

ONLY ONE OF ENGLISH BIRTH.

Who Fought Britain's Battles Have Been Irish or Scotch.

There has not been an English general since Marlborough. Wellington was born at Dangan castle, Meath, of an old Irish family called Wesley, and christened in Dublin. Wolfe was born at Fernoux abbey, Kildare, and christened at Westerham—nearly in the same case as the Brontes (Bruntys). His grandfather defended Limerick against William III.

ADDS TO CAPACITY OF ENGINE.

Efficiency Increased Without the Consumption of More Fuel.

At the Royal Technical school, in Charlottenburg, Germany, there has recently been tested, with remarkable results, a method of increasing the efficiency of steam engines, which was invented by two Germans some time ago, but has only now been effectively applied.

The principle depends upon the employment of the exhaust steam from an ordinary compound engine to evaporate another liquid having a lower boiling point than water. The liquid used is sulphurous acid. The heat of the exhaust steam is sufficient to liberate sulphur dioxide gas, and this, passing into the cylinder of an auxiliary engine, acts as the part of steam. It is afterward condensed and goes back to the vaporizer. The result is said to be that to every indicated horsepower developed in the main engine about half a horsepower is added by the auxiliary engine, without increasing the consumption of fuel.—Sunday Magazine.

A Case Worth Trying.

Mr. F. Philander Towersby, a most excellent citizen, though not noted for lavish prodigality, received recently a consignment of very rare Toukayer Ausbruch. He sent one bottle of the delicious wine to Justice Fordyce of the supreme court, who happens to be one of the most eminent connoisseurs in America, and with the bottle sent a note asking his honor's opinion of the vintage.

Mr. Towersby received next day this reply: "My Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for the confidence you repose in my judgment, as shown by asking for my opinion."

"But, inasmuch as I am a lawyer, many years of training and experience make it impossible for me to give an opinion on anything but a case."—Harper's Weekly.

Topics of Conversation.

The pet subjects of to-day seem to be as follows: Racing, stocks and shares, politics (in small quantities), chiffons, bridge, motors and motoring, with a word or two thrown in, according to taste, on art, music, books, newspapers, furniture, flowers and gardening.

This up-to-date mixture is well spiced with current small talk on the marriages, deaths, debts, diet cures and divorces of our dearest friends and acquaintances, declares a magazine writer. Among forbidden themes are the weather, religion (except, perhaps, Christian Science), and such tame subjects as husbands, babies, servants and other domestic details of a like character.

Keeping His Memory Green.

He wore exaggerated mourning after his week's absence from the of sea, and his friend hastened to console him. After repeating some commonplace formula he ventured a discreet question.

"Did your uncle—leave any estate?" He was very fond of you, I believe.

"Well, he left me \$500 for a memorial stone."

"Have you purchased it yet?"

"Oh, yes, I bought it right away. This is it. It's a first water stone, too. I've had it mounted for a scarf pin."

The Suburban.

Two residents of the suburbs, says the New York Sun, were discussing the Olympic races which were then then taking place in London.

"The Olympic runners have done some record work," declared one.

"Hm," rejoined his companion, scornfully. "I notice they didn't run with a cup of coffee in one hand and a breakfast roll and the paper in the other."

Deafness No Disadvantage.

Old Gentleman (adjusting his ear-trumpet)—I say, doctor, your treatment doesn't seem to be helping me at all. I can hardly hear a word now.

Doctor Bluff (an old-time physician and something of a cynic, consolingly)—Don't let that worry you, my friend. There's so darned little worth hearing nowadays you're not losing much.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

BURIED TREASURE IN ENGLAND.

Large Amount Has Been Thus Disposed of, According to Tradition.

