

MAKING BONELESS HAMS.

Housekeepers May Do It as Well as a Professional Butcher. Little though one may think, the process of making a boneless ham is quite a fine art and one that requires no small degree of skill in the undertaking.

The operator stands the ham on end against a supporting block and proceeds to carve around the bone from one end as deep as it is possible for him to run his hand and knife down into the flesh and around the bone.

As soon as this is done stout twine is wrapped around the ham and drawn taut, completely closing the aperture left by the removal of the bone.

A CURE AND A FEE.

Peculiar Experience of a Doctor With a Business Man.

In conversation one day about the peculiar views that commercial men sometimes entertain about professional services Dr. S. Weir Mitchell told the following story:

"A very wealthy man from the west came to consult me about an attack of vertigo. He said that he had just returned from a trip to Europe, where he had consulted eminent specialists, but that they had failed to afford him any permanent relief."

"I made an examination of his ears, removed some wax and a substance that appeared to be hardened remnants of cotton wool. I sent him away then and told him to come again in a day or two. He did so."

"Well," he exclaimed, "I am cured. How much do I owe you?"

"About \$50," I replied.

"As he drew a check he asked, 'Did you know when you first examined my ears that you could cure me?'"

"When I told him that I had a very fair conviction that I could, he said: 'Well, you are a blanked fool. You should have said to me: 'I think I can cure you, and I will do so for \$10,000. No cure, no pay.' You would have got your money without a murmur."

"Oh," I said, "if you feel that way about it there are several little charities in which I am interested, and—"

"No, no," he interrupted, "that is not business. I have my cure, and you have the price you asked. The transaction is closed."

Brass in England in Chaucer's Time.

A metal resembling brass, but said to have been superior in quality, was known in England as "maslin" as early as the time of Chaucer, and in the reign of Henry VIII. an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the export of brass out of England.

An Urgent Case.

When the doctor's telephone rang late one night, he went to the instrument himself and received an urgent appeal from two fellow practitioners to come down to the club for a quiet game.

"Emily, dear," he said, turning to his wife, "I am called out again, and it appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—New York Times.

Left the House.

"Leave the house," cried little Binks, making a brave bluff of strength to the burglar.

"I intend to, my small friend," replied the burglar courteously. "I am merely after the contents. When I take houses, I do it through the regular real estate channels."

Hooked.

Mrs. Newlywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Newlywed—I was—and very cleverly landed too!—Puck.

Insomnia and Nervousness.

There can be no doubt that many persons suffer from insomnia which had its origin, or at least its principal strength, in their own nervous apprehension that they are or are about to be afflicted with it.

Now, an hour—ten minutes even—seems a long time in the middle of the night when a person wishes to be sleeping and cannot. If a sensation of dread, of apprehension, is allowed to enter the mind, such a period simply becomes interminable.

Got His Price.

"Away over on the east side of the city," said a New Yorker, "lies the shop of a well known butcher, who rejoices in the euphonious and suggestive name of 'Four Cent Miller.'"

"Well, why don't you go to Smith (a rival butcher) if you can get them cheaper?"

"Because," explained the customer, "Smith hasn't got any."

"Oh," said Miller, "is that so? Well, when I haven't got any my price will be 4 cents, too, but while I have they cost 7 cents. See?"

"The customer saw and purchased."—New York Tribune.

The Sailor.

Once upon a time a young man fell desperately in love with a girl who consumed many sweets as also many after theater suppers at his expense.

Finally they were married, and trouble began, for the man could not spend as much on his wife as he had on his fiancée.

Moral.—He who goes to court must pay the costs.—New York Herald.

Alaska's Inhospitable Interior.

In the vast and almost unknown interior of Alaska the climate is arctic. The winter is of eight months' duration, dry and, excepting certain restricted localities, entirely free from wind.

His Passion.

A negro man went into Mr. E.'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce against his wife. Mr. E. proceeded to question him as to his grounds for complaint.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to care a great deal for your wife? Did you love her?"

"Love her, sir? I jest analyzed her!"

"This was more than professional dignity could withstand, and Mr. E. laughed until the negro, offended, carried his case elsewhere.—Short Stories.

An Owl's Toes.

It is alleged that taxidermists are careless in the mounting of owls. In museums and elsewhere our wise eyed friends are set up with three toes in front of and one behind the perch on which they are seated.

Nearing the Finish.

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger who had wandered into the church and sat down away back.

"About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew.

