

QUEER STORIES

In the Stonewall mine, San Diego county, Cal., an earthquake so twisted the shaft that the timbers were pulled around to the opposite sides of the shaft from their original position.

A man was arrested at Baltimore election day because he insisted on telling people that it would take only fifteen million horses, twelve thousand ferricks and eight hundred miles of ropes and chains to move the world.

Venezuela is in search of alligator hunters. The Venezuelan waters are full of these reptiles, and good money can be made by killing them, as the skins are valuable and the oil, which can be abstracted, also brings good prices.

Swiss watchmakers have now added a phonograph to some of their wonderful watches. A small rubber disc is put in the watch and arranged in such a way that the record is repeated every hour. Anything can be put on the record that the owner wishes.

In captivity elephants always stand up when they sleep, but when in the jungle, in their own land and home, they lie down. The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and in freedom is that the animal never acquires complete confidence in his keepers and always longs for liberty.

The crew of the whaler Lara Hansen saw, according to the Indianapolis News, frozen in a monster iceberg a female polar bear and two cubs, the cubs nestling against the mother. The berg stood out of the water fully 100 feet and the ice wherein the bears were entombed was clear as a crystal. How long the animals had been locked in their winter palace is a matter of conjecture, but they were at least 25 feet above the water.

A trial was recently made in Austria to decide in how short a time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Eisenthal, at 7:25 in the morning, three trees were sawn down; at 9:30 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock. So that in 145 minutes the trees had become newspapers.

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture, according to "Mainly About People." A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hallo, Smith," said he; "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens-a-cleanin' out the elephant's stables a nice occupation for one of the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

N-RAYS SHOULD BE PINK.

They Indicate a Good Life, Says Dr. Hooker. The Lancet publishes a letter from Dr. Hooker on the results of three years' experiments with the Blondlot N-rays emitted by the human body. Dr. Hooker says he has established the fact that these rays differ in color according to the character and temperament of a person, and also that the rays are not merely heat vibrations, as he proved by passing rays from his own hand through the forearm of a corpse to a prepared screen which immediately showed increased luminosity. In reference to the differing colors of the rays, Dr. Hooker says:

"Rays emanating from a very passionate man have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good, throws off pink rays; an ambitious man emits orange rays; a deep thinker throws off deep blue; a lover of art and refined surroundings, yellow; an anxious, depressed person, gray; one who leads a low, debased life, muddy brown rays; a devotional, good meaning person, light blue; progressive minded, light green, and physically or mentally ill person, dark green rays."

Dr. Hooker admits that his statement may be received at first with a smile of incredulity, but he is confident it will sooner or later be accepted as a fact. He further says he has proved that N-rays are not only given off by the human body, but by objects which have been in contact therewith. He obtained this impression from a letter thirty years old, which proved that the rays are radioactive and retain their power on the paper on which writing is made.—London Cable to the New York Sun.

Perfumes as Disinfectants.

It is a well-known fact that workers among lavender beds seldom take infectious ailments and those engaged in the perfumery trade are singularly free from them. A good perfume in the old days was considered an excellent disinfectant. The doctors then used to carry walking sticks with silver or gold knobs. These opened with a lid, disclosing a tiny vinaigrette box, which the physician held to his nose when entering rooms containing patients ill with any infectious disease.

There are two ways of paralyzing your neighbors: one is to get a divorce and the other is to go abroad.

Do you always keep an appointment, or just claim to?

OLD FAVORITES

Oh! Had We Some Isle. I had we some bright little isle of our own, a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,

Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers, And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers; Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a delay That the night only draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where simply to feel that we breathe, That we live, 's worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the climate, We should love as they loved in the first golden time; The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there. With affection as free From decline as the bowers, And with hope, like the bee Living always on flowers, Our life should resemble a long day of light, And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

Mary of Argyle. I have heard the maids singing His love song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop clinging To the rose just newly born. But a sweeter song has cheered me, At the evening's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter, Than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thine artless, winning smile, That made the world an Eden, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness And thine eye its brightness, Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sunny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dearer, Than all the world shall own, I have loved thee for thy beauty, but Not for that alone; I have watched thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the while, That has made thee mine forever, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

GUIDE MAY START RUSH.

