

NOT AFRAID FOR HERSELF.

Children's Only Thought Was of Damage She Might Do Train.

She last winter a Vermont girl... her father's daughter, drew her sled to the top of a hill half a mile long and then sent it sliding down the hill.

THINK HELP NEEDED.

Wonders of Science.

Wells, the novelist, spoke at a club about the wonders of science... "So thick and fast," he said, "these new inventions come."

Were Superstitious, Too.

A woman who takes her superstitions seriously started to enter a department store one morning last week when she noticed a porter on a ladder that stretched directly across the doorway.

Delivered the Goods.

The late Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, kept all the letters his constituents wrote to him asking for favors, says the Saturday Evening Post.

Officer's Natural Anxiety.

Douglass Straight told this tale at a recent dinner of the Journeymen Hairdressers' Trade society in London. When a young barber he went to a barber's shop to be shaved and a little started to see the woman cashier behind the counter staring at him from time to time through the glass door.

First Requisite for Success.

At the annual convention of salesmen of a large corporation prizes were awarded to those who submitted the best reply to the query: "What are you going to do to increase your sales for the ensuing year?"

An Ambassador's Butler.

The practice of tipping is not entirely dead, the recipients at least derive some benefit. A former butler of Mr. Alton, American ambassador to England before Mr. Reid, has built a large fortune from the coast on the tips he received from visitors to the American embassy, whose servants make more money than those attached to other embassies, chiefly because of the number of wealthy Americans who visit the ambassador and scatter tips with liberal generosity.

FABLE OF THE PANSY.

Entire Family May Be Traced in Flower's Gay Petals.

Lovers of this pretty flower may be interested in the fable concerning it. The blossom has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay.

WORKED HIS OWN REDEMPTION.

Future Held Greatness for Young Man of Character.

A New York judge gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits.

Where He Saw a Crowd.

Uncle Constantine, from Fishkill Landing, was in town recently, for the first time in 30 years, according to the New York Times. His relatives were inquisitorial in showing him the sights, but it was extremely difficult to get him to express surprise at anything.

Easily Explained.

Her name was Marjorie and she was the sweetest child in the world, with all a child's wonderful thirst for the most out-of-the-way information. She had asked her mother to explain to her what wireless telegraphy was.

In the Wrong Room.

The lady missionary to India sat up in bed, with a spiteful jerk. "You are a man-eater?" she said, looking the tiger severely in the face. "I am," replied the beast, licking his chops with as horrid unctious as he could summon.

Muskrat Grounds Rented.

In parts of the south the muskrat skin trade is so important that the marshes on which they have their burrows are rented out for the shooting. The sport is usually best at night, when the animals are out in search of food.

The American Parent.

Jones, who is a natural handy man, does all manner of things for his children that they ought to do for themselves. He confesses it as a fault, and says it is really laziness in him, because it is easier for him to do household chores than it is to follow up the children and train them to do them.

THE RICKSHAW AND DANDY.

Primitive Modes of Travel in Hill Country of India.

In the mountain districts of India the principal vehicles of passenger conveyance are the rickshaw and the "dandy," with which Rudyard Kipling has made us familiar. United States Consul Gen. Michael, of Calcutta, writes thus about these vehicles: "The rickshaw is pushed and pulled through the streets and on the roads leading out into the country by four coolies, and the 'dandy' is carried on the shoulders of four and sometimes six coolies.

HIS DUTY AS HE SAW IT.

Had Been Told to Carry Out the Provisions, and He Wanted Them.

The widow of a village grocer was industriously placing the large, rosy-cheeked apples on the top of the diminutive shriveled ones in the barrel when Farmer Giles entered the establishment, according to the Rochester Herald. "I want that tub o' butter," he said, "an' those hams, and that lot o' sugar, and—"

The Infant Terrible.

A mother had just sought to punish her youthful son—and the son, to escape, had crawled under a bed—when a woman friend called at the apartment. "What a lovely place you have here!" the caller remarked. "So pretty—and so bright and clean. You must give more personal attention to things than I do."

In Darkest Asia.

