

John Bunyan's Cottage.

The cottage in which, according to tradition, John Bunyan was born, at Elyston, is reported to be much dilapidated, and a writer to a London paper suggests that it be purchased by the nation and preserved.

Wrangling the Rich.

Miss Corelli makes David Helmsley, the millionaire hero of "The Treasure of Heaven," say amid many other opinions of which he is made the mouthpiece: "We who are richer than what are called the rich, do infinite wrong to our kind by tolerating so much needless waste and useless extravagance."

Tastes in Cigars.

The public taste for cigars varies in different localities and countries, and in all the large factories cigars are conditioned to suit the demands of the country to which they are to be sent.

As showing how the human race has succeeded in climbing upward during the last 100 years it is worth recalling that when Gen. Pike discovered the peak now bearing his name he said no man ever would be able to reach its summit.

An Ohio farmer claims to have a hen that lays eggs with the date on them. That might be a good sort of hen for a farmer, but if city people knew when the eggs they eat were laid they would quit eating eggs.

A New York paper offers prizes for answers to the question, "How can you tell a man from Chicago?" You can't tell him much, says the Boston Globe.

That home for supernaturated chorus girls is all right, but where are you going to find a chorus girl who will admit that she is supernaturated?

Spelling by ear is not so arbitrary as the other systems. Hence its great popularity.

THE RUNAWAY SUBMARINE

By FRANCIS GARDINER

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"Did you hear that I'd changed the name of the Polly P?" asked Capt. Solomon as I met him at the head of the wharf. "Well, I hev. She's the Submarine now."



"Me'n the Lieutenant Crooked Our Elbows."

"knew 'twarn't no sea serpent, and at the same time it cal'tated that it was probably somethin' which had got adrift. So I jest grabbed the slack of the main sheet and jumped over the side on to the back of the critter and took two half hitches through that ring."

"Next thing I knew something came swishing through the air and lit, bang, right alongside of me. If't had er hit I shouldn't hev' been telling you this story now. That's the reason we got a new hatchet, 'cause Bill, thinking the sea serpent had got the old man, grabbed the ax we'd been using for the last half dozen years and let her go. I shouted to him to stop firing and to leave in on the sheet, and then we got the thing up alongside and got a look at her."

"'And by the Great Jumping Jehookibus! it developed that we'd jest naturally captured a runaway submarine boat—one of the identical kind that the papers say is going to revolutionize the art of naval warfare. Yes, sir, there she was as sound and jest as slick as the day she was built. We jest made her fast and waited for daylight."

"'It seemed a long time, but at last morning come and with it there came a breeze that lifted the fog. Fust thing we see, about a mile off, was one of them tramp Dago steamers. She might hev' been a Norway boat, but then, they's all Dagoes anyway, or at least they're all jest about the same. Well, when the folks on that steamer see us there was great ructions over there. We could see 'em running 'round and almost hear 'em jabbering, and then they lowered a boat."

"When I see what was going on it came to me in a flash jest what had

happened. I had read in the papers about their building submarines for Rooshy, and it was evident enough that this one was intended to be taken over in that steamer, but the Dagoes, not being much as sailors anyway, had lost the thing."

"Naturally, I jest fell right back on my rights as a free-born American citizen. I hadn't been a sailor for 40 year without knowing international and maritime law, no, sir. Not much, by the Great Jehookibus! I jest jings down to Bill: 'Bill,' sez I, 'you hustle down below and get me the glorious Stars and Stripes, and at the same time you bring up my grandfather Green's old musket that's down there.'"

"I ran down, too, and got my silk hat—one I always carry, 'cause you never know when you're away from home when you may be required to put on full dress, so to speak. So I claps the hat on my head and gets out onto the deck of that submarine and jest fastens the flag of this free and glorious country to a boat hook and sticks it up on the deck. Then I sets down there, holding that old musket in my hands and I wait for the boat from that steamer to get along."

"When they got near enough I see that there was a chap in the stern who seemed to be of a different cut from most of them Dagoes. I knew he was a Rooshian the minute I set eyes on him. He had the same beard that every one of 'em has, including the czar and all the rest. Of course, I stood ready with the old musket in my hands and the flag of freedom fluttering just above my Sunday hat. I was prepared to repel boarders, but the boat stopped when she was in good hailing distance and the chap in the stern stood up and shouted to me in English."

"'Is ze gentleman,' he says, 'that I has ze honor to address, ze captain of this schooner?'"