How to Care for and Manage the Most Fascinating of Domestic Pets. Marriage license clerks should prepare for the rush, for the chief marriage handicap has been removed. As soon as sufficient time has elapsed for the study of a book just published in London called "Wives and How to Manage Them," they may expect a tidal wave of young men with the license fee and the courage of their convictions.

The author hides his fame under the name of "One Who Knows," but that will not prevent him receiving a monument from the male portion of the English speaking race after he has been lynched by their better halves.

He starts off by drawing attention to the fact that there are numerous handbooks published which deal with the management of the horse, the dog, the canary, and other domestic animals, and yet there is no good and useful text book upon the "Choice and Management of the Wife," who is by far the most important, most expensive and most universal of the domestic pets.

The course of management must begin with the honeymoon, and the great thing the husband has to beware is allowing his wife to think for herself.

If you speak a foreign language and she does not, spend your honeymoon in that country, then you must do the thinking for both. "If you do not your wife may begin to think for you. To allow this is the most fatal error you can possibly commit, it is a habit you may find it difficult to break her of afterwards. Let her talk—that does no manner of harm and comes to most women much more easily than thinking—but, if possible, prevent her from thinking at all; in a wife it is a most pernicious habit, only one degree less terrible than that of reasoning, which is a deadly sin. If once your wife begins to reason about things in general, and contracts the habit, before long she is sure to reason about you. Now you know quite well that you will not bear reasoning about.

One of the few things for which a man may be naturally thankful is woman's changeability. "Some unthinking male creatures have reproached women for this changeability; they do not realize that no sane man would care to eat boiled mutton at every meal, year in and year out."

He strongly advises moderation in the management of a wife by means of violence, and cites a good reason from the police court. "The magistrate asked the wife: 'And you mean to say that that miserable wreck of a man gave you a black eye?' 'Lor, sir,' she answered, 'he wasn't a miserable wreck afore he struck me.'" The argument is convincing.

One thing you must do in managing a wife is to insist on her doing as you say, and then shutting your eyes, so that you may not see when she does the opposite. So, and only so, can you manage her with happiness or both.

This needs the co-operation of the wife, however, and the power to tell a good, convincing lie.

The final advice is: "Be careful, whatever you do, to keep up your sub-

scription to your club. A man's house is his castle; but a married man's castle is his club."

Here is a sop of consolation: "After all, marriage has its consolations—as long as your wife lives you cannot marry any other woman. You know the worst."—Chicago Tribune.

PATHFINDER OF SAN JUAN.

Episode in the Life of Otto Mears at Marshall Pass.

Otto Mears of Saguache is known in Colorado as the "Pathfinder of the San Juan" because of stage and toll roads he built through the mountains. One of his stage lines was over Marshall pass. He was constantly censuring his drivers for being slow. The result was that every man was anxious to get him alone in a stage and demonstrate that they could go fast enough to please him.

One morning he waited at the summit of Marshall pass for the stage driven by Henry Burns, a reckless driver, to leave for the foot. He was dressed in a black suit that was molded to him and on his head was a new silk hat and his linen was spotlessly white. He was the only passenger.

"I'll give him the ride of his life," remarked Burns to the station men. Four of the best horses on the line were hooked up. Mears stepped into the stage with a fresh cigar in his mouth and Burns clattered on the box. He cracked his whip with a volley of curses and the leaders nearly jumped out of the harness. He sent the four down the serpentine road in record time, the stage banging against the side of the mountain, grazing the edges of precipices, whirling around sharp curves on two wheels and bounding over rocks with jars that raised the heavy vehicle three feet and plunged it forward with a bump that started every bolt and nail. The horses were white with lather, but still Burns urged them on.

