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Veteran Sailor Distinctly an Apostle of the Doctrine of Simple and Strenuous Life.

If there were two things which the late Sir Henry Keppel, the veteran admiral and personal friend of King Edward, detested more than anything else, they were doctoring and nursing. He was once told that Mr. Gladstone was ill.

"Ah," he said, "he is over-nursed. If he would do as I do—climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day, and sleep with his windows always open—he would never be ill."

Sir Harry's temperament was not fitted for unmitigated domesticity, says Sir Algernon West in his "Memoir" of the famous admiral. After one of his accidents he tore off the bandages the doctor had put on him and went away for a change and some amusement. His over-anxious wife in a day or two telegraphed to him:

"How are you, and where shall I find you?" To her infinite amusement, the answer came: "Am quite well. You cannot find me."

On another occasion he met Mr. Manley Sims, his doctor, who wanted to know how he was. He did not recognize him, and said:

"Quite well, and all the better for not having seen that beast of a doctor of mine for some time."

CREDENTIALS NOW IN ORDER

Dr. Cook the Last "Distinguished" Guest to Be Entertained by Buenos Ayres Journal.

In the course of his lecture on the city of Buenos Ayres, Burton Holmes showed several pictures of the editorial offices of the great Argentine newspaper called La Prensa. In a portion of the ornate structure that house the journal's many activities there is a complete flat, handsomely furnished and fitted with every convenience that Paris, which the Argentinians copy faithfully, knows. This flat used to be maintained by the newspaper as a place in which to entertain distinguished visitors to the city.

Mr. Holmes, in showing these pictures, declares he felt very bad at first, when he learned about this hospitable custom of the paper, to think that he was not considered enough of a distinguished stranger to be invited to occupy the flat as a guest of La Prensa. But when he looked over the list of those who had occupied it his wounds were assuaged. The first of the guests was Puccini, the Italian composer; the second was Amunson, the Arctic explorer, and the third was Doctor Cook of Brooklyn, of North Pole (?) and Denmark and the guest of the New York board of aldermen. "Since then," Holmes says in conclusion, "La Prensa has not entertained any distinguished visitors."

Opium Habit Among Japanese.

When the Japanese came into control of Formosa they found the opium habit widely prevalent, especially with that portion of the population that were of Chinese origin. The Japanese discovered that 64 per cent of the male population were addicted to the opium habit.

The greatest percentage of these were among the educated classes. In an endeavor to elucidate the point as to the instigation of the habit, the first step was traced in 93 per cent of the cases to the use of the drug by medical advice.

Public opinion was at first hostile to the attempts of the Japanese in eradicating the evil; but now, owing to the judicious measures adopted, a strong public sentiment has arisen against the opium habit.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Making the Best of Things.

There are several injudicious ways of making the best of things. One of them is illustrated by the humble young curate, pictured long ago in Punch, who protested when the bishop, his host, expressed doubts of an egg the curate was eating. "Oh, no, my Lord; I assure you some parts of it are excellent." Fancy looking on the bright sight of a bad egg! The effort was surely less gratifying than the curate supposed. Indeed this habit of seeing good in everything may become the most unendurable of virtues—as distressing as grim patience, which is a common and effective method of wearing out the mind. I like to remember the complacent old lady who said, when a friend reminded her that she had had little trouble in her life. "Yes, but I've made the most of what I have had."—Atlanta Monthly.

Game Didn't Work.

To illustrate how well the late "Ted" Marks was known in theatrical circles beyond the metropolis, a drummer for a New York house told this story: "A lot of boys were sitting around in the lobby of a Kansas City hotel one evening, when one young fellow volunteered to take any one who would go along to the theater. I accepted the offer and we went to the box office, where our 'fresh' friend greeted the man inside with a hale and merry 'How are you?' and a request for two tickets. 'Marks,' said he, 'you know, Teddy Marks—it's all right.' The man inside gave the drummer another look, and said in a very cool but determined manner: 'Nothing doing. Something'll happen to you if you don't move quick.' We did, and he paid my way into another show to avoid meeting the crowd."

With Their Dispositions, Team of Oxen Could Not Do Otherwise But Pull Together.

"Isn't it strange the Baileys should have married each other!" mused Mrs. Kirby. Not that she was particularly interested in the Baileys' marital affairs, and if Mr. Kirby had murmured a comfortable "Uh-huh!" from behind his evening paper her mind would have speedily reverted to a less personal topic.

But instead, he had unexpectedly replied: "Strange? Not at all, my dear. They are unusually well mated—as well matched as Ezra Pinney's oxen," and so Mrs. Kirby had been forced to an immediate defense of her position.

"Why, William Martin Kirby!" she exclaimed, laying down her sewing and leaning forward in her chair. "How can you think so! He is so big and handsome and indolent, and she hasn't a lazy bone in her thin little body."

"That's just what I said, Marcia Edgerton Kirby," returned her husband, "but in your zeal for an argument you entirely overlooked my simile."

"In that remote and 'dark ages' period of my life before I knew you they offered a prize at the county fair for the best-matched pair of oxen."

