

WAS SAVED BY THE DOCTORS

Victim of Robbers Recovered Because the Physicians Didn't Probe for the Bullets.

The expert medical witness had just descended from the stand when a recess was announced in the criminal court and so he paused for a few moments to chat with Judge Ralph S. Hatzhaw, who dearly delights in twitting the medicos.

"Whenever I see a doctor on the stand," related the judge, "I am forcibly reminded of an experience when I was an assistant prosecuting attorney many years ago.

"A storekeeper on East Ninth street was shot by robbers when he refused to open his cash drawer. Four bullets found him at their mark and when officers arrived on the scene he was lying on the floor, dead to all outward appearances. Doctors, who had hurried to the store, took a look at him, shook their heads and went away. Not one of them offered to probe for the bullets.

"And do you know," smiled the judge to the doctor, "that was what saved him. The storekeeper recovered and is in business to this very day. He still carries the bullets, one of them in his head. Now what would have happened to him, doctor, if they had probed for the bullets?"

But by this time the expert was gone.—Kansas City Journal.

BREAD OF VIKINGS FOUND

Made From Pine Bark and Pea Meat. It Was Discovered in Gothland.

An interesting find was made at Ljunga, Gothland, by Dr. Schnittger, professor at Stockholm university. This is some bread that dates from the time of Vikings.

Microscopical examination has shown this bread to be made from pine bark and pea meat, thus proving the fact that peas were grown in Sweden as far back as a thousand years ago.

Archaeological excavation has so far brought to light only a few specimens of bread dating from ancient or prehistoric times. The few loaves excavated in Egypt and in Swiss lake dwellings are of the highest archaeological interest.

In the northern countries only one or two finds of this kind have so far been made, foremost among which should be mentioned a corn meal loaf dating from the fourth century A. D., which was discovered by Dr. Schnittger in 1898 in connection with the excavation of Boberg castle.—Scientific American.

Sort of Blanket Ballot.

Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina has a colored maid servant that has been in his family since the days of slavery. She is a loyal servant, and thinks that "Mahstah Lee" represents all that is best in human-kind.

When Overman was running for the senate the first time, Mrs. Overman had a telephone connection with the legislative chamber at Raleigh, and got the news of each ballot as it was taken. The old colored mammy didn't know what a ballot was, but she caught the idea that the more Overman got the better his wife was pleased. That night she was overheard praying aloud in her room.

"Oh, Lawd," she said, "take Mahstah Lee in the hollow of yo' han' and see' covah him with them 'ere ballots, whatever they is, and make him get dah."

Moon Struck.

The moon was falling on the lake. "Dearest," he murmured. She sighed happily. The moon was still falling. His arm trembled slightly about her waist.

"I was just going to propose—" he ventured.

"Oh," she sighed again, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"That we get up and go home—"

"Oh," she sighed again. The moon was falling rapidly.

"In about four hours!" he ended triumphantly, bringing the other arm to bear. And the splash made by the moon was plainly audible 40 miles away.

Saner Signs of Mourning.

A great deal of discussion will probably be aroused in social circles by the announcement that the young widow of Col. John Jacob Astor will wear white for mourning, instead of black. It is likely that in a few years the whole system of modern mourning for the dead, as expressed in outward ways, will be greatly modified. One great influence in this modification will be that of sanitary science, for there is much in the present style of mourning, both as to living and to dead, which is distinctly detrimental to health and which calls for more sensible ways of expressing sorrow for the dead.—Baltimore American.

Logical Reasoning.

Thelma Smith, a little east side girl, has heard a great deal about the danger of contracting disease from handling articles belonging to others. She has been taught that she must not use the brushes and combs of other members of the family.

On one occasion the little tot was found industriously lathering her face with her father's shaving brush. She was duly reprimanded and told that she should know better.

"What will I catch, mamma—white-kers?" inquired Thelma anxiously.

IN BASEBALL AS IN LIFE

Senator Gardner's Words of Hope Might Well Be Applied to Either of the Games.

Senator Obadiah Gardner, the man from Maine with the Mark Hanna features, gets more enjoyment out of a ball game than a chauffeur does out of scaring pedestrians. A short time ago, in the absence of a league game in Washington, Senator Gardner paused on his way to the senate to watch a bunch of boys playing on the Capitol grounds.

One little chap had just muffed a pop fly that, if safely handled, would have retired the other side. He had to stand for many shouts of derision and deprecating epithets, and was greatly cast down.

Senator Gardner called him over to him.

