

Independent Bulgaria is bad medicine for the Sick Man of Turkey.

Admiral Sperry and his fleet seem to have discovered the heart of Japan.

Prince Henry probably will be the admiral of Germany's first fleet of airships.

A Toronto dealer advertises music by the pound, and probably the pianists pined when they play it.

A meat market in Chicago has been robbed for the sixth time. This begins to look like systematic revenge.

Football continues to furnish much more work for the trained nurses than is provided for them by Balkan wars.

Another attempt to free Harry Thaw has failed; still public confidence in his being kept in prison is not restored.

John D. Archbold has devoted most of his life to commercial pursuits, but he appears to be a man of letters, nevertheless.

It is estimated that this year's apple crop will be 62,500,000 bushels, including the large, red, imitation apples that grow in Missouri.

In New York an expert testifies that no lady should drink more than half a quart of wine. The proper stopping point is now defined.

A number of fossil eggs have been discovered in Wyoming. That's nothing. We've found 'em right on our plate many a morning.

Sometimes a bridegroom really attracts attention at a wedding and gets what is coming to him. One at Los Angeles recently was kissed by four hundred girls.

When the news came that the Kaiser had invented a new brake, the rest was easy for the newspapers. One and all announced in chorus: "The Kaiser is always making braves."

President Roosevelt announces that he does not intend to kill more than two elephants during his African hunting trip. Of course if he scores a few more to death it will not be his fault.

Russians, Englishmen and Germans are mad at Emperor William because of his recent declaration of friendship for Great Britain. William may as well give up his hopes of ever being able to please anyone.

Dr. Napoleon Boston, of Washington, declares that the practice of kissing is worse than house flies for spreading disease. Why, if this is true, do so many of our most beautiful young ladies manage to get along until they are married without having poor health?

Howard Gould has declared on the witness stand that his income has been cut down until it is only \$400,000 a year, which, he intimates, is not enough for a gentleman of his tastes to get along on. Somehow it seems as if his tastes might be revised with favorable results all around.

Ninety thousand more letters than usual were carried by the first three steamships that left New York for England after the two-cent rate for letter postage to Great Britain went into effect on October 1st. Of course many of these letters had been held to await the reduction in postage. One New York firm mailed twenty thousand advertising circulars at a saving of six hundred dollars from the old rate.

There are now in the United States almost 40,000 miles of electrical railways, not including the former steam railways, which are using this power at the terminals. There are plenty of men living who remember when there were not so many miles of steam railway in the country. The trolley, which was at first a purely urban institution, has become a competitor with steam, and it seems certain that a few generations hence electricity will be the great motive power on all railways unless some invention of a superior quality is brought out to supplant both.

Neither in scholarship nor in fitness for the business of life does the product of the great colleges of the present day compare with the graduates turned out from the little colleges of a generation ago. Then, it is true, the boy with the diploma was often too stuffed with Latin and Greek and philosophy to be much of a practical man; now he knows a little about manners, more about clothes, something about "grinds," "peache" and "profs," but the sumum bonum of his knowledge relates to drop kicks and line bucking. The old type was better, because, though impractical, he had a trained mind and was inured to discipline, whereas the new product has gotten most of his training in the ways of a good time.

The face in the parchment upon which is written the history of our inner lives. The record is not always what we would wish the world to read, but none the less it is the truthful record of our thoughts and ideals, our hopes and fears, our aspirations and ambitions. Our discouragements, our vicissitudes, our virtues are all faithfully inscribed there by a master sculptor, who never makes a wrong stroke. The face is the map of life, where character outlines itself so clearly that there is no getting away from the story it tells. No matter how we may try to cover it up, it is a never-fading sign-board, showing which way the real man or woman has gone—which of life's crossroads has been taken. The wrinkles which appear in the face are the outward marks of soul or mental wrinkles. The twist or frown in its form exists back of the face. Wrinkles are results and do not come by chance.

not can the years alone bring them. The face cannot betray the years until the mind has given its consent. The mind is the sculptor, and the lines on the face are the chisel marks of the mind. Thoughts are forces, mighty forces; and if the mind holds youthful pictures, retains the freshness, the receptivity, the enthusiasm of youth, the face will remain youthful. Embarrassment sends a flush to the face; fear turns it white. Not less readable and far more permanent are the marks which petulance, irritability, hate, selfishness set there. Skilled police detectives pick a crook out of a crowd by his face. Practical business men employ or reject an applicant for a position after a look at his face. The best letter of recommendation ever written, if it is deserved, is generally carried in the face. Drug store shelves are loaded with cosmetics and beautifiers. Electricity, massage and many other means are employed to keep the face young and pretty. But real beauty is not to be rubbed on or shot in. It comes from within out, or not at all. To keep the evil, debasing, wearing, racking thoughts out of the mind is to keep their disfiguring marks from the face, and there is no other way.

CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR.

In the midst of the speaking, shouting and voting at a recent political convention one of the ragged newboys in the big hall was seen trying to attract the attention of the chairman. He was a little fellow, and his appealing eyes were about on a level with the floor of the platform. At first no one took any notice of him, because no one saw him, but presently his persistence and the earnestness of his gaze compelled remark. The chairman stepped to the edge of the stage, stooped over, and said, "What is it, sonny?"

For reply the lad offered a grimy fistful of something. There was a whispering consultation between the two, and then the chairman, reaching down, yanked the little fellow right up on the platform. The hall grew silent, expecting some joke or other.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "here's a boy in trouble. Some one here bought a paper from him a few minutes ago, and gave him a dollar to get changed. Here is the change"—he opened his hand—"but where is the owner? Will he please show himself?"

It was a good-natured crowd so long as politics was not the issue; it was also a typically American crowd in its readiness to show its sentiments. Accordingly a roar of applause and cheering broke out, which fairly scared the small, shabby boy who faced it. There was more genuine enthusiasm in this outburst than in the longer demonstration which had greeted the nomination of a candidate half an hour before.

Presently, however, a lull came, and a voice from one side of the hall cried: "Here's your man, but he says to keep the change!"

At that there was a smart round of handclapping, and a sudden shower of quarters and small coins began to pelt the stage round the boy.

"Pick 'em up—they're yours," said the chairman, and he was instantly obeyed. This unexpected contribution amounted to about \$10, and after making it secure in his handkerchief, the small recipient left the politicians to their graver affairs.—Youth's Companion.

Weak-necked. Miss Mary Coleman is the brilliant New York lawyer whose wit and eloquence turned, last month, a suffragette meeting in Wall street from failure to success.

"A man doesn't need to be henpecked to support our movement," Miss Coleman said afterwards. "It is wronging men to say our male supporters are like—like—"

Miss Coleman smiled. "Like this," she said. "A tall, stout woman scolded herself before the haberdashery counter of a department store and said:

"I want to get some collars and neckties for my husband."

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "What size collars?"

"The woman frowned and bit her lip. "Sugar!" she said. "To save my life I can't remember!"

"Thirteen? Twelve and a half? The clerk suggested.

"Why, yes—twelve and a half," said the woman. "How did you guess it?"

"The clerk smiled. "Gentlemen who let their wives select their ties and collars take that size," he said.

Immortal Bill. A Philadelphian on his return from Berlin talked at the Philadelphia Club about Kaiser Wilhelm.

"You know the Kaiser's ballet of 'Sardanapalus,'" he said. "Well, this ballet made a success, and in its honor the Kaiser gave a dinner. Berlin is laughing over an incident of the dinner. It seems that one of the speakers said in the course of his speech:

"This ballet teaches us a powerful lesson. It shows us that we cannot escape our fate. As the immortal William once said, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' And so—"

"The Kaiser applauded thunderously. "That is clever, very clever," he cried. "But when did I say it? I've quite forgotten."

Not in Advance. Minister—Mr. Skinfitt, won't you let us have a small donation of money for our new church? You will be amply repaid in the world to come.

Skinfitt—None; I make it a rule never to pay for anything in advance.—Toledo Blade.

Ambiguous. I asked her if she'd rather dance or paddle the evening through. She nodded me in a lady's voice "I can't decide—can you?"

Yale Record. We would like to know a man who can put a piece of gum in his mouth, and keep from chewing it.

It is necessary to meet good luck half way, but bad luck will chase you.

Good Short Stories

A zealous boor once remonstrated with a Brahmin. "You don't believe in the true God," he said. The Brahmin shrugged his shoulders. "Very likely," he answered; "but if my God couldn't make a better gentleman than your God has made, I would exchange him for a black dog."

The young lady of the family had just returned from Paris, where she had studied under Marchese, and Uncle Wash, who had served her folks "sence befoh do wath," was invited into the parlor to hear her sing. When she concluded her first aria he remarked: "Miss Lucy, yo' sho equalizes a martingale."

