

SELDOM TURN OUT HAPPILY.

Writer Condemns Secret Marriages and Engagements.

That "the course of true love never did run smooth" is a popular belief. But it is a great pity that the dangers and pitfalls of clandestine courtships and secret engagements are not made the subject of a proverb.

When two people become engaged or marry one another sub rosa the experiment usually turns out badly. If a man comes to a girl and says, "I love you and want to marry you, but it must all be kept quiet," there is something wrong somewhere. "I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more" is a sentiment girls should bear in mind if a man asks them to become engaged without announcing the fact.

A clandestine courtship or secret marriage must be accomplished by deceit, subterfuge and untruth. And these things do not lay the foundation of happiness. No circumstances or conditions can possibly exist to justify a secret engagement or marriage.

True love creates courage. And a man and woman who really care for one another would shrink from the living lie which each must assume when posing before the world as free or unfettered, when in reality they are bound by an engagement or marriage.

If a couple cannot come out into the open and declare their attachment it is far better to part and say "good-bye." There is no luck or happiness to be gained from clandestine love.—Chicago American.

SAILORS HAVE ODD BELIEFS.

Good and Bad Luck Thought to Be Brought by Birds.

Birds, as inhabitants of the air, were naturally chosen by the ancients as oracles and augurs of future happenings. The sensitiveness to atmospheric changes shown by many birds aided in establishing these notions. The birds indications often furnished by sea birds of a coming storm or calm were doubtless magnified by the anxious, superstitious sailor. These indications, be it explained, seldom precede the atmospheric changes more than a few hours.

The custom of hanging the sea swallow so that the bill may point to the wind arose from the old-time custom of suspending the bird by the feet, expecting it would renew its feathers as if alive.

The albatross is believed by Jack Tar to sleep on the winds. It was at one time thought that the petrel hatched its eggs under its wings.

The kingfisher was at one time kept in chests to keep away moths.

The fishhawk was esteemed a bringer of good luck; it boded good or evil as its cry was to the right or left.

There was an old superstition that gulls were never seen bleeding. Shooting stars were then supposed to be the half digested food of winter gulls.

Peat Beds in Minnesota.

Peat bricks, regarded in many quarters as the coming fuel of the north-west, may be manufactured in St. Peter, Minn., if the plans of a number of local men mature. They are interesting themselves in the project and have engaged an expert, Bernard C. Stiz, of Cincinnati, O., to analyze samples of peat taken from marshes near this city. If it can be shown that the peat is of good quality they intend to organize a company with home capital, erect a factory and develop the bogs.

Nicotlet county peats deposits are regarded as among the richest in the state. They are found principally near Swan and Timber lakes, and extend over several hundred acres. The peat in them is from ten to 12 feet in depth, and it is claimed that the supply is practically inexhaustible. There is a smaller bog near this city, but the peat is not of as good quality as that taken from the marshes near Oshawa, from the fact that the bog once formed the bed of the Minnesota river and that the formation contains quite a heavy percentage of sand.—Minneapolis Journal.

Something New in Coast Defense.

The war department has determined upon plans for the building of an artificial island at the entrance to Chesapeake bay. This island will be built up from a submerged ledge and will be made sufficiently large to contain, besides a battery to command the approach to the bay's entrance, quarters and barracks for men and a parade ground for drill, together with suitable storehouses for provisions and ammunition which would be required for a protracted period. A part of the programme is the construction of an artificial harbor to accommodate the supply of boats and submarines, the latter to form an adjunct of the coast defense system.—Harper's Weekly.

Find Check in Church.

Just after the pastor finished the dedicatory prayer one of the ushers spoke quietly to him. The preacher then announced that a check had been found, and could be recovered by the owner at the close of the service. The congregation stared, wondering who had been fortunate enough to drop the check, as the majority were plain working people. Their anxiety was soon relieved by a further announcement from the pulpit:

"I should have said that it was a laundry check."—New York Post.

Not Far Wrong.

"Even a married woman," remarked the fair widow, "has her limitations." "Yes," rejoined the cynical bachelor. "The bottom of her husband's pocket book is usually her limit."

THE BEAUTY OF VENEZUELA.

It Is of a Type all Its Own in Contrasts and Changes.

