

# HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

## DUKE AND DUCHESS CARL- THEODOR OF BAVARIA.

They Pass Their Lives Doing Good for Others Without Pay or Price—Names That Will Shine in the World's History.



HE third of six beautiful and talented sisters, the Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, became the second wife of the celebrated Royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, on April 29, 1874. The Princess in very early years showed herself to be more gifted than children ordinarily are, and her sweetness of disposition rendered her the favorite of the family. At an early age she showed great discrimination of character, and had very strong likes and dislikes, though she did not allow the latter feeling to be often discovered. Her great characteristic was fervent gratitude to all those who were kind to her, and any little kindness or sympathetic word was thoroughly appreciated by the Princess, even when she was quite a child, and this charming trait she still possesses. The first wife of Duke Carl Theodor, the Princess Sophie of Saxony, died on March 9, 1867, leaving him one daughter, the Princess Amalie, who married



DUCHESS CARL THEODOR.

the Duke of Urach on July 4, 1892. It was not until seven years after his first wife's death that the Duke made his second choice, a choice that has rendered his home life ideally happy. It was on April 29, 1874, that he married the Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, who was then only seventeen years of age, and one of the most beautiful and talented princesses in Europe. The Duke, who is eighteen years her senior, is the brother of the Empress of Austria, and the head of the ducal house of Bavaria, his elder brother having resigned his rights in order to make a morganatic marriage.

No married life could be more simple or happy than that led by the Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor, surrounded by their five children, three daughters and two sons—the Princess Sophie, born in 1875; the Princess Elizabeth, 1876; the Princess Marie, 1878; Prince Ludwig Wilhelm, in 1884, and Prince Franz Joseph, the godson of the Emperor of Austria, on March 23, 1888. The Duke and Duchess lead a very busy, useful life, for the Duke has no less than three eye hospitals under his charge, which he has himself founded, the principal and favorite of which is at the Royal Schloss, at Tegernsee, in Bavaria, of which we give views. The others are at Munich and Merau, at all of which places he spends a part of the year with his family. His Royal Highness performs the operations very early in the morning (in summer at 6:30), and he is almost always assisted by the Duchess, who takes the greatest interest in her husband's work, and who is herself a very skillful trained nurse. He also sees all patients early in the morning, and, as may be imagined, the poor look upon him almost with worship, and have an equal adoration for



ROYAL SCHLOSS AT TEGERNSEE.

the beautiful Duchess, who soothes them in their sufferings with the gentlest and kindest of touch and words, so that they speak and think of her as an angel of light and healing. The hospital at Tegernsee, which is in the old Royal Schloss, now the property of the Duke, can accommodate sixty patients, each ward containing from four to six beds. No fees are taken at any of the three hospitals, but there are boxes in which richer patients are expected to place a contribution, the money being devoted to the deserving poor of the place. Duke Carl Theodor is the only royal oculist who exists, and when he first announced his intention of studying medicine, in order that he might spend his life and talents in the service of the sick and suffering, every one declared that it was an unheard of thing for a prince of royal blood to adopt any profession but that of arms. The Duke, however, was wiser than his generation, and preferred to heal

the sick rather than to inflict wounds, and his name will live longer and be more loved by generations to come than that of any soldier, however brave and noble his life may have been. The Duke could nowhere have found a nobler and more unselfish wife than the Duchess, for she enters heart and soul into his philanthropic work, and so thoroughly understands the great nature of her husband.

It often happens that a clever woman is domineering and unamiable, but this is not the case with her, for she has the sweetest and most unselfish nature, and is always thoughtful and considerate to her attendants, who are one and all devoted to her. Her tact in dealing both with high and low is unfailing, and she is as great a favorite with all the relations of her husband as with her own family. The Duchess has many interests in life, and one of her chief hobbies is engineering. She takes an immense interest in machinery of all descriptions, and, what is very rare in a woman, thoroughly understands the subject. In appearance she is very queenly, with a perfectly beautiful face, and lovely eyes, full of expression, the greatness of her soul showing plainly when she speaks, but perhaps her greatest charms are her womanliness and the tenderness that she shows to the poor patients when she is assisting her husband in a painful and difficult operation.

