

Navajo Blue Spots.

It has been noted by a biologist who has been studying the interesting and mysterious Navajo Indians that the Navajo body invariably has a blue spot at the base of its spine. The spot is sometimes as small as a dime, and sometimes as big as one's hand. It closely resembles a mole, but it is due entirely to an extraordinary pigmentation. The spot may disappear before the child is five years old, but always returns later in life when this is the case. The scientists have come to the conclusion that this spot is proof positive of the Mongolian origin of the Navajo. And they also make the astonishing assertion that it is present in many European and American children whose parents can trace their genealogy for generations back and are certain that there has been no admixture of Mongolian blood. -Exchange.

The Doctor's Prescription.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a story in which is related an account of a prescription given to an exceedingly stingy farmer by a doctor. The farmer took the prescription to the drugstore. The druggist told the farmer that he could not fill the prescription, and said to the farmer, "If you will read it yourself you will see whereupon the farmer adjusted his glasses and read to his astonishment: 'One hired girl to be taken as soon as you can get her and kept constantly on hand thereafter.'"

Iron With Their Feet.

One of the most curious sights which I beheld in Cairo was men ironing with their feet, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. They had not been using their irons for a long time, but they employed the native tailoring establishments. Except for a long iron handle, the irons were shaped like the ordinary flatiron, only larger. A solid block of wood rested on the top of the iron, and on this the men placed one foot, guiding the heat in the direction desired by means of the handle. For the sake of convenience the ironing boards were raised only a few inches above the ground. The men ironed with great rapidity and, however strange the method may seem to you, it certainly does the work very well and expeditiously.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying, Brahms once wrote to a friend: "At the time when I should have wished to marry my companion was either blind or, at any rate, very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned, and in unmarriageable I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments would have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask, 'Again a fiancee? What could I have done better, for however much she loved me and I loved her, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me? Ugh! I can't even think of it.' It would have been little less than hell!"

His Synonym For a Quick Retreat.

If the sixth grade teacher was questioning a boy about Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia and the subsequent retreat from Moscow. "What did the French do then?" she asked. "They ran away," said the boy. "Yes, that is what they did," said the teacher, "but 'ran away' is hardly the correct phrase to use. What should you have said?" "The boy's face lighted up with understanding. "They beat it," he exclaimed proudly. -Kansas City Star.

How He Praised Them.

Canon Alliger, the biographer of Lamb, and much of Lamb's fondness for the French. His pupil in praise of "Taine's English Literature" is well known among scholars: "While English critics their child wits were straining, Lo, enter Taine and all was startingling!" -Boston Post.

A Straight Tip.

Geek (who has already received the guests with many things. Now I will give you one more thing that they go home. Lady - I don't see, but do you attach much importance to the order of your programme? -Ellegende Blatte.

Just Believe in It.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day." "How much have you saved?" "Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it." -Chicago Record-Herald.

Enlightened.

Inquisitive Passenger - And what is that curious thing you are carrying? Sailor (with a grin) - This, mum! It's the crank which they use for winding up the dog watch. -Judge.

In the Family.

Wife - Why did you take of your hat without a girl? You don't know how to do it? Jack - No, but my brother does, and this is his hat. -Princeton Tiger.

Nothing is the only animal that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught. -Pillay.

When England Was Drunken.

In an article in the London Lancet on "Drunkenness and the Physiological Effect of Alcohol," Dr. Charles Morrey draws this picture of conditions in England before it became "a sober nation": "In those days the doctor was often half seas over when he attended his drunken patient, judge, counsel and attorneys pursued their vocations in court in a prevailing atmosphere of hot coppers. The prime minister went drunk to the house of commons, where he was attacked by the leader of the opposition, also drunk, while order was kept by a speaker who was half seas over. There was no exercise on spirits, and the coarser kinds of distilled liquors were ridiculously cheap. As you passed along the by streets of London, and perhaps of other great cities, you might read the legend hung out over the drink cellars: 'Here you may get drunk for a penny, dead drunk and clean straw for tuppence.'"

Long Distance Laundry.