"That being the case," rejoined the stranger, "I guess I'll stay. He must be nearly done."—Chicago News.

Strange Misapprehension.

Borus—How do you like that last poem of mine?

Naggus—First rate. It's so restful, so soothing, don't you know.

Borus—Restful! Great Scott, man! It's an epic!

Naggus—Good heavens! I thought it was a lullaby!—Chicago Tribune.

His Good Wife.

Dr. Price—Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him.

Mrs. Sharpe—I know! I know! I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like it.—Philadelphia Press.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Dates at Which These Birds Were Imported Into This Country.

I have been asked several times lately at what date the common English sparrows were imported into the United States and by whom.

It seems that the first attempt was made in 1858 by a private citizen of Portland, Me. In the fall of that year he liberated six sparrows, and they immediately made themselves at home in his garden and outbuildings.

In 1864 the commissioners of New York liberated 14 birds in Central park. About this time numerous persons returning from abroad brought a few birds home and set them at liberty in and about Jersey City.

The craze for importing these birds spread, and in 1868 the city government of Boston imported a great number. But the birds had not been carefully handled, and they did not thrive, and others were brought over.

In 1869 a thousand were imported and liberated in the city of Philadelphia, and soon the birds spread over all adjacent territory.

About this time the Smithsonian Institution became interested in bringing these birds to this country, so they imported 300, but most of them died.

From this it is seen that the birds have started from a number of points and were not one or two importations to New York, as is usually supposed.—Washington Post.

THE TRICK OF A THIEF.

How He Mastered the Secret of Opening a Money Drawer.

"The term 'sneak thief,'" said an old detective, yarn spinning the other night, "is generally applied, in the papers, to any kind of small fry pilferer, but among crooks themselves it is used to describe one certain species of criminal, who rarely goes outside of his own particular specialty. Sneaks, as they are called for short, generally work in pairs. One goes into a store and engages the attention of whoever is on duty, while the other slips in and robs the till or the safe. Some of the scoundrels get wonderfully adroit at it."

"I remember a peculiar case of sneaking that occurred in the old quarter some years ago at a small shop run by an eccentric Frenchman. He kept his money in a patent till that had ten little levers or keys underneath the drawer. In order to open it three of them had to be pressed at the same time, and the chance of striking the right three, unless you knew the combination, was of course very remote. If the wrong keys were pressed, a gong immediately sounded an alarm, and the Frenchman thought he had a contrivance that was absolutely thief proof."

"One day a smooth tongued chap strolled in and held him in conversation for a few moments at the rear of the store, pretending to examine some goods. After he left the old man was dumfounded to find his till wide open and empty. It had been 'sneaked' while he was talking, and the gong had failed to sound. Two days later the thieves were arrested, and the Frenchman went to see them. He called aside the one who had done the actual robbing and promised to let up on the prosecution if he'd tell him how he got the drawer open without ringing the bell."

"Easy enough," said the thief. "I pushed the right keys."

"But how did you know them?" asked the Frenchman.

"The crook pulled out a small pocket mirror. 'See this glass?' he said. 'Well, I held it under the drawer a moment and saw by the reflection which keys were dirty and which were clean. Of course the three dirty ones were the ones you used.'"

"After that the old man washed his hands oftener."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Value of Dramatic Criticism.

Franklin Fyles, writing of "The First Night of a Play" in New York in The Ladies' Home Journal, says that most of the men who write of plays and acting are able and honest. This, that or the other critic may have his whims and caprices, his likes and dislikes, and these feelings break out in his writings. But the average of judicial fairness is high. The writers are adequately paid by their employers and, as a rule, they are left untrammelled in their honest judgments. Their work is done under hard conditions, and trained men only can do it with facility. The performance is never over before 11 o'clock. Usually it lasts half an hour longer and not infrequently drags along until 12. As the "copy" must be in the office, three or four miles away, not later than 1 o'clock, there is a necessity for quick thought and composition. The critics are influential with the public, but their judgment is not conclusive. If they were to combine to make a poor play succeed or a good play fail, they could not do it. The most they could do would be to send people to the theater or keep them away during the first week or so. After that the play would depend upon itself.

The Bug Bible.

The bug Bible was printed in 1549 by the authority of Edward VI, and its curiosity lies in the rendering of the fifth verse of the Ninety-first Psalm, which, as we know, runs, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow which flieth by day," but in the above version ran, "So thou shalt not nede to be afraid of any bugges by night."

