Facetious Customer—Waiter, I suffer from sharp teeth and a sharp appetite. What would you recommend as a remedy for the complaint?

Waiter (under notice to leave)—Well, sir, you might try a steak.

Facetious Customer—Do you think that would take the edge off my appetite?

Waiter—I daresay it would, sir. Anyway, it would take the edge off your teeth.—Fun.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is no longer young and giddy. She has just celebrated her forty-third birthday. The "Poetess of Passion" was born near Madison, Wis.

That report of a practicable airship in San Francisco was so far true that $1,000 worth of aluminum to be used in making it has been ordered from Pittsburg. That is coming very close for an airship story.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton is home from Europe. She has been living in Paris for a number of years, but has come back to New York, bringing all her household effects with her.

In France bicycles are lighted by electricity.

The bicycle face is now believed to be the result of the wheels coming to the surface—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Mexican war department is about to consider the project of equipping a portion of the army with bicycles.

France proposes to cure insanity by teaching lunatics to ride the bicycle. This throws a new light upon the bicycle craze.

INFLUENCE OF ATHLETICS.

Baron de Coubertin Believes the Olympic Games Will Do Much Good.

On the world at large the Olympic games have, of course, exerted no influence as yet; but I am profoundly convinced that they will do so. May I be permitted to say that this was my reason for founding them? Modern athletics need to be unified and purified. Those who have followed the renaissance of physical sports in this century know that discord reigns supreme from one end of them to the other. Every country has its own rules; it is not possible even to come to an agreement as to who is an amateur, and who is not. All over the world there is one perpetual dispute, which is further fed by innumerable weekly, and even daily, newspapers. In this deplorable state of things professionalism tends to grow apace. Men give up their whole existence to one particular sport, grow rich by practicing it, and thus deprive it of all nobility, and destroy the just equilibrium of man by making the muscles preponderate over the mind. It is my belief that no education, particularly in democratic times, can be good and complete without the aid of athletics; but athletics, in order to play their proper educational role, must be based on perfect disinterestedness and the sentiment of honor.

If we are to guard them against these threatening evils, we must put an end to the quarrels of amateurs, that they may be united among themselves, and willing to measure their skill in frequent encounters. But what country is to impose its rules and its habits on the others? The Swedes will not yield to the Germans, nor the French to the English. Nothing better than the International Olympic games could, therefore, be devised. Each country will take its turn in organizing them. When they come to meet every four years in these contests, further ennobled by the memories of the past, athletes all over the world will learn to know one another better, to make mutual concessions, and to seek no other reward in the competition than the honor of victory. One may be filled with the desire to see the colors of one's club or college triumph in a national meeting; but how much stronger is the feeling when the colors of one's country are at stake! I am well assured that the victors in the Stadion at Athens wished for no other recompense when they heard the people cheer the flag of their country in honor of their achievement.

It was with these thoughts in mind that I sought to revive the Olympic games. I have succeeded after many efforts. Should the institution proper—as I am persuaded, all civilized nations siding, that it will—it may be a potent, if indirect, factor in securing universal peace. Wars break out because nations misunderstand each other. We shall not have peace until the prejudices which now separate the different races shall have been outlived. To attain this end, what better means than to bring the youth of all countries periodically together for amicable trials of muscular strength and agility? The Olympic games, with the ancients, controlled athletics and promoted peace. It is not visionary to look to them for similar benefactions in the future.—"The Olympic Games of 1896," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in the Century.

Comodore Richard Peck of the New York and New Haven steamboat line, after whom the Sound flier Richard Peck was named, has completed sixty-eight years of service in steamboating. He is believed to be the oldest steamboat man in the country. Comodore Peck is 81 years old. His first experience in steamboating was in 1828, when he was 13 years of age.

Possibly the oldest woman in England is Sarah Thomas, who on Februrary 5 will be 100 years of age. Mrs. Thomas has smoked a clay pipe for sixty years and bids fair to enjoy life and tobacco for some years to come.

TAKING CARE OF BANK BILLS.

Soiled Notes Not as Common as Several Years Ago.

