Ants Have Peculiar Ways.

Certain kinds of black ants have little yellow ants which do most of their work for them. Once in awhile these little yellow fellows will go on a strike and the "blacks" try to force them back to work by cutting off their food supply. If that does not succeed they will attack the strikers in force or make a raid and get another gang of "yellows" into the colony. But the newcomers as a rule join the strikers. The strike ends by the "yellows" escaping and foundnig a colony for themselves.

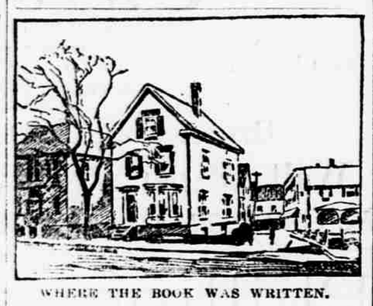
Manila Has 154 Lawyers.

There are 154 lawyers in the city of Manila, as shown by the register in the supreme court. Of these fifty-nine are other than Spanish and Filipino, being mostly Americans. Many of both classes hold salaried positions under the goverment in the legal work of the departments.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. EDDY.

Her Followers Purchase House Where "Science and Health" Was Written.

The house at Lynn, Mass., where Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy wrote her famous book, "Science and Health," the law and the gospel of the great Christian Science Church of which she is the originator and head, has just been purchased by her faithful followers in that city and will be preserved as a memorial to their revered teacher. It is to be remodeled into a church. There was talk of tearing down and building a modern church edifice, but the majority of the society favor making such changes as will provide a place of worship and at the same time keep intact as a memorial the room where the creed was born.



MRS. EDDY.

The house is 12 Broad street, centrally located and an ideal location for church purposes. It is the mecca of thousands of pilgrims who come from far and near. At present it is occupied by two families, and they have both been obliged in self-defense to forbid inspection of the interior of the premises, except in rare cases where people have traveled exceptionally long distances with this in view.

The upper tenement is occupied by a Mrs. Cole, and the tide of travel turns more naturally in her direction than to the lower part of the house, from the fact that the room "Mother" Eddy occupied and where she performed her task is in the upper tenement. Some days there is almost a steady stream of callers, and the number increased so rapidly that it took up the time of one servant answering the bell and interfered with household affairs so much that the door had to be closed to all strangers.

WHERE THE BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

The room which is the subject of such solicitation is plain, small and is lighted by a small gable window and a skylight in the roof, which is to be seen in the picture. One door opens into the hallway and the other leads to a small closet. The view is practically confined to a glimpse of the next housetop, which may be obtained through the skylight by dint of craning one's neck, and the beauties of a lane which may be seen from the rear window. There was certainly nothing to distract Mrs. Eddy's attention from the work in hand.

Whatever else is changed in remodeling the house, it is likely that this room will be preserved as a memento of the woman and her work, which has gathered such an array of followers in the short time it has been under way.

WOMEN AS MATHEMATICIANS.

How It Bothers Some of the Fair Sex to Make Simple Computations.

"I wish," said the woman, plaintively, "that the shop girls wouldn't count backward. It gets me so rattled. Like this, for instance. Suppose you buy 40 cents' worth of something and give them $5. Here they come along pretty soon with your package and the change. 'Forty cents,' they begin. That's the 40 cents you have just spent and consequently haven't got. I always confound it with the $5 and think I ought to have it, and when I find I haven't got it I get mad. 'Forty cents,' they say, 'sixty, one dollar, two dollars, three, four, and that makes your five.'

"I never can get the straight of it," she sighed, "until I go all over it from the beginning right, and count one dollar, two, three, four-sixty, and then leave out the 40 cents I have spent and haven't got."

"It's the same with me," complained another woman. "I wonder why they teach us mathematics in the schools. What good does it do us? I couldn't any more multiply thirty-three and a third by thirty-three and a third than I could fly to the moon."

"Why, that's easy," said the first woman. "Thirty-three and a third multiplied by thirty-three and a third is sixty-six and two-thirds, of course."

The first woman smiled admiringly.

"You were always so much cleverer about your arithmetic than I was," she declared. "I remember that at school. I was always perfectly idiotic when it came to doing a sum. When they ask me now at home to multiply any sort of fraction by any other sort of fraction I say: 'If you don't believe I am an educated woman look at my diploma. There it is over the mantelpiece; but for the love of heaven don't ask me to do any sort of sum.'"

The blonde girl put in:

"We are the same way," she said, "Cad and I. The other day after paying our board we had a lot of change left. Then, thinking it over, we found that I owed her 25 cents and she owed me 18. We didn't know how to pay each other. We laid the money down on the bed and commenced to count it out. There was a difference, we knew, between what she owned me and what I owed her, but for the life of us we couldn't tell what it was."

"The difference between eighteen and twenty-five is eight, isn't it?" inquired the first woman. "Or is it seven?" turning to the others.

