

### The Concertina.

The accordian, which was a development of a previously existing aeolina, was invented in 1829 by a Viennese named Damian and consists, as every one knows, of a small pair of bellows and a range of keys which regulate the admission of wind to metal reeds. The accordian sounds notes in one key only. The concertina proper was invented on the same date by Charles Wheatstone, who later became a famous man of science. It seems curious that a man whose reputation rests chiefly on his electrical work and discoveries, who was one of the earliest men of science to make experiments in connection with submarine cables and, moreover, was an extraordinarily skillful decipherer of cryptographic writings, should also have dabbled in musical inventions. But, as a matter of fact, Wheatstone's musical work preceded his scientific discoveries. He went straight from school to the business of manufacturing musical instruments, and it was in 1829, at the age of twenty-seven, that he took out his patent for the concertina. But he was more interested in the scientific principles on which musical instruments are constructed than in music itself, and his acoustical and musical experiments soon drew him into the path which led to his many electrical discoveries.—London Globe.

### An Emended Sign.

Many a householder at the mercy of the painter will find a bond of sympathy with the students of Stanford university in the incident taken from the San Francisco Chronicle. The score of fraternity houses on the campus were in the process of being cleaned up in preparation for the receptions and luncheons to be given to visitors on the day of the big football game. A man got the contract to paint one of the houses white with the understanding that the job must be done and dry by a certain day. After making a rash start the painter asked permission to hang out his sign. His request was granted, and he put up a conspicuous announcement over the front porch, "These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blunk."

Then the work dragged. He would come one day and stay away two. So the impatient collector added to the sign until the announcement read: "These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blunk, Now and Then."

### A Calm Witness.

A lawyer was cross-examining a witness with a view to getting him muddled in his testimony. The following questions and answers occurred: "Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?" "Yes, sir." "How did he turn pale when they faint, don't they?" "No, sir; not always." "What! Do you mean to tell me that a person can faint and not turn pale? Did you ever hear of such a case?" "Yes, sir." "Did you ever see such a case?" "I did, sir." "When?" "About a year ago, sir." "Who was it?" "Twas a negro, sir." The lawyer excused the witness.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### The Meabite Stone.

The so-called Meabite stone was discovered by the Rev. F. Klein in 1898 among the ruins of Dhiban, the ancient Diban. The stone was of black basalt, rounded at the top and bottom, two feet broad, three feet ten inches high and fourteen inches in thickness. It was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, whose cupidity had been aroused by the interest that was taken in it by the explorers. The fragments were afterward collected and laboriously fitted together, and the stone now stands in the Louvre at Paris. The inscription of thirty-four lines is in Hebrew-Phoenician characters and appears to be a record of Meshah, king of Moab, mentioned in II Kings III, referring to his successful revolt against the king of Israel.—New York American.

### A Model Friend.

What true friendship consists in depends on the temperament of the man who has a friend. It is related that at the funeral of Mr. X., who died extremely poor, the usually cold blooded Squire Tightlist was much affected. "You thought a great deal of him, I suppose?" some one asked him. "Thought a great deal of him? I should think I did. There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew well enough he was starving to death!"

### Too Expensive.

Two little girls who were taken to see "Othello" were much impressed by the death scene.

"I wonder whether they kill a lady every night?" asked one. "Why, of course not," said the other. "They just pretend to! It would be too expensive to really kill a lady every night!"

### Sweet Sorrow.

"I can't please my friends," sobbed the young bride. "What's the matter, pet?" "They insist that I can't be happy with a fatted calf you, but, oh, husband, I am!"—Washington Herald.

### A Remarkable Suicide.

A man who had visited Paris was telling of an extraordinary suicide he had heard of in that gay city. "He was a Frenchman, who was nothing if not original," said the teller of the tale "and even when he grew despondent he planned his death in a most original fashion. He locked the door of his room in the Rue Nitot and, removing the weights of the window cord, fastened them to the window itself. He added to the weight of the window by attaching six fatirons. On the sill he adjusted a large triangular bread knife, such as is used by chefs, and made ready a small balloon, capable of lifting fifty pounds. The ingenious Frenchman then put his head out of the window after attaching the balloon to his neck and by releasing the clamp that held the window cut his head off completely with the improvised guillotine. The decapitated body was discovered several days later, but it was not until the balloon and the head were found a week later in the field of a peasant, eighteen miles from Paris, that the method of suicide was really known."

