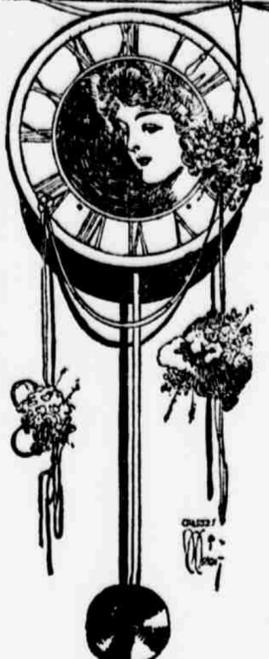


# AS THE CLOCK TICKS



QUESTION OF THE CRAB.

Bishop Candler of Georgia is known as one of the best story tellers in the South. At a recent dinner given in his honor he told this one on himself:

"I shall never forget my embarrassment when first introduced to a hard-shell crab. I came down from the mountains of Georgia to visit some young friends in Richmond. It was crab season and I was invited to a crab supper.

"I had never seen a boiled crab served before and had not the slightest idea how to go at it. Finally I was forced to confess my ignorance on the subject and said:

"If this delicacy before me was a ropher or a 'possum I would know what to do with it, so if some one will be kind enough to tell me where to bite in I will tackle it."

YOUNGSTER WAS HONEST.

At a children's party at Buckingham palace the other day a little incident occurred which furnished Queen Alexandra, who is very fond of children, with considerable amusement. One of the small people present, a three-year-old son of Lady Lurgan's, has a passion for soldiers and was showing his appreciation of the scarlet coated military bandmen who were playing in the garden by picking daisies and presenting them. Presently the queen chanced to pass by and graciously asked the small boy to give her a daisy. The youngster looked her majesty over and compared her quiet gown with the gay uniforms he admired, then firmly replied: "No, Grass for you," and handed the queen a tiny handful of grass. The queen went off laughing at the little boy who was honest enough to show that he preferred bandmen in red coats to royalty.—New York Times.

WANTED "BLACK" SCRATCHED.

All Troy is proud of its eloquent speaker, ex-Gov. Frank S. Black, but his Democratic friends in that city are passing a story around of his encounter with a fond father on his return from the Republican convention. Not far from the Troy Union station is a bootblack stand, where William Mace causes shines and incidentally enjoys the patronage of the ex-governor. Mr. Black was swinging down the street with his legs working like long chopsticks, when William, the bootblack, with an embarrassed grin, accosted him:

"Guvnah, while youse out 'n Chicago, the very day youse tawkin' to nominate the next resident, mah wife give me a fine lubby boy. I named him William McKinley Roosevelt Black Mace."

Just the shadow of a smile lurked on the ex-governor's face as he dove his long, slender hand into his pocket and drew out a comfortable roll of a yellow-greenish hue. Selecting a crisp five-dollar note, he handed it to the grinning dandy, and, leaning over, in his brusque, imperative way, said: "William, scratch the 'Black.'"—New York Times.

GAVE PASTOR HINT.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford of St. George's is fond of telling of the lessons he learns from the little members of his flock.

"I was not always so keen for open churches," he confessed recently, "but a four-year-old girl settled my mind on that point. I was walking with her, listening to her childish prattle, when we passed a tightly closed and locked church. 'I s'pose God has a key to let Himself in,' she remarked, looking thoughtfully at the barred door, 'but the people have to go to the sexton.' 'I didn't have a church then,' continued the doctor, 'but I made up my mind that when I did have one the people would not have to hunt up the sexton to get in.'—New York Times.

CHADWICK'S ANCHOR.

In wardrooms and navy clubs this unpublished story is related of Admiral Evans. When he was given command of the battle ship Indiana he discovered the vessel's stream anchor—a 1,500 pound piece of metal—lashed against the after superstructure and in the "wake" of the after 13-inch guns when fired at extreme range ahead.

"Curious place to have that anchor!" was Evans' comment to the officer who was accompanying him on his round of inspection.

"Orders from the Chief of Bureau of Equipment," was the reply.