Church bells and church plate are not the only kinds of buried treasure of which there are traditions in Worcestershire, England. There is hardly a family who possessed a landed estate at the time of the civil war that has not some legend of concealed treasure. For instance, the Berkeleys of Spetchley say their butler, to save the family plate, hid it under one of the elms in the avenue. The butler was wounded and tried with his last breath to confide his secret to a member of the family, but could get no further than "plate," "elm," "avenue," and died; so that the plate remains hidden to this day. The occasion upon which the Berkeley plate was hidden was the sacking and burning of their family mansion at Spetchley upon the eve of the battle of Worcester by the Scots troops who accompanied Charles II. from the north. Sir Robert Berkeley was a devoted royalist and had suffered much for the king, and members of his family were serving in the royal army; but the Scots, who had fought upon both sides, were not careful to distinguish between friend and foe. The only portion of Spetchley which escaped the flames was the stabling. Here Cromwell made his headquarters, and after the war Judge Berkeley converted the building into a house and lived there for many years. The elm avenue in Spetchley park, where the plate was buried, still exists, and is one of the finest in Worcestershire.

LITTLE ESSAY ON THE BRAIN.

Fruitful Theme Wittily Handled by Thomas L. Masson.

Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's Magazine, thus wittily discourses upon a fruitful theme:

"Brains are common to all parts of the country, and traces of them have been discovered in summer at Lenox, Bar Harbor and Newport. They are originally used to obtain money, but when money is obtained by them it usually takes their place. The quality of brains varies in different localities. Mixed with ginger, they become very valuable. With a spice, they are a necessity in every household."

"At one time they influenced literature, but the discovery was made that literature could do without them. Since then they have been almost exclusively devoted to advertising."

"Brains are employed in various enterprises. They make bridges, railroads and other systems of transportation. They also create capital, and are used extensively in evading the law. They mix with water and gasoline, but are absorbed by alcohol."

"Brains are bought and sold in the open market. They may be traded in on the exchange in Washington and Albany or in other political centers. The best quality, however, are not traded. Indeed, oftentimes they are not even heard of until long after they have passed away."

Spectacles for Horses.

The business of one well-known firm of opticians in England consists largely in the manufacture of horse spectacles. The object of the spectacles is to promote high stepping. They are made of stiff leather, entirely closing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are deep concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised and he steps high, thinking he is going uphill or has to step over some obstacle. This system of spectacle is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been discovered that the cause of a horse's shying is as a rule short sight, and it is now suggested that the sight of all horses should be tested, like that of children.

Theatrical Tailor Must Know History.

At the head of this and all other similar plants there is a man of education, experience and genuine artistic ability whose business it is to know what is needed and how to get it. If "The Prince of India," "Ben Hur" or "The Darling of the Gods" is to be produced, he must map out the lines on which the costumes is to be done, and those lines must be absolutely accurate. There is a wide difference between the French costumes of Napoleon's time and those worn by Jeanne d'Arc and her friends. The chief designer must know it and act on his knowledge.—Glenmore Davis, in Success Magazine.

Nothing New.

When a Virginian settles in New York he soon loses his taste for catfish and waffles; when a Georgian adopts our great city as his home he often turns his palate against his native foods—lye hominy, salt pork, possum, sweet taters, buttermilk, corn, pone, hot rolls, beaten biscuit, hoe-cake, backbone stew, chitterlings, sausage, etc.—and "ootons" to what the Yankee restaurants offer. He not only loses his taste for the home dishes of his youth, but drops his southern idiom, his southern dialect, his southern accent and drawl.—New York Press.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks.

"I love you!" "I've heard that before." "I worship you madly." "Loose talk." "I can not live without your love!" "Get some new stuff." "Will you marry me?" "Well, now, there's some class to that."

MRS. JUSTWED'S LITTLE ERROR.

Just Why the Almond Souffle Did Not Taste Right.

"I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear," said young Mrs. Justwed, "an almond soufflé for after-dinner. I got the recipe from that new cookery book that came as a wedding present, and the instructions are most clear. Handy, isn't it, a book like that? I'm sure the thing will turn out a success."