Scientific knowledge is sometimes negligible. "My boy," said the kindly English rector to the hobbler of a youth who was picking mushrooms in the rectory fields, "beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom; they are easy to confuse." "That be all right, sur, that be," said the urchin. "us hain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves; they're goin' to market to be sold."

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee, he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman, in turn, yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said: "Now, until you hand me over my fee, your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say the money was promptly paid.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable. "But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides, he should have seen this." The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road. "I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night." Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted: "Never mind, sir!" he exclaimed, with a sigh. "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."

Patti was to sing on a certain date at Bucharest, but at the last moment she declined to leave Vienna. It was too cold; snow everywhere; she would risk catching her death of cold. M. Schurmman, the impresario, was in despair, until a brilliant inspiration came to him. Quickly he telegraphed to the advance agent in the Rumanian capital: "At whatever cost, Patti must receive an ovation at Bucharest Station from the Italian aristocracy. Send me by return the following wire: 'The members of the Italian and Rumanian nobility are preparing to give Miss Patti a magnificent reception. The ministry will be represented. Processions, torches, and bands. Telegraph the hour of arrival.'" The advance agent carried out this instruction, and when the telegram dictated to him over the wires arrived in Vienna, it was handed to Patti with the desired effect. "How charming!" she murmured; "what time do we start?"

LOSS FROM FOREST FIRES.

Forest Service Officials Say They Can Prevent Similar Calamities.

Nothing could better call the attention of thinking people to the necessity for the preservation of our natural resources than the great forest fires which have played such havoc last summer. It is doubtful if the losses for the year 1908 will ever be fully known, but a conservative estimate by Dr. W. J. McGee, erosion expert, United States Department of Agriculture, places the aggregate loss in all parts of the country at \$1,000,000 a day.

In nearly every instance these devastating fires might have been prevented if the various States had provided an adequate number of men to patrol the woods and arrest all such fires in their incipency, and if lumbermen and other users of the forest were careful to dispose of brush after logging to prevent the spread of fires.

Uncle Sam has had a great deal of work to do on his natural forests in the fire-fighting line this year, but his work has shown good results. Exclusive of the salaries of forest officers, the work of putting down fires on the national forests for the year has cost the government \$30,000. This means protecting approximately 168,000,000 acres. The value of the timber destroyed will not be known until the complete fire reports are made.

To provide rapid means of travel between the various parts of the national forests and to facilitate the massing of large forces of men to fight fires, as well as to furnish vantage points from which the fires may be fought successfully, 100 miles of road and 3,300 miles of trail were built during the last fiscal year. In several cases firebreaks from sixteen to 100 feet in width have been constructed, from which all timber and inflammable material is removed, to furnish obstacles to the spread of fire, or straight lines of defense in fighting the fire once started. Several miles of such firebreaks now exist in the national forests in Southern California, where it is especially important that the forest cover on the watersheds of important irrigation streams be protected.

Telephone lines have been constructed connecting ranger stations with the headquarters of the forest, in order that fires may be reported and promptly extinguished. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, 3,500 miles of telephone line were constructed in the national forests.

Just as rapidly as possible each na-

tional forest is supplied with shovels, axes and other tools, which are distributed over the forests and cabins, and tool boxes are placed at points where there is the greatest danger of fire and where they can be easily reached by trail. Field glasses are also furnished, since their use in discovering small fires at a great distance has proved very helpful.

Upon the basis of the forest service experience on the national forests, on which the total administration per acre, including fire patrol, amounts to only one cent, the whole forest area of the United States could be protected from fire at a total cost of less than \$3,000,000. This would save an annual loss of \$20,000,000 for timber alone, to say nothing of the enormous loss of life, the loss to new tree growth, the loss of soil fertility, the damage to river courses and adjacent farm country, and the depreciation in forest wealth and land values.

KILLED BY FEAR OF RABIES.

Policeman Who Had Been Attacked by Mastiff Worried Over Bite. Worry over a dog bite received more than two months ago is believed by friends and relatives to have caused the death of Policeman John L. Rooney, who lived at 329 Fourth avenue and was attached to Inspector Russell's staff, was admitted to Bellevue Sept. 9 and died on Friday. It was said at the hospital that the cause of death was acute inflammation of the heart.