Captain, now Rear Admiral, Chadwick was then Chief of the Bureau. Evans had occasion to go to Washington the following day and there met Chadwick. "See here, Chadwick," he said, "that is a remarkable place you have picked out for stowing the Indiana's stream anchor."

"Proper place!" said Chadwick.

A few days later the Indiana went out to test all of her guns at all angles and elevations. It came the turn of the after 13-inch guns, and the group of officers composing the board of inspection were on the bridge and with glasses trained on the target, some three thousand yards away. The big

WERE TWINS, OF COURSE.

Little Girl Could See Nothing Else in Uniformed Pair.

Sallie is four years old and an observant young person. The other day she was in the street car with her mother. Presently two Sisters of Mercy boarded the same car.

Sallie watched them closely for a while without speaking. Then she turned to her mother.

"Mother," she gasped, "look at the funny hats those ladies have on. What for do they wear them, mother?"

"Hush," said her mother, "those are Sisters, and they'll hear you."

Again Sallie lapsed into an attentive silence. But it was soon broken.

"But, mother, only one of those twins has got a string of pretty breads around her waist."

"They're not twins, dearie, what makes you think of that?" asked her mother.

Sallie's eyes grew round with astonishment. "Why, didn't you say they was sisters?" she asked incredulously, "and don't sisters always dress exactly alike, ev'ry bit, when they is twins? In course they is twins, mother, in course."

Popularity of English Billiards.

John Roberts, a noted London billiard player, now in this country, having nearly circled the globe, says that in India and China particularly the English game is played. In Java he found the American, or French, game mostly in vogue. English tables are different from the American and the game differs from that played here, being, he says, more scientific than three-ball billiards.

salp quivered as one of the great guns went off, and through the acre of smoke something went hurtling to splash heavily in the water five hundred feet or so away.

"That shell must have tumbled," said one of the inspection board, "but wash my turret if I ever saw—"

Just then a geyser leaped in air a few yards from the target and down the wind came the distant boom of the far-flung shell.

The group looked blankly at the spot where the supposed shell had splashed into the water and then at Evans.

"Chadwick's anchor," he said quietly.

Which not only illustrates sentences speech, but the power of 13-inch rifles to "kick" anchors a long distance when these are lashed where they can be affected by the blast.

ONE THING HE COULD DO.

Capt. Walter H. Chatfield of the Fifth Infantry, recently home from the Philippines, tells this as a story of service current out in that country. A battalion out on a "hiking" expedition had halted for the Sabbath. The men were all worn out and anxious for rest. But the chaplain was most intent on having services, it being the night before Easter. The chaplain hadn't a candle to read service by, and an obliging private hunted one up for him. Then the private started for his tent but the chaplain halted him, asking if he wouldn't turn in and help with the singing. Music was not this private's strong point, but he had a lot of respect for the chaplain, so he halted, took station close to the minister's elbow, and, converting himself into a candlestick, said:

"See here, chaplain, I can't sing, but I can hold the candle. Go ahead with the services—I can help that much."—New York Times.

PROTEST AGAINST WASTE.

Jay Hambridge, the artist, spent a few weeks last summer at Kinderhook, N. Y., a sleepy little Dutch village midway between Hudson and Albany. The place is filled with quaint old characters who are much opposed to modern innovations and who like to remain undisturbed by the march of progress.

The village had a hose company, made up of old young and old inhabitants. At one of the meetings of the company Mr. Hambridge was an interested spectator, and tells the following:

"When the meeting was about over one of the younger members announced that a sum of money was still left in the treasury and suggested that they use it to buy a chanogelie.

"But at this juncture one of the old inhabitants slowly arose and cleared his throat.

"I'll vote dead agin any such a fool plan to squander money," he announced firmly. "For what's the use of buying one of them dern things when it's likely there isn't any one in the hull company that knows how to play it?"—New York Times.

Didn't Fear Sharks.

Dr. Dave Hennen, owner of the well-known racing sloop Flosshilde, says that one afternoon, while lying about three-quarters of a mile off New Rochelle harbor, near the Reliance's old mooring place, he noticed several good-sized sharks swimming lazily about the boat.

Half an hour afterward three brawny fellows, tanned by the sun until they had the appearance of Africans, swam out toward the sloop. When they got within hearing distance the doctor shouted to them to look out for the sharks that had been around there just a short time before.

