WELL-BRED FRENCH BURGLARS. Proved Truth of Boast That They Knew Respect Due to Years.

"While the paintress of the house had gone out with her children three polits hurgiars entered her villa at Triel, France. Not wanting to put anyone out, they had waited until the house was empty But on exploring the place they unexpectedly found an old lady In hed, the mother of the mistress of the house, aged over 82. She was naturally alarmed, but the polite burglars reassured her. One a young man, the politest of the three, said: "Madame, allow me to apologize. Have no fear. We know the respect due to Bears, and would not think of hurting a hair of your head. All we want is the booty. Allow me to keep you company while my friends look for it." The amiable young man, true to his word. rat down by the old lady's bedside and chatted pleasantly to her while his confederates plundered the house. When their operations were over he got up, bowed, apologized profusely again, and retired. The rest of the family returned to find all the val-

HAD NOT THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

nables in the house gone.

Remark by Minister's Wife That Called Forth Cynical Comment.

The wife of a minister was entertaining some friends the other day, when one of the visitors asked the deminie's wife if she had ever painted h mental picture of heaven. She said that she had not.

"Do you mean to say, inquired one of the visitors, with a show of surprise, "that you have listened to your husband's sermons without feeling that you know what heaven is like?"

"I mean to say that I have not given the matter much thought. When my husband dies I want to go wherever he goes. That will be heaven enough for me," answered the clergyman's wife. One of the women told her husband

that night what the minister's wife said, and the brute remarked:

"That's what I call love that never grows cold."-New York Times.

Seagulls of Auchmithie.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some 31, miles from the former place. The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the ea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.-London Spectator.

Punctuation Was Preserved.

When John Kendrick Bangs' phantasy of "Tomorrowland" was in rehearsal the author was very much disturbed by the arbitrary alterations in his book by an omnipotent manager. who succeeded in the end in transforming a musical satire into a tunefal show having neither head nor tail Mr. Bangs expressed himself to some friends forcibly one night on the sublect of the managerial omniscience. "If you feel that way," said one of

his friends, "why do you attend rehearsals?"

"I am trying to save my punctua-tion," said the librettist, sadly. "I Trope to get a comma and a couple of remi-colons through, even if the rest woes by the board."-Harper's Weekly.

'The Turks' Wives.

Though a Turk is allowed four wives, he rarely has more than one, both on account of the expense and also for fear of placing himself at the legal mercy of so many women. He Is also most anxious to be considered on a level with the men of other European countries, and he is aware that a plurality of wives is a fatal barrier to his ambition in this respect. Monogramy is very surely, gaining ground. and the harem life is losing its hold on the people. This is especially the case in Constantinople, where the native aristocracy is brought into closer touch with the customs of other races, and there is no doubt that in time polyganiy will be a thing of the past

Misinterpreted the Dream. "Rev." John White of eastern North Carolina, a thrifty farmer, dreamed that the Lord wanted him to go to Egypt as a missionary. In spite of the entreaty of his friends against it he sold his farm and took his family to Egypt, expecting a special revelation to teach him the language of the natives and provide for his daily wants. After nine months in the far coun-

try he has written his friends for money to come home to begin life over again. He learned some sense, but the price was high.-From Charity and Children.

The Parrot and the Aeroplane.

When they called upon Aeronaut Wilbur Wright to respond to an afterdinner toast, he said: "The hest talker but the worst flyer among birds is the parrot."

Then he sat down.

That was a good point cleverly made. At the same time it is believed that any parrot that couldn't fly better than the average aeroplane would be Sperfectly justified in preferring converestional volubility.-Cieveland Plain BOTH COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE.

Farmers Are to Benefit Greatly Under Proposed Plan.

As the strength, wealth and mestal and moral stability of a nation can be measured only by such qualities in her people, a distinct upward national movement is that now being undertaken by the federal reclamation service in laying out model cities and towns on the vast stretches of soil which it is wrenching from the former desert wastes and bringing to lush fecundity through the distribution of the impounded waters of mountainborn rivers, says a writer in the Technical World.

