

HAD TO BE MORE EXPLICIT.

"Dear Grandpa" Conveyed Little to Post Office Officials.

A member of the Yale basketball team which played here a night or two ago received a check—a present in three figures—from his grandfather who lives in a New Jersey town. The check, as a matter of fact, was a fake prepared by William L. Lush, the Yale coach, formerly left fielder on the Cleveland baseball team, who was here with the team. But fake or no fake the recipient of the check got mighty excited.

He raced right across the Hollenden lobby to the telegraph desk, the minute he saw the size of the check, and wrote out a telegram as follows: "Dear Grandpa, New Jersey. Thanks very much for check. This is a receipt. Your grandson." He wrote it just that way.

Then he hustled into the writing room to thank grandpa more fully by letter.

While he was preparing the letter a bellboy brought him back his telegram, along with the 30 cents—he had paid to send it—39 in pennies—and this was written across the message: "Can't find anybody named dear grandpa." Then the Yale boy came to.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY BE CRABBED ABOUT AGE?

One Instance, at Least, in Which It Brought No Good.

At the dinner that the Chicago Press club gave in Edward Payson Weston's honor, the veteran pedestrian said of old age:

"Age is no crime, but you would think so from the way some people try to conceal it. We can give the lie to age by being gay, vigorous, buoyant, and it is foolish of us to resent our burden of years in any other manner. The aged Ben Davies of St. Joseph resented his years in a foolish, crusty, surly way.

"Hello, old man Davies!" an elderly St. Joseph lawyer said to him one morning.

"Old! Davies snarled. 'Old, hey? Well, how about yourself? I'm no older than you are. What's your earliest recollection?"

"The lawyer grinned at old man Davies and replied:

"Well, let me see. Yes, I think that's it. My earliest recollection is hearing folks say: 'There goes old man Davies.'"

Messenger Pigeons.

In taking its observations the messenger pigeon rises to the height varying between 200 and 700 feet, according to the climatic or other local conditions. But, whether the height be 200 or 700 feet, the pigeon flies in a series of circles, but always returns to a central position immediately above the spot from which it has been released. As soon as it has accurately determined its direction it darts off for home. The speed varies according to atmospheric conditions. With a strong wind behind them, they will fly at a velocity of 1,500 or 1,600 yards a minute.

Every Canadian a Villager.

Perhaps every Canadian does not know that he is a "villager," says the London News. For the country owes its name to a curious misconception on the part of M. Jacques Cartier, who is credited with the discovery of the St. Lawrence. He could make but little out of the conversation of the natives, and, hearing them frequently use the word "Kanata," their name for a village, he fell into the mistake of supposing that it was the name of their country. Thus, in more than one sense, has Canada grown from a little village to a great state.

An Unlucky Coin.

"The quarter-dollar," said a numismatist, "should be a very unlucky coin. It is nothing but one mass of thirteens. There are 13 stars on it. There are 13 letters in the scroll that the eagle holds in its claws, there are 13 feathers in the eagle's tail, and there are 13 feathers in its wing. On the shield there are 13 parallel lines, 13 horizontal stripes and 13 arrowheads. Finally, in the word 'quarter-dollar' there are just 13 letters."

But Yet a Man!

"I suppose I have about the most thoughtful, kind and considerate husband in the world," she was saying, sadly. "When he comes home at about two of the morning, turns all the lights on and wakes me out of a sound sleep, he always says in the most polite way imaginable: "Don't let me disturb you, dear, but will you please help me to unfasten this collar button?"

Australian Rolling Stones.

Round gray stones which are real rolling stones are plentiful in Australia. They are of no value save as curiosities. When laid on a table these stones begin to quiver. Then they begin to roll, first with a slow, then with a faster gait toward the table's center. In a few minutes they will all be together in a tight bunch. The magnetic iron ore which they contain accounts for their motions.

On the Wrong Wire.

An uptown doctor who is noted for incisiveness of language was sitting in his office the other day when the telephone bell rang.

"Hello," answered the doctor.

