

A LESSON IN CHESS.

Why Willie's Papa Ended It Almost Before It Was Begun.

Paterfamilias, with a laudable desire to keep Willie at home at night, offered to teach him to play chess. The boy was delighted, and the game began.

"Put the little ones, pawns, all along the front and the big ones behind, as I show you."

"I think that is cowardly. The big ones ought to be in front. Ma says—"

"Oh, but that is the rule. Now, see—no; put that rook in the corner."

"Rook! What's a rook?"

"It is a kind of bird. It looks like a castle."

"Call it a castle, then—and put the knight next!"

"Why is that called a knight? It looks like a horse's head."

"And then the bishop," went on paterfamilias, ignoring the question; "so, and then—"

"Why is the bishop's head split in two, pop?"

"Oh, that is his hat—a cardinal's hat."

"But I thought he was a bishop!"

"A cardinal is also a bishop. Now don't talk so much, Willie. Then you put the king and queen!"

"The queen is bigger than the king, pop?"

"Well, so she is. Who said she wasn't?" said paterfamilias, with a trace of impatience in his tone. "And then another bishop; so."

"Why are there two bishops, pop?"

"Because the rules say so. Now, I shall move first."

"What, after all that trouble, are you going to move them again?"

"Say, Willie, I believe my head is aching. I shall show you the rest some other time," said paterfamilias as he swept the men into the box.—New York Times.

A Circular Rainbow.

A member of a party who made an ascent of Finsterrehorn some years ago thus described a novel sight which delighted the tired climbers: The day we mounted the Finsterrehorn we were treated to the rare sight of a circular rainbow, the phenomenon lasting nearly half an hour and forming a complete circle. There were heavy clouds lying some 4,000 feet below on the Aar glacier, and it was on these that the beautiful, brilliantly colored ring lay. A second circle was also visible. We were near the summit of the peak when the first of the party observed it, and from that point the face of the mountain on the Grimsel side is almost perpendicular, giving us a splendid view.

How to Teach a Pet to Ride a Ball. Many readers have doubtless seen bears standing on a rolling ball and maintaining their balance perfectly while rolling it about the arena. I have a bear who delights to do the trick. He can scarcely wait for his time to come to perform. He was taught, as they are all taught, by joggling his pedestal while he tried to keep from being jostled off. Gradually the pedestal was substituted for a ball with many flat places on it, and this was followed by a perfect sphere. He has been performing two years now, and I have never known him to slip and fall off.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A Richter Anecdote.

It is not always the great conductor that shines as a composer, though unfortunately he is often laborer under the delusion that such is the case. On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own.

When the composition came to an end, Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I, too, had written compositions to make a pile so high"—raising his hand three feet from the ground—"but I had burned them!"

Nicely Graded.

It is still a tradition that the people of Manchester, England, should give at Liverpool with the proverb, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gentleman," but, it is said, classification is not so strongly marked in Lancashire as in the old days.

When stagecoaches were running, a guard was once asked, "Who has the gotten inside, Billy?" Billy consulted his list and replied, "A gentleman fra Liverpool, a mon fra Manchester, a chap fra Owdham and a fellow fra Wigan."

Both Sides.

Johnnie—What does it mean by "seeing the humorous and the serious side of things?"

Father—Well, my son, take a bit of orange peel, for example. How many sides has it?

Johnnie—Why, two, of course.

Father—Exactly. And when some other man steps on that orange peel he sees the serious side of it and you see the humorous side.—London Tit-Bits.

She Remembered.

Small Mabel had received a parental injunction to remember, at least one thing the minister said at church, and upon her return home exclaimed, "I remember something!"

"That's right, dear," rejoined her father. "Now tell me what the minister said."

"He said," replied Mabel, "A collection will now be taken up."—Chicago News.

Evidence to the Contrary.

Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?

Madam—I want to make you look around so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.—Chicago Herald.

A Floral Miracle.

"The most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said Robert N. Wilson of the Morgan line, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the rainflower, the botanical name of which is the cooperia. It usually blooms three or four days after a rain. I was through the country to look after some land for a friend, and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a low piece of land of ten acres or more that was covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed this piece of land, and it was absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating.

"I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unsightly waste transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom. "I made inquiry of the natives and learned that once in a long time the rainflower bloomed in a few hours after a rain, though ordinarily the blossoms did not appear for three or four days and then usually came in the night."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sty Joking In the Pulpit.

