

How to Eat Leather.

The infamous Captain Morgan and his practical crew were sometimes in flight places at Panama and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leather bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Esquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), who never were out of their mothers' kitchen may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry (also whom I only answer: That could they once experiment what hunger, or, at the famine, they would certainly find the manner by their own necessity, as the pirates did. For these first took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then they beat it between two stones and rubbed it, often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent glasses of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

French Official Red Tape.

Two men went to Nice lately from Italy to attend a funeral and took with them a wreath of flowers to which was fastened a silk ribbon bearing an inscription. They were informed at their destination that they would have to pay a duty equivalent to \$3. The mourners protested, saying that the wreath was made of natural flowers on which there was no duty, but they were informed that the dutiable part was the silk and that, according to the tariff laws, duty must be collected on the gross weight of the memorial emblem. Then the men agreed to throw the ribbon away, but this could not be done on French soil, and so they journeyed back to the frontier, where they disposed of the ribbon, boarded a train for Nice with the ribbonless wreath and arrived too late for the funeral.

Keep in the Sunshine.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists, sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people, but whatever they go their characteristic is this—their shadows always travel on before them. These people never leave their own burden, but expose all their woe to others. They are all so heavy looking down for pitfalls and steep stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These stars live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Black.

Conditions Reversed.

One of the best examples of "pawky" humor is placed to the credit of an old gardener who was in the service of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne. The admiral was a grand old man, full of goodness and kindness, but a strict disciplinarian. The gardener having omitted to do something which he had been told to do, his master said to him: "When I was on board ship I would have had you put in irons for disobedience." "The old gardener was not much perturbed at the idea, but, leaning on his spade, replied: "Aye, my lord, Sir Alexander, but when you were on board ship you had a bigger man to do as a hunder job."—London Tit Bits.

Something to Interest Him.

It was the evening when her weekly caller always made his appearance. "I wish I had something new and startling to show him," said the girl to her mother. "If you'd only mentioned it in time," said her father, "I'd have brought home my account book with the dry goods, millinery, stationery and other articles for the last three months all billed and balanced. I'd venture to say that would entertain him."—Youth's Companion.

The First Anthracite Coal.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were taken into Philadelphia in 1833, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Meade's soldier light or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but no attempt was soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

Canine Riddlers.

"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself by his tail." "Does it to guide his wandering bark, does he?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

The Ruling Passion.

"Eh—I hear that your husband has taken to smoking again. I thought you insisted that he should give it up?" "Eh—Yes, so I did, but I found such a pretty smoking jacket at a bargain sale."

A Weak Climax.

A newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste and overturned a haystack."

A Warm Welcome.

"Sapleigh—Are you positive that Miss Carter is not in? The Maid—Yes, sir. I'd lose my job if I wasn't.—Boston Transcript.

How Gold Plate is Made.

Talking of silver gilt plate, it is often spoken of as gold plate. One of the gold plates owned by some of the nobles of Europe and by other persons in this country as well as abroad. As a matter of fact, these so-called gold services are silver gilt, and only a few pieces of pure gold are owned by the English crown or any other crown. It may interest our readers to learn how this fine, mercurial or water gilding for it is known by all of these names is done. Pure gold and mercury are mixed into a paste. The silver article to be gilded has been chemically cleaned, is rubbed all over with this paste, which has been placed in a silk bag, just as the blue used in washing is put in a bag. When the piece of plate has been rubbed over with the gilding paste, it is then put into an oven, and gradually the mercury goes off in fumes, leaving on the article a deposit of pure gold, which has practically become one with the piece of silver and will last for centuries.—London Cur. New York Post.

The Spider Cure.

The request for a "cut to put a splinter in a cure baby's whooping cough, which recently started a Somerset shopkeeper recalls the spider "cure" of the past. There was, and indeed is for instance, that Irish belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and bruises, and that superstition of the eastern countries which credited it with power to cure fevers. The webber of the web, too, was to be used upon a doctor of medicine.

A note from an ancient Notes and Queries gives the illustration "One of my parishioners suffering from ague," wrote a Somerset vicar, "was advised to catch a large spider and shut him up in a box. As he pinches away the disease is supposed to wear itself out. A similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but there treacle had to be substituted for the box as coffin for the spider dealer. Westminster Gazette.

