

WOMAN AND HER WORRIES.

Fair Sex Criticized by a Writer in English Magazine.

It may fairly be said that women have only themselves to blame for a very considerable proportion of domestic worry, with its consequences of irritability and bad temper...

MUSIC IN THE TYROL.

Peculiar Charm of Concerts as Given by the Peasants.

There is a slow rising scale from the simplest summer music to the splendor of an occasional Mozart fest at Salzburg, writes a musician on his European holiday jaunt...

Hugo's Beautiful Faith.

Victor Hugo's confession of faith is going the rounds of the magazines and papers and is as follows: "Just as the rays of the moon lose the figure of the sun and bring to us, instead of its image, a certain aspect of the medium through which they pass..."

A Spider Factory.

In the forests of New Guinea there are factories whose workmen are spiders. These hideous spiders, with bodies as big as saucers, make fish nets for the cannibal natives...

Modesty of True Greatness.

About Ben Adhem had just found out that his name led all the rest. "Still," he observed, with a modesty as rare as it was charming, "the season is young yet. I've made a few lucky hits, it's true, but just as likely as not I shall be at the bottom of the percentage column in battling before the season ends..."

What's in a Name.

You can't help the name you're born with save by a cumbersome legal process. A correspondent cycling in eastern England has happened on a name which, for oddity, is hard to beat...

No Field for Him.

"Saw the preacher yesterday, and he says he's going to run the devil out of town." "He's too late," said the woman of the house. "John left yesterday!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS USEFUL STRONG HEAD.

Negro Proved Himself Just the Right Man in the Right Place.

"Ever take notice how much strength a negro has in his head?" said a man who is always looking out for unusual things. "Well, I had ample opportunity to test a certain negro's head carrying capacity while I was in charge of a large printing establishment in Texas..."

NO SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS.

Some Old-Fashioned Ideas of Trading Have Passed On.

"Times have changed," said an old grocer on Kansas avenue, the West side. "Buyers get their groceries, meats and merchandise where they believe they can get the most for their money..."

His Finger Imprints.

Of Count Julius Andressy, whose monument was recently unveiled at Buda-Pesth, the Neus Presse gives the following incident: Count Andressy had a habit of smoothing with his hand his richly oiled hair...

"Sensible to the Last."

"An old Scotch lady used to be attended by a doctor to whom she invariably gave a guinea when he went to see her. He had told the friends with whom she lived that her death would probably be sudden, and one day he was hurriedly sent for, as she appeared to have become unconscious..."

The Ideal Eve.

Not one man in 500 pictures his future wife in the surroundings of the ordinary girl. Where is the Adam who dreams of meeting his Eve, short of skirt and strong of arm, in the hockey field, or striding over the turf with a golf ball...

South American Oil-Birds.

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil-bird," or zuecharo. It breeds in rocky caves in the mainland, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat...

Wealth and Generosity.

Great wealth is a misfortune, because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice, and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he gives half of it away, no more makes a sacrifice than if I may make such a supposition a dropical man, whose skin holds a hoghead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel...

WORK OF MAHOGANY HUNTER.

Practiced Eye Needed to Locate the Valuable Timber.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forest and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers and require a skillful and experienced woodsman to find them. He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country...

PLEA FOR SELF-RELIANCE.

Charles G. Dawes' Good Advice to Young Men in Business.

"This is a hard world in business. It always has been and always will be. There are many good and generous men in it. There are many who will lead a helping hand to you in your adversity, but in the time of need you will not find them among the men who tried to get you to embark in speculation with your little surplus, and to sell you something which would help you to 'easy money'..."

Ingenuity in Stealing.

"What's all the row about?" the hungry man queried as the manager of the city restaurant was seen to rush excitedly to the cashier's desk and detain a departing individual. The waiter explained. For a month past some of the numbered checks had been missing, and it had been discovered that certain patrons were economizing at the expense of the management...

A Dog's Opinion of Boston Dialect.

"An intelligent looking dog," said the visitor from Boston. "Oh, he is," exclaimed Fido's owner. "He knows every word you say." Then said the visitor from Boston: "My canine friend, I am exceedingly interested in the hypothesis that has been presented to me to the effect that your understanding of human speech is perfect, and in order to test this matter, I wish that you would be good enough to bark three times in rapid succession as an indication that your comprehension of my request is in all ways clear and lucid..."

Citron Tree and the Bible.

Was the citron tree the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden? Some persons think it was. In any event, it appears that "citron" would often be the right rendering in passages where the authorized version of the Bible gives "apple." For instance, in the Proverbs, "A word fitly spoken is like apple of gold in picture of silver..."

His Discovery.

Cholly—You remember I told you yesterday that Miss Perkins told me the night before that she would marry me. Jack—Yes, Cholly—Well, I happened to think this morning that she said that she would marry me on the thirty-first of September, so I looked up the calendar to see what day of the week it would be, and, do you know, September has only 30 days!

