

Conductors' Punches Are Registered.

"The passenger on a railroad train when he has his ticket punched probably does not know that the punch mark used by the conductor is one of 17,000 different designs," remarked Frank E. Brown, an old time railroad man. "On the big railroads there are no two punches that have marks designed alike, and the Interstate Commerce commission by exemplifying the punch mark can trace the ticket punched to the conductor, train and road upon which the ticket was given. To get a punch a conductor has to sign seven papers before it is delivered to him. There used to be an old couplet Mark Twain wrote it, which ran: Punch, punch, punch with care, Punch in the presence of the passenger. "In the old days the railroads—those was before the days of the Interstate Commerce commission—didn't care what kind of punches their employees used, but today it is different. Every punch is registered, and every mark is different."—Washington Post.

Fire Beds.

In fall, winter and spring, when the nights are very cold on the desert, prospectors, adventurers and all others who have occasion to sleep in the open find the "fire bed" a feature of outdoor craft which will enable them to sleep in comfort on a cold night. To make a fire bed a trench is dug in the sand six or seven inches in depth, about three feet wide and six feet long. The sides of this pit are banked up with the sand taken from the trench. The pit is then ready for the fire, which is built extending the full length of the pit, so that it will warm both the banked sand at the sides and the bottom of the pit. When the sand has been sufficiently heated the large, blazing sticks are thrown out, leaving all of the live coals in the pit; these are covered with about four inches of sand. This bed will retain the heat all night, and all that is left to be done is for the sleeper to lie down and wrap himself in a blanket, if he has one, and go to sleep in comfort—Independent.

The Wear in Furs.

The durability of furs varies enormously and has little relation to price. For example, ermine and chinchilla, both of which fall in the rare fur class, stand respectively at twenty five and fifteen in a table where skunk is seventy and beaver ninety. In this table sea otter, with its water hairs, is taken as a hundred. Here is the list in full: Sea otter 100 Muskrat 31 Beaver 90 Gray lamb 25 Seal 75 Nutria 20 Mink 70 Ermine 25 Skunk 30 Lynx 20 Persian lamb 45 Squirrel 20 Baum marten 60 Chinchilla 15 Sable 60 Broadtail 15 Fox, black, silver 40 Caracal kid 10 Stone marten 40 Mole skin 7 Coon skin 20 Rabbit 6 The durability of furs is reduced by artificial coloring. The Baum marten, which in a natural state stands at sixty-five in the table, is only forty-five after tinting.—London Times.

Restoring Craps.

To restore a crape veil place a folded sheet on a table and to it pin the veil carefully and straight, do not stretch it a particle. Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated sugar in one pint of boiling water; wet a clean cloth with this and lay it lightly on the crape. Have an iron very hot; go over the wet cloth as though ironing it, but do not let the iron touch it; continue until the cloth is nearly dry. Then wet the cloth again and continue the same process until the entire veil has been gone over. The crape will be full of deep wrinkles and as crisp as new, no matter how old and flat it was when you began. Small pieces of crape for trimming can be renewed in the same way. The crape should be shaken and brushed to remove all traces of dust before starting the restoring process.—New York Sun.

Not Time in a Mile.

A Washington horseman tells of an over-anxious owner and a particularly conscientious rider at a recent meet at Pimlico. The owner had issued full orders as to the way a horse was to be ridden in a certain race. The jockey was a diminutive dandy. The original orders were supplemented by provisions for all manner of emergencies, all of which somewhat bewildered the jockey. "See heeb, boss," he finally said, "dis heeb race is only one mile. I can't do all them things you tells in jest one mile."—Exchange.

Games.

Games are not meant for idle people who have nothing to do but study them. Their true use is as a relaxation for the man who is doing some serious work in the world and is doing it hard enough to make games the occupation of a holiday and not of his best strength and time.—Filson Young.

Scientific Salesmanship.

"Pa, what is scientific salesman ship?" "Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar."—Detroit Free Press.

Matrimonial.

"A bride never seems able to pick a winner." "What makes you say that?" "Well, she never gets the best man."—Baltimore American.

All That's Left.

Mrs. Goodole (feeding tramp)—You seem to have a good appetite. Hungry Higgins—Ah, mum, dat's all I have left in de world dat I kin rightly call me own.—Exchange.

To a well deceiving man God will

"Doing Europe" in Olden Days.

