

TRACED TO BENCH AND BAR

Phrases That Have Become Household Words Dropped From the Lips of Lawyers.

It appears that judges and lawyers have contributed a liberal share to the stock of popular sayings, says a writer in the Green Bag.

It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that "came home to men's business and bosom," who lays down the axiom that "knowledge is power" and who utters that solemn warning to ensorcelled benedicta: "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune."

We have the high authority of Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "corporations have no souls," and that "a man's house is his castle."

The expression "An accident of an accident" is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the jurist Beccaria.

To Leviathan Hobbes we owe this maxim: "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools." It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air one may see the way of the wind, and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery "With how little wisdom is the world governed."

Mackintosh first used the phrase "a wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad" is from a speech by Lord Brougham.

In the familiar phrase "a delusion, a mockery and a snare" there is a certain biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets. The words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.

BREAD AS OLD AS MANKIND

Relics of Prehistoric Ancestors of the Present Race Prove That They Used It for Food.

That very respectable and useful couple—bread and cheese—have for so long been closely associated that one might have supposed them to have been born about the same time, and to have been brought up in each other's company through all the ages. It would seem, however, that bread can boast of a much more honorable antiquity than its sister, cheese, which, so far as one can discover, is a comparatively modern invention. There is, of course, nothing to prove that the ancient Britons did not make cheese, but if they did, they failed to leave behind them even so much as a portion of the rind.

The history of bread, on the other hand, can easily be traced back to the earliest times, both in this and other countries. In Switzerland, in particular, abundant proof has been forthcoming from time to time that the art of baking was quite well understood by our prehistoric ancestors, excavations conducted on the site of some of the numerous lake dwellings of that country showing that both milling and baking must have been recognized occupations even so far back as the Stone Age. Stone, in fact, was indispensable to both processes, and not only have stones for milling and baking ovens been discovered, but bread itself in large quantities has been discovered.

Many Animals Have a Sweet Tooth.

Everybody knows that foxes are fond of rabbits and hens; but, in spite of Esop's fable we forget that they have what is called "a sweet tooth," and frequently eat ripe fruit. The coyotes of Point Loma, which are first cousins of the foxes, often devour two or three watermelons in one night. They bite them open and relieve their thirst, as well as satisfying their love for sweet things. They will also eat the "prickly pears" which grow on the wild cacti, and are even suspected of robbing big fruit trees.

There are lions living in a very dry part of Africa which quench their thirst on small melons which grow wild there.

Bears also are fond of fruit and eat quantities of berries in the autumn. Their "sweet tooth" leads them to attack beehives, too, and they do not suffer so much as you might think, as their thick fur protects them from the angry bees.

Motion Picture Machine for Home.

For rapid motions, like those of flying insects, a new cinematograph apparatus takes 2,000 successive views a second on 125 feet of film, and, as the usual stopping of the film for each exposure is impossible at such speed, the exposures are given by electric sparks, each lasting not more than one 1,400,000th of a second. The pictures may be shown on the screen at fifteen or twenty successive views per second, thus giving a better perception of motions that originally are difficult for the eye to follow. A new Edison promise is that of a home kinetoscope that will make moving pictures available for everybody for varied purposes. It is announced that what now requires 1,000 feet of film will be compressed upon eighty feet, and the apparatus will compare with a sewing machine in cost.

Among the Explosions.

"You have tried to fashion a Government on the lines of the American republic?"

"Yes," replied the Chinese philosopher; "but up to the present time we haven't been able to get much beyond the Fourth of July accidents."

THINKS PET WAS ONCE SLAVE

Mistral, Famous Provençal Poet, Has Evidence Which Has Almost Convinced Him.

