

BARTENDER WAS IRRITATING

One in St. Louis Aggravated the English Actor, and Then Declined to Be Kicked.

An English actor, who has an accent as English as they make 'em, does not like American bartenders in general, and for the bartenders in St. Louis he entertains a particular aversion.

"I went into a bar in St. Louis, dear boy," he said on one occasion, "and I ordered a bottle of beer. The bartender, don't you know, did not hand me the beer. He dashed it down on the bar and slid it along for about ten or twelve feet, don't you know. It stopped right in front of me. I looked at him with a stony stare, as was quite proper, but he paid no attention to me.

"Then I gave him a quibble. He threw on the bar a coin, which rolled on the floor. Again I stared at him, as if to insult him, but he paid no attention to me whatsoever—none whatsoever. So I called a small black boy and said to him:

"You will find a coin on the floor, and you can have it for your trouble."

"Then I turned to the bartender: 'If you will come from behind that bar I will kick into you some knowledge of what is polite and proper on the part of a bartender.'

"But he would not come from behind the bar. Then I gave him the number of my room, and told him I would be glad to see him there at any time and give him the kick which he deserved. But he never came to the room.

"So you see, dear boy, your American bartenders are impolite, and they won't be kicked. What is a gentleman to do?"—Popular Magazine.

SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER

Experiment Made by Naturalist Proves That Insect Has Almost Powers of Reason.

By way of testing the intelligence or sagacity of a spider a naturalist tried a rather novel experiment recently. He took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip of wood, and set him afloat upon the quiet waters of the pond. The spider walked all about the sides of this bark, surveying the situation carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he looked out for the nearest land. This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw the web as far as possible in the air and with the wind it soon reached the shore and made fast to the spikes of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in his cable hand over hand. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move towards shore. As it moved faster the faster he drew upon his hawser to keep it taut and from touching the water. Quickly he reached shore, and, leaping to terra firma, sped away homeward. Thinking he might be a special expert in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, the naturalist tried several spiders. They all came to shore in like manner.

Not Again.

A farmer going over his land the other day caught a village loafer, accompanied by his dog, trespassing in a field, and after threatening him with certain prosecution in case he caught him trespassing again, hurried away, expecting that the offender would at once quit the field after the severe warning given to him.

Returning, however, through the same field an hour afterward he was surprised to meet the man in another part of it, and exclaimed in a very angry tone:

"What! trespassing again?"

"No, no," answered George, "it's still the same trespass. Fair play, sir; fair play, noo"—Ides.

The Man Next.

"I sat next to him at 'The Messtah,' last night," said the woman, who was little, thin, and wiry. "He was big and fat, and he leaned so far over my way that (the other arm of my chair having been already possessed), I sat 'scrowged' down in a little human canon.

"And then, what do you suppose the fat man did? He leaned over still further in the most engaging way, and said so kindly: 'Would you mind making the lady in front of us to remove her hat?' I obliged him. I was grateful to him for not asking me for my seat."

Knew Her Part.

The other day Mrs. Penbecker's younger sister was married, and a day or two after the wedding the husband said: "Now, darling, I don't believe in bearing malice, and if ever I have any necessity to say anything unkind or to make use of any hard words to you, I will always take them back again as soon as I have cooled down."

"You needn't take that trouble, my dear," replied his wife, smiling sweetly; "for if you ever use any hard words to me, I'll always give them back to you at once."

Already Provided.

The minister was shaking hands with a new member of his congregation, a girl fresh from Sweden, and said, cordially: "I would like to know your address so I can call on you."

"Oh," said the girl, innocently, "I have a man."—Success Magazine.

COULDN'T GET BEST OF HIM

New One of the Old-Time Yankee Peddlers Made a Trade in a Southern Town.

The genuine Yankee peddler passed out of existence with the creation of the "motion store," but he was a most interesting character, astonishingly "sharp," and frequently amusing. One such appeared in a general store in a southern town on one occasion, deposited his pack on the floor, and remarked to the merchant:

"I guess I couldn't drive a trade with you, colonel."

"I reckon you calculate just about right!" was the decided reply of the merchant, who had "had dealings" with Yankee peddlers on previous occasions. "Get out!"

"O well, don't get riled up—no harm done. Now, just look at this dozen genuine razor strops, easy worth three dollars—let you have 'em for two dollar, colonel."

"I wouldn't touch any of your trash—you get out!" the merchant declared.

"Well, now, colonel, I always like to do some business in a place. Tell you what—I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them strops, we'll make a trade."