Clare Howard in "The English Travelers of the Renaissance" tells us that the serious aim of the traveler in and before Elizabethan days was to become a "compleat person." This could be achieved only by coming into contact with the learning and life of the continent, particularly Italy—the flower of the renaissance—and as the seventeenth century advanced France, which then became the arbiter of manners. The discomforts, dangers and risks of travel in those days were colossal. The dirty, insanitary inns were death traps, and "many an eager tourist lay down with smallpox before he had seen anything worth mentioning." The term "grand tour" Miss Howard tells us, was used for the first time by Richard Lassels in 1670 in an English book for travelers entitled "The Grand Tour of France and the Giro of Italy." She traces the causes involved in the decadence of the grand tour, to which the decline of the courtier and the foundation of chairs of modern history and modern languages at Oxford and Cambridge contributed.

Washing Day in Sicily.

The Sicilians have the reputation of not washing themselves overfrequently, but if they are remiss in this respect they more than make up for it by washing their garments—washing, in fact, being a perinatal occupation among the women. The songs of the women folk as they scrub the clothes of their husbands and children outside the doors of their homes, if living in a city, or in some brook or running stream, if living in the country, are a noticeable feature of lower class Sicilian life. The long spikes on the prickly pear leaves and also plants make splendid natural pegs on which to dry the clothes, and in all the rural districts you will see them thus utilized—but if they do not happen to be sufficiently handy the clothes are often stretched out upon the mountainside or tree. The occupation and recreation of most of the poorer women may be summed up in three words—washing and gossip.—Wide World Magazine.

How Pythons Settle Quarrels.

It was in October, 1894, that the big python at the zoo fell into the deplorable error of swallowing his companion, a snake only a few inches shorter than himself. A similar disaster is reported from Bombay, where for some years two large Indian pythons had occupied a cage in the museum of the Bombay Natural History society. There was some misunderstanding between them over a partridge, for they were found tightly entangled in each other's coils, that the utmost endeavors of peace-making keepers failed to effect a separation, and they were left to settle the matter according to their own lights. Next day there was only one very stout python visible. These large reptiles evidently know but one way of settling a quarrel.—London Sketch.

Webster's Home Squadron.

A few days before his death, Daniel Webster wished to leave his sickroom; once more to look upon the little paradise which his taste had adorned about his mansion—dressing himself with the utmost care, he went through the house on the arm of a servant and finally reached the library. The night before there was a terrific storm, and the great statesman expressed solicitude for the safety of the fishermen off the coast. As he looked from the window his eye fell upon a number of pleasure boats which had been moored to a little mound in the artificial pond in the rear of the house. "Well," said he, "the home squadron is safe. I think I will go back." It was his last playful remark. He never left his room again.

Quick Change.

"I would rather see my daughter married to a poor man whom she really loved than to the richest man in the world if she didn't care for him."

"Well, you got your wish. I saw her about ten minutes ago eloping with one of your underpaid clerks."

"Good heaven! Where? Speak, man! Maybe I can head them off before it is forever too late!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gossip.

"One-half of the women in this world retail gossip," remarked Mr. Stubb as he lit his after supper cigar. "Quite considerate of you not to say all of them retail gossip," snipped Mrs. Stubb as she washed the dishes.

"Oh, no, only half, Maria. The other half wholesales it."—London Express.

The Daughter.

Oh, the blessings that a daughter can bring into a household if she only wishes to! The communion of her mother, the comfort of her father, the pride of her brothers and sisters, the joy of the whole household!—Martha Washington.

Only the Seventh.

Guest—Delightful party you are having tonight, old fellow. Host—Yes, I am giving it to my wife. It is the seventh anniversary of her twenty-eighth birthday.—Censor.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."—Boston Transcript.

The Modern Danes.

Madge—Do look at that girl, Billy; doesn't she dance like a chicken?

"If I got my money as some men get theirs I shouldn't be able to sleep at night."

"To whom do you refer for instance?" "Well, for instance, to burglars."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There was a man who loved his bees. He always was their friend. He used to sit upon their hives. But they stung him in the end.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Company Promoter (to second ditto) Darned insult, I call it! See what the old scoundrel did? Carefully rounted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him!—Tatlor.

Her eyes flashed fire— A dangerous trick When on her face The powder's thick.—Detroit Free Press.

Clerk—I cannot live on my salary, sir! Boss Well, I'm sorry to hear that. I was just going to promote you to the head of the "economy department."—New York Globe.

He says he's slow but sure, the lout. And one sure thing I know— The only thing he's sure about Is that he sure is slow.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"What a shocking looking dish this is, my dear!" "Perhaps, my love, that's because it is currant pie."—Baltimore American.

