

QUEER ITEM ON HOTEL BILL

Traveler Charged with Bundle of Hay, and Good Reason Assigned for the Action.

When traveling on foot from Rothenburg to the Danube Mr. Everett Warner had the good fortune to put up at an inn, the Sign of the Lamb, where the charges were so small as to surprise him.

It was quite dark when I reached the Lamb. On entering the tavern, which I found crowded to overflowing, I sought the Frau Wirtin and made the customary inquiry about the charge for accommodation.

"Twenty pfennigs," five cents, "is the charge for a single room," she answered, to my great astonishment. I barely recovered sufficient natural effrontery to inquire if light was included at that figure. It was.

I will confess that, once irrevocably committed to the room and following the Frau Wirtin's flickering candle upstairs I had some furtive regrets for the hayrack, under the open sky, but when I reached my quarters I found that the misgivings due to the alarmingly low price were unfounded. I will not pretend it was a luxurious chamber into which I was shown, but it was reasonably clean and, to be fair to it, many a better bed has not yielded me half so good a night's rest.

The next morning, while settling the most insignificant hotel bill that I have ever been lot to encounter, I could not help thinking that those who pictured the country innkeeper as a rapacious brigand had certainly never put up at the Sign of the Lamb. Personally, I have yet to be charged with a bundle of hay, but I understand it has happened.

"How is this, Herr Wirt?" exclaimed the amazed traveler, going over the items of food and drink on his bill. "You have me charged with a bundle of hay." "Quite right, quite right," responded the landlord, readily. "You complained last night of the mooring of the cow in the adjoining stable and I gave her a bundle of hay to quiet her."

EPISODE OF MONTE CARLO

Shows the Impossibility of Winning When One is Obligated to Have Money.

Here is a story which appears in the Monte Carlo, Telegram and the truth of which is vouchsafed for by that paper, which advises all would-be visitors to the Riviera to take it to heart, says an exchange:

The Comte de B., a confirmed gambler, had once more come to the end of his financial resources. He wired to his brother in Paris to send him 1,000 francs, which, after paying his hotel bill, would leave him a lous or two for incidental expenses.

For some reason or other, however, his brother sent him only 500 francs, which happened to be the amount of his hotel bill, and as he wanted to be left with at least 50 francs he went into the rooms with the intention of winning that sum and then coming away. He could scarcely be accused of expecting too much in counting to win a couple of sovereigns with a capital of \$150, and on any other occasion the count would have been sanguine of success.

But there it was! It was all important for him that he should not lose. It is not, difficult, perhaps, to guess what happened. He struggled heroically for hours, but in vain, and when he rose from the tables he had lost everything.

Fortunately, however—for the count had to be in Paris the next evening—he left the Casino he ran across a friend, who "obliged" him with the money he required. It did not add to his satisfaction, though, to learn that his friend, on being informed at the count's hotel that he had gone to the rooms, decided not to disturb him, and patiently waited for him at the Cafe de Paris for several hours, in fact, during all the time the count was losing his money with such unrelieved persistency.

Physician or Engineer?

Philadelphia, New York and a few New Jersey towns have set the example of putting some other than a physician at the head of their health boards. Philadelphia has selected a sanitary engineer for that position and New York a chemist. This leads the Engineering News to mention the new departure with approval.

The News thinks that modern health-protection work is far beyond the capacity of the practicing physician. It does not object, however, to a physician who, by special study of sanitation, has qualified himself for superintendence of a community's health.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down in matters like this. Neither an M. D. nor a Ph. D. nor a C. E. necessarily makes one qualified for chairmanship of a board of health in a large city. Other things being equal, a physician is a natural selection to make.

Mud-Throwing Too Popular.

A New York merchant told a story illustrative of what he declared to be the attitude of this whole country—no doubt including artists, as he named no exceptions. "In the United States we throw mud," he said. "It's all in the story of the small girl with a fistful of it standing by a corner."

"Who you waitin' for, sis?" "Mabel." "What's she done?" "Nothin'. Don't you know she's Queen of the May?"

FATHER WAS AN EXCEPTION

Proof That There is at Least One Man Who Can Behave Himself When Away from Home.

An Atchison woman says: "I was once with my father almost night and day for five months, while traveling. I had heard much about the men, but if he didn't behave himself, I never caught him at it. There was much talk among the other travelers of the wicked things to be seen at various places, and I worried a good deal about the disgrace my father was likely to bring upon me by excusing himself some night, but he never did."