Some of the smartest Frenchmen today send their linen to London to be washed. Their ancestors used to go even further afield in search of good laundry work. So far back as the sixteenth century Frenchmen had their washing done in Holland, where the soft water of the dikes was supposed to impart a special gloss to linen. This practice appears to have lasted until the close of the eighteenth century, for Sebastian Merier, in his "Tableau de Paris," published shortly before the French Revolution, protests against the patronage by the king of the Dutch, to the exclusion of native laundresses. Still more remarkable is the fact mentioned in the "Memoires du Comte de Vaulban" that wealthy merchants in Bordeaux used to send their linen all the way to San Domingo to be washed. -London Tatler.

A Spoil Trick.

Hold a pin in its whole length through the middle of a card. Place the card on the end of a spoon in such a way as to allow the pin to hang down in the hole in the spoon. Hold the spoon upright and blow into the open end. However hard you blow, you will not be able to force the card away. If you blow steadily, you can even turn the spoon downward and the card will still refuse to drop. The card is held in place by suction. The thin film of air escaping with much force in all directions between the end of the spoon and the card presents a smooth surface to which the card adheres as it would to glass, but with greater force, for the film of air is even smoother than glass. The pin serves only to prevent the card from working off at one side. -Youth's Companion.

An Elusive Painting.

I. Carroll Beekwith, the artist, once told a story about a weird painting which happened to run across in a little art shop in Paris. He looked at it for some time with interest, thinking it to be a design for a Persian rug. "What a nice hearth rug!" he remarked appreciatively to the saleswoman. "Nonsense!" replied she. "That's not a hearth rug. That's a portrait!" And she proceeded to point out hands and features in what to Beekwith was simply a bewildering mass of paint. "Do you really see all that?" asked Beekwith with admiration. "Oh, as to seeing it," answered the saleswoman, "you never can tell. Sometimes we see it and sometimes we don't." -New York Post.

Asphalt and an Accident.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago in Switzerland natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained. In 1825 it was noticed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagons and were crushed by the wheels formed a remarkably fine road surface when assisted by the heat of the sun. A proper road of asphalt rock was then made, following upon the discovery, and in 1834 an experimental roadway was laid in Paris. From that time the use of rock asphalt for the making of roads and pavements has increased and extended to many countries.

He Could Dodge.

"There's nothing slow about Jones," he said reflectively. "The other laughed scornfully. 'I guess you never loaned him any money,' he said. 'Oh, yes, I have,' replied the first speaker. 'That's what made me speak that way. I loaned him \$10 six months ago, and I haven't been able to catch him since.'"

Willie Explains.

"Willie, said the teacher, 'is there any difference between the words, 'sufficient' and 'enough'?' "Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "Sufficient is when mamma thinks I've eaten enough pie, and enough is when I think I have eaten sufficient." -Chicago News.

A Little Bit Late.

Briggs - Everybody should lay up something for a rainy day. Griggs - True. But too many wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to do so. -Boston Transcript.

Oliver's Opera.

In opera writing, Gluck established the tradition of five acts in each work, with ballets in the second and fourth acts.

"Artists who draw the dust of the most brilliant intellect and dulls the edge of the sharpest wit."

Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady

By EVERETT MACBURNERY

Alke and I had for some time been excellent friends, but it never occurred to me to look upon her as anything more than a friend. She was a great flirt and practiced her wiles on most any man who came along, but not on me. One day she surprised me by saying: "John, why have you never made love to me?"

"You mean, why have I never joined the innumerable caravan of those who bow down to you and whom you send on their way, sadder, but wiser?"

"Nonsense!" "On the contrary, it's the truth. You don't consider that if I made love to you and you sent me on like the others, our companionship would be spoiled?" "Why should that be necessary?" "I don't know. It's the invariable result in such cases."

"How do you know I would send you on?" "I don't, but I'd bet ten to one you would."

She made no reply to this. We were sitting on a rustic bench in the garden. She was toying with a rose, one of the last of the summer, tumbling it against her lips directly under her nose. I knew very well she was doing it because there was something in it suggestive of a kiss, the lips and the rose being very much alike. "Don't try to fool me, Alke. We've been mighty good friends, and I've felt complimented that you've thought so much of me you don't care to interfere with our friendly relationship. I'm going away tomorrow, and I don't know whether I'll come back or not. I do want to find my old chum here just as she's always been."