This warning didn't seem to disturb the swimmers in the least, for one of them half raised himself out of the water, and in the most impudent way said:

"Say, young feller, if any of them sharks come near us, we'll bite 'em."

To Avoid Sunstroke.

A wise person writes that a few hints as to how to avoid sunstroke may not be amiss at this season even though we may have passed the tropical point.

One's object must be to protect the central nervous system from the solar rays. Now, a hat protects the brain, but many a fatal case of sunstroke has resulted from the fact that the spinal cord is almost as vulnerable. The back of the neck should be protected. In India a double layer of cloth is often inserted along the middle line of the jacket behind. Young women who button their shirtwaists at the neck, take notice! A double row of the buttons may prevent sunstroke.—Boston Herald.

FINE OLD TINDER BOX.

Interesting Curio That Recalls the "Good Old Days."

In these days of electric lighting tinder boxes stand in the same relation to illumination as a flintlock does to the modern firearm. They, however, serve as interesting curios, and many at present in England are ornate to a degree, and show no little artistic and decorative skill. This one belongs to a Mr. Oswald Barron. He procured it in Flanders. It is of oak and handsomely carved on all its faces. On the sliding lid is wrought a tulipike flower, rising from an ornamental pot. The box is seven and a half inches long and has only one division, which is longitudinal.



DOG KEPT LONG WATCH.

On Guard Twenty-Four Hours Without Food or Water.

When Miss Bonnie V. Lynn returned from her rural mail delivery route on Tuesday she was much surprised at the non-appearance of her faithful old dog Tracey, which always accompanies her on her rounds.

Diligent search and inquiry developed nothing as to the whereabouts of the faithful companion. The members of the Lynn household were grieved by the absence of the favorite canine, which was regarded almost as one of the family. They were confident that nothing short of death or imprisonment could prevent Tracey from returning to them.

Next day, when Miss Lynn was again covering her route, she was surprised, upon stopping to deposit some letters in a box, to find the lost dog lying near the place, faithfully guarding an empty envelope that she had dropped on the ground the day before.

For twenty-four hours Tracey had kept vigil over this envelope, evidently realizing the responsibility that rested upon his mistress and believing the preservation of the envelope was of vital importance.

During this long watch the dumb animal had neither food nor water, and not until the envelope was picked up would it desert its post.—Los Angeles Times.

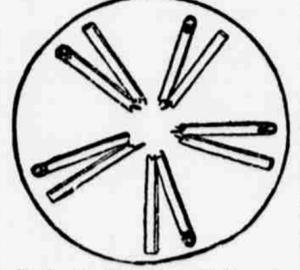
Dog No Match for Woodchuck.

It is unusual to see a woodchuck drive a dog; it is usually reversed, and the chuck takes to his hole, to be dug out by the dog.

A Phillips canine followed his mistress, who was on a drive through the back towns of Phillips the other day, and after driving off all the hens from the farms along the road he came upon a woodchuck near the road. He barked with joy at the sight of that strange animal, and with one leap he landed in front of the woodchuck.

Then he stopped—there was something in the woodchuck's eye that indicated that there might be serious trouble. The dog discovered it and backed away to safety, and, strange to state, the woodchuck followed him; followed him until the poetry was all out of the experience and the fun was all gone. Finally the dog acknowledged his defeat by dropping his tail and starting for Phillips at a very fast pace.—Bangor News.

With Matches.



Bend five matches until they are almost broken and place them as shown. Then drop a little water on the broken ends and see the extraneous stretch till they form a star.

Volcano Still There.

Workmen were driving an artesian well near Pisa, in Italy, recently, when a huge column of gas rose up from the boring made in the ground, followed by an eruption of warm water, sand and mud. Frightened at this unexpected turn of events, the men ran away. Engineers came up and were investigating the phenomenon, when a workman approached with a lighted match. This ignited the escaping gas and a column of fire rose very high, which lit up the neighborhood throughout the whole night. Efforts were made without success to extinguish the fire, which continued for days, accompanied by eruptions of sand and subterranean noises. In ancient times a volcano, known as the San Giuliano, existed on a neighboring hill, but has long been inactive.