At the foot of the pass Burns pulled up his foaming and well-nigh spent horses and Mears climbed out. His silk hat was a battered wreck, his clothes were torn in dozen of places and his hands and face were scratched and bleeding, for he had been tossed about in the stage like a pea in a can but his cigar was still gripped in his teeth. He said nothing, however, until the stage was driven up to continue on its way, when he remarked to Burns:

"Henry, I think I will ride on to out-side mit you. I was so lonesome in-side I couldn't keep awake."—Chicago Chronicle.

True Riches.

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism.

Speaking of a prominent man in the neighborhood, I asked: "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"Has he a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he hasn't got much land, either, but he's mighty rich." The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained: "You see, he hasn't got much money, and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing a man a cent in his life. He lives as well as he wants to live and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he isn't afraid of anybody; he does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man woman and child in town looks up to him, and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants."

Matrimonial "Ad" in Japan.

"I am a very pretty girl. My hair is as wavy as a cloud. My complexion has the brilliancy and softness of a rose. My expression is as mobile as the leaf of the weeping willow. My brown eyes are like two crescents of the moon. I have enough worldly goods to pass happily through life with my husband, hand in hand, gazing at the flowers by day and the moon by night. If this should meet the eye of a man who is intelligent and of good address, I will be his for life, and repose with him later in a tomb of red marble." There were 349,000 marriages in Japan last year, but for all that such advertisements as the above appear every day in the Japanese papers.—New York Tribune.

A Camel Statue.

Probably the only statue in which a camel figure is that of General Gordon, who perished in the Sudan, mounted on the "ship of the desert," which was the work of the late Onslow Ford. After having been set up in London it was transported to Khartoum, where it marks the spot where "Chinese" Gordon so tragically perished.

Weapons Too Handy.

"Why do you object to your wife taking up golf?" asked Clabberly. "I thought you approved of it."

"So I did," replied Lushley, "until I heard her say the umbrella stand in the vestibule would be a handy place to keep her sticks."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The "Hello Lady."

Society's pet may be first in the whirl of receptions and balls, but she'll have to admit it's the Telephone Girl who receives the most calls.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Sense of Gratitude.

GIVING and taking makes up such a large part of life that the art of thanks is well worth a little consideration. . . . The sensation of gratitude is, generally speaking, a double sensation. It consists in pleasure produced by a gift or favor for its own sake, and in a renewed sense of affection or regard toward the giver. The latter should always be the uppermost feeling in the mind, though there are circumstances in which it is not possible that it should be the strongest. A well-expressed gratitude conveys both feelings, and every gratitude which does so is well expressed, however badly it may be worded. Occasionally only one of these two feelings is present in the mind, and it is a nice question of morals how far the other may rightly be simulated. . . . The amount of thanks a man receives during his life depends very largely upon his accomplishment as a giver. There are those who give with so much simplicity that they conciliate the proud, set the shy at their ease, and dull the selfish sharpness of critical perceptions; but the obligation of returning thanks remains the same, however awkwardly it may be laid upon us. No man has any right to consider his creditor's circumstances before he pays his debt, or to keep his creditor waiting because of his bad manners. Gratitude is a debt which only the worst men repudiate. The things for which we feel most warmly grateful we can at least often repay in kind, but the treasury of words is freely open to the poorest, and it is surely worth some pains to learn how best to court them.—London Spectator.

The Decay of "faithfulness."

WE seldom hear the word "faithfulness" used now in the old-fashioned Evangelical sense, when it had reference, according to the definition in Murray's Dictionary, "to the duty of telling unwelcome counsel." Very few people now pride themselves upon being "faithful" with their friends—i. e., never allowing affection or a proper regard for the liberty of the individual to stand between them and a true expression of unadvised opinion. No one boasts that he or she has been "faithful." Such severity may be at times necessary, and often excusable, but it is no longer admired. A tendency to rigorous dealing, whether verbal or otherwise, has lost its place among the virtues, and takes rank among minor defects of character. Of course, we all tell unpleasant truths and give unwelcome advice at times, but not often of set purpose. We do it, so to speak, by accident—because we have lost our tempers, or are otherwise carried away by our feelings. Those who suffer from the faithful sounds of a friend, or painfully reject his gratuitous guidance, do not try, as their grandfathers tried—after the first moment of inevitable irritation was over—to feel gratitude towards him on the ground of his faithfulness; at best nowadays they do but try to forgive him for his interference.