"I'm not sure," they replied, "whether it is seven or eight," and one of them began to count it over and over on her fingers, with a puzzled look on her face.

"Well," resumed the blonde girl, says the New York Times, "we worried over it and worried over it until at last we just counted out the money, each of us. I counted out 25 cents and handed it to her, and she counted out 18 cents and handed it to me, and that was the only way we could think of to settle it."

ABOUT OLD FORT MARCY.

Efforts to Have Garrisons Stationed at the Historic Spot.

The citizens of Santa Fe are making another effort to have Fort Marcy regarrisoned. From a military viewpoint there is no necessity for troops at that post, but there are good historic reasons for retaining it as a military station. Fort Marcy is the oldest of the posts of the far Southwestern frontier. The original buildings, long since gone to decay, were on a bluff overlooking New Mexico's ancient capital. They were laid out by Brigadier General Kearney in 1846, shortly after his occupation of the city, and their construction was begun by Col. Doniphan's First Missouri Volunteers and continued by Col. Price's Second Missouri Regiment when Doniphan's regiment marched for Chihuahua.

The post for nearly half a century was the headquarters of the Department of New Mexico. At it have been stationed many of the most eminent men in the military annals of the nation. With the decay of the old adobe buildings, from whose sides cannon frowned down on Santa Fe, new buildings were constructed at the base of the bluff. The post was named after William L. Marcy, who was War Secretary during Polk's administration.

With the new policy of concentrating troops in larger bodies near some great city, Fort Marcy was abandoned, as were a dozen other posts in New Mexico, the allegiance of the Mexican population being assured and the Indian problem having been practically solved. But with the departure of the troops Santa Fe felt that her historic prestige was declining. The city had never been without a garrison—Spanish, Mexican or American—for 300 years. Frequent petitions have been made for the restoration of the post. There is not now, we believe, says the Denver News, a single garrison post in New Mexico, and there were formerly nearly a dozen. In the redistribution of troops among the various army posts there is no good reason why the ardent wish of Santa Fe should not be granted and at least a squadron of cavalry sent to Fort Marcy.

Hairdressing in China.

In China the barber's calling is supported by government. Although his squat razor only covers an inch or two at a time and makes the operation unnecessarily tedious, the barber has the advantage of knowing that he represents lawful authority, somewhat as a public vaccinator does here. He ought never to suffer from being out of work. Then his perquisite, the combings, makes up for natural deficiencies. He can sell at clear profit tails of his own collecting and making. Perhaps the fact that Chinese hair offers little variety in color simplifies this kind of commerce. The more sable the hair is, the better; children's heads are shaven in order that the tail may afterwards be as black and thick as possible. A Chinaman plaits white silk into his hair when he goes into mourning. Tales of a tail might be multiplied. The Chinaman's is more expressive than any that has not the power to wag with satisfaction or droop with dismay. For convenience in work it is fastened up in a coil, but for a man to speak to his superior without letting it down is an insult. No Christian would enter church in this deshabille; a stranger might possibly do so, and, in such a case, before beginning the service, the officiating minister would fix him with a glance, and politely—for the natives expect politeness under all circumstances—address him:

"Sir, will you kindly let down your tail?"

New York's Foundling Hospitals.

The foundling hospitals in New York have done a great work. The Infant Asylum, founded in 1865, has been very successful. Here mother and child are kept together and thrive amid wholesome influences. When it was established the death rate among infants in the institutions on Randall's and Blackwell's Islands was 96 per cent. This rate has been reduced by the Infant Society to nine per cent., and the influence of the good work done here has resulted in great improvements in public institutions. This was the initial movement in private charitable societies and led to the organization of the Catholic Foundling Asylum and many other institutions that do a vast amount of good work to-day. Ninety per cent of the women cared for in the asylum lead respectable lives. The system of keeping mother and child together for months and the good influences brought to bear have been copied in other American cities and in Europe. One thousand patients are cared for in the New York institutions alone.

Fire Losses of America.

Within the last twenty-five years the fire loss in the United States has exceeded $2,800,000,000. To this total the year 1901 has contributed losses aggregating over $170,000,000.

Shattering a Dream.

Fond Father—Is it true, as Tom tells me, that he leads his class?

College President—H'm! Well, yes, he does—into all kinds of mischief.—Somerville Journal.

A young man may be as bright as a dollar, but some girls would rather have the dollar.

BANK ACCOUNT WAS SHORT,

And the Deposits of the Checkholder Failed to Make It Good.

Here is a story of two well-known young Baltimoreans, whom we will call Mr. Tom Black and Mr. Dick So-and-So. Each prides himself on being absolutely up to date and up to snuff in all particulars. Tom called around to see Dick one morning a short time ago, and had scarcely passed through the door before Dick exclaimed:

"By George! The very man. Say, Tom, I want to go to Boston this afternoon, and I need $75. I wish you'd let me have it. I really wouldn't ask you, but you see my position."