"'I thoons to the Rooshian and in answer to his question I says briefly: 'I be.' You see at that stage of the game I didn't propose to waste no words and say something I might be sorry for afterward. Thereupon the man in the boat begins again."

"'I have ze honor to inform ze captain,' he says, 'I have ze honor to inform ze captain (meaning me, you understand) zat ze submarine boat to which ze captain has made fast during ze night is in my charge. I present my compliments to ze captain, and request that he will delivair ze submarine boat to me, its rightful possessor.'"

"'Well, now,' I said, 'I have the honor to inform you—by Jehookibus, we can be just as polite down in Friendship, Maine, as any foreigner that ever sailed the Seven Seas—so I sez to him, 'I have the honor to inform you that having found the aforesaid submarine derelict on the high seas, I, Solomon B. Peables, of the town of Friendship, in the grand old state of Maine, have legally taken possession of the said derelict, and anybody desiring to prove claims can do so by appearing before the proper authorities in the courts of this great and glorious country.'"

"'And then by way of a wind-up I jest shouted at him, so that he would know that I knew what I was talking about, 'And God save the United States of America!'"

"'Then the man in the boat spoke once more."

"'Would ze Captain Pibbles negotiate as between friends without taking ze matter into ze courts?'"

"'That's where them foreign chaps has the advantage of us. They're mighty smooth spoken. Of course, he see the game from the start. I met him half-way, but I warn't taking no chances. So I sez to Bill: 'You get aboard this craft and keep the flag a-flying while I receive this gent on the Polly P.'"

"'When we'd changed places, I sez to the Rooshian: 'Step aboard,' I sez, and he warn't slow about stepping. I showed him into the cabin and we set down. He begun his little chanty the moment he got aboard, and I stopped him. There warn't going to be no nort'ner irregular about them negotiations."

"'Before we proceed,' I sez, 'I must respectfully remind you thet ye didn't let one of your visiting cards float down on the tide.'"

"'It would pretty near killed you to hev' seen him then. He bowed and scraped like a dancing master. 'Thousand pardons,' he sez, 'but is it necessary thet I reveal ze incogalto?'"

Rooshy in thet Dago steamer. Then he delicately points out thet it warn't no ways necessary to go to law and stir up trouble between friends."

"Well, I ain't telling jest what happened during them negotiations, but there ain't no mortgage on my place down to Friendship an' my girl Polly has got a new planner. When that lieutenant had gone over to the steamer and come back with a bag which chinked when you shook it, I felt so good that I got out a liddle something I had on board for fear me or Bill might be took sick. And then me'n the lieutenant crooked our elbows, once for the president and once for the czar. And after the Rooshian hed gone and the submarine had been towed back to the steamer, me'n Bill jest took another to the mikado, so's there shouldn't be any ill feeling anywhere."

"The't's why I changed the name of the Polly to Submarine, so's there'd be a sort of record of the affair. To be sure, it's a secret. Me'n Bill, 'n you 'n the folks to home, 'n the Rooshian 's all that knows it. The Rooshian don't count. Them Rooshian sailors are good ones to keep secrets after they get 'round to meet the Japs; couldn't tell a secret if they wanted to."

AN INTELLIGENT TRAMP CAT.

Stray Feline Makes Herself Invaluable to Policeman.

The little black and white kitten which has claimed the Central police station as its home since it wandered into the officers' room one stormy night several months ago, is declared by the officers and men to be the most intelligent cat in Louisville and has won their affection as perhaps no other cat could do, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Puss' chief claims to the consideration and admiration of the policemen lies in her pronounced aggressive qualities, which however, are only exhibited when dose of the nondescript variety emerge from the alley at the side of the police station and attempt to force their acquaintance upon her or attempt an exploration of the subterranean passages of the city hall."

When one of the unwelcome visitors comes within puss' reach there is a hiss and snarl, the flash of a white, outstretched paw and a badly frightened dog slinking off down the alley. Puss loses no time in instituting hostilities against her enemies, and dogs large and of forbidding appearance, who formerly frequented the neighborhood of city hall square, now give that region a wide berth at night, for it is between midnight and the dog-watch that puss keeps her vigil. When not engaged in keeping curs away from the station house, puss generally may be found curled up and purring contentedly in the lap of one of the officers."

"Old John," the negro janitor of the station, who usually begins his daily routine at two o'clock in the morning, has trained the kitten to awaken him at that hour each morning. This the kitten accomplishes by licking his face, and when he feels its soft, warm touch on his cheek he knows that it is time to get up and doing. For the officers' and station keeper's rooms have been cleaned and put in order before the day squad comes on duty."

