Only Favoritism Wanted.

George Gould spoke of railway difficulties at a recent board meeting.

"A railway finds it impossible, by being just, to please all hands," Mr. Gould concluded. "There is truth in the story of the commuter who entered a railway superintendent's office with a black frown.

"'Well, what next?' the superintendent said to the man impatiently. 'By our new time table don't three additional trains stop at your station now?'

"'Yes, but,' growled the commuter, 'they stop at all the other little stations, too.'"

His Walking Papers.

"My sister'll be down in a minute," said little Clarence, who was entertaining the young man in the parlor. "I heard her tellin' maw a little while ago that she was goin' to give you your written permission to perambulate to-night. What do you reckon she meant by that?"

"I think I know, Clarence," said the young man, reaching for his hat. "You may tell her, if you please, that I have decided not to wait for it."

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sarcasm.

Cleaning the Stage.

"We hope," said the spokesman of the committee, "to enlist your support in favor of a clean stage."

"You have it," responded the theatrical manager, heartily. "Why, almost every one of my plays opens with a girl dusting everything in sight."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PILE CURE FREE: Wonderful Pile Remedy sent free to sufferers by addressing Rea Company, Dept. B5, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE TURTLE'S HEAD.

Chopped Off, It Retains Life for a Number of Hours.

On the counter, in a porcelain dish, stood the severed head of a large turtle.

"That is rather grewsome," said a man who was buying oysters.

The oyster opener glanced at the head carelessly.

"It is a bet," said he. "I bet Gus Schmidt that the head would keep alive twenty-four hours. It's nearly twenty-five now since I chopped it off. Gus is late. But I win anyhow," he added.

"Where's my money? Pay me my money!" a deep voice shouted at this moment, and a short man swaggered in.

"You've lost, Gus," said the oyster opener. "There is still life in her."

"There is—nit," said Gus Schmidt. "Nix on the life."

And he extended a stumpy finger fearlessly toward the turtle's mouth.

"Gee!"

Startled, amazed, Gus Schmidt leaped back. For in the turtle's open eyes a fierce light had flashed, the ugly mouth had opened and shut with a sharp snap, and the head in some strange way had advanced an inch or two toward the tempting finger, much as a piece of steel advances toward a magnet.

"This may surprise you, Gus," said the oyster opener, wiping his wet hands in order to pocket his winnings. "But it don't surprise me none. I've seen turtle heads keep life in 'em longer'n this here."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not a Regular Nimrod.

Employer—You'd like to go and spend a week with friends in the country, would you, Roger?

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Employer—What's your little game now, Roger?

Office Boy—Rabbits, sir.

Righteous Wrath.

"What were those two boys fighting about?"

"Johnny was trying to show Dicky how to make a noiseless popgun."

FOOD FACTS.

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact, I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public."

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts, when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body, will work miracles.

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

I happened to be sitting in my den, writing, the following afternoon, when glancing out of the big window that looks up the beach, I caught sight of a woman walking near the water. I picked up my binoculars and focussed them on her. It proved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a riding-habit, and with a broad felt hat on her head. She was walking in a somewhat aimless fashion, skirting the waves as though she were playing with them. I saw her glance once at the Ship and once in the direction of my house.

I put down the glasses and laid my papers aside. When I went down-stairs I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in the kitchen.

"Do you remember how to make tea—good tea?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling well, sir?"

"Quite well. Please make some tea that shall be ready to serve in about an hour, and get out a box of those salty biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out in front of the door, with two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady and myself."

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no surprise, though he had never received such an order since we had been at Alastair.

I picked up a cap, and left the house. As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering shells. Half way to her, and she was still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; three-quarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak, before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hermit. Am I poaching on your preserves?"

"Not in the least. I make you free of the city."

There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered, but a found her riding-habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me.

"I left my horse tied back in the woods. Haven't you ever seen a riding-habit before?"

"Yes. I beg your pardon, but it's so very becoming."

Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and shook her riding-crop playfully at me.

"Beware, Mr. Hermit. Any man might say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position; you must be different. I look for the flavor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No. I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunset from the cliff?"

"Yes. My aunt has a headache and has stayed in bed all day. I bribed our waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so, you see, I'm free of the club and dinner." She spoke impulsively, as I imagined she might do many things, and glanced at me whimsically to see of what I was thinking. She had some of the artlessness of a child playing truant from school. "I do hate stupid conventions, such as chaperons," she added, "especially in summer."