"Before I went to college," said a minister of this city, "I did supply work on a certain charge one summer. In the Methodist church we had service morning and evening. There was a Presbyterian church in the village, and the pastor from another village supplied it, preaching there once a Sunday in the afternoon. I went to hear him one afternoon. He was a college bred man and was supposed to be away up. When he spied me in the congregation, he came down and asked me to assist in the opening exercises. When we were seated, he asked me to read the first lesson and at the same time announced that it was a certain chapter in the book of Numbers. Just before I was to read I reached up to the desk and took down the Bible and opened at the place. I glanced down over the chapter and saw that it was a mass of unpronounceable names. I knew that he was working a joke on me. He knew that I could not get away with those names. I said nothing, but when the time came I stood up and announced the chapter following and read it.

"When I sat down, he gave me a look, and he got one back. I whispered hoarsely, 'I guess not.' Those were the only words spoken on this subject."—Utica Observer.

"Quick Lunches."

It is the habit of the modern time saving young man, says Elliot Gregory in The Atlantic, upon entering a quick lunch establishment to dash for the bill of fare and give an order (if he is adroit enough to catch one of the maids on the fly) before removing either coat or hat. At least 15 seconds may be economized in this way. Once seated, the luncheon falls to on anything at hand—bread, cold slaw, crackers or catchup. When the dish ordered arrives, he gets his fork into it as it appears over his shoulder and cleans the plate before the sauce makes its appearance, so that it is eaten by itself or with bread.

Cups of coffee or tea go down in two swallows. Little piles of cake are cut in quarters and disappear in four mouthfuls, much after the fashion of children down the ogre's throat in the mechanical toy, mastication being either a lost art or considered a foolish waste of energy.

A really accomplished luncher can assimilate his last "quarter" of cakes, wiggle into his coat and pay his check at the desk at the same moment. The next he is down the block in pursuit of a receding trolley.

She Didn't Pay.

Not all car conductors are merely hardened ringers in of fares. A poor woman got on a Twenty-third street cross-town car at Fourth avenue, and as it was well under way and she was about to hand her fare to the conductor she asked him if he transferred to Sixth avenue. On being told no, she drew back her 5 cents and asked to be let off.

"I've a long ways to go on Sixth avenue," she said, "and I'd better walk to there and then ride."

The car then had reached Madison avenue.

"Wait till we get across the street," answered the conductor. She waited, and instead of stopping there he let the car go on, past the transfer station and across Broadway to Sixth avenue. There he pulled the bell and looked at her.

"Thank you," she said gratefully. He had carried her within a block of where she wanted to go and had taken no fare.—New York Telegram.

Children's Play in Germany. It is a common belief in south Germany that if children play soldiers very often in the street there is a war coming, and if they play "funeral" an epidemic will come over the land, and many deaths will result. The reporter of this tells that, when a boy, he with others played "funeral" in front of the house of an old miser in his native town in Germany. The miser became much excited and exclaimed, "I will not die yet!" and made complaint to the mayor that the boys should be arrested and punished.

An Obliging Husband.

"Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that ugly dog?"

"To please my wife."

"But such a reward is sure to bring him back."

"No, it won't. He's dead."—San Francisco Chronicle.

REVEALMENT.

Let me tell how rhythm with its rhyme should flow: As the laugh of leaves when soft zephyrs blow; As the waves with graceful hand Write their names upon the sand.

Let me tell how music with its verse should mate: As the dark with dash, rapt, inviolate; As the soil and sun disclose Sweet communion in a rose.

Let me tell how fancy from the heart should leap: As the cloud full fraught rises from the deep; As the spring at God's behest Wakes, and, lo, the world is blest! —Claremont Army in Independent.

ON THEIR SEA LEGS.

Cattle and Horses Do Not Get Frightened in Rough Weather.

"Do the horses and cattle get frightened and make much disturbance in rough weather?" asked the writer of a New York dealer who ships cattle abroad.

"Bless you, no. They've got sea legs that would put an old salt to shame. Occasionally a horse will lose his balance, but a bullock is the greatest balancer you ever saw. They are knowing brutes too. You know, we put them four in a pen. Well, you'll never find all four standing up or lying down at one time. They figure the thing out and decide how they'll get the most room and most comfort. So two of them stand up while two lie down. When they get tired, they shift the watch.

