DESERVED THE LEGACY.

The Gift Left by the Old Turk Was Properly Bestowed.

A Turkish story runs that, dying, a pious man bequeathed a fortune to his son, charging him to give £100 to the meanest man he could find and £100 to the most foolish.

The most foolish man is another story. As to the meanest, accounts agreed that a certain cadi filled the bill. Accordingly the dutiful son offered him £100.

"But I can't take your £100," said the cadi. "I never knew your father. There was no reason why he should leave me the money."

"It's yours all right," persisted the mourning youth.

"I might take it in a fictitious transaction," said the cadi, relenting. "Suppose—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you all that snow in the courtyard for £100."

The young man agreed, willing to be quit of his trust on any terms. Next day he was arrested, taken before the cadi and ordered to remove his snow at once. As this was a command the young man was utterly unable to execute, he was fined £20 by the cadi for contumacy.

"At least," the young man said ruefully as he left the court, "father's £100 went to the right man."—New York World.

RUSSIA A DANCING NATION.

And Red is the All Pervading Color of the Real Native.

"Red is the obsessing color of the real Russian. His word for beautiful is 'preskrasnee,' says a writer, which means literally 'very red.' A peasant girl in gala dress is red from the scarf on her head to her bright red boots, often relieved only by the white blouse, on which again is red embroidery. The snow white steps of state in the Kremlin are called the 'red stairs' as a tribute to their beauty and with no suggestion of their color.

"Russia is not barbaric. It is simple and childlike, whence its enormous charm. And it is a dancing nation; the dances are national, unique and quite unoriental. Peasants may be seen in their log built villages dancing away until they almost drop from fatigue. The Russian dance is full of vitality, spontaneous and strenuous; the eastern dance is restrained, suggestive and sometimes sinuous.

"Russian literature is supposed to be consistently gloomy. Of course there is a tendency to depression, but it would be equally correct to assume that German literature consists only of classical annotations and scientific treatises."—Chicago News.

Insulated Wires.

To keep electricity in the wires, to prevent it from escaping, which it is always trying to do, the wires have to be bandaged up in some substance through which the electricity cannot penertate. This is called insulation. A wire is said to be insulated when it is wrapped in nonconducting covers. Dry hair is the best material; next rank glass, mica, porcelain, rubber, lava, oils, silk, cotton, etc. The wires used about ordinary buildings are insulated with rubber, oils, varnish and dry cloth. Some of the smaller wires, for electric bells, etc., are merely covered with closely woven silk or cotton threads. The best known conductor of electricity is silver, but it is too costly to be used commercially. Copper ranks next and is generally used for electric wiring.—New York World.

Did Her Work at Night.

Mrs. Catherine Gore, who wrote seventy novels between 1824 and 1861, worked on a strange plan. When J. R. Planche visited Paris in 1837 he found Mrs. Gore living in the Place Vendome writing novels, plays, articles for magazines—almost every description of literature flowing from her indefatigable pen. He says: "'How do you manage it?' I asked her. 'I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner every evening. They leave me at 10 or 11, when I retire to my room and write till 7 or 8 in the morning. Then I go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out and pay visits, returning at 4 to dress for dinner. As soon as my friends have departed I go to work all night again.'"

Fate of Marshal Ney.

It has been maintained by many that the famous Marshal Ney, whom Napoleon called the "bravest of the brave," was not executed, as history makes him out to have been, but succeeded, by the help of friends, in making his escape to America, where he lived to an advanced age, dying in peace in his own bed. The theory as advocated by many is that Ney went to North Carolina, became a school teacher and made many friends, to the more intimate of whom he confided his secret. But there is not much to the story except its novelty.—New York American.

By the Explosion Route.

History Professor — The Americans are the acknowledged reformers of the world. Now, can you even mention, my dear sir, any Englishman who endeavored to raise legislation to a higher plane? Student — Yes, sir; Guy Fawkes.—Harvard Lampoon.

They Use a Lot of Coal.

The coal required for one journey between Liverpool and New York by the present day big Atlantic liners would fill twenty-two trains of thirty trucks, each truck containing ten tons.

Going to law is losing a cow for the sake of a cat.—Chinese Proverb.

Late at the Play.