"The afternoon we reached Tokyo I accidentally overheard a man say to him on the ship: 'Shake the bunch tonight and I'll take you out to see the sights.' I cried an hour in advance over being left alone at night, and, in reflecting what those men would probably do, but, although I expected him to lie to me that night and slip off, he remained with the bunch (his daughter and two lone women he had picked up in traveling, and, soon after nine o'clock, went to bed.

"His room in the hotel adjoined mine, with connecting door, and I expected him to slip, but he didn't. Two men came up after him, after he had undressed, and while he was yawning and scratching himself. They whispered to him awhile, but he wouldn't go. I slipped into his room two or three times during the night to see if he had deceived me, but he hadn't; he was sound asleep."—Atchison Globe.

COULDN'T STAND THE FARE

Man-of-All-Work Willing to Stay, But He Had to Have Another Boarding Place.

Uncle Jim runs a hotel in a small North Carolina town. His man-of-all-work is an old colored man named Bob. Bob has been with Uncle Jim for years.

A short time ago Bob didn't appear for work in the morning, but came in about 11 o'clock, went up to the proprietor and said: "Massa Jim, I done go'n quit dish yere place. I ain't go'n work for you no mo'."

"Why, Bob," cried Uncle Jim, "what's the matter? Haven't I treated you right?" "Yassir."

"Haven't I paid you good wages for years and years?" "Yassir."

"Haven't you been my right-hand man all this time?" "Yassir."

"Well, Bob, you ain't going to quit me this way, are you? Are you wanting a little raise?" "Wages is all right, boss, but I'm done quit."

"But, Bob, you won't leave me like this, will you? We've been together too long for that."

Bob was affected. He sniffed a little. Then he said: "Wal, Massa Jim, I'll stay if you'll do one thing for me."

"What is it, Bob?" asked Uncle Jim, eagerly.

"I'll stay and work at dis yere hotel, Massa Jim, only you'll hafta git me another boardin' place. I won't eat here no mo'."

And the hunch was correct. The horse ran thirteenth.

Peasant Girl's Treasure

Members of the well known Romanian family of Ghika, who are resident in Vienna, received some interesting information from Jassy today, says the London Telegraph. A number of cases filled with objects of gold and silver, with jewelry and diamonds, estimated to be worth several million kronen, were found in the course of a search made by the police in the house of a peasant woman named Safta Bradinarin, living in the environs of Jassy.

This woman, who was at once arrested, stated that the cases had been concealed in her house for 26 years. Her deceased daughter was in the service of Prince Nikolai Ghika, who died suddenly after an operation in Paris. The peasant's daughter Maria took several sealed cases which no one appeared to want, and conveyed them to her home. She was afraid to attempt to dispose of the valuable objects, which have until now remained hidden in her mother's house.

How Thoughtless.

The small son of an English family in this country attends public school. Recently he rushed angrily into his mother's presence with the tearful complaint that "they" had tried to make him believe the impossible story that British soldiers had been defeated by the Americans in some war. His mother explained the painful circumstance as gently as she could.

"And did the Americans really beat the British?" wailed the boy.

"Yes, my son."

The boy tore his hair and pounded the arm of the chair.

"How could they do it!" he demanded. "Why did the British soldiers let them! What could they have been thinking about?"—The Circle.

Biographies Worth Reading.

There occur to me three interesting biographies—the "Life of Darwin," the "Life of Huxley" and the "Life of Pasteur"—which give the important part of the story of scientific development during the last half of the nineteenth century. Now, I believe that a thorough mastery of these three books will be worth more to the historical student than any dribbles of science that he may pick up in an unsystematic college course.—J. F. Rhodes, in Historical Essay.

Relic of Ancient British King.

According to report a section of the amphitheater in King Arthur's round table field in Monmouthshire, England, has been partially exhumed. The archaeological society has made five excavations around the walls and the searchers found the main entrance, the sand which formed the bed of the arena and a corner stone. From inscriptions on the stone they trace the date of the theater back to 110 A. D., or 1,800 years.

English Village's Health Record.

Not a single death occurred in the parish of Holwell during the last year. So far as can be ascertained from a search of the registers, dating back to 1653, this is a record without precedent. The nearest approach to it in the last century was in the years 1816 and 1863, in each of which two deaths occurred. The population at the last census was 338.—London Standard.

MAXIM PROVES HIS SKILL

Inventor Has Only One Arm, But He Certainly Is an Expert with the Auto.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor of explosives, is an auto fiend and drives his own machine despite the fact that he has only one arm. He drives at express speed along the crookedest roads in New Jersey, where his summer home is located, and when he first began this practice the farmers in the neighborhood complained to the authorities of Trenton that Maxim was a public menace. It was pointed out in the complaint that high speeding was bad enough where the driver had two hands, but where he had but one there was no knowing what might happen.