Arthur smiled in a dubious sort of way, and temporized about the success as he looked at the souffle. "Can't say I like it," he said after the first mouthful. "Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny."

"Oh, yes!" responded Eleanor, with tears in her eyes. "I can say them by heart from the book. Just hear me." And she reached down the volume. "Take half pound of grated almonds—"

"Quite right," interrupted Arthur, following with his finger. "One pound of astor sugar; mix well with white of three fresh eggs—"

"Correct," said her spouse, as she continued breathlessly: "Add two ounces of white pepper—"

"Pepper! Great goodness!" said the unhappy man as he turned over the leaf.

"Two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions, and—"

"Stop! Stop! You must be wrong. I'm sure. Why, my dear, I thought so. You are muddling up almond soufflé with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed cookery book."

HIS ERRAND IN CANDY STORE.

Absent-Minded Man at Last Discovered What He Wanted.

"Let me see now," mused the absent-minded man as he stood at the counter in the candy store with a far-away look in his eyes. "What was it I came in here for?"

"Was it a tack hammer?" asked the young woman who had come forward to take his order, with a sly wink at the other clerks.

"No, it wasn't that," he said.

"Or a pumpkin pie?" she suggested.

"No."

"Maybe it was a pound of tea or a ton of coal?"

"No, I'm sure it wasn't those. You see, I had a list of things my wife wanted me to get, but I have carelessly lost it. What was it now that I came in here for?"

"How about a lawn mower?"

"No; I bought one yesterday."

"Or a mustard plaster?"

"No."

"Or a bottle of ink?"

"No."

"Could it be possible that you came in here for some candy?"

"Ah! that's it—that's it!" he gleefully exclaimed. "Yes, I want two pounds of chocolate creams, and I thank you very much for helping me out."

And the absent minded heaved a sigh of relief as he went on his way with the purchase.—A. B. Lewis, in Bohemian.

Strength of a Whale.

An anecdote illustrating the great strength of the whale is told us by an eyewitness, Sidney King, who says that while at Grand Manan last week he saw a large specimen swimming about at Seal Cove, near the mooring at that place.

The large sardine boat Ouida, owned by William Russell and Grover Cook, was tied up for the winter with a six-inch and a four-inch bridle to the mooring. In playing about the vessel, which is of some 14 tons burden, the sea monster either accidentally or by way of sport took the two large ropes in his mouth and started to swim to bottom. The vessel heeled over and took in water, the checks were torn completely off her deck, and finally both ropes were parted by the terrific strain, setting the vessel adrift.

She was tied up again without damage, but it shows what a whale could do if he was really enthusiastic.—Kennebec Journal.

Dark Future Pictured.

London as a fishing village was pictured by Sir William Ramsay at the annual meeting of the British Science guild. He was dealing with the question of the national coal supply, which he said it was estimated would be exhausted in from 500 to 800 years.

"Are we going to pay attention to afforestation, so that when coal is gone we shall have wood?" he said. "It is horrible to look forward to a fishing village of London built on the top of some magnificent ruins, and with a population of 5,000 or 6,000 supported by the pursuit of agriculture."

The Lure of the Inaccessible.

"Why don't you capitalize that new planet you have discovered and put it on the market?" said the amateur investor.

"Why, nobody could get to it to see what it is like," answered the eminent astronomer.

"Very true. But the consideration hasn't prevented me from investing in all sorts of mining and land projects."

Edgar Allan Poe's Autograph.

An admirer of Edgar Allan Poe wrote to a distinguished literary man asking where he could obtain an authentic autograph of the poet.

PREROGATIVE OF THE MAYOR.

Only One "Beaver" Hat Could Be Worn in His Balliwick.

His beaver hat, which Hub had assumed on the day that he took office, and which he never laid by until he left public life, was his glory and crown. He wore it usually with a short-tailed coat; he has been known to wear it with a flannel shirt. One day an amateur minstrel show came up from Columbia, and one of the minstrels swelled about town in a beaver. I stop to explain about "beaver." The effort north would call it a "top" or "tall" hat; the uncultured west would call it a "plug;" but South Carolina sticks to the terminology of ante-bellum days.

