting line himself got up early and looked out of the window. He saw Gamble carefully measuring with a tape-line the hitching post in front of the hotel. He knew something was up, and when Gamble went out to the fair he went out and measured the hitching post himself. Then he took a sledge hammer and drove the post into the ground an inch and a half."

"That night, after supper, while they were all sitting on the hotel porch Gamble craftily led the conversation around to the difficulty of judging distances and heights."

"Now," he said, "there's that hitching post out yonder. I'll bet a hundred I can come nearer its height than anybody here."

"How high would you reckon it is?" said the sledge-hammer artist, who, after a lot of conversation, had put up the hundred with Gamble.

"Oh," said Gamble, "I'll take it at 30 inches."

"Oh, no," replied the other man. "You are wrong. I'll bet it is less than 29."

"They measured, and it was 28 1/2. Gamble hasn't smiled since that day."

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

Facts of Considerable Interest Are Brought to View by the Last Census.

Russia has a population of 125,440,021 according to its last census, some details of which have been reported to the state department by United States Consul Smith, at Moscow. The Russians comprise two-thirds of the population of the empire, but are in the minority in some of the outlying sections. In the Caucasus there are only 34 per cent. of Russians; among the tribes of Armenians, Tartars, Georgians, Imereians and Mingreles there are 50 per cent.; in central Asia only 8.9 per cent., and the smallest number is found in the governments on the Vistula (Poland), 6.7 per cent.

The population of Russia is made up of classes in about the following proportions: Peasants, 99,916,644; Burgers, 13,686,392; hereditary noblemen, 1,220,169; personal noblemen and officials, 630,119; ecclesiastics, 588,487; hereditary and personal hereditary citizens, 342,927; merchants, 281,179; and foreigners, 605,500.

Of the Russians, 30.6 per cent. of the males and 9.3 per cent. of the females can read and write. The number of adherents to the principal religious denominations is as follows: Orthodox, 87,127,604; Old Faith and Dissenters, 2,204,598; Roman Catholics, 11,506,809; Protestants, 3,702,758; Armenian Gregorians, 1,179,266; and Mohammedans, 13,806,972.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Not in Every Instance a Sure Index of Character, as It Is Here Illustrated.

A student once asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student accepted the invitation, relates the Chicago Daily News, and found two other guests present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited.

After dinner the pupil rose to take leave. As he shook hands with his teacher the latter remarked: "One of the two gentlemen you have just met is insane. Can you tell me which?" "The problem is very simple," was the student's reply. "The quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought at once to be locked up."

"You are wrong, my dear friend," replied Esquirol. "That quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is Honore de Balzac."

World's Longest Tunnel.

The Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been finished in the face of tremendous difficulties, most of which were entirely unexpected, and many of which presented new problems for engineers. It extends from Brieg in Switzerland to Iselle in Italy, the total length being a little over 12 1/2 miles—21,576 yards in fact. In comparison with other great tunnels, the following table will be interesting:

Table with 2 columns: Tunnel Name, Miles. The Simplon 12 1/2, St. Gotthard 9 1/2, Mont Cenis 7 1/2, Arberg 6 1/2, Hoosac (U. S.) 4 1/2, Severn 4 1/2.

Slow in One Way.

Hicks—I never saw anyone as slow as that fellow Rakeley is. Wicks—Slow? Why, the man is positively fast. "But see how long it takes him to sow his wild oats."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Does Seem Unreasonable.

Betty—She makes delicious angel cake. Hetty—What! That old scarecrow? Judge.

REMARKABLY SMART COWS

Former Circus Man Has Trained His Cattle to Run a Ferry Boat.

It is an interesting sight to watch the performances of the trained cows on the farm of Herried Watcher, of Platon township, in this county, says a Le Sueur (Minn.) correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle. Mr. Watcher used to be an animal trainer, with P. T. Barnum, and when he quit that business he bought a farm in this county and he has lived on it ever since. He took with him into private life many of the ideas with which he used to charm the spectators when he was one of the chief stays and supports of the great showman and finds use for his skill in getting his cow across a narrow lake that separates his pasture from the rest of the farm.