"Hello," came a voice, "is this the undertaker's office?"

"No," replied the doctor, "you've missed it a little," and hung up the phone.

WOULD TRY IT ON THE CAT.

Irishman Had Cheaper Form of Analysis in His Mind.

Expert testimony may be valuable from a scientific point of view, but there are often cheaper ways of establishing a certainty, as the hero of the following anecdote decided at the last moment. An Irish laborer entered a drug store, and drawing a paper bag from his pocket, poured on the counter a number of very sticky and unattractive looking lozenges.

"Can ye examine this candy?" he asked.

"It looks queer. What is the matter with it?" asked the druggist.

"Pizen, O'm thinkin'. Did ye ever see such stuff? Dinna give them to me by, and Dinna is no frind of mine."

"Well, I can make an analysis."

"All right. O'll come in to-morrow on me way from worrak."

The Irishman had reached the door, but he suddenly stopped with his hand on the latch.

"And how much will that 'analysis be costin' me?" he inquired.

"Five dollars," was the answer.

The man walked over to the counter and swept the lozenges into the bag, which he replaced in his pocket.

"Niver mind," he said. "O'll feed wan to the cat."

FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

A Little Allowance for the Imagination Requisite Here.

Once upon a Time a Brave Youth risked his Life in saving a Beautiful Girl from a Watery Grave at a Fashionable Seaside Resort.

The Grateful Father seized the Rescuer of his Daughter by the Hand, and in a Voice slopping over with Emotion, spake thusly: "Noble Youth, to You I am indebted for everything that makes Life Worth While. Which Reward will you Take—Two Hundred Thousand Plunks or the Hand of My Child?"

"It's Me to the Digit of the Rescued Maid," answered the Brave Youth, who Figured on Copping both the Beauty and the Coin.

"Young Man, you have Chosen Wisely," replied the Grateful Parent, "for I couldn't have given you the Two Hundred Thousand Plunks at the Present Writing, as I am only a Poor Village Editor and haven't begun to Save it up yet, but my Offspring is Yours for Life, Bless you, my Children."

Moral—Fiction is Stranger than Truth. Otherwise a Poor Village Editor would not have been doing a Stunt at a Fashionable Seaside Resort.—Chicago Daily News.

She Saw Her.

"The late Clara Bloodgood," said a theatrical manager of Chicago, "was witty as she was talented and beautiful. Sometimes, indeed, her keen wit carried her rather far.

"I remember once, at a tea at the Auditorium, a remark that the brilliant actress made to a society woman.

"You were at Bar Harbor, I believe, in the summer?" said the society woman.

"Yes," said the actress.

"And did you see much of my daughter there?"

"Rather," was the answer. "She wore a bathing suit in the morning, riding bloomers in the afternoon and low neck at night."

Don't Be Left Handed.

It has been estimated that about one boy out of 15 is left-handed when he reaches the age of ten. This is his mother's fault in not making him use his right hand more during his babyhood. In Germany there are schools where the boy is taught to be right-handed. Nearly all tools are made for right-handed men, and the boy who grows up left-handed will be awkward.

If one can use both hands alike he has an advantage in some things; but it seems as if nature intended the right arm to do most of the work.

Grain as a Weight.

The name "grain" as a weight originated in a curious way. The old English pound was equivalent to "the weight of 7,680 grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear." This gives 480 to each of the 16 ounces of which the pound was composed. Although the standard is now entirely different, the fact that there are still 480 grains to the ounce Troy and the ounce apothecaries' weight carries us back to the time of the Conquest, and shows us how the name grain originated.

Still Skating.

"They skate on stilts in Sweden," said a traveler. "It is an odd and pretty sight to see. Here a girl skims along, elevated two feet above the ice. There goes an expert upon stilts five feet high.

"Still skating is very, very difficult. Nevertheless, the Swedes do the outer and inner edge, cut rings backward, even make the grapevine.

"But when they fall! A fall from five-foot stilts often makes a hole in the ice."

Knew How to Treat a Lady.

