FEAST OF THE WHALE

AN ESKIMO BANQUET THAT MAY LAST A WHOLE DAY.

Incident of the Social Life Among the Natives of Arctic Alaska After the Hunting Season Is Over—The Return of the Fleet to Shore.

Writing of the industrial and social methods and customs of the Eskimos of arctic Alaska, Edward A. McIlhenny, in the Century, says:

The principal occupation of these Eskimos (of arctic Alaska) during the spring is the hunting of the bow head whale in the leads, or open water, and among the floe ice of the Arctic ocean. The taking of a whale is always a time of great rejoicing with these people, for it means not only an abundance of food and fuel, but a large amount of valuable trading material.

After the whaling season is over the boats which have been used in the chase are gathered on the leads between the pack and shore ice, which is often some miles from shore, at the foot of some road that has been cut through the rough ice from the land to the water. The most successful boat's crew, with their umiak (a whaling boat covered with skins), takes the lead, followed by the other boats in the order of their success. The harpoons, floats, paddles and everything pertaining to the chase of the whale are placed in their respective positions. The umiak is then placed on a flat ivory runnered sled and lashed firmly in place. The owner, who is called omelic (headman), stands on the ice at the right hand side of the bow; the boat steerer stands at the stern and the paddlers stand at their respective places along the sides of the boat. When all is ready the omelic gives the word to go forward, and each of the crew slips over his shoulder a broad breast strap of sealskin, which is attached to a short line made fast to the thwarts of the boat. When all is ready the boat is pulled forward a few lengths and the next boat in order goes through the same form, moving on in its turn, until all the umiaks are strung out in a long line on the grounded ice ready for their return to land.

At a signal from the head boat all move forward, chanting weird songs of the goodness and power of the whale, for one of the superstitions of these people is that whenever working on any object to be used in whaling or doing anything connected with whaling they must constantly extol the merits of this great animal.

Long before the boats reach shore the entire population left in the village—men, women, children and dogs—congregate on the beach to welcome the home comers. When the first boat nears land it is brought to a halt a few feet from the shore line, and its talisman, which is always carried in a little pouch in the bow and may be a wolf's head, the head of a raven, iron pyrites or any odd thing, is lifted out by the omelic and held in his right hand toward the shore, where stands the chief medicine man of the tribe, who pours over it a little fresh water to refresh it and thank it for the benefits given, if the boat has secured a whale, or, if the boat has not been lucky, to appease any slight that may have been put upon the talisman, in the hope that it will give them better luck in the future.

After reaching shore a day or possibly two may be given for preparation, and then the great feast begins. Each successful boat owner, beginning with the one whose boat secured the most whales, gives a feast, to which he invites all the members of the tribe and any other people who may be in the village. First a wind break of umiaks, sails or skins is built to act as a shelter against the chilly blasts of the polar winds. It is placed in the form of a large circle if enough material can be secured, in the center of which a walrus hide is placed on the ground, and to its four corners are tied long ropes, which are passed over tripods placed about twenty-five feet from the skin. The ends of the ropes are then drawn tight and made fast with stout stakes driven into the ground, thus raising the skin about four feet. The skin thus becomes a platform some eight or ten feet square, which serves as a sort of movable stage on which the young women dance.

The feast usually begins at the time when the sun reaches a due western point, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, for during the eighty days of summer at Otkeavic the sun never sets, and, being without timepieces, the Eskimos mark their time by the position of the sun while it is visible and by the moon and stars when the sun has gone for the long arctic night. These feasts sometimes last twenty-four hours.

He Smoked.

A very pretty girl with a well defined air of knowing her way about tripped into a day coach of a train bound for Washington at Philadelphia Tuesday afternoon. Every window seat was occupied. The girl walked half way down the car and with obvious disappointment took the best seat that offered. A large, superheated looking man already occupied half of it. He held his breath long enough to make room for the girl, and she squeezed in. Then he settled himself again and appeared to swell out in every direction. The girl cast longing glances at the window, but the man's huge bulk and open newspaper cut off her view. The girl fidgeted. The man spread himself more and more. Full three-quarters of the seat he filled to overflowing. The girl set her teeth. Thirty miles spun by. The girl could endure it no longer. She turned her face to him.

"Excuse me," she said distinctly, "but don't you ever smoke?"

Two minutes later the whole seat was hers.—Washington Post.

Be Cheerful.

