

It is unlucky to lose \$13 on Friday.

Many a man retains his friends by refusing them loans.

Matrimony is the destroyer of many pleasant engagements.

Even if a woman is self-made she wants people to think she is tailor-made.

Many a man who prides himself on his veracity thinks it no harm to lie to a jury.

The man who stops you on the street to ask after your health doesn't necessarily care.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. But it doesn't have the slightest effect on a book agent.

A concelted woman dubs a man a woman-hater just because he doesn't happen to admire her.

A new counterfeit \$100 gold certificate has appeared. Be careful to examine your \$100 bills as they come in.

It isn't a difficult matter for a doctor to ascertain what ails a patient. All he has to do is to perform the autopsy.

When that \$2,500,000,000 ore trust is formed it will be something more than an airy joke to say that Mr. Rockefeller owns the earth.

It is well enough to know that a Pennsylvania court has decided that life insurance cannot be collected on a man that is hanged.

Will the girls of the present generation who would be content with the education of their grandmothers kindly hold up their hands?

A girl may be wise, but if she wants to marry she is foolish to appear more intelligent than the man she is trying to induce to pay her board for life.

It is feared that some people get into Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class who would rather have a tip on the market than information on how to be good.

"Jig dancing," says a terpsichorean professor, "should be taught in the schools." But this is distinctly a concession to the uneducated taste. The jig is the rag time of dancing.

Secretary Hay says that if the press of the world should resolve that war should be no more, there would soon be universal peace. But war news makes such attractive reading!

A New York man wants a divorce because his wife bought nineteen hats in twelve weeks. If the judge is married it will not be hard to guess how this case is going to be decided.

We may find that it is much easier to deal with the mob that lynches or the mob that slugs than with the feminine mob that has on two or three recent occasions turned a wedding into a riot.

An observing physician of New York who has recently traveled about the country a good deal says he finds the farmers are standing and walking straighter now than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. He attributes this to the use of modern apparatus on the farms. "The Man with the Hoe" is getting the stoop out of his shoulders by reason of the fact that he doesn't use a hoe any more, but a cultivator, on the top of which he rides under an umbrella.

Something scarcely endurable in the way of a mosquito plague is needed to make the average man understand that much patient study, investigation and experimentation have established the fact that the mosquito may be controlled and ultimately exterminated; that he is born and bred very near the scene of his sanguinary activities; that his presence in a neighborhood is evidence of local negligence and indifference; that he is the most efficient and perhaps the sole agent of so-called malaria inoculation, and that the cost of eliminating him is as nothing to the value of the benefits it would confer upon suffering humanity and depressed real estate.

Moral cowardice is too familiar a fact of human nature to require description as it is ordinarily exhibited. But there are some forms of it which are so subtle as actually to pass for virtues. There is the man who has the reputation of being aggressive and forceful to a degree, but who has no element of courtesy or consideration for his fellow men. He knows that if he allows other men to get close enough to him they will see that behind his bluster is a dearth of ideas

and ability. He knows, too, that if he permits those who are associated with him and under his control to manifest their own individual worth the comparison which the world will institute between their genuine abilities and his pretended importance will be not only unflattering to him but destructive to his ambitions. The policy of such a man is to browbeat wherever he can and to systematically disparage others at every opportunity.

Perhaps, under some halcyon dispensation—say, the millennium, of which we have heard so much—there may be an arrangement whereby universal health, happiness and prosperity will follow on the heels of universal education, apathy, and indolence. But, taking humanity as it is, and measuring prospects by the actual material at our present disposal, is it wise to depopulate the fields, the factories and the mines by preaching the multitude into a state of scorn for simple toil? What are all these millions to do when they shall have been exalted above the spade, the pitchfork and the ax? A world composed of millionaires, barbers, school teachers, orators and pawnbrokers would not be able to defend itself for any great length of time from the savage and the anarchist.

