

VARIOUS KINDS OF BEANS.

Vegetable Is Mentioned in Earliest Accounts of America.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up out of the ground as if they had been planted upside down.

It has not been found wild in Asia, nor has it any Indian or Sanscrit name. It reached England in 1779. In central Africa but two seeds are ever found in a pod.

Napoleon's Magic Table.

Napoleon's magic table is one of the greatest curiosities from the time of the grand emperor, who had it in his study at the castle of St. Cloud.

"The Emperor Napoleon was highly delighted with this extraordinary work of art. It formed the surface of one of the tables in his study, and was always shown to all foreigners of distinction who visited the imperial court.

Wonderful Tree of Brazil.

Undoubtedly the most marvelous tree in the world grows in Brazil. It is the carnauba palm, and can be employed for many useful purposes.

From parts of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields also a saccharine substance, as well as a starch, resembling sago.

Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. A considerable quantity of this straw is shipped to Europe, and a part of it returns to Brazil manufactured into hats.

Case of Retaliation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has described the United States as a "gigantic furnace."

When a woman arrives three minutes late at a railway station she imagines the engineer saw her coming and pulled out just for spite.

When a man has pluck his friends are apt to drop the "p" and call it luck.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Bad Spelling.

ONLY 56 out of 141 freshmen at the Northwestern University were able to pass an examination in spelling.

Prof. Clark, of the Northern University, says the trouble is with the so-called "scientific" method of teaching spelling.

But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have learned to spell without reliance upon it.

The Bible-Reading Habit.

THE Boston Herald, speaking especially of New England, says that not many years ago "orators could make no point more certain of instant appreciation than one which turned on an illustration from the Bible, even from its least read portions.

But that is not the only explanatory fact. Formerly the average family had but few books and no daily papers. This gave the Bible a better chance than it has in these days of cheap printing, free libraries, a multiplicity of newspapers, an infinite variety of weekly and monthly publications—all at insignificant prices—and a vastly improved postal service.

Universal Language Again.

IN the Educational Science Section of the British Association, Sir Frederick Bramwell took down from a high shelf that old-worn debating society topic, "A Universal Language."

Inside the drawer of the table is pasted an old slip on which is printed a description, which in modernized English reads as follows:

AN INHABITED BRIDGE IN CHINA.



INHABITED BRIDGE IN THE KWANG TUNG PROVINCE.

At Chau-Chau Fu, in Kwang Tung, there is an extraordinary bridge, which at once attracts the rare tourist who finds his way to the town.

Profited by Waterloo. There was no telegraph then. In answer to the anxious inquiries for the news of Wellington, Rothschild discreetly said nothing of the battle of Waterloo.

Instead, he sighed, and told of Blucher's previous defeat at Ligny, and said that as a result there could be little hope for Wellington.

Every candid man must occasionally admit that the churches would have a hard time getting along if no one gave more than he did.

The Demon of Worry.

THE demon of worry seems to invade almost every home, and more frequently seeks out as its victim the mother of the family, with all her cares and vexations.

Now, here is the grimly ironical significance of the situation. While a national irrigation congress is being held to promote the irrigation of arid lands, and while vast sums of public money are about to be spent for that purpose, reckless and criminal men are making other lands arid at a still more rapid rate.

Irrigation and Deforestation.

OF the 23,394 square miles of primeval forest not long ago existing in the State of Washington nearly one-third has been destroyed, and the major part of the portion destroyed by fire.

Passing of the Clay Pipe. It is curious how the long clay pipe has dropped out of usage. But its tradition lingers. Last evening an American dining at an old-fashioned Fleet street inn which trades on its survival, called for a long clay and smoked it in the belief that he was doing in London as London does.

POOR M. N. KEEP SECRETS.

Refuse to Divulge Them, Though Tempted with Much Wealth.

Some men poor in this world's goods hold secrets that are worth fortunes, but refuse to divulge them, though tempted by the prospect of money enough to enable them to pass the remainder of their lives in ease and luxury.

At a certain seaport on the east coast of England there lives a grocer who could let his promises to a European power at a rental of thousands of dollars a year if he chose.

Whenever a secret treaty is arranged between this country and foreign powers it is duly "set up" and printed by government printers long before the public has any idea that negotiations are in progress.

In an American battle-ship there are said to be over 500 secrets, any one of which would command a fabulous price if put up for sale.

The postmaster of a small village in Ohio owns a secret which many unscrupulous folk would pay much to know. His name is Gustave Francks, and being an experienced chemist, he hit upon a method of removing ink stains from used postage stamps a short time ago, and to his credit he said that he laid the discovery before the government.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?" "Brains," answered Senator Sorghum. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."

A Soothing Assurance. "Are you going to do anything about that little bill that I left with you?" asked the collector gently.

"No," answered the man who is hardened; "you needn't worry. I'm too high principled to resent the insult."

Must Be So.



Mr. J.—My little man, I do not keep cows! Johnnie—Why, papa said you were awfully henpecked!

The Wind Did It.

"I happened to be in a Wyoming town when a city lot was put up at auction," said a drummer, "and in a spirit of fun I made a bid or two. It was knocked down to me at \$40, and I was wondering if anybody would take it off my hands at half that when the city marshal called on me and said:

"Look here, pard, I want to lease your lot by the head."

"What do you mean by head?" I asked.

"Well, it's the only lot in town with a tree on it, and I want to use that tree when there's a blinding to be done. I'll give you \$5 every time I use it."

