CARRIED FOR LUCK

ALMOST EVERY ONE HAS A POCKET TRINKET.

Showing Mild Form of Superstition From Which Few Men Are Free-Some of Them Have Interesting History.

The tailor was industriously brushing and steaming a pile of garments. On the pressing table lay a little heap of trinkets. Testing his iron with a deft touch of his moistened finger, he placed it back on the sputtering little gas stove to heat. Then he answered the question about the pile of trinkets.

"Oh, those," he said, "why, they come from the pockets of clothing sent here to be cleaned or pressed. Nearly every man has his 'rabbit's foot.' No matter how staid a business man he may be, nor how strongly he would deny that he was superstitious, he almost invariably has a pocket piece that he carries for luck. Look at this little piece of flint. It would be hard to explain the reason for carrying it. Yet I know that the owner of that checked suit over there, a business man, must prize the little many. It is shown in the illustration. rock, for no matter what pocket I put it in when I return the suit, it is always in the lower left-hand pocket of suitable transparent liquid. A flame,



A Collection of Good Luck Pieces.

around for its regular pressing. He evidently don't want to lose it, and as it has no apparent beauty or utilty, it must be 'good luck.'

"This penny dated 1888 has been in one of my customer's clothes for two years. One day my curiosity got the upper hand and I laid it aside and didn't return it with his clothes. The very next day he came in at the noon hour and inquired for the coin, giving the date and describing a microscopic scratch that I had not noticed. I handed him the penny and in a burst of confidence he told me the why' of its preciousness. One day it was up to him to decide a deal quickly. He was up against itdidn't know what was advisable. Should he sell or buy? He struggled with his indecision and in desperation he flipped the penny and it said sell. He sold and cleared a good margin.

"That 1888 penny wanders from one suit to another, but it is never lost. I suppose that similar stories would explain the most of these buttons, bits of metal, knotted rubber bands and all the other pocket junk you see here. They are amulets. Yet we make sport of the ignorant heathen."

In the pile were: A brass button from a soldier's uniform, a horse chestnut, a dozen coins, a baby's tooth, a dried bug, several pebbles and shells, an empty brass revolver cartridge, a safety pin, a leaden bullet, a glass bottle stopper, several rings, a brass screw, three horseshoe nails, a shoe button, a woman's broken brooch, a medal and a tiny gold cross.

Crocodile Captured Slave Trader. The trade in slaves has entirely ceased in Sokoto, but in Banchi there was a recrudescence of it, due to famine, the people preferring to sell themselves as slaves rather than

starve as freemen. Ten years ago, it is recalled, the entire Angass tribe sold themselves into slavery, but when the famine is over they take the first opportunity to desert. In the province of Muri famine gave a great impetus to the trade in children, who were sold for food.

One grim incident is recorded: "The canoes," says the report, "travel by night and are concealed by day One, which was discovered in a backwater, with 22 children on board, was pushed out into midstream by the traders and apparently purposely capsized. The slave traders swam for the bank, but one was held by the leg by a crocidile and captured; 12 children were drowned."

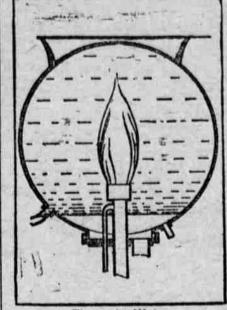
Essence From Orange Leaves. One of the industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests who then ruled that secluded country imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence. This is exported to France and the United States for use

in soap and perfumery making.

MEANT TO CATCH THE EYE.

Ingenious Device as Attraction in a Store Window.

American shopkeepers are far in advance of the merchants of other countries in introducing these "eye catchers." Still, one of the most interesting seen recently comes from Ger-



Flame in Water. This apparatus is a glass vessel and is nearly filled with water or other the waistcoat when the suit comes produced by liquid combustiblessuch as oil and compressed air-burns below the surface of the water. The air is led in through the larger and the combustible by the smaller pipe. At the left is an opening for admitting the liquid and on the opposite side an overflow pipe. When the apparatus is placed in a shop front or the like the flame burning within the liquid will cause attention at once. The apparatus can also be used for producing hot water for heating pur-

BET HAD LONG BEEN OFF.

Experience of Two Cronies Who Stopped Using Tobacco.