The lake at the place where the cattle have to cross is about 50 feet wide and is deep. Mr. Watcher strung a wire rope and fastened to it by pulleys a small ferry-boat about large enough to carry two cows. Then he trained the cows to ferry themselves over as follows:

One after another they run down a slight incline and jump upon the boat, stopping suddenly when they alight. The force of the jump sends the boat flying across the lake, and when it has reached the opposite side the cow jumps on shore as hard as she can, and the force of the jump kicks the boat back to the other side again, where the other cows, one by one, repeat the process until all have crossed. The last cow, however, walks slowly and carefully ashore, so as to have the boat ready for the trip when the herd wants to return. The calves do not have to be taught now. They inherit the talent, but cross with their mothers until they are two years old, each running side by side with the mother, both jumping at the same time.

DISLIKES REVOLVING DOORS

Lawyer's Man Trying to Serve Summons Was Defeated by Them.

"Revolving doors are a very nice thing for most people, but I don't like them," said a man who follows the unpopular calling of serving summonses, and who, according to Stray Stories, is employed by many lawyers because he seldom fails to catch his man. "I was after a man one day," he continued, "and hearing that he was in a hotel, I went there and looked in through the glass of the revolving door. He was there, and the moment I caught sight of him he saw me."

"He knew I wanted to serve him, and as I took my place in one section of the door he darted into the other, pushing the door along and forcing me to go with it."

"When we were both securely caged he made faces at me. As soon as there was room, he slipped out, ran down the steps, and was off round the corner like a shot."

"I had kept on around with the door, and would have given him a run for his money, but three women had started to come in, and, as women generally do, all three insisted on getting into one compartment."

"They shuffled along, treading on each other's heels, and finally I got out, but that delay was fatal. He was out of sight, and I have not been able to lay eyes on him since."

DREAMS SOMETIMES FATAL

Fright Produced by Nightmare Has Been Known to Result in Death.

"I believe that dreams sometimes kill," said a prominent specialist on nervous diseases the other day, reports the Washington Star. "Of course, I don't know that they are fatal, but I have every reason to think so. I had a woman patient whom I was treating for a number of complications, including a weak heart. She could not bear any excitement, and I often warned her about exposing herself to any fright. She complained of having nightmares, and often woke up in a state of terrible fright, so weak that she could not call for help. One morning she was found dead in bed, with an expression of abject terror on her face. I have no doubt she died from fright produced by nightmares."

"Persons subject to nightmare who have weak hearts should avoid sleeping on the back. They should lie on the right side and have the right arm extended, so they will wake up if they turn over. Most nightmares are the result of sleeping on the back or the left side, where the heart is so compressed that it has little room for free action."

Ambition of a Princess.

Princess Charles of Denmark was recently seen at a railway terminus bidding adieu to a distinguished guest. Looking around with a bored expression, she saw a newspaper reporter scribbling away for dear life in his notebook. She, too, drew a tiny notebook from her pocket, wrote a message upon a leaf, and folded it into a tiny pellet. The reporter watched every motion with glistening eye. Some important bit of news, he was sure, was about to be given him. Sure enough, the princess threw the pellet of paper directly at him, with an unusually good aim for a woman, and immediately turned the other way, absorbed in her hospitable task. The reporter straightened out the crumpled leaf. On it were these words: "I wish I were a reporter."—Detroit Free Press.

Justified.

Hewitt—What are you growing a beard for? Jewitt—Well, I don't mind telling you that I am wearing a necktie that my wife gave me.—Stray Stories.

Modern Life.

Customer—I want some up-to-date toys. Salesman—Yes'm; here's a divorce doll that says stepmother and stepfather.—Brooklyn Life.

LIKE OLD COACHING DAYS.