The youth in the beaver hat was surprised that morning when a policeman arrested him.

"What for?" he asked.

"The mayor knows," responded the policeman, and the minstrel was dragged before Hub.

"Prisonah at the bah," said Hub, "yo-all stands charged with a grave crime. Wheah did yo' git that hat?"

"Bought it," faltered the prisoner.

Hub grabbed up his own beaver from the bar, threw it on the floor, stamped on it and tore off the brim.

"Only one beavah hat allowed in this town, sah," said he. "an' I with draws like a gentleman for the guest of the day. An' now we'll adjourn upstairs."—Collier's Weekly.

LATEST THING IN ADVERTISING.

"Dr. Yankum" Evidently One of Those Very Much Up to Date.

Broadway was crowded and the little knot of people on the sidewalk grew rapidly until the entire pavement was blocked. In a few minutes a mob was struggling to get at the center of the crowd. A policeman forced his way through and found a small boy crying piteously.

The kind-hearted officer tried to get the little fellow's story, but the boy could not speak for his sobs. Meanwhile the crowd grew rapidly.

"Now, then, little man," said the "copper," "you're all right; speak up and tell me what's the matter."

The boy finally wiped his eyes.

"I'm lost," he said; "will somebody please take me to Mr. Yankum, the painless dentist, in Broadway, who extracts teeth without pain and fits new sets of teeth cheaply and promptly?"

Then the crowd moved on.

Uncle Sam "Ration."

A ration is the subsistence for one person for one day. There are various kinds of rations, and the components vary according to the nature of the duty performed. They are severally known as the garrison ration, the field ration, the haversack ration, the travel ration, the Filipino ration, and the emergency ration.

The garrison ration is issued to troops in garrison or in permanent camps, the field ration to troops not in garrison or in permanent camps; the haversack ration to troops in the field in active campaign when transportation is limited; the travel ration to troops traveling otherwise than by marching and separated from cooking facilities; the Filipino ration for use of the Philippine scouts, and the emergency ration to troops in active campaign for use on occasions of emergency.—National Magazine.

Savage Eagle Hawk.

Perhaps the deadliest foe of the Australian sheep farmer is the eagle hawk, and many and wonderful are the contrivances invented for its destruction or capture. A correspondent at Singleton says it is no uncommon thing for a farmer with a run of quite average extent to lose 100 sheep in a season through the depredation of these carnivorous birds.

Their strength," he writes, "is so abnormal that it is practically impossible for the sheep on which one pounces to resist the attack, and their appetite for live mutton appears to be insatiable. They are occasionally caught by means of a trap attached to the carcass of a sheep, and sometimes poisoned; but their numbers are nevertheless continually increasing."

Bees Built Home in Rock.

A beehive in the solid rock of the bluffs near Boise river bridge was the unusual discovery made by three Caldwell (Idaho) men. The discoverers of the bees' unusual "hive," Ed Smith, J. L. Maxwell and William Mark, proceeded to blast away the rock with dynamite, and their reward was a large quantity of honey of fairly marketable quality. The bees, it was found upon investigation, had made entry to the interior of the bluff through natural crevices.

Real Diamonds.

Mrs. McBride—it was awfully thoughtful of Uncle George to give me what he did for a wedding present.

Girl Friend—Why, what did he give you?

"Haven't you heard? Why, you see, the other guests set plated ware and paste jewelry mostly, but Uncle George gave me real diamonds—just think of it! a whole ton of Lehigh coal to begin housekeeping with!"

A New Test.

"Was your speech a success?" "No," answered the gloomy statesman. "It made no impression whatever."

"What makes you think so?" "Everybody kept quiet. There wasn't a single attempt to shut me up or keep my remarks out of the Record."—Washington Star.