"I'll go you," said the merchant, "and," he added, when the stakes had been put up, "I'll give you a quarter for the strops."

"They're yours, colonel!" said the Yankee, pocketing the wager.

GIVING BELLS THEIR TONE

All of Them Must Go Through a Process of Tuning, Like Any Musical Instrument.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones.

All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony.

The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell-tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano-tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords.

At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin afresh, starting with the first one and shaving the bell until it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.

Primitive Bookkeeping.

There is an old merchant in a thriving little town near Minneapolis who scours a paper ledger, and insists on keeping a pine board account with his customers. He planes this board off every five months and starts a new account. The other day a man came into the old merchant's store to pay a balance of 40 cents. "I guess you don't owe me anything," replied the old trader to a question about the debt. The customer protested that he did owe the debt; in fact, he remembered buying the goods some six months ago. "Oh, well, five months alters the case," said the weigher of sugar and coffee. "You may owe me 40 cents, for all I know. You see I've up and started a new board since you got your goods, and I don't remember your debt. You may pay me if you want to, but, if you don't, it's all O. K. as I've shaved your account out." The trader got his 40 cents.

Overworked.

"My husband," said Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego, "went on a strike the other day."

"Why, I didn't know he worked at any regular job," said Mrs. Sellidom-Holme.

"Oh, yes; he winds the clock once a week and always has done it on Monday morning, but last Monday he kicked. He says it's an eight-day clock, and, by George, he's going to let the blamed thing run eight days hereafter without touching it! Saves him six windings in a year. You'd think, to hear him rant about it, that he's the first man who ever found that out. Some men are so peculiar."

"No," said Mrs. Sellidom-Holme; "they're all alike. My husband feeds the chickens on the same plan."

How Carlyle Kept Warm.

Sir Francis Galton met Carlyle twice. On the first occasion, he says, Carlyle surprised him by his "unexpectedly courteous, even polished, manner; but he became more like his ordinary self later on. On the second occasion he seemed to me the greatest bore that a country house could tolerate." But Carlyle amused him by gravely hopping up and down in order to keep warm. Galton was the only man who ever got Herbert Spencer to the Derby. Spencer said that the crowd of men on the grass looked like flies on a plate and that the Derby was just like what he expected it to be.

An Apprehension.

"What do you think of this idea of letting baseball players appear in vaudeville?"

"I don't know how it will work out," replied the fan. "But I'm afraid that when the season comes around some fellow will forget himself and start up a ballad when he ought to be sliding to second."

WOMAN'S LIFE IN PORTUGAL

She Does Most of the Farm Work and Shares in Heavy Labor of the Cities.

A good part of the farm work in Portugal is performed by the women, who see no reason why they should regard digging, hoeing and plowing as the work of men alone. The man who owns a few acres of land will often leave its cultivation to his wife and daughters, while he labors as carpenter, stonemason or cooper, for cash-making is one of their important industries. He also likes to get a job as a waiter in one of the numerous hotels at seaside resorts, for the country has thousands of continental and English visitors. Women share in the heavy work of the cities as well. There are female porters, laborers on the docks, market tenders, and even women coal-leavers, fishermen, or rather fisherwomen, and sailors. They are as strong and hardy as their husbands and brothers and seem to stand long hours and hard labor as well.

Of course it rather takes away the glamour of romance when one sees a young woman with finely chiseled features and beautiful black eyes digging with spade and mattock or heaving a basket of coal into a ship's hold with as much ease as the American girl plays tennis and golf. They seem happy under what we would consider hard conditions, so the reformer would probably have his labor for his pains if he suggested a change in this department of Portuguese national existence.—The Christian Herald.

FEEDING NOT VERY SIMPLE

Cheerful Company at a Meal and Enticing Food Are Decided Helps to Digestion.

Robust people, so long as they get what suits their own unacclimated taste, are apt to make very light of what they call "fancies" about food, and overlook their real importance. Feeding on the part of civilized man is not the simple procedure which it is with animals, although many animals are particular as to their food and what is called "dainty." The necessity for civilized man of cheerful company at his meal and for the absence of mental anxiety is universally recognized, as well as the importance of an inviting appeal to the appetite through the sense of smell and of sight, while the injurious effect of the reverse conditions, which may lead to nausea and even vomiting, is admitted.