Mr. E. L. Harris, United States consul at Smyrna, makes an interesting report on conditions in Asia Minor, and in regard to electricity, says: "The city of Smyrna, with nearly 400,000 population, has no electric railway, electric light or telephone. There are cities all over Asia Minor varying in size from 20,000 to 50,000 inhabitants where there are opportunities of getting concessions for electric light and traction. It is strange for American electrical concerns to turn their backs on this field, with the excuse that nothing under a \$1,000,000 concession would attract them."

Not a Reading Community.

The town of Charleroi, Pa., has a Carnegie library in which there are several thousand volumes and the town is roundly taxed to support the institution. Last year, according to a report by the librarian just made public, there was one solitary patron of the library. The librarian expressed the opinion that the people of the town were so much interested in roller skating, baseball games, bridge whist and poker that they had no time for books.

Company Breeds Appetite.

"I think the reason you can eat so little and live," said the woman who ate to the woman who doesn't, "is because you are by yourself so much. Now, I am different. I work in a room with a lot of people. They absorb my vitality to such an extent that I am hungry all the time. Regularly I eat breakfast, lunch and dinner and sometimes when I go to the theater I have a supper afterward. Yes, I suppose it is a good deal cheaper to be by yourself."

'Twas Ever Thus.

"I thought you called up information for the number," said he. "Why did you quit and ring off?" "Information had either dropped dead suddenly or gone off to dinner with a friend," she replied. "I waited and waited and waited, and all I could hear was some blooming phonograph playing away."

COT THE WRONG DABICS.

Curious Mixup That Occurred Recently in French Hospital.

A curious mistake occurred yesterday at the hospital at Amiens, says a correspondent of the London Mail. Two young women had recently been attended there. One had given birth to a boy, and the other had given birth to a girl. Yesterday their babies were taken from them to be vaccinated. After the vaccination the babies, in their swaddling clothes, were returned to their mothers, who went away with them. Soon afterward one of the mothers returned to the hospital in tears. Her child was a boy, but on returning home she discovered that the nurse had handed her a girl. She insisted on her boy being returned to her. A scene of great confusion occurred, as nobody knew the address of the other mother. At last, toward nightfall, the other mother arrived, greatly excited, complaining that she had been given a boy in mistake for her girl baby. The change was duly executed, and the two mothers went away happy.

WOULD WORK EITHER WAY.

Practical Young Man Quieted the Fears of His Fiancee.

Not long ago a young man, most notably unblest with worldly goods, met and won a girl whose decided personal charms were in no wise lessened by the fact of her possessing fully enough to at least keep the wolf howling at a distance. "Do you know, George," she one day said softly, "I am almost sorry that I have any money—not, of course, that I think you would love me the less, but—well—"

Fine Health in Open Air.

The healthiest persons in the world are gypsies, and they live in the open air, but there is an erroneous idea that gypsies are people who defy the elements to destroy their health. On the contrary, they are very careful, indeed, of their health, even though living out of doors. They never go to bed with the draft blowing over them, but have free circulation around them, yet protected from rain and wind. While sometimes seemingly scantily attired, they always are warmly clothed beneath, wearing warm underclothing. The consumptives who go to places for their health are now living exactly as the gypsies, and because of the disease being considered contagious, they must live in tents. It is here that the efficacy of pure air is being fully demonstrated, for it often effects a cure if the patient is not too weak when the treatment begins.

Value of the Thumb.

"Solomon says thumbs up," because the thumb is said to be worth fifty-one-third the entire value of the hand. The different fingers are far from having all the same value before the eyes of the law. Much of the importance among them is the thumb, for without it the hand no longer is a pincer but merely a claw. The French court allows in damages 15 to 35 per cent. value for the right and ten to 15 per cent. for the left thumb. The Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent. for the left to 25 per cent. for the right. In Germany 20 to 28 per cent., and even as high as 33.2 per cent., has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total value of the hand, industriously speaking, before the accident.

Before and After.

"There is a great difference between the actions of a woman before and after marriage," remarked the sad-eyed man with the absent hair. "What's the answer?" queried the youth who was on the verge of graduating from a correspondence school. "Give a woman a five-dollar bunch of flowers before marriage," explained the party of the sad part, "and she will say: 'Oh, thank you, George! But, really, I cannot allow you to spend so much money on me.' After marriage when George hands her seven-eighths of his weekly salary she looks at it contemptuously and says: 'Is that all I get?'"