"During his night vigil, John Heinzman, the station keeper, insists that he finds the kitten excellent company when there are few calls for the patrol wagon, and there is little to claim his attention. Puss' favorite couch is on the telephone exchange board, and she will lie there contentedly for hours when not awakened by dogs or calls on the telephone, at which her fur bristles with interest until the patrol wagon has proceeded on its mission."

Grammar.

"Be good enough to tell me, must I say: 'If you were I' or 'I were you?' inquires a correspondent, who must be congratulated on avoiding the abyss of 'if you was me!' For the hint of doubt, the suspicion of impossibility, demands the mood subjunctive of The Unknown, says the London Chronicle. This correspondent is at sea among copulative, intransitive verbs, the verbs that denote action, and are transitive, and the verbs that partake of the nature of both. We hope we are good enough to explain. There are certain verbs of 'being and becoming,' which do not demand the objective case—do not indicate any outside action. You will see the distinction between 'It and I' and 'Hit him in the eye.'"

The confusion arises when the same verb may be used as a merely copulative and as a strong and useful complement. Even the very word 'become' has its ambiguity, and gives an illustration of the double use. In the beginning, according to the Book of Genesis, dust became we, though in that sense it would not be right to say that dust became us. Yet in the fullness of time and the whirligig of language there has come an age when—if we are women—dust (from a powder puff) becomes us."

"Sardines" Soldiers Enjoyed.

Older residents of New Hampshire will recognize the story that went the rounds at the close of the civil war when the soldiers were returning to their homes. Plans were being made by the patriotic people of a certain city not a thousand miles from the capital of the state for the reception of a returning regiment. At a meeting of the committee on refreshments, with the mayor—an honest business man, but not college bred—presiding, a discussion arose as to the necessary articles to provide."

His honor suggested coffee, cold meats, pickles, biscuits, baked beans, pies, doughnuts, ice cream, cake and sardines.

At the mention of sardines there was a murmur of disapproval, and even an open expression of doubt as to the fitness of the oily little fish for a place on the bill of fare. Some one boldly intimated that his honor did not know what a sardine was.

"Sardine" retorted the mayor. "Of course I know what a sardine is. Two pieces of bread and a piece of meat. That's a sardine."

FORTY YEARS AGO.

MEN LIVED WITHOUT MUCH NOW DEEMED INDISPENSABLE.

Telephone Is Only One of Many Contrivances Which Have Added to the Comfort and Profit of the World.

Forty-five years marks, we may say, the man of middle age, yet the retrospect of the last 45 years will point to many of the most remarkable, and as now considered, indispensable, inventions and devices of civilized life, says the Philadelphia Record. These, the middle-aged man, as a boy, did not even dream of. Going back to the time when the man now 45 was five, we will find that he and all the rest of mankind lived very satisfactorily without telephones. Scarcely a house of any considerable size would now be deemed habitable without one. When communication with a distant point was needed quickly the telegraph was brought into requisition. If great haste was not requisite, a letter sufficed."

The expedition with which business is now transacted was obviously impossible without the telephone, although other inventions, then equally unknown, contribute much to the hurry of to-day. The electric light, like most other electrical inventions, was as distant as the telephone; though gas and oil, principally the former, made what was considered satisfactory illumination. Great construction works could not, however, be carried on by night with gas, while now, by artificial light, they may. In that day the miner toiled underground by the dim flickering illumination of a candle. At present large mines are strung with incandescent electric lights and kept practically as light as are surface establishments by night."

Forty years ago, a speed of 30 miles by rail was deemed wonderful, and continuous trips of more than 200 miles were rare. Changes of cars were frequent on long distance journeys, and as the segments of road were in those days controlled by different companies, there was much transferring of passengers and baggage, and buying of new tickets. Dining cars were unknown, and wayside lunch counters, with their familiar gongs and summery "all aboard" terminations to unsatisfactory and abbreviated repasts, were the rule."

The postage rate on domestic letters was then three cents, and foreign postage was charged to Canada and Mexico; while every negotiable document, deed, check, bond or legal instrument bore an internal revenue stamp. Bankers, brokers, stationers, druggists and even saloon keepers kept a supply of revenue stamps on sale, and merchants had them in sheets ready to be affixed to receipts if even for the most trifling amounts."

Every bank and merchant, and practically every storekeeper then subscribed to some publication which gave a weekly list of new counterfeit bank notes; and these publications, owing to the then imperfect methods of engraving and registration, were usually many pages in extent."

