

Bachelors will tell you that matrimony also is among the doubtful states.

Dr. Hirsch tells us that marriage is no picnic. The doctor's text is older than the Pentateuch.

France produced 9,000 novels last year—percentage adapted for perusal by The Young Girl not stated.

There is a cat in London worth \$5,000—just as there are postage stamps that are "worth" \$7,000 or so apiece.

The Baldwin flying machine lighted in a tree. The only genuine and original flying machines also light in trees.

A minister says Manhattan Island is named in the Bible. Certainly—that island is heaven on earth—if you are not bankrupt.

A St. Louis woman has left her comparatively new husband because he is too good natured. It surely is hard to suit 'em.

A Chicago newspaper says that John D. Rockefeller is "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Rot! Avarice never closes an eye.

Prof. Langley may retort to Prof. Baldwin that anyway he wouldn't give much for an airship that wouldn't stand when hitched.

No, King Edward, you are not powerful enough to set up the fashion of bracelets for men, and they are already worn by dudes.

They say parting the masculine head of hair in the middle has really gone out. The side part's the thing. Besides, it's more masculine.

Uncle Sam must be something of a farmer when the statistics show that the railroads received more than \$463,000,000 for simply moving his 1904 crop.

Really, the correspondents in St. Petersburg aren't doing their full duty to the world. Are there any indications yet that the new baby is going to have a tooth?

Young Mr. Thaw's pretty little chorus girl offers to give him up for \$250,000. But what can a pretty little chorus girl be expected to know about ad valorem?

Now that her husband is the King of Saxony, Louise, who ran away with Giron, seeks to join His Majesty in the exercise of the divine right of kingship.

The fifty Italians who plotted to burn the Norfolk, Va., navy yards are to be shipped out of the state. The Virginians think this is worse than capital punishment.

King Edward has just celebrated his sixty-third birthday, but he hopes that he is in no immediate danger of losing his job so that a place may be made for a younger man.

So Mr. Schwab has "made" \$8,600,000 and Mr. Gates \$6,000,000 in the merry game of manipulating stocks. Our sincere condolences to the bleating lambs who lost their money.

There is some hope for the plain people. A Georgia judge has sentenced a chauffeur to a long term of imprisonment for running down a farm wagon and injuring its occupants.

The vice president of Mexico attended the Gans-Britt prize fight at San Francisco recently. He says it was worse than bull fighting. What would he have thought if they had really fought?

In view of the riot in the Spanish chamber of deputies, Premier Maura is going to suspend the sittings and ask for a vote of confidence. He seems to need one badly, among the flying inkstands.

Doubtless the criminal who suggests novelties in the way of home-made Christmas presents for the male members of the household is responsible for the report that knitting is coming back into style.

John D. Rockefeller recited a poem to his Sunday school class in Cleveland when he bade it good-by for the winter a few weeks ago. If John D. develops a liking for it poetry may pick up a bit, after all.

The London Times is printing extracts from its columns of even date 100 years ago, but, interesting as they are, they aren't nearly as much so as extracts from its columns of even date 100 years hence would be.

Treasury officials report that while some people have expressed a desire for the coinage of a new two-and-a-half-cent piece, the real demand for such coin is small. Some fear its chief use would be to put in the contribution box.

The New York papers are still pointing with singular pride to the pew in a fashionable church over there that has just fetched \$1,550. That is just about 2 per cent of the latest selling price of a single seat in the stock exchange.

Being asked her occupation, a witness in a New York court cheerfully replied: "My occupation? I am a widow. I don't do anything." Being asked her age she answered: "I will admit that I am over 21." And yet some people think that lawyers seeking information lead an easy life.

All good Kentuckians are noting with considerable satisfaction that chemist Wiley isn't saying anything disparaging about whiskey, but confining his crusade to the harmful substances that people put into it.

Song for the Swimmer

A MEMORY OF BOYHOOD

Suggested by reading that prince of polished prose, Lafcadio Hearn's masterpiece—"Chita: A Memory of Last Island"—A story worthy of Victor Hugo's Titanique imagination.

