TURNED THE POTATOES BLACK. The Sight of Aluminum Ware Recalls

Old Timers Made of Iron. Among the many gifts, heautiful or pseful, that this bridal couple received

was a complete set of cooking utenalls of aluminum. "Do you remember, Clarence," said an older woman who had seen these attractive pots and kettles in the kitchen of the new bride's home and who was now describing them to her husband, "do you remember how black the potatoes were the first dinner 1

cooked?" And Clarence did remember it, for that extraordinary incident of the black potatoes in that first dinner they ate together in their new home after they were married could not very well escape his memory.

"Well, that," Mrs. Clarence went on, "was because they were cooked in a new iron pot. Of course I knew that new iron pots ought to be scoured and cleaned before they were used, and I had scrubbed and scoured that pot till I was tired and got it just as clean as could be, but still the potatoes were

"Next day I asked our washerwoman about that and she said that if I would rub lard on the inside of it and then scour it it would be all right, and I did that, and do you remember that the next night the potatoes were not half so black!"

And Clarence remembered that too and then Mrs. Clarence went on te tell about the many other beautiful things that this young married couple had received besides those aluminum pots and kettles, the sight of which has called forth this recollection of her own married life.

SAMP, THE CHAMP, BITES DUST

King of Bronx Zoe Monkey House Knecked Out.

Samson turned his face to the wall in the monkey house at the Bronx 200 the other night and would not be comforted, says the New York World.

Samson is a heavy-weight mandril and his black fist had put down for the count every male occupant of the cage. There came to the cage three days ago a meek-faced monkey from China. The other simians sized up his three feet of stature, his well-muscled arms and cleanly knit legs and agreed that he looked good to them, though he was plainly in the lightweight class. He said in answer to questions that he was of the Rhosus family and that his name was Li Hung Chang. Sampson overheard Li and remarked superciliously:

"When I was in the circus and tool boxing lessons, I know several Rhosuses. They never went back to China. They were nothing more than mixed-ale fighters. I'm Samp, the chamn and this is what I did to the Rhosuses, Bing-o.

Samp's right shot out, but instead of landing on Li's jaw it found only space. Li had side-stepped with amazing ease. The chimpanzee could not restrain an ill-timed, guffaw, which diverted Samp's attention from Li. There was nothing more doing in the pugilistic line until the other day. Eight rounds had been fought furiously when Li feinted with his left and shot his right to Champ's jaw. When Champ woke up he was alone in a corner whither he had been dragged.

Absent-Mindedness.

"Most of the so-called absent-mindedness," said a Columbia professor to his class not long ago, "is due to the fact that when the mind gets to running along a certain channel it is dif-Moult for it to turn aside to take in something that is outside the course along which it is traveling. The other night, for instance, my wife and I were planning to go to the theater. When I came downstairs about 7:30 o'clock the tie that I had on did not meet with my wife's approval and she asked me to go upstairs and change it. I went, while she waited below, and to her surprise I did not return. Finally, thinking that something must have happened, she went upstairs to my room. What do you suppose she found? Simply that when I had started to take off my tie my mind had been ret in a certain train which it followed, and there I was with my pajamas on, just climbing into bed."

: Oleomargarine in Australia. Consul F. W. Goding, writing from New Castle, says that oleomargarine manufactured in New South Wales is packed in seven, 14 and 28 pound tins for export and in 56 pound tubs for local use. About three tons are used docally a month, and it wholesales at 15 cents a pound. The Australian customs law imposes on all foreign oleomargarine a duty of six cents a pound. and requires that the outside case of sall packages be labeled plainly "Oleomargarine." It is stated that these restrictions were placed upon this product to prohibit its importation.

Might Be Mistaken.

"Do you think it would be beneficial if I should go away somewhere for a few months, doctor?"

"I guess so." "Remember, you have not yet received my bill."

"Can you afford it?"

The Exception.

There is no woman but will get magry if you cast a siur on her good-

"Oh, I don't know; I told Mrs. Youngwife last evening that her baby was the perfect image of its mother, and she seemed pleased."-Houston

MINERS HAVE TO WORK HARD.