Advice, it is said, is cheap. But it sometimes is dear when accepted in cases of sickness. This does not refer to the advice of physicians, which, of course, is dear, but to the advice of well-meaning and sincerely sympathetic friends, which often is far dearer still. All know how prone people are to advise one who is ill and to tell what they did and how they obtained relief under what they think were exactly similar circumstances. It stands to reason that these good people understand neither the ills with which they were afflicted nor the influences that brought about their cures. But the sick do not reason. In their pain and anxiety they are like young robins that sit with open mouths and swallow whatever is dropped in, whether it be worms or shingle nails. And after a long experience with the pills and potions of sympathetic friends, death, if it is not certain, is at least welcome. It seems a sweet relief to sleep under the sod. According to Herodotus, this human habit held good many centuries ago. He quotes the following as one of the wisest of Babylonian institutions: "They have no physicians, but when a man is ill they lay him in the public square, and the passersby come up to him, and if they have ever had his disease themselves or have known any one who has suffered from it, they give him advice, recommending him to do whatever they found good in their own case or in the case known to them. And no one is allowed to pass the sick man in silence without asking him what his ailment is." Excepting for our present thin veneer of civilization and abundant supply of physicians, human nature seems to have been about the same in all ages. But what is the use protesting? The habit continues, in spite of the graveyards it has filled. For we like sympathy when we are sick. And, maybe, after all, sympathy is better than nostrums in most of our little ailments. Anyway, the neighbor who drops her own household cares and comes in with sympathy and devotion seems to have almost divine healing in her loving touch. She may know nothing of pathology or therapeutics, but she knows what the sore heart hungers for and supplies it as no other can. She may help us to die in many a case, but if on the other hand, we get well, she has taught us there are things worth living for. If we escape going to join the angels above, we at least have learned that there are angels on earth.

Friendly Birds of Prey.

Every farmer and gamekeeper should have a copy of the biological survey's report on the stomachs of birds of prey. Besides immense quantities of mice, hawks and owls kill snakes, rats, weasels, skunks, and squirrels, all of which species destroy more or less young game birds and the eggs of game birds. Therefore it becomes necessary to know whether the bird of prey himself or all these other enemies kill the most game before judging of his harmfulness. The killing of hawk or owl is probably almost always the killing of one of your game preservers, whether or not he takes some game in pay. You might as well abolish policemen because they sometimes offend.

Sportsmen wage war against herons, kingfishers and fish hawks. Now, since it is well known that the main devourers of trout spawn and fry, for instance, are not any kind of bird, but certain species of fish, you are probably helping thin your trout by removing these birds, since the latter doubtless prey more on the spawn devourers than on the trout. This is plain, because trout are swifter and hence harder to catch and live commonly in deeper water than other species; so that what the heron and kingfisher get are no doubt generally the enemies of your trout.—Forest and Stream.



"I told him that would be about enough from him," said the pallid youth in the last summer's outing suit to his audience on the street corner. "I says, 'You don't want to give me none o' your slack talk. I seen you make the throw an' it was a pair o' fours. I had a full house an' that beat you. That's all there is to it, an' I don't want you to tell me no different! You can't run no bluff on me,' I says, 'so don't you ne'er think it.'"

"What did Reddy say?" inquired one of the young men.

"Say? He hadn't got nothin' to say. If he'd talked back I'd have pasted him one in the eye. He seen I wasn't going to monkey with him, all right. I was sore—dead sore. Why, Teddy Murphy seen the throw. 'You've got bats if you think you'll get me to pay for them cigars,' I says to him.

"Is that so?" he says.

"Yes, that's so," I says. Ah! you bet I didn't pay for 'em."

"Why didn't you make him pay if he lost?"

"Well, if he wanted to act the skate for 10 cents he could. What I ought to have done was to push his face in. I'd a notion to do it. If he ever says anything to me about it again I'll do it yet."

"Reddy's a scrapper."

"Oh, I guess he ain't such a much. I ain't afraid of him. I've got a punch that would put him to the bad, all right. See here, I'll show you. Put up your hands a minute. See, I felt

with my right like this and jolt him in the ribs; then I swing around with my right again, like this, and catch him behind the ear! Stand still and let me show you."

"Here's Reddy now," said one of the young men.

The pallid youth grew a trifle more pallid as a young fellow about his own size and general unwholesomeness approached with a swagger.

"Do him up now, ball," suggested one of the group.

"I don't want to have no truck with him," said the pallid youth, doggedly.

"Don't say nothin' to him."

Reddy came up to the group and stopped. "Say!" he said to the pallid youth, at the same time advancing his left shoulder aggressively, "there ain't no back door here for you to do a sneak. Now you dig up that dime for them cigars an' don't you keep me waiting more'n half a second."

The pallid youth felt in his pocket and produced the required sum. "I thought you shook two pair," he said, nervously. "I'd jest as soon pay you if you beat me."