### Old Maps of Louisiana.

An interesting exhibit in the Louisiana State museum is a collection of old maps that show the state of Louisiana extending from Canada, which was then called New France, on the north to the gulf of Mexico on the south and from Virginia and Carolina on the east to the Pacific on the west. These maps were printed in Italy and Holland and France and were evidently largely works of fancy and imagination on the part of the geographers, as they depict mountain ranges where none exists and lakes and rivers distributed around in places where they are not found today. One of the most charming of these maps represents the Mississippi river as making a graceful turn along what is now the roadbed of the Louisville and Nashville railroad and emptying into the gulf in Florida. Along a strip of this country about where English Lookout and peaceful Bay St. Louis are located is a fearsome spot marked as the land of the man eaters.—New Orleans Plaineye.

### A Coveted Picture.

Some years ago a western man entered J. G. Brown's studio and seemed to gain satisfaction in finding his familiar features unchanged. He told the artist that in his boyhood he had worked in the streets of New York and, with others of his class, had served as a model for one of the pictures of street boys. He had gone west and had prospered and now had returned with a desire to become the owner of the group picture in which he and some of his boyish cronies appeared. He wanted it as a reminder of the struggles of his boyhood. He looked back on those days as being quite as happy as any he had ever known. The picture, says W. Howard St. Louis, discussing J. G. Brown, a painter of humble folk, had long ago been sold, and, although it would be purchased offered to give his check for \$25,000 for the work, the artist was unable to supply any clue to its whereabouts.—New Broadway Magazine.

### To His Benefit.

A Tennessee congressman enjoys telling a story of a dandy in his district who in a way is something of a philosopher.

Some one was saying to Mose one day: "You're always in trouble, Mose. Why can't you try to do better? You're a likely sort of dandy, and you could get along very well if only you'd behave yourself—keep a steady job instead of drinking bad whisky and getting yourself behind the bars half the time."

"Excuse me, boss," said Mose, with a grin, "but it looks to me like I makes more money this way. When I works hard I gets \$7 a month and my board. When I gets arrested the jedge he says to me that it will be \$10 or thirty days. How kin I afford to work for \$7 a month when I'm worth \$3 more in de lockup?"—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

### Diagnosed the Case.

A successful oculist recently put in a day or two with his new shotgun in the marshes. He soon noticed that when using the left hand barrel he generally brought down the game, but when using the other barrel he invariably missed. He finally tacked a small target to a bush near the river's bank and fired at it several times with each barrel in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong.

"Well," said the oculist to a friend who was with him, "as nearly as I can make out this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of astigmatism!"—Modern Society.

### The Cost For Repairs.

"Why did you sell your auto?" "Cost too much for repairs." "Wasn't it a good machine?" "First rate. Never got out of order. But I had to pay for repairing the people it ran over."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Did the clock stop when you dashed it down cellar?" asked the police judge of the man who was charged with being disorderly.

"Of course it stopped. Did you suppose it went through to China?"

### Nan and the Bucket.

There is one particular fever of nonsense which the Princeton Tiger claims the credit of having originated, for in the November issue, 1902, appeared the following verse:

There once was a man from Nantucket Who kept all his cash in a bucket, But his daughter, named Nan, Ran away with a man, And as for the bucket—Nantucket.

For the next few months Nan, her father and her newly acquired husband encountered a series of the most astonishing adventures in every known hamlet in the country which could be converted into limerick form by the brains of newspaper and magazine writers from sea to sea. By the time Nan came back with a dozen or so additional verses tacked on to her there is reason to wonder in the face of the oracles to which she had been subjected whether the pecuniary advantage gained by absconding with that bucket repaid her for all that she had been through.—Roy S. Durstine in Bohemian Magazine.

### How He Saved Money.

A country politician in Pennsylvania managed to get elected to the legislature at Harrisburg for one term. When he came back he built himself a fine house, costing about \$20,000. His old neighbors, who knew he had no money before he went to Harrisburg and who knew the salary of a Pennsylvania legislator, were curious to discover where the returned statesman got means to build the house. So one day a committee waited on the man who built the house, and the spokesman said:

"Jim, it may be none of our business to your thinking, but we think you owe it to us who sent you to the legislature to explain where you got the money with which you built this house. You didn't have a cent before you went to Harrisburg and owed everybody in the place. How about it?"

"Why," said the builder, "it's simple enough. You see, when we were in Harrisburg we didn't keep a hired girl."—Argonaut.