Ludicrous as this sounds, it is not etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use today—"bugbear"—and Shakespeare once or twice uses the word in this primary sense, notably when he makes Hamlet say, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."

He—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant, I am after all.

She—Glorious! Doesn't that thought ever strike you except when you look at the stars in the firmament?—Exchange.

His Sise.

He—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant, I am after all.

She—Glorious! Doesn't that thought ever strike you except when you look at the stars in the firmament?—Exchange.

The Value of Pain.

When ether was first discovered and used in surgery, it was said that to abolish pain would be to change the law of nature herself; that pain is a safeguard; that it indicates in cases of injury the seat of injury and in some instances the cause of injury; that if men learned to minimize or prevent it at pleasure they might annihilate it altogether and invent a new constitution in which this sentinel of danger would be at all times off duty.

The Lost Bargain.

It is Monday morning. Down the street hurries a stylishly dressed woman.

Why does she hasten so? Why that look of intense excitement in her eyes? Is she going to the office of her lawyer, there to hear the will of her favorite uncle read? Or is she hastening to the bedside of the dying? No; none of these. She pulls a newspaper out of her pocket and reads again the announcement of the wonderful bargains to be had at the department store.

She rushes frantically into the store. Yes; she can see before her the remnant of pongee silk which is selling at only 15 cents a yard. What a crowd of excited women are clustered about the prize!

She forces her way into the thickest of the crowd. She is tossed this way and that. She cares not. Her hat is pulled off and walked on by the half crazed mob. She cares not. She reaches the counter. Ten yards only of the silk is left.

"I will take it," she says, just in advance of four other women, all reaching for the coveted prize.

The clerk says, "It is yours." The woman feels for her purse. She has left it at home.

The other women exult. They buy the pongee. The wonderful bargain is gone. The bargain day is over. There will be no more bargain sales for one week.—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Was Married.

It is queer how ironclad is the hold of convention and conventional considerations. They have a tighter grip and a wider influence than law, reason, sentiment or ethics itself. A woman whose marriage may be termed mediocrity successful admitted candidly not long ago that at the very last moment never, never would she have married her husband had it not been for the thought of all the conventional considerations involved.

"On the way to our wedding," said the woman, "we had the most awful kind of a row that made me vow inwardly never, never to marry him. Then at the thought of the ceremony to come off at a friend's house, the breakfast that, thanks to her, was prepared and the invited guests, and how they would all talk at any change of plan, I grit my teeth and went through it. But it was the thought of the conventions alone that kept me up. No other possible pressure could have induced me to marry him after such a row as we had on our way to the wedding."—New York Sun.

Her Best Front.

It was at Nantucket one summer that a city visitor learned a new way of displaying one's personal adornments during a call upon one of the native Nantucketers. It was a nice old lady who was entertaining the strangers, and she was very anxious that they should see everything to advantage and that even she herself should make as good an appearance as possible. Unfortunately she had not been forewarned of the visit and was not entirely prepared for it.

"If I had only known you were coming," she said apologetically, "I should have had on my best front. This is only my second best, but you can see the other when you go out, for I always keep it in the front room."

Surely enough, on taking their leave, the visitors were piloted through the front room, and there in the inside of the melodeon, when a heavy green barge veil was carefully lifted, a nicely waved hair piece was to be seen, the hostess' best "front."

Spoke Too Late.

The good minister of a Scotch parish had once upon a time a great wish for an old couple to become teetotalers, which they were in nowise eager to carry out. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight afterward John began to feel his resolution weakening, but he was determined not to be the first to give way.

In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awful pain in my head. Ye might gie me a wee drapple an' see gin it'll dee me any gude."

"Well, gudeman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' wi' the hoose I've been bothered sae wi' pains i' my head 't is a' dune, an' there's nae drapple left."

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Advertisement for Frisco System sleeping car service between Kansas City and Jacksonville, Florida. Includes an illustration of a train and the text: THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE KANSAS CITY TO JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA

Advertisement for Diamond C Soap. Features the text: DIAMOND C SOAP "HUNTS DIRT." IT IS A GOOD HONEST SOAP MADE TO DO THE WORK. Complete catalogue showing over 300 premiums that may be secured by saving the wrappers, furnished free upon request.

..TRY THE..

Daily News Job Department

Advertisement for deafness treatment. Includes illustrations of a man and a woman, and the text: ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES? DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS: Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1901. Gentlemen—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.