"That's all right, then," said Reddy with a grin, pocketing the money. "If you hadn't just as soon I'd have made you a little sooner than not." He tilted his hat forward over his nose, stared at the pallid youth for a moment or two and then turned on his heel and jauntily walked away.

"There's a cop on the corner opposite," explained the pallid youth. "If it hadn't been for that I'd have pasted him."—Chicago Daily News.

A MASTER OF DESTINY.

A young man, evidently from the country, sat patiently at a table in a down-town restaurant for many minutes, says the Chicago News. The waitresses, busy with customers who looked more fruitful for tips, passed scornfully by. At last he rose, and walking to the cashier's desk, calmly took a position near it, and thereby blocked the line of entrance.

"Miss," he said, "I've been setting at that table for half an hour, an' I can't get waited on. The young ladies that's waiting on table don't seem to notice me."

"Stand aside, please," said the cashier, sharply. "You're right in the way."

The young man did not move. "I've been setting at that table half an hour, an' I can't get waited on," he repeated, calmly. "Maybe if you spoke like that to the young ladies that's waiting on table they'd take my order."

"Will you please stand to one side and let the customers through?"

"Will you speak to one of them young ladies that's waiting on table an' ask her to git me something to eat?"

The cashier beckoned to the proprietor, who came bustling up. "Move out of the way here, please!" he said, peremptorily. "Let these ladies and gentlemen through!"

"I reckon it don't matter whether they get through or not," said the young man, easily. "They won't get anything to eat unless they have better luck than I've had. I've been setting over at that table for half an hour, an' I ain't been waited on yet."

"Give the man something to eat!" called one of the men in the waiting line.

"Throw him a pie!" shouted another.

The young man smiled broadly at these suggestions, and then turned to the proprietor.

"Maybe you'll speak to one of them young ladies that's waiting on table an' ask her to take my order," he said.

The proprietor eyed his muscular proportions in an undecided way for an instant, and then weakened.

"If you'll sit down I'll see that you are waited on right away," he said.

The young man walked over to his table. "If I'm not feeding inside of five minutes I'll be back to find out what's the trouble," he remarked, genially.

But four minutes later, with his napkin tucked under his chin and his elbows squared, he was attacking a large plate of corned beef hash.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR TEETH.

They Should Be Examined Frequently by a Good Dentist.

Keeping the teeth in good condition is a very simple matter, yet perhaps more people sin in this particular point of cleanliness than in any other, says a writer in Success. I know young men, and young women, too, who dress very well and seem to take considerable

pride in their personal appearance, yet neglect their teeth. They do not realize that there could hardly be a worse blot on one's appearance than dirty or decaying teeth, or the absence of one or two in front. Nothing can be more offensive in man or woman than a foul breath and no one can have decaying or dirty teeth without reaping this consequence. We all know how disagreeable it is to be anywhere near a person whose breath is foul. It is positively nauseating. No employer wants a clerk, a stenographer or other employe about him who taints the whole atmosphere of the room in which he is. Nor does he, if he is at all particular, want one whose appearance is marred by a lack of one or two front teeth. Many an applicant has been denied the position he sought because of bad teeth.

How easy it is to preserve them when they are naturally good! Anyone can do it. Brush them after each meal with a brush stiff enough to remove all particles of food, but not so stiff as to injure the gums. Warm or tepid water should be used, with a little powdered orris root, which helps to keep the breath sweet. Any other good tooth powder may be substituted, or the occasional use of a little fine salt will be found beneficial. If fibers of meat, or particles of any other food that cannot be removed with a brush, lodge between the teeth, they should be removed by a wooden toothpick. On no account use a pin, or a penknife, or your fork. In passing, let me add, do not use a toothpick at the table, on the street, or anywhere else in public. Nothing can be more ill-bred or disgusting.

Do not try to crack nuts or to bite any hard substance with your teeth. This causes the enamel or outer protective covering to break, which is the same as if you were to break the skin on any part of your body. When the enamel is broken the tooth begins to decay, and severe pain and an unpleasant breath are the results. Violent changes of temperature, such as from ice cream to hot coffee, also cause the enamel to break. If, in spite of proper care, your teeth trouble you, you should immediately consult a good dentist. Do not go to a poor one because he happens to be a little cheaper. You will find that a most pernicious sort of economy. Make any reasonable sacrifice rather than go about with a front tooth or two missing, for, besides seriously interfering with one's speech, a grinning vacancy where a tooth should be has a most injurious effect on one's appearance. It is a wise thing to have your teeth examined at least once a year by a good dentist.