He's twisted some from his proper plumb. His skeleton's a wreck. He's sprained his toes, and a big lump shows.—New York Sun.

At the back of his broken neck, His ribs have splayed, his spine is curved. He has grown double jointed, But he is hep to a new dance step. So he's not disappointed.—New York Sun.

"Speaking of rank outsiders," began the fat man. "Well?" "Interrogated the thinner man. "I was referring to the wrapper on this cigar you gave me," replied the fat man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There comes a sad and solemn thought As over the news I'm glanc'd. Why is it that the Debs have not As yet signed up 'Pop' Anson?—Chicago Record-Herald.

"There's seems to be something the matter with Brown's hearing." "Naturally! He's over his ears in debt."—Boston Transcript.

The small boy's heart is tired quite. No matter what 'e's farm. He has seen the horses' prance. So pulls a false alarm.—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Captain—We ran into a dense fog last night. Miss Toorist—Strange the shock didn't wake me up. I'm a very light sleeper.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The printer faded, and the boss was left to hold the bag. They wrote, "Her life was full of joy." He set it "full of jag."—Dallas News.

"How's your card club getting along?" "Great! I've won three prizes already."—Detroit Free Press.

The maid is in the garden, hanging out the rags. The cook is in the kitchen, cooking things in bags. The queen is in the pantry, eating bread and butter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I suppose you hope for universal peace." "Yes," replied the vindictive man. "But I don't want it to happen until I have settled one or two old scores that I have had in mind for some time."—Washington Star.

This is good dope, and it is true— Don't pass it with a glance— Do not bet on sure things when you Can go and take a chance.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Oh, Miss Mabel," said Mr. Staylate, "won't you sing something?" "Why, Mr. Staylate," she replied with a yawn, "don't you know it's unlucky to sing before breakfast?"—Philadelphia Record.

The husbands who walk in their sleep Make happy the women they marry. For then if the babies should weep They're passed to their fathers to carry.—Judge.

"Everybody says we are engaged," said Miss Anique. "What of that? Nobody believes it."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

High cost of living's always "just about to fall." But ne'er attains the topping point at all.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Counsel I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you. Convicted Client—Don't mention it, guv'nor. Ain't five years enough?—London Opinion.

In a fiery chariot "Lilith went dey say. But of yob sinners tried it You'd burn up on de way. Den de debt you owin' Satan Is de one you couldn't pay."—Atlanta Constitution.

"You say the jury of ladies disagreed?" "Yes. Some thought the defendant's gown was stylish, and some thought it was a perfect fright!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It gives no surprise! When we hear of a match made in heaven, why don't we see a match made in hell?"

Psalm of Lives.

Lives of tomatoes oft remind us, After all is said and done, We would hate to pay insurance On nine lives instead of one.—Florida Times-Union.

Lives of centipedes remind us We would all ambition lose If we had to find the cash to Keep the centipede in shoes.—Allentown Democrat.

Lives of elephants remind us It would put us in a funk If from birth to death we had to Log around a silly trunk.—Springfield Union.

Lives of mermaids oft remind us That we'd never have the blues If we could just save the dollars That we now invest in shoes.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guarding Against Mishaps. The kid came into the library and politely begged his father's pardon for disturbing him. "Well, what is it?" asked the father. "I hate to bother you, dad, but Sister Ann is going to elope with that young Mr. Taylor tonight."

"How do you know?" "He has a rope ladder hid in the garage."

"Thanks for telling me, son. Now look here; you run right upstairs and tell your mother what you've just told me. If she doesn't know about it beforehand she might think it was burglars when it comes off and raise a row."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Appreciated Verbalist. My Uncle Jim he likes to start A general debate. He warns the cockles of his heart To stand up and ogle. He'll quote a roll or so of prose And reel off anything that goes To pass away the time.

It's said we have too many laws. There might be even more If he did not compel a game. When he demands the floor We haven't always understood His sentences sublime. But maybe he has done some good By harmless use of time.—Washington Star.

The Innocent Bystander. Mother to little boy—Oh, don't be tiresome and keep on asking impossible questions, Percy! Old Gentleman (slightly hard of hearing)—Don't scold him madam. I think, if I may say so, that it is a duty to help children when they are trying to acquire knowledge. What is it you want to know, my little man? Boy—Why do dogs have tails?—London Opinion.

Footlhardy. Folks marry on autos on steamers and trains. On bicycles with motors awhirr. But rather than any of these are the clumps Who marry on ten dollars per—Boston Transcript.

