On Board of an Ocean Liner or in a First Class Railway

Car.

Probably the majority of people, if asked what they considered to be the sales' spot for them to be in, would reply in end, or in an arm-chair by the sale of the fire." But they are quite mistaken. The risk of injury is in, h greater than if one was traveling by ship or rail. At least, that is the conclusion which the writer of an article on accident insurance, published in the World's Work, has come to.

The curious fact is mentioned that, according to statistics, 60 per cent, of accidents happen while the victims are at home or in the street, the explanation being that a man when going a journey, or entering upon a hazardous undertaking, exercises special care, thus escaping injury. But while at home, or taking exercises vigilance is relaxed, familiarity with

Frobably the safest place on land or sea is the deck or cabin of a first-class ocean liner. A first-class railway carriage is also an exceptionally safe place. This is so clearly recognized that accident insurance companies can affeed to double the compensation when accidents occur on railways or train cars. Certain companies will insure commercial travelers at premiums appreciably lower than those charged by general accident insurance companies.

A man may undertake a journey around the world with a comparatively light heart. But extreme care and vigilance are needed should be venture to hang his pictures or walk down his own stairs. The perils of the streets in London and our big cities are, of course, so well known That there is no need to comment thereon. Most people imagine that they must be fairly safe in bed. Yet accidents happen even there. Not long ago a wealthy man was seriously injured by being burned by a hotwater bottle after he had retired to rest. The moral is, of course, that whether a man lie, sit, walk, drive or engage in any occupation or sport, he de always exposed to the risk of accident and should take his precautions accordingly.

AT 90, A WOODCHOPPER

Averaged Three Cords of Wood Daily for Twenty Days When Eighty-seven.

Eliphalet Smith of Biddeford, Me., in his nintieth year, recently challenged any man in Maine to meet in a wood-sawing contest. He has named 31/2 cords of white oak, three cuts to a stick, in a day of ten hours, says the Lewiston Journal. He has sawed six and a half cords of hard wood in a day. He was employed by the Pepperell corporation for a fortpight, during which time he sawed four cords of wood a day, working from 8 a. m. to 4. p. He was substiduting for two regular men and furnished enough fuel to keep two furpaces going. He has started from his home in Biddeford at 7 a. m., walked to the pool, a distance of nine miles. sawed three cords of wood and footed it back home again, arriving there before sunset. When 87 years old he averaged three cords of wood a day for 20 days. He ascribes his vigorous health to long constitutionals, which he takes daily. Not long ago he walked from this city to Fortune's Rock, thence to Biddeford pool, then to Hills Beach and back home, a distance of 20 miles. In fair weather this is his regular Sunday morning exercise. He says that it is nothing but a pleasure jaunt.

A Buried Villa.

Another discovery of great interest was made not long ago in Pompeit, where the excavation work is being steadily carried on. Under the ash deposits there was found an extensive villa of a handsome construction and ornamented with very fine frescoes. The villa contains statues and other works of sculpture both Greek and Roman, besides very rich furniture which is well ornamented and also

many vases of different kinds.

There were also found coffers filled with gold and silver money. In the basement are great amphorae which were used for storage purposes and in the triclinium the tables were prepared for a banquet of 30 persons.

Some of the silver pieces seem to have been taken out at a previous epoch, for there are traces of clandestine search which was made at a former date.

A \$50 Funeral Sermon. One of the shortest sermons on record was that preached at the funeral of Mme. Cresawell, a woman of the Stuart restoration period in England. She bequeathed \$50 to fee a clergyman to preach her funeral sermon, stipulating that he was to mention her name and to speak nothing but well of her. He got over the obvious difficulty by briefly alluding to her name and last request, without any praise except this: "She was born well, she lived well and she died well, for she was born with the name of Cresswell; she lived in Clerkenwell

A Dig at Duety.

Tramp—Yes, mum, de way we travels about on de freight cars is very dangerous. I may say, we carries our lives in our hands.

and Camberwell and she died in

Bridewell."