New Yorkers Reestablish a Custom That Was Abandoned in 1856.

When several New York men began driving their coaches from New York to Belmont Park they made arrangements to change horses at the old tavern at Flushing, L. I. In so doing, says the Sun, they reestablished a custom which ceased to exist about 1856. For almost a century up to that time the old tavern had been one of the important coaching stations in the vicinity of New York.

The first stage route from Flushing to New York and Brooklyn started from the door of this old tavern. There were few inhabitants then to the east of Flushing, and all who wanted to make the trip came as far as that village on horseback. The mail for the north shore of Long Island was brought to this tavern and from here men on horseback went east as far as Oyster Bay.

The route from Flushing was to Newtown, thence to Bedford, then to Brooklyn and across the ferry into New York, where the stopping place was at Chatham Square.

Just in front of the tavern door was the whipping post of Flushing town. When the New Yorkers came here on their way to the races some of them took particular interest in locating the exact spot where the whipping post had stood. The old tavern stands to-day much as it did when Washington was a guest there. It has low ceilings, great rambling hallways and rooms so large that a guest feels lonely. In the tap-room behind the bar can still be seen some of the queer old flip glasses with fluted or engraved sides that were used a century ago.

GROWTH OF ARIZONA CARP

One That Grew from Minnow to Eight and One-Half Pounds in a Year.

About a year ago a little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Van Kirk picked up a little fish on the desert north of town, says the Arizona Republican. That is, it was formerly a desert, but has been reclaimed, and the fish probably found his way into the field through an irrigation canal. Anyhow he was a lively youngster of the carp variety, and the boy was very proud of him.

"The fish was thrown into a pond in a near-by pasture and no more attention was paid to the fact except by the child, who during the year has caught sight of the fish occasionally while he was playing near the pond."

"The pond has been gradually drying up since the shortage of water in the canal, and it got so low the fish was seen wandering around and finally captured."

From a minnow it had grown into a year to 8 1/2 pounds, and there was a fish carnival at the Van Kirk ranch in justice to the reader it should be stated that these facts are unimpeachable, as they are furnished by Mrs. Van Kirk and not by her husband, who might be less accurate in the matter of weight, being engaged in the cattle business.

GENEROUS WITH PENSIONS

One Was Paid in Russia Two Generations After It Should Have Stopped.

A curious fact in regard to Russia came lately to my knowledge, says a writer in Vanity Fair. An old Russian baron died whom I had known for years, and with him died his pension, so that his widow was left with a very small provision for her old age. She was by birth a German, and had no relations who had influence in Russia.

On making inquiries it was discovered that the greater part of the baron's pension had not really belonged to him, but had been inherited from his aunt, who, in her turn, had inherited it from her father. The original possessor of this pension had earned it by doing excellent service for the empire, and the pension ought to have died with him, but interest was used, and the sum was duly paid out to his daughter.

When she died it was discovered that her nephew was in very unfortunate circumstances, and though he lived in Germany, the pension was then paid out to him, though still in the name of his great-uncle, who had been dead for more than 50 years.

Noon and High Noon.

Some explanation for the confusion in people's minds as to the right definition of afternoon may be found in the old confusion between noon and midday. Noon, of course, was originally at three o'clock in the afternoon—if the "bull" be permitted—the hour when the monks said their "Nones" or noon song. The reason that it was put back to 12 o'clock may lie in the fact that the monks were not allowed to eat their dinner until after they had said Nones; for in time they anticipated the service, and their dinner, by saying Nones immediately after the midday service, and that is probably how midday came to be called noon. In the old almanacs noon is generally marked at midday, and high noon as at three.—London Chronicle.

Earnings.

Office Boy—Wry, cert, I want more pay; I'm only getting "four" a week, and give my mother all I earn. Proprietor—What do you do with the other three and a half?—Puck.

Modern Life.

Customer—I want some up-to-date toys. Salesman—Yes'm; here's a divorce doll that says stepmother and stepfather.—Brooklyn Life.