An award recently conferred on Frederic Mistral has called forth a peculiar letter from him concerning his dog, a French poodle or caniche, which he believes to be the reincarnation of an ancient Roman slave. The society known as "L'Assistance aux Animaux" recently gave the poet a prize in consideration of his fondness for animals. In return Mistral wrote a letter in which he says:

"It was not without astonishment that I received the good news of the Prix du President de la Republique which the Society of Help for Animals conferred on me. After reflecting a good deal I have come to the conclusion that my dog, Barboche, of which I send you a photograph, was not a stranger to my good fortune. The said Barboche, whom I took in as a walf a few years ago, is a mysterious creature. I found one day in one of my usual walks through the country a fragment of one of those little Roman grist mills, which they used for grinding their wheat, and which were turned by slaves who had been condemned to that work for some reason or other. When I came home I dropped the thing in the yard in front of the house. My dog Barboche bounded for it at once and made frantic efforts to turn it with his paws. He was so earnest in his efforts that I had to take the stone away from him lest he should wear himself out turning it. This performance every time that I give it to Barboche. The conclusion of it is that I have come to believe that my poor caniche is the reincarnation of a slave of ancient times, belonging probably to some Gallo-Roman master who was very hard on his slaves. This, at any rate, seems to me to be the only explanation of this extraordinary fact, and I beg you to pardon me if I think that the reward which I received from your society was partly due to the influence of my good Barboche, who, I believe, is a porte-bonheur."

REMEMBERED AT WRONG TIME

Really Seemed That Fate Was Having Fun With Well Meaning but Forgetful Man.

Frederick Law, New York's indomitable young steplack, was talking to a reporter about the necessity of safety appliances in steplack work. "Remember this necessity," he said, "but we remember it as a rule, too late—we remember it while falling."

"You see we are rather like the absent minded man. He met a woman on a street car one day, and shook her hand and said:

"How's the dear husband?"

"Boo-hoo, he's dead," said the woman, bursting into tears. "Don't you remember the funeral last week?"

"Why, yes," said the old man, biting his lip. "Why, yes, of course."

"A few days later he met the woman again.

"How do you do?" he said. "And how is your dear husband this fine, bracing March weather?"

"Still dead," said the woman; and the old man blushed.

"I'll make a note of that," he muttered to himself, as he hurried away; and a short time afterwards, when he met the woman once more, the thought instantly shot into his mind: "Husband. Trouble about husband."

So he adopted a very sympathetic air and said, pressing her hand:

"Why, how do you do? And your poor dear husband, he—"

"Oh, he's fine," interrupted the woman. "We've just got back from our honeymoon."

Remarkable Wall of Rough Stone.

A wall 1,300 feet long, four feet high and three feet thick at the bottom has just been completed on a country estate near Port Chester, under the direction of Samuel Parsons, who says that it is unique. The granite blocks which form the wall were quarried about 50 miles away and were used just as they came from the quarry. The interstices have been filled with loam and mold and planted profusely with such flowering herbs and creepers as will flourish best and look prettiest in that environment. The stones are all large—from three tons down and from three to ten feet long—and fitted as close as they could be without the use of any other tool than a hammer to knock off the rough edges. "This specimen of Cyclopean masonry," says Mr. Parsons' description, "in which about 8,000 rock plants have been planted, is withal a perfect fence—horse high, bull strong and pig tight."

King George Owns Sandringham.

The statement is again being published that Sandringham is the absolute property of Queen Alexandra. As a matter of fact in the will of the late King Edward the whole estate was left solely to King George, his late majesty merely stipulating that the queen mother should have the entire use of it during her lifetime and adding a wish that in the future the place might become the dower house of the queen consort. King George is, however, in no way bound by this, and is at liberty when the proper time arrives to dispose of it in any manner that seems best to him. In the meantime he has entire charge of the estate, pays all the outgoing and receives the income.

UP IN ARMS AGAINST CRITICS

London Theater Managers Resent "Roasts" and Newspaper Makes a Plain Talk.