Bank notes are cleaner than they used to be. It is the policy of the New York banks to send their soiled notes to the United States treasury to be destroyed as soon as a sufficient number accumulates to justify it. Banks in the West send on whole batches of soiled New York notes to their correspondents in this city, and the bank that receives them sorts them out and sends round each little batch to the banks by which they were issued. These sorted notes are then sent to the treasury to be destroyed and others issued in their place. New York is thus a sort of depot for soiled and damaged notes of its own issue. The printing process for bank notes has been so developed of late years that the government has adopted this policy of frequently destroying soiled notes and reissuing good ones.

The Bank of England never lets a note go out a second time. Its lowest notes are for £5, so that the loss per pound is comparatively small in thus destroying little-used notes. Some, indeed, come into the bank as fresh in appearance as when they were issued. A note coming in is marked for destruction and laid away for a time. Meanwhile the name and address of the presenter are taken, along with the number of the note, in order that there may be some clew in case such a note is reported as stolen.

It is not suspected how important an element in a bank's profit on circulation is the destruction and loss of notes in the hands of holders. This was much larger in days when reissues were less frequent than now. The larger the amount a bank may issue the greater the loss in the hands of the people. A bank of this city that abandoned its circulation before the opening of the civil war yet has many thousands of its old notes out. They were outlawed years ago, though $3,000 of them presented about ten years ago were fully identified and redeemed. The whole issue of the bank was only about $250,000.

Although the average life of a Bank of England note is said to be but five days—and one seldom encounters a soiled Bank of England note in London—those notes circulate for years in the colonies, for they are taken abroad by travelers and are current almost everywhere. They circulate, along with our notes, in the regions bordering British Guiana. There are Scotch and Irish banks of issue emitting small notes, and these notes are often greasy and worn, since they are not regularly destroyed when they reach the home bank. Canadian bank notes are current along our northern border, and they are sufficiently like our own, being in dollar denominations, to deceive those not accustomed to make the distinction. They are often kept long in circulation on the border, and are occasionally worked off on the visiting New-Yorker, who finds them uncurrent in this city, and must exchange at a discount.—New York Sun.

Birds as Seed Carriers.

Two centuries ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas in order to enjoy a monopoly of the business, having planted the trees in their own possessions. In spite of their most earnest efforts, however, the islands were constantly being restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but at length it was solved.

The doves of that quarter of the world are of large size, and readily swallow the seeds of the nutmeg. They traversed wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours, and deposit the seeds not only uninjured, but better fitted for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

By a similar process thousands of acres of land have been covered with trees of different kinds, the birds acting as nature's agents in the dissemination of plants.

Darwin found in six grains of earth adhering to the feet of a plover three different kinds of seeds, and in mud sticking to the feet of ducks and geese shot in England he found the seeds of plants peculiar to the Victoria Nyanza, in Central Africa, thus proving not only the extent of migration, but also the possibility of plants appearing in strange localities through the agency of these birds.

In the mud sticking to the feet of a Texas steer the seeds of five different kinds of weeds and grasses common to Texas were found by a microscopist after the arrival of the animal in New York.

Why She Liked Him.

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach!"

The minister was aware that he was not very popular and answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"—Tit-Bits.

Making Sure.

"Dennis, did you mail that postal card I gave you?"

"Yis, sorr, an' o' tuk the liberty, sorr, of puttin' a 2-cint stamp on it, sorr. Ye wrote so folne an' got so much on th' cyard o' tought it moight be overweight, sorr."—Harper's Bazar.

Well Roasted.

Blathers—Say, did you find anything well roasted at the barbecue?

Blathers—Well, nothing except the management.—Adams Freeman.

It may look worse, but when a man stands around the street, he is doing what women call "shopping."

George J. Gould is said to be so expert as a telegraph operator that, standing in the operating room on the top floor of the Western Union building, he can distinguish within a few minutes the quality of work that is being done by the operators nearest to him. This facility of discernment on President Gould's part makes his visits to the telegrapher's quarters a matter of some moment to them.

The Festal Boarding House.

The Napoleon of a Washington boarding house, nameless here forevermore, or words to that effect, was devoting all his spare time to the conquest of the meal set before him, while the other boarders were trying to forget, in pleasing and instructive conversation, what they were there for, says the Washington Star.

The Napoleon had just stuck his fork into a helpless potato, the discussion being on the Irish rebellion, the immediate contention being the year of its occurrence, and the Napoleon was taking no part whatever, notwithstanding the landlady's seductive efforts to lure him into it.

She had just set a dish of fruit down by his plate.