T. L. Heath, of Norway, Me., known in the Spanish war days as "Tim," tells this story of his wager with a literary man of the village. They had agreed to leave off smoking. The proposition was an agreement that a \$10 note should be forfeited by the first one to smoke. This happened on Saturday. Monday morning things went badly in the Heath office, and disagreements cropped out at home. Saturday afternoon there came a lull in business so "Tim" dropped around to the neighbor's and sought him out in the library. From his pocket he drew a handful of Havanas, calmly lighted one, and as the smoke sifted through the sunlight he drew a crisp note from his pocketbook.

"Here you go. I'm satisfied," was all he said as he passed the ten to the literary man. There was a smile, but no hand



reached out for the money. "Keep "To your money," the latter said. day makes exactly a week. Well, I've been owing you that banknote for just six days!"

Old People's Village. There is a little village at the foot of the Litchfield mountains not far from Waterbury, Conn., in which scarcely a child is to be seen. Practically all the residents are old peo ple who have been born and brought up in the little village and have never been further away than Waterbury, a distance of 25 miles. The inhabitants of this quaint semi-abandoned town number less than 75. Once upon a time it was a much larger and pros perous community, but, like many New England towns, it has been left | the day before. to take care of itself, while the farmers moved to the nearby cities to enter business instead of devoting their energies to tilling the soil. The average age of the residents now living there is in the neighborhood of the four-score mark.

A Friendly Robin. A correspondent relates the following incident as having happened to himself near North Berwick on the last day of the old year: "When driving home in my sleigh I stopped to speak to some friends, when a robin came and perched on the whip shaft, which my coachman was holding in a slanting position not more than a foot or two from my face.

"Robin sat looking earnestly at me with his beady black eyes with the most perfect confidence for nearly half a minute, and did not mind the talking or the holding out of my, alas, empty hand. All birds, and especially the robin, are very fearless in this weather, but I never met before with such complete fearlessness of man." -Edinburgh Scotsman.

GREAT SEA BATTLE

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN'S RECOLLEC-TION OF DISASTER.

Commander of Warship Tells In Graphic Fashion of Experiences During the Fighting at Tsushima in Late War.

Capt. Vladimir Semenoff of the Russlan navy one of the survivors of the great naval battle of Tsushima in the war with Japan, writes of his experiences recently in a published volume. He was on board the Suvoroff, the Russian flagship. Capt. Semenoff tells of "the stupor which seems to manufacture of linen it is pulled up come over men who have never been in action before when the first shells ture. begin to fall. A stupor which turns easily and instantaneously at the most insignificant external shot into either uncontrollable panic or into this process lasts the odious smell unusually high spirits, depending on the man's character." After the Suvoroff was fairly alight and completely riddled Capt. Semenoff found himself enveloped in an impenetrable smoke. "Burning air parched my face and hands, while a caustic smell of burning almost blinded me. Breathing was impossible. How did I get out of this hell? Perhaps some of the crew who had seen me on the bridge dragged me out. How I arrived on the upper battery on a well-known spot near the ship's image I can't remember and I can't imagine." Finding a few signal men, Capt. Semenoft set to work with an undamaged piece of hose on the fire. Then Lieut. Danchich came up. "Haven't we any stretchers?" he said. "For whom?" asked Semenoff. "Why, for you. You are bleeding Looking down he saw that his right leg was standing in a pool of blood.

Danchich seemed to be making an 'unnecessary fuss." He wanted some one to go with Semenoff. "Who wants to be accompanied?" said Semenoff, angrily, and started to go down the ladder, not realizing what had happened. When a small splinter had wounded him in the waist at the beginning of the fight it had hurt him. "but at this time I had felt nothing," he writes. "Later, in the hospital, when carried there on a stretcher, I understood why it was that during a fight one hears neither groans nor shouts. All that comes afterward. Apparently our feelings have strict limits for receiving external impressions, being even deeply impressed by an absurd sentence. A thing can be so painful that you feel nothing, so terrible that you fear nothing."

Rojestvensky behaved well. Capt. Semenoff says that, although wounded in the head, back and right leg, besides several small splinter wounds. the Russian admiral bore himself most cheerfully, going off to look for a place from which he could watch the lution for the difficulty. fight. Proceeding to the starboard turret he received another wound, which caused him much pain. A the main nerve and paralyzing the ball of the foot. He was carried into turret and seated on a box, but still had sufficient strength at once to ask why the turrent was not firing.

Modern Boston.