We walked past my cottage, which Miss Graham looked at with much curiosity, asking me a hundred questions about it—how I had discovered it, why I had bought it, how it was fashioned inside, and how I did my marketing. I told her I had the same butcher they had at the club.

"Oh!" she said. "I half hoped you lived by hunting and fishing, but I suppose you'd rather indulge in ocasional beefsteaks."

"I'd rather live that way," said I, "but Charles, my man, wouldn't like that. He has a very cultivated palate."

When we came to the top of the cliff I felt like another Balboa discovering the Pacific. In front of us lay the entrance to the river, the sloping away of the dunes to the low, level fields of meadow-grass, and the distant background of the pines. Here and there the fields were dotted with beach marshmallow, windfalls delicately pink; along the sedgy banks grew clumps of cat-tails, their brown pennons stiff like so much bronze. At a little landing-stage, where the river had hollowed out a harbor in the bank, rode my cat-boat, the sail tightly furled, the mast rocking gently with the tide. As we looked a flock of sand-snipe rose from the tall rank grasses beyond the river and spread themselves like a sail against the western sky. Nature never looked so absolutely peaceful.

"Look," I said: a heron, red-legged, white-bodied, rose from the sedges and flapped his way up the stream. He called to his mate, a low, plaintive cry.

"It is beautiful," said the girl. "I don't wonder that you love it."

"Look," I said: the sun's kaleidoscope was changing, the pale yellows deepening, the pinks turning to reds, to oranges, to brilliant, blazing golds. Again it shifted and softened; red and yellow were saffron, orange the color of coral. Yet again, and the whole west was golden with a purple border, and then as the purple gained and the gold sank we could see the army of pines silhouetted against the dropping fire.

"They come, the armies come!" I cried. "See the spears, see the crested horsemen, see the banners in the rear!"

I turned and her eyes were shining, exulting in the beauty of the scene. Then we were silent for a time, until the blaze had softened and the battle dropped to a harmonious peace.

I found a seat for her, and stretched myself beside it.

"Tell me what you think," she said—"the stories you make up when you come here night after night."

I had known how that view of the sunset quiets, yet I was surprised to find her so still and calm. It seemed as though we had known each other for some time.

I have romanced to myself idly from that cliff when the yellow light lies over the sea and the river and the pines, and I drew upon my memory only to find it well stocked. Moreover, I learned much of the river people, of the birds that live in the marsh and of the animals of the woods. I had watched the purple grackle build his nest and the blue jay forage for his offspring when the summer was young, and I knew many a story of the sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering listener, her lips slightly parted, her eyes alight with interest.

"You must be hungry," I said at last, "lunch at noon, no supper until 8. I should like to offer you my cottage's hospitality."

I was looking for the flush that I knew would come, and was not disappointed.

"Thank you," she answered, "but, you see—what would people think if they looked in your dining-room window and saw me taking tea alone with you?"

"People don't look in my dining-room window," I answered.

She shook her head so decisively that I knew she meant it.

"At least, we will have a cup of tea on the beach," I said, "out of doors—oh, a dozen yards from the cottage, where all the world may see us if they choose."

"Splendid!" she cried, and, jumping up, led the way down from the heights.

On the smooth sand some distance from my door Charles had placed the little table. Two chairs faced each other; plates, napkins, and a center-piece of beach-marshmallows were the decorations, and my man, as straight and rigid as an Egyptian idol, stood a short distance off. Miss Graham gave a little cry of pleasure.

"It's like the Arabian Nights!" she exclaimed. "The whole thing seems to have sprung out of the sand."

I seated her at the table.

"You may serve the tea, Charles," I ordered.

He brought forth the tea-pot, and was about to pour the tea into our cups when Miss Graham expostulated. "It's the woman's place to do that!" she exclaimed, and Charles surrendered the tea-pot into her care.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked, with the delicate superority of a hostess to a guest.

"Two."

"Will you have lemon or cream?" There were both; I thanked my stars that Charles was so thoughtful.

"Lemon."

I received my tea-cup and a moment later had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Graham say that the brew was delicious. "And such pretty cups! I don't believe you're a bit of a hermit, but a very pampered old sybarite."

"We use these only on state occasions, for our honored guests," I explained.