Tribulation is a habit. Be brave and utter a cheerful word in place of the complaining one. Keeping silent in an atmosphere of discord attracts to you peace and serenity instead of pain and sorrow. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." No greater truth was ever uttered. As soon as a person stops thinking trouble and goes to thinking joy, then joy will materialize.—Detroit Free Press.

Missed a Few.

"Yes," said the clerk at the Skinnem house, "we have 1,800 servants."

"Well," said the departing guest, "I must have overlooked four or five. I'm quite sure I haven't tipped that many."—Pittsburg Post.

Would Be Prepared.

She—Suppose, dear, I find you haven't given me money enough? He—Then telegraph for more. She—Have you a telegraph blank?—Detroit Free Press.

In the Suburbs.

"Here's a copy of the new time table."

"What's new about it?"

"The way it's folded."—Exchange.

THE CITY EDITOR.

He Must Keep Well Posted and Have a "Nose For News."

Imagine a man each day surveying a circle whose circumference is drawn with a radius sixty miles long from the New York city hall as a center, knowing that the life and activity within that circle are changeful and ephemeral, that each succeeding sun will bring a new story and that he is responsible for the telling of that story to a great company of readers. Imagine all this, and you have a good mental picture of the city editor of a metropolitan daily.

When the city editor opens his desk in the morning he attacks his mail first thing. Very often it is a fearful and wonderful collection of complaints, grievances, suggestions, demands, pleadings, discoveries, literary efforts, questions of every description. It is a singular thing that the title "city editor" is better known to the reading public than almost any other except "editor." So the city editor gets more than his share of mail.

William H. Vanderbilt's famous dictum, "The public be damned," would never have become a familiar quotation but for the trained news sense of a certain city editor out in Chicago. He had sent a young reporter to ask Mr. Vanderbilt about a railroad matter which was then being discussed. The novice came back and reported that Mr. Vanderbilt would not say a word. The city editor, suspecting that his agent had not gone about the interview in a way to accomplish the desired result, began to "pump" him on his manner of approaching the railway king. "Well," answered the youth, "I told him the public wanted to know about this matter."

"Wouldn't he talk back then?" asked the city editor.

"No; he just shook his head and said 'The public be damned,'" responded the youth, with childlike and bland innocence.

The autocrat of the city department lay back and gasped. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the dull reporter, and he himself wrote up the incident, which has been made an important addition to the popular Bartlett.

It was an insignificant "financial card" which first directed the attention of the newspapers to the 520 per cent fraud for which William F. Miller and Colonel Bob Ammon are now serving terms in Sing Sing. The earliest mutterings of street railway strikes in Chicago and Cleveland and other western cities have been in diminutive "ads." calling for men to be motormen and conductors.—Charles Watson Meade in Bookman.

Little Hamstede.

A kindly, honest and simple little man was Frederick William Hamstede, originally a city clerk of London and a versifier who concocted worthless doggerel for love and not reward at a rate which would surprise most poetasters. Yet his claim to remembrance lies now in the fact that Thackeray called him "dear little Hamstede" and loved and protected him from banter with a strange and touching chivalry.

If any one laughed at the great novelist's attachment to so insignificant a protege, Thackeray would exclaim:

"No one shall say a word against little Hamstede in my hearing. I love little Hamstede. I tell you I love little Hamstede, and as for his verses, over which you have been making merry, all I care to say is that I take more pleasure in reading his poetry than I do in reading your prose."

The secret of this large hearted protection was not far to seek. Hamstede was a dwarf and a hunchback. He had been crippled by falling from a nurse's arms in infancy and could not get about without a cane. Thackeray, the giant, loved him for the sufferings he had undergone.

Indigo.

The chief source of natural indigo is the various species of indigofera, especially Indigofera tinctoria, which are cultivated in India, China and South America. The method of its preparation is very simple, although considerable attention is paid to the treatment of the soil previous to the planting of the seeds. Ten to fourteen days suffice for the first appearance of the shoots above the soil, after which they continue to grow rapidly. Shortly before flowering, or about three months after sowing, the plants are cut off close to the ground and are then ready for extracting the color. After cropping the plants are again allowed to grow until they are sufficiently mature to admit of a second cutting. Occasionally a third or even a fourth crop is made, but each of these contains successively less and less of the indican. The cut plants are at once placed in large stone cisterns, or fermenting vats, called "steepers," where they are covered with water and kept in position by means of boards and heavy stones.

Bible Day Jewels.