"Suppose you find me married?" "In that case you'll still be my friend Alke, and I your friend Tom. And doubtless your husband and I will come to be good friends too."

"I said this in a half-hearted way, I knew very well that marriage makes a lot of difference in friendships. Several of my men chums had married, and I had come to consider such friendships as destroyed by wedlock. At any rate one of them ever the same afterward. Alke didn't say she hoped so too. She kept fumbling the rose against her lips in a tantalizing fashion, and didn't say anything. It was plain she had broken through the hedge that divides the realms of friendship from those of love and was looking about her in the new domain."

"I've said that love begins here. At any rate there was that in her action to insinuate me. And yet I knew her so well that I didn't dare trust her. I had seen men hang about her for a few months, sometimes only for a few weeks, then suddenly drop off and never again be seen in her company. During the buzzing of the bee about the flower I had called the bee a fool. Should I now make a fool of myself?" "What is the pleasure you take in leading a man to make love to you, and then sending him off about his business?" "I deny that I have ever done such a thing."

"This was a pretty definite statement. I wondered if after all there wasn't some truth in it. Did these fellows confer my encouragement when it was not intended? Was there something in Alke's treatment of them that looked like flirting, but was not flirting, or was she dirty and yet unconscious of doing so? For it is from this, a man, to analyze a woman's motives in such matters. I have sometimes believed they don't always know themselves."

Alke had never acted in this way toward me before, and I was at a loss to attribute to her a motive for her doing so. I could not believe that she had suddenly made up her mind that she wanted me or that she was willing to destroy our friendship to satisfy a whim. If there was a middle course between these two, I had not the power to discover it. My surmises ended just as all of man's surmises with regard to woman's intentions must ever end in uncertainty. And yet should I analyze myself in the matter would I come out any better? I am now inclined to think that I had always felt for Alke a desire for her possession that I had not realized. At least this is the only explanation I can give for my action on this occasion. Possibly there may have been a bit of curiosity, a medium of the hunter's instinct, both re-enforced by a feeling that if time passed with her would be an agreeable one.

"Well," I said at last, "I will give you an opportunity to show whether you are in earnest or whether this is just such a case as you have been through often before. I love you. Will you be my wife?" Looking back at this proposal I wonder how I could have supposed that any girl who was interested in a man purely for love could have been satisfied with it. There was no more warmth in the same which I spoke the words than in the words themselves. I might as well have spoken a declaration into a phonograph and then set the machine grinding them out to her while I read a newspaper. Indeed,

what then seemed to me to be a compliment, considering that she first brought the subject up at least gave me a hint as to her feelings, now seems to me to have been little less than an insult.

I really thought I was putting her in a position to declare her love for me, if she had such love to declare, whereas I was simply putting her in a position to accept me for a husband if she chose to do so. She sat silent, toying with the rose, though now she was pulling it to pieces. Presently she said:

"No, I think it is fated that we shall not get beyond friendship."

I was much more disappointed than I had thought I would be at this reply. But I did not show it in my action, nor did I upbraid her. I simply said that I would do my best to maintain our past friendly status, but whether it could be maintained or not I did not know. I hoped it could. If I arose, offered her my hand, which she took without warmth, bade her good-by and told her that I would see her again before my departure.

But I didn't. The barrier that I feared would be the result of love-making had come between us. I could not take leave of her both as a rejected lover and as a friend; therefore I would not take leave of her at all. I departed without seeing her. I considered that I had joined the "innumerable caravan."

The object of my journey was to investigate a business in which I had been invited to take an interest. Finding that it looked favorable, I embarked in it and for five years was absorbed in it. At the end of that time I concluded to take a vacation with two objects in view. One was to take a rest, the other to go back to my old home and visit old friends.

It was about the same time of year as when I had come away that one afternoon a few days after my arrival I went to call on Alke, who was now midway between girlhood and old maidhood. I found her in the garden where I had left her five years before, tending her flowers. Hearing some one coming up the walk, she raised herself and with a tremor in her hand stood looking at me. I saw that she recognized me, but whether she experienced pleasure or pain at seeing me again I could not determine. She had always had the faculty of concealing her feelings.