Housekeeper (sarcastically)—And so you never wash your hands for fear of drowning yourselves, is that it?

JOKE TURNED ON FREDERICK

How the King of Prussia Was Out-Witted by the Clevernts6 of a Courtier.

It is related of Frederick the Second, king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden shuff box to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the under side of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the shuff box to the city, and gave instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out, and a portrait of the king put in its place.

A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuff box and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have re ceived such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amuse ment at the count's expense, men tioned to the duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid, and looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming. It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever, seen.'

She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuff box, felt exceedingly embarrassed; but at last the snuff box, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.

IS THE OLDEST HORSEMAN

"Dad" Walsh Is 104 Years of Age——Comes from Erin's

"Dad" Walsh, Plymouth, Wis., who recently visited his son, Frank E. Walsh, mayor of West Allis, has the distinction of being the oldest horseman in the country.

"Dad" is 104 years old. Less than two years ago he drove one of his horses in a regular race. He is known by horse trainers from coast to coast, having made many trips around the racing circuits.

racing circuits.

In Plymouth two years ago, Mr. Walsh, watching one of his horses race, thought the driver was not using his best efforts to win. When the first heat had been finished and the horse had crossed under the wire in the ruck, "Dad" rushed out upon the track and upbraided the driver. When it came time for the second heat he was in the sulky, and he won the race handily, as the horse appeared to have

the other racers outclassed.

Mr. Walsh was born in Ireland. He came to this country 42 years ago and settled in Plymouth.

Despite the fact that a century and more has rolled over his head, "Dad" is far from a feeble and decrepit old man. While the passing years have furrowed his face and thinned his hair, perhaps, they have not dimmed his faculties.

Tilted back in a chair, swapping tales of horseflesh and puffing his cob pipe—then "Dad" is in his element.

Nagel's Lost Opportunity.
Attorney General Wickersham took a party of public men out to Fort Myer in his automobile to see the aeroplane tests one day recently, says the Washington Post. Charles Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor, sat in the seat with Wickersham and they kept up a lively conversation during the trip.

When they arrived at the fort one of the party asked Nagel how he and Wickersham got along.

"Oh, we got along all right," replied Nagel, "until Wickersham begin to talk French to me. I don't understand French."

"Then why didn't you get even by talking law to him?" exclaimed 8ecretary of State Knox.

Tribute to Tennyson.

There is a memorial window to Tennyson in Haslemere parish church, with a tablet bearing the following inscription:

scription:

"In memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, poet laureate, in thankfulness for the music of his words, and for that yet more excellent gift whereby, being himself schooled by love and sorrow, he had power to confirm in the hearts of many their faith in the things which are not seen—their hope of immortality; in praise of God, the inspirer of prophet and poet, this window is dedicated by some friends

Paradex.

Her—Why on earth do they call bim the paying teller?

Him—Because that's his job.

and neighbors in Haslemere."

Him—Because that's his job.
Her—But it isn't. I asked him how
much you had in the bank, and please
to give it to me, and he wouldn't tell
and he wouldn't pay.

Many Statues in Paris.

Few capitals of the world are so well equipped with statues of public men as Paris. A conservative estimate places their number at considerably in excess of 1,000.

DICKENS' LANDMARK GOING

Old Saracen's Head Hotel in London
Forced to Close by New
License Taxes.

Another link with Dickens will soon be lost to London by the closing of the old Saracen's Head hotel in Snow Hill. The old place has been compelled to close by the pressure of the new budget taxes, for although it, had a good trade with the men employed in the neighboring meat market at Smithfield it could not bear upagainst the new license duties.

The Saracen's Head was an import antiplace in its day. Dickens immortalized it in "Nicholas Nickleby" when he made Mr. Wackford Squeers of Dotheboys Hall in Yorkshire stop there when he came to London to interview the young gentlemen who were to be "accurately educated" at his academy. Parts of the building are about 400 years old, and there are records showing that it has been used as a hotel for at least that period. Of course, it has been rebuilt a number of times, and the structure now looks quite modern.