While planning, as it wisely does, to irrigate thousands of miles of land which was once given over to the sage brush and the cactus and which boasted as inhabitants naught but the rattlesnake, the prairie dog and the centipede, the engineers of this branch of a broadly paternalistic government plan now to irrigate the mind of the farmer while irrigating at the same time the soil from which he gets his sustenance: to draw the man who farms from the restricted and socially beggared life he leads and bring him into closer communion and a keener competition with his kind-in fact, to confer upon him the blessings which flow from a blending of country and city

This is to be done by plotting the reclaimed tracts so that each homesteader may not merely have his fields within three miles of the heart of a model town, but may, if he desires, live within the limits of that town and drive mornings and evenings to and from his work as the banker or broker now drives from his suburban home to the office wherein he buys and sells money.

MOVE HAD RESTORED HEALTH. Her Infirmities Disappeared with

""Change of Climate." Some time ago the Virginia state tine was altered so as to include a

patch of territory belonging to North Carolina. A section of land thus transferred included a tumble-down cabin, where

dwelt an aged colored woman. An inquisitive neighbor, calling to see how the negress enjoyed the idea of becoming a Virginian in her old age, began the conversation by ask-

"How is the rheumatism, auntie?" "Bettah, praise de Lawd!" was the

reply. "And the neuralgia?"

"All gone. Clean depated!" "And the stiff knee?"

de bettah."

"Frisky as a li'l colt!" "Why, auntie, how on earth do you happen to be so much better all of a

"Well, miss," replied the auntie proudly, "Ah always done heah dat Virginny climate's a heap healthiah'n de climate, of No'th Ca'lina. Ah reckon dat sho' 'counts fo' ma change fo'

The Puzzled Planist.

Oscar Hammerstein has all applicants for his opera companies examined by a throat specialist. Not till he is assured of an applicant's good throat machinery does he devote any time in hearing him or her sing.

"It is a good idea, is it not?" said Mr. Hammerstein, the other day. "In the past I lost many a valuable halfhour listening to worthless singingsinging so bad, in fact-

"Well, one afternoon my pianist turned to a tenor aspirant and shouted angrily;

"I've tried you with the black keys. I've tried you with the white keys, and I've tried you with the black and white mixed. I think you must be singing betwen the nicks." .

Always Grains of Comfort.

In the exhaustless catalogue of heaven's morcies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only that it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the divine spirit; something of that goodness which detects amidst our own evil doings a redeeming quality; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels: which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and lingers on it yet, in pity. -Dickens.

Children and Divorce.

As to divorce, children are the only real consideration. I do not mean to advocate divorce as a remedy ?of the present undestrable state of th institution of marriage. But we ar bound to recognize that a hasty may riage, however romantic it may be will not always keep the affection permanent. When two people find they do not love each other and i. they have no children to consider, the best thing and the only thing for them tò do is to separate.—Charles Zueblin.

The Principal Loss.

Mr. Strius Barker had been cheated in a horse trade, according to a writer in the Washington Star, and the experience formed his chief topic of conversation for some time.

"Can't you get over talking about the way you got cheated in that horse trade?" suggested a friend, who had heard the story several times.

"No," answered Mr. Barker. don't mind the man's getting my money so much, but I do hate to think that I have lost his respect."-Youth's

WANTED TO REWARD SONGSTER.

Portly Gentleman in Right Mood to Show Appreciation.

The orchestra of a popular New York refectory has made a great hit by its rendition of selections from various operas in connection with a very fine graphophone. Cylinders at five dollars aplece send forth the mellifluous voices of famous operatic stars, while the orchestra plays an accompaniment with a precision that furnishes a very good illusion.

Caruso began to carol forth from the metallic horn the other evening. and so perfectly did his voice come forth that the roomful of diners and winers became hushed and still. At the close of a particularly magnificent burst the audience broke into anplause. A portly gentleman, somewhat flushed from liberal potations, gravely rose from his seat in a corner and motioned to the head waiter.

"Shay," he said, "that singing guy is all right. Tell him to come over here an' I'll give 'im a drink!"

IN THE JOYOUS HOLIDAY TIME.

Man Evidently Was Satiated with the

Delights of Vacation. It is related in Mr. Stewart Edward White's book, "The Mountains," that; once upon a time a man happened to be staying in a hotel room which had

criginally been part of a suite, but which was then cut off from the others by only a thin door, through which sounds carried clearly. . It was about eleven o'clock when the occupants of that next room came home. The man heard the door open and close. Then the bed shrieked

aloud as somebody fell heavily upon it.