It is interesting to observe that in articles of gold, silver and gems we have scarcely gone beyond the earliest Biblical record. Gold is an old story in the second chapter of Genesis. There is no record of Sarah's ornaments, but the abundant mention of Rebecca's earrings and bracelets made her envied by many a Sunday school little girl who in this way made her acquaintance. Thenceforth rings, necklaces, earrings, breastpins, bracelets, tiaras, jeweled daggers, girdles, pins, combs, but repeat themselves according to the taste of the age. An inspection of the Cyprian jewelry at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York shows how completely the ladies of antiquity had their jewel cases equipped. To these we have been able to add very few articles, the watch being the most conspicuous.

A Curious Oath.

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book and by the holy contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

Burns' Best Poem.

It is said that a boy was once asked in the poet's presence which of Burns' works he liked best. After taking thought with himself for a little he declared that he liked the "Cotter's Saturday Night" by far the best, "although," he added, "it made me greet (cry) when my father bade me read it to my mither."

This statement seemed to impress Burns, for presently he said to the lad, "Weel, my callant (boy), it made me greet, too, more than once when I was writing it by my father's fireside."

LAUGHED AT COBRA BITE.

Methods of a Native Snake Charmer In British India.

Some years ago our regiment was stationed at Peshawur, famous for its beautiful gardens, which in the springtime are a mass of foliage and blossom, relates on English army officer.

The roses grow in wild profusion, and the soil is so productive that, as an old gardener once said, "you have only to put a dry stick into the ground and it will shortly sprout and flourish."

But before long we found that a snake had crept into our Eden, leaving its trail on the paths between the rosebushes and the servants' houses.

Armed with a stout stick, I made a search in the quarters, but without any successful results.

Some months later I was taking my usual siesta after "tiffin," when the bearer came into my room, saying in the supercilious manner usual to him when speaking of his fellow countrymen:

"Sahib, there is in the compound a snake charmer who says that by his music and enchantments he can lure a snake from its hiding place. If it please your honor, shall the man show this thing to you?"

Welcoming any sort of diversion in the hot weather, I got up, put on my topee (sun hat) and strolled in the direction of the servants' quarters.

On my approach the snake charmer arose, salaaming deeply.

Nude save for his loin cloth, the snake charmer stretched himself full length upon the ground and, placing a reedlike pipe to his lips, played a sad, monotonous, wailing tune in the direction of the quarters in which the snake was commonly supposed to dwell.

In a few moments, and to my intense astonishment, a brown form wriggled across the threshold of one of the native huts, and as we all gazed spellbound at it the snake crawled straight toward the pipe which charmed it.

As it neared him the snake charmer arose, and, seizing the reptile quickly, proceeded to put it into a bag he had with him.

In doing so I plainly saw the cobra rear its head and strike the man's hand.

I darted forward to his assistance, but, in calm and reassuring accents, he said: "No matter, sahib. With me it is not as with other folk."

Then from among his heaps of clothing he produced a stone, with which he rubbed the bite, which apparently had no evil effect upon him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hard Seats.

It is not well for sedentary workers to sit on cushions. In man, owing chiefly to his erect carriage, there is a strong development of the muscles of the pelvis and the thighs, which almost completely clothe the strong bones of that region. In the seated position, to obviate undue pressure, nature has provided a proper cushion over these bones. Hyrtl's saying is well known, "We sit on the fat of the seat as on a mattress."

In sitting on a smooth and hard surface the body rests upon three main points, but in sitting on a soft cushion pressure is imparted to the muscles and interferes with the circulation in all their parts.

Great attention has been paid to this matter in the construction of bicycle saddles and, speaking generally, with very beneficial results. Nothing can be said against a certain amount of covering, if not too yielding, but the office stool, properly shaped, is an excellent seat.—Pearson's Weekly.

Food Aversions.

Cows' milk is said to be abhorred by the Japanese, and rabbits are never eaten by the Abyssinians, who explain that rabbits are too much like big rats. The natives of the Sandwich Islands would not take caviare for a gift. Cheese in Mexico is simply curds desiccated and pressed in pancake shape, and even then it is patronized only by the Caucasian colonists. The half breeds accept it with hesitation, and a two ounce slice of limburger would stampede a tribe of mountain Indians. They resent it as a practical joke in questionable taste. But why the Koreans eschew ice cream, as a traveler reports is the case, is less easy to explain. Perhaps they share the Japanese prejudice against dairy products or the Chinese predilection for superheated tidbits.

A Queer Italian Custom.