All this, of course, is merely a part of the modern softening of manners, the modern respect for the individual, and the modern worship of liberty. For the decay of "faithfulness" within the circle of intimacy comes of the same advance in civilization which has killed verbal personal violence in the wider circle of cultivated society. Friends no longer dare to play with sharp-edged personalities. Acquaintances no longer search in conversation, as Theodore Hook's contemporaries appear to have searched, for something to hit with. Unless a man wishes to be hated, he must use his knowledge of the weaknesses of those around him in order to spare not to chastise them.—London Spectator.

Is Mental Vigor on the Wane?

A DISTINGUISHED British physician, Dr. Hyslop, is quoted as saying that "with the apparent advance of civilization there is in reality a diminution in intellectual vigor, mainly due to faulty management in economy of brain power." The assertion that there has been no increase in intellectual power since the

HOW WOMAN ACTS IN DANGER.

Can Be Depended On for Something Unusual When Frightened.

Speeding down Michigan avenue the other evening in his automobile with a feminine companion, Sidney Gorman, secretary of the Automobile Club, suddenly spied a cat in the middle of the road, staring at his headlight.

"Now, I'm going to get that cat," he remarked to his companion, who earnestly begged him to desist. "No," he persisted, "there were too many stray cats prowling about in the world already," and he speared his automobile straight ahead. Within five feet of the bewildered animal, which for some strange reason had not budged, the girl leaned forward in her intense sympathy for the poor cat about to be crushed. Mr. Gorman, running his machine at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, suddenly veered to the side. He saved the cat, but pretty nearly lost his companion, who, unable to preserve her poise, went pitching out of the vehicle, he catching her by the coat just in time to save a catastrophe.

This is only one of the many incidents in which the "eternal feminine" will do an unusual or unguarded thing in the presence of sudden fright. Not that women are any more susceptible to loss of presence of mind than men, generally. On the contrary, from the testimony of those who have had wide experience in dealing with both sexes in the presence of scares of any kind, women hold equal rank with men—in cases of fires, runaways, in burglar frights, and in automobile scares, in spite of the exception given.

"In fact," continues Mr. Gorman, speaking of automobilizing, "I find my wife keeps her head just as well as I do, and the same thing is true of pretty nearly all the women I know. Of course, we don't have much to fight in us. Accidents are really much more rare than people generally suppose. With confidence in their operators—when they are not scared out of it, as in the case I have just related—women do not always realize real danger when it comes.

"The narrowest escape I ever had occurred when there were three women in my auto. I was running down a small hill over a narrow road with high banks on either side and only four feet away when I spied a broken bottle in the middle of the track. I

earliest period of recorded history is quite familiar but one does not often hear from an authoritative source the statement that the mental vigor of the most progressive races is actually declining.

Is this a fact? Do we find evidence therefor in the activities of the generation now holding the world's stage in the work of the generation fitting itself in school, field and workshop for future control? Hardly. In the sciences in the arts, in every line of research and invention, there is steady if not remarkable progress. The patent offices of the various countries do not indicate any diminution of mental fertility or ingenuity. The fiction, the poetry, the periodical literature and journalism of the day, with all the excrescences we deplore in them, do not afford proof of a mental deterioration.

The standards of our secondary schools, colleges, universities and professional institutions are higher than ever yet we do not get the impression from educators' reports that boys and girls are unequal to the task of meeting the tests imposed before admission or of following the courses prescribed.