There breathed across the silence a profoundly deep sigh. "Mary," said the man's voice, "I'm might sorry I didn't join that Association for Artificial Vacations. They undertake to get you just as tired and just as mad in two days as you could by yourself in two weeks."-Youth's

Companion.

clothes.

Women and Weather. No truth could be more self-evident. we believe, than that woman does not get a square meteorological deal in this world. Her sufferings when man carries the umbrella in a shower may be gauged only by the cost and becomingness of her new hat, on which the raindrops drip with a sad and expensive splash. Invariably Easter is too cold for her new spring raiment and lingering autumn too warm for her furs. Bravely does she strive to defy the seasons and their attendant elements by meeting low temperatures with low shoes, and she matches the upward soaring of the mercury with collars that attain their highest altitude in awful August. But the cost!

About Happiness. .There is, no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It inflates the lungs and has a magic offect upon the system., Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty

No man, we are sure, could realize

what woman suffers in and for her

Why not laugh? If Improves the anpearance and makes one ---popular. There is nothing to be glum over, and if there is being glum will not help it-Be happy and bright and everyone will wish to belp you.

The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. that is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

Many Missed Opportunity. One of Australia's colonists, a veteran of 90 years, has just published his reminiscences. While walking up George street, Sydney, in 1835, he heard a beliman announcing the first sale of allotinents in the new township and predicted that it would be a grand city some day. "Yes, a city of kangaroos," interjected a scoffing spectator. Hardly a bid could be elicited. A few years later the gold discoveries did rapidly convert the township of Melbourne into a great city and the lucky people who had bought allotments for \$100 or \$150 found their value increased to \$100,000, \$150,000 and in some cases even \$250,000.

Very Game. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, at a dinner in Cincinnati, told a quaint story about a precocious boy.

"They are very precocious, indeed," she said, "those little chaps from Exon or Rughy, with their round, sober faces and their quiet air.

"A very pretty American girl was talking one evening in London to one of these urchins. "'And have you got a sweetheart

yet, Tommy?' she said, playfully. "'No,' said Tommy-still I'm game enough for a bit of spooning, if that's what you're after.'

Hadn't Visited That One. "Have you ever visited Sorrento?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No.' replied her hostess, as she tossed her \$30,000 tiars upon the inlaid center table, "is she a medium or fust a palm reader?"

As We All Know. Spector-Your new house doesn't look much like the architect's original

Victome-No. but it looks more like it than the cost looks like his original estimate.—Smart Set.

TOO COLD-BLOODED FOR THEM.

Perkins' "Stroke of Business" Didn't Take with His Friends.

-At - luncheon Perkins was in rare good humor. Usually he is taciturn, but this day he felt so joyous that he actually treated.

"I did a nice bit of business to-day." he explained glowingly. "Picked up a little more than \$1,000. It was this way: Half a dozen of us over in Brooklyn formed a pool some years ago to speculate in a mild way in real estate, each man putting up \$1,000 or \$2,000. Several members of the pool were real-estate mon, and you know real-estate men sometimes have rare bargains to offer if spot cash can be obtained. We wanted to take advantage of just such bargains. We did, and our little company-we had incorporated-progressed so much that the shares were worth nearly \$600 apiece. One of the members of the pool died, and what do you think be did? Split up his shares and willed them to all sorts of persons. He left two to an old woman out on Long 18land who had some claim or other on him, and that's where the story comes in. This old woman doesn't know a share of stock from a royal flush, but she realized that it was worth something, and seeing my name on the certificate she wrote to me, saving it seemed to be worth \$100, and asking if I'd pay that much for it. What do you think of that? Two shares for \$100, and the shares worth \$600 a piece, almost! I sent her \$100 by return mail, and I got her shares to-day with a note thanking me kindly for being so good to her. Haw! Haw! What

do you think of that?" "I think," said Henderson as he arose and poured his liquor into a cuspidor, "that I do not wish to drink with a thief." And the others followed Henderson's example.