On Aug. 1 of every year the people of Val di Rosa, in Italy, gather in the great square, which is also a thrashing floor, and proceed to exorcise the devil for the benefit of their own dreams and for the well being of their vineyards. The most intelligent man in the community is chosen master of ceremonies. A small fire balloon is made ready and to this the master of ceremonies solemnly attaches a puppet representing his Satanic majesty. Amid the shouts of the peasantry the balloon, with the devil attached, is liberated. The good people believe that for the rest of the year the evil one will not disturb their dreams or damage the vintage.

Fungus Slippers.

Before the discovery of lucifer matches a large hoof shaped fungus growing on the trunks of trees was used throughout northern Europe for making amadou or tinder. The thick, brown, woody flesh of the same fungus, cut into slices and beaten until it assumes the appearance of felt, is used at the present day in Germany for the manufacture of chest protectors, caps, purses, bedroom slippers and various other articles.

One Exception.

"Papa, is the hand that rocks the cradle the one that rules the world?"

"That's what I've heard."

"Well, I know one that don't."

"Who is it?"

"Nurse. She wanted to go downtown, and mamma told her she'd fire her if she went and wouldn't give her no recommendation."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Chronic Habit.

"No," said the man who had recently made his fourth pilgrimage to the matrimonial altar; "I can't say that marriage is a failure."

"Of course not," rejoined his bachelor friend. "With you it is merely a habit."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Then He Went.

Father (at head of stairs)—Ethel, what time is it? Ethel (in drawing room)—It's a quarter past 10, father. Father—All right. Don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast.

Lucky.

"Well, Pat, I heard your brother was sent to prison for life."

"Yis, but he's so delicate he'll never live to complete the sintince."—Chicago Journal.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

A CURIOUS TREE.

One of Nature's Queer Products That Are Found In Africa.

The Welwitschia mirabilis is a wonder of the vegetable kingdom. It grows on the barren land of the western side of Africa, where rain is almost unknown and the only moisture is that from dews which fall at night. This plant was discovered in 1860 by Dr. Welwitsch, an eminent scientific traveler. The welwitschia is a tree which lives for many years, many specimens being estimated as more than 100 years old.

Every year of its life increases its size, yet it never grows higher. Rising just above the ground this strange plant, looking like a rough round table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an overbaked loaf. The trunk attains the size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never more than a few inches above the ground.

The welwitschia is remarkable in the fact that it never loses its first two leaves and never gets any more. These leaves increase in size year after year until they attain the length of six or eight feet or more. They are flat and leathery and frequently split into numerous straps.

KEEPING WELL.

It Is Better and More Economical Than Getting Well.

I have often been horrified by finding people at Carlsbad or Marienbad or some other of these severe water cures who had come there simply on their own initiative and without any medical advice. This is really tampering with one's constitution.

I am coming to the conclusion in recent years that it is better to trust to air and to exercise than to waters for the renewal of the physical system. Since I have taken to golf I find so much improvement in my health that I no longer pine, as I used to do, for the water cure. But there again every man must judge for himself. If a man has too profound a love for the pleasures of the table it is almost a necessity for him to go to one of those places where the system seems to get a thoroughly complete washout.

But if a man be of moderate appetite and be able to keep himself well under control even when temptation is great, then he has no reason for going to Homburg or Carlsbad or Marienbad. He had better seek good mountain air, play golf and keep out of doors.—London M. A. P.

The Confederate Cent.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a one cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons who had ordered the work done, and, becoming alarmed, he "struck off" twelve nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For twelve long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck fifty-five copper pieces, twelve in silver and seven in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.

The Charm of His Hamlet.

Concerning Hamlet as played by the late Wilson Barrett a little story is told in the greenrooms where the actor was known. One of the ancients was talking of the Hamlets he had seen on the stage. "Well," he said, "I've seen dozens of 'em, but of all the hactors wot played Hamlet give me Barrett. He was always done ten minutes afore any of the others."

The Value of a Name.

Nelson, a thriving little English town, is a living instance of the value of a name. Not long after the battle of Trafalgar some tinker, tailor or other person established a tiny wayside inn and called it after the naval hero. There was nobody on the spot from whom to expect custom, but the road led to and from populous districts. Travelers stopped at the place, and presently a cottage or two began to rise, then more of them, and the name of the public house answered for the whole. That was the nucleus of the present town. Now 40,000 people live around the site which the old innkeeper chose and called after the name of his hero.

Passing Counterfeits.

Johnny—Say, papa, passing counterfeit money is unlawful, isn't it? Papa—Yes. Johnny—Well, papa, if a man was walking along the street and saw a ten dollar counterfeit bill upon the sidewalk and did not pick it up wouldn't he be guilty of passing counterfeit money and couldn't he be arrested and put in jail? Papa—More likely the lunatic asylum. Now you may go to bed, my son.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Method In Her Madness.