"The horses like to be talked to when there's a big sea on and things are pretty lively. They always like certain men better than others. So do the cattle. We have one man who can do anything with them. Every bullock and horse on the boat knows him by the time we've been out two days. He comes in handy when there's an accident.

"It's mighty seldom that a serious accident happens nowadays, but once in a while a horse or a bullock does get thrown and breaks a leg or does some bad damage. We don't carry a veterinary. The men know as much about ordinary cattle and horse ailments as any vet, and if one of the brutes breaks his leg there's nothing for it but to kill him. A veterinary couldn't do anything for him.

"The company charges from \$6 to \$20 a head for carrying cattle and from \$27 to \$250 a head for horses. When the government inspectors stopped overcrowding, they cut down the carrying capacity of some boats 75 head. That made a pretty big hole in the ship's profits in the course of a year."—Exchange.

One Woman's Rolling Passion.

"There goes a woman," said the girl, "who hasn't a thought on earth except dress. I know that superior man attributes this particular weakness to all women—but it's a canard, as of course are nine out of ten of male estimates of women."

She conquered a refractory button on her glove before she continued: "But that woman who passed us is, without doubt, the most dress crazy woman I have ever met. She knows no topic save dress—can speak of no other subject. She spends one half of her time at her dressmaker's, and the other half is used in exploiting the handicraft of the modiste. Goodness only knows when she manages to get anything to eat. She's dead to every feeling, I believe, except that which has to do with dress. And what do you think she said Saturday? I met her as we were going out of a house of mourning. A young woman whom we both knew had died, and we had been at the funeral. Coming down the steps I noticed my friend, but the feeling of sorrow was too fresh upon me to permit anything more than a nod of recognition. For half a square we walked side by side. Then I said, 'Poor, dear Clara—alive and well one week ago, and now—dead!' " "Yes," answered my friend blandly, "but wasn't she dressed beautifully? Really, it was a treat to see her!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Temperature.

The little one's mother had said, "Now, doctor, if there is any rise of temperature, by the way—I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose." Just as I was going to bed I was startled by a violent ring at the bell and, hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped: "Oh, sir, please, sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 108 and is rising fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient and discovered the whole family assembled in the sickroom awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation.

"Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since! My poor darling! It was 108, and they say that 105 is always fatal." And she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time I turned down the blanket and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice.—Chambers' Journal.

A Suspicious Case.

Greene—Do you suppose Ketchum is honest, or has he designs on me, do you think?

Brown—Why, what has he been doing now?

Greene—He borrowed an umbrella at my house last night, and he returned it the first thing this morning. It looks suspicious, don't you think?—Boston Transcript.

The Trick in Omelet Making.

The omelet is the supposed "impossible" in the average kitchen, when in reality it is but a moments' work which any ordinary cook can accomplish. And once a simple omelet is achieved there is no end to the pretty and toothsome variations easily within one's skill. In the first place, omelets need not be "tossed," but just handled calmly and practically, and, in the second place, the puffy omelet is the "souffle," by far inferior to what might be called the "true omelet," which is not puffy at all nor subject to falling.

The one point in omelet making which must be imperatively observed regards the pan. It is not at all necessary to buy a regular omelet pan, as a smooth, rather heavy, medium sized spider answers the purpose equally well. But it must be kept sacred to omelets—absolutely never appropriated to other uses. It must never be washed, but cleaned by salt and brisk rubbing. Before using melt a little lard in it, drain it off and rub out well with a dry cloth until thoroughly clean and shining smooth. It is not too much to say that a proper pan is two-thirds of the battle in successful omelet making.

Never make an omelet for several persons at once, individual ones being both more satisfactory and more easily managed.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

They Took Their Turns.

A young man residing in the northern section of the city had been calling for some time on a young woman, in fact he thoroughly enjoyed the company of her whole family. One evening he called and of the father who answered his ring he made his usual inquiry, "Are the folks in?" He was answered in the affirmative and asked to "step in."

He was ushered into the parlor, and after the old gentleman had engaged in conversation with him for about a quarter of an hour he excused himself, went out, and the eldest son next entered and entertained the young man for about a quarter of an hour. Then another brother and sister, and the young man's suspicions were somewhat aroused when the mother took her turn. A little sister came next, followed in turn by the family cat, which rubbed itself against the young man's newly pressed trousers.