"But I don't feel as if this were a state occasion," she answered. "It seems quite as though we'd been doing this all summer."

"I wish we had," I said, quickly.

"I mean, it seems so usual," she said. "And yet, in reality, you hardly know me at all; why, you haven't even met Aunt Elizabeth yet."

"No, that's true," I agreed. "But then, on the other hand, you don't know such a very great deal about me."

"It's the very fact that we know so little about each other in the usual ways, and so much in other ways," Miss Graham attempted to explain, "that makes everything so nice. We're both so much interested in the Ship and its history, you know."

"We are," I answered. "That reminds me that I was to tell you all about the Ship some time."

"Yes." She looked off to where the boat lay shinning like mahogany in the yellow afterglow. "But don't you think we'd better wait until we're on board again. The smell of tar and the feel of the wood will make it so much more real."

"Then, you'll come——" I began, and stopped, for Miss Graham was looking past me at the door of my house. I turned to see Islip there, a broad smile wreathing his face.

"Well, well, well!" he remarked, advancing. "What a charming idyl! Really, I had no idea when I came in at the back door that I should find such a pretty picture awaiting me in front." He bowed to Miss Graham. "Where is the horse, Barbara, that goes with your habit?"

"I left him in the woods. He's used to standing." She turned to me. "Mr. Selden, have you met Mr. Islip?"

"Yesterday," I answered. "He lunched here."

"Yes," put in Islip; "and he gave me as good a lunch as he's giving you tea. Really, Selden, you're not living up to your reputation as a recluse." He paused, looking from Miss Graham to me. "I hate an interloper, but I'm afraid that's the part assigned me. When you didn't appear at dinner, and couldn't be found, I volunteered to hunt. I was getting quite worried over the disappearance. Your Aunt Elizabeth——"

"Is ill in bed with a headache," said Miss Graham.

"Quite so; so we didn't like to tell her. I took all the responsibility on myself."

I may have looked somewhat sharply at Islip at these words, for when I turned to the girl I caught an amused gleam in her eyes.

"Thank you, Rodney. Aunt Elizabeth would thank you, too, if she knew."

The young man flushed and bit his lip. Miss Graham had a provoking tone when she wished. I felt sorry for him.

"Won't you sit down and have some tea?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I must be getting back, now I have found her."

He was too polite to look at his watch, but we both knew what he was thinking. "I left my horse in your back yard."

Miss Graham rose. "I must go, too. Thank you, Mr. Selden, for the sunset and the tea. Mr. Islip will find my horse and go back with me." Her eyes were dancing as she looked from one to the other of us men, and I hardly wonder, for I felt distinctly out of sorts all of a sudden, and Islip's face wasn't as cheerful as usual.

Charles brought Islip's horse down to the beach, and we three walked up to the point in the pines where Miss Graham had left her mount. There we separated.

"By the way, Selden," said Islip, "the market's shaky; slumping all yesterday and started in to-day. Better look out for a squall." He grinned as he disappeared.

Charles was clearing away the remains of the tea-party when I returned.

"Sorry, Mr. Felix," said he. "I tried to keep the gentleman away, but he would come out. Said he wanted to see you on pressing business."

"That's all right, Charles. He came to get my guest. We couldn't have sat there drinking tea all night."

"No, of course not, sir, of course not."

I turned to do indoors. "By the way, Charles, that tea was splendid; you did yourself proud.

By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place.

(To be continued.)

RAISE CHILDREN OR TOIL.

Economist Says That One Thing or the Other Must Be Done by Wives.

In the way of practical plans for the amelioration of conditions leading up to unhappy matrimony, two interesting suggestions have been forthcoming in recent weeks, says the New York Herald. One of them happens to be only a new variation of the old proposition of taxing the unmarried, but the other, by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, adopts an entirely different attitude in advising that in all families where there are no children the women should be bread earners. The two news items in the matter follow:

That wives should be largely self-supporting is the view taken by Dr. Simon Nelson Patten of the chair of economics of the University of Pennsylvania. He came here last week to tell the League for Political Education of his ideas and returned to Philadelphia, where he is at present the center of a storm of criticism.

The doctor, whom I saw yesterday, still maintains that his wife should go out to do a day's work, as her husband does, so that by the joint income the family revenues may be kept at a figure large enough to insure a good home and the proper care and education of the children. He finds that women of all ranks of life are entering a leisure class, to the diminution of the birth rate, the degeneration of society and the peril of the state.