Clarissa—Why, you silly thing! What are you putting your damp hands out on the window sill for? You'll get them all rough and red. Annabel—Yes, I know. But Mr. de Million thinks that every woman ought to do all sorts of housework, and I'm getting my hands ready to show off tonight.

Beyond Settlement.

Molly—What makes you so haughty when you meet George? Why don't you make up with him? Polly—Because I should have to demand an explanation, and I can't remember what it is I'm supposed to be offended about.—Detroit Free Press.

A Manly Man.

He—You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man? She—Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.

Society's Pleasures.

Since the magnificent times of the Roman empire there has never been a period when people have been so overfed, overamused and overstimulated as in the imperial London of today.—Lady's Pictorial.

Probably Not.

"Is Pickleby a manicure artist?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I just saw him and he told me that he had charge of a hundred hands at his place of business."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WILD BILL'S FIRST FIGHT.

He Was Wounded, but Killed Six of the McKandlas Gang.

Wild Bill, whose real name was James Hickok, first came west in 1857 and drove an ox team on the plains for Majors & Russell in 1860. He subsequently engaged himself to the overland stage company as stock tender and was put in charge of a new stage station on Rock creek, near the old McKandlas station, which was generally known as Robbers' Roost. This was the headquarters for the McKandlas gang, a crowd that had held together since the Missouri-Kansas border ruffian days and generally had things their own way. A man named Ficklin, and a number one stage hand, was the superintendent. He tried to buy out the McKandlas station; but, failing in this, he built a new one near by, putting young Hickok in charge. Up to that time he had never experienced trouble with any one and was not likely to have friction, especially with the old station keeper, McKandlas, or his men.

In the winter of 1860-61 McKandlas and his nephew and four other men passed by the new station on horseback, leading an old man who was afoot. They had a rope around the old fellow's neck, and occasionally they would take a few turns around the horn of the saddle, make a run on the rope and jerk the old man down and drag him on the ground until he was nearly dead. The only spite they had against him was that he was a North Methodist preacher. If Wild Bill was anything he was an abolitionist and free soiler and loyal to the United States. The McKandlas crowd was planning to make a raid on several stations to secure the stock and go south. They told young Hickok they would take the stock. He replied that he would be there.

When they returned late in the evening two stopped at the corral, two went to the front and two to the back door of the cabin or hut. Hickok told them he would shoot the first man who took down the bars of the corral. The elder McKandlas fired at Hickok, but missed him. Hickok returned the fire with a rifle and shot McKandlas in the heart. The next shot from Hickok killed the nephew, and the two fell at the front door. Just then the two at the back door opened fire. One shot from a double barreled gun lodged seven full grown buckshot into Hickok's right side and breast, two of which entered his lungs. The two men who stopped at the corral came to the assistance of the two men at the house. Hickok was then in a hand to hand fight with four men. He killed three of them in the house and wounded the other so badly that he died on the prairie.—Denver Field and Farm.

Precautionary Treatment.

The Dutch peasant lives with canals all about him and reaches his cottage by way of a drawbridge. Perhaps it is in the blood of the Dutch child, says a writer in M. A. P., not to fall into a canal. At all events the Dutch mother never appears to anticipate such a possibility.

One can imagine the average English or American mother trying to bring up a family in a house surrounded by canals. She would never have a moment's peace until the children were in bed. But then the mere sight of a canal to the English child suggests the delights of a sudden and unexpected bath.

An Englishman inquired of a Dutchwoman, "Does a Dutch child ever by any chance fall into a canal?"

"Yes," she replied, "cases have been known."

"Don't you do anything for it?" continued the questioner.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "We haul them out again."

"But what I mean is," explained the Englishman, "don't you do anything to prevent their falling in—to save them from falling in again?"

"Yes," she answered, "we spank them."

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.

Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena, which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example, if thirty seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet or about six and one-half miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.

The Parisian Cafe Caricaturist.

Among other Parisian types described by a recent observer is the cafe caricaturist. "He is a youth with a pale face and very long hair. He looks the type of the bohemian and he is. He offers to draw caricatures for 50 centimes (10 cents). His luncheon is frequently a myth, nor is he always sure of his dinner. But, no matter what the state of his finances, he will have his absinth, to which he adds but little water. The cafe caricaturist is invariably an 'artist who has not succeeded.' He has either been at the Beaux Arts or has studied under some famous painter. Somehow or other he has come to grief and has swelled the ranks of those whom fortune has disinherited."