We know from Pepys and from passages in the plays of contemporary dramatists that the manners of theater audiences in the restoration epoch were not nice, but there is no reason to believe that even the fops habitually arrived at the theater late. Mr. Sparkish, Mr. Novel and their fellows would talk loudly while the play was going on to show the superiority of their wit to the poet's, but they likely were on hand early to lose none of the fun. In later epochs of English theatrical history theater going was a serious undertaking, not a mere pastime. One can tell from the beginnings of old plays that the authors counted on audiences closely attentive from the first. Lady Randolph is the first speaker in "Douglas," Orestes in "The Distressed Mother," Almeira in "The Mourning Bride." The custom of "playing the audience in" with a short piece was of still later origin. Perhaps about that time the habit of going late to the theater became common. "Half price" for late comers was a custom of Thackeray's time.—Westminster Gazette.

Cruikshank at Eighty.

"Among the many people whose acquaintance I made in Richardson's rooms was old George Cruikshank. I happened incidentally to remark that I wasn't very well, when Cruikshank in his genial manner exclaimed: 'What? Not well?—A powerful young fellow like you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of being unwell! Here, let me see you do this.'

"He sprang up, took the tongs and poker from the fireplace, crossed them on the floor like two swords and then, whistling his own air danced a highland sword dance with great agility and accuracy, keeping it up for at least a quarter of an hour. As he threw himself into a chair, somewhat exhausted by his efforts, he said, 'Now, then, when I'm dead you can say you saw old Cruikshank when he was over eighty years of age dance the sword dance in Dr. Richardson's room.'"—From "Pages From an Adventurous Life."

Punished the Selfish One.

The Bale-Geneva express, says the London Standard Geneva correspondent, was overcrowded the other day and several travelers had to stand in the corridors of the second class coaches. One tourist saw a seat vacant, but covered with luggage, and asked a passenger sitting near whether the seat was "occupied." "Yes," replied the stranger, "the man is in the restaurant car, and will return soon."

There the matter ended until the express reached Lausanne, when the owner of all the luggage prepared to get out.

"Pardon me," said the tourist, "that luggage does not belong to you," and called the guard. The latter sided with the tourist, and the whole matter was placed before the station master. The selfish traveler had to prove, piece by piece, that the luggage on the seat belonged to him, and he finally was obliged to pay for two second class tickets.

The Charm She Wore.

Many are the charms adopted by society women with a grain of superstition in their makeup, and one of the most unique is that worn by a young matron who spends much of her time at Atlantic City. Attention being called to her curious pendant—a polished substance set in pearls and suspended from a slender gold chain—she was asked what manner of stone it might be. "Stone?" she laughed. "It's just plain, ordinary wood. You see, I have a most unfortunate tendency to boast, and at such times caution tells me to knock wood. Oftentimes there is no wood at hand, so all I have to do to save myself from my rashness is to tap my little locket. Simple, ain't it?"—New York Tribune.

Beautiful India.

India bears the same relation to the orient that Italy does to Europe. It is the home of palaces, temples and monuments; it is the home of beautiful art work in many materials. Most of its cities have a splendid historical past that is seen in richly ornamented temples and shrines, in the tombs of its illustrious dead and in palaces that surpass in beauty of decoration anything which Europe can boast.—"The Critic In the Orient."

Setting Him Right.

They were enoying a motor ride and had just entered a country road.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked, a little confusedly.

She removed her veil.

"No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Teaching Him.

Briggs—Did your wife scold you when you went home so late last night? Griggs—You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school teacher. Why, she made me write a hundred times on a slate, "I must be home by 10 o'clock."—Exchange.

Soothing.

"Then you refuse to eat my first biscuit?"

"I don't refuse to eat it, my dear. I don't want to eat it. I wish to have your monogram engraved on it and then hang it upon my watch chain."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defining It.

Instructor (at night school)—Give a sentence with the word "metaphysician" in it. Shaggy Haired Pupil—On his way home Mr. Jones metaphysician.—Chicago Tribune.

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.—John Milton.

It Was in His Head.

Balzac once promised Lirieux, the manager of the Odeon theater in Paris, a five act drama, "The Springs of Quinola." He was so busy with other work, however, that not till he had been long and urgently importuned did he promise to read his piece to the company the next week. The company gathered about him on the day appointed, and he read his five act play fluently through to the end. Lirieux was enthusiastic, ran up to shake hands with the great writer and turned over the pages of the manuscript, whose contents had pleased him mightily. But what was this? There were only four acts. The last pages of the manuscript were blank. In surprise the manager asked what it all meant. Balzac smiled and admitted that he had not yet written out the fifth act, but declared that he had it as clearly in his head as if it already stood on paper. "And," continued the poet merrily, "I have in the same head two more outcomes of the plot in case the one I just read doesn't please you."

Only a Piker.