When the haughty sun is burning, Whirling through this arid air, And his chariot wheels are turning, And he sheds a sultry stare, Like some haughty tyrant crashing, Spilling all his furious fire, Or some panting leopard dashing, Throbbing with a fierce desire.

When the copper sky gleams cruel— Like some big hot brassy shield, Scorching like some treacherous jewel, Parching all the shimmering field, When the blistering breeze is biting (And seems to sift into your soul), And your heart knows scant delighting And you lose your self control.

Sweet to seek the river flowing, And dive into the bubbling stream, Whirling like some treacherous jewel, Where dark cool green mosses gleam; Sweet to feel the water round you, Like some feverish brain, Babbling blithe, as glad it found you, Cold and crystal as the rain!

Plunge into the water brimming, Stretch your body in the stream, Sate your soul with swimming, And you lose your self control.

Some of these hounds are trained from puppyhood to follow the scent of a man, just as some are trained to follow the scent of a deer, rabbit or other four-footed game. Every man has a scent peculiar to himself, though most men do not like to admit it. No dog completely recognizes his master without a few sniffs by way of investigation.

Sometimes these "bloodhounds" are clever in trailing a man if the scent, which hangs close to the ground, has not been dissipated or confused with other scents. In most cases, though, these dogs are vastly overestimated. The owner of a pack naturally thinks his dogs the greatest ever and insists on the marvels and mysteries they can smell out. A great chance is taken when a man is convicted on the testimony of a hound's nose.

"Bloodhounds" are about as harmless as kittens after their claws have been manicured. These dogs would not bite a defenseless tramp. They would rather run two days than fight half a minute. A bulldog could whip a yardful of these "bloodhounds" if he could catch them.

The occupants of the ancient sees of Canterbury and York, during the Anglo-Saxon period, enjoyed the privilege of issuing their own coinage—a coinage rich in archaeological, artistic and historical interest, says the Brooklyn Eagle. No record exists of the conditions and circumstances under which the right of coinage was granted to the archbishops of Canterbury, beyond the intrinsic evidence of the coins themselves. Only one type of coin appears to have been issued—the silver penny. It is presumed, from the appearance of the earliest coins, the appearance on the earliest coins of the name of Offa, King of Mercia—one of the three chief kingdoms of early England—that that king first granted the privilege of an independent ecclesiastical coinage.

The first archbishop to issue this money was Jaenberht, who occupied the see from A. D. 766 to 790. All his coins bear Offa's name, while some bear his own. This prelate is noted

in English history for his vigorous, though unsuccessful, attempt to resist King Offa's plan for destroying the power of the primate see of Canterbury and transferring the primacy to a Mercian metropolis. A synod was held in 787 at Chelsea, now a part of London, and the archbishop was forced to give up a large portion of his province to Higbert, bishop of Lichfield, who was raised to the rank of an archbishop. Jaenberht's successor, Aethelheard (A. D. 793-805), though elected in 791, did not receive the pallium till 793. During this interval he appears to have struck coins with the title of Pontifex instead of Archiepiscopus. His early coins bear the name of Offa, while those struck after 796 bear that of Coenwulf, who succeeded Offa as King of Mercia.

Aethelheard's earlier pennies have, in addition to the name of Offa, a star, a cross, the Christian monogram, etc. This prelate was also bishop of Winchester—the ancient capital of England.

Beyond any question, the aristocrat of the canine family is the Russian wolfhound, otherwise the borzoi or barzoi, which is the Russian name for coursing dog. There is a refined elegance coupled with the indication of speed and strength about the Russian wolfhound which no other breed possesses.

In western Europe he is merely the ornamental companion that he is in eastern America. In the coyote section of our continent he can be made as useful as he is in Russia, and to assist in clearing off that scourge of the cattle ranches. When the borzoi was first brought to this country he

was hailed as a natural born wolf destroyer, and we started business under the impression that all one had to do was to let a borzoi see a coyote and the latter's death warrant was as good as executed. The result was a natural failure, because, like a bird dog, the wolfhound must be trained to the work. American purchasers have no occasion to worry about that, however, for as the dog's high courage is the result of education and encouragement, without it they are docile and obedient and fit companions for the ladies of the house, a role which they are pre-eminently fitted to fill by reason of their handsome and unique appearance.—Country Life.