In the mail coach days it was one of the recognized stopping places Lord Nelson when he left home as a boy to join the navy passed a night there on his way through London.

The guests at the hotel used to collect on the balconies which surrounded the old yard to watch the coaches arrive and depart. This yard has long since disappeared, its site being covered with business buildings. It is expected that the old hotel building will either be torn down or converted into warehouses.

If Charles Dickens knew of it, it is probable that he would turn over in his grave. As it is, there is sorrow mingled with incredulity in the ranks of the Dickens Fellowship. Every adult in these islands who can read is supposed to have read "Pickwick Papers," yet the Dickens Fellowship has discovered a man of some education who never has heard of Sam Weller. And what do you suppose this worthy's name is? It is "Pickwick!" How on earth has he managed to avoid reading the biography of his great namesake is not revealed, but after this literary critics will have to be charier than ever of accusing novelists of overstraining the long arm of coincidents.

OREGON HAS KINDEST MAN

Panjab River Hermit Refuses to Kill Wild Animals That Destroy
His Crops.

If you lived in the woods where bear, deer and cougars actually interfered with your farming operations and devoured your crops, would you have any hesitation about killing the offending varmints? Frank Lotcon, a German hermit living alone on the Panjab river in the Blue mountains, in Oregon, thinks it wrong to kill wild animals and they bully him unmercifully.

Although for years he has lived in a district where all sorts of wild animals are numerous, he has never killed one yet. "They frequently cause me much trouble," he says, "but it is wrong to kill them."

Recently he awoke in the morning to see two large cougars glaring at hif through the windows of his cabin. The mountaineer could easily have killed both of them, but he said he had no objection to have them inspect the interior of his house. After watching him for several minutes, the wild-cats slunk away into the timber.

A field of corn planted and cultivated by Lotcon with great care, was destroyed by a herd of deer. Several acres of the corn was eaten to the ground. Mr. Lotcon could easily have killed the deer the morning after the animals devoured the corn, but he did not molest them. A big deer recently created havoc with the irrigation scheme Mr. Lotcon has carried out on his farm. 'Wallowing in the spring from which the water is drawn, the deer squeezed mud into the outlet pipe, stopping it up, and the crops suffered before the cause of the trouble was discovered.

ble was discovered.

Taking all these things into account, Oregon may claim to have the kindest man;

Obliterating Waterloo. The battlefield at Waterloo, writes an American tourist from Brussels, is rapidly being divested of all its interesting features. The houses which sheltered men who helped to make history there are being torn down, the roads and paths are being obliterated, and soon there will be nothing left to remind one of Napoleon's last stand but the great mound capped by the Waterloo lion. The museum, where all the battlefield trophies are on view, uniforms, arms, drawings and pictures, was never a pretentious institution, but no visitor failed to look with interest at the many exhibits behind the glass doors. This also is to be dismantled, and the articles which have been carefully kept for years will be distributed among the provincial museums of Belgium, where as individual exhibits they will lose much in value.

His Favorite Song.

There is a young optician in Denver, Col., who sings very well. The other night he was making a call on a couple of sisters up on Corona street when he was asked to sing.

"What shall it be?" he asked as he went to the piano.
"Your favorite song," said one of the girls.

the girls.

"All right," he replied. And then
the optician ant down and sang "The
Night Hath a Thousand Eyes."

MOST RENOWNED OF SNAKES

Versatile Monster, Which Was Known as the God Aesculapius, According to Lucian.