The girl who will marry on ten dollars per. And live on dry bread for her fare. May be rather rash, but she's head of the dame Who marries a man on "hot air"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Tiresome Person. Landlord of Pinketown Hotel—That fellow who just swaggered past? Oh, that's Lem Badgley, an he's a terror to automobilists. I tell you! Guest—Ah! The village constable, eh? Landlord—Worse, he's the only auty repair man within ten miles.—Crest.

The Poet's Auto. In fancy I Ride fast and far And pay no tax Upon my car.—W. Wham.

But if by chance We should be pinched We'd wake right up. That fact is clinched.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Youthful Arithmetic. Master—What is the meaning of one-twenty-fifth? Little Boy—I-I don't know. Master—If you had twenty-five children visiting you and only one apple for them, what would you do? Little Boy—I'd want till they went an' eat it myself.—Stray Stories.

"I sigh for you, oh, Molly, dear! For you alone I sigh." Such was the burden of my song in single days gone by. But now, alas, I sigh for more! To tell the truth in rhyme. To get the food and clothes for four I cipher all the time!—Judge.

Interesting. "She's really a charming conversationalist." "That so?" "Yes. So different from those who spent last summer in Europe, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

That's Different. There is a young lady in Hocking whose actions are often quite shocking. She trots a fast gait. And she never is late. For she has a clock in her boudoir.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Got a Jar. "Algy was talking of trying a complexion cream. Did he get a jar?" "He got a jar, all right. The saleslady called him a sissy."—Kansas City Journal.

The Other Side. "Love will find the way," he cried, "if we submit our wills!" "Perhaps," the lovely maiden staid, "but love won't foot the bill!"—Los Angeles Express.

Going and Coming. Mr.—Does your wife ever go to the club for you when you are out late?

So far, no historian has denied that Dewey was at Manila.

It is never too late to mend, but it is just as well if you don't have to. Lots of people who aren't very sharp nevertheless have their good points. Has anybody kept account of the days on which the Panama canal is to be opened? Life seems to be a game of hide and seek between the right opportunity and the right man. It is well to have public officials liable, but it is a whole lot better to have them reliable. One good thing about the income tax is that actors have ceased boasting about their big salaries. One reason so many men are unlucky is that they never go to work and give luck a chance. Speaking of inconsistencies, consider the appeal for the ballot by the women of queen ruled Holland. One might infer from reading the news from that republic that Haiti hires its presidents by the day. While meat is said to be very palatable it must be a tough job, however, to clean a mess of whales. Emperor William is accredited with keeping twenty-six automobiles. And yet folks called Uncle Joe a czar! Somebody ought to be able to make a fortune by compounding a complexion beautifier and naming it tan-gone.

A Chicago man's life was saved when a bullet struck a gold coin in his pocket. Luck always breaks with the rich. A condemned forger wants to be cured of his little falling by surgery. Evidently he wants to keep away from the pen. A union of authors and publishers of popular songs has been formed in New York. Here's hoping they work short er hours. The fact that a large element of its population is struggling against famine will not incline Japan to encourage jingoism. A Chicago judge holds that married men must be home by midnight or take the consequences. Huh, that's not news! Why doesn't somebody try the radium cure on the high cost of living? It seems to be recommended for all other afflictions. To prepare for his new job as king of Albania, Prince William of Wied should serve a term as an American baseball umpire. When there are floors to sweep and dishes to wash an aesthetic temperament is worth about as much as the hole in a doughnut. A Leland Stanford professor fears that the perfect man never will be found. A lot of women already had reached this conclusion.

"English Managers Scouring American Stage." The abolition is welcome, but why could it not have been undertaken by native talent? Hoffmatt is arranging to make further reclamations of the Zuyder Zee. Another bid for the services of Colonel Goethals may be expected. Detroit is to sell pie over a municipal counter on Belle Isle next summer. It's a safe guess that a municipal pie is not the kind mother used to bake. As Iowa bee inspector declared every flat in a city should have its own beehive. Flat dwellers are inclined to think that they are stung enough as it is. A Russian journalist refused to fight a duel with a Russian general. He might have consented had he been allowed to choose fountain pens for weapons. Some London scientists has discovered that the brains of African savages weigh the same as the brains of Oxford undergraduates, but he neglected to say what is the answer. France has decided to participate in the Panama exposition. Unlike some other European nations, she is unable to understand the logic of cutting off one's nose to spite the face. The woman must dominate her clothes, says Lillian. The same rule should apply to man, but there are times when the loss of one little suspender button jeopardizes his dominance. While the Missouri supreme court has decided that the man is the head of the family, the bishops of the Church of England are discussing the omission of the word "obey" from the marriage ritual. "Public Sentiment" announces a headline, "Is Better Than Law." But public sentiment would not have to be very good, after all, to be better than law. A woman man Me, an old man ready.