Most of the houses on and near the Leas are larger than the wont of American houses, and the arrangement much more agreeable and sensible than that of our average houses; the hallway opens from a handsome vestibule, and the stairs ascend from the rear of the hall, and turn squarely, as they mount half way up. But let not the intending exile suppose that their rents are low; with the rates and taxes, which the tenant always pays in England, the rents are fully up to those in towns of corresponding size with us. Provisions are even higher than in our subordinate cities, especially to the westward, and I doubt if people live as cheaply in Folkestone as, say, in Springfield, Mass., or in Buffalo.

For the same money, though, they can live more handsomely, for domestic service in England is cheap and abundant and well ordered. Yet, on the other hand, they cannot live so comfortably, nor, taking the prevalence of rheumatism into account, so wholesomely. There are no furnaces in these very personable houses; steam heat is undreamt of, and the grates, which are in every room, are not of ignoble size, scarce suffice to keep the mercury above the early '60s of the thermometer's degrees. If you would have warm hands and feet, you must go out of doors and walk in your warm. It is not a bad plan, and if you can happen on a little sunshine out of doors it is far better than to sit covering over the grate, which has enough to do in keeping itself warm.—Harper's Magazine.

This is, no doubt, due to its exceedingly suspicious nature; the other part of its lack of originality, to which latter defect, however, its notable amenability to discipline is attributable. Apropos of amenability, Sander-son records mounting and taking out of the keddah, unaccompanied by a tame elephant, a female on the sixth day after her capture; and I saw on the lower coast of Siam an elephant that had been captured in a pitfall by natives three weeks previously, rowed out on two lashed sampans to a small coasting steamer and successfully managed to kneel that it might get obedience by a force the smallest fraction of its own number. Part of

the process of elephant catching in India, as well as in Siam, tends to rather undermine one's settled notions of elephant sagacity, and to create instead the feeling that a lot of sentimental tommyrot and misleading, ignorantly-conceived animal stories have been put forth about My Lord the elephant. The literal truth is that the elephant, for all its reputed intelligence, is driven into places that no other wild animal could possibly be induced to enter, is in its native jungle held captive within a circle through which it could pass without an effort, and bullied into uncomplaining obedience by a force the smallest fraction of its own number. Part of

the Japanese in San Francisco gave a war drama for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Japanese army. The audience was Japanese, large and enthusiastic. A newspaper report of the play says the handling of the "Russians" in it was "fierce." One Cossack received a three-inch cut on his arm from a Jap's sword.

The Kaiser was so pleased over shooting a fine stag at Rominten that he gave \$6,000 for the orphans and widows of the foresters and had his two beaters to dinner with them, placing one on each side of him.

A certain prince, says the South China Post, has engaged a foreign circus to perform for the delectation of the empress dowager and her retinue. The troupe has been engaged for two days at a cost of \$14,000.

A Paris cabinetmaker has named his thirteen sons, respectively: William III., Victor Emmanuel III., Henry IV., Philip V., Charles VI., Edward VII., Charles VIII., Charles IX., Louis X., Louis XI., Louis XII., Alfonso XIII., and Louis XIV. He did this in order to be able to distinguish one from the other according to their ages.

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The years come and the years go, And the leaves of life keep falling; And across the sunless river's flow, With accents soft and whispers low, The friends long lost are calling. While Autumn his red glory wears, And clouds oppress the sky like cares— But the old griefs die and new joys are born. And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years live and the years die, And all they touch they sadden; But still the heart can't ever defy, Hope still with purple flush our sky, And siber friendship gladden. And well we have loved before, In autumn we can love once more— For the old griefs die and new joys are born. And after the midnight cometh morn. —Albert Pike.

Cool life's hot, tumultuous dream. The bubbling billows all around you Seem to wash your cares away, Starry spray will soft surround you, Tingling for life's lusty fray.