One can easily sympathize with an actor manager, and not less, as in a recent instance, with an actress-manager, who finds that personal estimates of the merits of a play are not endorsed either by the critics or by that far more important section of the community, the playing public. But the growing practice on the part of those who control our theaters of showing something like penitence, or worse, when they find they have made a mistake is full of awkward possibilities. Gerald du Maurier's outburst is the latest instance in point. Because those whom he invited to express opinions on his new venture, "The Dust of Egypt," told the truth about it and failed to indulge in paeans of praise he writes a portentous letter to ask "What is a critic?" The best answer we have seen comes from A. C. Benson: "I suppose that an expert critic is a man with a natural faculty of discrimination which has been trained by experience." One is disposed to believe, after witnessing the sorry stuff so often put upon the stage, that a little more exercise of a faculty for discrimination trained by experience would be to the general advantage in the enterprise of the theater. It would spare the critics many dull hours, the managers much loss of money, and—where they cannot take their losses in a sporting spirit—of temper, while the public opinion of the stage and all its works would be immensely improved.—The Globe, London.

SENSE OF HONOR IN TRAMPS

Storekeeper Who Trusts "Gentlemen of the Road" Declares They Pay Debts Promptly.

In the north part of New York there is a postmaster, who is also owner of a small general store, who has ideas about the tramp that are different from the ideas entertained by the average citizen. The owner of the store and the representative of Uncle Sam is stationed at a junction of three or four railroads, and nearby is a wood, an ideal place for a tramps' camp, which has been a rendezvous for years.

Several years ago the storekeeper began selling goods to the hoboes for cash. He observed that the same faces came in regularly, at intervals of a month or more. Soon the tramps began to ask for credit, and the storekeeper extended it. He found that invariably the tramp came in and paid his bill on his next return to the rendezvous, or if he were out on a long trip, a money order would be sent for the amount. He has dealt with the shifting population for nearly 20 years, and declares he has never lost a cent from a bad account with one. He does not know the names of his customers, except as they are accosted by their fellows by the road names they bear, and most of the accounts are kept in the storekeeper's mind.

Troublesome Moose of Maine.

Hancock county, which is in southeastern Maine, is suffering a plague of moose and up around the headwaters of Union river and in the region of Saponic and Nickalious lakes the people who stay on farms the year around are calling for help.

Last summer the animals did serious injury to farm crops. This winter it appears they have yarded in and fed upon varieties of slash that seemed to be the honest pioneer's last resource. One farmer writes the state commissioners of inland fisheries and game to the effect that several years ago he bought a tract of 200 acres of wild land with the intent to go over it annually and cut out hoop poles. He did that once.

Then, as he expresses it, about the time that thousands of sprouts came up "the moose came in," destroyed the sprouts "and continue annually to destroy at least 200 of poles besides the growth." And this man and his neighbors have no redress short of the ultimate gun, since, though a state law provides reimbursement for crop damages inflicted by deer, moose do not figure in this way in any statute.—Boston Transcript.

Time Signals by Telephone.

A mechanism has been attached to the time-clock at the Hamburg observatory by which the exact official time is transmitted to the telephone system of the city. From the fifty-fifth to sixtieth second of each minute the apparatus transmits a musical signal, which is followed by a phonographic announcement of the exact minute. The signals are transmitted by special wire to the headquarters of the telephone system, and thence to each local exchange. Any telephone subscriber who wishes to get the exact time has only to ask for the time connection at his exchange and to listen for the phonographic announcement. This is an improvement upon the American method by which time signals are transmitted by telegraph only once a day.—Youth's Companion.

Sacrificed to Reform.

"You have abandoned the picturesque custom of crowning a queen of the May?"

"Yes," replied the merry villager; "we had to give it up. There got to be so many candidates and so much campaigning that politics left us no time for business."

NEVER ALLOWED TO "INFORM"

Point of Military Etiquette That Is Impressed on Youngsters in the Service.

"No matter how much a second lieutenant in the army may know, he must never presume to 'inform' his superior officers," remarked a captain in one of the organizations of the National Guard of the District of Columbia recently.