Ever Eat It? There is a dish of the olden time that has been crowded almost out of memory by the ruthless tide of common events. It was a cold weather food that came with the snow and hog killing time and then vanished with the angry clouds and howling winds. When one ate it the green grass melted away—the snow, the birds sang in the blossoming cherry trees and old frigid winter became the middle of May. It was so easy to eat. It melted in the mouth like ice cream. It was so soft and delicate. Let a person fully satisfy his appetite on it, and he could go out in zero weather and enjoy a tropical blessing. This food did not last long, for it was part of an event that soon hurried by, and this was a grateful dispensation, too, for a person would be apt to eat too much of it if it lasted long. But it is well it passed away. This degenerate generation, filled with caramels and angels' food, couldn't appreciate it. But in those beautiful days before the war it was a beloved diet. We refer to hoghead cheese.—Ohio State Journal.

Moods of the Bay of Fundy. The bay of Fundy is full of strange and contradictory features. Grand Mannan Island, which lies to the port hand of a vessel entering the bay, is one rocky graveyard—on the reef to the southeast an impaled ship is a common sight. Every indentation, nay, every rocky cranny, bears some terrible and suggestive name descriptive of some maritime tragedy. On the island, twelve miles in length and scarcely inhabited, is a graveyard filled with the bodies of unknown sailors. A little above Trinity rock the coast of Nova Scotia rises in rocky parapets from the sea and a narrow inlet admits to the Annapolis valley where, strange to say, the eye rests on a fertile valley of apple orchards which raise the highest priced fruit in the world in this sheltered space is a climate which, owing partly to the gulf stream and partly to position, differs altogether from the arctic cold of the stormy sea without.—Westminster Gazette.

Cold and Colds. "Without having gone anywhere near either pole," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "I have had my experience of the fact that intense cold outside stops the cold in the head. We were six men essaying the ascent of the Grand Combin in the Alps over 14,000 feet. From our first attempt we were driven back by a thunderstorm, and a stay of some hours to dry in the hut with the stove going woke up all the microbes. When we returned to the hut next day from the valley there were at least four severe colds among us, with sneezing and sore throats. On the third morning we traversed our peak, slowly cutting snow and ice steps in weather memorably bitter even for that height. On the other side it suddenly occurred to me that I had no 'cold' left, and the others made the same discovery."

Not on the Play Bill. Miss Mary Moran, the English actress, tells of an incident that occurred when she was playing Belle, the wicked lady in R. C. Carton's play, "The Tree of Knowledge," to a holiday audience. At the end of the fourth act Belle leaves her husband and goes away with the villain of the piece. In a moment of remorse she bends over her sleeping husband, kisses him and, taking from her neck his mother's chain, she places it beside him, remarking as she exits, "The best and the worst of us are fools." On this particular occasion the clasp of the chain refused to unclasp. Twice she tried to remove it when a voice from the gallery exclaimed "Keep it, Belle. You'll want something to pawn if you're going to skip out with that other bloke!"

Prosperity is Communitic. A man cannot prosper in any honest business without benefiting the community as well as himself, for he cannot induce men to deal with him without offering them an advantage, and, taking all the transactions of life together, the advantages which men offer to others must, on the whole, be equal to those which they receive themselves. Doing business, therefore, is a very effectual and extended mode of doing good, and the fortune which is acquired in doing it is, in a very important sense, the measure and index of the good done.—Jacob Abbott.

Out of Harm's Way. "And you say you never attend weddings any more?" asked the sweet young thing. "No, I do not," replied the bachelor. "And why not, pray?" "Why, don't you see what's happening every day to innocent bystanders?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Testing a Man. An epigram of Myrtle Reed's seems to have made a hit with New York women. In "Threads of Gray and Gold" she writes: "The only way to test a man is to marry him. If you live, it's a mushroom. If you die, it's a toadstool."

Sarcastic. "I try to mind my own business," said Mrs. Northington. "I never saw any one" replied Miss Cayenne, "who endured failure with greater fortitude."—Washington Star.

Life's Little Sorrows. "Rich women have no real joys." "No; the stores never have a clearance sale of diamond necklaces."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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