Pay Good, But Labor Is Very Heavy in the Klandike.

"Mining in the Klondike is strenuous work and after putting in a summer there the miner has fully earned a winter's rest," says an engineer who has just returned from the Klondike to spend the winter. "It's ten hours a day without any stop for Sundays, holidays or anything else, and if you can't stand the pace, out you go. On the dredges it is a little easier, for while the dredges are kept going all the time, the men work only eight hours, three shifts being used on each dredge. The pay is good, but the men are mighty glad when the sea-

son is over. "Nearly all the mining in the Klondike country is done by big corporations. Their plan is to buy out all the mining claims on a stream in which they want to operate. A mining claim is 600 feet along the stream and 1,000 feet on each side of the center line of the stream. First they dredge out the bars and riverbeds for the entire length of their holdings. which may be ten or 12 miles and even more, and when this work is done they wash out the benches on the banks. They surely do clean up everything in the gold line.

"Wages are good in the mining country. Ordinary miners and laborers receive five dollars a day and found, and engineers seven and eight dollars a day and found. A sensible man can put up a nice little pile in a good sea-

ADVICE FROM THE OPTIMIST.

Cultivate Humor and Scatter Bless-Ings Around You.

Humor may not be a sixth sense or a seventh, but it ought to be one of the senses of the well-ordered human being. The man who has no sense of humor and who goes unhumorous and laughterless through his dreary existence may have the comfort of knowing the animals do not laugh and that the bray of the jackass comes nearest an expression of laughter in the animal creation, writes an optimist in the New York Times. He may have that comfort if he wants it. But he should not want it. The thoroughly serious man is of a piece with the patient and somber post that stands in the ground and holds up part of a fence till it rots off. He has a mission, but it is not a specially enviable one.

Blessed are the cartoonists and the satirists and the funmakers. For by enlarging upon our foilles and foibles and conspiculties they awaken us to their elements of the ridiculous and lead us with wisdom to temper exuberance. Blessed is the saving grace of humor. For where humor is treason finds no fertile soil, deceit flourishes not, hypocrisy withers and dies, greed is tempered and reason only rules.

A Parliamentary Stratagem.

It was an informal session, after one of the regular meetings of a religious convention, that the New Hampshire minister told some of his best stories. "There is one man in our church," he said, "who is as good as gold, but so long-winded that he tires everybody

"At one time it was suggested by one of the deacons that in order to avoid the extreme length of this good man's remarks at nraver meeting we make a five-minute limit.

"This I inaugurated at the next meeting, and it was chereing to us all to see that when the long-winded man rose to speak he held his open watch in his left hand.

"When the limit was all but reached he said: 'Finding, my dear friends, that I have only a few seconds left in which to speak, and having much to say I will throw the rest of my remarks into the form of a prayer."-Youth's Companion.

The Goose Alarm.

There are burglar alarms to notify the householder when a burglar is seeking entrance, but an Illinois farmer has proved that there is something cheaper and just as good. If a goose is tied up by the leg in front or rear of a house at night she will set up a vigorous cackie if anybody comes sneaking about. Her hearing is acute and her eyesight sharp, and she is better on the watch than a dog.

The farmer made 30 different experiments with the goose alarm, and in not one single instance did the goose fail to announce that there was some one moving about who ought to be attended to. If you are afraid of burglars, buy a goose. If you can afford it, buy two of them, so that one may help the other cackle.

Murder of the Innocents. When a man gets very old he harms nobody except by living. He is of no use in the community. He is without a future. His mind is as feeble as his limbs are weak. This rapid world is not inclined to invest in a dismantled industrial plant. No antique machinery for this age of rush. The man of capital is ready to invest in a prospect-but not a prospect of death. So the old, the poor, the helpless, even if helped just a trifle along the road to the grave, are saddened in their last moments by the reflection that they are inmates of the "peorhouse."

. The Method. "What beautiful children's books they are getting out," said the shop-

"Yes" answered the salesman: 'the best way to sell a child's book is to get up something that will interest and amuse the parents"

IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL.