"Do you know," said the senator, "I can remember, as if it were only last week, a game I played in, at center field, when I was about your age, and how sore everybody got at me because I kept muffing balls, always at the worst possible time. In the last inning I came to the bat with two runs against us and knocked a three-bagger that put us one ahead. And all the boys that had been making fun of my fielding were the first to hit me to their shoulders and carry me off the field in a blaze of glory. So you can see how little sense there'd be in being cast down over a poor play, or swelled up over a good play, when people are so quickly swayed by a streak of luck. If I were you I wouldn't care a continental what they said about me. You may lam out a home run the next time up."

And the boy seemed properly encouraged.

HE SIGNED THE REGISTER

But the Buxom Widow's New Husband Wrote Just What She Had Taught Him.

A buxom and winsome widow decided to continue her late husband's business (wholesale meat purveyor), and appointed his confidential and reliable man, one John Jinx, as her manager. John, though an astute and clever business man, could neither read nor write. The widow partly cured him of the latter defect by teaching him to write: "Settled, John Jinx," when giving a receipt for accounts paid to him.

The business improved and prospered, as likewise did the amatory feelings between the widow and John, the latter fructifying in a proposal and acceptance of marriage. After the usual preliminaries the ceremony took place, followed by an adjournment to the vestry to complete the legal formalities.

The necessary particulars were duly entered in the marriage register, and happy John was the first asked to sign. John, somewhat blushing, took pen in hand, and clearly and unmistakably wrote as his signature in the register: "Settled, John Jinx."

Synthetic Diamonds.

There recently appeared in Paris some diamonds having all the earmarks of the genuine article, and they were offered to a number of dealers at very attractive prices. Certain rigid tests were applied by experts engaged in the trade, with the result that they were proven to be slightly different from natural stones. The diamonds are believed to be manufactured by a synthetic process, but by experts who examined them they were claimed to be genuine. From this it seems the secret of making diamonds is really being solved, and it will not be long until this new product of the electric furnace will take its place with synthetic rubies, sapphires and other manufactured gems which are now sold in the open market.—Exchange.

Shoulders and Desks.

Symmetry in the arrangement of seats and desks in school rooms works against the health of the child, according to a recent statement by Superintendent of Schools Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago. Mrs. Young says that many children become round shouldered in a short time because seats are not of proper height to allow pupils to work comfortably at their desks. "Hardly a child is round shouldered when he enters the primary grade," she says, "yet many are decidedly so before they reach the fourth grade." She thinks that the idea of symmetry of desks should be abandoned for the idea of the symmetry and health of the child.

Kinder Skittish.

A good old mammy of ante-bellum days went into a shoe store and asked for "a pair of everday shoes—small tens." The clerk selected a pair of men's heavy plow shoes for her and she seated herself to try them on. The clerk remained standing in front of her. She glanced up and asked: "Honey, is you all gwine to stan' dere while I tries 'em on?" The clerk answered: "Why, no, amntie; I'll move on if you wish it." She said: "Please do, honey, 'cause I see white folks raised and I see kinder skittish."—Chicago Post.

Much Longer.

Mrs. Exe (with newspaper)—Here's an interesting list of things a penny will do. It is nearly half a column long.

Mr. Exe—Humph! You ought to see a list of the things a penny won't do.

TUNIS QUICKER THAN RENO

Divorce Is Granted in Less Than an Hour and Costs \$1.20 in African City.

The next time you happen to be in Tunis, don't fail to pay a visit to the divorce court. It is the most Haroun-al-Raschid institution this side of Samarkand. A great hall of justice, vaulted and floored with marble and strewn with eastern carpets, forms the setting, while husbands in turbans and lawyers and green robed, gray bearded judges complete a scene which might have been taken straight from the Arabian Nights.

The women, closely veiled and hooded, are herded like so many cattle within an iron grill, take no part in the proceedings which so intimately affect their futures, their interests being left in the hands of a voluble and gesticulative avocet. In each of the four sides of the great hall is an alcove, and in each alcove, seated cross legged on a many cushioned divan, is a green robed gold turbaned cadi. To him the husband stated his case, the wife, through her avocet, putting in her defense—if she has any. The judge considers the facts in silence, gravely stroking his long gray beard the while, and then delivers his decision—in nine cases out of ten, so I was told, in favor of the husband.

Should either person be dissatisfied with the finding he or she can take an appeal by the simple process of walking cross the hall laying their case before one of the other judges, whose decision is final. A case, even if appealed, is generally disposed of well under an hour and at a total cost of \$1.20, which proves conclusively that the record for quick and easy divorces is not held by Reno.—Metropolitan Magazine.