Two Pittsburgh men were seated in a dining car the other day, and while they waited for their luncheon to be served one of them said:

"I hear Brown has bought a place up near yours."

"Yes," the other answered.

"What kind of a place is it?"

"Oh, pretty fair. About 3,000 acres."

"Has he been making much money lately?"

"Not that I know of."

"How can he afford to have a place of that kind? Is he keeping it up in any kind of shape?"

"Yes, it looks pretty well. I don't know how he does it."

"How much do you suppose Brown's worth?"

"He hasn't much. Maybe about $250,000, (.etting along on his nerve, very largely, I guess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Birds That Fight Eagles.

In Foula one of the Shetland islands, the natives make a business of rearing skau gulls in order to rid the island of the eagles that congregate there and commit many depredations. The magnificent red sandstone cliffs that skirt the northwestern coast became a favorite haunt of the eagles, and in this inaccessible spot they increased so rapidly that they became a terror to the farmers and fishermen who dwell on this isolated spot. The skau gulls are also strong and fierce and the inveterate foes of the eagle. In battle the gulls are nearly always victorious, and so the inhabitants of Foula hit upon the novel plan of feeding and caring for the skau gulls, which, though formidable to their feathered enemies, are very peaceful and docile when brought in contact with man.

St. Petersburg and the Neva.

When the river Neva rises St. Petersburg is always in danger of inundation. The city was built upon a swamp, and the land has been laboriously reclaimed and is liable to overflow by the Neva. That river divides and forms a delta, and, this delta is embraced within the city limits. Although the main portion of St. Petersburg is situated on the mainland (a peninsula washed on the east by the Neva and on the northwest by the Great Neva), parts of the city stand on islands formed by the arms of the river. The islands, with their gardens and villas, are a pretty feature of the capital. The various parts of the city are connected by over 100 bridges, the longest being the Troitsky bridge, about a third of a mile in length.—Westminster Gazette.

Russia's Famous Choir.

The members of the choir of the cathedral of Alexander Nevski in St. Petersburg are all monks. They are thirty in number and are chosen from the best singers—in all the Russian monasteries. When the possessor of a fine voice appears among the novitiates he is sent to the monastery of Alexander Nevski, which adjoins the cathedral, where he is trained as carefully as an opera singer and remains there, doing little beyond assisting at the music at mass in the morning and vespers in the afternoon, until he becomes aged, when he retires on a pension. Many of the voices are of marvelous power and sweetness. The monks are all vegetarians. The rules of the orthodox church forbid them to shave and their hair is worn like a woman's.

Double Barreled.

Margaret and Van were breakfasting together late one morning. Van was hungry and Margaret fractious.

"Van, how can you eat so much?" demanded Margaret irritably.

"Oh, I'm a Van, you know," returned he good humoredly. "I can carry a good deal."

"Yes," retorted Margaret; "you're a regular carry van."—Indianapolis News.

Weary's Wisdom.

Tramp—Would you give a pore starvin' man something to eat, mum? Lady of House—I might; but you are not starving. Tramp—I know dat, lady; but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, you know.—Boston Transcript.

What the Earth Is Made Of.

Nearly half the earth is oxygen; a little more than a quarter of the earth is silicon; nearly 8 per cent of it is aluminium and nearly 5½ per cent is iron.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—Simmons.

Sound in a Fog.

It has often been noticed that on wet and foggy days sounds are heard at a greater distance than on clear fine days. It was Tyndall who explained the reason for this. He noticed that the distance at which the sounds of foghorns, whistles and shots could be heard varied from day to day from two to twelve miles. The cause of this difference is found in the degree of homogeneity of the air. On a foggy or snowy day the air may be perfectly homogeneous; this permits sound to travel a great distance. In clear weather the air may be composed of vertical layers of differing consistency, and the sound waves are reflected from the surfaces of the layers. Probably they are also refracted in passing through the several layers. Currents of warm ascending air form in one place and currents of cold descending air form in others. Thus the atmosphere may be very transparent optically and very opaque acoustically.—New York World.

Speaking From Experience.

"Blanche, dear," said the watchful aunt to her niece, "don't you think that Fred spends too much money upon you?"

"Do you think so, aunty?"

"Indeed, I do, Blanche. I've been noticing, and I think he's really extravagant. You ought to check him and tell him to save his money. You will need a good deal when you begin housekeeping, and it is far better for him to put in the bank the money he is now spending on motor trips and luncheons and tickets to this thing and that than to be squandering it. Think over the matter a minute or two, dear, and you will see it as I do."