APPROACH OF DEATH PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and is as Welcome as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they are those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end

analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful but welcome. Pain racked and fever scorched patients long for death as the wearied toller longs for sleen.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eves hehind the mask his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin

Not the "Knockers" of To-Day. We are fond of speculating, as we walk through a street, on the charac-

ter and pursuits of the people who inhabit it; and nothing so materially assists us in these speculations as the appearance of the house doors. The various expressions of the human countenance afford a beautiful and interesting study; but there is something in the physiognomy of street door knockers almost as characteristic and nearly as infalliable. Whenever we visit a man for the first time, we contemplate the features of his knocker with the greatest curiosity, for we know that between the man and his knocker there will inevitably be a greater or less degree of resemblance

Embarrassing.

and sympathy.-Dickens.

A rather pompous looking deacon in a certain city church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavering to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded:

"Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Recause they don't know you." was the ready answer of a bright-faced little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.-Lippincott's.

Powerful Arguments.

Vicar's Daughter-I'm sorry to hear you were at the Methodist tea meeting, Miss Jones. I cannot think what arguments have caused you to change your Miss Jones-Well, miss, first it was

their sultany cake, but it was their 'am sangwidges as converted me, miss!-London Opinion.

Would Seem So.

Edition .esbdo audair 1' .88,08.;

"The things I got in to-day's shower are lovely," said the bride-to-be, "but so few of them match."

"But in a china shower," her mother reminded her, "one must expect brokTWO GOLDEN DAYS KEPT FREE.

Yesterday and To-Morrow Should Be Baved from All Worry.

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehen-

sion. One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets. with all its pairs and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I can not undo an act that I wrought; I can not recall a word that I said; can not calm a storm that raged on yesterday. #11 that it holds of my life, of regree, or sollow, or wrong,, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest descri-the love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; now it belongs to God.

And the other cay I do not worry over is to-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performings and its bliver mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastership as is its dead sister, yesterday.-Banner of

ARNOLD'S "GONDOLAS" IN SIGHT. Sunk by Him in Lake Champtain. They Can Be Seen on the Bottom.

Parkman's history describes the "gondolas" which Benedict Arnold destroyed on Lake Champlain when he was forced to retreat before superior British forces in 1776. The wreckage may still be seen on a calm day at the bottom of Arnold's bay. A sojourner in that region thus describes a recent visit to the hay.

"The water is lower in the lake than the oldest inhabitants can remember. It, has gone down six feet since June. We found one of the gondolas.' These were evidently stout. wide boats, very large and strong, propelled by oars, as the two oak ribs sticking up from the keel of the one we discovered plainly showed These ribs are about five or six inches thick.

"After a long struggle we sawed off a piece with two rusty pails in it; nails that are really large spikes. As the water is about seven feet deep and the top of the ridge was about two feet below the surface, the task of sawing about a foot off was heroic. It is hard oak, now quite black

"There were already six saw cuts in the piece we secured. Some other travelers had been at it and had got discouraged, which is not surprising."

A Star on Stars. He was one of the leading actors of Americs of international fame and

he was talking off guard. "Women certainly have the best of it on the stage," he said, "although they may not always think so. Whatever a man attains in the dramatic profession he must toil for, but a woman with a little bit of talent can make a hit if she has a pretty face or figure that will place her in a brief time and almost without labor in a position of financial independence—to say nothing of being a popular idol. No. I trust I'm not envious, but sometimes I feel a bit discouraged when I contrast my years of toil with the hop. skip and jump that lands a roundfaced girl at the front."

The Man in the Home. Some Newark men whose wives go a great deal to women's clubs are preparing a memorial. They will ask the ladies to adopt the fashion of long apron strings again. Most aprons nowadays, they report, are made with short strings that reach barely around the owners' waists and are pinned together. When a man tries to put on one of these aprons, they say, he has to trick it into the top of his trousers or twine it around his suspenders, both arrangements being uncertain and unsatisfactory. The gentlemen of the committee pray that aprop strings be made long enough to go around a man's waist and be tied.-Newark

A Fine Hobby.