While assisting in a raid in Elizabeth street about July 15 Rooney ran into the rear yard, where two mastiffs were tied. One of the animals broke from his chain and attacked the policeman, biting him below the knee. Rooney sought medical treatment immediately, but was advised that the wound was harmless and that it would be unnecessary for him to go to the Pasteur Institute. Several weeks later, according to friends, he began to complain of ill health and referred constantly to the bite, regretting that he had not had the wound thoroughly attended to. His suffering increased, and after a week in bed at his home he was taken to Bellevue, where his case was at first diagnosed as fever. Later it was found that he had a chronic lesion of the heart, which had developed to an acute stage. During his illness he was depressed, and in spite of reassurances showed that fear of the consequences of the bite preyed continually upon his mind.

Rooney was 27 years old and had been a member of the police department for five years. He was not married. After the funeral services the body was escorted past the Macdonald street police station, to which Rooney was attached.

Are You Ready for Your Chance?

I. What plans have you made for the glorious day when the chance you crave? That shall bring you the chance you crave? Have you put all your weakening habits away? Have you learned to be steadfast and brave? Have you learned to be fair, are you worthy of trust? Are you girded to bear the days lengthen out into years? Have you learned to be valiant and watchful and strong, or have you been carelessly drifting along?

II. You say the world owes you a chance, you will some day be summoned to start; You expect to be numbered with those who achieve, There are long-cherished hopes in your heart; You are longing for praise, And you wish to win cheers; As you wait while the days lengthen out into years, You dream of a time when your friends will be proud If you graciously single them out in the crowd.

III. But how are you waiting? What plans have you made? If to-day Opportunity came With the long-deferred chance for which you have prayed, Could you furnish fair proof of your claim? Are you worthy and wise? Have you learned to be free? Are you ready to rise, As the hopeful should be? Have you girded yourself? Are you fitted and strong, Or have you but carelessly drifted along?—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Simple Questions Puzle Many.

If you would come to a realization of the ignorance of the average man and woman, get together 100 and ask a few simple questions, something like these: How many ribs has a man? How many ribs has a woman? How many joints in a baby's spine? How many joints are in a man's spine? Is a man's spine longer than a woman's? On which side is the liver? Where is the spleen? How large is the stomach? How long are the intestines? There are two lungs, one on the right, the other on the left; one has two lobes; how many has the other? How many bones are in your hand? How many bones solid or hollow? Do the bones of a bird contain marrow? How many toes has a dog? Does a cow have teeth? Can a horse breathe through his mouth? Why does a dog pant with his tongue out? Why do most perching birds roost on one leg when asleep? Why does a fox terrer run on three legs? What makes a cat purr?

Not Grumbling. "Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car?" "Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see, Martha agreed to give up playing bridge at the Pleece's if I'd buy the car. Oh, I'm saving money, all right!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aggravating. One of the things about last winter's overcoat that always makes a man swear is the torn sleeve-lining.—Detroit Free Press.

A sick man forgives his enemies with the understanding that it doesn't hold good if he gets well.

Bits for Bookworms

The autobiography of the late Li Hung Chang is in one hundred volumes. The work has been published for Chinamen resident in America, and the purchase has been made by a monthly installment system that will extend over a century.

Both author and artist, Robert Hichins and Jules Guerin, have made pilgrimages to the land of the Pharaohs to gather impressions for the new book, "Egypt and Its Monuments," which is to be published shortly in a volume uniform with "The Chateau of Touraine." There are a score of colored pictures made from M. Guerin's paintings as well as photographs of all the famous temples and scenes. The "spell of Egypt," its mystery and beauty appeals to Mr. Hichins potently and is reproduced by him with sympathy.

"The Holland House Circle" is a book that will be of peculiar interest to lovers of literature, for broadly considered this story of this "circle of talkers" contains the intellectual history of England during half a century. Scott loved the place and frequently dined there, though he was for some time on bad terms with the hosts. It is to Byron that we owe the description of the house "Where Scotchmen dine and uns are kept aloof." It was there that the unhappy Lady Caroline Lamb first met the poet. In later days Macaulay was the chief literary figure, but Dickens, Grote, Washington Irving and others were occasional visitors there. Metternich, Talleyrand, Mme. de Stael and other foreign celebrities were among its visitors.