BOGUS CHECK; BOGUS CURRENCY.

Forgers' Little Game Not as Easy as It Seemed.

The two strangers boldly entered the town's imposing bank building, to which they had been directed, and approached the cashier's window.

"What's this for?" inquired the man behind the window as one of the strangers deposited a bogus check on the slab.

"Check for \$200. Can't you read?"

"Well," replied the cashier, smilingly, scrutinizing the piece of paper, "you'll have to be identified, you know."

The first forger pointed to his companion. "This gentleman'll identify me."

As the second man stepped forward the cashier looked him over.

"Well, I guess it's all right, gentlemen, no need of asking your names or business. Just endorse the check, please."

"This being quickly done, the amount was counted out and the forgers departed in high glee.

"Ain't he easy?" piped one on the way out.

"It was a shame to take his money," rejoined his pal. "Our first game was a cinch."

But a moment later both novices hurried back to the cashier.

"Say," blurted out the first forger, "this is stage money!"

"Well, what do you expect?" was the cashier's calm rejoinder. "The bank's next door; this is the box office of the theater!"

SPINSTER WAS HATER OF MEN.

Even Refused Stamps and Coins That Bore the King's Head.

Miss Harriet Evans, an elderly spinster on whom an inquest was held at Hackney the other day, was said to have been a confirmed man hater.

"She was so much against men that she would not have a coin with the king's head on it," her landlady said. "If one was given to her she would throw it into the fire. She would only deal in money bearing Queen Victoria's head."

Miss Evans went to the office of a local newspaper some time ago, but refused to enter it until a woman was sent to transact business with her. An advertisement for apartments which she published stipulated that there should be no man in the house. She even declined to receive letters because the stamps bore the king's head.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Peat in Connecticut.

The melting away of the great ice sheet left the surface of Connecticut and on the adjacent country dotted with innumerable lakes and ponds many of which have already become obliterated. One of the processes which have led to the disappearance of these ponds is the accumulation of the debris of vegetation, converting the ponds into peat bogs.

The peat is not only of great scientific interest, both to the geologist and to the botanist, but possesses considerable economic importance, having uses as a fuel and as a fertilizer and being capable also incidentally of employment for various other purposes. The localities of all the important peat bogs of the state were visited, the area of those bogs was noted, their depth was determined by a sounding apparatus, and samples for analysis were collected from various depths.

Marking the Trail.

The earl of Warwick at a banquet in Washington was quizzed about the hunting yarns he had swapped with the president whilst dining at the White House.

"Oh, yes," Lord Warwick said playfully, "they were tall yarns—tall on my side, I mean. I outdid the wandering hen."

"A hen, you know, set out to see the world and met a crow in a distant wood."

"But," said the crow, "are you not afraid, without wings, of losing your way in all this tangle?"

"Afraid? Not I," scoffed the hen. "Every little while I lay an egg to guide myself back by."

Boy Kills Big Gray Eagle.

While returning from Morgantown the other afternoon Robie E. Taylor shot and killed a gigantic gray eagle on top of the Dixon hill. It measured seven feet four inches from tip to tip of wings. Robie had just purchased a 22-caliber rifle, and it was with this that he killed the eagle.

It is the first killed in this locality for many years and it has created quite a sensation. Robie is but 16 years of age, but is an experienced hunter and a good shot.—Green River Republican.

Hearty Laugh Caused Distress.

Dislocating her neck by immoderate laughter at a joke told by a guest at Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. William Giesey suffered intense agony until the arrival of a surgeon, who reduced the dislocation. After Mrs. Giesey had begun to laugh, she became hysterical and was unable to stop. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her neck and her face became livid. Then the surgeon was summoned.

A Self-Declared Benefactor.

"Have you done anything to make the world your debtor?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I don't believe in encouraging bad habits. My ledger assures me that I have managed to make the world pay as it goes."

LEFT HIS HOSTESS GUESSING.