The woman had been accused of murder, the evidence sustaining the charge, but the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

"How did you reach such a monstrous conclusion?" asked the judge, severely.

"Your honor," returned the foreman, "do we look like 12 jays that don't know how to treat a lady?"

DOTTED TEARS WON SUIT.

Extraordinary Letter by Father of Spurned Girl Read in Court.

A thousand dots were in a letter which was read in a breach of promise action at Chester Sheriff's court recently.

"These are not kisses, but tears," the letter, which was of an extraordinary character, explained.

Last year a Cheandle cab proprietor, named Arthur Morrell, met Elizabeth Ann Rhodes, an Ashton-under-Lyne mill forewoman, who is now 20 years old, at a wedding party.

He apparently fell in love and wrote her many letters and post cards. In February last they became engaged, and the wedding was to have taken place in September, but the cab proprietor wrote asking the young woman to "let him free," as their "social conditions were not quite equal."

The young woman's father in reply wrote the letter, which was read in court.

"When you go to church and sing your praise try to think of the lass you have now spurned and left with a broken heart.

"When you uplift your voice in prayer, may the heaven be as brass. May God repay thee for what thou hast done."

Then followed 1,000 dots and these words:

"These are not kisses, but tears from a mother's and daughter's hearts, which before they knew you never had a care.

"May you for every tear that falls and every throb in their hearts repent it millions and millions of times over and over again, and every time you look at a lass or hear the church bells chime at night when you go to sleep, and at morn when you awake, may you think of this letter and a lass with a broken heart."

The jury awarded £40 damages.—London Express.

Some Suggestions As to Lying.

There is not so much objection to lying as there is to a lack of art in the telling of a lie. It is no use to tell a lie unless you are going to accomplish your purpose. Lies can do the work whether they are discovered or not. It is all in the manner of telling them. In the first place never tell a lie when the truth will do just as well. This serves to establish your reputation and gives your lies a standing they could not otherwise gain. Never tell a big lie to gain a small object, nor tell a little lie to gain a big object. Let all your lies be big and lusty fellows, and let them have some big business in hand. These two rules are really imperative if you expect to become a successful and proficient liar. Little lies for little things are not worth telling.

Finally, always have the courage of your lies. Stick to 'em. If you are not brave enough to stand by your own lies, why send them out only to be betrayed? A man is the rankest sort of a coward that refuses to give his lie any support when it crawls back to him from the buffetings, beatings and rough usage of the populace. Hence it up with manufactured corroborative evidence and artificial confirmation and send it out again renewed in sprit and vigor.—Washington Times.

Killed 189 Ducks at One Shot.

Harry Malcolm, ex-deputy game warden, sends to the Sun a photograph of a remarkable nine-barrel gun with a single trigger, which has the effectiveness of a Gatling gun in slaughtering ducks. A single pull of the trigger fires off all the barrels, and one discharge is said to have killed 189 ducks.

Mr. Malcolm, assisted by Messrs. R. H. Cox, W. M. Lyon and Sidney Barber, arrested a party of hunters who were using the gun to the great detriment of the wild duck hunting sport on the Potomac river. Seven men were taken along with the gun, which is of a type forbidden by law. Mr. Malcolm says that for years they have been unlawfully killing ducks and driving others from the Potomac river and tributary creeks.

The capture of the outfit, he says, is a great relief to the owners of lands in the neighborhood. With the gun were captured four sloops, seven big guns, 100 decoys, seven skiffs, 150 pounds of powder and 85 dead ducks.—Baltimore Sun.

Arnold's Question Well Answered.

There are renewed efforts to paint Benedict Arnold in clean, white colors. They remind a writer of the following anecdote: On one of his raids Arnold captured an American officer in Virginia. After a few days he said: "Captain, what would our countrymen do with me if they caught me?" "Well, sir," replied the captain, "if I must answer the question, I should say that if my countrymen should catch you they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war; then they would hang the remainder of your carcass on a gibbet!"

Side Lights on History.

Scott was writing the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"After which," he muttered, with a grim smile, "with your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, the gifted vocalist, Herr Spuytenuytel, will sing the pathetic ballad entitled, 'Mamma, Your Little Darling Is Too Full to Eat Any More!'"

For well he knew that there would be still later minstrels with other lays.

MADE INTO STABLE

HUMBLE PURPOSE SERVED BY MAUSOLEUM OF TYRANT.

Curious Memorial of the Ruin Solano Lopez Brought on Paraguay—Country Being Brought Back Slowly to Prosperity.

A curious memorial of the tyrant Solano Lopez, who wasted and depopulated Paraguay between 1862 and 1870, stands in the city of Asuncion, the capital of the republic. It is the large and imposing mausoleum that he built for the ultimate housing of his body.

But it was never used for that purpose. When Lopez was overtaken and killed as he was fleeing his enemies did not care to give him a decent burial.

Dr. Vallentin, the German geographer, who has just written a book on Paraguay, says that it puzzled the people to decide what to do with the mausoleum. It was finally turned into a stable and is still serving that humble but useful purpose.

Grass is growing upon the lofty cupola and weeds protrude from every crevice in the walls. It is a monument to the ruin Lopez brought upon his country and himself.

Lopez has often been called the Nero of the nineteenth century, but some historians say that he was worse than Nero. Dr. Baez, the historian of Paraguay, says that the tyranny of Lopez was the most barbarous that history records. The only excuse ever made for him is that he was insane.

He was president of Paraguay and intended to make himself king. He provoked and waged a five years' war with the united countries of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. He had a crown made in Paris to be ready for the coronation just as soon as he could declare himself king of more than half of South America. His idea was to build up a great kingdom, not by developing its resources, but by founding a military despotism.

He became a despot wholly unrestrained by law. All his countrymen who opposed him were shot or imprisoned. He had his own mother and one of his sisters publicly flogged in the street. Another sister was kept a prisoner in chains.

Every boy and man who could carry a gun was impressed into the army, and as the end drew near he compelled many hundreds of women to fight in the ranks. The whole country was in ruins when a bullet ended his life. In 1861 Paraguay had a population of over 1,000,000. There were only about 200,000 human beings in the country in 1872. The land was nothing but a waste.

It had been completely stripped of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, not a plantation was in cultivation, and there was no money to buy seed, for Lopez, and the woman Lynch, whom he had brought with him from Paris the year before he became president, had shipped all the remaining gold and silver to England for a rainy day.

Paraguay has recovered slowly from this experience. She now has a population of 500,000, immigrants are coming in growing numbers, and agriculture and commerce are advancing every year.

Cost of Mine Timbers.

The cost of every ton of anthracite is increased eight cents by the expense of the mine timbers. To supply these timbers, says the Vegetarian Magazine, requires each year the product of approximately 150,000 acres of forest.

Timber is used for cross ties for tram roads in the main haulage ways, as wooden rollers and as props. A set of gangway timber consists of two legs, commonly nine or ten feet long and about 13 inches in diameter, and a collar six or seven feet long. These sets are placed on an average at intervals of five feet; one gangway frequently contains 1,000 sets, and ten gangways to a colliery is not an unusual number.

The average life of the timber is hardly above two years. Forty-five per cent of the timbers are destroyed by decay, while breakage, wear and insects destroy the remainder. By peeling the timbers and properly seasoning them and especially by giving them a treatment in oils or chemical salts, their length of service is materially increased.

Relics of a Great Composer.

Among life's largest ironies is the fate that often befalls the manuscript of a genius. Of no one is this truer than of Beethoven. When this greatest of composers was alive he was incessantly in financial difficulty. After his death all his manuscript were sold at auction—over 200 of them there were—yet they brought hardly \$500. This would be at the rate of about two dollars and a half apiece. The other day the manuscript of his G major sonata for violin and piano, written in R 2, was sold by a man in Leipzig to a man in Florence for 42,500 marks, or \$10,200.

What the Little Workers Do.

The bee, humble worker as he is, yet last year paid the interest on the national debt of the United States, \$24,310,326, and had a surplus remaining of nearly \$700,000. This is almost as much as the \$28,000,000 which was the value of raw cane sugar produced in the country. Yet beside the farmyard chicken the bee sinks into insignificance. Poultry products this year are worth \$600,000,000, more than any crop in the country except corn.

A HEROIC CURE By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS (Copyright.)

"Have you noticed Paul don't use tobacco any more? He dropped it about two months after he was married.

"No; he didn't give it up of his own free will exactly. In fact there was a kind of conspiracy. Margaret's the one that made the cure. She did the hard work, though I'm bound to say, and she says so, too, that I'm the one she got the prescription from, so to speak.

"Margaret and I were sitting sewing together one day, and we began to kinder talk Paul over. You know women will discuss their men folks when they feel confidential. Finally I says: 'Paul's a good boy, if he is my nephew. He's one in a good many hundred, but he's got one fault I can't abide. If you don't mind it, I says, 'why, it's all right and I'm glad for you, but it's something I never could get used to.'

"I do mind it," she says right up quick. "I always said I'd never marry a man that smoked. But now I've done it, and as long as I knew beforehand, why," she says, "I'll stand it the best way I can, and just won't nag him about it."

"That's right," I says. "It don't never do no good to nag a man. It just gets him more set in his ways, and it makes you both unpleasant to get along with."

"Paul says himself that he'd like to stop, and I know it isn't good for

him," she says, "but the habit is so strong that I don't suppose he ever will give it up."

"I believe he can be cured," I says, "and if you are willing to try it I'm pretty sure, knowing Paul as I do, that you can cure him in less than a fortnight."

"She put down her sewing at that, and looked at me. 'I'd do anything in this world,' she says, and she seemed terrible in earnest. "What doctor do you have when you are sick?" I says.

"She looked kinder surprised, as if she didn't see what that had to do with it. 'I haven't been sick since I've been here,' she says, 'but I always had a homeopathic doctor.'

"I always doctored 'other way,' I says, 'but I don't see after all but what the home'paths have just as good luck. Anyhow, that's what I'd try on Paul, if I was you. Let's see—what is the motto of the home'paths? Don't it mean that you cure a thing with something just like it?"

"She didn't say nothing for a long time. I could see she was studying on what I'd said, but she didn't get over looking puzzled. Finally, when I thought the right minute had come, I says:

"And speaking of smoking, I had an old uncle and aunt once that both smoked. I don't s'pose anybody knows what a sight of comfort they took. They'd set down every evening 'side of the fire and smoke together. It seemed kinder queer till you got used to it."

"Margaret looked at me steady, and then she smiled a little bit. 'I think I see,' she says, and then she made up a face and shivered.

"We didn't say no more about smoking that afternoon. I don't believe in telling folks too much when I'm giving 'em advice. They're too apt to go and say I told 'em to do so and so, and that's likely to make feelings. So I just let 'em think things out for themselves.

"When Margaret went home she says: 'I'm going to try it, Aunt 'Senath, if it kills me.' So then I waited pretty interested to see what would happen next.

"Well, Margaret didn't let no grass grow under her feet. It wa'n't more; three days later that Paul dropped it to see me. I knew by the looks o' him that he'd got something on his mind, and I says to myself: 'You're going to be counsel for both sides.'

"I talked as fast as I could on other things, for I've found that the longer you keep folks away from what they've come a-purpose to talk about, the more they'll say when you do let 'em get at it.

"Finally a pause came, and then Paul spoke up. "'Aunt 'Senath, I'm in an awful scrape.'"

"Why, what's the trouble?" I says. "He laughed sort o' sheepish. 'It sounds funny, but it ain't,' he says. 'Margaret's taken to smoking.'