The Doctor's Joke.

A physician who never goes out at night without leaving directions as to where to find him if wanted professedly was at a theater near Forty-second street recently with a friend. Just before the curtain went up on the second act an usher handed him a note reading "Come to the office—your doctor's telephone." The note was signed by a colleague and the doctor lost no time in obeying the peremptory summons. Arriving at his destination, he was confronted by several friends who coolly explained that he had been used to decide a bet as to the length of time it would take to cover the distance which he had traversed. The victim's anger was only slightly appeased when he was asked that the perpetrators of the joke knew no one else who was good enough to furnish the information looked for.—New York Tribune.

Putting the Owl to Use.

There is a choice old recipe, in which the owl figures, "to make any one that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask." given in "Physick For the Poor," published in London in 1657. It says that you are to "take the heart of an owl and his left leg and put that upon the breast of one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal what a secret thou shalt ask them." The Hindus, however, declare that the flesh or blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

Wanted a Supply.

"Politics," remarked a Washington official, "is a science as well as a circus. One of the funniest things I ever heard in that connection was about the cowboy delegate to the constitutional convention of Nevada when that territory was about to become a state. In the constitution was the stereotyped paragraph about the new state's having two senators to represent it in Washington. When it was read to the convention the cowboy delegate rose and yelled out: "What's the use of limiting it to two? We're overwhelmingly Republican, and we can elect as many as we want."—Washington Star.

The Demons.

"Critics are fine chaps," said an English actor, "but I must confess that, when they condemn your play you feel annoyed." "I wonder why we call the people on the top of the house gods?" an actress asked an unsuccessful playwright one day. "We do that," the unsuccessful playwright answered, "so as to distinguish them from the people in the bottom of the house who write the criticisms."

It Depends.

An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings. "How would you like to stand with shells bursting all round you?" the general demanded. "Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the egg."

Poor Venice.

Friend—And were you ever in Venice? Mr. Richnick—Yes. Slowest town I was ever in. The sewers were bawled all the time we were there.—Puck.

A Warm Welcome.

Sapleigh—Are you positive that Miss Carter is not in? The Maid—Yes, sir. I'd lose my job if I wasn't.—Boston Transcript.

Freed His Mind in His Will.

Among curious wills that of a certain Dr. Dunlap, a Canadian, has often been quoted. It probably contained some of the most maliciously expressed bequests on record. To one brother the doctor left his looks so that he might learn to read and acquire common sense. To another brother he left his big silver watch that the said brother might know the hour at which men ought to get up in the morning. To his brother-in-law he left his best pipe "in gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would ever have taken," and to the eldest son of a friend he left a silver tankard lest if he left it to the friend himself, who was a rabid teetotaler, the latter might melt it down to cast temperance medals. To one of his sisters he left a silver drink cup "for her sons best known to her-if," to another the family Bible, so that she might learn as much of its spirit as she already knew of its letter and become a better Christian, and to his eldest son a five acre field to console her for being married to a man that she had to henge k.—Chambers Journal.

A Pair of Cheerful Liars.

The crowd in the little country store was watching the rain when Deacon Witherspoon remarked that he'd seen it rain about as hard as anybody ever had seen it rain. Somebody said: "Deacon, how hard did you ever see it rain?" "Well, sir," said the deacon, "once upon a time when I was at home, we had an old cider barrel laying out in the yard with both ends out and the bung-hole up, and would you believe it, it rained so hard into that bung-hole that water couldn't run out of both ends fast enough, and it swelled up and burst."

Then Reuben Henry spoke up. He said he'd never seen it rain very hard, but he'd seen some mighty cold weather. Somebody said, "How cold did you ever see it get?" "He said, well, sir, one time when I was living down in Pickaway county in hog killing time, we had a kettle of boiling water setting on the stove and we took it out to the yard, and it froze so doggone quick the ice was hot."—National Monthly.

Black Inhabitants of France.