"It all resolves to this," said he, "that woman is ceasing to become a producer in an industrial way. Her work has been taken away from her. In other generations she worked. With the introduction of machinery and of the department stores much of her vocation has been taken from her. A large part of the work which was once hers is now done outside of the house. Once she made clothes and even wove the cloth from which she fashioned garments. She went into the garden and raised vegetables; she milked the cows. There was a time when the farmers sneered at the man who milked. A woman always did that. I have traveled extensively through the farming districts of the West without ever having seen a farmer's wife milk a cow.

"Formerly the woman was the man's industrial partner. Her work now has gone out of the home and nothing remains for her but to leave the home in search of it. There is no use for her to waste her time in trying to do that which is now being better and more cheaply done by other means.

"It is far better that she should toil at some remunerative occupation and leave to other agencies the production of articles for household consumption."

Division of Labor.

"Got any work this mornin', Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be entrusted to him.

"No," was the response; and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution: "But wait a minute. Lawyer Phillips has owed me $20 for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half." And the merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer.

The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group, he called, in stentorian tones:

"Mistah Phillips, suh!"

"Well?" queried the lawyer, much annoyed.

"Mistah Boyd done tell me that you've owed him $20 for about a hundred years; and he wants to know kin you pay him, suh."

The lawyer hurried to Billy's side.

"You idiot," he said sotto voce, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a $10 bill into the old man's hand.

Back to the merchant toddled the old man.

"Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?"

The old man grinned.

"I got my half, all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—he's right smart hot over it, suh!"—Success Magazine.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

Unreasonable.

"My husband is so very unreasonable."

"Most husbands are. What did yours do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night, and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coarsely Defined.

"What is the distinguishing quality of the problem play?"

"It makes you think. The first half keeps you wondering what the question is, and the second half keeps you guessing what's the answer."—Washington Star.

The Roosters.

Knicker—Did you sleep well in the country?

Bocker—No; there were too many cuckoo clocks in the morning.

—Good— Short Stories

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection. "Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"

Others may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar: "Are you going to attend the funeral of General Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

When Bonaparte Blubell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked: "Peared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you begun to fiddle roun' Lily." "Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I didn't lose mah job till las' night."

An enlisted man at the post of Fort Leavenworth was not long ago ordered to the range for the first time for target drill. Out of twenty-one chances the newcomer never made a hit. "Oh, you dub!" exclaimed an officer standing near. "You've missed the target every time! What's the matter?" "Well, sir," answered the recruit, nonchalantly, "the only reason I can think of at present is that the person who set up my target hasn't placed it in a straight line from here."

One of the leading comedians of the Frankfurt Theater in Germany went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn, and the director said "No." "Very good," said the actor; "then I shall refuse to go on to-night." The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that." "Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for to-night, anyway."

Sir Charles Wyndham (speaking at a dinner) told of a young man he once heard of who was paying attention to a lady, to the great disgust of her father, who remonstrated very kindly with him. The father said: "If I see you in this house again I shall kick you out." The young man came back the very next day. "I told you what would happen," said the father, and it did happen. The young man did not appear for about five weeks, and then one day the father saw him coming toward the house, and immediately went and opened the front door. "Haven't you had enough?" said the old man. "Have you come again to see my daughter?" "No, no," replied the other. "I have come on behalf of the president of our football club."

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of a railway wreck was a newspaper reporter, remarks the Chicago Tribune. The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose, and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape. "How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him. "I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other. "How did this wreck happen?" "I haven't heard of any wreck." "You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?" "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

NORSEMEN DRILL ON SKIS.

Wonderful Feats Performed by Soldiers in Winter Time.

No other army in the world is so well prepared for a winter campaign as is the little Norwegian army, because none other has been so well trained to the use of skis and to campaigning in severe weather. Nearly all European armies have their ski division, but the rank and file is not given the drill under Arctic conditions, as are the soldiers of Norway.

The skill attained in handling the ski is marvelous and the evolutions of a command mounted on these long wooden skates is more interesting than any other feature of military drill.

To a ski runner moving along with his long, gliding movement, one would not suspect that he could "about face" almost as quickly as a soldier in a drill hall. The first sight of a ski company obeying a command to 'bout face is bewildering, and the thing must be repeated several times before the spectators will understand how it is done. Even then he will marvel how the men can get around so quickly.