IT HAPPENED IN PICADILLY

Anecdote of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson and the Awkward Young Man.

"Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the beautiful young woman who danced over here some time ago, has offended Queen Mary," said a Washington diplomat's wife. "She actually told the queen to stand out of the light at a picture exhibition.

"Lady Constance, you know, is capable of anything. They are telling an anecdote about her at the Bath club.

"She was walking in Picadilly the other day—so the anecdote runs—and a young man attempted to pass her on the right, when she also turned that way. The young man then veered to the left, and Lady Constance did the same. And there they stood for a minute or more, overcome by that ridiculous something which makes two people, face to face on a wide sidewalk, dodge simultaneously this way and that without being able to pass each other by.

"Lady Constance, after nine or ten of these awkward movements, smiled demurely and said:

"Well, I'm sure, if you want to dance, I don't mind—but what's it to be, the turkey trot or the grizzly bear?"—Washington Star.

Violin Brings Farmer Wealth.

Finding himself suddenly possessed of a violin evidently of great value, Charles Riley, a Gettysburg farmer of moderate circumstances, is now happy over the turn of affairs which he believes has freed him for the rest of his life from financial worries. The violin was supposed to be worthless and came to him in the distribution of his father's personal effects.

Riley thought little of the instrument until he was offered \$50 for it. He then suspected that it might be worth more, and refused the offer. Gradually the would-be purchaser increased his offer until it reached \$7,500, which Riley still refused.

Later in the day an effort was made by another person to buy the violin, but Riley is holding on to it until he can obtain more. The instrument bears the date "1783," which is carved on it. His father purchased it at a public sale.

"Solid Gold."

Commercially speaking, the term "solid gold" is a misnomer, since such gold has not been used for many, many years. Some of the ancient Roman jewelry and some of that of the Renaissance period was, indeed, made of pure gold, worked up by hand with the crudest of tools, but since the old days there has been a constantly increasing employment of alloys, for the reason that jewelers found that the harder the gold was rendered by good alloys the greater its wearing qualities and the more secure, therefore, was the setting of the gems it contained. Nowadays jewelry is of 18, 14 or 10 carats, according to the design and character of the article, and it is much more frequently 10 than 12 carats.

Bird Slaughter Condemned.

A strong protest is being made in South Australia against the continual slaughter of such rare birds as the ibis, the egret, cranes and spoonbills to supply the demands of milliners. The slaughter is objectionable not only as destroying some of the most beautiful and interesting creatures of nature, but, according to the Journal of Agriculture, also as rendering South Australia ever more prone to plagues of grasshoppers, and is a prime cause of the decline of its fish resources. As the wandering birds disappear the crustaceans that destroy fish spawn increase the multitude.

HE PUT IN THE COLOR NOTE

How the Artist Turner Changed One of His Pictures From Failure to Success.

Thomas Shrewsbury Parkhurst, the Toledo artist, is in Milwaukee to visit the Milwaukee Art society where an exhibition of his paintings is being held. He has found Milwaukee a busy place and has been whisked from one home to another of the principal members of the art society and others who are interested in art. In his round of dinners and teas he has established a reputation for story telling—not meaning to insinuate, of course, that he ever departs from the strict letter of the truth. Many of his stories are of other painters. One he tells of Turner.

Turner had exhibited a new painting in the Paris salon and on the opening night a number of his friends spoke derogatorily of his work. He said nothing, but the next morning he invited the same friends to view the painting again.

The criticism had been directed toward the grayness of the scene, which represented a dead gray sea upon which was anchored a somewhat dead-gray ship. From the background a gray fog rolled in. When the critics arrived the next morning a vermillion buoy floated upon the gray waves and the iron hawser that anchored the boat had taken on a red tone. The picture sold immediately and is now known as one of Turner's best.

Mr. Parkhurst told this as an illustration of what forcing a color note will do to a picture.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

ORATOR'S TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Description of the Beauties and Virtues of the Gentler Sex.

It takes 100 men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths. It forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Russia's New Naval Base.

Reval, which Russia proposes to make into one of her strongest naval bases, has under a variety of names, been a fortified town for many centuries. The Danes were the first to occupy and strengthen it in the thirteenth century. Then came the Hanseatic league, which made it one of its leading ports, and then in 1561 it became Swedish territory. Bombarded by the Danes and Russians failed to reduce it, and it was still an important fortress when it surrendered to Peter the Great in 1710, and since then it has been greatly strengthened by Russia.