The beauty of the country is the first and most lasting impression. To catch glimpses at every turn in the valleys of cloudy peaks, or when on the mountain side to see through the limpid air valley after valley between the protecting hills, to breathe this pure air, to know that summer is almost perpetual—he is only half a man who does not for a moment forget the needs of civilization in the intoxication of primitive nature. The loveliness of Venezuela is something different from that of the Andean ranges farther west and south; it is more tropical, and the mountains do not rise to the height in which the senses are stilled by grandeur; nor is there found so near the equator that ruggedness or gloom or solemnity which is one feature of the Rockies. It is a beauty of more human type, which can be enjoyed most when we know that man has his abode there. The Andes, the Alps or the Rockies are bold and austere; they need no life; life is not meant for them; but such contrasts and changes as are constantly presented to the eye in these softened landscapes are more exquisite when man is pottering about on the surface, trying to imagine that he is of some real importance on the earth.—The Reader.

WHEN SENTENCE IS DEATH.

Various Forms of Capital Punishment the World Over.

A correspondent is desirous to know which is the most common form employed in the carrying out of the death sentence. The probability is that most people, if asked, would at once say the gallows; yet this is far from being the case.

The favorite mode appears to be the guillotine, which is employed publicly in France, Belgium, Denmark, Hanover and two cantons of Switzerland; and privately in Bavaria, Saxony and also in two cantons of Switzerland.

The cheery gallows comes next in the running and is favored publicly in Austria, Portugal and Russia; and privately in Great Britain and the United States of America.

Death by the sword obtains in 15 cantons in Switzerland; in China and Russia publicly; and in Prussia privately. Ecuador, Oldenburg and Russia have adopted the musket, all publicly; while in China they have strangulation by the cord, and in Brunswick death by the ax, and by the electric chair in New York.

In Italy there is no capital punishment.

Pneumonia the Great Terror.

To-day pneumonia stands as the most fearful danger to which the American people are normally exposed during the winter and spring seasons. Statistics prepared by insurance actuaries furnish a gruesome exhibit of the devastation wrought by it. Not only has it had more deaths to its credit during the past winter than consumption but it is becoming more virulent each year, while consumption is of less deadly effect as it is being studied and climatically treated. Consumption is generally of slower progress and its victims are given time to seek remedial agencies. But pneumonia attacks the vigorous as well as the weak and it throbbles in days or hours. Against consumption there are many remedies and regimens to stay its progress. But the victim of pneumonia has little chance and it is the very irony of fate that the stronger one is physically the quicker will he succumb to its fatal attack.

A Shampoo in San Francisco.

"What, \$1.50 for a shampoo?" queried Scott Calhoun in the barber shop of the Hotel St. Francis. Calhoun is the corporation counsel of the city of Seattle, where they are to have a big fair in 1909. They sent him to California as a commissioner general to secure a state appropriation, and he landed through a bill setting aside \$100,000 for a California building.

"Do you think that's high?" queried the barber, innocently.

"Oh, my, no," replied Calhoun, shaking his head sadly. "But I'm sorry I didn't get it when I first arrived. I've just sent in my itemized expense account. With your shampoo as a basis I could have charged two bits for a car ride, 10 cents for a postage stamp, and 50 cents for a shine. Think of the money I've lost!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Abuse Problem.

"Why is it so hard to get results from an investigation?" asked the first citizen.

"Because," answered the leader of the mob, "an investigation usually addresses itself to the very abuse problem of reducing the cost of a corporation's product to the consumer and cutting down the company's dividends."

The Flattery of Imitation.

"Yes, ma'am," the convict was saying. "I'm here jist for tryin' to flatter a rich man."

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am. I jist tried to imitate his signature on a check."

Between Friends.

Alyse—Jack is desperately in love with me. He proposed last night.

Graye—Speaking of desperation—that certainly was the limit.

GOT EVEN WITH NEIGHBORS.

Wealthy Man's Revenge Was Costly, But It Was Thorough.

A funny story is told of a certain wealthy tradesman who, on retiring from business, erected a mansion in an aristocratic neighborhood, and who with his family commenced to cultivate social relationship with their stylish neighbors.

Unfortunately for their ambitions, the high-toned people of the locality proved to have the usual prejudice against trade, and showed themselves so very exclusive that after a series of snubs the newcomers could endure it no longer, and determined to dispose of their residence and quit the neighborhood.

But the baffled tradesman did not propose to go without leaving some mark of his resentment, and a huge notice board erected at his gate sent a thrill of horror through the veins of all the blue-blooded residents in the neighborhood. It bore the words:

"This desirable residence to be let or sold. Suitable for a fever hospital or high-class laundry."

Ultimately, so the story runs, the place was sold at a sacrifice, the owner cheerfully foregoing a large portion of its value on condition that the house should be exclusively used as a lunatic asylum. It has been a bitter pill to the tradesman's former neighbors.

WOMAN AND THE CHECK.