The Norwegian soldiers are taught to do long marching carrying with them provisions and artillery, and think nothing of a long march in the most rigorous weather, making their homes in their canvas tents at night. Their skis enable them to make their way over any kind of country, and no matter what the depth of the snow, cover a given distance in much shorter time than the average infantry on the march.

Of late the ski work of the Norwegian army has been given much consideration by the military students, who realize that there is much more than an entertaining outdoor diversion in the use of the Norwegian snowshoes. It is for the same reason that every country having snow in winter is educating its soldiers to do effective work in that portion of the year which is usually spent in garrison.—Minneapolis Journal.

OLD MASTERS OF MUSIC.

Early Makers of Melodies and Harmony Feature of Programs.

The tendency exhibited among thinking artists in America to offer works of the old masters upon their programs represents also perhaps the most conspicuous feature of the present musical life abroad, says a writer in the Forum, where the dearth of contemporary musical compositions of a high order seems to warrant these revivals, which have taken place both in the field of opera and in that of purely instrumental or choral music. The general revival of earlier works is spreading all over Europe. Though a modern art, music, strange to say, is already engaging the researches of the antiquary in nearly every country on the continent.

There are many reasons for this interesting phenomenon. In the first place, it is far easier for a musical manuscript to get lost than it is for a piece of statuary or a painting. Then, again, it was formerly somewhat difficult for some of our great composers always to get their works into the hands of publishers. The relations between the usually unpractical musician and the commercial intermediary who undertakes to print the works and bring them before the public furnish an interesting chapter to the history of the art.

Finally—and this, after all, is the raison d'etre of the numerous researches now on foot—the great musician is rarely or never fully recognized during his lifetime, or, indeed, until a long time after his death. The frequent appearance of a man's name in public prints, or even a general performance of his works, can hardly be accepted as implying thorough recognition in the full sense of the term. It would be possible to point even to very modern names in substantiation of this statement. We have got into the habit of considering our age as a sort of finality, as something surpassing all that has ever gone before. Yet, making all due allowance for greater facility of communication and more rapid dissemination of facts, the principle of compensation is still in operation and, in the deeper sense, much remains intrinsically unchanged.

Bach, like many of our modern musicians, also had his friends and patrons. His name was widely known—a fact attested by the circumstances that he was even invited to play before Frederick the Great. Yet nearly half a century had elapsed after his death before the world even began to realize that it had lost in him one of the greatest masters of all time. Hence we can well account for the worthy and commendable researches of that host of investigators abroad who are now endeavoring to recover from oblivion many rare gems of former centuries.

Germany and Austria have their "Denkmaler der Tenkunst;" Belgium may boast of a Gevaert; in France the work is conducted by men like Diemer; Spain has its indefatigable Pedrell, and Italy is represented by men like Torchi and Chilessotti. The last mentioned alone has recovered many long-forgotten dances of the sixteenth century, which, by their form, may stimulate anew the endeavors of modern composers; for the dance, as we know, has ever exercised a most powerful influence upon the development of music. The results of these researches are to be found in colossal volumes representing many treasures of past times.

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

Freak Bets Won and Lost by the Conservative Briton.

In the year 1787 a farmer laid a wager that he would eat two dozen penny mutton pies and drink a gallon of ale in half an hour, a feat which he easily performed well within the specified limit, says the London Standard. In about half an hour afterward he devoured a 3-penny loaf and a pound of cheese and then attacked a leg of pork.

A few years later, when the prince regent was enlivening Brighton with his vagaries, the notorious Sir John Lade made his celebrated wager that he would carry Lord Cholmondeley on his back twice around the Steine. As Sir John was short and his opponent tall, much curiosity was aroused, and many spectators, including ladies, came out to see, but were all balked of the spectacle by the knight declining to bear the nobleman except in the minimum of clothing, declaring that there was nothing in the conditions calling upon him to carry extra weight.

Of quite another kind was the wagering by a man that he would stand all day upon London bridge with a trayful of new sovereigns, but be unable to sell them at a penny apiece, and, like Sir John Lade, he won his wager. Fancy dress balls are still a favorite amusement with people and many quaint and curious designs are to be seen at such assemblies, but here again there is nothing new, for, to quote only one instance, in 1806 a curious wager was laid between two men as to who should assume the most singular character. The winner paraded with his coat and waistcoat decorated with banknotes of different values, a row of 5-guinea notes and a netted purse of gold adorned his hat, while on his hat appeared a piece of paper with the words John Bull.