She welcomed me with a certain cordiality and led me to the same rustic seat on which we had sat during our last and memorable interview.

"You are not married, I believe?" "No."

"I have often wondered why it is that girls such as you are or were, with lots of suitors very often don't marry at all."

"I suppose it's because they don't meet the man they want or that the man they want doesn't want them. For my part I would not marry any man unless he loved me."

"But men have loved you whom you didn't want?" "I have had men tell me they loved me who respect me and have had men tell me they loved me who didn't. At any rate, they told me in such a half-hearted way that it meant nothing."

I picked up my ears. For the first time in the years that had intervened since my proposal I realized that she was half-hearted. Could it be that she referred to mine as such a proposition? "I remember," she continued, "on that afternoon when you were here last you upbraided me for trifling. It seems to me that if a man loves a woman and proposes to her, to trifling or not with him he is the more reprehensible of the two."

There was something sadly reproachful in this that made me wince. "If you refer to me I certainly have paid for the wrong I committed, though I do not admit the charge, for I have lived a lonely life since."

"I could only attribute your indifference to curiosity."

"You were wrong. I did not realize that my proposal was half-hearted, but I admit that I did not know your refusal meant so much to me. We do not know how much we desire an object till we find we can't have it. Then we fret and fume and refuse to be comforted."

"In that case, if the object is at last attained, we find no comfort in it." "Not so. The not getting what we covet shows us that we did not realize how much we wanted it. I admit that when we talked of this matter years ago I was fearful of a refusal. Fear is no weapon with which to make love."

"It is a good weapon with which to keep those apart who should be together."

A slight trembling in her voice when she said this struck a responsive chord in my heart. I had not only injured myself, but her. I had nothing to say. "Why did you go away without coming to see me, as you said you would?" "I could no longer come as a friend, and I did not wish to come as a rejected lover. But enough of this, Alke, I, who thought I had some insight into a woman's nature, have been a fool. My stupidity has cost me the infinite pain I now know that under my youthful friendship you was concealing an enduring love, not a love such as may pass away at a breath, but one that, growing slowly, becomes an absorbing passion."

Finding that words were inadequate to express all I felt, I took her in my arms and kissed her neck in caresses. "Five years lost," she said through tears, "on account of a misunderstanding." "They shall be made up for by a greater intensity of those that are to come."

Navigation on the Osage.

One of the very crookedest streams anywhere is the Osage river in Missouri. In that region they tell of a farmer living on the banks of that river who had a small flatboat which one day he loaded with produce and floated down to market six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores and loaded his goods in the flatboat.

"How are you going to get your stuff home, Bill?" asked a friend. "Got a steamboat to tow you back?" "I am going to float back," was the response.

"How are you going to do that? I don't understand."

"I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles on itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my place. I've got a landing on both banks and a team of horses that can drag the boat over from one landing to the other."

Balkan Ballads.

In the Balkan countries the ballad makers have certainly been at least as important as the makers of laws. Serbia's national ballads, commemorating the glories of the Serbian Emperor Dushan, the fatal battle of Kossovo and the legendary exploits of the hero Marko Kraljevic and his horse Sharrat, are of Homeric proportions and sung to the accompaniment of a guitar with cords of horsehair tails, have kept national feeling warm for centuries. In recent years the Serbian government published a popular edition in Macedonia Sir Charles Elliot heard a schoolboy recite a Bulgarian poem which took an hour and a quarter, with a simple but significant plot. The pasha of Sofia summons a Bulgarian hero who is his friend and tells him he has orders to execute him. The Bulgarian asks why. The pasha says he does not know, but he must do it, and he does. -London Chronicle.

Floral Death Legends.

By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death flowers from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spaniards. Among the Virginians tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle, and in the blood of the Danes slain in battle, and if cut on a certain day in the year it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason, is called Danewort and dandelion. -Suburban Life.

Way to Apply For a Job.

Having lost three jobs for which he had applied, after he seemed in a fair way to get any one of them, a certain young man has figured out where he made his mistake.