Opossum Traveled in Bananas.

While a consignment of bananas from Jamaica was being unloaded at Bradford, Pa., the other day, an opossum jumped out. He was captured and is being cared for by the owners of the bananas.

Lightning Woke Him Up.

George Nugent of Beverly Farms had his slumber disturbed recently by being suddenly precipitated to the floor, the slats of his bed having been ripped out by lightning.

FALSE TEETH OF G. W.

May Be Seen in a Baltimore Museum.—Were Carved Out of Ivory.

It is a matter of history that George Washington was the proud possessor of the first set of false teeth made in this country, but it is not generally known that these identical teeth, which were carved from a solid piece of ivory, are now exhibited at a Baltimore dental college.

In the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is found the following reference:

"It has always been a subject of curious speculation to some minds how much of the calm and benign expression of the face was due to the shape of Washington's false teeth."

To the above the American editor of the encyclopaedia adds in a footnote:

"This 'curious speculation' must be that of a curious sort of mind. These ivory carved teeth, however, made by John Greenwood, the first American dentist, are now in the museum of the oldest of all dental colleges, which is in Baltimore, Md."

The teeth are in the museum of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. They are mounted on a silver rod and protected by a glass case, which is enclosed in another glass case of larger proportions. They never fail to arouse great curiosity among the visitors at the college.

The Goddess of Drink.



Supposed to depict a reporter of the New York Telegraph on an assignment which does not seem to displease him.

Adventures of Thousand-Franc Note.

A lady passing down the Rue Richelieu had the misfortune to lose a pocketbook containing, among other valuables, a 1,000-franc note. The pocketbook was picked up by a chair mender named Renaud, who lives at Montreaux; and he placed it very carefully in his pocket and proceeded home. It is not often that a chair mender has occasion to change a note for that amount, and Renaud, recognizing the impossibility of turning it into gold without detection, agreed with a friend to do the business for the consideration of 100 francs.

This friend, Lucien Mathern, also a chair mender, was in his turn filled with apprehension. The difficulty was solved by the aid of a horticulturist, named Simmonnet, who kindly consented to buy himself a horse for 300 francs and return the change. Renaud thus became richer by 600 francs. All might have gone well if, two days later, it had not been discovered that the horse had been stolen from a dealer at Meaux. This led to the arrest of the trio, and later in the day the police put their hands on the horse thieves.—Paris Messenger.

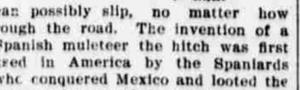
Took a Fatal Nap.

At Newport News, Va., George Lawrence, 69 years old, of Baltimore took a fatal nap under an old work bench in the unused power house of the Consumers' Light, Heat and Power Company.

Lawrence is said to have been under the influence of liquor and strolled into the place and lay down to sleep. About 7 o'clock W. S. Powell and a companion entered the place and did some pistol practice with the target placed above the bench. After the second shot the practice was brought to a sudden close by groans coming from under the bench. The young men found Lawrence writhing in pain from a wound in the abdomen. The man was taken to the hospital, where he died.

Diamond Hitch.

The "diamond hitch" is at once the pride of the woolly west, and the despair of the tenderfoot. No cargo strapped onto a mule's back with it can possibly slip, no matter how rough the road. The invention of a Spanish muleteer the hitch was first used in America by the Spaniards who conquered Mexico and looted the treasure houses of the Montezumas.



Suggestive Marriage Headline. Spider-Webb was the headline over a notice of a marriage that occurred in the vicinity of Burns recently.

WANTED TO BE SURE.

Sweetheart's Little Trick to Test Her Managerial Ability.

"Women's ways are inscrutable, and they do a great many things that seem to be utterly without point to men, but it has been my experience that time shows they had a pretty good reason for the queer tricks they played us," said E. A. Cobbs of Montreal, Canada.

"For instance," he continued, "my wife has had an angelic disposition. She has always had that disposition, and it was one of the many things that attracted me to her. After we became engaged, however, on several occasions she did things which seemed to me to be utterly inexcusable. I've got something of a temper, and I would get pretty hot, but every time the little trouble passed off—she having gained her point, however. This sort of thing happened several times, but we were finally married.