Perched on a hill within a huge circling harbor, Reval still retains memories of its checkered history. A year or two ago I found about half a dozen droshkies on the stand in the quiet market place. Between them the drivers chattered in German, Swedish, Russian, French—and one of them could bargain only in the language of Lithuania.—London Chronicle.

Six Years to Construct Clock.

A clock constructed throughout of glass is the result of six years' work on the part of a Bavarian glass polisher. The plates and pillars which form the framework are of glass and are bolted together with glass screws. The dial plate, hands, shafts and cogwheels are of glass and glass wedges and pins are used for fastening the various parts of the running gear together, says The-Bits. Like the clock itself, the key by which it is wound is of glass. The construction of the remarkable timepiece was a matter of infinite pains. Some of the parts had to be made as many as 40 times before a clock that would go could be produced.

Billions in Exports of Manufactures.

The estimate that a billion dollars' worth of manufactures will be exported in the current fiscal year, made by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, seems likely to be justified. The official figures show for the nine months ending with March \$730,000,000 worth of manufactures exported, these figures being \$74,000,000 in excess of those for the corresponding period of the preceding year; and as the exports of manufactures in the year ending June 30, 1911, were valued at \$907,000,000, the figures at hand seem to clearly indicate that the total for the current year will pass the billion-dollar line.

OIL POWER ON THE OCEAN

Success of Internal Combustion Engine May Cause Revolution in Shipping Industry.

A great revolution in the shipping industry probably unequalled in any period of its history, was predicted in a recent interview in London by Sir Marcus Sarnel, head of the Shell Trading and Transport company, owing to the success of the internal combustion engine as a motive power for vessels.

"It insures," he said, "a saving in cost and a great saving of space, weight and crew. Cleanliness would be increased and also the comfort of passengers. It would insure safety from boiler explosions and spontaneous combustion and many other advantages.

"Those who argue about the increased cost of oil do not understand. You must remember that one ton of oil is equal to four tons of coal and that the larger power internal combustion engine makes for greater economy in using oil. I think it is a great pity the United States, with its immense oil resources, is not taking a more active part in the development of the internal combustion marine engine and that the largest oil company has not done more to encourage the trade.

"As an instance, this oil company went to Roumania, but from one point of view it was singularly unsuccessful. The production after some years' working reached an average of about fifteen thousand tons a month. We went there years later and our production is 50,000 tons a month. I have always maintained that the oil supply of the world is more likely to be met in the Borneo fields than in any other. There we have unlimited supplies, so the question of prohibitive cost need not enter into the reckonings of the maintenance of motor driven vessels."

SHE GAVE HER AGE AS 34

But the Witness Was Flustered and Told Her Bust Measurement by Mistake.

One of the court attaches tells of a rather amusing incident which occurred one day in municipal court. An important criminal case was pending. All the testimony was in, and the attorneys had finished their arguments. It was a tense moment. The court had turned to the jury and was about to make his final charge when a woman arose in the audience.

"Can I say a word?" she asked the judge. The court gave permission. The woman had been one of the chief witnesses for the defense.

"What effect would it have on my testimony if it became known that I told a falsehood on the witness stand?" she asked.

Attorneys for both sides leaped up and the jury looked startled.

"That all depends upon whether the testimony you falsified is material to the issue," said the court severely.

"But I couldn't help it," said the woman who was on the verge of tears. "They made me so excited with their old questions. They asked me how old I was, and I said thirty-four, but I was so flustered that I gave my bust measurement."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Fashion a Shy Bird.

Fashion is a shy bird, and an observant critic has noticed that tailors are not advising the frock coat and fancy waistcoat, which are becoming an opul' because Mr. Seddon was so dressed in the dock. The passing of the frock coat will be welcomed by many, and by many who do not remember the execution of Mrs. Manning in 1849, who swung in black satin, and made that material unfashionable for many years. There is an opening for reformers who wish to change the fashions and are willing to go to the stake for their belief. One can foresee a woman who will commit a murder in order to be hanged in a hobble skirt, so that there shall be no more hoble skirts in the fashionable world. And the enthusiastic vegetarian might kill some other donkey and die in leather boots, with the idea of bringing vegetable boots into fashion. There are many possibilities for the reformers who will consent to wear the wrong clothes on the right occasion.—London Chronicle.

World That Was New to Her.

Tommy Conovan, a property man in Cleveland, possesses among his personal "props" a number of amusing stories. This is one of them: "I used to be on the door at the Lyceum. One night when Joseph Murphy was playing there an old Irish lady approached with a ticket in her hand. Evidently she had never been in a playhouse before and was somewhat bewildered. She watched the line passing by me and listened as I called out 'upstairs' or 'downstairs' according to the tickets handed me. Finally she slowly approached and gave me her coupon. "Upstairs," I called. "Whisper," she said, as she leaned toward me, "can you tell me on what floor I can see Joseph Murphy?"