"Oh, Mr. Barker," she exclaimed, with the true effusiveness and fervor of a landlady trying to please, "have you no memory for dates?"

The Napoleon glanced quickly at the lately deposited dish and then turned his fierce eyes upon the landlady, who was moving about the table.

"No'm, I can't say I have," he said in a voice that fairly lifted the State Department clerk next to him clear out of his chair, spun him around and set him down with a thump, "but I have for prunes, and this is the twenty-first time we've had um in the last seven days."

As the boarder finished this truly Napoleonic utterance, the landlady, who was coming toward him with a teaspoon, was seen to turn deadly pale and grasp the back of a chair for support.

Differently Educated.

In old times the same man often spelled his name in several different ways, and even now members of the same family sometimes vary the orthography of the family cognomen. This may be for one reason or another. Sometimes it is a matter of taste, sometimes it is a matter of education.

At a wedding in an English town, says the New York Tribune, the officiating clergyman asked one of the witnesses how his name was spelled, and was told "McHugh."

"But how is that?" inquired the clergyman. "Your sister spells her name "McCue."

"Please, sir," was the answer, "my sister and me didn't go to the same school."

Although Dr. Charles John Ellicott, the bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, England, is in his eighty-seventh year, he is an enthusiastic wheelman.

Horatio, Earl Nelson, who is 74 years of age, is now the only surviving peer who was alive and in the enjoyment of his title when the queen came to the throne. He is the third descendant from the hero of Trafalgar.

The Logic of It.

"I wonder why it is wife murderers nearly always put in a plea of insanity?" asked the sweet young thing. "Is it because a man who could so cruelly mistreat the partner of his joys and sorrows must naturally be considered mentally out of balance?"

"Naw," said the Grumbling Bachelor, "the mere fact of his being married shows that he was weak-minded to begin with."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Faith Rewarded.

Bacon—I have great confidence in that minister of ours.

Egbert—What gave it to you?

"Well, you know, I wanted five dollars to pay an installment on my bicycle. I didn't know where in the world it was coming from. I went to church, and the minister recommended us to search the Scriptures. I went home and did, and I found five dollars my wife had hidden away in the family Bible."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The Old Yellow Almanac,"

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote the poem, having for title the same heading as this article, she touched a chord that vibrated in thousands of hearts. For Ayer's Almanac, "The Old Yellow Almanac," of the poem is intimately associated with the days and deeds of a large part of the world's population. How large a part of the population this general statement may include, can be gathered from the fact that the yearly issue of Ayer's Almanac is from 17,000,000 to 25,000,000 copies. It is printed in twenty eight editions and in some eighteen languages, including, besides English—Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Welch, Italian, French, etc. The old style almanac is looked upon by many as a relic of antiquity, especially the "patent medicine almanac," whose jokes are the butt often of the very papers in whose columns they first appeared. But there are almanacs and almanacs. Ever since Dr Ayer's Almanac has been put out it has employed as high a class of mathematical and astronomical talent as is available in the country. The result is that it stands on a par, in respect of the reliability of its data and its accuracy of its calculations with the U. S. National Almanac, and testimony to this fact is found year after year in the letters referred to the almanac department of the company, from students and mathematicians in various parts of the world. In its permanence and reliability Ayer's Almanac stands as a very fitting type of the Ayer Remedies—indispensible in the family and reliable every day in the year. The 1897 edition of this useful almanac is now in course of distribution through the druggists of the country.

Miss Jessie Ackermann will soon enter upon her duties as assistant pastor of the Fourth Baptist church of Chicago.

Lady Harcourt is an American by birth and the daughter of the late John Lothrop Motley, the famous author of "The History of the Dutch Republic." She first married a Mr. Ives and was a widow when she became the wife of Sir William Harcourt in 1876.

A Snap Shot.

A little child often not only leads, but amuses by original descriptions of ordinary events. Says the Pittsburgh Chronicle: A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to 12 men who sat all together, and then these 12 men were put in a dark chamber to be developed."

One of the new dress materials is silk gouffree, which is thin silk crinkled in a variety of patterns.

Brutus brown is a rich, tawny shade of that color, found in cloth, velvet and corduroy fabrics.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of the Transvaal president, is soon to have a carriage for the first time.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett expects soon to return to her home in Washington.

Dr. Isaiah E. Sexton of Sparta, Mich., is one of the thirty-three survivors of the war of 1812.