"I found that out long ago," Col. O. B. Mitcham, in command of this artillery division, sent me a request for information along certain lines, and I dug out the material and wrote out a letter in reply which I thought was strictly military. I took it down to 'Sergt. Drew at militia headquarters. Drew has been a post quartermaster sergeant in the islands, and has had more experience in the formality of military correspondence than any one I know of.

"Sergt. Mike looked at it one second and nearly fainted. 'Great Scott,' he gasped, 'you'd be shot at sunrise if you sent that along.'

"I had written, 'Sir, I have the honor to inform you, and so forth.'

"It looked good and military to me, but Sergt. Mike Drew, when he had recovered from the shock, wept on my shoulder and said:

"My boy, don't you know in the army nobody is ever allowed to inform a superior officer? You may have all the information in the world, but don't presume to inform anybody that's even one inch over you. It will get you in bad. Just change that letter so it will read, I have the honor to report."

MINCE PIE FINDS CHAMPION

Barring of Delectable Dessert From Female Seminaries Held to Be Liberal on Pastry.

Mince pie has endured from generation to generation and is not cast down. It has suffered long from the attacks of critics for whom it is strong meat, but it still is kind to those who love it and whom it loves. It gives and needs strength. We note without despondence the attempt in various New England colleges for girls to give this delectable dish a new bad name and hang it.

"It is ruinous for the complexion," says one preceptress. And another prates of technicalities of digestion. But at good old Wellesley they have mince three times a year for the girls who cannot go home for the holidays, and there you have the whole case for the libeled pastry in a sentence. Mince pie is the home pie, a happy New Year and back-to-the-farm and good-for-the-old-folks and all sorts of things that keep together the families in which the nation is great.

Complexions! Why, the country was full of them before any food critic drew the hot air of life. And it will be full of them still when the last foe of mince pie falls under the crust that mother makes. As for the girls' colleges—well, if the higher education is raising a parcel of daughters that cannot stand mince pie, it surely is not bringing up a band of sisters entitled to the ballot.—New York World.

Too Deep.

Joseph E. Widener was showing a group of visitors his father's income parable picture gallery at Lynwood Hall, the Widener residence of white marble near Philadelphia.

The talk turned to forged Raphaels, and Mr. Widener said: "There is an American who bought a Raphael in Rome some years ago. The Italian law prohibits the exportation of masterpieces, and the American had the happy idea of getting the Raphael painted over. This was accordingly done. The rare old painting reached New York in the guise of a modern snow scene.

"Then a restorer, under the watchful owner's eye, set to work on it. With a sponge dipped in turpentine he proceeded to rub the snow scene off. He sponged it off readily, but he sponged a bit of the Raphael off, too—and, behold, underneath the Raphael a portrait of Marconi was revealed."

No More Fox Hunts for Him.

Arthur B. Sull, sheriff of Prince Georges county, Md., says he never again will indulge in a fox chase. He always was fond of the sport, but on the occasion of his last chase he had such an unpleasant and exciting experience that he concluded to go after smaller game in the future.

"We had been out but a short while," he related to friends, "before we were on a trail, but it took us some time to dig the fox from his hole. A skunk was the fox's companion and both came out together."

Both animals were killed and taken to Forestville.

"With our party was a dare-devil sort of a fellow," the sheriff said, "and he rode his horse through the village store, the skunk hanging to the animal's side.

"The store was quickly deserted," he added, "and I resolved to participate in no more such hunts."

In the Interests of Art.

"How ugly those railway coaches are!" exclaimed the critical young woman. "Couldn't you adopt some suitable color scheme?"

"Well," replied the railway official; "so long as we are compelled to operate on jim crow lines, maybe it would be neat and appropriate to paint them black and white."

PRESCRIPTION DID THE WORK

Doctor's Advice That at First Seemed Hard-Hearted Effected a Permanent Cure.