She is a most tender mother to her own children, and was an affectionate and devoted stepmother to the Princess Amalie, who was just nine years old at the time of her father's second marriage, and who has now two little daughters of her own, born on June 22, 1893, and in September, 1894. The two sons of the Duchess were born a long time after her three daughters, and their births were naturally the source of great joy to their parents. The elder, Prince Ludwig Wilhelm, is six years younger than his youngest sister, while the youngest is ten years younger, being only seven years of age. The Duke and Duchess had quite given up all hopes of having a son when the elder Prince was born, followed four years later by his younger brother's birth.

Schloss Tegernsee is beautifully situated on the lake of Tegernsee, almost on the edge of the water. Tegernsee is a very ancient town, founded by two brothers, Count Ottokar and Count Adalbert, in the year 746. It is now a very pretty, quiet place, greatly frequented by the inhabitants of Munich, who come there on account of the pureness of the air and the beauty of the scenery.

The ancient Schloss, which was formerly a monastery, became a private residence in the year 1803, and in 1817 became the property of King Maximilian I. of Bavaria. The King made it his summer residence, and generally spent several months there every year. Now it is the property of Duke Carl Theodor, who has put it to a noble use, and has made Tegernsee the center of charitable work among the poor.

The Schloss is a large building, with a beautiful shaded walk between it and the lake, the church standing almost in the courtyard behind, and with a background of wooded hills. It is a comfortable house, with numerous beautiful old-fashioned rooms, which have been rendered very homelike and pretty by the Duchess and her daughters.

The hospital is situated in one wing of the Schloss, as the Duke finds it most convenient to have his patients under his own roof. No royal duke and duchess in all Europe lead such truly unselfish lives as the Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor of Bavaria, and if only his example will be followed by those who are talented among the royal and noble families of Germany, only good would come to the Fatherland.

**Southern Hospitality.**  
A discourse on southern hospitality would be upon an old text; but as most old texts are the especially good ones, it would be a pity quite to drop them. It has been predicted that with the abolition of slavery and the consequent difficulty of securing household assistance, there will be a decline of the old famed hospitality; that it will not outlive this generation. Were the heartiness of this virtue confined to eating, drinking and housing, we might fear that with increased household labor might be decreased cordiality of entertainment, but there is a further manifestation than the mere attention to appetite. It's the being welcome to what they have, rather the attention to what they have, which especially marks the warmth of southern manner; we hope it is long that we shall know and remember this beautiful virtue.—Womankind.

She—"That was very pretty for Mr. Iselin to kiss his better half after the race." He—"Yes, it was pretty; but remember it was the other Haff who won the race."—Yonkers Statesman.

It is a man's nature to hate those whom he has offended.—Tacitus.  
Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.  
Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—Talleyrand.  
Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.—Disraeli.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.—Lavater.  
I shall leave the world without regret, for it hardly contains a single good listener.—Fontenelle.  
Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them.—Mme. de Freizeux.

Who partakes in another's joys is a more humane character than he who partakes in his griefs.—Lavater.  
It is easier to believe in someone than in something, because the heart reasons more than the mind.—Euneece.  
Love in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an opera, and in Germany a melodrama.—Lady Blessington.

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# THE PIPE OF PEACE.

A Mail-Carrier Has a Rather Hard Experience With a Bad Indian.