### Freaks of the Sea.

The freaks of the sea are the anglers and but fishes. The people of North Carolina have aptly named the angler the allmouth, for the tail begins where the mouth ends. Inhabiting the north Atlantic, the angler has been given a variety of names. On the Massachusetts coast it is known as goosonah, Rhode Island terms it bell-wish, and Connecticut gives it the cognomen of intelligent. Jamaica bay calls it the expettagger, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales all have their local names. The names of the English give to this one fish are expressive of its habits, to say the least. They call it foadfish, frog, fishing frog, devilfish, sea devil, massfish, monkfish, pocketfish, wild-gat, bottlenose and widegaw. Thomas Pennant, who in 1776 wrote the "British Zoology," did not like the name of fishing frog, then applied to the fish, so he changed the old name of fishing frog for the more simple one of angler.

### The Way of Humanity.

Human nature is kind and generous, but it is narrow and blind and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could imagine others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into a river before the roughest man's eyes—he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself, and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measures which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort, and probably all the town would resist him if he did.—Ruskin.

### On the Other Side.

A British soldier out walking with his son saw an old blind beggar with the inscription on his chest, "I Fought at Waterloo."

The soldier said, with deep feeling: "Give him something. He helped to save your country."

The child dropped some silver into the beggar's cap, and the old man gratefully replied:

"Merci bien, monsieur."—London Post.

### In the Drinking Days.

A once well known individual who had lived every day of his life and gained from it a great experience left the following advice—and little else—to his sons: "Drink slow; do not mix your liquor; never sit with your backs to the fire." It was an excellent precept for the era in which it was given—the times when the dining room door was kept locked that there might be no shirking the claret and when the only chance at the circuit mess of escaping intoxication was to drop under the table "like the rest," as Lord Cockburn tells us he did, and lie quiet—day, even when our judges resented that discredit should be brought on drinking by misconduct. Everybody drank, and much too much, in those days, but especially the upper classes. A well known politician discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," urged the poor man. "But

I was not very drunk, and gentical, you know, sometimes get drunk." "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman," returned his master, "but you were exceedingly drunk for a coachman!"—London Illustrated News.

### Cage For a Cuckoo Bee.

When a queen bee becomes unproductive through old age, it is necessary for the bee keeper to supply the colony of bees with a new queen. This he does in the following manner: The old queen is removed from the hive and the bees are left alone for about twelve hours or longer, during which time they find out that they are queenless. The new queen is then put into a cage made of wood and wire cloth, with an opening through one end. This opening is fitted tight with a mixture of honey and sugar. The cage thus prepared is laid upon the tops of the frames in the hive. The bees soon discover the new queen in the cage and set to work upon the honey and sugar. In the hive bees recognize friends and strangers by their sense of smell, and a strange queen entering a hive would be very quickly killed by the bees. By the time the queen is liberated from the cage she has acquired the scent of the hive and is therefore no longer a stranger.—London Globe.

### Eccentric Editions of Books.

Mr. George Somes Layard in a book entitled "Suppressed Plates, Wood Engravings, Etc.," writes of the ridiculous people who value such books as the first issue of the first edition of Dickens' "American Notes" just because there is a mistake in the pagination, or a first edition of Disraeli's "Lothair" because the prototype of "Mrg. Catesby" is divulged by misprinting the name "Capel," or "Poems by Robert Burns," first Edinburgh edition, because the Duke of Roxborough appears as "the Duke of Roxborough," or Barker's "Breeches" Bible of 1594 because on the title page of the New Testament the figures are transposed to 1495, or the first edition in French of Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" because the translator, maltreating the author's name, has declared the book to "traduit de l'Anglais de M. Irwin Washington," and in the dedication has labeled Sir Walter Scott "harronnet."

### Cornish Humor.

The magistrate at the Liskeard police court might well have excused the laughter which greeted the remark of a police witness only a short time ago who said with all seriousness: "He was drunk, your honor, and couldn't stand, I told him to go away, and as he wouldn't I locked him up."

The laugh in another court was against the solicitor who severely asked: "Were you present when you heard this?"

Mixed metaphors are not a peculiar nor indeed a common failing of the Cornishman, but a certain eloquent town solicitor quite recently got entangled when in the course of a protracted debate on the momentous subject of the local Just Lins he declared indignantly, "It is time we put our foot down with a loud voice."—English Illustrated Magazine.