He gave a sigh of relief when, after an hour spent in misery, his sweet heart made her appearance. He begged of her to "put him next" to the joke, and between her bursts of laughter she informed him that "since he was trying to court the whole family papa thought they had best take turns." It is unnecessary to say that he failed to see the joke and has ceased his attentions.—Reading Eagle.

'Twas an Irish Bull.

Before the days of proper safeguards a good many cattle got in the paths of Michigan railroads and were killed outright or so badly injured as to necessitate putting them out of misery. These happenings frequently afforded the owners of the cattle an opportunity to bring suit against the railroad companies, so that the employees were required to be very careful as to details and to keep a strict record of the manner of a cow's death, etc. Regular printed reports of such cases had to be turned in by the section master, who was required to fill out blanks stating the probable age of the deceased animal, weight, color, distinguishing marks and disposition of carcass, the animal being sometimes cut up and sold for beef.

Naturally it was an Irish section "schaperintendent" who, like Finnigan in his terse report of a wreck, simply stated, "Off ag'in, on ag'in—Finnegan," made out the record of a certain bovine tragedy in a characteristic way. Mike grumbled pretty well at the age and weight and color of the dead cow, but when he came to the line "disposition of carcass" he scratched his head reflectively.

"Sure," he muttered, "she doled aisy, annyway." Then opposite the line he scrawled, "Kind and gentle."—Detroit Free Press.

Why the Judge Paid the Bill.

For this story of the relation of politics and medicine the Philadelphia Medical Journal vouches: A physician was summoned in haste to attend the child of a family that lived in two rooms in the heart of a large American city—not New York. The child had been seized suddenly and seriously and just at election time. The mother was in despair, and when the doubtful prognosis was given she broke into wailing and violent self condemnation for some horrible sin of the family to which she said the child's illness was due—a direct punishment for their crime. She would go and curse the magistrate for it all, her husband should resign from "the force" and such evil ways should be renounced forever.

Curious to know how the magistrate could be held responsible for the child's illness, the doctor finally secured the confession that the crime of the poor, conscience-stricken woman consisted in allowing the names of many fraudulent voters to be registered as residing in her house, in swearing to the lie, etc. The magistrate also had demanded this of all the neighbors in return for indescribable political favors. The child recovered, and the magistrate paid the physician's bill.

According to Science.

Mrs. Wunder—It seems to me that that music teacher is always asking for money.

Mr. Wunder—That's perfectly natural. His scale, you know, begins and ends with "dough."—Baltimore American.

Two Views.

"It is hard to lose one's relations," said the seedy individual with a mourning band on his hat. "Hard?" echoed the man whose check is good for a million. "Why, sir, it's simply impossible."—Chicago News.

Advertisement for FAYTON PAINT CO. featuring an illustration of a man painting a wall. Text includes: 'I've been shining now for ages on the paints that people use, and my pleasure is to spill them. But make me I've got the blues; For I struck a kind this morning That would not grow quickly faint, And I found by asking Venus That 'twas Fayton's Sun-Proof Paint.'... FOR SALE BY J. KOENIGSTEIN, NORFOLK, NEBRASKA.

Advertisement for I. M. MACY. Text includes: 'YOU MUST NOT FORGET That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the Most Artistic Ideas and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all kinds of framing. I. M. MACY.'

Advertisement for FRISCO SYSTEM THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE KANSAS CITY TO JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA. Includes an illustration of a train.

Advertisement for THE BEST Laundry Soap ON THE MARKET AND PREMIUMS GIVEN. Includes an illustration of a woman washing clothes. Text includes: 'DIAMOND C SOAP AN HONEST SOAP SEEK NO FURTHER DIAMOND C IS THE BEST. Complete catalogue showing over 300 premiums that may be secured by saving the wrappers, furnished free upon request. Send your name on a postal card, and we will mail you the catalogue. Address: Premium Dept., THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., South Omaha, Neb.'

Advertisement for DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE. Text includes: 'HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERNAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS: BALTIMORE, Md., March 30, 1901. 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. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I sought a treatment for curable, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would disappear, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you very much and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERNAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md. Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal cost. INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 126 E. C. LEE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.'