"Smoking?" I says. "'Yes, smoking,' he says. 'I don't wonder you're astonished. I was myself. I tried to get her off the notion, but she won't give it up. She said she thought it would be so sociable to sit by the fire evenings and smoke together, and she wanted to like all the things I did. I told her it would make her as sick as a horse, but she said she'd get real mild tobacco, and anyway she guessed everybody that learned to smoke was sick some. She said I must teach her how to do it, and if you'd believe me she brought out her tobacco and some pipes she'd bought. Well, I saw she was set on doing it, and I thought the queerest way to cure her was to let her have her way, but I tell you I was on nettles all the time for fear some of the neighbors would drop in during the lesson, as she called it. She took a few whiffs, and then she turned as white as chalk, and I had to carry her to the sofa and open all the windows to air out. Well, I thought that would be the last of it, but the next night when I went to take my usual smoke, she had to go through the same performance. She says she thinks she'll get the hang of it pretty soon, and I declare I believe she will, for she held out longer this second time."

"He stopped and set there looking down at the floor, as moody and troubled as could be. I had hard work to keep from laughing.

"Well, I says, 'your great-aunt Jane used to smoke, and I don't know it's worse now than 'twas in them days. And there was old Mrs. Plummer—'

"Great Scott! Aunt 'Senath,' he broke out. 'Do you think I want my wife to be like those old smoke-dried specimens?"

"Perhaps we can think up some way out of the trouble," I says, soothing like.

"I've tried everything I can think of to make her change her mind. Perhaps you could do something with her," he says.

"I don't believe much in mixing up in married folks' troubles," I says, "and besides, why shouldn't she smoke if she wants to? Of course I don't see why she should want to, but then, I don't see why you should, either."

"Pretty soon he stopped tramping and went and stood by the window. 'I suppose if I should give it up, she would,' he said.

"A night or two after that I see him again for a minute or two. 'Margaret's stopped smoking,' he says with a grin.

"How'd you do it?" I says. 'Have you give it up, too?"

"Margaret thinks I have," he says, and he looked sly. "I was disgusted, too. There our plan was going all to pieces, and Margaret and I were both beat."

"But the next day I found out we wa'n't quite so beat. Every Thursday they come over to supper, and early Thursday afternoon Margaret come, bringing her work in a bag. She looked kinder white and miserable, and I see she knew as well as I did that Paul was smoking on the sly."

"We didn't say a word about it, but an hour or so before supper-time she folded up her work and put her hand into her bag and took out a clay pipe and some tobacco.

"For the land sakes!" I says, "what are you doing?"

"Paul thinks I've stopped," she says, and she tried to look sly. I never give Margaret credit for seeing into things so far till that minute. She filled her pipe and went and got a match and lit it.

"I thought I hated tobacco before," she says as she begun to smoke, "but I never did till I began to use it. How long before I'll like it, I wonder?" she laughed in a way that made me want to cry. I didn't realize even then what she was trying to do, and that she was playing her trump card.

"She got whiter and whiter, till I was pretty well scared, and then she put down the pipe with shaking hands and I helped her to the old lounge.

"There she lay with her eyes shut. I didn't see how 'twas ever coming out right, and it worked on my feelings so I 'most dropped tears into the supper.

"When Paul come in, he looked so healthy and handsome that I declare I 'most hated him for a minute. He saw Margaret, and a scared look came into his face. 'What's the matter?' he cries.

"She's sick," I says, as short as I could.

"He went and looked at her. 'What is it, dear?' he says.

"It'll be over in a little while," says Margaret, and I see the tears creeping out under her long eyelashes.

"Paul glanced around and see the clay pipe. For a minute he stood there, looking kinder guilty and mean. Then he just dropped on his knees 'side of the old lounge, and I went out and left 'em there.

"Once in awhile I could hear the low murmur of their voices, and then after a long time Paul came to find me. I tell you there was different looks on their faces, and we propped Margaret up in an easy chair and she ate a little mite of toast while the rest of us had our supper. She was pale, but smiling and happy, and they couldn't either one of 'em keep their eyes off each other.

"That was 'most two years ago, and Paul and Margaret ain't smoked a mite since."

First Gloves in England. Gloves were first seen in England during the reign of Edward II.



"I Told Her It Would Make Her Sick as a Horse."