"I referred to wages and hours before the interview was three minutes old," he explained.

Ordinarily the business world recognizes the right of the applicant to know how much money he is going to make each week and how long he will be expected to work. This is a laudable recognition.

The thorough business man will close an interview until he has propped up the subject of pay and working hours. He wants it understood, of course, before he employs any one, but when the applicant makes the first mention of it a bad impression is created. -Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable Objection.

Conan Doyle was once asked why he didn't establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes' tactics in conducting the business. "For the very good reason," he replied, "that all the knots Sherlock Holmes untied were of my own tying. I should fail if I were to take to unravel other people's stringing. I believe that on one occasion I could have done so, though. I was in a tailor shop when a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped goods, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I lifted one or two prisons and, sure enough, found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. He had had enough of striped clothes." -Detroit Free Press.

Mails.

America has the honor of having made the first cut nails, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Before that nails were made by hand, and their manufacture was a household industry. Cut nails are made by machinery from plates rolled to the proper width and thickness. They may be made of steel or of malleable iron. Wire nails, though originally a French invention, were brought to perfection in the United States.

A Prefigate.

"I am afraid my husband is leading a double life." "Heaven's! What has aroused your suspicions?" "He sneaked 50 cents out of his pay envelope last week and tried, when I found it out, to make me think he had done it by mistake." -Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Time Out of Use.

"A man told me," says a cynic in the American Magazine, "that during the San Francisco earthquake he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to retrieve an old acquaintance."

Cruel.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage) - How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella - Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too.

Her Opinion.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet?" "Well?" she queried as she hesitated. "And yet," she continued, "man is oftener broke." -London Opinion.

Nice Present.

Grooms (looking over the presents) - Did Mrs. Grampus give us anything? Miss - Yes. She has given us just all months to live together. -Chicago News.

The Ruling Passion.

A young contractor in a Missouri town found himself after the war in dire financial straits. He owned a few pieces of property, all of which were mortgaged, the mortgage in each instance being held by an old man who lived with his one son, Brocky, in a tumble-down hut that could not be rented to any one else. In the course of time the miser, forlorned, taking over all the contractor's property, which was valued in excess of the amounts loaned. The contractor began to pay rent on the house which he lived. Three months after the foreclosure the miser lay dying. An urgent message reached the contractor, and he, supposing that the other, knowing his end to be near, wanted to make what restitution he could for the sake of his soul, hurried down to the cottage. He found the old man in a rickety bed, covered with a tattered quilt and a lid overcoat. The contractor bent his ear hopefully to the other's lips. The miser drew a long breath, clutching the quilt in a skinny hand and whispering:

"Pay your next month's rent to Brocky." -Kansas City Star.

Bull Chasing in London.

From the time of King John till 1855 Nov. 13 was known as bull running day in Stamford. A seventeenth century historian gives an interesting account of the observance. "The butchers provide the bull and place him overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman. The next morning proclamation is made by the bellman that each one shut up his shop, floor and gate and none under pain of imprisonment do any violence to strangers; none to have any iron upon their bull clubs or other staves, which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation being made and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hived singly, tagrag, men, women and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town running after him."

"At the close of the chase the animal was killed and its flesh sold at a normal rate to the burghers. -London Spectator."

Way to Apply For a Job. Having lost three jobs for which he had applied, after he seemed in a fair way to get any one of them, a certain young man has figured out where he made his mistake. "I referred to wages and hours before the interview was three minutes old," he explained. Ordinarily the business world recognizes the right of the applicant to know how much money he is going to make each week and how long he will be expected to work. This is a laudable recognition. The thorough business man will close an interview until he has propped up the subject of pay and working hours. He wants it understood, of course, before he employs any one, but when the applicant makes the first mention of it a bad impression is created. -Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable Objection.

Conan Doyle was once asked why he didn't establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes' tactics in conducting the business. "For the very good reason," he replied, "that all the knots Sherlock Holmes untied were of my own tying. I should fail if I were to take to unravel other people's stringing. I believe that on one occasion I could have done so, though. I was in a tailor shop when a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped goods, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I lifted one or two prisons and, sure enough, found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. He had had enough of striped clothes." -Detroit Free Press.