Lying so much off the beaten track, the village of Port Lesne, in the Jura department of France, is visited by but few from the outside world, and consequently this tiny community of men and women of color is but little known. It is not a large village, for its inhabitants number only about a hundred, but every one is either black or copper colored. It owes its origin to the fact that about a century ago, the famous negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was brought from Haiti and imprisoned in Port de Joux. Many of his friends, all negroes, followed him and camped near his prison on the bank of the little river Loue. From that encampment grew the village of Port Lesne, and when Toussaint L'Ouverture died more than 100 years ago his friends decided to remain in France. The passing of years and intermarriages have transformed the settlement into a French village of colored folk, all of whom are enfranchised.

Poetry and Pleasure.

The poet writes under one restriction only—namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure. Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment, the more sincere because not formal, but indirect. It is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he feels and lives and moves.—William Wordsworth.

In For It Either Way.

Minister Now, Tommy, suppose you did something naughty and were asked if you did it. What would you say? Tommy—I dunno. Minister—You don't know? Why, why, what would happen if you told a lie? Tommy—The devil'd git me. Minister—That's right. And what if you told the truth? Tommy—I'd git the devil.—Toledo Blade.

A Killing Joke.

"I made Dr. Kalfem, the eminent surgeon, very angry when I met him one winter day enjoying a spit over the snow." "How did you make him mad?" "I congratulated him on his sense of the fitness of things in taking advantage of every chance to go on a sleighing expedition."—Baltimore American.

A Range of Possibilities.

"I have been told," said the confident performer, "that I make my violin sound like the human voice." "Yes," replied the candid friend, "but there are so many kinds of human voices."—Washington Star.

Yourself.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me. Young Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bits.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to pattern after.—Goldsmith.

Genuine Sardines.

Genuine sardines are the young of the pilchard. Their name comes from the fact that they are most numerous off the coast of Sardinia. They swim in the spring in shoals containing millions of fish shaped shoals ten miles long and a half mile wide. The sardines are netted and taken at once to the shore. There they are washed, scraped and sprinkled with salt. The salt is soon removed and the heads and gills cut off and there is another washing. Then, on beds of green brush, the fish are dried in the sun. Next they are boiled in olive oil, and packed thoroughly. The packers women always take them now and pack them in the tin boxes, we all know filling up each box with boiling oil, fitting on the lid and making the box air tight by soldering the joints together with a jet of hot steam. Sardines are more or less perfect according as they are prepared more or less immediately after their capture and according as the oil they are packed in is more or less pure.

The Young French Girl.

A young French girl enters the theater with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the privileged American girls "finishing" their education. Her untouched flowerlike face is alight with anticipated pleasure with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word "brains." Her hair is bound with a little old-fashioned hood and tiny buckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body. Quickly four faces, the faces of the overindulged, the overpressured, the overathletic and the overdressed, turn to study her. There is something to learn in this little French maid whose eyes never meet a man, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird, yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment and usefulness. Atlantic.

Wall Street Superstition.

Almost all the Wall street speculators are superstitious fellows who believe in charms and amulets. In their pockets they carry lucky coins, a rabbit's foot, a horse chestnut or something of the kind. One Wall street man, much envied by his companions, has a short piece of a hangman's rope to conjure with. Many of the customers in the office are even more credulous than the professional traders in their belief in signs and omens. There is a deep seated tradition that Tuesday is "low day" in a "bull market" and "high day" in a "bear market." Some persons speculate on "systems," and others employ "charts." Once they exploited a machine in Wall street known as a "market register." It was about as effective as helping anybody to win at Stock Exchange speculation as it is to rub up against a hunchback for luck just before you bet on a horse race. Munsey's Magazine.

He Got Valuable Information.

The story is told of the times of Aretas Blood and the old Manchester locomotive works that a student came to Mr. Blood once and wanted to study the business of locomotive building in his vacation days. The student came well recommended and Mr. Blood, who never had much use for these "rich" people, sent him down to the boiler shop and placed him in charge of the old foreman. The old man took the "rich" man around, and in the course of the inspection of the shop they came across one boiler on the inside of which was a man at work. "How does that man get out?" "Oh," said the venerable pilot, "he doesn't get out. We always count upon losing at least one man in building a boiler."—Manchester Union.

Napoleon Obeyed the Mob.