Dr. Stephen Smith, who was 89 years old on February 19, is one of New York's distinguished surgeons, and a founder of the first nurses' training school established in this country. He is also the originator of what he calls the "peanut cure" for tuberculosis. He used it with success long before fresh-air sanitariums and sleeping bags had come into vogue.

"I happened to invent the cure in this way," he said. "A rosy-cheeked, wholesome Irish girl brought her sister to my office and asked me what I could do for her. The sister was plain, sickly, and weak, and obviously had bad lungs.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked the girl with the red cheeks.

"Tend a corner peanut stand," she said.

"And what does your sister do?"

"Oh, she's too sickly to be outdoors; we don't let her work."

"Well," I said, "you buy your sister a peanut stand and keep her outdoors. That's the only thing I can recommend."

"The two girls looked horrified and departed. I did not think anything more about the case until two years later, when two big healthy rosy-cheeked girls came to my office. I recognized one as the peanut stand keeper; the other I couldn't place. But she soon introduced herself as my old patient, the sickly sister of my rosy-cheeked visitor.

"And what have you been doing to yourself?" I asked.

"Keeping a peanut stand," she said.

HAS A NEWSPAPER OF 1773

St. Paul Man Owner of Publication in Which George Washington Was an Advertiser.

A newspaper dated Friday, August 20, 1773, has come into the possession of Edward Gerving, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. It is a copy of the first issue of the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser. It has not yet been submitted to an archaeologist to determine its authenticity, but it looks the part with its queer old fashioned type and its decayed yellow paper which has to be handled with care lest it crumble.

Mr. Gerving lives at the Marlowe apartments. An elderly woman formerly lived there with her son. The woman died and the son moved to other parts leaving a lot of old magazines piled in a corner of the apartment. These the janitor turned over to Mr. Gerving and in the pages of an old copy of the Youth's Companion he found the ancient newspaper.

The paper contains an interesting advertisement signed by one George Washington, a real estate operator living at Mount Vernon, who had twenty thousand acres of fine land, the patents to which he was anxious to dispose of.

One subscriber announces that a reward will be paid for a "runaway negro, Prince, a tall, slim fellow, has several hacks on his forehead, was taken up at Susquehanna Ferry but made his escape and is often seen around the neighborhood. Whoever secures him in jail so that the owner may get him again shall have five pounds reward."

Good Reason.

Daniel Kennedy, New York's famous auctioneer, was talking about a collection of French snuffboxes that had sold too low.

"You ask why the owner sold them so low?" said Mr. Kennedy. "Well, he sold them low because he had to. Poverty compelled him."

"It is like the story of the little boys with the green ribbon in their coats. The school teacher interrogated these little boys to see what their knowledge of Irish history amounted to.

"Patrick," she began, "why are you wearing a green ribbon today?"

"Because it's the anniversary of the great and good St. Patrick, ma'am."

"Very well. And you, Michael, why are you wearing a green ribbon?"

"Because St. Patrick is Ireland's patron saint, ma'am, and green is Ireland's color."

"Good! And now, Solomon Eckharsteln, tell us why you in your turn are wearing a green ribbon."

"Because, ma'am, Pat and Mike and Denny said they'd put me snoot if I didn't."

New Science.

"What do theseimps do?" asks the new arrival of Satan.

"They go to the world and tempt people."

"Do they always induce the people to yield to the temptation?"

"Oh, no. Not once in 100 times. But that is as much as I expect."

"My dear sir, your place is run on a most old-fashioned system, indeed! Here, look over this volume. 'Efficiency in Business.' It shows you how to get 100 per cent. results."

Well-Chosen Words.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, at a farewell luncheon in New York, said of a famous bishop who had married a tremendously rich widow:

"I suppose he proposed to her in appropriate and well-chosen terms. I suppose he said:

"Dear madam, will you exchange the widow's mite for the miter?"

TOUCHED THEIR SOFT HEART

In the Circumstances, Expressed Hope of Irish-Youth Seemed Somewhat Humorous.