Even the ceremonial features of the dinner table, the change of clothes, the leisurely yet precise succession of approved and expected dishes, accompanied by pleasant talk and light-hearted companionship, are shown by strict scientific examination to be important aids to the healthy digestion of food, which need not be large in quantity, because wisely presented.—London Telegraph.

Not Plymouth Rocks.

Concerning the age of eggs, there is likely to be much dispute. Very often it seems as if the only trustworthy authority must be the hen herself. If all raisers of chickens, however, were as frank as a certain man, householders would have little of which to complain.

One Saturday one of his customers asked him if she might have a dozen eggs within the next two or three days.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied John. "I'll bring you a dozen fresh ones tomorrow morning."

"No," protested the housewife, "I should not want you to bring them on Sunday—not on Sunday, John."

"Well," replied John, "all right, ma'am, if you say so, but it doesn't make any difference to the hens."—Tit-Bits.

Patti's First Appearance in London.

I was at the opera the first night that Patti made her appearance, and the wild enthusiasm of the house over the new diva was indescribable. Her extraordinary youth and beauty, the marvelous quality of her voice, the facility and ease with which she sang, and the complete grasp she showed of her part made an impression which time has not obliterated. She had come with a certain reputation, and the audience waited patiently as she made her appearance. After her wonderful rendering of the duet scene there could be no doubt that Patti was enthroned forever in the position she has held all through her life.—Lady St. Heller, "Memories of Fifty Years."

Egg Soup.

Egg soup is most nourishing, and these who do not care to eat eggs cooked in any of the usual ways may benefit by having them in soup: Three eggs, three pints of stock, one tablespoonful of flour, pepper and salt. Mix the flour to a smooth paste; add it to the stock, leaving it to boil for a quarter of an hour. Beat up the eggs and mix them gradually with a little stock, then add them to the soup, stirring carefully for a few minutes, but taking care that the soup does not boil, as this would curdle it. Serve with little sippets of fried bread.

Wants Longer Nights.

"Have you joined the More Daylight club?" he asked.

"I should say not. It's all I can do now to get home before daylight," replied the old rouser.—Detroit Free Press.

VALUE OF A STRONG MEMORY

Some Who Possess It Are Not Otherwise Above the Ordinary—Children Learn Readily.

While a strong memory is a great convenience, it is not necessarily an advantage.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose memory for words was so retentive that he never forgot one after hearing it once, and which enabled him to acquire more than a hundred languages, was in most respects a very ordinary person. Pliny relates that Mithridates, king of Pontus, had so excellent a memory that he was able to speak fluently 22 languages native to the provinces of his vast empire. Yet he was a cruel barbarian.

A well-known peripatetic elocutionist and reciter still living declares that he can repeat, without further preparation about 3,000 selections in prose and poetry. He probably tells the truth, since he has been training his mind in this particular direction for many years.

On the other hand, such men as Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, and Gladstone were not only possessors of excellent memories, they were also men of good judgment.

Among human beings children have the most remarkable memories. Under favorable circumstances they will learn three and even four languages, so as to be able to express their thoughts with equal ease in any one of them by the time they are six or seven years of age.

And they accomplish this remarkable feat without any aid from the mnemonic devices to which adults are compelled to resort when they undertake a similar task. They learn words and phrases unconsciously, and rarely forget them as long as they live. On the other hand, grown-ups rarely acquire accurate pronunciation of a foreign language, although they may be able to use it with entire correctness.

It is a common belief that the memory is more tenacious in early life than in later years. That seems to depend almost entirely on the individual.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SOUND

Blowing Out Candle With Tuning Fork and Resonator—Sand Figures on Metal Plates.

Reporting a physics lecture by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, the London Chronicle says: "The youngsters who attended were shown how a candle could be blown out by sound. In the first place, you want a very powerful tuning fork and a resonator (a hollow sphere of brass), which is exactly in harmony with it. When the tuning fork is struck it sets up waves of sound. The resonator, hearing the note, immediately responds with sympathetic waves, which are strong enough to blow out a candle placed behind it. Other experiments were the forming of what are known as Chladni sand figures on plates of metal by the influence of sound. The most beautiful results, as Professor Thompson explained, are obtained with flat plates of brass of uniform thickness and of a low note. When a bow is drawn along the edge so as to set up vibrations in one part, there is discord with the vibrations of the other parts, and the sound immediately assumes geometrical figures. The greater the discord the better the patterns. Hundreds of patterns can be produced in this way on one plate. Many demonstrations were made to show how, when things are tuned to the same note, they vibrate in sympathy. A big tuning fork was struck and then stopped—but another tuning fork, which was of exactly the same pitch, went on humming, though it had not been touched."