Maxim was summoned to Trenton to show cause why he should be allowed to keep his license. He drove down to Trenton in his car to meet the inspector who had been detailed to examine him. A lot of stakes and barrels had been placed at angles dangerous for tires, and in all manner of crooks and turns on the testing grounds, and Mr. Maxim, on seeing these, drove at them before the inspector could say a word and threaded the maze with both ease and speed.

"Well, you've stood the test, Mr. Maxim," said the inspector, crossing over to him.

"Why, was that the test?" said the inventor. "I thought it was only a sort of beginning. Get in with me and I'll drive you the capitol steps if you say so."

"No, no," interposed the inspector. "Keep your license, Mr. Maxim. You are as good a driver as if you had four hands."

Maxim is fond of declaring that he has done more toward bringing universal peace than any man alive, "for," he says, "the use of such terrible explosives as I have invented will make more for peace than all the homilies that can be delivered."

HUNCH THAT WAS ALL RIGHT

Combination Convicted Racing Man There Must Be "Something Doing"—There Was.

"Doc" McDonough has returned to Broadway after an absence of more than two months, says the New York Press. He went into retreat on Friday, November 13, 1909. The "Doc" is a great believer in hunches. When he gets a hunch good and strong he plays it to the limit.

The "Doc" never had a stronger hunch than on that November day. That it was the thirteenth of the month and a Friday was a combination worthy of anyone's notice, but what was more significant to the Doc was the fact that in one of the races that day there were 13 horses entered and one of the 13 had 13 letters in his name.

There was nothing for a man to do under such circumstances but bet the bank roll and then lend the family jewels to Mr. Simpson or some other friend. The Doc let every one in on the good thing and there was a play on the 13 horse that day such as there never was before.

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GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND

Story About Teutonic Walter Recalls United States Japanese Butler Scare.

The "menace" with which Americans have become familiar during the "threat" of a Japanese-American war and which generally took the form of Japanese butlers who were really spies is now getting in its same old deadly work in England. Over there the "threat" is of an Anglo-German war; so the "menace" naturally becomes a Teutonic waiter.

Under the heading "A Real Menace" a man writes to Gentlewoman as follows:

"I must confess that without being in the least a scaremonger the presence of such crowds of foreigners in our midst does not tend to make one feel altogether comfortable. Most of all does the German waiter flourish at all the restaurants, whether smart or otherwise, all over this great London of ours, and in case of an invasion from overseas what part would these gentry play in the general commotion?"

"By way of answer I will repeat a story that is now being told in the clubs on the best authority. A gentleman of English birth, but possessing in a marked degree the gift of tongues entered a well-known restaurant with the air of being a German. He was soon on easy terms with the Teuton who of course attended to his creature comforts. Before leaving he requested a few minutes private conversation with the keller, who by that time had become expansive.

"Have you," quoth the linguist in most fluent German, "your orders for when the great moment arrives?" "Oh, certainly!" replied the waiter. "We all know exactly where to go and what to do."

DEFY THE FLEETING YEARS

Ancient English Peer and Others Disprove the Absurd "Too Old at 40" Theory.

The advocates of the "too old at 40" principle have not had things all their own way lately. In fact, old age has developed an unexpected capacity for self-defense, and that not by words—but by deeds. We have the case of Sir John Bigham, now in his seventieth year, who is showing his colleagues in the law courts that the only way to reduce arrears is by working on them. The London Express says: Lord Halsbury, again, does marvelous things at 83; while, to crown all, Lord Wemyss recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday, after 68 years of more or less strenuous parliamentary life, by taking a walk on Hampstead Heath.

The three instances we have quoted are all of hard-working men, whose energy, although great, has been concentrated. They have not dissipated their time in a multitude of interests, nor have their energies been expended in violent exercises, whether physical or mental. Probably they all feel as young to-day as many "under-forties."

As a matter of fact, of course, a mere counting of years is no guide at all to a man's real age. What he will be like at, say, seventy, depends entirely upon how he has spent his life until then. The best sign posts on the road are moderation—not only in drink, but in all things—a healthy mind and a settled interest in life. Armed with these and a good constitution, there are few who might not be as young at 91 as is Lord Wemyss.

Unaware There Were Two.

Miss Elsie DeWolf, while taking up a collection at the Colony Club for the girl blouse makers' strike, said:

"You will all give liberally, for you know the condition of these girls. Other people would give liberally, too, if they had your knowledge. But their knowledge, alas! is hazy, like old Uncle Jasper's."

"Old Uncle Jasper was buying a postcard in a New Orleans post office when a gentleman, approaching the next window, had a small parcel weighed and stamped for Jerusalem."