No snake that ever lived won great er fame for the time than Alexander's Lucian tells the story, George Harvey says in the North American Review Apollonius, a master of the magic arts, had many disciples, among whom was a practicing physician who lived in Abonotichus, a small town on the shore of the Black sea. There Alexander was born of humble parentage and imbibed from the old doctor all that he had learned from Apollonius of medicine and magic. Soon he fell in with one Cocconas, a shrewd tipster for the races and somewhat of a juggler. The two rogues joined forces and meandered about telling fortunes. Arriving at Pella, they found a great number of huge, harmless snakes, which lived in the houses, played and slept with the children and destroyed poisonous rats. Alexander promptly purchased one of the largest, a veritable monster, so tame that it would coll about his body and remain in any desired position. Then he made a human face for it out of linen. painted it ingeniously, and shaped it so that the mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair, letting the forked tongue shoot in and out at the will of the master. Having no further use for Coconnas, he either administered poison to him or let him die from some infection and returned with his snake to his native town. There he declared himself a prophet and announced that the god Aesculapius was about to appear. The people were credulous, excitable and eager for a new divinity.

When the great day arrived Alexander pretended to discover in a puddle of water a goose egg which he had placed there after removing the contents, substituting a small embryo snake just born and carefully sealing the shell with wax. When the multitude had gathered he broke the shell and produced the tiny creature, which in a few moments grew to be the monster from Pella by the simple process of substitution. Thereafter the big snake, believed to be Aesculaplus, led a busy life. He gave seances, told fortunes in writing, and even spoke freely with the aid of the prophet's ventriloquial powers. Alexander grew rich and powerful, kept a small army of retainers and spies, wielded no little influence over the government even at Rome and died at a ripe old age in the fullness of his renown. What became of the snake nobody knows. Probably at the last the prophet dispatched the faithful creature to prevent the discovery of his deception after his death.

NOT THE GENERAL'S COW

Amusing Complication That Followed Soldier's Strict Obedience of Orders Given Him.

The first and the last duty of a common soldier is to obey orders. Nor is he allowed to put upon his orders a construction that might suit cases not anticipated. This, however, sometimes leads to amusing results, as in an instance told by L. A. Tollemandle in his recent book, "Old and Odd-Memories."

"The scene of one of my father's anecdotes was laid in a southern seaport town, where long ago a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by a grass-plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow.

"One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling off. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency by saying that the grass had lately been much trodden down by the public.

"The martial despot immediately gave orders that no animal, human or other, except the cow, should be allowed on the grass-plot; and he added—men were not particular in those days—that if this rule were infringed the sentinel should be flogged.

"Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to hait.

"'Sir,'" said the offended lady,

"don't you know who I am?"
"'All I know is that you're not the general's cow.'"—Youth's Companion.

Dear Old Mother Eve.
A chocolate darky and his "yaller"
girl were walking along together.
"Ise skeered mos' to def, Rastus."
"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I'se skeered yo'se gwine to kiss me."

"How kin I kiss yo' when I'se got a bucket on me haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"

"Oh, well, yo' fool, I wux thinkin' yo' could set de bucket ob watah on de groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot ovah him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms around me an' des hep yo'sef."—Everybody's.

Partition of Poland. The partition of Poland is generally understood to have originated with Frederick the Great of Prussia, and he and Catherine of Russia and Maria Theresa of Austro-Hungary entered into it. The Poles were so weakened that they could make no effective resistance, so the royal robbers each seized certain provinces in 1772. In 1792 another partition was made by Russia and Prussia only, and in 1795 Poland was destroyed altogether as an independent nation, and its remaining territory was divided among its three neighbors.

LOYAL TO HIS DREDGE

A Panama Canal Foreman, Badly Hurt, Made Happy by Its Splendid Record.

An army officer who had been in Panama recently tells this story. Laurent Roquebert had been general foreman of dredging at the Pacific entrance to the canal for 20 years. He had gone to the isthmus under the old French company and had remained on the job ever since. A short time ago he was badly crushed in one of the dredges and lay in a critical condition in the Ancon hospital. One of the engineers went to see him.