Youngster Evidently Had Overheard Some Conversation.

Prof. Herrick, the author of "To-gether," has a small son, Philip, who seems to have inherited from his father the parental craving to sift a mooted question to the bottom as speedily and as thoroughly as possible. The latest result of his thirst for accurate knowledge at first hand is now going the rounds of university circles.

A few days ago, in answer to a determined ring at her front door bell, a neighbor went in person to the door and was surprised to find Philip, wearing an expression of "do or die" that would have done credit to Robert Herrick himself. He bowed politely, and anxiously explained his errand. Might he please look at the library rug just a few minutes?

The rug was new, and, flattered at this tribute to her good taste from such an unexpected quarter, the hostess led the way to the library. Philip closely in her wake. He looked at the rug, respectfully though apprehensively, then went to the other side of the room and inspected it from there, stood in the middle of it and finally seated himself in a chair and stared hard at it.

Then he turned to his hostess with an air at once relieved and disappointed.

"Why, that rug doesn't make me sick at my stomach," he said.

PAYS FOR OFFENDING PRIDE.

Patient's Bill Increased Because of Undue Familiarity.

Dr. Bedloe, former consul at Amoy, was introduced to Edward Levy, a merchant of Raleigh, N. C., the other night. Frequently Dr. Bedloe was addressed by some of his story-telling acquaintances as "Doc."

"Some years ago," related the North Carolinian, "I was advised to consult Dr. Ouler, the famous Johns Hopkins pathologist. He looked me over and then prescribed a new mode of living rather than a lot of medicine. He wasn't with me 20 minutes."

"Now, down at home, where we know the physicians, we hail them good naturedly as 'Doc.' Forgetting that I was a stranger, I said to Ouler: 'Well, how do we stand, 'Doc?'"

"Fifty dollars," he replied, and his tone of voice had no sweetness in it.

"What's that, 'Doc?'" I asked. "Fifty?"

"I said \$50," he answered; "\$50."

"I paid it and hurried away. Soon I began thinking and the notion came to me that he added a few dollars for the manner in which I addressed him."

"Since which time," concluded Mr. Levy, "when addressing a physician I call him mister doctor or esquire."

Washington Correspondent New York Times.

Morning on Fuji's Crest.

Suddenly a spark of flame! and then a burst of fire! And lo and behold! the rosy morning is awake once more on Fuji's peering crest while Japan below is yet enveloped in the filmy mists of night. The pilgrims fall on their knees, and bow their heads to the ground in adoration, and with much fingering of rosaries, the plaintive cadence of their prayers rises like a lamentation to the heavens above. At Benares, the saluted city of the Hindus, as the sun rises each morning across the holy Ganges, the prayers of the bathing multitude are as the roaring of the sea. But even this, one of the greatest and most stirring religious spectacles of the world, is not more picturesque than that little band of pilgrims twist heaven and earth, high up in the blue profound, on the very top of Japan, kneeling in praise before the great orb which is the emblem of their empire. Never to have seen sunrise from the summit of Fuji is never to have really seen Japan.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Reversed.

Old Uncle George Washington had been patiently building a scaffold around a tall chimney. Suddenly the light boards collapsed and came down on Uncle George like an avalanche.

"Ah," said the owner of the chimney as he came out to discover the cause of the noise. "I see you are on the job, Uncle George!" Uncle George rubbed the dust out of his eyes and slowly emerged from the wreck.

"No, sah," he responded, "instead of being on de job et luks like de job am on me."

The World's Telephones.

The number of telephones in the world is estimated at 9,500,000, of which 7,000,000 are said to be in use in America and 2,000,000 in Europe. The industry of statisticians is so great that possibly some one will turn his attention to the number of despairing entreaties made to the young women at the exchange in a year in London alone.—London Globe.

Realism.

The Author—Well, how did you like my play?

The Critic—Oh, it was very nice.

The Author—Don't you think the church scene realistic?