Balloon Ascent In London in 1784 Was Made a Holiday.

Tremendous excitement was caused when London's first balloen went up nearly a century and a quarter ago

The balloon, manned by a young Italian named Vincent Lunardi, ascended from Moorfields, then an open space of ground, on September 15, 1784, in the presence of more than 100,000 spectators.

All business was suspended, the king himself setting the example by adjourning a cabinet council that happened to be sitting. Vast crowds followed the balloon's course, some on horseback, in earts, in chaises, but mostly on foot.

Many were hurt in the crush, but the only fatality recorded was the death from fright of an old country woman, who, coming out of her cottage to see what the excitement was about, beheld the balloon just above her head.

On the other hand Lunardi undoubtedly saved one man's life, a jury bringing in a verdict of "not guilty" on a notorious highwayman in order that they, the prisoner and the judge who was trying, might rush out of court to

see the balloon. The aeronaut descended eventually mear Ware, in Hertfordshire, where his sudden drop from the clouds was the cause of more astonishment and excitement.

Many of the spectators swooned with fear, while others urged the putting of Lunardi to death there and then on the ground that he must needs be a sorcerer and in league with the evil one.—Chicago Daily News.

CONSIDERED IT GOOD THING. Sporty Individual Wanted a Part of the Wager.

Congressman Champ Clark was a passenger recently on a train bound for Kansas City when he was much amused by the soliloguy of an old chap who, it appeared, was proceeding to the city named on certain legal business. The journey was nearly completed when the elderly person became possessed of the notion that certain important papers had been left behind. After a hurried investigation of his bag he observed:

"If I left those papers behind I'm a fool A little later he resumed his exam-

ination of the bag's contents. "I bet it'll turn out I'm a fool," he murmured sadly. When another mile or two had been

accomplished he rummaged through the bag once more, and as he turned over the last bundle repeated: "It will sure turn out I'm a fool!" At this juncture a testy individual eccupying the adjoining seat took a

hand. Frowning upon the old chap who had so often offered to wager that he was a fool, the irritable person looked over the edge of his newspaper, and with sarcastic interest

"Would you oblige me, air, by laying a little money that same way for me?"—Harper's Weekly.

The Kansas Sunflower. Noble L. Prentis, in the Atchison

Champion for September 2, 1880, suggested the sunflower as the distinctive flower of Kansas.

"The capitol square is surrounded by a dense growth, rods in width, of rampant sunflowers," he wrote. "They grow as big, rank and yellow as if they were 40 miles away from a house. The sunflower ought to be made the emblem of our state. Nothing checks it or kills it. It is always 'happy as a big sunflower!' Grasshoppers never have held the edge on it; and drouthy times, when everything else wilts and throws up its hands the sunflower continues to do business at the old stand. It probably has some private arrangement with nature for securing ald."

Not the Man. Loafer (saluting perfect stranger)-I remember you, major, when we was in the regiment. Stranger-What-in the Ninety-

ninth? Losfer-Yus, major. Stranger—"A" company? Loafer-Yus, major.

Stranger-Always getting drunk? Loafer-I won't go so far as to deny as I took a drop extry now and then,

major. Stranger-Discharged with ignominy for cowardice?

Loafer - Ardly that, major; for I al lus did my duty.

Stranger-Then you're not the man: -London Punch.

Thackeray's Poets. Thackeray's favorita poets were

Goldsmith and the "sweet lyrick sing-'ers," Prior, whom he thought the easi-

lest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poets, and Gay, the force of whose simple melody and artless ringing laughter he appreciated. He admired Pope, too; but while admitting Milton's greatness, thought him "such a bore that no one could read him." It is not surprising, therefore, that Thackeray never essayed the "big bowwow kind"

Sight Reading.

of poetry.

Mrs. Rusticus-Pa, our boy Tommy must be awful careless with that there autormobilly he got you to buy for him, up to the city.

Mr. Rusticus-How so, ms? (2) Mrs. Rusticus- Why, he writes in beis here letter that he keps it in the

CAME BACK TO THE BLANKET.