"The Red City," by Dr. Weir Mitchell, which is now published in book form is a continuation of the author's still popular novel, "Heath Wynne," which was recently set to press for the nineteenth time. The hero of the new book is a young Frenchman of noble birth and shattered fortunes who enters the employ of Hugh Wynne, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and other great Americans appear in the book. It does not decrease the interest of the story to remember that the author who is writing so vigorously and apparently with such zest and enjoyment is now in his seventy-ninth year, that his life has been crowded full of professional duties as a physician and literary worker, and that the new book is pronounced to be one of the ripest and best of those he has produced.

"Recollections and Reflections," by Ellen Terry, is the record of a distinguished life spent among famous people. Born of a family of actors, put to sleep as a baby in her mother's dressing room at the theater, she passed a happy childhood among people who regarded the stage as an honorable profession and trained their children carefully in its traditions. From her first appearance at the age of 8 in Charles Keen's company she practically lived at the theater. Her marriage at 16 with George Frederick Watts introduced her into a goodly company where she came into association with such men as Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone and Disraeli. The unhappy outcome of her marriage, her six years' retirement, when she was dramatically discovered by Charles Reade and induced to return to the stage again, form a dramatic story of great interest. Her intimate association with Irving, her recollections of Bernard, Duse, Whistler, Sargent, Burne-Jones, Joseph Jefferson and Saint Gaudens are of great interest.

How Sea Lions Capture Gulls.

The sea lion displays no little skill and cunning in capturing gulls. When in pursuit the sea lion dives deeply under water and swims some distance from where it disappeared; then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose along the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion. The unwary bird near by alights to catch the object, while the sea lion at the same moment seizes beneath the waves and at one bound, with extended jaws, solemnly its screaming prey and instantly devours it.

Spirited Repartee.

In making a sharp turn the rear end of a street car struck an express wagon laden with jugs of whiskey. Nearly all the jugs were precipitated to the pavement, with the natural disastrous result. The driver of the wagon alighted and, pointing at the pile of demolished earthenware, said to a bystander, "That's ladies, ain't it?"

The spectator, who happened to be a minister, replied, "Well, my friend, I don't know that I would say that, but it's at least the abode of departed spirits."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Helping Hand.

Among the contributors to a minister's donation party was a small but very bright boy belonging to one of the families of the congregation. After obtaining his mother's permission to spend his money for anything he pleased he went to the village store and returned home with a neat package. In it was a pair of suspenders, and attached to them was a card upon which was written in a scrawling hand: "For the support of our pastor."

Carl's Aspirations.

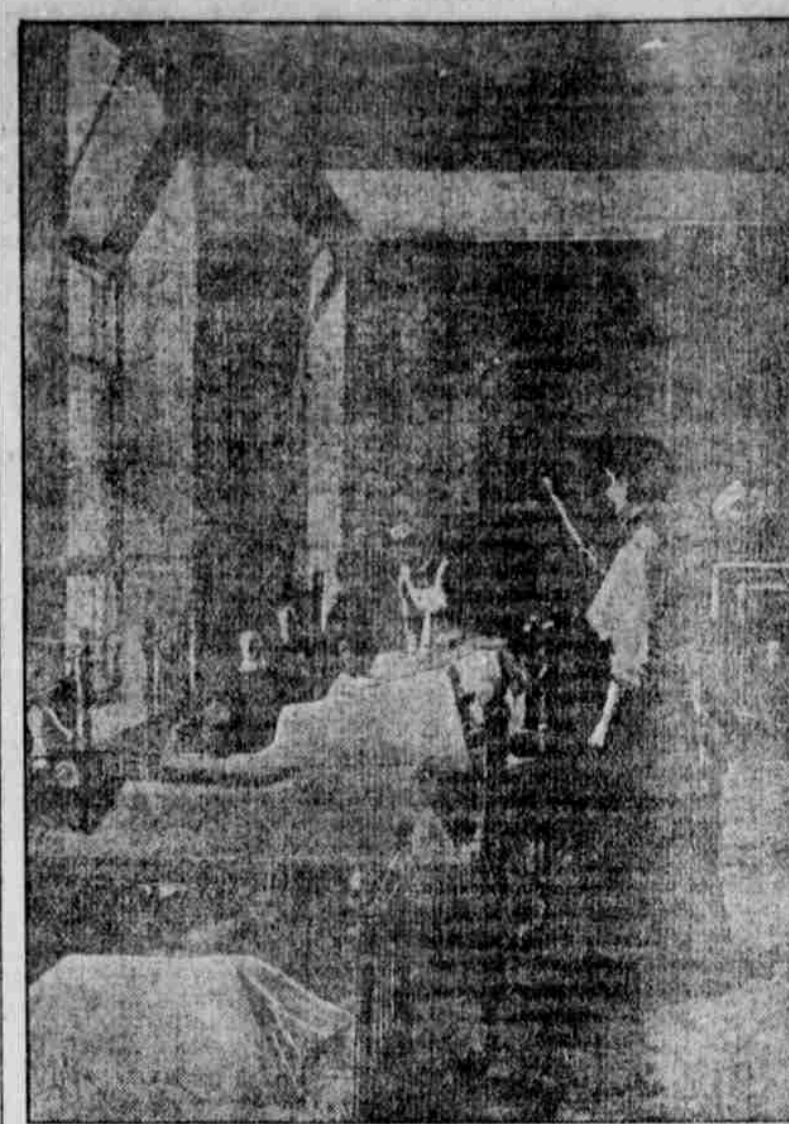
Little Carl, six years old, had been eased a great deal by his uncle about the vocations he would choose when he became a man. One day he overheard his mother and a caller talking about a certain gentleman being a bachelor.