With all due respect to devotees of other pastimes, one may venture to remark that no youth could possib.v pass by a model of a modern locomotive without a few moments' study of the arrangement of its component parts. To those who are students of actual locomotives, and watch with in-

terest their performances, the possession of an accurate scale model, which will also work in a manner worthy of the prototype, is the sum total of their ambition, save, perhaps, the hope of some day being privileged to ride on a real locomotive and handle regulator and reverse lever.-Captain.

Women and Morals.

We hope that women who claim their rights will use them soberly and well. It is of ill omen that most of the novels that throw morality to the winds and picture vicious living in seductive colors as an exercise of freedom and self realization are written hy women. Women are the natural custodians of a high moral standard. and if they lower the standard they will full themselves and drag mea down with them .--- Christian World.

Pleasant Prospect of Filling It. Missionary-What is that six-foot box?

Cannibal-That's my lunch box.-Bohemian.

LEFT ORIGINAL HAUL BEHIND. Chicken Thief Was Unfortunate on

--- His Second Attempt 'I haven't any berole ideas about burglars," said the man, teiling of the purest place of sheer good luck that ever happened to him, "and one night when I heard a commution in my chicken yard I made up my mind I wouldn't kill a man or get killed myself for the sake of a few dollars' worth of poultry. So I opened a back

window, yelled: 'Who's there?' fired

two shots at the stars with my re-

volver and went back to bed. "In the morning when I went out to investigate i found a sack containing six live hens. I counted my flock and found I had eighteen, the right number, beside those in the sack. The thief had made a haul somewhere else first and wasn't satisfied with it. When I frightened him he left his booty be-

"I sent word to the police, and every effort was made to find the own er of the fowls without success. They probably belonged to some one who had so many that he didn't miss them So there was nothing to do but to keep them. My friends say I am as bad as the old skinflint who was vis-Ited by a burglar. When the police rescued the crook he had lost everything he had but his trousers and

GO SLOW IN JUDGING OTHERS.

Habit of Criticism Not a Valuable One to Cultivate.

. Do not drift into the critical habit, Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are. unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature

of a man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows mothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the everyday joys and sorrows that go to make up life.

It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical for the little faults, and do be quick to find the

little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must judge yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now .-Exchange.

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The Battle of Life.

There is more adventure in the life of the working man who descends as a common soldier into the battle of ife than in that of the millionaire who sits apart in an office, like Von Moltke. and only directs the maneuvers by telegraph. Give me to hear about the career of him who is in the thick of business; to whom one change of market means an empty stomach and to another a copious and savory meal. This is not the philosophical but the human side of economies; it interests like a story; and the life of all who are thus situated partakes in a small way of the charm of Robinson Crusoe; for every step is critical, and human life is presented to you naked and verging to its lowest terms. -- Steven-

Doctors' Fees.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked a learned counsel, when he was crossexamining Mr. Whistler in a wallknown case, "that for a piece of work which only takes you half an hour you can charge so extravagant a price?" And Mr. Whistler's answer remains the classical apology of all learned and technical skill. "Yes," he replied, "but I am charging for the knowledge and experience of a lifetime." A doctor's fee may seem enormons to a patient who is aware that he has only seen him for 20 minutes. It still remains true that what is charged represents that accumulated mass of hardly earned experience which distinguishes the medical proficlent from the mere amateur.-London Telegraph.

India Marriage Lottery, Every year in the Rumai country, in India, a marriage lottery is held, usually in October. The names of ail the marriageable girls and of young men desirous of matrimony are written on slips of paper and thrown into earthen pots. One of each kind is drawn out at a time by a wise man.

The youth whose name is drawn out obtains a letter of introduction to the young woman whose name accompanies his, and then all that remains for him to do is to start his love making at once. The majority of these fortuitous courtships turn out admirably in every way.

Committing Music. "Shall I play a little tune for you?" she asked her caller when the conversation had run low.

"Oh, no, thank you," he said, quickly. "Music always makes me sad." "I play very well," she sighed, "but what's the use? Nobody ever lets me play. One friend who called on me ran to the piano stool and sat on it himself. 'If you must commit music,' he cried, 'it will be over my dead body!""

Real Poetlo Fire.

"Never tell me." said the editor, "that there's no such thing as poetic fire.' That stove there is red hot, ain't it?" ्र"Sure it."

"Well, I just threw a half a crate of poetry into it."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS