

RAPID AMERICANS.

An English Critic on Our Barber Shops and Rocking Chairs.

I cannot find that quickness is an American characteristic. What is mistaken for quickness is a kind of nervous fidgets, for the American is in fact restless and nervous. It is shown in his passion for doing many things at once.

It is time simply wasted, from a business point of view; that is to say, it is spent in sheer luxury. For the Americans, being among the cleanest people in the world, have a Roman sense of luxury in everything that appertains to washing and care of the body.

ANIMALS WITH HANDS.

Kangaroos Are Fond of Using Their Fore Feet in Feeding.

Kangaroos use their hands very readily to hold food in and to put it into their mouths. As their fore legs are so short that they have to browse in a stooping position, they seem pleased when able to secure a large bunch of cabbage or other vegetable provender and to hold it in their hands to eat.

The slow, deliberate clasping and unclasping of a chameleon's feet look like the movements which the hands of a sleep walker might make were he trying to creep downstairs. The chameleon's are almost deformed hands, yet they have a superficial resemblance to the feet of parrots, which more than other birds use their feet for many of the purposes of a hand when feeding.

Nothing more readily suggests the monkey impression that a pretty little monkey is "a man and a brother" than when he stretches out his neat little palm, fingers and thumb and, with all the movements proper to the civilized mode of greeting, insists on shaking hands.

The Trustful Aviator

"Modern politics," said in English elegantly, who is visiting this country, "is worse than modern business. You here in the States are so used to political corruption that you joke about it. I heard a joke about it on the boat coming over. An aviator who had just descended from a flight was asked to a rather well dressed individual: 'Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?'

"What? the well dressed individual queried. 'My mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States senator.' 'Well, what of it?' said the aviator. 'I'll trust you.'—Washington Star

Think of It! Two brothers, each of whom is nearly six feet and a half tall, were one day introduced by an acquaintance to a young lady. As she sat gazing up at the pair of giants in wonder and awe she exclaimed: 'Great heavens, suppose there had only been one of you?'—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Last Resort.

Matrimonial Agent: Yes, sir, I think you can suit you perfectly. Ah, our preliminary fee is 5 guineas. The Client: Five guineas? My dear lady, I don't believe that. Why should I not be married if I possessed all that money?—London Opinion.

Hard Work.

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."—Boston Transcript.

Complimentary.

Head—Miss Olden thinks that hotel clerk just lovely. Ethel—Why so? Head—He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register, "Suite 16."—Boston Transcript.

Supply and Demand.

The Wife—Big checks for dresses will not be in demand this season. The Husband—Thank heaven!—Boston Transcript.

CRIMINALS IN FRANCE.

Curious Devices Used to Land Them Safely in Jail.

Scarcely a day passes without a picture appearing in the French press of a prisoner being led off to the station by a policeman and the description, "the Apache being taken away handcuffed by the agents." As a matter of fact, handcuffs are altogether out of date in France and are never used.

Instead of the bracelets every policeman carries a "cabriole," which is a very rough and massively made article resembling a huge watch chain some ten inches long with a stout wooden crossbar at either end. An expert can slip this over the wrist of an offender in a twinkling and with both the crossbars in his hand has only to give it a twist to inflict the most excruciating pain and compel instant and lamblike submission.

Another common method of preventing escape is to make the prisoner place both his hands in his side trousers pockets and then pass a string around his wrists and around his waist and bid him march. He can walk at a very smart pace, but any attempt to run out of a stumbling trap immediately brings him down, nose to the pavement.

If no string is handy all the brace buttons of the trousers are cut off and the culprit is made again to put his hands in his pockets. As in the former case, he can only walk, since as soon as he frees his hands his nether garments fall about his legs and he is "entrave."

Few of these devices are apparent to the casual passerby, who often wonders at the passive docility with which some villainous looking individual undergoes arrest follows his captor to the station. Sometimes on a country road one may meet a couple of gentlemen on foot or on horseback, leading a prisoner between them.

This is in obedience to a quaint regulation whereby prisoners are never sent by train from place to place, as there are no funds set apart for railway fares. Consequently four or five times as much is spent in food, drink and lodging for the escort as would be for the ticket, but the regulations are observed. In such cases the police often use the "pouchettes," though strictly speaking this instrument is not legal.

It is a sort of loose thumbcrew, which is fixed so as to keep the two thumbs comfortably together so long as the man does not struggle, but a twist of the string held by one of the police is enough to destroy any wish to escape.—London Standard.

"Mad Anthony" Wayne.

The nickname of "Mad Anthony" attached to the name of General Wayne of Revolutionary fame was due to no trace of insanity, but instead to the man's wild, reckless courage in plunging into battle where the odds against him seemed hopeless. He had other nicknames too. "Dandy Wayne" was one of them, because of his absurd love for wearing fine clothes in the wilderness and in battle. The Indians gave him the nickname of "Black Snake" from the swift and deadlyness of his attack. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war Sir Henry Clinton said of Wayne: "Wherever Mad Anthony Wayne is there's always a fight. That's what he is there for." And Clinton had sufficient experience to know whereof he spoke.

Our Climate an Asset.

On no other continent, under no other sun in no other zone, in all the world, can be found the same extent of fertile, available agricultural land as in these United States. And in no other equally large tract as that stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and between the great lakes and the gulf can be duplicated the same amount of normally good wealth, as nature has bestowed on this favored land. Our rain and sunshine are so proportioned the one to the other as to produce the best yearly conditions on earth.—Detroit Free Press.

An All Around Sermon.

A sermon had been preached in a cathedral, and some of the clergy who had been present were discussing it at the bishop's luncheon table. One said: "Was not that sermon a little 'high'?" "High?" exclaimed another. "It struck me as being decidedly 'low.'" "Well now," put in an orthodox cleric of the old school, "I should have described it as rather 'broad.'" What do you say, bishop? "I," replied the prelate, "thought it was rather 'long.'"

Most Furs Wear Long With Care.

Most furs are durable, experts say, and will last for a long time if guarded from moths, high temperatures and spring sunshine. A less durable fur is broadtail, as it is taken from young animals. Chinilla and ermine are also delicate both in color and texture, and should be carefully treated. Places that make a specialty of storing furs keep them at a uniform winter temperature.—New York Sun.

An Explanation.

Church—What is an optimist? Gotham—A man who believes everything comes to him who waits. "And if he waits and nothing comes to him what is he?" "Why, he's a fool."—Yonkers Statesman.

She Advised.

He—I'm in love with a charming girl, and I'd like to ask your advice. She—I'm willing to help you all I can. He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?

Positivism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

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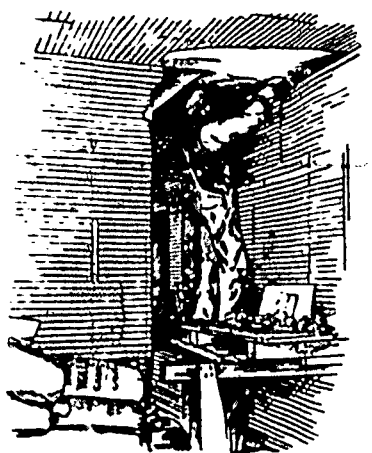
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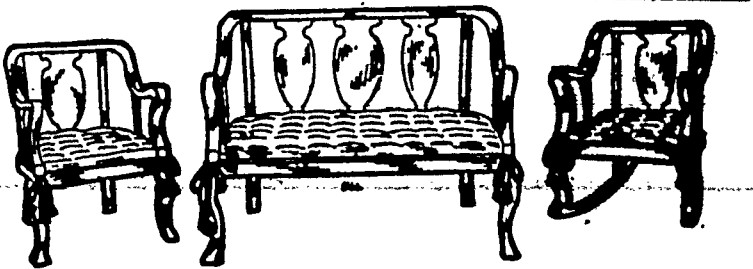
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A Great Queen's Letter. "We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria," says a writer. "It is stored away in a strong room built into the walls of Buckingham Palace, and the queen shared her confidence with no one. So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and revised the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted secretary, but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters that he handled. "Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among these letters. "But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have things when we want them."—Chicago News

Flying Fish. Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly rising again and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit, taking great leaps out of the water and gaining upon his prey, which takes shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings is not fairly decided. The power of flight is limited to the time the fins remain moist.

Bright Boy. "What is your name, little boy?" queried the street car conductor of a small passenger who was traveling alone. "While Jones," was the reply. "What's your name?" "John Wood," answered the conductor. "Wood?" exclaimed the little fellow. "Why, I thought wood was a common name."—Chicago News.

Inherited, as It Were. Professor—Yes, sir, your daughter is pretty well grounded in French, but it will, of course, take some time and trouble for her to acquire fluency. Father—Well, you know, that's rather strange to me. I had an idea that the fluency would have come sort of natural to her.—Exchange.

A Blase Kid. "Do you love your parents, Reginald?" "Oh, yes!" "And why do you love your parents, Reginald?" "Oh, it's the conventional thing!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Position. "What was at the bottom of that fight between Thompson and Jimpson?" "Jimpson was till Thompson was pulled off." Then Every One Laughed. "Yes," said a man who had just narrated a funny story, "it was enough to make a donkey laugh! I laughed till I cried!"

Snake Killing Ants. It is difficult to believe that ants will kill snakes, but such is the case, and scientists have discovered that in certain regions this class of reptile has no more persistent enemy. The large red brown forest ants are the most implacable, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on the reptiles is that they kill it for food and not on account of natural antipathy. When some of these ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In platoons and battalions the little fellows set upon it, striking their "nipplers" into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. So rapidly is this done that the snake has no chance of escaping. He soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously. The ants then tear off the flesh, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside it. Not until they have carried away everything except the bones and the skin do they abandon their prey.

When "Lloyd's" Was a Coffee House. The man who gave his name to the great maritime institution, Lloyd's, was not, as might be supposed, a financier or a shipowner, but only a humble coffee house keeper. Of his history nothing is known save that he kept a coffee house in Lombard street at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which, from its proximity to the Royal Exchange, came to be a favorite assembling place of the underwriters. The first mention of his house occurs in a sketch, "The Wealthy Merchant," published in 1700: "When Lloyd's coffee house to go in never fails to read the letters and attend the sales. In 1710 Steele dated some numbers of the Tatler from Lloyd's, and Addison also makes mention of the coffee house in the Spectator.—London Chron.

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