"When the caller left, his mother noticed that he was unusually quiet and seemed to be in a deep study. Finally he said to her, 'Mamma, is a bachelor a good trade?'"—Delineator.

When a farmer's wife has finally coaxed her husband to buy a buggy, he uses it to carry everything to town except calves and pigs.

We sometimes think the poor need to be taught gratitude more than the rich need to be taught generosity.

DRILL FOR THE BED-RIDDEN.



LITTLE HOSPITAL PATIENTS DOING PHYSICAL EXERCISES.

The authorities of the Alexandra Hospital for London Children with Hip Disease make it their affair not only to do what they can towards curing their charges, but to endeavor to fit them for the inevitable battle with the world. School is held in the wards. The "three R's" are taught, and the pupils are instructed also in such things as drawing, lace-making, knitting, sewing and basket-weaving. Nor are they left without such exercise as is possible for them, and there is a regular course of physical drill. School-time is from 10 to 12 in the morning, and from half-past 1 to 3 in the afternoon.—London Illustrated News.

TAXES PAID BY MILLIONAIRES.

How Macays, Whitecays and Others Help Rural Communities.

With the Clarence H. Mackays, the William H. Vanderbilt, Jr., the Guggenheims, Howard Gould, several Whitecays and other wealthy residents the town of North Hempstead, L. I., is most fortunately situated, the residents think. The bulk of the taxes is paid by these millionaires and a few others, according to the New York World.

At the top of the list are Mackays, Mrs. Mackay having an assessment of \$171,000 at Harbor Hill, Roslyn. Mr. Mackay has \$5,000 real and \$150,000 personal property. The Vanderbilts at Lakeville total \$280,000, of which Mrs. Vanderbilt has \$100,000 real and W. K. Jr., has \$80,000 real and \$100,000 personal. Howard Gould of Castle Gould has \$140,000 assessed to him.

Out toward Westbury John S. Phipps has the lead with \$110,000 real and \$20,000 personal. The A. Cass Canfield estate is assessed at \$30,000 real and \$6,000 personal. There are many wealthy residents of Great Neck, prominent among them being W. Gould Brokaw, with an assessment of \$70,000 real and \$30,000 personal, and Florence E. Martin has \$50,000 real and \$30,000 personal. Margaret Hoyt, near by, has \$45,000. Payne Whitney, Manhasset's greatest taxpayer, is assessed for \$100,000 real and \$25,000 personal. A. H. Paget has but \$17,400 real. Rudolph Oelsner, the Manhattan brewer, has an assessment of \$60,000 and Benjamin Stern has \$65,000. The Lloyd Bryce property is assessed at \$65,000 real and \$35,000 personal, a total of \$100,000. Mrs. Walter G. Oakman has \$45,000 real and \$35,000 personal, and Mr. Oakman has \$10,000 personal.

The William C. Whitney estate at Wheatley Hills is assessed at \$63,000 and Harry Payne Whitney, who resides there, has \$50,000 personal. W. G. Park has \$40,000 and the estate of the late Charles T. Barney is listed at \$35,000. Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer has \$10,000 real and \$5,000 personal. Mrs. H. B. Duryea has \$70,000 and Assistant Secretary Bacon and his new mansion at Westbury are down for \$55,000. At Port Washington W. Bourke Cochran has his home and pays taxes on \$70,000. Isaac Guggenheim at Sands Point has \$52,500 real and William Guggenheim has \$40,000 personal. The famous Stowe property at Wheatley is assessed to George Crocker at \$70,000.