The loser would certainly appear to have been more original still, for he appeared dressed like a woman on one side, one-half of his face being painted and the other half blackened to resemble that of a negro. On one leg he wore a silk stocking and a slipper and on the other half a pair of linen breeches, a boot and spur, while he was also adorned with half a long-tailed linen coat.

Satisfactory Ending.

"How was your speech received at the club?" asked one of Chumley's friends as they walked along the Broadway at Hammersmith.

"Why, they congratulated me very heartily. In fact, one of the members came to me and told me that when I sat down he had said to himself it was the best thing I had ever done."—Tit-Bits.

He Solved It.

The Lady—Why is the average man such a fool?

The Gent—I haven't an idea.

The Lady—And the average man hasn't, either—I guess that's the answer.—Cleveland Leader.

Women seldom jump at conclusions because they seldom conclude.

Old Favorites

St. Patrick Was a Gentleman.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and he came of decent people;
In Dublin town he built a church and he put upon't a steeple.
His father was a Wolloigan, his mother was a Grady;
His aunt she was a Kinnigan and his wife the widow Brady.

Chorus—
Then success to bold Saint Patrick, for he was a saint so clever,
He gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished them forever.
There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where the dirty vermin musters,
Where'er he put his dear forefoot he murdered them in clusters.
The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slapdash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue, he charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Kal-la-loe in soups and second courses.
When blindworms, crawling in the grass, disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise which op'ed their eyes to a sense of their situation.

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much higher still, ay, higher than them both, sir:
'Twas on the top of this high hill Saint Patrick preached the sarment;
He drove the frogs into the bogs and bother'd all the varmint.
Oh! was I but so fortunate as to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'll be found that from that ground I never more would once stir;
For there Saint Patrick planted turf, and plenty of the pratles;
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store and cabbage—and fine ladies.

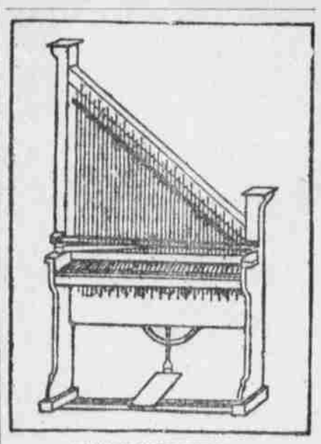
The Ship of State.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel
Who made each mast and sail and rope
What anvils rang, with hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee— are all with thee!
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A PIANO-VIOLIN.

Played Like Piano, But Sounds Like a Violin.

From Austria-Hungary, whence come so many things musical, comes a new musical instrument which is known as the piano-violin. It looks like a harp, sounds like a violin and is played like a piano. As shown in the cut the upper portion of the instrument consists of a series of strings, each of



STRINGS MEET THE BOW.

which is operated by one of the keys on the piano keyboard. Across these strings runs a traveling band, which performs the functions of a bow, except that in the case of this instrument the strings come out to meet the bow instead of the bow moving back and forth from the strings. Each string is attached to a pivoted arm, and as the key is struck the arm moves outward and the string comes in contact with the traveling band, producing the sound of a bow scraping a fiddle string. A spring pulls the arm back into place when the pressure on the key is relieved and a pedal at the bottom of the instrument regulates the sound.

The American College Student.

Privy Councilor Zuntz, on his return to Berlin, after a three months' visit to the United States, delivered a lecture before the students of the Industrial high school of that city, in which he had much to say in praise of American students and of the college system under which they were trained.

"Our students," he said, "can help themselves financially only by teaching. The American student has the advantage in this respect, because, without losing caste or dignity, he can break stone, act as a waiter or porter, or do work at any trade. It is not an infrequent occurrence, that a young man acts as a waiter at a gathering of people where he is received as an equal as soon as his mental duties have been performed."

Keep Record of Trees.

There are 85,840 trees in Paris and each tree has its lot number, age, history and condition recorded in the books at the City Hall. The appropriation for this department is $90,000 a year.

What It Does.

"Speaking of poetry, does the modern school make us think?"

"Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary—that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.