Sweet to steep your soul in slumber, Drifting down dim, shoreless sea, Dropping all the cares that cumber, Floating, traced in ecstasy, Lulled by breezes soft and tender, Snuggly curled in downy nest, Ivory dreams of radiant splendor Soothe your deep and wholesome rest.

The brave embraces of the ocean Are softer than your girl's caress, When throbbing with a wife's devotion She folds you from life's storms and stress. The salt of the sea will sting and thrill you And nerve you for life's strenuous fray, The feathery spray will foam and fill you With rapture of the youth at play.

Sweet is sleep to those that labor, Sweet is rest to those that toil, Sweet the grasp of girl or neighbor, Sweet the smelling of the soil, All are joys that life's storms bring, Fresh as dew or rippling rain, But the supreme joy of living— Grappling with great shaggy man! JAMES E. KINSELLA. Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

"I had a lot of last year's garments that I had outgrown—not that I'm getting fat, my dear, so don't look at me with pity in your eyes; I'm not fat. Well, I had been seeing all sorts of advertisements in the papers about 'highest prices' given for cast-off clothing. They all seemed so anxious to pay out their money that I decided to get rid of my clothes in a lump. I couldn't select among them, all were so full of golden offers. So I just shut my eyes and put my finger on one, and I sent that one a postal card telling him to call.

"He came early the next morning—and really, my dear, he was so gorgeous and smart and beautiful in his silk hat and Prince Albert coat that I wanted to run when he caught me in my kimono, with my bangs done up in wiggles.

"Alas! my dear. Do you remember that mink jacket I felt so proud of last winter?"

"The one with the frogs and the cut steel buttons?" asked the girl from Jersey.

"Yes. Well, would you believe it? Though I gave a cool hundred for it, that fur wasn't real; and it must have been moth-eaten when I got it; and, although I thought it very smart, I assure you it was quite out of date—at least, it was beside Mrs. Vanderbilt's cotton velvet gown, so the old clothes man assured me; and, if you had ever seen him, you couldn't have doubted his word.

"And my \$40 foulard was a mere rag, scarcely worth fixing over.

"And that French hat I paid \$28 for was a complete bit of bunco-steering on the part of the milliner. Why, the ostrich feathers on it weren't even off an ostrich, but just made of cotton.

"And you should have seen the fine scorn with which he glanced over all my silk petticoats and my last winter's suit and relegated them to the rags."

"And then what do you suppose he offered me? Five dollars for the lot?"

"And what did you do?" asked the sympathetic girl from Jersey.

"Well, I was so ashamed of those disgraceful garments, and so impressed with the idea of my own frightful bad taste that I accepted it to get rid of them, and went out and bought a colliette."

"You silly girl!"

"And, oh, I forgot to tell you, the old clothes man suggested that I come right down to his shop and spend that \$5. He felt sure I should be charmed with Mrs. Vanderbilt's cotton velvet gown."—New York Press.

O Love of God, how strong and true! Eternal, and yet ever anew; Uncomprehended and unthought, Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

O heavenly Love, how precious still! In days of weariness and ill. In nights of pain and helplessness, To heal, to comfort and to bless.

O wide-embracing, wondrous Love, We read thee in the sky above; We read thee in the earth below. In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read thee best in Him that came To bear for us the cross of shame, Sent by the Father from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.

O Love of God, our shield and stay Through all the perils of our way; Eternal Love, in thee we rest, Forever safe, forever blest. —Horatius Bonar.

The work of capturing wild horses in the vicinity of Fox mountain and Madeline plains has begun and several animals have been taken.

This country is practically a wild unbroken stretch of mountains in western Nevada and eastern California that is too rough for any purpose except grazing and over which several thousand head of wild horses roam.

The captured animals are invariably small but well proportioned and prove to be hardy, serviceable and obedient after being broken.—Cedarville Correspondence Sacramento Bee.