In July, 1892, Peter Schneider, who is now a policeman in Cincinnati, met with an adventure which he will not soon forget. The Second United States cavalry, to which he then belonged, were in camp at the big bend of Milk river. Schneider had been detailed mail carrier between the camp and Fort Assinibone. On the way coming he met an Indian at Clear Creek. They exchanged the courtesies of the day, and the redskin, with treachery in his heart, offered the soldier the pipe of peace. They smoked in silence on the roadway for a short time. The Indian asked for a chew of tobacco. Schneider always carried a half pound plug, and pulled it out of his pocket. The Indian took his knife and cut off a small piece from the corner, returning to Schneider, not the large plug, but the small piece which he had taken. The soldier wouldn't have it that way, and compelled him to make the exchange. They were still on apparently friendly terms, however, and there was no occasion for any exchange of hostilities. Schneider asked the Indian for a nearer trail to the fort than the one he had been traveling, and the Indian with whom he had smoked the pipe of peace showed him the way. They separated, and when Schneider had gone about fifty yards something impelled him to look about him. He saw the Indian in the act of drawing a bead on him. Schneider protected himself by dodging behind the horse, slung his weapon from his shoulder and returned the fire of the savage. The latter fled, but turned twice to fire.

Schneider also shot at him, and suddenly the Indian and his horse disappeared from sight as though the earth had swallowed them. Schneider followed, and stood horrified at the brink of a precipice over 200 feet in depth. At the bottom lay the Indian and his pony, both dead. The treacherous savage, in his hurried attack, had forgotten about the cliff, and in his flight went to destruction. Schneider took his saddle and gun and reported the matter to his superior officers. He has the saddle to-day, one of the trophies of his sojourn among "the oneriest dogs on God's green footstool."

**This Man Never Wears Hats.**  
Clinton Miller, of Bradford, Pa., a florist gardener and quite an intelligent man, says the Buffalo Express, has a strange hobby. He does not and will not wear a hat. Not since a boy has Miller worn any head-covering other than a short, thick-growth of natural hair.

In the summer, with the hot sun pouring down upon his uncovered head, Miller may be seen walking around the town or at his work, with the utmost serenity of manner, as if he never minded it a little bit. In the winter it is the same. The mercury may descend clear to the bulb in the thermometer, the winds may blow and the snow may fly, but Miller never minds it and stalks about bare-headed and without an overcoat. The rain doesn't faze him, either. Nothing bothers this man with the hobby, as far as the elements are concerned.

Miller attended the New York state fair last year, and was an object of great interest. It was very hot during the days on which the fair was held, and the sweltering crowds tried to keep cool with broad-brimmed hats, parasols, umbrellas, etc., and Miller, with his bare head, seemed to be the only person on the grounds who did not suffer from the heat. He gives as his reason for not wearing a hat that nature provided us with a head-covering, and he says that it is foolish for a person to wear a hat or any other artificial head-covering.

"You say you don't see how I can stand it? Look at the North American Indian. How does he stand it, or how did he stand it before the entrance of civilization, which resulted in some of them adopting hats? See the natives of far-off Africa and other far-off countries, who do not wear hats. Why, you can even see the foolishness of wearing a big, heavy, cumbersome hat by looking at women on the streets with bonnets as big as a silver half-dime. They don't need any hat. Another reason I do not wear a hat is that it produces baldness. If the people of the civilized world never wore hats there would never be such a thing as a bald head, unless brought on by disease. I wouldn't wear a hat, and should be glad to see every other man abandon its use. It might be hard at first, but they would get used to it soon, and would be pleased with the result."

# BETTER THOUGHTS.

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# UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

THOUSANDS OF RARE AND VALUABLE VOLUMES.

Millions of Them in Old Stables—A Mammoth Library Which Will Contain Every Publication Issued by the Public Printer.



FOR the first time in history Uncle Sam's publications are on the market. They are advertised for sale at specified prices, and anybody who wants them can buy them. The new Bureau of Documents will issue a catalogue every month giving a list of whatever has been printed by the Government during the previous thirty days.

The most important work now being done by the new Bureau is the creation of a library which will contain eventually a copy of every obtainable book or other document published by the Government since its beginning. For this purpose space was set aside originally for 10,000 volumes. Already it is crowded, and it will have to be expanded. Until now Uncle Sam's publications have been a maze—a literary labyrinth through which a person bent on research was obliged to grope without a clue.