Tired of the Old Wrap.

Mrs. McCall—Putting away your old sealskin coat, eh? They're queer-looking camphor balls you're stowing away with it.

Mrs. Kute—Camphor balls? Not much! These are live moths. I want them to get in their work on this old things so my husband will have to buy me a new one next winter.—Philadelphia Press.

Unless a man is willing to confess his ignorance he will never be in a position to learn.

DOWN THE MESA TO SCHOOL

Curious Sight Presented by Children of Moqui Indian Tribe.

If we stood about 7 o'clock in the morning near the foot of the Oraibi mesa in Arizona we should see a most interesting sight.

The flat-topped elevations called mesas are very common features of the arid plains of Arizona. Some of them have for ages been the homes of Indian tribes whose enemies could not easily reach the tops of these big rocks, and so those who lived on them were comparatively safe.

This particular mesa is the home of the Oraibi branch of the Moqui tribe, perched high in the air on their little plateau, the elders still practice the snake dance and other famous rites of their fathers.

Only a few years ago they were called hostile because they opposed more strenuously than the other Moquis the introduction of white influences among them. When it was proposed to erect a school house near the base of the mesa, and to place all the children in the school, the parents stubbornly refused to permit it. They yielded finally, however, to firm pressure, and every child of school age was placed in the school.

The enterprise has been a great success, and whoever stands near the school at 7 o'clock in the morning and looks up at the plateau 500 feet above him suddenly sees children begin to spill over the edge of the mesa. One child comes into view behind another, and soon the face of the great rock is alive with them as they descend the steep, zigzag path leading to the bottom of the mesa and the school.

The sight interests visitors because it is so unusual. The little folk seem to be hanging to the wall of the mighty rock as they slowly descend its face.

They keep pouring over the edge and the head of the line has reached the school on the plain below before the last of it leaves the top of the mesa. When the straggling line comes fully into view it is seen to be nearly half a mile long, and its convolutions on the path bear some resemblance to the movements of a snake.

There are 175 children in this school, and in attendance it is said to head the list of Indian day schools in the country. A fine new building costing over \$3,000 has taken the place of the first school. The children are very glad to be in school, and it is said that after once being placed there, wearing the few clothes provided for every pupil, they never miss a day.—New York Sun.

Huns Drive Out Negroes.

It is enough to make all the old Mississippi River men who have passed away and gone to their reward stir in the tomb could they know that Hungarians are to be substituted for negroes as roustabouts on the river. This shatters the last tradition. We cannot imagine these silent, taciturn little men of central Europe making the moonlight nights vocal with their minstrelsy on the lower deck or scrambling with each other for nickels thrown by sportive passengers.

Nor shall we believe that the mate dare unwind that panorama of picturesque profanity at his long, wavering undulating line of roustabouts as they move from deck to shore with the cargo. The darky roustabout hears these oburgations with a joyous and appreciative ear and welcomes a burst of originality in it by rolling the whites of his eyes expressively at his fellows, or, if it is particularly moving by a loud, "Yah, yah, yah," that is rewarded enough for the oburgator. What will the Hungarian care for the explosive wit that stirs the responsive negro heart so deeply? He will not understand it, and if he did his perception of the humor of swearing is not of the open ready nature of that of the sons of Ham. He would get mad about it. Everything is changing on the river. The passengers are not the same, the boats are smaller, table fare is sadly scant and luxury has long since departed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Awkward Reportorial Error.

Rt. Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, the witty coadjutor of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, told a story recently at a dinner which was to the effect that a young Scotch minister, having married the daughter of the wealthiest member of his church, in a country town in Pennsylvania, was obliged to apologize publicly for an error in the report of the wedding. The reporter had asked where the pastor and his bride intended to live and had been told "at the old manse." As this statement appeared in print the reply was "at the old man's."

Modern Education.

First Passenger—Well, thank goodness, my children have finished their education and are ready to start out in the world. They can swim, bike, golf and play lawn tennis; they are well up in bookkeeping, smart shorthand writers and good typists; they can play a good hand at bridge, smoke moderately and drink very little.

Second Passenger—Are they boys or girls?—New Yorker.