A. H. Liese, of Fresno county, Cal., put up his ranch for raffle. He sold tickets to the amount of \$7,500. W. C. Wilkinson held the winning number, but Liese refused to surrender the ranch, saying that Wilkinson had no rights in law, as raffling is gambling. But Wilkinson has found an old statute which provides for the confiscation of such property to the State.

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SELLING OLD "DUDS."

GIRL EASY VICTIM OF WILES OF OLD CLOTHES MAN.

According to Fair New Yorker He Had the Art of Disparagement Down Fine—Made Her Ashamed of Her Lack of Taste.

"If you want to realize how really cheap and mean you are, and what an awful figure you cut in the clothes you wear, and what bad taste you have, and a few other things that it is good for you to know," said a New York woman, "just try to dispose of some of your old clothes to a professional old clothes man."

"Oh, I never could," said the girl from Jersey.

"I'd like to know why you couldn't," remarked the other scathingly. "Do you fancy you are too good or too respectable? Why, Mrs. Astor does! Mrs. Vanderbilt and the old clothes man are hand in glove. He told me so himself. He showed me a cotton velvet dress that she sold him only last week. Yes, indeed; and you've no idea how scornful and how gorgeous he is.

"I had a lot of last year's garments that I had outgrown—not that I'm getting fat, my dear, so don't look at me with pity in your eyes; I'm not fat. Well, I had been seeing all sorts of advertisements in the papers about 'highest prices' given for cast-off clothing. They all seemed so anxious to pay out their money that I decided to get rid of my clothes in a lump. I couldn't select among them, all were so full of golden offers. So I just shut my eyes and put my finger on one, and I sent that one a postal card telling him to call.

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BURIAL CUSTOMS OF OLD.

Warriors Laid to Rest With All Their Battle Trappings.

A cemetery belonging to a garrison of Longobards has been found near Ascoli on the Tronto at a pass across the Apennines in Italy. The site of the fort is the top of an island of rock now occupied by a little hamlet called Castel Trovino. All the warriors were laid with their faces to the east. Near the head was found a comb made of horn or bone and a round shield with iron boss. On the right lay a long, straight iron sword in a scabbard of hide. Against the right shoulder was laid a long wooden spear and on the left a dagger in a highly ornamented sheath, decorated with gold, as well as a bow and arrows in a quiver.

Generally there was present the buckle of a broad belt, often decorated applique for belt and scabbard, fashioned of gold, silver or bronze. Small gold plates seem to have been sewed to the coat in the shape of a cross. One grave contained a heavy cuirass of plates bound together with iron wire. The horsemen had big shears for clipping manes and a large bronze feed trough with two movable handles; often bits, saddles and harness were laid beside the dead.

By the women were worn gold hair-pins, with rounded flat heads, gold earrings of different shapes, finger rings and gold plates. One ring has the names Gerontius and Regina engraved on it. Crosses and necklaces of gold and beads of glass, silver bracelets, pottery vases and plates of glass, cups, combs and other articles of the toilet accompany the remains of women.

In Kansas After the War.

After the civil war a Boston man was stopping at the Planters' house, the principal hotel of Leavenworth, Kan., and coming down to breakfast late one morning he partook of that meal with the landlord.

"Well, Mr. —," said the landlord, "how do you like our western country?"

"I like it very well," said the Boston man, "or would if society here were in a more settled state."

"Nonsense," said the landlord, "our society is as settled as that of Boston."

Just then a man named Anthony burst into the dining room and out of a back door, with a man named Jenkinson pumping lead at him at every jump, and following him out into the outbuilding in the rear of the hotel.

"How about society being as settled here as in Boston?" said the Boston man as he and the landlord crawled out from under opposite sides of the table.

"I had forgotten about that Anthony-Jenkinson matter," said the landlord; "but if Doc Jenkinson has caught up with Anthony that is settled by this time."—Boston Herald.

All Fair in Politics.

Gen. Rockwood Hoar relates an amusing instance of the humors of a political campaign. It appears that a year ago during the campaign for the re-election of Gov. Bates and Lieut.-Gov. Guild, portraits of those candidates, as well as those of the opposite party were to be seen posted all through the state of Massachusetts.