Songs of the war, printed on single sheets of music, were strung along park fences, and sold at a penny apiece, the dealer being generally a wounded soldier of the civil war, incapacitated for work. Small change was mostly of paper in denominations of three, five, ten, 25 and 50 cents. For a time a 15-cent bill was circulated, but it was soon withdrawn. Nickel three-cent pieces, as substitutes for silver three-cent pieces, were also in circulation, though the silver three-cent piece, or "scally," was not rare. Plugged silver pieces, when there were any silver pieces, usually five or ten cent pieces, were the rule rather than the exception, though the holes and lead filling seemed in no way to interfere with their circulating capacity."

KING'S SALARY IS LARGE.

Monarch of Little Montenegro Piling Up Fortune.

For some reason or other a Budapest paper thinks it has made an important discovery by unearthing the fact that the national revenues of Montenegro and the personal income of Prince Nicholas, the father-in-law of the king of Italy, are one and the same thing."

When all the expenses of the government are paid the balance is, according to the primitive constitution of the country, put to the prince's personal account. The revenues average about \$700,000 a year from the various impost and from the czar's annual subvention of \$50,000. But still the primitive conditions of Montenegro enable all outgoings to be covered by a sum of \$120,000, and the prince accumulates about \$600,000 a year, besides what he makes as the largest export merchant of agricultural products in Montenegro. Nearly all Prince Nicholas' savings are invested in English and French banks."

STOCK STORY OF CONVICTS.

Prisoners All Have Tales of Immense Hidden Treasures.

"About two-thirds of the prisoners in here," remarked a guard at the penitentiary, "believe, or profess to believe, that they have great quantities of booty hidden somewhere in the United States. Sometimes they persuade guards to believe that their stories are true."

"I remember of one instance when a guard took a companion and drove to a spot which was mapped out on a plat by the convict and dug up acres of ground. Every time the pick struck a hard substance the treasure was located in the mind's eye of the guard and his companion. But they did not find anything and the convict had a laugh all to himself. Many have been fooled on these hidden treasures and it is an old gag now."—Columbus Dispatch.

In Heaven.

There are no marriages in heaven, and probably few of the private detectives who work up evidence to be used in divorce cases will consider it worth while to go there when they die.

LIFE IN THE SMALL TOWN.

Writer Points Out a Few of Its Advantages.

Small towns have their drawbacks. No man need try it in these vigilant little centers to lead a double life. There are faithful, sleepless watchers at each end of the line, with several sentinels along the way, to report on his doings, his failures to do and his misdoings. Everything else falling, his very thoughts are searched. The faithful videttes conclude, from his smallest movement or lack of movement, what must be have in every circumstance meant. On return home after every absence his friends and neighbors cross-examine him as to every detail. He had better tell the truth, because some one will in due course turn up to point out the inaccuracies in a faulty narrative. In large cities very few, if indeed any, of your neighbors will worry much or at length about your incomings or outgoings. Few, if any, outside your own immediate circle of home and business life, care for your doings while away. They are all too busy—too many people moving back and forward to be kept track of."

The small town has not, it is true, the sanatoriums and the professional nurses of city life, nor the freedom of the latter from neighborly vigilance; but it has the big city beaten to a whisker when it comes to the food supply. If Brown, the butcher, for instance, were to kill Smith's lumpy-jawed cow, or Green's blackleg bull, or Johnson's steer that had been a fall-in' ever since spring, or did he refuse to keep his shop neat and clean, every one in town would be notified of his misdeeds and negligences, and his business soon come to a standstill. He might as well, in fact, quit the town, for the dark deeds of which he had been guilty would be recited, week in and week out, as regularly as the Psalms of David. With each succeeding season his criminality would assume increasing blackness.—Louisville Herald.

WASTE OF NATURAL WEALTH.

We Act as If We Thought Our Resources Were Inexhaustible.

Instances of American wastefulness abound on every hand, but there is no better example than is afforded by the devastation of the forests. Untold millions of board feet of timber are left every year by lumbermen to rot on the ground or in stumps, and quantities almost as vast are destroyed by forest fires."

It was scarcely a decade ago that the forests of the United States were believed to be inexhaustible, but now everybody who knows anything of the subject is aware that they are going so rapidly that their complete extinction is a matter of only a few years."

This fact is realized by the railroads, the great lumbering concerns and other extensive users of timber, and some of them are taking steps to replace the forests already destroyed. But from the planting of the seed to the cutting of the matured tree is a long time to wait—from 20 to 30 years—and meantime where is the country to look for its lumber supply?"