"On this gentleman's departure Uncle Jasper chuckled and said:

"'He was jokin', wasn't he?'"

"Not at all," returned the clerk.

"My oh, my!" cried Uncle Jasper, in an awed tone. "Is it possible ye take letters to Jerusalem? I thought it was above!"

Rock Soup.

"Did you ever eat any rock soup?" asked a visitor from Tennessee on going out to dine with his city cousin.

"Can't say that I ever heard of such a soup," replied the other. "Is it a puree or a consommé?"

"I don't know what you would call it up here," said the man from Tennessee, "but down home we call it just plain rock soup."

"How it is made?"

"Well, you take first a large boulder and place it in a pot of boiling water. Then you throw in some beef bones, beans, peas, tomatoes, rice, carrots, a little cabbage, potatoes and okra—bbl 'em all up together—and I tell you it makes a fine soup."

"But what do you get out of the boulder?"

"Why, that is what gives the soup its name—rock soup."

Smallest Watch in the World.

The smallest watch in the world is said to be one that once belonged to the late Marquis of Anglesey, whose taste in jewelry was extravagant and bizarre. The size of this watch is just that of a three-penny piece and its minute hand is an eighth of an inch long.—Home Chat.

REAL JEWELS ON THE STAGE

Actors and Actresses Decked Out with Gems of the Value of \$2,000,000.

When "King of Cadonia" was performed at the Empire theater, California, on December 4, the actors and actresses in the coronation scene blazed with \$2,000,000 worth of jewels. The theater celebrated its first anniversary, and in honor of the event the jewels were lent by Raj Boodri, Das Bahadur & Sons.

Miss Beech had a diamond tiara with emeralds and rubies, an equally gorgeous diamond necklace and a diamond collar.

Mr. McGrath, as the king, wore an emerald and diamond belt, over 150 years old, set with the largest emerald extant and worn by one of the ancient ruling princes of India. He wore besides numerous orders set with precious stones and a beautiful emerald and pearl drop earring. Some of the jewelry worn by other members of the company is described below:

Miss Stewart—Diamond and turquoise necklace with diamond and pearl collarband and diamond and turquoise tiara.

Miss Birkbeck—Diamond and ruby necklace set with a huge Burma ruby weighing over 900 carats, diamond and ruby collar, and diamond and ruby tiara.

Miss D. Gratton—A magnificent ruby and diamond necklace, a pearl collar, diamond and pearl tiara.

Miss Karkeek—A magnificent diamond and emerald necklace valued at more than \$200,000, a magnificent diamond, pearl and emerald collar, and diamond and emerald tiara.

Miss Annie Romaine appeared in a necklace of what looked like preserved fruits, but was actually a nine-gem necklace valued at about \$100,000.

Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent any possibility of a raid on the stage. The doors were guarded by police.

SPANISH CLIMATE IN WINTER

Many Cities and Localities That Are Famed Throughout the World as Health Resorts.

The most agreeable winter climate in Spain and probably in Europe is that of Malaga, which has a mean winter temperature of 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The climate is extremely beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism, but it is not at all recommended in highly nervous cases.

There are at times unpleasant winds but extremely little rain during the winter months. Though a healthy place, the sanitation of the town is not good, but the unsanitary effects are to a large extent neutralized by the dry climate, by the sea air and by the abundant and excellent water supply.

Ronda is nearly 3,000 feet above the sea and has a bracing climate—too bracing, in fact for winter. Algeiras is probably the most successful winter station in Spain, and since the conference which was held there a few years ago its hotels have been full of visitors during the greater part of late winter and spring. Being within easy reach of Gibraltar, the place is by no means dull.

There are tennis courts, a golf course, polo ground (at Campamento), and most of the meets of the Calpe Hounds are as conveniently reached from Algeiras as from Gibraltar. Yachting, boating and sea fishing may be freely indulged in and driving excursions may be made in the direction of Tarifa and Cadiz. More distant excursions include those to Tangier, Granada, Seville and Malaga. Madrid is too cold for January. It is at an altitude of 2,400 feet. Seville is better in March and April than in January.

Bran Bath Worth Trying.

One of the latest things for the nervous woman who is trying to reduce her fractious nerves is the bran bath just before retiring at night. This not only has a soothing effect, but incidentally softens and whitens the skin. To make the bath buy ordinary bran at a feed store and keep it in a tin box away from mice. Make a bag of cheesecloth, from 12 to 18 inches square and stuff it with bran until about as full as a pine pillow. This bag is put in a bathtub half filled with warm water and squeezed until the water is brown and bubbly. It is not well to remain in the water longer than five or six minutes, and if possible, the bather should rest ten minutes and then be massaged. If there is no one to do the massaging one can rub the body thoroughly with a rough towel and knead it with the hands.