To make the catalogue in itself a great labor, inasmuch as most of the publications have no titles. Titles have to be made for them, and to do this requires that they shall be read. Ben Perley Poore made a catalogue of Government publications, but it was a colossal failure, mainly because it was chronological and not alphabetical.

The Chief of the Bureau of Documents is F. A. Crandall. Of his four assistants, three of them, women, are graduates of the Albany Library School. Library work is a profession nowadays, and students are regularly trained for it, receiving diplomas as in law or medicine. Mr. Crandall's chief assistant is the antithesis of the typical librarian, being a young woman with beautiful blue eyes and a complexion of peaches and cream. Her name is Adelaide R. Hase, and she comes from Los Angeles, Cal., which has one of the best equipped small libraries in the country.

The Public Printer has orders to send to this library one copy of every document issued in the future. Likewise every executive department is required to furnish to the library a copy of everything it publishes. The accumulations of Government publications now held by the departments are to be turned over to the Bureau of Documents. These accumulations are enormous. The Interior Department alone had half a million volumes, and of these Mr. Crandall has already taken 200,000. The accumulations at the Capitol will remain where they are for the present. There millions of volumes have been rotting for decades, riddled by bookworms, gnawed by rats and a prey to an odd sort of fungous disease to which books are subject.

Many of these volumes, being rare, are worth from \$10 to \$25 each. The accumulations are largely from the overflow of the Library of Congress, and from books furnished to committees and dispensed with. Improvements are now being made in the storage of these documents. Many of them are being transferred to the Malby Building, which is a Senate annex. The Senate has also hired a disused car stable, in which 1,250,000 volumes have been stacked. The House has another car stable full of its own books.

Certain libraries are legally designated as depositories for public documents. Each Senator and Representative has the right to name one such library. The libraries thus selected receive the publications of the Government regularly. The latter are sent also to every one of the State and Territorial libraries, to the libraries of the executive departments and to the military and naval academies at West Point and Annapolis.

Many libraries complain that they have been obliged to go without books which private persons obtained through their Congressmen. The new law requires that 500 copies of every new publication issued by the Government Printing Office shall be sent to the Bureau of Documents for distribution to the libraries.

Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, in a recent article in the Forum, says that Uncle Sam's printing and publishing cost \$4,000,000 per annum. The Government Printing Office employs more than 3,000 persons, at wages of about \$2,900,000 annually. In 1894 there were printed 40,888,593 copies of public documents. A single report of the Secretary of Agriculture required more than 1,000,000 pounds of paper. The reports of the Secretary of Agriculture are the most widely circulated.

**Economy.**  
It is a duty to be economical. At the great feeding of the 5,000 from bread, miraculously furnished, the Christ commanded that all the fragments be saved. He was more careful than many a servant who will throw away slices of good bread and many a slatternly housekeeper who will let bread mould, rather than take care of it, although the household provider may be breaking his back and heart in trying to keep the wolf from the door; but the Lord of all, who could produce bread by the ton with a prayer, saved all the pieces. Economy is a duty, a very important duty; it should be taught to all and be practiced by all.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.—Colton.

# THE RESCUE.

How a Baltimore Oriole Saved His Mate from Death.

Three pairs of Baltimore orioles built their nests in the boughs of the elms shading a large garden. Though on separate trees, they were all close together and the birds were all on very good terms. In other trees round about and in the shrubs and bushes beneath were nests of other birds—robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, chippy birds—what not. Between these outsiders and the orioles there was commonly peace, though the blackbird occasionally got into trouble when he came too near the orioles' nests. Accordingly, when on a certain morning, the birds of all kinds were flying to be in an uproar, screaming and flapping about in a state of wild excitement, the gardener ran to see what ailed the feathered crowd.