No, there seems to be no evidence of the waning of intelligence alleged by the eminent physician. Nevertheless, there is "food for thought" in his remarks, to this extent at least—that such phenomena as the rapid increase of insanity demand serious inquiry into our systems of education. Facts are useful when they readily fall into classes presided over by large ideas. An ill-assorted collection of barren facts is of little value, and tends to "diffuse consciousness" and lack of continuity of thought. The world was never richer than it is to-day in the raw material knowledge, but the chief function of education is to develop capacity for deep and sustained thought. Gives concentration, discipline and method, and the accumulation of knowledge is relatively easy in our time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Catching Cold" and How to Avoid It.

IF people could only get the superstition out of their heads that pneumonia and its invariable precursor, "cold," are due to cold air and draughts, the death rate from pneumonia and the discomfort rate from "colds" could be cut down in a week to almost nothing. Never was there a more destructive misnomer than calling the fever which does so much harm a "cold."

As a matter of fact, a "cold" is not due to cold at all, but to overheating the skin and a lack of fresh air in the lungs. People put on heavy woolen underclothing, sit in a room heated to the temperature of midsummer, perspire freely, thus opening their pores; the moisture is prevented by the wool from evaporating and leaving the skin cool and dry and remains on the surface thus rendered sensitive. Then they go suddenly out into the cold air, which instantly chills the moist and open pores, drives the blood away from the surface, creates an internal congestion that deranges all the organs, and a fever follows. This, of course, affects the mucous membrane from within, and the membrane, which has been dried and baked in the overheated room, and thus made a lodging for the dangerous microbes bred in foul and oxygen-exhausted air, cannot resist the attack through the blood and becomes an easy prey to the microbes from without. Then there is suffering and, too often, pneumonia and death.

A European once asked a Canadian Indian who wore nothing but a loosely wrapped blanket in the northern winter, whether he would not take cold. "Cold?" replied the Indian, scornfully. "White man not cover his face—white man's face not cold? No? Indian all face!"

That is the secret of immunity from colds and pneumonia. Be all face—that is, do not wear heavy underclothing but heavy outerclothing which you can remove in a warm room, breathe plenty of fresh oxygenated air, and you can laugh the draughts to scorn, will find the outdoor cold much more easily bearable, and can gradually reduce the temperature of your home and your office to the European standard. So shall you escape pneumonia and premature death.—Chicago Journal.

SENATOR HOAR DIED POOR.

Lived in Boarding House at Washington—Cottage His Home.

It would be idle to impute to the late Senator Hoar all the virtues or to deny him his share of failings, says a writer in Booklovers' Magazine. He was a very human man. His passions were strong and his judgments positive. On some public measures he was unduly dogmatic. Often he indulged in personalities; his partisanship was bitter. On occasion he could even be waspish and distinctly disagreeable. Ordinarily he was not only affable but his courtesy was notable. Unlike many Senators, he was exceedingly approachable. He usually sat at the head of the long table in his committee room, meeting all comers with urbanity, treating the humblest with as much consideration as the mightiest.

Descendant of a line of distinguished ancestors running back to Roger Sherman, he early showed capacity for high service. He died in harness after a service in Congress extending over thirty years and was so poor that all this time he lived in a boarding house in Washington and had only a modest cottage at his home in Worcester. Last February I overheard him say with the utmost frankness that he could not make a small purchase because he had found that his bank account was overdrawn and he must send his salary to make it balance. It was just after he had buried his wife. He left a small legacy in worldly goods, but the nation has seldom had a richer heritage in character.

That he should have been maligned and misunderstood was inevitable. He gave hard blows and took them freely. He asked no consideration of any one. He stood on his own feet. He feared no man, besought none and believed in others as he believed in himself. This does not mean that he was austere; on the contrary, he was one of the kindest of men. He was not ambitious in the ordinary sense of the word; he cared little for the things which most men look upon as prizes. Had he so desired he might have made a fortune at the bar and retired with dignity to the bench, whose highest honors he frequently refused.

The widower whose children watch him closely, is as free as a bird compared with the bachelor who lives with an old maid sister.

Doing and Telling to Order.

"Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does."

"Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.