"And about what sum can you guarantee?" "Oh, it will run \$50 or \$60 a year, anyhow; but if times are good it'll go \$80 or \$90."

"I closed with him," said the drummer, "and in six months my income was \$35. Then, not hearing anything further, I wrote to the marshal, and in reply he said:

"Sorry to inform you that your old tree has blown down and that we now have to walk a man a mile to hang him!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Man of It.

Mrs. Wederly (in toy store)—Isn't that phonographic doll natural? Wederly—It certainly is. Even after it gets through talking it can't keep its mouth shut.

Pa Explains.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's ability? Pa—Ability, my son, is the art of knowing how you know without letting others know it."

The Family Razor.

Briggs—I wonder why Growells and his wife are always quarrelling? Diggs—She has corns and he shaves himself; that's why.

Must Surely Be Ugly.



Waunna Know—Is he very ugly? Goetz Dunn—Well, an ordinary tyn-type would flatter him.

Probably True.

Wabash—I wonder what makes old Gotrox dress so shabbily? Monroe—His pride, my boy. Wabash—Why, how's that? Monroe—He's afraid his customers will mistake him for one of his clerks.

Easy Blending.

Smith—Poor fellow, he has a hard time getting along, doesn't he? Brown—He did for a while, but since he started down hill he finds it comparatively easy.—Chicago News.

A Candid Classification.

"Would you call his voice a tenor or a barytone?" "Neither; I'd call it rocky."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One on the Doctor.

Lawyer—Haven't you been attending old Blankerton for some time? Doctor—Yes. Why? Lawyer—Oh, nothing. Only I see by the paper this morning that he is beyond the reach of medical aid. Doctor—What! He isn't dead? Lawyer—Oh, no. Bankrupt.

Straight Tip.

He (cautiously)—What would you say if I should ask you to be my wife? She (more cautiously)—Why don't you ask me and find out?

Cause and Effect. "Well, I don't care," snapped the golden-haired typewriter boarder, who was getting the worst of the argument, "no man ever amounted to anything except through the influence of some woman."

"I agree with you there," coolly rejoined the old bachelor at the foot of the table. "I know a young man who has always been in the small-potato class heretofore, but he recently fell violently in love and now he is the greatest idiot outside a daffy house."

Strictly Business. Busy Merchant—Well, sir, what do you want? Timid Youth—Your daughter's hand. Busy Merchant—Can't give it to you, sir. Either take her entire or leave her. We are not doing an installment business.

Feminine Idea. He—The world rarely praises a man until after he dies. She—Naturally. He—Why naturally? She—Because that's about all the world can find to praise him for.

Limited Practice. Myer—The lecturer spoke slowly, almost painfully, as one not accustomed to talking. Gyer—Well, I don't wonder at that. You see, he has been married thirty-three years.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Favorites. "I like dear little babies before they have learned to talk, don't you, Mr. Smythe?" "Indeed, I do. Before they have learned to talk there is no danger of their parents telling you the remarkable things they said."

In Tenement Row. "Miss Mahoolo got so proud that she bought a gasoline stove rather than go after coal." "Phwat's th' difference? Don't she have to carry th' can as gasoline?" "Yis, but she sez people might think she owns an automobile."

Affanced. Grace—She is engaged to two men; one she chose for herself and the other her mother chose for her. Edith—Dear me! Grace—Yes; she calls them her intended and her superintended, respectively.—Puck.

Her Only Chance. He—My dear Miss Samantha! Here's my hand!! She—Oh! Archie. This is so sudden!

The Feminine Dilemma. Cordelia—It worries me to buy clothes. Cornelia—Why? Cordelia—Oh, I can't decide whether to look stylish and be uncomfortable, or to be comfortable and look dowdy.

Real Summer Girl. "Say, old man, what is a summer girl?" "A summer girl is a rack to stretch shirt waists on; inside is a receptacle for lobster salad and ice cream, while outside is an attachment for diamond rings."—Life.

Proof of Affection. "I don't believe you love me," pouted the bride of a month. "Not love you, Mabel? Why, you are never out of my thoughts." "And yet five minutes ago when I came behind you in the chair and put my hands over your eyes you asked: 'Who is it?'"—Philadelphia North American.

The World's Judgment. Give little. It will say you might as well have given nothing. Give something. They will say it is not enough. Give much. General opinion will decide you could well give more. Give all, and the world will say you are a fool.—Philadelphia North American.

Really Unkind. "Your poem is all right," remarked the editor as he laid down the manuscript, "with the exception of the first and last stanzas." "But there are only two stanzas!" gasped the visitor with the uncut hair. "Yes, I know," assented the man behind the blue pencil, as he proceeded to get busy.

Feminine View of It. Mrs. Wederly—So you have never met the woman you thought you could marry? Singleton—Never. Mrs. Wederly—Well, I don't wonder at that. As a rule, women are hard to please.

Old Joke. Nora—They never had a cook before, now they got th' oldeas from th' comic papers. Bridget—How do you know? Nora—Because she asked if Ol was goin' to entertain th' polacemons in th' kitchen.

Yet to Come. Sandy Pikes—So yer like great inventors? Billy Coalgate—Yep; de man dat invents a way to shave widout soap will have my admiration.

Quiet Tip. Politician—There goes a man you should know. He carries the State of Illinois in his pocket. Candidate—Indeed? Who is he? Politician—A map peddler.