An Unnecessary Distinction.

The two expressions "by and by" and "by the bye" are really derived from the same original word, and the words "by" and "bye" have the same general sense. But the spelling "bye" has long been used in the second of these phrases without any real reason for the change. We should not speak of a bye law or a bye path, and yet many are careful to write "by the bye" and "by the by." In "goodbye" there might be some reason for keeping the final "e," since it stands for the word "ye" in the shortened form of "God be with ye;" but where so much has been dropped the "e" is hardly worth keeping, especially as the old meaning is seldom recalled.—St. Nicholas.

An Anxious Query.

A certain New York restaurant has become famous for its high prices. At the entrance a man just leaving, having paid his bill, was recently overheard to ask the waiter, "I say—do you charge anything for going out?"

Generously Thoughtful.

Ragson Tatters—Say, boss, gimme the price of a meal. I'm nearly starStingiman—Can't do it, me poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toothpick.—Exchange.

THE ODOMETER.

It Was Known to Engineers of the Alexandrian School.

The odometer, an instrument for measuring distance traversed in a carriage, is no modern invention. The first description of it is to be found in a fragment of a Greek treatise and was known to engineers of the Alexandrian school.

Passing to more modern days, we find that on Jan. 1, 1598, a book was published in Nuremberg which professed to give a "succinct, detailed and positive explanation" of various systems of measurement by means of such an instrument. This "divider," as the author calls it, had a wheel which carried in its axle an indicator worked by the circular movement; at each turn a needle made a stroke, which was transmitted to the dial.

This odometer, divided into 100 equal parts, had a long hand and a short, like modern clocks, the latter moving one stroke as often as its big brother made a complete round of the dial.

Another odometer, said to have been invented by Peter the Great, was shown at the Moscow polytechnic exhibition in 1872. It was called a "verst counter" and worked excellently.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Its Bargain Counters, State Trials and Coronation Banquets.

Westminster hall, whose old gray walls have seen coronation banquets and state trials, used to echo with the bargains driven at shops or stalls which at one time fringed its walls like a modern bazaar. These were kept by booksellers, toy dealers, sempstresses and milliners. The rents and profits went by right to the warden of the Fleet. An engraving of the busy scene was made by Mosely and prints taken therefrom by Gravelot before 1773 showing how,

In hall of Westminster,
Sleek sempstress vends amidst the courts her ware.

In "Tom Brown's Amusements" (1770) we read: "We enter into a great hall where we were surprised to see in the same place men on one side with baubles and toys and on the other taken up with fear of judgment. In this shop are to be sold ribbons and gloves, towers, headdresses, etc. On the left hand we hear a nimble tongued painted sempstress with her charming treble invite you to buy some of her knickknacks."—London Mail.

Coaches In France.

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV. was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravaillac. It is from these that we get a fair idea of the coaches.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale six feet in length by three and a half feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them and two more, one on each side of the two "boots" at the side. Each vehicle had a roof, resting on light columns, and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendant who rode with him in the carriage drew the curtains, and, hiding the king from public view, assured the enraged people that he was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

Cuban Women.

The Cuban women—and the men as well—are intensely affectionate. They say much in words, often more than their hearts feel. But they are very warm hearted. Every letter that I get from girl friends of six months' acquaintance is a love letter, full of passionate expressions of endearment. The Cuban women mature quickly, and a girl of fourteen in Cuba is as mature as a girl of seventeen here. Early marriages are the rule. The Cuban women are dainty, pretty and very like the French women, with many of the French ways and ideals. They care little for forming themselves into clubs for literary culture, and woman suffrage doesn't agitate them. They are vastly more interested in being clever needlewomen, good musicians, good housekeepers, charming sweethearts, than in running the government.—Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

Farragut's Death.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."—Exchange.

Easy to Keep Afloat.

If every person knew that it is impossible to sink if one keeps his arms under water and moves his legs as if he were going upstairs, and that one may keep this motion up for hours before fatigue ends it, there would be few casualties. Such is the fact. Except where cramp renders motion impossible, the man who gets an involuntary ducking has small chance of drowning. He can generally keep afloat until rescuers appear. The people who drown are those who frantically wave their arms out of water and lose their self possession.—Chicago Journal.

Ship and Crew Are Lost.

Frederickstad, Norway, Oct. 4.—The Norwegian bark Sir John Lawrence, from London, has struck on sunken rocks outside this harbor and has broken up. The crew were drowned.