"After the ceremony she never gave any symptoms of inconsistency, but was always as sweet and amiable as she could be. One day I asked her why she had done these things during our engagement and if she had done them merely to make me angry.

"'Certainly I did, my dear,' was her surprising reply. 'I am a prudent woman and merely wanted to make sure I could manage you when you were mad.'"

A Tale of the Erie Canal.

At Amsterdam, for Fonda bound, We hauled the rope away, An' left the dock at 10 o'clock The fifteenth day of May, Our boat it was the Mary Jane, 'Twas crew was—Jim an' me; I hadn't seen Jim nor boat again— They both are gone, you see.

We took a risk, the gale was brisk, Blige two foot in the hold; But what's the use of kickin' abuse A staunch friend of the old? Says Jim to me, says I to Jim: 'It's touch an' go, you get.' He says to me, he says to him: 'The weather's summat wet.'

We're leaded down from keel to crown— A draft of fire brick; We hauled away, fifteenth of May, To do the job up quick, But two mile out of the home port The off mule took the heaven; He quit the job, a played out sport— He sleeps, the willer grieves.

We drug along with lilt an' song Sereely as you please; We hit a rock with hefty shock, An' settled there at ease, 'Twas years an' years an' years ago, From Amsterdam bound, The Mary Jane sagged soft an' slow In mud her bottom found.

Jim stole the mule, the gol darn fool, An' skated out of sight; I swam ashore in tempest roar, I dressed in the garb of night, I could tell more, but he ain't the heart. On a clo's line I got Some trouser legs to hide the pegs That drug me from the spot. —Horace Seymour Keller

Lots of Ailments in the Family.

A young lady who has been visiting at the old home in the country exchanged salutations with an ancient neighbor as she drove by his house.

"Good morning, Miss Susie," he said, "I hope your folks are all well, ma'am."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. McKinnivan, and I hope you are all well, too."

"No, Miss Susie, ma'm, things are mighty bad with us."

"Why, what's the trouble, Mr. McKinnivan?"

"Laws, bless yo' life, Miss Susie, ma'm, all our sheep are dying with some new-fangled disturbance, ma'm. Yanders three of 'em dead, down beyond the road an' fernist the crick, an' thar's fo' mo' up yander on the 'illside, speechless, ma'm."

Buildings of Ancient Greece.

At the recent unveiling of a mural tablet to the memory of the late Mr. F. C. Penrose, F. R. S., in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Sir L. Alma-Tadema remarked that Mr. Penrose's accurate measurements revealed how far the Greeks had gone beyond the use of the straight line into comprehension of the hidden curve. He showed, for instance, that the lines of the base of the Parthenon were curved in order to appear straight, and that columns on the same plane were made different in size in order to create a more perfect and harmonious impression of uniformity. It was Mr. Penrose who directed the strengthening of the Parthenon after the earthquake of 1894.

Log Pirates at Work.

Officers in Minnesota and Wisconsin are trying to capture a gang of log thieves who are very successfully operating on the upper Mississippi, taking the very best logs from rafts, even when guarded by electric searchlights and armed men. A gang was detected taking logs from a valuable raft tied up across the river from La Crosse. So expert are the thieves that they succeeded in getting a good string of logs. The gang has a fine launch with which the logs are taken up into some little bay by day. The gang now busy near La Crosse is only one of several crowds of log pirates who have successfully operated the Mississippi for years.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Value of a Candid Friend.

"There is nothing like a candid friend," said an old army officer the other day. "When I was young, I found such a one in Major Blank. The bottom dropped out of things for me one time, and I vowed in my desperation to commit suicide. The major asked me what was up.

"I am going to blow my brains out," I said.

"Can you hit the ace of spades at ten yards?" asked the major.

"No," I said.

"Better practice, my boy," said the major. "Better practice, if you're set on hitting the brain. Why didn't you decide to fire at a vital spot?"—Washington Post.

Mosquitoes Carry Fatal Germs. Mosquitoes, as carriers of the germs of malaria, cause 15,000 deaths every year in Italy.