The cause of the trouble was soon discovered. One of the demure oriole wives had caught her head in the sharp angled fork of a tree limb and there she hung, flustered and unable to help herself. The bird community had assembled in force and had they been endowed with ordinary human reason, they could not have been more excited, more free with their advice or less capable of offering any real assistance. Beyond dashing from place to place and screaming, the birds, other than the orioles, did nothing; but the two sisters of the prisoner not only flashed about and screamed, but occasionally one of them would catch the trapped bird by a tail feather and give her a yank. As it happened, this pulling only seemed to wedge the unfortunate bird the tighter in the fork.

To the spectator in the garden the fate of the bird seemed sealed beyond help, and because of this he looked with astonishment on the three male orioles, all of which were seated close together where they could see the hanging bird and not one of which fluttered a feather or made a move.

But just as the gardener was concluding that the female must die, one of the male orioles, presumably the mate of the prisoner, flew to the place, where she was hanging, straddled the fork, grasped her by the back of the neck with his bill, and, bracing himself, gave a mighty tug that pulled her free. Then he dropped her. Instantly recovering herself, she flew to a near-by limb and began arranging her badly rumpled clothes.—New York Sun.

# HIS CAP WON HIM THE RACE.

A Denver Jockey's Ingenious but Unsportsmanlike Trick Wins.

At a trotting race recently in Brighton, Col., all the neighboring towns had a candidate entered and feeling ran high. A Denver sport, who was jockey as well as owner, entered the best of his string, and bought up every pool on his steed. It was a race for blood from the start, and when the Denver man got off in the lead he cut across the track and took the rail fence before the other jockeys were fairly under way. He held his advance around the turn and along the back stretch, but as he made the last turn and squared away for home his nearest competitors began to gain on him. Down the long stretch the three horses came, each jockey driving the race of his life. The excitement was intense and big wagers were being hurriedly made. The Denver man was still in the lead, but they were crowding him fast, and the daylight between the three was growing less and less every instant. He looked first at the wire and then at the horses behind him, and his visions of scooping the pool-box began to fade. There was only one chance left, and that was a very slim one. He remembered that as he was turning into the home-stretch a sudden gust of wind had nearly carried away his cap, leaving it barely hanging on the back of his head. Leaning back until he almost fell out of the sulky, he gave his head a shake. It seemed an age before the cap fell off. The gaudy-colored bit of silk fell directly between the two horses behind him. They shied slightly and broke. Before their drivers could bring them to their feet again the Denver man was under the wire.

# TEXAS SIFTINGS.

It seems appropriate enough for a whisky firm to go into liquidation. Because a man is a dwarf is no excuse for his being short in his accounts. A Texas miser keeps everything under lock and key, and he even bolts his food.

"I'll see you later," as the boxer said when his opponent had closed both his peepers.

What others drink distresses a teetotaler more than it does others, frequently.

A handsome female photographer ought to do a good business with her taking ways.

It is as easy for some men to be witty as it is difficult for some to be otherwise than dull.

"Never play at any game of chance." The man who hides four aces in his sleeve observes this rule.

A courtesy or kindness on the part of a stranger should be received in the spirit in which it is meant.

It is absurd to say that a single swallow doesn't make a spring. Fire a stone at one and see if it doesn't.

Sailors are not fond of agricultural implements usually, but they always welcome the cry of "Land-hoe."

Some men divide their lives between trying to forget and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.

"Castles in the air are walled in by fancy," remarked the poet. "Faith, I'd prefer a rail fence," said Pat.

A boy who is frequently chastised both by his mother and his grandmother, speaks of them as "a spanking team."—Texas Siftings.

# A HERD OF DRUNKEN STEERS.

Texas Longhorns Intoxicated by Rotten Apples.

Fort Scott special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A herd of Texas steers, literally intoxicated on the fermented juice of rotten apples, is an emergency not contemplated by the authors of the Kansas prohibition law, and its several amendments; yet such a spectacle was recently witnessed by the chief of the metropolitan police force of this city and the sheriff of Bourbon county, who have explicit instructions from the department of the state to rigidly suppress the use of intoxicating liquor by the people of their respective jurisdictions.