Telling on the Tail.

Mamma—Johnny, how many times have I told you about pulling that cat's tail? Johnny—I don't know, mom, but from de way de tail is worn it must be a lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Didn't Scare Him.

Landlady—Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Jones. Jones (a new boarder)—I am not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't scare me a bit.

Both High.

Convalescing Patient—This bill is very high. Doctor—So was your fever.

LIVING A LIE.

Those People Who Dress or Live Beyond Their Means.

Dressing or living beyond one's means is nothing less than absolute dishonesty. If you are trying to do what you cannot afford to do, you are living a lie; if you are wearing clothes that you cannot afford, they are perpetual witnesses against you. They are labeled all over with falsehood. If your jewelry, your carriages, your furs and your costly gowns tell me that you are rich when you live in a poverty stricken home and when your mother is obliged to make all sorts of sacrifices to enable you to make this false display, you lie just as surely as you would if you should try to deceive me by your words.

The consciousness of being well dressed and yet owing for it, of riding in carriages which one cannot afford or of patronizing expensive hotels and restaurants which one cannot by any stretch of imagination or sophistry afford, is destructive to self respect, to truth and honesty and to manhood and womanhood. You cannot afford to wear lies or eat lies any more than you can afford to tell lies.

There is only one possible result upon character of falsehoods, whether acted or told, and that is perpetual deterioration and demoralization. No one can act a lie or live a lie without being dishonest. When a man sacrifices his honesty he loses the mainspring of his character, and he cannot be perfectly honest when he is lying by frequenting costly restaurants or hotels, by wearing expensive clothing or by extravagant living when he cannot afford it.—Success.

HOBBIES ARE GOOD.

They Aid One In Forgetting Sorrow, and They Help Health.

How often does one hear the expression, "Oh, that is So-and-so's hobby," spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic, rather to be pitied. The truth of the matter is that any one who has any especial fad is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation or is simply an enthusiasm or even mentioned slightingly as a fad, is eminently desirable.

"I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a curious phase of our humanity that we will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us until we are called hence."

Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life, promoters of health, peace and happiness.—New York Mail.

Discovering the Kangaroo.

In the year 1770 Captain Cook sailed into Botany bay in his ship, the Endeavor. A foraging or exploring party brought back to him the news of the discovery of a new and strangely formed animal. It was described as mouse colored in hue and of the size of a greyhound. But that which struck Cook's men as most singular was its movements. "It sprang or leaped with great swiftness, by the aid of its long hind limbs," while the possession of a strong tail was also noted. On July 14 a Mr. Gore, one of Cook's party, shot a kangaroo, the name by which the animal was known to the natives. At their dinner on Sunday, July 15, 1770, they dined off kangaroo joint and pronounced the meat to be excellent eating. As early as 1711, however, a Dutch traveler in Australia, of the name of De Bruins, had captured a kangaroo, which he took to Batavia alive, so that Cook practically rediscovered the family.

Greek Sailors.

Sailors of the Grecian archipelago often equip trading schooners on a plan of profit sharing after the custom of New England whalers, and if their venture proves anything like a success they cannot easily be induced to take a berth in the merchant marine of the western nations. They detest subordination, but a chief cause of their preference for home enterprise is the difference of the night watch system. For a week or two a Greek sailor will watch all day and sleep all night—emergencies, of course, excepted—then take his turn at night working and day sleeping. English, French and German captains would dismiss him to his hammock for four hours and then rout him out in the midst of his sweetest sleep. In wages there may be no great difference, but his experience has convinced him that in the long run the long term plan can best be reconciled with perfect health.

The Gentian Plant.

Gentius, king of Illyricum, the eastern boundary of the Adriatic, was taken prisoner by the Romans about a century and a half before the Christian era for encouraging pirates and died in custody. He discovered that a certain plant was a very good tonic, and that plant has ever since been called gentiani, after him. This plant is generally supposed to have been the tall, coarse alpine, common in mountainous districts in central Europe, and known to botanists as G. lutea, a preparation of which is still in high repute as a medicine.

Red Hair and Sunstroke.

Nobody ever heard of a red headed man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection from the rays of the sun or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sensitive.

The Groom (at the first hotel)—It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are newly married. The Bride—What makes you think so, George, dear? The Groom (dejectedly)—Why, the waiter has brought us rice pudding.

Enough Said.

First Passenger (promenading on the deck of a liner in midocean, to second passenger, leaning disconsolately against the rail)—Have you dined? Second Passenger (dejectedly)—On the contrary.—Harper's Weekly.