Stealing a Comet.

A European astronomer has tried with some success to steal a comet. Some weeks ago a new comet was announced and received the name of the comet Cerulli, after its finder.

Soon, however, other astronomers were unkind enough to point out that he had appropriated what belongs to another, and that this was without doubt Fay's comet, discovered in 1845.

Its period is a little less than 7 1/2 years, and it made its reappearance on time up to 1895.

It should have come back in 1903, but failed to show up. But they are sure that the comet Cerulli is Fay's comet, repenting of its remissness seven years ago, and now resuming its regular beat.

For Pantry Shelves.

The shelves in the pantry often mean a great deal of scrubbing. This need not be so if the shelves are covered with white oilcloth, such as is used for tables. Cut the oilcloth in long strips about three inches wider than the shelves. Make four paste, and with it stick the oilcloth on the shelves, covering the front edge and pasting it underneath, and letting the oilcloth come up about an inch against the wall at the back. Shelves covered with oilcloth will keep tidy for years, and only need wiping over with a cloth and warm water to clean them.

His Excellent Record.

Hungry Howard (reminiscently)—Ah, my boy, you don't know how it feels to finish first in a test of endurance an' skill.

Languid, I suppose (sarcastically)—Ah, your course youse do?

Hungry Howard—Well, I don't like to brag uv me powers, but I've won five pie-eatin' contests out uv a possible seven!

MACHINE MAKES NOODLES

Completes Little Manufacturing Plant in Italy That Will Cut the Goods "To Order."

A noodle machine is a complete little manufacturing plant in itself, and will turn out in a short time noodles enough to supply the town. It can be operated by hand or by mechanical power. It requires only about one-eighth of a horsepower to run the larger-sized machine.

The machine can be adjusted in a second so as to set the noodles different sizes, from the width of a thread up to half an inch. Although a small machine, it is mighty in the work it performs. It may be placed where customers can see it, and the noodles "cut to order."

Contrary to general supposition, noodles are also used for dishes other than soup. Noodle soup in itself, however, is a dish relished by nearly everybody regardless of nationality. The noodles must, of course, first be boiled by the housewife, after which they may be served in various ways.

The Germans often serve noodles with German prunes. Noodles may also be served with milk seasoned to suit the taste with salt and butter. They may be served with chili. The Italians take the cooked noodles, add seasoned tomatoes and bake for half an hour. Noodles make an excellent dessert by pouring melted butter over them and adding chopped nuts or fruit.—Eaker's Weekly.

SELOUS A HARDY EXPLORER

While Traveling in the Wilds of Africa for Years He Always Slept on the Ground.

Mr. Selous, a distinguished hunter and explorer, was in England, and telling something of his methods when in the wilds of Africa. How little he cared for personal comfort may be gathered from his remark that he never thought of taking any sort of conveyance, even to the extent of a hammock for ease by day or rest at night, and would not be enumerated by a tent. For weeks together, year after year, he slept on the ground, covered only by something in the shape of a blanket. Asked if there were any reptiles to disturb repose under such circumstances, Mr. Selous replied that, although venomous snakes were to be found, bites from them were very rare, and in all his experience he had never known anybody, either native or European, killed by a snake bite in Mashonaland. "In fact," he said, "you run more risk of being killed by an omnibus in London streets than we do by venomous snakes in African forests."

Telephone Proposal Won Bride.

One of the Polish belles of Holyoke was married a short time ago to a suitor who used the telephone to propose to her, thus beating out three rivals who resorted to the mails.

The bride-elect attended a dance in Springfield and made a tremendous hit.

Three young men, after pondering fervently over her charms, wrote proposals. All proposals came in the same mail the next day.

But just before the mail arrived the fourth suitor, more enterprising than his fellows, called the girl to a pay station telephone, proposed and was accepted.

The girl went home and found the three proposal letters. But she was faithful to her telephone sweetheart and had her trousseau purchased within a few days.—New England Telephone Topics.

Too Smart for a Lawyer.

B. Davis Noxon was one of the ablest lawyers in central New York. A young man entered his office as a student and was given Blackstone to study. At the end of a month he asked Mr. Noxon what he should read next.

"Do you understand Blackstone?"

"Yes," was his answer.

"Read Kent," was the order.

In another month he announced that he had finished Kent and "What next?"

"Have you read Blackstone and Kent?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand them?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Noxon, "you had better go at some other business; you are too smart to be a lawyer."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

The Stenographer's Victim.