RARE OLD INSTRUMENTS FOUND.

Violin with Melancholy of 400 Years Discovered in Los Angeles. There was unearthed in Los Angeles a little while ago a wonderful violin, which is pronounced just in its prime by experts, although it is almost 400 years old, says the Los Angeles Times.

This rare instrument, which was made in 1516, is an absolutely perfect specimen of the work of Gaspar Duiffoprugger, who is said to have come from Spain, and who, according to antiquarians, was the first man to give the violin its present shape and productive qualities. He belongs to an age so long past that most musicians have never even heard his name. Stradivari and other master makers of his period are generally considered the pioneers in fine violin manufacture, but their grandfathers had not been born when Duiffoprugger lay peacefully in his grave.

This violin is the property of W. H. Brown, who lives near Slouson Junction. He cannot play it, but his young daughter, Daisy, has more than ordinary ability, and through her performance her father has derived an interest in violin music and violins.

Among his acquaintances is a maker and mender, who in some way had come into possession of the old instrument, but it was broken and could not be mended, he thought, so that its tone would be pure. So he sold it to Mr. Brown for \$150.

Mr. Brown had it repaired in accordance with his own ideas and when the work was completed carried it to a

well-known musician, who owns a splendid Stradivarius. The soloist tucked the Duiffoprugger under his chin, drew one rich, pulsating chord from it and stopped in amazement. Other local musicians say that the superb tone of the old instrument is the most remarkable violin voice to which they have ever listened.

The body of the violin is perfect in condition, and the peculiar figured arch above the tuning pins is entirely unmarred. Its back, which is now dark with age, is an exquisite piece of Spanish lute, representing a walled city of the middle ages. Around the edge runs a quaint inscription in what is declared by a learned priest to be a mixture of old Spanish and Latin. It is, in verse, and, as translated by the priest, runs thus quaintly:

Speechless, alive,  
I heard the feathered throng;  
Since they are dead,  
I emulate their song.

Mrs. Brown also possesses another violin, which has no artistic worth, but is of interest to the antiquarian. It is of wood, practically unvarnished, and was taken from an Aztec tomb in Mexico. It is modeled, somewhat crudely, after the European violin pattern, showing that it was made in the Spanish invasion. It is an oddity in that it has a double set of strings, one lying just below each string played by the bow.

Mr. Brown has presented the Duiffoprugger to his daughter. It is not for sale, but its value is far up in the thousands.

Parisian Time for Vessels on the High Sea.

In a memoir recently submitted to the French Academy of Sciences, Professor Bouque de la Gye offered a very valuable suggestion that met with a rather favorable consideration. According to this suggestion there would have to be created universal signaling posts for transmitting by the aid of wireless telegraphy, the time corresponding to the meridians of the earth, to vessels sailing on the high sea.

A daily signal given out at midnight from the Eiffel Tower would thus transmit the time corresponding to the first meridian to vessels located on the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Captains would thus be kept posted exactly as to the point on which their vessel happens to be. This, however, would mean a material advance eliminating any danger, while dispensing with any laborious time calculation.—Technical World.

Some Denials.

The late Frederick R. Couderc, the noted lawyer and wit, had a great fondness for children. He collected indefatigably the quaint sayings of children, and one of the treasures of his library was a small manuscript volume called "A Child's Dictionary," and these are some of the denials that Mr. Couderc would read from it:

"Just—Mad with the juice squeezed out of it."  
"Snoring—Letting off sleep."  
"Apples—The bubbles that apple trees blow."  
"Backbiter—A mosquito."

"Jan—A thing to brush the warm off with."  
"Ice—Water that went to sleep in the cold."

Tar and Feathers.

So far as is known, the first record of punishment by tar and feathers is in the year 1183, the first of Richard I. At that time a law was passed that any robber voyaging with the crusaders shall be first shaved, then hot pitch shall be poured upon him and a cushion of feathers shook over it. After this the criminal was to be put ashore at the first place the ship came to.

The girl who comes out plain every once in awhile with the words: "I cannot afford it; we are too poor," is not a general favorite in society, but when she marries, she is a great favorite with her husband.

People are always complaining of annoyances they get pay for standing.