### A Fair Jury.

In a suit some years ago between father and son before an Indiana justice of the peace the sextet comprising the jury came in after three hours' deliberation with the following impartial verdict: "We, the jury, agree to find judgment for neither plaintiff nor defendant and find that each pay half the costs." It is said the verdict struck every one as being so unusually fair that even the parties to the action were satisfied.—Case and Comment.

### Fooled.

Lazy Lewis—I was told dat de farmer wot lives on dat hill paid his hands jist de same whedder dey worked er not, so I went an' hired 'im. Tired Thomas—Den youse played off sick, I reckon? Lazy Lewis—Yep, an' at de end ov de month I found dat he never paid nobody nothin' wuhow.—Chicago News.

### Broke the Charm.

"Well, you are a good little boy. Are you usually as quiet as this?" "No fear, but mother's going to give me a clockwork engine if I don't say anything about your dreadful red nose!"—London Opinion.

### In the Fog.

Towne—So you were in London, eh? How did you find the weather there? Brown—I didn't have to find it. It came and hunted me up and surrounded me in chunks.—Philadelphia Press.

### A London Joke.

Walter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir. Diner—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it too! Bring me some thick soup.—London Tatler.

### How to Be Strong.

Man is strong only by union, happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free, not undisciplined; prompt, not precipitate.—Comte de Mirabeau.

I would not enter in my list of friends a man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.

### Flying Fish.

At one time it was widely credited that flying fish possessed the power to accelerate their passage through the air by flapping their wings, as their enormously elongated pectoral fins are sometimes called. Had this been proved these fish would have actually shared with bats, birds and insects a power which has been denied to all other living creatures. But men of science are now agreed that the motion of the fins sometimes seen when the fish leaves the water is merely a continuation of its swimming movement and in no way aids the passage of the fish through the air. The method of the fish's flight is this: It rushes through the water at high speed, hurls itself into the atmosphere and, spreading its huge wing-like fins, glides rapidly forward until its momentum is exhausted. Then it drops back again into the water. So great is the impetus gained that these fish under favorable conditions will "fly" for a distance of 500 feet. But when once the impetus is exhausted the fish is quite unable to sustain itself in the air by muscular effort.—Scientific American.

### Where the Joke Lay.

He was an Englishman, taking a trip on a Welsh excursion steambath, and he was watching a group of Welsh colliers harking with one another, when they suddenly seized one of their companions and swung him to and fro. The victim shrieked in terror as the ring-leader shouted:

"Now, boys, overboard with 'im!" "So real was the horror of the collier that the Englishman jumped up and interfered successfully. The collier picked himself up and backed to a safe seat next the Englishman, who sternly reproved him for uttering such nerve-shattering cries.

"It was only a joke, and you must have known it," he said.

The collier wiped his forehead. "Iss, I knowed famous it was a joke," he retorted, "an' that's why I did screech blue murrduurr. En don't know the boys, surr. The joke with them was to chuck me overboard. Thank eu kindly furr stoppin' 'em!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Didn't Want to Tell.

The late Professor Greene, author of Greene's Analysis and the English Grammar with which so many have wrestled in their school days, was one of the most genial and fatherly of men. During the later years of his life he was professor of mathematics and astronomy in a New England college. There was in one of his classes a somewhat slow witted though studious young man, whom we will call Jones. On a certain occasion after Jones had repeated carefully the text book statements about the effects of the motions of the earth and was trying to remember what came next in the book the professor interposed with:

"Were you ever in the shadow of the earth, Mr. Jones?"

Jones (slowly)—No, sir.

Professor—Where do you spend your nights, sir?

Jones didn't want to tell.—Universalist Leader.

### Banquets in Elizabeth's Time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheat-corn flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel or hetch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stock-fish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, black puddings, bag puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, sillibubs and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin.—New York Tribune.

### Chamois Maker Is a Magician.

Most everybody uses chamois, and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps, but it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Peabody, in New England. Peabody tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his door he draws sheepskins from the great ranches of Montana or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the pampas of Argentina or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb, masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has a wonderful career.

### Natural Anxiety.

A very talkative little boy was allowed to accompany his father to a friend's house on the understanding that he should not speak until somebody asked him a question. He remained silent for half an hour. "Father," he then murmured, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

### She Speaks Out.

"You aren't earning very much." "But, my darling, two can live as cheaply as one." "I don't yearn to live cheaply, young man."—St. Louis Republic.