Forgetting an Injury.

Church—I like to see a man who can forget an injury. Gotham—Well, there's that neighbor of mine, he's using the railroad company for an injured leg, and every once and a while he forgets to limp.

LONELINESS OF GREAT CITY.

No Interested Friends to Enter into Joys and Sorrows.

If you live in a large city you are lost. You are swallowed up by the ocean of people around you. You go down into the deep and that's the last of you, except perhaps an occasional bubble that may come to the surface. There where you were last seen, says the Fremont (O.) Post. There are so many people who can't escape drowning. You can't make friendships as you do in a smaller place, where the individual isn't entirely effaced by the mass. Society is not what it is in the smaller place, where the human element enters in altogether...

THE ONE THING HE WANTED.

Three Different Kinds of Soup Were Brought to the Guest.

After waiting the usual five or ten minutes the new arrival was served with the first dinner course of soup, runs a story in Judge's Library. Hesitating a moment as he glanced at his plate, the guest said to the waitress: "What is this soup?" "I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter as he took it away. "Neither can I eat this soup," said the guest, a trifle more emphatically, when the second plate was served. The waiter, angrily but silently, for a third time brought a plate of soup. "I simply can't eat this soup!" once more said the guest in a low, emphatic tone. By this time the waiter was furious and called the hotel proprietor, while the guests at the nearby table looked over that way with curious glances. "Really, sir, this is unusual. May I ask why you can't eat any of our soups?" demanded the proprietor. "Because I have no spoon," replied the guest, quietly.

Ghosts at Sheephead Bay.

Bayer's cottage, celebrated in name and story, is said to be haunted. It fronts the Slough of Despond at Sheephead Bay, and for several years was occupied by a coterie of Ammonites. One of the fossil mollusks suddenly disappeared, and his room was taken by an ambitious novice of the name of Reggie Carroll, in every way worthy and well qualified. Reggie was assigned to the room of the departed member, who is a noted aquatic athlete, stripping like a Muldoon of the marines, a man of manly beauty who used to swim the Hellespont between Coney Island and Rockaway Point to flirt with the mermaids on inlet reefs. The ghosts got after Reggie the first night. He declares they toted him upstairs and made strange noises as the cottage resounded in the last stage of aquatic torment. The Bay folk are much perturbed.—N. Y. Press.

Chamois for New Zealand.

An Austrian warship visited New Zealand last year. Its officers were handsomely entertained and presented with a variety of local products and curios. In recognition of this hospitality the Emperor Francis Joseph has made a gift of eight chamois to the colony. The transportation of the animals to the other side of the globe was a risky undertaking, but it has been successfully accomplished. The passage between the tropics was the crucial stage of the voyage, but the chamois were carefully shielded from the heat and emerged without any loss save a temporary one of appetite. New Zealand has snow-capped Alpine heights, where they will soon feel perfectly at home.

Mutual Recognition.

An orator and lawyer who lives at Galesburg, Ill., wrote a book which his publishers, in order to give the author an exact idea of how it would look, made up into a dummy with the regular cover, but with blank pages. The proud author went to Chicago and called on one of his friends, "George," said the author, putting the book open on the table, "so far as my acquaintance with literature goes, this book is best suited of any for your mentality." The other turned over the blank pages gravely. Finally he said: "Carr, after a somewhat careful examination of this work, I am forced to the conclusion, without looking at the title page, that you are the author."

For Her Sake.

"So you quit smoking because she asked you to?" said the youth with the clam-shell cap. "Yes," answered the lad with the turned-up trousers. "And then?" "Then she went walking with a man who smoked a pipe because she said it kept away mosquitoes."

A BARREL OF APPLES.

But the Grocerman Would Not Buy the Tale.

"I wish to speak to you about that barrel of apples I bought day before yesterday," said the kind-looking old gentleman. "You'll have to see the clerk who sold them to you," the grocer answered, very unapologetically. "I don't know anything about them." "But I desire to say to you personally that—"

"Now, look here, I can't be bothered over every pound of sugar or pint of cider or barrel of apples that my clerks sell. Just see the young man who waited on you. He's around somewhere." "Yes, I see him there at the back end of the store; but I really felt that it was my duty to tell you about it. You see—"

SIG STICKS IN LONDON.

Johnnie Carrying Canes of 46 Inches and Six is Growing.

The London "Johnnie" has a new fad. This time it concerns his walking stick, which has now reached the extraordinary length of 46 inches, and is still growing.

Of course it is impossible to make much use of such a stick as an aid to walking. The London dude carries his horizontal cane, much to the annoyance of other pedestrians before and behind, and especially at crowded crossings.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the New York "Willie Boy" is going to follow in the footsteps of London's "Johnnie" in this matter of walking-sticks. Neither New York nor any other busy American city would stand for them.