The changed character of Boston's population could not be more typiof the names of the committees of the Boston common council. As the Patriots' day committee, for example, President Barrott selects Councilmen Rachkowsky, Santosuosso and Purcell. When the descendants of the tribe of Israel, a race that for 2,000 years, without a country or a flag, has maintained its racial identity; of those brave peoples of Italy that during the varied vicissitudes of the houses of Savoy, Lombard and Guelph, and the never-ceasing conflict between church and state, have grown racially stronger century after century, and the hardy Celts, whose ancestors during the middle ages kept alive learning and wisdom in the world, and through subsequent centuries of oppression maintained burning the spark of race and religion, join together in making plans for Boston's Patriots' day, who will deny that they are qualified for the work, and that in them is incarnated the spirit of modern American institutions

Not an Ordinary Memory.

The driver of the furniture moving van admitted that he had a very bad memory. In fact, he could hardly remember what work he had performed

"No, I can't recall just where it was that Mr. Suddenmove had me take his household goods. My memory is very poor, sir," he replied to the bill collector.

"But you moved him only a week "Yes, sir, but you see we moves so

many people that its' a hard matter to recollect." The bill collector slipped a half dollar in the man's palm. "That

ought to do your memory good," he remarked. "It ought to," the man replied, "but you see this ain't no common, everyday memory of mine, and it has to be jogged considerable. Why, it cost Mr. Suddenmove a dollar to make me for-

His Great Mistake. Churchley-I hear the Rev.Mr. Big-

get."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

ley was a failure at that church, Newlit-Yes, he tried to bring the congregation into harmony with his ideas instead of trying to get himself ably have to accept alms when ber into harmony with their ideas.

WHERE LINEN IS MADE.

Belfast the Center of the Trade of the World.

There is nothing prettier than field of Irish flax in full bloom. The stems are about 30 inches high, says a writer in Truth. They are very slender and of a pale green.

On each stem is a flower in an exquisite tone of blue; something between a cornflower and a forget-menot. The little flower is not of a very robust constitution. The petala soon fall, and then a seed pod forms which, when given time to do so, produces quantities of what we call linseed ("Ihin" is the Celtic name for flax). But when the flax is grown for the before the seed has had time to ma-

After having been exposed to the air for a few days the flaw is laid in water, and during the fortnight that with which it fills the air is of a remarkably powerful character.

As the local guides say: "Shure it's just the flax fermintin'. It's a powerful smell entirely, but there's no dan-

ger in it, glory be to God." The soaking makes it easy to separate the straw from the fibre by brulsing it between rollers and then suspending it through an opening in the top of a machine in which a horizontal shaft with wooden blades revolves at the rate of 250 times a minute. Parted forever are the fibre, flax and the straw, now tow.

Next comes the spinning into yarn, done in immense mills, and after that the yarn is woven into the fabric itself. Finally comes the bleaching, when the linen is laid out on the green field to be whitened by rain and sun and wind.

These long strips of snow whiteness on the green turf surprise the stranger. He thinks it some sort of top dressing, spread upon the land to fertilize it. Belfast is the center of the linen trade.

Puzzled the Post Office.

The postal authorities of Rhode Island were puzzled a few weeks ago and being unable to find a solution for the case sent the matter to Washington, where it is still pending. Zebe Bradford Peterson, of the town of Rehoboth, Rhode Island, wanted to move his hen coop to another town, about ten miles distant.

Having received a goodly price from a recent sale of farms products, he purchased \$5 worth of five-cent stamps which he placed on the sides of the hen coop. When the collector came along he found the stamp-covered coop in front of a box, addressed. The wooden structure would not fit into his team. He was at a loss of what action to take so he returned to the village.

The postmistress wired to one of the cities but they could not find a so-

asking for advice, but no one there seemed to know, while Peterson went splinter struck his left leg, severing into the village and wanted to know "if this was a free country or not," and "what was the matter with the postal system."

The Servant Problem.

A Washington man was telling some one of the trials of his wife, an excellent housekeeper, with reference to the servant problem. Just about the cally illustrated than in the reading time the mistress would get a new girl broken to the ways of the household and he would bid fair to become a model servant, she would decamp or enter the service of a neighbor.

One of these, a Mrs. B., had incurred the especial enmity of the first woman, for she had lately taken two servants from Mrs. Brown. One night in the winter Brown was aroused from his slumbers by queer sounds in the kitchen.

"Burglars!" he hoarsely whispered in the ear of his spouse, as he prepared to tumble out of bed and proceed downstairs.