She Thought It Was a Bill That Had to Be Paid.

A woman stepped up to the window of the paying teller in a Denver bank and pushed a check through the grating. It was for four dollars.

"Put your name on the back, please," said the teller.

She did so.

"Is this your name?" he asked.

The woman sighed. "Yes," she replied, "that's my name. It calls for four dollars; doesn't it?"

"It does," said the teller.

While the man in the cage was looking the check over the woman fumbled in her hand bag and then placed a five-dollar bill before him.

"Take it out of this, please," she said. "It seems to me I'll never get through paying bills."

For a moment the teller was puzzled. Then he realized that the woman didn't understand the check. "You don't have to pay me," he said; "I have to pay you four dollars."

He pushed back her five-dollar bill and gave her four dollars in silver. The woman was very much surprised.

"Why, I thought it was a bill and I had to pay it."

Well Equipped.

The morning after the wreck of the fast train running between New York and Chicago, an old farmer was standing on the bank of the river into which the train had plunged, intently watching the water.

A stranger approached, and naturally the conversation reverted to the wreck and the fortunate escape of all the passengers.

"It was the costliest train in the world," informed the stranger.

"Yes," grunted the other, still watching the stream.

"And also the best equipped," the newcomer continued.

"No doubt about it," assented the old farmer. "I've fished a dozen bottles out of the water already."—Harper's Weekly.

Danger in Associations.

Whoever associates with the wicked, although he may not imbibe their principle, will be accused of following their ways; in like manner, as if a person should go to a tavern with intention to say his prayers, it would only be imagined that he went there to drink wine. You have stigmatized yourself with the character of ignorance, from having associated with the ignorant. I asked a wise man to tell me a maxim. He replied: "Associate not with the ignorant, for if you are a man of judgment, you will thereby become an ass; and if you are ignorant, you will increase your stupidity."—By Musie Muddlehead Sheik Saadi, from the Persian.

Lady Moody as Governor.

Lady Deborah Moody of Gravesend was the only English person of quality who settled in the old Dutch colony. She had fled from England to find religious liberty and she left Massachusetts for the same reason. In the wilds of Gravesend, surrounded by her great farm and by the best library then on the American continent, she contentedly lived her lonely life. The little colony at Gravesend, always flourishing with Gov. Stuyvesant, refused to let him appoint its authorities. The governor thereupon turned his appointive power over to Lady Moody, and so popular was she with both sides that this proved satisfactory all around. Lady Moody used Coney Island to pasture her cows on.

Cost of London Poor Relief.

The expenditure on poor relief in London is now £4,000,000 a year. During the year ended March 25, 1904, the sums expended by the boards of guardians in London (exclusive of expenditures out of loans) amounted to more than £4,500,000, of which nearly £3,000,000 was derived from the rates.

The cost of maintenance of indoor paupers in London per head of the population was in 1906, according to the latest official returns, more than three times the cost per head throughout the rest of England and Wales.

GOT EVEN WITH CONSUL.

Stranded Irishman Induced Mob to Wreck Enemy's Home.

There is a rolling stone in New York who is short on moss but long on anecdote, having knocked about in half a dozen countries. He has been out of a job a good part of his life, but has never let that worry him, being an Irishman, with his full share of the light-heartedness of his race.

"Once," he tells, "I arrived dead broke at a city in Spain I decided to call on the British consul. The latter overheard me speaking fluent Spanish in the ante-room to his secretary, and refused absolutely to believe that I was anything but a Spaniard. So he wouldn't help me in any way. I left the consulate vowing vengeance."

"There was a strike on at the time against the local street railroad company. Gathering a crowd of the strikers about me, I made an impassioned stump speech."

"Do you know who is the chief stockholder of the street railway company?" I asked them. "Do you know who is the chief cause of all your troubles?"

"Who?" inquired the crowd.

"The British consul," I answered, striking an attitude.

"They let out a howl, rushed pell mell down the street, and obligingly wrecked the British consulate for me."

"I was avenged."

"But I discreetly left town that same day."

YOUNG MAN WAS WISE.

Statement of Scientific Facts Meant for the Ear of Her Father.

The young man suddenly moved farther from her, and remarked in a conversational tone:

"If a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Alpha Centauri, which is the nearest fixed star, the flash would be seen on that star four years after the gun was fired."

The girl looks at him in bewilderment, but he continues:

"The cannon ball would reach there in 2,000,000 years."

She begins to tremble, thinking his mind is wandering. He goes on:

"And the sound of the explosion would not be heard there for 2,000,000 years after the ball had struck. Isn't science wonderful?"