Chaplain Didn't Make as. Good Exchange as He Thought

One would think that almost anything is preferable to a soaked bed in the rainy open. The chaplain of the Fifty-second Massachusetts volunteers did not find it so, as the major of the regiment relates in an article on "Up the Teche with Banks." A bridge had been built, and the union troops were supposedly taking a rest, camping beside the bayou.

The chaplain and the sergeant major were sleeping, or trying to sleep, under the same blanket. The sergeant major was soon fast asleep. Down came the rain. The soldiers woke and tried to shift to the shelter of the trees, but there was little room. The water came down in torrents. If one drew up his rubber blanket the rain fell on his feet; if he pushed it down

it soaked his bair. The chaplain finally got up to look for a better place. The major drowsed on. Presently the chaplain returned. "I've found a nice dry spot. 'You'd

better come." "Where is it?" was the sleepy re-

"In a pigpen. Nice dry shelf in a pigpen. I'm going there. You'd better come.

Although the major ached in every bone, he had his doubts as to there being room for two, so he replied: "I guess I'll stay here," and covering his upper ear with a tin plate to keep out the rain, he went off to sleep

again. In about half an hour he was disturbed by some one getting in under his blanket.

"Who is it?" he grumbled. "I," said the chaplain. "I've come back."

"Why didn't you stay?" The chaplain uttered but one word; that was sufficient in explanation. "Fleas!" he ejaculated, wrathfully. -Youth's Companion.

MAN 84 TO WED BRIDE OF 40.

She's His Stenographer and He's Worcester's Richest Lawyer.

Because he believes it is in accordance with the teachings of the Scriptures that old men with money should marry young women, Thomas H. Dodge, a prominent Worcester (Mass.) millionaire and noted patent lawyer. \$4 years of age, will take for his bride Cora D. Dodge, his stenographer, who is 40 years old.

The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Willard Ecott, pastor of the Piedmont church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Drew, pastor of Old South church, at Mr. Dodge's home, 768 Main street Although the bride to be bears the same name as Mr. Dodge they are not related

Dodge lost his first wife about a year ago. Both were wealthy in their own right. Mrs. Dodge leaving most of her wealth to charitable institu tions. Mr. Dodge yearly gives large sums for philanthropic purposes.

Made Clients Look Cheap. A lawyer appeared before one of the New York city boards asking that damages be awarded to certain client: because of a change of grade in their street. When he had completed his argument the president said: Mr Blank, you ought to know better than to take up the time of this board it this manner. You are too good a law ver not to allow that on your own presentation of facts these people have not the shadow of a legal claim against the city." "Your remarks are fully justified, Mr. President," said Mr. Blank. "I not only expected them but you have done me a favor by making them. There are times wher a lawyer is so pushed by his clients who seem to know more about the law than he does that the only thing he can do is to let them come ur against it themselves. They probably know as much about it now as I did before. I thank you for your attention." With that he took up his books and left the room, followed by a halfdozen erestfallen clients.

Thought It Something to Eat. A young Englishman with a title and a healthy appetite recently went to spend a few days at a monastery in Switzerland. By chance he arrived on a Friday, when the fare was especially frugal. He had little to eat that day and went to bed hungry. During the night, as is their custom, one of the fathers went to the cells with a benediction, "The Lord be with you," which, of course, he said in Latin. When he came to the door of the visitor scell he knocked and said, "Dominus tecum!" "Who's there?" cried the young Englishman. The monk repeated, "Dominus tecum!" "Ah, thanks, I'm much obliged," said his lordship, getting out of bed. "Please but it down outside!"

Perfectly Proper Word. "Tote" is good Englsh, on higher authority than that it is a colloquialism which has become engrafted into our language. It is Anglo-Saxon to the core, as, says Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, London edition of 1852, thus: "Tote from Titian, to lift up, to carry in the hands or upon the person in the same sense as the Latin-Tollo-tollere." Tote is not known except among English descended people. and is unquestionably correct, although now obsolete to a great extent.

Will Stay at Home, "Do you expect to go to Europe next epring?

"No," answered Dustin Stax, "I am pretty well convinced that those lavestigations are about over."