"Well, sir," said the publisher of one newspaper to the Sunday editor of another, "I've decided to take your special Sunday matter. Now, I wonder if you could guess why I'm taking your matter rather than some other Sunday editor's?"

"Easy," smiled the Sunday editor, "mine's the best."

"Wrong," said the publisher. "Do you recollect the day you came into my office and offered your Sunday stuff?"

"Yes."

"Well, after you had gone my stenographer said, 'Take his Sunday matter—he's not fussy like the rest of 'em—that's why you're getting it.'"

"Ah," said the Sunday editor, "you, then, are a victim!"

Good Examples of "Bulls."

At an inquest a doctor once stated that "two of the deceased's injuries were fatal, but fortunately the others were not." An Irish paper goes one better and describes how a "dog man" was run down by a train and killed. He was injured in a similar way some years ago.

NATURAL HISTORY OF JOKES

Originally Twenty-Five in Number, They Were Imported to This Country From the Orient.

Jokes were first imported to this country several hundred years ago from Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, and have since then grown and multiplied. They are in extensive use in all parts of the country, and an antidote for thoughts are indispensable at all dinner parties.

There were originally 25 jokes, but when this country was formed they added a constitution, which increased the number to 26. These jokes have married and intermarried among themselves and their children travel from press to press.

Frequently in one week a joke will travel from New York to San Francisco.

The joke is no respecter of persons. Shameless and unconcerned, he tells the story of his life over and over again. Outside of the ballot box he is the greatest repeater that we have.

Jokes are of three kinds—plain, illustrated and pointless. Frequently they are all three.

No joke is without honor, except in its own country. Jokes form one of four staples and employ an army of workers who toll night and day to turn out the often nearly finished product. The importation of jokes, while considerable, is not as great as it might be, as the flavor is lost in transit.

Jokes are used in the household as an antiseptic. As scene breakers they have no equal.—Life.

FEATHER FOR CAP OF TEXAS

Unclaimed Package From That State Sells for More Than Any Other.

"If Texas has room for any more feathers in her cap here is one she is entitled to wear," said the unclaimed baggage auctioneer. "In this lottery a trunk or suitcase that is stamped 'Texas,' or with the name of any town that is known to be in Texas, has its value doubled and tripled in the estimation of bidders. Among people who frequent these sales the opinion prevails that luggage that has been deserted by a Texan contains property of greater value than that belonging to a man from any other part of the United States. Baggage comes into this room with its contents absolutely unknown, and goes out that way, so the auctioneer has no means of knowing whether Texas bargains sustain their reputation, but the way people fight for them year after year indicate that they do.

Architects War on Skyscrapers.

The Pittsburg Architectural club is anxious that Pittsburg's skyline in the future shall not resemble a comb which has been in use for many years; that is, a comb from which many teeth have departed, leaving it very irregular and broken up. The Architectural club believes that a skyline can become congested just the same as a street. Tall buildings cause this new kind of congestion and instead of adding to the city's beauty have a contrary effect.

The club has declared war on skyscrapers. Resolutions recommending that a city ordinance be passed regulating the height of all buildings in proportion to the width and importance of the streets on which they face have been adopted. The architects declare that they appreciate the efforts now being made by the city officials toward beautifying Pittsburg and relieving congestion in the city streets, but, in the opinion of the club, tall office buildings are detrimental to this project.

Just Cause for Anger.

"Mrs. Timmore is so angry with her dentist she vows she never will pay his bill," says the neighbor.

"Why in the world?" asks the caller.

"Well, she got him to put in a bridge for her and she complained to him that it did not feel right, but he said it was all right and would not be noticed when she got used to it; and so she kept it, of course, although it seemed to make it hard for her to talk—kind of made her voice thick, you know. And yesterday she called up Mr. Timmore and asked him to bring home some shoes and shirts for their little boys, and Mr. Timmore kept her repeating it over and over to him the longest time, until he thought he knew what she wanted. And what do you suppose he brought home? A bottle of soothing syrup."—Judge.

Not From Dublin.

A squad of raw recruits was being drilled by an irritable drill sergeant. The command "Double!" was given, and all the men obeyed with the exception of one, who remained standing still and gazing vacantly around.

"My man, you don't seem to know anything about 'double,'" roared the State sergeant.

A gleam of comprehension passed over the face of the recruit, as he replied:

"No, sir; I'm a Cork man."—Tit-Bits.