Future Looked Dismal.

Nelson, a child of five, was becoming acquainted with his Uncle Will. They were considering questions of earthly life, with its manifold perplexities and rules of conduct, and the life and hope in the hereafter. In an attempt to make the idea perfectly clear, to the boy the uncle said: "Now, you know that your grandmother is dead and has gone to Heaven." After a minute or two of deep thought Nelson looked up into his uncle's face and said: "We'll never see her again, will we, Uncle Will?"

Good at Figures.

A lawyer in a seaport town advertised for an office boy. A lad applied for the situation who had hitherto been employed in the local fish market. The boy, on being asked if he was a good writer, answered in the affirmative. "And can you do mental arithmetic?" "I think so, sir." "Well, what would 36 pounds of salmon at one-half cent a pound be?" "Bad, sir," was the quick reply.

SALT CELLAR OF LONG AGO.

Was Distinctive Mark of Costume in the Middle Ages.

"This is a medieval salt cellar," said the antiquary. "It is solid silver and shaped like a castle. It is used for the price—but what is the use telling the price to you? Very magnificent, eh? In the middle age, you know, the salt cellar was the principal table ornament. Guests sat above or below the salt as they were prominent or the reverse. Where do you think you'd have sat, eh? Queer table manners they had in those days. The fastidious had individual knives, forks and spoons, but the common people ate with their fingers. You helped yourself from the general dish with your own spoon if you had one, but if you were very, very fastidious you licked the spoon clean first. The food was queer—rich, rank food—swans, herons, porpoises, garlic, verjuice, saffron. There was mead and wine in floods and ushers stood about whose duty it was to lead to convenient couches such guests as had dined too well. These ushers, being overworked, were continually striking for more pay. The hours were queer, too. Breakfast, dawn; dinner, ten o'clock; supper, four o'clock in the afternoon."

TAKING NO MORE CHANCES.

Keepers Had Special Cartridges For Poor Marksmen.

Dr. Seward Webb at a dinner at Shelburne Farms, his great Vermont estate, said of a certain poor marksman: "Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away cursing horribly. Next day he had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper without malice had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang, went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more. 'There ain't no more, sir,' the man answered. 'No more?' 'Nonsense. Why, you've got at least 1,000 in that box.' The keeper flushed and stammered: 'Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir.'"

Extravagance in Dress.

Very few persons outside of the glittering circle of an enormously rich families, who constitute what is referred to as "the best society" can understand how any young woman in this or any other country can spend upon her wardrobe such vast amounts of money as are expended by the daughters of some of these families. The history of the world does not show such reckless extravagance in the way of dress. Nor, for the matter of that, does the history of the world show so riotous a use of money as that practiced by our very rich in their strictly social diversions. Happy is the lot of the man or woman who is not tempted to such foolish indulgences, which take the edge from life's real joy.

Fled from Gas.

"I had a friend," said the bearded man, "who got out of paying a bill he owed in an original way. When the collector arrived he sent word to him that he would see him in a few minutes. Then he went into the parlor, shut the doors carefully, turned on every blessed burner in the chandelier, came quickly out, and had his man show the bill collector in the parlor while he hurried upstairs. Do you think that collector waited a few minutes for him to come down? Not on your photograph. He fled from that gas-filled room in about two seconds by the clock. If he had stayed three he'd have been suffocated."

Good Enough for the Dog.

Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech, all the more because his reports from school were always so good. "Bobby," she said, plaintively, one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know it up is what you should say?" "Oh, well, mother, Bobby answered hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar. But I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—Youth's Companion.

Speaking of Fathers.

Two kids had been engaged in a heated argument over the respective merits of their aires, when Johnnie clinched his argument with the following: "Hub, that's nothing! My father was in the army, and once, when he was standing on a hill beside a cannon, a war came up the hill, and he fired the cannon and killed the whole war."—Judge's Library.

Hope.

"Woman is naturally more hopeful than man," began the moralist. "Yes," interrupted the plain man. "There's my wife, for instance, every time she has had occasion to buy fish since we started housekeeping she has asked her dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'so.'"

Each to His Trade.

"I'm more useful than you are," boasted the collier. "Yes?" replied the bulldog. "You don't say?" "Yes. You should see me go for the sheep when they start to run away." "Well, just wait until some tramps come along here and when they start to run away watch me go for the calves."