American Women Wonderful.

The women of America are wonderful! Their versatility, acuteness, splendid mental energy, high ideals, firm grasp of subjects, added to their charming manners, tasteful dress, graceful deportment, are refined and feminine to a degree. We all know the brainy, masculine woman the world over. But the American, while she may be masculine in brain and alertness, is also feminine—emotional, if you like—in her makeup. She is a truly charming type. The American woman is also very practical, very inventive. She develops an idea and she works out her idea to its utmost possibilities. It may be only a new sort of neckband supporter, but she does not believe in a hobby. She brings her imagination into her work. She may be utilitarian, but the successful business woman is artistic to her finger tips.—New York Correspondence London Express.

VAGARIES OF MEN OF GENIUS

William Watson's Escapade Recalls Peculiar Actions of Other Great Men of Genius.

William Watson's alleged vagaries recall stories of William Blake, the contemporary of Charles Lamb. Blake dined with prophets and held converse with archangels. A friend of Blake called on the poet-painter and found him sitting, pencil in hand, and drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a fastidious sitter. He looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. "Disturb me not," said Blake, in a whisper, "I have some one sitting to me." "Sitting to you!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Where is he?" "I see no one." "But I see him," answered Blake, haughtily. "There he is; his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait."

Blake's hallucinations, however, rarely took a malignant form. One of his most beautiful visions was of a fairy funeral. "I was walking alone in my garden," he said. "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound, and know not whence it came."

"At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy's funeral."

DEATH TRAP FOR ANIMALS

Tar-Swamp in California Estimated by Scientists to Be of Incalculable Age.

Near the city of Los Angeles there exists a tar-swamp in which animals and birds have been mired and trapped since the dawn of the quaternary epoch, says John C. Merriam, writing in Harper's Weekly. But it was not until recently that the bones found therein were discovered to be remnants of prehistoric animals, including the extinct great wolf, American saber-tooth tiger, camel, phant, etc. "The relatively great number of carnivorous animals," writes Merriam, "which is the most striking feature of the Rancho-La Brea is undoubtedly to be accounted a large part through the lurid carnivores into the asphalt by creatures which may have been trapped in the tar. Such living, by its struggles and cries, would doubtless attract cats or wolves and not improbably several carnivores might be led into the asphalt by the same bird, bison or colt. It is easy to imagine an animal caught in the black ooze surrounded by a group of tar-eaten wolves, each trying to make a meal of the unfortunate creature that drew him in, at the same time fighting with the others and attempting to extricate himself from the tar."

A Strange "God Tree."

What is a god tree? Nobody knows or had ever heard of such a thing until, not long ago, an ethnological explorer came across quite a lot of them on certain little known islands along the west coast of Sumatra.

The god tree is carved out of wood, with curiously fashioned branches of the same material. On these branches are hung strings of bright colored bits of cloth and tiny baskets filled with grains of rice. The whole affair is not more than three feet high.

According to the belief of the natives of the islands aforesaid, a god lives in the tree. He is not a particularly good sort of divinity and, if he takes a notion to leave the tree he is liable to do folks a mischief. The best way to persuade him to stay at home in the tree is to make the latter attractive by adorning it in the manner described and by supplying rice in baskets for the god to eat.

The god is a household god and the tree which he inhabits is kept in a corner of the family dwelling.

His Advice.

"Get on the water wagon," the man advised one woman who has heart trouble. "If you don't you'll have every disease imaginable or real. You'll imagine you have diseases you don't have, and have real diseases you'll never dream of having."

"Heart disease! I've had heart disease all over me, from the roof to the cellar, from the bracket to the backbone. Got over it to a degree after I'd put out the dynamite dinners, after I'd put a yellow flag in front of every dynamite joint I knew, but never fully recovered until I had climbed to the top of the water wagon and made up my mind to stay there or die, knowing I'd die if I didn't. Avoid logwood, and India rubber chickens as you would the pestilence. Exercise, eat plainly, and get a seat on the water wagon where there's no danger of being toppled off. Sure cure and costs less, too, than a doctor's prescription."

His Statement a Strong One.

Not long ago a party of statesmen—it seems fashionable to call them that—were down in Porto Rico. Congressman J. R. Mann of Illinois was one of the lot. Not long after they landed a native came up to Mann. "Mighty glad to meet you, sir," said he. "I've read every one of your speeches in the house." "Great Scott!" broke in Vice-President Sherman, "I'm glad to meet you. You must be the busiest man in the West Indies."