The deposits of minerals and metals are going the same way. In an address to the Columbia university graduates in science the other day Dr. James Douglass said that the "monstrous wastefulness" of the mining methods in vogue in this country would soon bring about the exhaustion of "these resources which we have foolishly regarded as inexhaustible."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

HABIT MAY SAVE LIVES.

Physician's Hint That May Be Valuable to Parents.

The physician's specialty was children's diseases, and he was lamenting that many little lives were lost because the child did not know how to help itself. "If mothers would only teach their children to swell up their throats in the manner of a bird the little ones would have a trick at their command which might save them endless trouble later. In throat diseases, which often develop into diphtheria, the physician finds a great difficulty in examining the child's throat. The little one has not the slightest idea how to throw its head back and swell the throat up so that the doctor may peer into it satisfactorily. And what's more, the child is afraid that something is going to happen and resists all efforts toward an examination."

"Now, if a child has been taught to imitate a bird he or she walks up to the physician without hesitation and throws back the head in pride to show what it can do. Later, if gargling is prescribed, the child knows just how to go about it, and consequently gets well quick."

In case of threatened pneumonia children are handicapped because they do not know how to raise the mucus. If they have been taught the throat-swallowing trick, however, they easily raise the mucus and materially help themselves toward recovery."

Good Advertising Scheme.

An eastern publisher is booming a new novel by inserting this "personal" in the daily papers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth avenue car yesterday who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over a page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookseller she will be spared in future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention (here follows the name of the book) to avoid error."

Contradiction of Terms.

An Englishman always keen to criticize, was looking at the Flatiron building from the Worth monument. "Queer people, you Americans, don't you know," he said. "You call that the Flatiron building. It's flat enough, I must admit, but it's stone, not iron, you know, not iron."—N. Y. Press.

Warm and Cool.

"Many people like their opposites." "That's so; I know some Boston girls who have many warm friends."

RUN DOWN FROM GRIP

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured This Form of Debility in Hundreds of Cases.

"Four years ago," says Mrs. F. Morrison, of No. 1922 Carson street, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., "I took a cold which turned into the grip. This trouble left me all run down. I was thin, had backache much of the time, had no appetite, my stomach was out of order and I felt nervous and unstrung."

"While I had the grip I had a doctor, but I really suffered more from the condition in which the influenza left me than I did from the disease itself. I felt generally wretched and miserable and the least exposure to cold would make me worse. I couldn't seem to get any better until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I very quickly noticed a benefit after I began taking them and they restored me to good health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful good medicine. Thanks to them I am now in fine health and have had no return of my former trouble. I recommend the pills to everyone who is ailing and takes every opportunity to let people know how good they are."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrison because they actually make good, red blood. When the blood is red and healthy there can be no debility. The relation between the blood and nervous system is such that the pills have a very decided action upon the nerves and they have cured many severe nervous disorders, such as partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance, that have not yielded to ordinary treatment. Their double action, on the blood and on the nerves, makes them an ideal tonic.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

A well-known Rochester lady says: "I stayed in the Adirondacks, away from friends and home, two winters before I found that by taking

Kemp's Balsam

I could subdue the cough that drove me away from home and seemed likely to never allow me to live there as a winter."

ENAMELINE

STOVE POLISH
ALWAYS READY TO USE. NO DIRT. DUST, SMOKE OR SMELL. NO MORE STOVE POLISH TROUBLES.

DAY OF TRIUMPH POSTPONED.

Dudekins Has Yet to Get Even with Witty Charmer.

She had been having fun with poor Dudekins for a long time, and he was wishful to get even with her. His idea took the form of a brilliant conundrum, whose answer Dudekins thought was locked in his manly chest.

"I have a conundrum for you, Miss Frances," he said, when he next met her.

"Ah!" she responded. "What is it? Who gave it to you?"

"I made it up myself!" he asserted, bridling somewhat.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Why are my clothes like the moon?"

She hesitated a moment, and Dudekins began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said, slowly—and Dudekins somehow felt the sand slipping from under him—"it is because they have a man in them, and you have a perfect right to think as you please. But, Mr. Dudekins, opinions differ!"

Adopt American Ideas.

The Russian military authorities are considering the adoption of khaki uniforms, the czar having been especially interested in one recently worn by an American army representative at St. Petersburg. The military authorities are also considering American accoutrements, including web cartridge belts and cavalry saddles, with a view to their adoption.

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 49-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.