Imagine one of these walking canes, carried horizontally, attempting to board a subway or Brooklyn bridge train or to turn a busy Broadway corner during rush hours. Everybody who has attempted to board a train carrying even a small package can imagine the fate of the walking-stick.—N. Y. World.

Experiences.

"You say you're an experienced man?" asked the president of the police board, examining an applicant for an appointment as patrolman. "I am," answered the applicant. "How do you mean?" "I've had a great deal of experience with riots." "As a rioter?" "No, sir." "Have you ever been an officer?" "No, sir." "Have you ever been a strike breaker?" "No, sir." "What do you know about riots, then?" "I was an owl car conductor in St. Louis for six nights, sir."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Coins Found in Old Wall.

A remarkable discovery of a hoard of gold and silver coins, amounting in value to about £300, has been made in the townland of Annaloughy, near Aughelay, county Tyrone. The money was discovered hidden in an old wall beside the house which has been the property of the same family for generations. The back of the wall at one time formed a portion of the original house. How or when the hoard was placed in position where it was discovered is a mystery, but from the dates on the coins it must have been at least half a century ago.—Westminster Gazette.

Hibernating Bats.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still, theirs is a true hibernation trance, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to do.

Chance for Inventors.

Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

RISEB WITH A COMPLAINT.

Alkali Eye Displaced with Vaudrville Performance.

We went up to Houston ter meet with the lumbermen, not that we air a lumberman at all, but we air more or less interested in the plan o' makin' booze I'm sawdust, an' it was up to us to be astin' these ducks whu' they air adolin' at present with their outpout; of they ain't drinkin' it up we'd like ter make them a proposition lookin' ter th' startin' of a distillery. Et such a distillery is started we kin guarantee ter dispose of th' output. Whilst we was in Houston we was th' guesser, th' honored guesser, of th' majestic th'ater, an' we has been sufferin' I'm nervous prostration ever since; a duck who dose a chair balance an' on his feet was th' thrillin' one we ever seen; he was th'ble ter fall at any minute an' we'd like to ask what'd become o' that beer o' he had fell? He'd busted them bottles as sure as shootin', we was so nervous at th' bare thought o' such a accident that we ain't got over shudderin' yet. Later e-Since writin' th' above we hev learned that them beer bottles was empty, an' that fact makes it even more aggravin'—Alkali Eye, in the Houston Post.

FATHER HAD HOPES FOR HIM.

Sumptuous Youth Got Benefit of a Little Plain Talk.

The following is related of a certain well-known New York business man and his son: The son had just left Harvard and was fired with ambitions which did not include going into his father's office. When he arrived home his parents began seriously to discuss his future. He stated what his ideas were and spoke of the professions as most likely to afford scope for his genius. The law, he thought, would be the likeliest career. His father, however, had not a very high opinion of his abilities, and said so without mincing words. "I think," he declared, "you had better make a beginning by adorning one of my office stools. We can think about your taking up the law afterward." The young man did not see it that way. Once he was clothed, and said it was an existence fit only for a dog. "Well, my son," returned the father, dryly, "you're not a dog yet, but you'll grow."

With a Provise.

"When universal peace is finally established," said Alfred H. Love, the president of the Universal Peace union, in an interview in Philadelphia, "then many a man who now ridicules the peace movement will claim to have been its lifelong champion. It is always so. We thump and kick a poor, weak, struggling movement at its inception, and when it has succeeded and no longer needs our help, we give it the most solicitous support. There was once a young lady whose betrothed, a very poor young man, was about to set out for South America to seek his fortune in the rubber trade. As he took his leave of her the night before his departure, he said, impulsively, 'And you swear to be true to me, Irene?' 'Yes, Helen,' cried the girl, 'yes—if you're successful!'"

Dog Jealousy.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be located in any disrespect to the new owner. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a dog through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.—Outing Magazine.

Pen Economy.

The merchant before filling his ink-well dropped in two or three old pens and poured the writing fluid upon them. "Thus," he said, "I practice pen economy, prolonging three or four times the life of all my pens. You see, the corrosive power of the ink, which is immensely strong, vents itself on the old pens kept in the well and has little or no strength left wherewith to attack the pen I have in use. Try this scheme, young man, and you will find that your pens will practically never wear out."

He Left the House.

While a lady was feeding a hungry tramp the other day she discovered he was pocketing her silver spoons. Opening the door, she exclaimed, "Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house!" "But, madam—" "Leave the house, I say," screamed the infuriated woman. "Leave the house!" "I go, madam," said the tramp, as he reached the front gate. "Never to return; but before I go I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house!"—Illustrated B-B.

Yes, But Will She?

Wedderly—"Can the girl you are engaged to swim?" Singleton—"I don't know. But why do you ask?" Wedderly—"Because, if she can, you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut."—Stray Stories.

The Old Question.

"Say, if you put all your money into building a house?" "Yes." "And an earthquake came along and shook the house down?" "Yes." "Wouldn't that jar you?"