He moves closer to her, but she asks: "Have you been drinking, Alfred?"

Soft-Shelled Eggs.

It is generally believed that the soft-shelled egg occasionally laid by the hen is due to deficiency of lime in the food. Some experiments carried out at the experiment station in Kansas, however, seem to indicate that this is not the right explanation. It rather appears to be a case of arrested development due to nervous shock, and to be analogous to abortion in mammals. Soft-shelled eggs were laid at the experiment station by hens subjected to nervous excitement. And it was shown that on an ordinary diet a hen's normal system contains enough lime for the shells of five or six eggs. If lime is withheld, then, after laying these five or six eggs the hen will cease laying. But if lime in limited quantity be given the hen lays eggs in proportion to the amount given, though the shells, on investigation, are found to be somewhat thinner than normal.

Famous Brigand Dead.

Corsicans are mourning the death of the brigand chief Bellacoscia, of whom they are almost as proud as of Napoleon. His real name was Antonia Bonelli. In consequence of a vendetta he and his brother Jacob were compelled to seek safety in the mountains. For 45 years they terrorized the country, going from province to province, and all efforts of the government to capture them were unavailing. In 1892, aged and broken down, Bellacoscia voluntarily delivered himself into the hands of justice. So great was the national admiration of his bold exploits that the courts at Ajaccio acquitted him, but the police expelled him, and he sought a home in Marseilles. He could not endure his exile more than a few months and secretly returned to end his days in the wilds of Corsica.

Profoundly Considered.

"Remember," said the man who loves trite sayings, "the early bird catches the worm."

"My dear sir," answered the professor, "this proverb, like many others, is misleading. It is often undesirable to be early. For instance, the mound builders were the earliest people of whom we have any knowledge on this continent. Yet from the modern point of view their situation is entirely disadvantageous."—Washington Star.

No Water for Him.

He was the first tramp of the season and merrily we welcomed him in.

"Here," we said, "is a glass of water. Pure, cold, delicious water. What? You refuse it, man?"

He shook his head and sighed.

"I have to, sir," he said. "You see I've got an iron constitution and water would rust it."

SECRET OF GOOD MANNERS.

Chiefly a Combination of Good Sense and Good Nature.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, good nature and a little self-interest for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places and circumstances and are only acquired by observation and experience, but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received to enforce good manners and punish bad ones.—Chesterfield.

FATHER OF THE POOR.

Queer Charity Seen Every Morning Near Paris Markets.

At a certain point of Paris, France, near the Halles there is every morning to be seen an instance for which it would probably be difficult to find many parallels of that benevolence which combines with money expenditures the elements of personal service.

An old gentleman, well dressed, presents himself at an hour now well known to those concerned, and there distributes with his own hands 100 large bowls of soup, which he first tastes himself, to as many poor people, who, it need hardly be added, are there waiting for him.

Then he withdraws, walks for some distance, and is taken up in a fine motor car, which whisks him rapidly away. "The Father of the Poor" is the only name which can be given to him.

The Scotch Juror.

In Scotland in a civil case jurymen get ten shillings a day for their services and the litigants must in addition provide them with lunch. If two cases are tried consecutively and the same jurymen officiate, they get ten shillings for each case.

But the most important difference between an English and a Scottish jury is this: An English jury when returning their verdict must be unanimous, and if they fail to agree after a certain length of time they are dismissed and the whole proceedings are begun again de novo before a fresh jury. This is a most expensive mode of administering justice. In civil cases, in order to avoid this result, the litigants sometimes agree to accept the verdict of a majority. In Scotland the jury can always give a verdict by a majority in civil cases after the lapse of three hours.

Didn't Concern Him.

"Sir," the sad-faced man said to the heavy-set man who was smoking a long, black cigar and reading a newspaper, "would you allow your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?"

"I've never given the question a minute's thought," replied the other.

"What? Never pondered upon the effect upon the constitution, to say nothing of the mind of your son, to allow him to smoke the deadly things?"

"Never a thought—no, sir."

"And will you allow him to drink?"

"I have never thought about it."

"Oh, can such things be? Are you letting your child grow up in the midst of temptation without speaking a fatherly word to?"

His Lucky Horse Chestnut.

J. G. Simpson, who had been arrested as an alleged bookmaker, tearfully begged Lieut. Wheeler, after he had been released for want of evidence against him, to return a horse chestnut which the lieutenant had taken from him, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Please let me have it," he pleaded.

"I might just as well try to play the races without money as without that horse chestnut. I can't lose if I carry it." When it was restored to him he seemed more glad to get it back than he was to obtain his discharge from custody.