"Yes," replied Tom, "a sort of touch-and-go or no-touch-no-go position. You are better off at home, Dick. It's very cold in Boston."

"Somewhat frosty here, too, it seems," said Dick. "But it's all a joke, old man. Come in and sit down."

"Haven't time," said Tom. "I just stepped around to see if you wouldn't let me have that $100 you already owe me—if it's perfectly convenient."

Dick seemed to make a hurried mental calculation, and then told his friend that he would give him a check for that amount, but didn't think he had quite that much in bank.

"But you can go down and see," he added.

So Tom took the check, invited Dick to go to the theater with him that evening, and hurried down to the bank. The paying teller took the check, strolled back, looked at Dick's account, and returned to the window, shaking his head.

"How much does it take to make it good?" asked Tom.

"Not allowed to tell," replied the teller.

Tom went to the receiving teller and deposited $10 to Dick's credit, but that didn't make the check good. Another $10 and still others were put up, with the same result, until Tom began to perspire and the bank people to laugh. Finally Tom deposited his tenth $10, with the remark that it was a tough game to be up against, and he again presented the check, only to be met with another shake of the teller's head and the information: "Very sorry, Mr. Blank, but that account was somewhat overdrawn."

Tom gave it up and dashed out of the bank. He had no sooner gone than Dick sauntered in, and, asking how much he had to his credit, was told $95.

"Just cash me this check for $90," he said, "and if you see Tom Blank to-day tell him I'm awfully sorry I cannot be able to see him this evening, as I have decided to take that little Boston trip we were talking about this morning."—Baltimore Sun.

BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

Instance of "Your Face Is Familiar" and Its Results.

An aggravated form of that mental disorder which possibly is best diagnosed in the hard-worked expression, "Your face is perfectly familiar, but for the moment your name has quite escaped me," is thus given by a recent victim of it: "I was on my way to the theater, and in the corridor of a hotel I met a man whose face was perfectly familiar, but whose name I could not recall for the life of me. The man recognized me instantly, and shook hands with a display of genuine pleasure. When I apologized for my haste by explaining that I was going to the theater he asked me if I had any objection to his joining me. I had none, and he came along. That evening was a continuous-performance nightmare. Long before the first act ended I had lost hopelessly the thread of the plot in a brain-racking effort to recall my friend's name. He seemed to know me so well that I had not the courage to ask him who he was or where I had met him. After the theater he asked me to have a bite to eat with him. I accepted. If ever a man had earned an honest meal, I had. In the chophouse I met a real friend. An introduction and exposure of my ignorance were inevitable. I made a clean breast of it. 'For the life of me,' I said, 'your name has slipped my tongue.' Rarely have I seen an expression of such profound relief, of such peace and contentment, come over a man's face as spread over the countenance of my nameless friend. He grasped my hand and shook it. 'By Jove,' he shouted. 'Do you know I haven't had one second's peace since I saw you, trying to place you? Who are you, and what's your name?'"—New York Evening Post.

A Deserted Street in Paris.

A queer discovery has been made in Paris in the shape of a street uninhabited and ignored by all. In the course of the work in progress for widening the Rue Vaneau, this roadway—which it would be incorrect to describe as a thoroughfare, considering that the ends were blocked up—was discovered. It had neither paving stones nor pavement, was two meters wide, and an old inscription showed that it was formerly called Rue d'Olivet. It would be useless to seek the name in a directory, for it is certain that until a few days ago no one knew of the existence of the Rue d'Olivet.—Paris Messenger.

Clippings for Royal Reading.

As his children attained the age of 10 King Edward had everything concerning them which appeared in the newspapers pasted into albums, and these were handed over to them when they reached years of discretion. The Prince of Wales, however, began at the beginning, and each of his children has a volume of newspaper cuttings dating from the day of birth.

The man never lived who could be convinced that certain things were necessary for his wife because her preacher said so.

When nature frowns it is enough to darken the brow of the mountain.

You can't trust a bedbug, but after all, a good many of them live on tick.

The authorities at Minden, Germany, have made a bacteriolgical examinaion of school inks. They have

A wild duck can fly at a speed of ninety miles an hour.

The children of parents who are both red-haired become gray at an early age.

The bigest point to which man can ascend without his health being seriously affected is 16,500.

Some of the rivers of Siberia flow over ice many years old, and as solid as rock. A tributary of the Lena, has underneath the soil which forms the bed of the river, a bed of pure ice over nine feet thick.

Japanese soldiers are nearly all gymnasts, and every barrack has a gymnasium. So well trained are they that in half a minute they can scale a wall fourteen feet high, by simply leaping on each other's shoulders, one man sustaining two or three others.

A pitcher of beer is not the kind that should be seen in a baseball game.

The growth of Dawson City is indicated by the fact that the First Methodist church of that city has called to the pastorate the Rev. James Livingstone of Windsor, Ont., at a salary of $3,000 a year and a parsonage.

N. N. U. NO. 714—15 YORK, NEB