"There were some beauties brought in, so that everybody laughed when Ezra Pinney came driving along a great, handsome, slow-moving ox hitched up beside a wiry, scrawny little beast that took two steps to the big fellow's one."

"Lottin' on first prize, ain't ye, Ezry?" called out one of the men ironically. "That's a finely matched pair o' oxen!"

"So they be!" agreed Ezry, complacently. "So they be! The best matched pair o' oxen in Wood county. One's willin' to do all the work an' tother's willin' he should!"—Youth's Companion.

UNDER THE GRAND OLD FLAG

Woodsman, Accompanying Tenderfoot, by No Means Actuated by Sentiment Alone.

Frank O'Malley, who hucksters words to magazines, admitted the other day that last fall he made his first trip into the woods. Mr. O'Malley told about the pleasure he took in outfitting for the trip—that pleasure being added to by the assumption of friendly relations with the manager of a downtown sporting goods store. "I had known him by sight for a long time," said Mr. O'Malley, "for I have a little office immediately above the store he manages. But I had never gotten acquainted with him. He seemed an unapproachable, stand-offish sort of man. Then I made a week-end trip to Atlantic City, and forgot to turn of the tap in my stationary washstand in my little office on the floor immediately above the sporting goods store. 'So,' says Mr. O'Malley, "when I came back from Atlantic City, that's how I got acquainted with the manager."

In the Maine woods Mr. O'Malley acquired a guide named Fred. The guide watched with some apprehension as Mr. O'Malley took lengths of gun barrel and jointed them together, and prepared for his tour through the woods in search of big game. When they were finally ready to penetrate the forest depths, the guide came out with an American flag lashed to the barrel of his rifle.

"What are you carrying that flag for?" asked Mr. O'Malley.

"Well," said the guide, "you wouldn't fire on the grand old stars and stripes, would you?"—Herbert Corey in the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Congressman's Coal Yarn.

The present winter has been a record breaker in Washington so far as the weather and the high cost of living have been concerned. During the recent blizzard many householders were caught unprepared, dealers couldn't begin to supply the sudden demand, and coal wagons were all but raided on the streets.

One morning as Congressman Roberts was on his way to catch a car for the capitol he saw a coal wagon crunching through the snow a short distance ahead of him, the negro driver smoking a pipe and fapping his arms to keep warm. Just as it got in front of a house a woman threw open a front window, thrust her head out, beckoned to the driver and shouted:

"Hey! Is that coal for Eaton?" The negro took the pipe from his mouth and rolled up the whites of his eyes with astonishment. He said: "Lord Gord, no'm; this here coal ain't fur eatin'—it's fur burnin'!"—Washington Post.

As Others See Us.

Playwrights seldom are impressive personally, according to Channing Pollock, in his book, "The Footlights—Fore and Aft." "On the whole," he remarks, "it is easy to understand the disappointment of a hero worshiper to whom a companion pointed out Charles Klein. The author of a dozen successful pieces tells the story with great gusto. 'It was on a ferry boat,' he relates, 'and two young chaps were standing near the forward doors. As I strolled past, one of them remarked: "That's the fellow that wrote "The Gamblers."'

"My chest had already begun to expand, when I caught the rejoinder. "Him!" exclaimed the other. "Well, I'll be damned!"

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Simple Lintment.

A simple lintment that is good for a strained back after a siege of household calls for four tablespoonfuls of strong ammonia, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, two large tablespoonfuls of salt and about a quart of rain water. Put these ingredients into a bottle and shake well. As soon as the salt is dissolved it is ready for use. When needed rub the back with the lintment and continue the rubbing until the surface is warm with the friction.

Giving Him the Limit.

The reply of Henry Clay Dean, the famous Missouri lawyer of the early days, to a man accused of unspeakable crime, is historic. The man asked the lawyer to defend him and admitted to him his guilt. "No," said Dean, "I will not defend you. You ought to be shot out of a redhot cannon, through a barbed wire fence into hell."

She Couldn't Say.

A little boy out in Stockton, according to the Rooks County Record, said to his mother the other day: "Ma, am I a descendant from a monkey?" "I don't know," replied the mother. "I never knew any of your father's folks." The father, who was listening, went out in the coal shed and kicked the cat through the roof.—Kansas City Star.

Signs That Foretell Weather.

The country dweller has a thousand weather signs that the city man never knows. A red sunset means very little to the man in the street, but to the man among the lanes it indicates rain and bad weather. Smoke that rises straight in the air is another of the signs that a farmer notices and foretells bad weather. Circles about the moon and sun, streaks of greasy clouds and the peculiar actions of birds and domestic animals are all indications of some change in the weather to the man whose eye has been trained to recognize the signs.

Important Thing to Know.

It is easy to understand why the nation is willing that millions be spent on a weather bureau. If we can only foretell through weather experts, goose bone prophets, corn husk prognosticators or in any other way just what the weather will be from day to day, living will be made a great deal easier for us all. We can get the hay in out of that thunderstorm or hold up that shipment of perishable stuff that a solid freeze and zero weather will utterly ruin.

Post-Mortem Statement.

An Irishman saw while passing through a graveyard these words written on a tombstone: "I still live." "Be jabbers, if I was dead I'd owe up to it!"—Unidentified.