"Edward," calmly observed the wife, 'I'd give anything to possess your optimistic nature. Always looking on the bright side. I'll wager anything it's that odious Mrs. H- woman trying to get Mary away from me!"

What to Do After Eating.

Should one lie down after meals, and, if so, should one sleep? Dr. Schule, an assistant of Baumler at Freiberg, has analyzed the contents of the stomachs of two normal subjects removed several hours after an identical test meal of bread and distilled water, followed in one instance by sleep, in the other by simple rest in a horizontal position, says the London Post. Schule shows that sleep during digestion always results in weakening the motility of the stomach and increasing the acidity of the gastric juice, a fact attributed by him to the irritation caused by the chyme's stomach. He has also remarked that simple repose in a horizontal position, not accompanied by sleep, stimulates the gastric function without increasing the acidity.

Changed His Tune.

"My dear," murmured the sick man to his wife, "I am nearing the golden streets. I hear strains of sweetest music, unearthly in its beauty, I--"John," said his wife, "what you hear is a phonograph in the next flat." "So it is. Darn those people, any how. No consideration for their neighbors. Go and tell 'em to stop that infernal racket at once."

The Way of It.

Stella - Does she sew for charity Bella-Yes, her husband will probgown is made.

ARE NOT CURIOUS

WASHINGTON CITIZENS SHOW LACK OF INQUISITIVENESS.

Leading Lights of the Nation Too Common at the Capital to Command More Than Passing Attention from Residents.

Living in Washington is a man 99 years old who has passed nearly 80 years there and has never set foot inside the capitol. At the Virginia end of the Aqueduct bridge, across the upper Potomac, is

a woman past 80, who, living within

half a mile of Washington all her life, has never been in Washington. The old Washingtonian, who is hale and intelligent, said when questioned that he'd never cared to go inside the capitol. There was no business calling him there. He'd always been perfectly willing to let the folks in-

side the capitol go their ways if

they'd only let him alone. The old woman at the other end of the Aqueduct bridge observed in response to an interviewer's inquiries that she'd never crossed over to Washington because she'd never cared to. She'd always had enough

work to do without gadding about. These two old persons fairly repre sent the lack of inquisiveness which is perhaps the strongest characteristic of the people who live in and around Washington. Washingtonians are probably the least curious people on earth.

On New Year's day, when the president received the general public, the double line of people eager to grasp his hand curved in two directions out of the White House grounds and upon the streets till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, though the reception began at noon. Of the thousands in those two patient lines hardly any were Washingtonians.

Washingtonians don't attend public receptions at the White House. The lines were made up of visitors who came here especially for the purpose and of folks residing here transiently. If, by dropping a cent in the slot, the average Washingtonian could be instantly whisked to the White House, there to receive the double mitt from the president, a "Dee-lighted!" or two, and a little narrative about a bull moose or the art of hitting a timber wolf or a fawn in the left shoulder with an express bullet, it isn't in the least likely that the average Washingtonian would be attracted by the investment.

This feature of Washington's characteristic indifference is a growth of comparatively recent years. Washingtonians did go to Mr. McKinley's public receptions in quite considerable numbers. They attended the public levees of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, too, and they fairly swarmed through the east room spiritually. Now if there are any of when Mr. Arthur was president. But you here who want to get out of the they have entirely remained away eating, sleeping and drinking habit, I from these affairs at the White House can tell youin recent years.

Washington folks don't flock to the capitol at all. The big people don't in the crowd. "The answer is simple. appear to interest them. Washington- Just get out of the living habit." ians are pretty close to the wires of government, and this may account for the lack of interest in the wire manip-

ulators. A representative of congress is an almost inconsequential figure in Washington. A senator isn't so

much, either. Every day the vice president of the United States walks down Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol, accompanied by some senator or other. The vice president is a very tall personso tall as to make him an unusual figure, on account of his stature and the silk hat atop of the stature, almost anywhere. But never a Washingtonian wheels around to gaze after the vice president.

Hint for Vice President.

A New York man visited the senate gallery in Washington and from his coign of vantage there had a good look at the vice president's carefully concealed bald head. On returning guised admiration. home he wrote to his congressman, saying: "If you have any influence with Mr. Fairbanks, for heaven's sake get him to cut off that scalplock that he drapes over the top of his head and admit that he is bald. The people will elect a bald-headed man president sooner than they'll elect a man who tries to deceive them as to his bald-

Few Senators Hear Prayers.