In "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words," Bonaparte tells how, as an obscure soldier, he witnessed some of the opening scenes of the revolution. "I lodged Rue du Mall, Place des Victoires. At the sound of the tocsin and at the news that the Tuilleries were attacked I started for the Carrousel. Before I had got there in the Rue des Petits-Champs I was passed by a mob of horrible looking fellows parading a head-stuck on a pike. Thinking I looked too much of a gentleman they wanted me to shout 'Vive la nation' which I did promptly, as may easily be imagined."

When a Great Man Dies.

There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown.—From Hugo's Funeral Oration on Balzac.

The Change.

"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat." "Yes, but he's rich now." "Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Inherited.

Knickers—Jones has a bad memory. Bocker—His mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything on the witness stand.—New York Sun.

The Stage and Society.

Blodds—Society women are still going on the stage. Nobbs—But the stage is overpowered now. Blodds—So is society.—Philadelphia Record.

happiness is where we find it, rarely where we seek it.—J. Petit Sena.

Advertisement for Uneeda Biscuit. Features a large illustration of a biscuit box with the brand name 'Uneeda Biscuit' prominently displayed. Text includes: 'If Soda Crackers Grew on Trees', 'Nature would cover them with shells, like nuts, protecting from moisture, mildew, dirt and insects.', 'Just so are Uneeda Biscuits protected by the moisture-proof, dust-proof package. It keeps them oven-fresh and crisp, retaining all their flavor and goodness till used.', 'Think it over and you will always buy the protected kind', 'Uneeda Biscuit', 'Never Sold in Bulk', '5c', 'Is the moisture-proof package', 'NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY'.

Advertisement for W.B. Nuform Corsets. Features a central illustration of a woman wearing a corset. Text includes: 'W.B. NUFORM CORSETS', 'THE Nuform is a popular priced corset, modeled on lines that perfect your figure. It defines graceful bust, waist and hip lines and fits at the back.', 'The range of shapes is so varied, every figure can be fitted with charming result.', 'All Nuform Corsets are made of serviceable fabrics—both heavy and light weight—daintily trimmed and well tailored.', 'Your dealer will supply you with the model best suited to your figure.', 'Nuform, Style 478. For average figures. Medium bust, extra skirt length over abdomen and hips. Made of durable coutil and light weight batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 18 to 30. Price, \$1.00.', 'Nuform, Style 485. For average and well developed figures. Medium bust, extra length over hips, back and abdomen. Coutil and batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 18 to 30. Price, \$1.50.', 'Nuform, Style 488. For average and well developed figures. Unique construction over bust and abdomen, insuring comfort with a double row. Made of excellent coutil and batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 30. Price, \$2.00.', 'Sold At All Stores', 'WEINGARTEN BROS., Makers, 34th St. & Broadway, New York'.

Advertisement for Ed. Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal perfume. Features the equation '2 + 2 = 4' in large numbers. Text includes: 'ONLY 4c. IN STAMPS for a sample bottle of the FINEST FRENCH PERFUME', 'ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL', 'Write at once to our American Office. Send 4c. and we will mail you a sample of the most exquisite, delightful extract you ever used. Retail price 75c. for a large bottle.', 'All Dealers', 'PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, DEPT. M ED. PINAUD BLDG., NEW YORK'.

Advertisement for Block Innerlin Lined Mantles. Features an illustration of a mantle. Text includes: 'Have You Any Mantle Troubles?', 'USE BLOCK INNERLIN LINED MANTLES', 'AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER', 'Block Innerlin Lined Mantles give 50 per cent. more light and will outlast six ordinary mantles. It is means a saving of 75 per cent. on your mantle expense. TWO COMPLETE GAS MANTLES IN ONE. Price, 25 cents', 'GET ONE TO TRY WITHOUT COST', 'Save the box covers from 12 Block Vv-tality Mantles—the best 10 and 15-cent grade of mantles sold—take them to your dealer, or send them to us, and get a Block Innerlin Lined Mantle free.', 'Block Vv-tality and Block Innerlin Lined Mantles are for sale at Hardware, China, Plumbing, Grocery and Department Stores.', 'Dealers Write for Our Descriptive Circular and New Catalogue', 'The Block Light Co., Youngstown, Ohio (Sole Manufacturers)', 'Headquarters for household Mantles, Burners and Supplies of every description, Gas, Coal-oil, Kerosene, High Pressure, etc.'