"How many yards?" said the fajured man feebly, referring to the dredging record for the month. When told that they had taken out more cubic yards than in any previous month he smiled and whispered:

"And the Gopher, what did she do?" The Gopher, like the drudgemaster, was handed down to the Americans by the French. This old dredge of the Scotch ladder type had been at work at the Pacific entrance almost continuously for 25 years. The Frenchman for years was master of this dredge and he gloried in the fact that it was the best on the job. A few months before he met with the accident, however, dredge No 1 of the Colon fleet had surpassed the old French relic's record. That pained Roquebert and he had watched developments anxiously month by month.

"The Gopher? Why, she holds the record by more than 3,000 yards," was the visiting engineer's reply to the question.

The dredgemaster closed his eyes, smiled and said: ["I'm very happy."

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY

Rumania Gets Our Sweet Corn and
Gives to Us Her Little
Melons.

America's sweet corn as been trad-

ed for Rumania's little watermelons. Horace G. Knowles, ex-American minister to Rumania, who is soon to start for his new post as minister to Nicaragua, consummated the transaction in the interest of good living.

When Mr. Knowles found the mel-

When Mr. Knowles found the melon, about the size of a grapefruit, growing in the Carpathian foothilis, be realized that it would be just the thing to serve individually in America.

He obtained a quantity of the seed

He obtained a quantity of the seed and transmitted it to the department of agriculture. The little meions have been cultivated with success at the government experiment stations in those regions where huge American meions are grown.

Having gained this desirable delicacy from Rumania, Mr. Knowles was anxious to repay the gift. He noticed that the people were utter strangers to sweet corn. Accordingly he obtained seed for this product from the department of agriculture, hired several plots of ground himself, and instructed the Rumanians in its culture, —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Europe is Drying Up. That much of Europe will become an arid desert in a few centuries uniess steps are taken to prevent it. was the prophecy made a year or two ago by a distinguished French scientific man. It is well known in a vague way that some parts of the earth are drier that formerly, but observations are lacking to show wheth? er this has been a result of merely local conditions or is a locally advanced stage of a process going on over a wide area. Herr Walser, a German, has been lately trying to get a more accurate idea of the desiccation from the records of bodies of water. He finds that hundreds of European lakes have entirely disappeared and in the canton of Zurich alone the 149 lakes of 1660 have become reduced to 76, while about half of these have been diminished in sice. German and Russian lakes also, as well as those of western Asia, give evidences of a drying up of the land.

When and Why He Quit,
Frank Nelson, former state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas, and "Cap." Gibson, the veteran record clerk in Auditor Nation's office, are great friends. Nelson is now president of a Minnesota college.

When Nelson was still in the statehouse he and Gibson had a talk one day about teaching school. "I was once a school teacher," volunteered Gibson.

"Is that so?" asked Nelson. "How long?"
"Yes, I fooled 'em 13 years," replied

"Cap."
"How is that?" asked Nelson.
"Oh," said "Cap," "I quit when
teachers had to qualify."—Kansas

City Journal.

Removing Skin Biotches.

Some fresh barbers have got on to the new and highly-scientific way of removing skin blotches, birth marks, etc. They buy a high-pressure cylinder of carbonic acid gay costing \$2.50 and turn the stuff loose in a little bag of chamols skin where it sets into an intensely cold, hard hall of carbonic acid snow. This is applied on the spot or blemish for five or ten

minutes, which usually disappears

after three or four applications a

week apart.-New York Press.

Récults of Travel.

When one travels one soon discovers that the "light-headed" Frenchman is the best of fathers and a most thrifty person, and that perfidious Albion, the "unscrupulous nation," is a people of pious idealists, fanatics and right-sousness and liberty.—

Prague Prager-Tagblatt,

USE OF GLASS BRICK

Will Admit Light to the Dark Hai ways and to Dark Basements.