Patrick Gorman, an extensive stock feeder, a few days ago shipped to his ranch, ten miles northwest of this city, a herd of wild steers from the plains of Texas. During their first night on a Kansas ranch they stampeded through the line fence of the pasture into an apple orchard of the Alf Cleal farm. The prolific fruit season made it unprofitable for Mr. Cleal to gather but a small per cent of his early apples, and the burdened trees had dropped their ripened fruit to the ground full three layers deep. The apples had rotted and were in a state of fermentation that makes them a most intoxicating feast for cattle. Until the next morning the beasts glutted themselves, and were found in a condition of inebriety that caused them to conduct themselves with that boisterous hilarity in which man is wont to indulge when overcome by the effects of Kansas "applejack." The effect of the fermented apple juice was as varied in the cattle as it would have been in many men. Some of them bellored and contorted in drunken debauchery, others were on their muscle and dangerously vicious, while some of them laid helpless and harmless. Their demonstrations attracted the neighbors for miles about, and when the facts became known in town crowds of people drove out to witness the revelry of a "steer beer garden." They were rounded up and corralled with much difficulty by a score of experienced cattlemen. Not unlike human drunkards, the effects of the dissipation on some passed off soon, while others were in the "sobering up" process for two days.

# WHEN JEWS HAD THREE EYES.

A Strange Tradition Held by Hebrews Living in the Orient.

The Jews of eastern Palestine and Asia Minor have a queer tradition which has survived from ancient times and tells of a remote period in their history when every fully developed Israelite was equipped with three perfect eyes. The two main objects, according to this curious old-time legend, were situated in the front part of the head, just as Jewish and other eyes are to-day, but the third—the one that made the early patriarch a monstrosity—was located in the back of the head, just above the nape of the neck in the edge of the hair. This wonderful third eye in man was not "evolved" out of existence, as useless organs generally are (according to the ideas of the progressive scientists), but was closed by the divine injunction on the day when Moses was given the tables of stone on Sinai. You remember that God's command on the day that the tables were renewed was to the effect that no man should be seen in the vicinity of the holy mount. (See Exodus xxiii, 2).

The believers in the three-eye tradition says that Moses supplemented God's command by ordering the faithful who were encamped in the valley to turn their heads from the mountain. This they did, but took good care to uncover the eye that was situated in the back of their head. Moses, noticing this show of duplicity on the part of his followers, asked God to close the third or rear eye, and since that day the Israelites, in common with the remainder of humanity, have been forced to depend on two eyes only.

# Both Trolley and Cable.

A rather unique device is in use by a San Francisco railway to overcome a 25 per cent grade on an electric line. There are two tracks on this grade for cars going in different directions. On the grade there is a conduit like that for cable roads, and it contains an endless cable passing over pulleys at the two ends. An up-going and down-going car are attached to this cable by men stationed at the grades, and the two cars then work together by the use of their own motors, the one going down hill assisting the one which is going up. The system was tested a few weeks ago for the first time, and was found to operate successfully. It has since been working to perfect satisfaction. It was found that the power of the down-going car is far more than is necessary for hauling the ascending car under any possible conditions of load.

# Nervous Children.

The mother says that this child is nervous. He should never hear this said of himself. He will soon learn to use the expression as an excuse for naughtiness. Train him to regular habits of life, secure for him simple, wholesome food, see that he gets plenty of sleep, that his nerves are not disturbed by teasing by others, and in all probability he will cease to manifest nervousness, especially if he never hears older people talk about being nervous.—Womankind.

# Will Try to Walk on the Water.

Benton Ridge, a small village near Findlay, Ohio, is in a furor of excitement over meetings which are being held nightly by a band of faith curists. One of the converts is building a large tank, which he will fill with water, and another convert proposes to show the soundness of his faith by attempting to walk on the water.