Mails.

America has the honor of having made the first cut nails, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Before that nails were made by hand, and their manufacture was a household industry. Cut nails are made by machinery from plates rolled to the proper width and thickness. They may be made of steel or of malleable iron. Wire nails, though originally a French invention, were brought to perfection in the United States.

A Prefigate.

"I am afraid my husband is leading a double life." "Heaven's! What has aroused your suspicions?" "He sneaked 50 cents out of his pay envelope last week and tried, when I found it out, to make me think he had done it by mistake." -Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Time Out of Use.

"A man told me," says a cynic in the American Magazine, "that during the San Francisco earthquake he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to retrieve an old acquaintance."

Cruel.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage) - How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella - Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too.

Her Opinion.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet?" "Well?" she queried as she hesitated. "And yet," she continued, "man is oftener broke." -London Opinion.

Nice Present.

Grooms (looking over the presents) - Did Mrs. Grampus give us anything? Miss - Yes. She has given us just all months to live together. -Chicago News.

The Ruling Passion.

A young contractor in a Missouri town found himself after the war in dire financial straits. He owned a few pieces of property, all of which were mortgaged, the mortgage in each instance being held by an old man who lived with his one son, Brocky, in a tumble-down hut that could not be rented to any one else. In the course of time the miser, forlorned, taking over all the contractor's property, which was valued in excess of the amounts loaned. The contractor began to pay rent on the house which he lived. Three months after the foreclosure the miser lay dying. An urgent message reached the contractor, and he, supposing that the other, knowing his end to be near, wanted to make what restitution he could for the sake of his soul, hurried down to the cottage. He found the old man in a rickety bed, covered with a tattered quilt and a lid overcoat. The contractor bent his ear hopefully to the other's lips. The miser drew a long breath, clutching the quilt in a skinny hand and whispering:

"Pay your next month's rent to Brocky." -Kansas City Star.

Bull Chasing in London.

From the time of King John till 1855 Nov. 13 was known as bull running day in Stamford. A seventeenth century historian gives an interesting account of the observance. "The butchers provide the bull and place him overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman. The next morning proclamation is made by the bellman that each one shut up his shop, floor and gate and none under pain of imprisonment do any violence to strangers; none to have any iron upon their bull clubs or other staves, which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation being made and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hived singly, tagrag, men, women and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town running after him."

"At the close of the chase the animal was killed and its flesh sold at a normal rate to the burghers. -London Spectator."

Way to Apply For a Job.

Having lost three jobs for which he had applied, after he seemed in a fair way to get any one of them, a certain young man has figured out where he made his mistake. "I referred to wages and hours before the interview was three minutes old," he explained. Ordinarily the business world recognizes the right of the applicant to know how much money he is going to make each week and how long he will be expected to work. This is a laudable recognition. The thorough business man will close an interview until he has propped up the subject of pay and working hours. He wants it understood, of course, before he employs any one, but when the applicant makes the first mention of it a bad impression is created. -Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable Objection.

Conan Doyle was once asked why he didn't establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes' tactics in conducting the business. "For the very good reason," he replied, "that all the knots Sherlock Holmes untied were of my own tying. I should fail if I were to take to unravel other people's stringing. I believe that on one occasion I could have done so, though. I was in a tailor shop when a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped goods, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I lifted one or two prisons and, sure enough, found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. He had had enough of striped clothes." -Detroit Free Press.

Mails.

America has the honor of having made the first cut nails, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Before that nails were made by hand, and their manufacture was a household industry. Cut nails are made by machinery from plates rolled to the proper width and thickness. They may be made of steel or of malleable iron. Wire nails, though originally a French invention, were brought to perfection in the United States.

A Prefigate.

"I am afraid my husband is leading a double life." "Heaven's! What has aroused your suspicions?" "He sneaked 50 cents out of his pay envelope last week and tried, when I found it out, to make me think he had done it by mistake." -Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Time Out of Use.

"A man told me," says a cynic in the American Magazine, "that during the San Francisco earthquake he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to retrieve an old acquaintance."

Cruel.