Barnum's Public.

P. T. Barnum's tent manager came to him one day and complained that he could not move the crowds from the big tent after the show. Barnum considered a moment. "Get Sam to stand near the door and yell out 'This way to the circus!'" He advised with twinkling eyes.—Short Stories.

OLD ABE MARTIN IN FLESH

Says He Never Heard of Kin Hubbard, But Knows All the Family.

"It ain't much what yuh do es where yuh are when yuh do it."

He was Abe Martin in the flesh from his brogan square-toed shoes to the three hairs awry at the crown of his head and his homely philosophy.

"Hullo there, Aba," said Deputy Prosecutor McCarty, scanning in astonishment the faded figure. "How'd you get into police court?"

Judge Collins looked him over from head to foot. Abe grinned good naturedly and continued:

"Fer instance, if I'd took three drinks down home nobody's that much 'bout it—up here t' ind'p'ills the p'lice arrest me an' I ain' got a thing agin 'em fer it, nuther."

The semblance to Abe Martin was so striking in outline that some one believed he had found the original, the artist creator's original.

"Do you know Kin Hubbard?" "Sure, I know all the Hubbards down t' Clayton—mighty nice folks, tew. Who'd yuh say—Kin. They ain' none of 'em named Kin—not as I knows of."

He denied strenuously being from Brown county. He was from Hendricks, he said.

"An m' name's like my daddy before me. An we're plain farmers. I don't know where folks get this Abe Martin they all call me. I ain't never read nothin' 'bout no president or congressman of that name. Some one said his picture wuz in the paper, but I ain't never seen it."

And Judge Collins dismissed the charge of drunkenness and let him go.

NOT THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE

Little Visitor to the Zoo Knew That That Bird Has Two Heads.

Never try to tell anything to a boy who has gone to these modern public schools. Why, those institutions of learning teach more things that you ever heard of when you were young, that you've never heard of since you were not young.

Here's a modern instance: A six-year-old boy was taken to the zoo last Sunday by his forty-year-old father. They saw the elephant, they saw the monkeys, they saw the ox. Finally they got to the ornithological collection. The kid noticed an interesting bird in the eagle cage, and he asked:

"Papa, what's that bird?" Papa looked at the label and replied, "That is an Austrian eagle."

"O'wan!" said the boy; "it ain't no such thing."

"Yes it is—it says so in the catalogue."

"I don't care what it says in th' catalogue. I got eyes. This here bird ain't got but on' head. Th' Austrian eagle has two heads, and I know fer I've saw a pitcher of it on flags!"

As to Fate.

Corra Harris, author of "The Recording Angel," makes some keen observations on the destinies of human beings in general. One of the representative bits of her philosophy follows:

"The biography of humans is made up more of what they plan to do than of what they really achieve. If it is set down literally, you work hard with a certain aim in view. You purpose to arrive with your collateral all properly arranged for the event. It is clear sailing. Then fate takes the gripes and inadvertently kicks you under the fifth rib; and there you are, set back about ten years. Your grand-mother died without leaving you the inheritance you had every reason to expect. You have to get up and make your own fortune. Or, the ballots are counted, and you are not elected. You have to run again. God sees to it that you do not, but the stars every time you fetch a surge. It is providential precaution against your destruction of the solar system."

Inclination to Get Into Ruts.

We are all too much inclined to get into ruts. For one thing it is easy. For another, some of us dislike doing the unusual for fear of being talked about or laughed at. Laziness, indifference, or self-consciousness holds us tight and fast in the same routine of living year in and year out.

Women shut themselves out of much that is live and vital by not joining some of the women's clubs that are now so important a part of life.

They are shutting out whole universes when they confine themselves to one line of reading.

Indeed, one can create many new worlds for herself by bringing into one's life new interests. It is one of the most effective ways of keeping young.

Englishman Norwegian Knight.

King Haakon of Norway has created Angus Watson of the firm of Angus Watson & Co. a first class Knight of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, and has given him the insignia of the order.

This order, which is very rarely conferred except to Norwegians, has been given to Mr. Watson with the consent of the British sovereign.

This decoration has been granted as an acknowledgment of the services that Mr. Watson has been able to render the Norwegian fishing industry in various parts of the world in connection with the sale of the excellent fish which is familiar to all as "skipper."