Attendance at prayers in the United States senate is not large, but it always includes Senators Platt and Depew, who usually sit together and withdraw before the business of the ing chickens. The evidence was so day begins. Sometimes there are only five or six who assemble to hear remaining adbnormally long in the Dr. Hale's invocation. Upon a recent occasion there were seven, and a curious observer made a memorandum of their names. In addition to Platt and Depew there were Perkins of California, Smoot of Utah, Dick of Ohio, McCreary of Kentucky and Clark of Montana.

Might Take a Chance.

A coterie of Washington "cabbles" were waiting for their patrons after the show the other night. The numbers were being called out, and one by one the drivers hurried away with their fares. Finally but two remained, and then came the call for one of them. As he whipped up his horses he tantalizingly cried: "Come on along," and quick as a flash came the reply: "Ah, I might as well; my party is so cross-eyed he won't know his number anyhow."

HEAD TAX IS REMOVED.

Secretary Straus D. s Away with Cause of Friction.

Recently there was a little notice issued by the secretary of the department of commerce and labor announcing that the head tax on foreign diplomatic officers coming to America had been removed. It did not mean much to the average man who read it, few residents of this country knowing that there was such a tax or realizing what a long-standing source of annovance it has been to foreign diplomats. As a matter of fact, however, there is such a tax on all aliens entering this country, and while it is only two dollars, and is included in the price of the steamer passage, it is still regarded as an affront by foreign diplomatic officers, putting them on the same plane with steerage passengers, when they are theoretically the guests of this government and people to be treated officially with marked con sideration.

Secretary Straus having been in the diplomatic service himself, knew how this trifling impost was regarded, and his action in removing it is important as removing a decided and useless cause of friction. It may be said also that most of the steamship companies manage to make a trifle out of the general tax on the side, it being only two dollars, but always being charged as \$2.50 additional on the ticket. This extra 50 cents, of course, the steamship company pockets. It does not claim that all of the tax is paid to the government, but apparently grabs the extra half dollar merely because it can, and there is seldom any row over it, because the amount is too small for most passengers to raise a kick over.

FAILED TO MAKE CONVERTS.

Washington Crowd Had No Use for "Revivifier."-

A tall, shivery and angular individual of the man kind blew into the Capitol during the session and made a vain search for the member from his district. It was explained that the reason he did not find his representative was that his representative saw him first. The man carried a strangelooking package, which he said was

his "revivifier." A curious crowd soon collected and plied the bearer with questions which he answered readily. In fact, he seemed glad to be plied with questions. He explained that mankind had been making a great mistake ever since the world began by eating, sleeping and drinking. These things, he added were utterly unnecessary to life and happi-

"Why," he exclaimed, "by the use of my revivifier man can live without food, drink, or sleep, just as the inhabitants of Mars and the planets in space do. We are of the earth earthy, Instead we should be of the spirit

"So can I tell you how to do it," broke in a hard-faced, muscular man

Visitor Was Only Grateful.

A young man from the country was lazily ambling along a certain street in Washington, when he stopped in front of an engine house and looked

"Have many fires here in Washin'ton?" he inquired of a fireman standing at the door. "Quite a number," was the reply. "Have to go to all of 'em?" "Not unless they're in our district, or there's a general alarm." "Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?" "Yes."

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the engine and hose-cart, and within a few seconds men, horses and apparatus were out of the door and speeding down the street. The young man watched the performance with undis-

"Well, I must say this is a derned obliging town!" exclaimed he. "There ain't many places where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do!"

Dramatic Plea Ineffective.

While sitting in the lobby of a wellknown hotel at Washington, largely patronized by southern men, one evening not long ago a correspondent overheard a story by a man who gave to it that pleasing cadence so characteristic of the southerner. It hap pened at a hearing, before a justice of the peace down in a Georgia town, of a negro who was charged with steal much against him that, when the trial was concluded and the justice was about to render his decision, the defendant, uneasy at the prospect, felt it advisable to say something in his own behalf.

"Jedge," he exclaimed, "I hope de Lawd 'll strike me daid ef I stole dem

chickens!" The judge regarded the prisoner in half-amused silence for a minute or

more and then said: "Since the Lord refused to interfere, I must. Thirty days."

Earth His Proper Sphere.

Congressman Parsons of New York was invited to join the party that as cended from Washington in the big racing balloon America, but before he could reply his quick-witted wife in terjected the remark that he had been "up in the air" quite enough of late and that he would better remain or,

terra firma when he had a chance.