HIGH JUMPING AT SEA.

A Whale that Jumped Over a Boat—Tunas That Leap 20 Feet.

"The most stupendous of all leapers of the sea," says a writer in Outing, "is the whale. I have seen a monster weighing hundreds of tons, possibly 80 feet in length, rise slowly and deliberately out of the water until it appeared to be dancing on the surface, entirely clear of it, then sink slowly back.

"Such a leap is on record in the annals of the British navy. A large whale cleared a boat, going completely over it, an estimated leap of 20 feet in air—how many in a lateral direction was not known.

"Exactly how high a tuna can leap it is difficult to say. I have seen the water beaten into foam by their four miles distant, and have a photograph showing a fish—a black streak at least a mile distant high in air—a jump of certainly 10 or 15 feet; and it is my opinion, based on what I have seen, that it is possible for a lusty tuna at full speed to project itself 20 feet into the air and 30 or 40 feet in a horizontal direction.

"I judge the latter possibly from the leap of a big tuna which cleared the help and landed high on the rocks at Santa Catalina. I have often stood in the center of a school of leaping tunas and watched them, but the situation is not one suggestive of repose or peace of mind."

NEWSBOYS HAD REAL TREAT.

And Possibly Young Woman Enjoyed Experience, Too.

A young woman, blond and pretty, was getting fully as much fun out of a very thoughtful act as were the eight very dirty little newsboys she was treating to maple sundays in a Twenty-third street drug store the other day. They were one and all having the time of their lives, says the New York Sun.

It was a real party and the eyes of the octet simply bulged in excitement. It was lots better than getting rid of their last paper.

"Gee, kids! ain't this bully?" exclaimed one, but his companions had their noses so close to the English walnuts plentifully sprinkled over the top of the drink that they couldn't talk intelligently.

The girl stayed by until the last spoonful was regrettably scooped out and the boys, thanking her in somewhat bashful fashion, little in accord with their natural brashness, passed out the door. Then with a happy sigh she too left.

Someone watching the proceeding rather envied her the satisfaction, for small boys of that sort do appreciate anything done for them which doesn't point a moral.

An Unseen Witness.

The criminal court at Salzburg, Germany, has been forced to hold a sitting in a convent, owing to the refusal of a nun to give evidence in public. A woodcutter in the service of the convent on the Nonnberg was on his trial for a killing, and the evidence of Sister Celestine, one of the nuns, was material. She, however, refused to attend the court on the ground of her vow, which forbade her to allow herself to be seen by men. An appeal to the archbishop of Salzburg elicited the reply that only the pope himself could release the sister from her vows, so arrangements were made for her to be examined in the convent. The judge and the counsel were accommodated in the visitors' room, while Sister Celestine, supported by the abbess, took her place behind a curtain so that she would be heard but not seen. The sister then underwent an examination and cross-examination, and on her evidence the man was condemned to two months' imprisonment. The anti-clerical papers protested against evidence given in this way being admissible.

What He Meant.

Praise from a husband's lips is always pleasant to the wife, but the praise may be too discriminating to suit her.

Under the very colloquially apt title of "The Moon Thing," this amusing little tale is to be found in Youth's Companion.

"I thought it was nice of you to tell that carpenter, who seemed to think women knew nothing, that I could hammer nails like lightning," said Mrs. Morse to her husband. "But I'm afraid, dear, you are not an unprejudiced judge. I really don't think I'm such a very good hammerer."

"Oh, he know what I meant," said Mr. Morse, cheerfully. "You know, lightning never strikes twice in the same place, they say."

Wouldn't Be Dictated to By Webster. Dr. Bacon, a New England clergyman of long ago, was reproached by a friend with some pronunciation which was not "according to Webster."

Webster lived in his parish, and the doughty divine was not disposed to be snubbed with the dictionary.

"What right has Webster to dictate my pronunciation?" he demanded, haughtily. "He is one of my parishioners, and ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."—Youth's Companion.

Force of Habit.

"How was it that you could not keep that job I got you as a car conductor?" "I am afraid it was owing to my habit of procrastination." "In what way?" "You see, even when people wanted to get on my car I would try to put them off."—Haltmore American.