MANDY WAS HARD TO CORNER.

Colored Woman Surely Wanted to Know All the Facts.

An East End lady has a colored maid who is a clever worker when she wants to work, but who has sudden attacks of what would be called spring fever if it came in April or May. And she siways has an excuse ready.

"I'se gwine to quit workin', Miss Brown," she said the other day. "I'se goin' to git married." "Indeed! Who is the man?"

"His name is Erastus Greenly." The lady of the house didn't say

anything, but the next time Mandy's chum came to call on Mandy she took occasion to see her alone in the kitchen.

"Mandy says she's going to be married. Do you know anything about it, Tilly?"

"Mandy married! Who did she say she was goin' to marry?"

"A man named Erastus Greenly." "Erastus Greenly! Why, he's married already."

"Perhaps there's another Erastus." "No. dere ain't but one." So the mistress cornered Mandy.

"You can't marry Erastus Greenly because he is already married." "Who says so?" "Tilly Jones."

Mandy hesitated. "Can't dar be two Erastus Green-

"Tilly says there's only one." Mandy was cornered. Then she looked up suddenly. A gleam of triumph sparkled in her shining eyes. Wh what was de middle name of de Erastus Greenly dat Tilly knows" she demanded.—Cleveland Plain

IDEA IS TO RESTOCK THE SEA.

Dealer

Immense Plan in Contemplation by the United States. Dang ---

One of the largest and most audacious concentions ever acriously enfertained by a nation we hide away year after year between the covers of some of the dullest of our official reports. Most of the subjects of our boasting are not unique achievements. Other countries have dug canals. though not so big as the one at Panama. But the Yankee nation is practically the only one which ever undertook to increase the supply of fish in the sea, not by such tremendous concerted action as we are invoking for our forests and waterways, but by the routine work of a minor government bureau.

In the National Geographic Magazine. George M. Bowers, the United States commissioner of fish and fisherles, writing under the title of "Planting Fishes in the Ocean," reviews the results which have followed the most extensive projects of artificial propa-

Black Cat Cures Rheumatism.

"The hide of a black cat dried in an Autumn sun and worn around the waist in the form of a belt will keep rheumatism away," said Mark Duvail of Alexandria, La., at the Hotel Duncan. "Now, don't laugh, and wait intil after you've heard the story. For three years I had symptoms of heumatism-very painful symptoms. i lay awake nights and suffered a thousand deaths-mentally and physscally. One day an old negro working on an adjoining plantation told me of the black cat hide remedy. Of fourse, I didn't believe in it, but, like a drowning man grabbing at a straw, thought I would give it a trial, as I knew the old-time southern darky to be a real good doctor. I had a black cat killed in October and let the hide stay out for about 15 days to dry. I then cut it up and made a beit about one inch wide out of it. I put on the belt and wore it for eight weeks. Believe me when I say that my rheumatism had entirely disappeared the third week. I have never had a pain since, and I still have my black cat belt."-Nashville Tennessaean.

" "Velvet" for Uncle Sam. "The increasing habit of using souvenir postal cards is inuring to the benefit of the government in one way, not generally understood," said a, post office attache. "Many persons who have the habit of mailing souvenirs or picture postals are so accustomed to putting stamps on them that they even stamp the ordinary postals which already have stamps printed on their faces. We see the effects of this practice every day to the extent of hundreds of doubly stamped postal cards; and, what with the increased receipts from souvenir postals and this little gratuity thrown in, Upcle Sam is getting a few dolars that are real velvet."

Miner's Miraculous Escape.

Fred Hamilton, a miner employed at Monarch, Wyo., is probably the only man who has had a 25-pound keg of powder explode in his arms without fatal results. Hamilton was carrying the powder into the mine when a spark from his lamp fell into the keg and caused an explosion. By a miracle Hamilton escaped with only a hurned face and scorched hands. The heat of the powder was so intense that nearby mine timbers were set on fire.

Making a Pig of Himself. "A modest appearing man." "Yes, but he's always making a pig" of himself."

"You surprise me."