The rival bill posters must have been in great haste each to outdo the other, for it would seem that they were not always careful where they put their pictures.

While passing through Haverhill one day the candidates were greatly disconcerted to observe their portraits pasted on one billboard over a lithographic announcement of a theatrical attraction. Under the counterfeit representations of the candidates were the words: "Vote for Bates and Guild."

The portion of the theatrical lithograph not covered by the political portraits bore the legend: "The Greatest Vaudeville Team on Earth."

Students of Political Economy.

One of the most interesting young Englishwomen in America in many a year is Lady Dorothy Legge, daughter of the earl of Dartmouth, who travels with her parents to see her father lay the corner stone of a new building for the college bearing his name. Lady Dorothy is a deep student of political economy, and, like her brother, Viscount Lewisham, is a warm admirer of the younger nations. The viscount and his sister long have watched the development of two wonderful peoples—the Americans and the Japanese.

Both believe the world's progress hinges in large measure on the mental trend of the Yankees of the West and East.

New Sect in Ireland.

A new sect known as John the Baptist Pilgrims is conducting a mission in the North of Ireland, and gaining fresh adherents daily. The members believe in baptism by immersion, in having "no certain dwelling place and in depending upon God for the necessities of life." They have all things in common and address one another by their Christian names.

Forbids Use of Cocaine.

The Southern Pacific Company has forbidden its men to bring cocaine into its yards or shops. It has been customary for the men to use it when they get acider in an eye, but it has been used for other purposes; and, besides, the doctors say its unskilled use in the eye is dangerous. The men have the use of a well-equipped emergency hospital.

Sons Have Distinguished Names.

A Paris cabinetmaker has named his thirteen sons, respectively: William III., Victor Emmanuel III., Henry IV., Philip V., Charles VI., Edward VII., Charles VIII., Charles IX., Louis X., Louis XI., Louis XII., Alfonso XIII., and Louis XIV. He did this in order to be able to distinguish one from the other according to their ages.

Scotch Whisky a Fraud

It is our present purpose to dispute and confute the declaration that the Scotch high ball is the national drink. It is true that there is a drink, beloved of many, called the Scotch high ball, but it is only a popular delusion that the tall glass contains in its depths, in the midst of ingredients of a chunk of ice of geometrical squareness, a piece of lemon peel carved with precision into an elliptical form, and the general covering of effervescent water—anything that approximates what the epicures consider Scotch whisky with its smoky aroma, its boggy after-taste, its blighting smooth suggestion of sthities and heather.

In proof of the assertion we desire to quote no less an authority than Dr. H. B. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. Dr. Wiley may not know whisky, but he knows chemistry, and the principles of that exact science he has applied rigorously with a view to ascertaining the purity of the foods—which include the drinks—that are imported into this country. Presently

Take Time for Leisure

Not only on account of his home, but also on his own account, a man should not keep business in mind all the time. A bow that is always bent loses its elasticity, so that it will not send the arrow home with force when there is need. A man who is thinking day and night about his business weakens his faculties and loses his buoyancy and "snap" by never allowing them a chance to become freshened, strengthened and rejuvenated. He becomes narrow and selfish; his sympathies and affections become atrophied or petrified. Home reaction broadens a man, enlarges his sympathies, and exercises many faculties that necessarily lie dormant during the stress of business hours.

If he will make a practice, in his leisure hours, of giving himself up completely to recreation, to having a grand, good romp with the children, or a social game with the whole family, making up his mind that he will have a good time during the evening, no matter what may happen on the

Lang on Table-Tipping

I was once laying my hands, alone, on a little table which spun about the room, writes Andrew Lang in Harper's Magazine. No doubt I moved it, but I did so "automatically." I did not, consciously, exert any force. I said: "Ask the table a question," and a lady remarked, "Where are the watches?" The table then tilted; the others used the alphabet in the ordinary way. I did not know what was tilted out, but they told me that the message was, "The watches are in Frank's pocket in the children's room." I asked: "What watches?" and the lady said, "I gave two to Frank to take to the watch maker, and he does not know what became of them."