Supreme Court Justice Cobalan of New York, who is proud of his Irish blood, also believes that for keen wit and humor no race in the world equals the Irish. The justice spent the greater part of last summer on the "ould sod" and when he came home he had acquired a great fund of funny anecdotes illustrative of the often un-conscious humor of the natives he met.

He tells a story of two husky lads who were tenants of the same landlord and who were constantly embroiled either with the man himself or one of his agents. At last things came to such a pass that the two decided to waylay their landlord. They chose a favorable spot along the road over which they knew the landlord must travel that afternoon and crouched in the ditch waiting. To beguile the time each told the other a part of the punishment he had devised for the landlord.

Said one, "O'll tap him on the head wid me blackthorn and whin he falls O'll step on his face an—"

The other interrupted: "O'l mane to cut off his ears, split his nose an' if he makes a fuss O'll slit his weaz-an'."

They kept up the bloodthirsty conversation for some time and at last one noticed the day was almost done and that it was far past the time when the landlord might have been expected to pass. He interrupted his sanguinary threats to call the attention of his companion to the flight of time and the non-appearance of the man they expected, exclaiming:

"Och, the poor fellow, O'l hope nothin's happened him!"

SET THE PACE IN RECEPTIONS

Splendid Affair Given by United States Ambassador Guild Dazzled St. Petersburg Society.

The German and Russian newspapers bristle with reports concerning an official reception by the American ambassador at St. Petersburg, Curtis Guild, in the splendid palace he occupies, which was formerly the residence of Count Orloff Denison. Not even Ambassador Leshman, glittering at the Kaiser's court, could have been more imposing. The ambassador had at his side a functionary from the imperial court, who presented the guests. The ambassador's wife was beautifully gowned.

The guests were announced by a servant from the imperial ministry, who wore a black suit of eighteenth century style, with a lace jabot.

Mrs. Guild was greatly fatigued, for she had to stand three hours with outstretched hand in order that it might be kissed by all the men, according to the Russian fashion.

In the grand dining hall on the floor above, hung with pictures of the Orloffs of the last three centuries, was a surprise for the guests. Instead of the usual tables with servants serving champagne, there were models in lieu of a Russian farm house and an American cottage, lit with incandescent lights, from which flowed fountains of champagne. The American cottage fountain bubbled with dry wine, while the Russian emitted a fruity variety.

Real Eugene Aram.

A sale of relics of Eugene Aram reminds us that Lord Lytton's Aram was a very different personage from him who was hanged at York, who, judging from the published account of the trial, was merely a felon of the baser sort. He associated with low companions, married a low wife and practiced swindling with a miserable creature whom in his younger days he was associated with in stealing flower-pots—for they were both gardeners—and finally murdered him to swallow a few pounds, the proceeds of a swindle.

Aram possessed a vigorous intellect, had mastered the learned languages, had read every classic that came in his way, and, says a distinguished writer, when the learned felon came to make his defense all Britain was astonished by a piece of pleading which, if given to the public among the defenses and under the name of Thomas Lord Erskine, so celebrated for this species of composition, would certainly not be deemed unworthy of the collection of its author.

Work For Kings.

The sphere of foreign affairs is one in which a British monarch, for all his complete subordination to constitutional forms, still exercises real power. Unlike the late king, who by his own traveling ambassador and whose personality made him welcome in the capitals of Europe, George V. chooses to work through his ministers, but there is every reason to believe that the monarch's views will carry weight with the cabinet. Situated as he is above party, the king may readily work for international friendship and peace without being accused of betraying the country's interests.

Biggest Thing in the World.

"Fighting Bob" Evans," said a naval veteran of Washington, "had, like most fighters, a tender heart."

"Fighting Bob" had a specially tender heart toward children. I once heard him say, as he held his little grandchild's hand:

"A child is the biggest thing in the world. A ragged, emaciated, hungry child is to me bigger than a battleship."