Germany uses glass bricks for building purposes with measureable success. In Berlin is constructed a small villa, the walls of which are built of glass bricks of several shades of dark green and blue. The glass bricks are especially adapted to construction where light, cleanliness and nearness are particularly in demand. In Hamburg they are utilized in place of windows. They admit light in walls which police regulations require to

be fireproof and windowless. In addition to admitting light to dark hallways, rooms etc., they are said to possess the same strength as ordinary clay bricks. They are also utilized in walls in yards and partitions in the interior of houses, sales rooms, offices, workshops, etc., as well as for the construction of verandas, hothouses, klosks, bathrooms, hospitals, ice factories, butcher shops, rail road stations, brewerles, stables and in other places where cleanliness, light and uniform lemperatures are especially desired.

The bricks are also made with a wire coating for fireproof walls. In some of the recently erected buildings in Milan, Italy, bricks made of glass have been adopted for ground and upper floors on account of the light obtained. They are also coming into usefor partition work in some of the hospitals on account of the hygienic principles.

In one of the leading banking institutions of the city c. Turin the lobby office floor, which is about 36x58 feet, is entirely paved with glass bricks laid in iron frames for the purpose of admitting light into the basement, where are located numerous private boxes or vaults. In the Netherlands hollow green transparent glass bricks are used principally for light-giving purposes in machine shops and conservatories

WAS AN ABUSED CONFIDENCE

One Secret Her Dearest Girl Friend

Was Not Particularly Eager
to Discuss.

I like to see a young lady just after

she has become engaged.

There is something in her countenance so entrancingly babylike, such a far-away expression so indicative of interior bliss; and possibly success over comrade rivals.

I knew the evening previous from such signs that all had progressed favorably.

Moreover, had not be entered the billiard room after she had retired and giggled aimiessly for a while, refraining from his usual potations?

Another sure sign.

Now she was ensconced with her

sweetest and most cherished girl friend in a corner of the plazza, and I seated just inside the French window behind a massive rubber plant. Rather significant vegetation under the circumstances, for, durious as to maiden confidences, candor compets

me to admit I listened.

The bride in prospect coold her bliss soulfully into her neighbor's ear, but through an opening in the leaves I could observe that the latter bit her lip now and then, and did not appear enthusiastically joyous or congratulatory, as warranted by the occasion

ous gurgling did not cease.
"And to think, to think," quoth she,
"that such heavenly bliss as fell to my
lot might might have escaped me forever! Dear Bob! Did I ever tell you
he had proposed to me twice?"

But the innocent cooing and amor-

Then the unsympathetic auditor assumed an air of innocence.
"Didn't you hear him the first time?" she inquired with raised eye-

She is not going to be the maid of honor.—Town Topics.

Women in Postal Service. The distinction of first appointing a woman postmaster does not belong to America, nor is the employment of women in the postal service a new idea. As early as 1548 a woman post master was appointed to look after the mails of Braine le Comte, an important town of France. In the trying times of the Thirty Years' Was the principal office in the postal service of Europe was held by a woman. Alexandrine de Rue. From 1628 to 1646 she was in charge of the mails of the German empire, the Netherlands, Burgundy and Lorraine. She was known as a master general of the mails. In America, Elizabeth Harvey was the first to hold a place in the postal department. She had charge of the letters in Portsmouth, N. H., in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A half century afterward Lydia Hill was placed in charge of the post office in Salem, Mass.

Checkers.

Everybody may not know that checkers is one of the oldest games in history and antedates chess. Egyptologists have discovered traces of its being a recreation 6,000 years ago.—

N. Y. World.

The Philosopher of Polly.

"Fortune never comes with both hands full," observes the Philosopher of Folly. "I know a girl who has a wonderful voice, but her mouth is so big that there's an echo, and that spoils the effect of her singing."

Temper Cure.
This is the latest Parisian tip: Paper your house with blue if your wife's temper is bad. Red wall paper may have excited her.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

e secular in Lightner at line tons lord Clair in State in State of State in State of State of