One of the most important assets in a business is politeness.—Atchison Globe.

A PECULIAR COMPOUND.

Cryostase Thaws In the Cold and Freezes Under Heat.

According to a German medical journal, very anomalous is the conduct of a peculiar chemical compound known as "cryostase." This consists of a mixture in equal parts of phenol, saponin and camphor, with a little turpentine oil.

This weird substance possesses the remarkable quality of becoming liquid, or we may say of "thawing," in the cold, and again becoming solid, or, as it were, "freezing," when heated.

It is true that some other bodies—as, for instance, the white of an egg—possess a similar property of becoming solid, or coagulating, with heat, but in the case of these, when once the solidification has taken place, no degree of cold will restore them to the liquid state, whereas with cryostase the experiment can be repeated and the process reversed any number of times.

We have thus a substance which absolutely defies all rule and precedent, but of whose exceptional behavior no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given.

England's Underfed Children.

In every big town the children of the slums habitually go to school improperly fed. Many of them are not only improperly fed, but the food they do get is far too little in quantity. In the hard winter season, when the building trades are idle, many again go to school either with no food at all or having only stayed their hunger in the morning with a crust of dry bread. In sharp, frosty weather it is a common experience for teachers in the elementary schools of the poorer parts of our great towns—I have often seen it—to find children suddenly seized with vomiting. This is not so much caused by the fact that the stomach is upset as that it has revolted against the effect of the cold upon its empty condition. And not only is this state of things true of the poorer parts of the big towns. It is also true of many of the agricultural villages. Let a visitor to a village elementary school look closely at the children. They are in many cases flabby and pale. They need more nourishing food. A breakfast of "teakettle broth," a bit of bread and treacle and some abominably poor tea—these form the three meals daily.—Dr. T. J. McNamara, M. P., in Nineteenth Century.

Athletes and Consumption.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumptive patient. If you are able and feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die who began work in a gymnasium and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by fibrous scar material filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you "expand the lungs" you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar material useless for breathing when it does get well.—Everybody's Magazine.

The French Archives.

The archives so magnificently housed in the Hotel de Rohan form one of the most interesting sights of Paris. Here, bound in white calf, thousands of folios contain the history of France, dating from the Capet and Valois kings, all documents being classified under four heads—administrative, historic, legislative and judiciary. Among minor objects of interest not shown to visitors without special permission is the table on which Robespierre, wounded, was placed in the Hotel de Ville on the eve of Thermidor and the inventory of Marie Antoinette's wardrobe, with patterns of her dresses, and also of Mme. Elizabeth's. Insignificant indeed would the collection appear beside that of a fashionable lady of today. In these historic premises, busy as bees, indefatigable searchers are continually at work.—Westminster Gazette.

Baltimore, Ireland.

Baltimore, in Maryland, gets its name from a small and unostentatious fishing village in Ireland. The word Baltimore signifies the "village that grew up about the big house," and the derivation is plain when one sees the ivy covered ruins of the very remarkable big house that was once the stronghold of the O'Driscolls. It is situated upon an imposing height, a sentinel over the numerous little dwellings that have sprung up and increased in the vicinity of its wrecked and deserted life. From the village of Baltimore enormous catches of mackerel are sent to America.—Exchange.

Read His Own Banns.

A distinguished English churchman tells this in M. A. P.: "The vicar of Swanscombe was a very eccentric man. I remember—indeed, who could ever forget it?—that he once read out his own banns of marriage with a lady who had not only not consented to marry him, but whom he had never asked to do so. He did this for two Sundays. On the third her father rose and formally objected to such a ridiculous proceeding."

Waiting His Turn.

"Well, Jack," said his chum after Jack had proposed to the most popular girl in the town, "is it all right?"

"Well," said Jack ruefully, "I can hope—that's all."

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd file my proposal with all the others and consider it when she got down to it."

Belated Weddings.

The love of independence and the freedom and pleasure of today make girls less and less anxious to marry before they are past five and twenty. Perhaps it is better that there should be that disinclination, for our modern life may fit a woman better to marry late than early.—Lady Jeune in London Opinion.

Eminently Qualified.

Practical Aunt—Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man? The Confident Girl—Oh, yes; it's all settled. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding already.

The Servant Problem.

"What has been the greatest difficulty with which you have had to contend, Mrs. Kinder, in your struggle with the servant girl problem?"

"Preventing the good ones getting married."

The poor people of Barbadoes subsist principally on sugar cane, sweet potatoes and flying fish.