Germany's Various Rulers.

Germany is ruled by one emperor, four kings, six grand dukes, seven princes and one simple count. These sovereigns occupy very different degrees of importance, even in the eyes of their own immediate subjects, but in one degree or another they all enjoy the dignities and privileges of kingship, and all have to face some of the responsibilities of state. Every one of them has a capital and a court of his own. Some of the capitals are not very big cities, but they are all very proud.

Simple Enough.

"The laddy hasn't the money now," said Della, "but ye kin lave the ice an' she'll pay ye on Saturday."

"But," protested the new terman, "sposin' she ain't got the money then?"

"Well, if she ain't ye kin take yer ice back."

CABIN MADE OF ANCIENT BONES.

It Is the World's Most Curious and Most Expensive Home.

"The queerest house in the world," said a zoologist, "is undoubtedly the famous bone-cabin in Wyoming, near the Medicine Bow river. This cabin's foundations are built of fossil bones. Bones of dinosaurs—jaws of the diplodocus, teeth of the brontosaurus, knuckles of the ichthyosaurus, vertebrae of the camarasaurus, chunks of the barosaurus, the cetosaurus, the ornitholestes, or bird-catching dinosaur—all entered into this wonderful cabin's foundations, making it the most curious and the most costly edifice, not excepting the Pennsylvania capitol, in America."

"This hut was built by a Mexican sheep herder, who had happened by chance upon the grandest extinct animal bed in the world. This was a plot about 50 yards square, wherein lay in rich profusion the bones of all the animals of the reptilian age. The heaviest and the lightest, the largest and the smallest, the most tranquil and the most ferocious, lay side by side.

The place was evidently once a river bar, and the dead bodies that floated down the stream were here arrested to lie for hundreds of thousands of years, till a sheep herder came along, and, rooting among bones as big as bowlders, set about the building of the world's queerest cabin."

JUST SNIFFED THE WHISKY.

New Yorker Claims Act Gives Him Pleasant Memories.

A man entered a downtown restaurant the other day and ordered a whisky, says the New York Times.

The waiter brought a bottle of it. The man uncorked it, raised it to his nose, and took a long sniff. Then he took another. Then he took a third—a long, contemplative sniff. Finally he wound up the performance with a fervent king-sniff, one that seemed both to end. But he did end it at last, with a sigh. Then he replaced the bottle on the table, and called the waiter.

"Take it away," he said.

The waiter removed the bottle. "Well, upon my word," said some one at another table, "I certainly thought that old fellow liked that whisky from the way he sniffed at it, but then he is sending it back. I wonder what other kind the waiter will bring him instead."

But the waiter brought him no more whisky. The man ate his lunch in silence, smoked his cigar, paid his check, and went his way.

"He swore off long ago," explained the waiter to a curious somebody at another table. "But he always takes six sniffs of whisky at every meal. Gives him pleasant memories, he says."

"Going to the Dogs."

The phrase "going to the dogs," with which Fanny Bernard Vaughan has been making effective play in connection with her work, has puzzled the explainers of metaphors, expressions rather needless. It has even been suggested that it is a profane perversion of "going to the gods," and an allusion has been detected to "canis," the dog, throw the worst throw with the dice among the ancient Romans. Shakespeare's "Throw physic to the dogs," and the Scriptural "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs," have been quoted in connection with the expression. But it seems a fairly obvious reference to the fate of the worn-out horse, condemned to be slaughtered. The old Greek curse, "Go to the crows," may be compared, referring as it did to the Greek's horror of having his body left unburied as food for carrion birds.—London Chronicle.

Cremation on the Increase.

Cremation is increasing in Great Britain, the number of bodies cremated being 742 in 1906, against 504 in 1905. Counsel Mahin of Nottingham writes: "There are crematories at Leicester, Hull, Leeds, Ilford, Bradford and Sheffield, owned by the respective municipalities, besides several conducted by companies in other cities. The operation of cremation requires about an hour and a half, the ashes are perfectly white and weigh four pounds, and the cost is about \$25. Cremation is now fully recognized by law in Great Britain, though strictly guarded."

Rival of Beeswax.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the raffa palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for sealing purposes, in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, etc.

Justifiable.

"The cat had eaten the canary. 'I haven't any compunctions about it, either,' she said, picking her teeth with her claws. 'I couldn't eat the piano on the first floor or the graphophone on the third, but I could make a meal of the musician on the second floor, and I've done it.'"

With a satisfied grin on her face she curled up on the floor behind the gas range and went to sleep.—Chicago Tribune.