"Yes; he stands behind the scenes and squeals and grunts in the barnyard scene during the play 'Down on the Farm."

and the second s

BUILT THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER.

New York Architect Gave the New Design to the World.

It is little more than 18 years since Bradford Le Gilbert erected the first skyscraper at 50 Broadway, New York. says the Broadway Magazine. It was an 11-story building. One day, when it was still in the skeleton stage, he decided to climb up through the network of steel pillars-and girders while a gale of wind was blowing lie wished to make some tests of the effect of the storm on the skeleton. The people watching him from the sidewalk said he took his life in his hand. They expected to see the structure topple and fall, burying the hapless inventor in the ruins.

Le Gilbert returned to earth unhurt --- a victor who had given the world a new idea that was to revolutionize the American city.

Since then skyscrapers have become almost a commonplace. Higher and higher they have soared-11, 14, 18, 20, 25, 41 or more stories-piling wonder on wonder, transforming Wall, Nassau and Pine streets-into narrow canyons between cliffs of steel and stone, and making Trinity church, the finest building in the city half a century ago, a mere foothill of the

great skyscraper range. Then came the new idea, just carried to success, which made men doubt if there were any limits to the beight of the skyscraper. The tower of the Singer building at 147 Broadway began to soar into the air, piling story upon story, until there were 47 in all, and the lantern that crowned the steel skeleton was fastened in place 612 feet above the sidewalk.

REMARKABLE COAT OF ARMS. English Town Centuries Ago Chose Grewsome Subject.

"Since the senational production of 'Salome' in New York, and more recently at Paris" said an employe of the Astor library, "many persons have visited the reference department of this library to look at Arthur Charles Fox Davies' Book of Public Arms."

"Why?" asked the reporter. "Because they have learned that the coat of arms of Penzance, Cornwall, Wales, is a head of John the Baptist on a charger or platter. Why this curlous device should have been chosen in A. D. 1614 by the good citizens of the old Welsh seaport is enigmatical. One solution of the problem is that when the townsmen begged for a chanter and an emblem they had in mind-'Pen,' which means a headland, and 'Sans,' which means holy, and though ignorance they failed to distinguish the difference between a human head

and a headland. "Imagine the policemen and other uniformed officials going about with such a device on their helmets, bad-

Vanity Makes Misfits.

A tailor tossed into a corner a sult ? . that had turned out a misfit. "It is men's vanity that makes nine-

tenths of the misfits," he growled.

"How so?" "Why, when a man comes in here to be measured he won't stand in his natural way. He is too vain. We goto take his chest measure, and to have the satisfaction of hearing a big numher yelled out he puffs out his chest like a nigeon, and then his coat and

"He does the same with his back... stiffening it, if he is humped, to a military erectness. The same with his shoulders; if they slope he raises them to his ears, and if they are round he throws them back till the shoulder blades clash together. And if his

waistcoat are too big for him.

stomach protrudes he draws it in. "Thus our measurements are all wrong, and the suit, thanks to the man's vanity, must go to the misfit dealer."

Poor Whist Player Condemned.

Deschapelles, the greatest whist player the world has ever seen, had but one hand and was an advanced republican. His manuel dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one handand that his left-collect the cards, sort them, play them and gather them in tricks. Late in life, when he had developed into ardent republicanism. he was supposed to have been mixed . up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Phillippe. His papers were setzed, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described: "Vatry (Alghie) to be guillotined. Reason—citoyen inutile, Vatry is a bad whist player."

Love Is Cruel, Indeed.

Love comes unbidden and flees from those who pray at his ahrine. He comes like all-conquering kings-freehearted, generous, great; he goes like a thief in the night, carrying away all that has made life worth the living, He stabs us with the weapons we have given him, he drinks our tears and laughs at the tortures he inflicts, for love is cruel. \* \* \* And yet we are ever ready again and again to bare our hearts to the blows. Men feel love with more intensity than women, and they forget more swiftly.—From Madame.

A Doubtful Definition. "What is your idea of presperity?" asked the argumentative person.

"Prosperity," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "is any state of affairs that enables you to remind the parties concorned that things might be worse."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

The second secon