"Oh, I've thought about it already, dear aunty. I'd take your advice if I were absolutely certain that we shall be married, but I've been engaged before, aunty, and I don't intend to advise a young man again to economize for some other girl's benefit!"—London Telegraph.

A Smoke Puzzle.

"One day on approaching our factory," writes an American engineer in Cuba, "I noticed a great cloud of smoke, oily and black, rolling out of the chimneys and blotting out the surrounding landscape. I went to the boiler room and gave the firemen a good dressing down for allowing so much smoke to escape, telling them it was throwing money away and that if they could not fire better I would have to discharge them.

"I thought no more of it till the next morning, when, on entering the engine room, I found the chief mechanic jubilant over some joke. He told me that the chief fireman, a negro, had come to him with tears in his eyes and had said: 'Mr. U. says that we must not let the smoke go out the chimney; if we do he will discharge us. Now, if the smoke cannot go out of the chimney, where can we put it?'"—Power.

When Warships Were Cheaper.

Warship expenditure of the present time would have horrified the Emperor William I. Andrew D. White, for many years American minister in Berlin, records that in an interview with the old emperor in 1861 "he asked me some questions about the Elbe, in which I was about to travel to New York. I told him how beautifully it was equipped, it being the first of the larger vessels of the North German Lloyd. He answered: 'Yes; what is now doing in the way of shipbuilding is wonderful. This morning I received a letter from my son, the crown prince, who is at Osborne and has just visited a great English man-of-war. It is wonderful, but it cost £1,000,000 sterling ($5,000,000).' At this he raised his voice and, throwing up both hands, said very earnestly, 'We can't stand it, we can't stand it.'"—Chicago News.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of uncongenial people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.—Selected.

Hardened Lead.

Metallic sodium hardens lead without changing its color. Two per cent of sodium will harden lead so that it will ring when struck; a larger amount causes it to become brittle. The lead sodium alloy is sometimes used as a bearing metal.—London Express.

Just Got It Out.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed a man to an acquaintance, "do you keep taking out your watch? Going to catch a train?"

"Well, no," answered the other. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen my watch for a long time."

Domestic Economy.

When a woman wants to economize she likes to cut it out of what the family eats, and when a man proposes economy he wants to take it out of what his wife wears.—Galveston News.

Horse Dentists.

Horse dentists do a lucrative business in New Zealand by traveling from district to district in the country and examining teeths of horses and treating them if necessary.

The Other Side.

"I tell you, being married is mightily expensive."

"True, but it's absolute economy compared with being engaged."

Wisteria and Wisteria.

Ernest H. Wilson, the distinguished naturalist, has a good laugh on the botanical sticklers. Incidentally he has put in the wrong no end of writers in books, newspapers and periodicals, not to mention the creator of one of the most fashionable colors of recent years for women's apparel. It is all on account of one of the most gorgeous of flowers which Japan and China have ever sent to this country—the wisteria. Before I am snapped up on my spelling of a word we are in the habit of pronouncing that way, but spelling wisteria, I will say that right here is where Mr. Wilson has caught the botanists and the rest of the world napping. Although the magnificent vine whose long purple or white racemes are one of the glories of springtime in the northeastern part of the United States was named after Dr. Wistar of the old Philadelphia family, there was a slip up in the spelling. Christened wisteria when it was introduced it must so stand for ever according to inviolable botanical law. The same is true of the stewartia—it should be properly stuartia.—Spur.

Playing Cricket by Sound.

Pupils of a school for the blind in England play cricket by sound.

With a wicker ball, in which is contained a bell, the bowler prepares to attack the wicket. When a reporter visited the school the boys were practicing their game. "Play!" shouted the bowler, and in reply came the batsman's "Right ho." On hearing this the bowler knew in which direction to send the ball. His fast underhand went straight for the wicket, and the batsman, judging by the tinkling bell, knew when to hit.

"I know exactly how far to run," he said afterward, "because there is a mat at the bowler's end which I 'feel' with my bat."

"The fielders," said the head master of the school, "have the most difficult part to play. But if the ball touches their chests the batsman may as well consider himself out, for immediately a fielder feels the touch of the ball his arms fold around it with amazing rapidity."—London Cor. New York Times.

Verse Mistaken For Poetry.

It is curious how persistent the belief is that rime constitutes poetry. J. A. Stewart quotes a stanza from a battle hymn by Burns and inquires whether it is mediocre and how much of it depends on dialect. It does not depend on dialect, and it is not mediocre, but it is not poetry; it is rhetorical verse. The lines

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast;
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest,

have not the faintest suggestion of poetry; they merely make a terse statement in rime.

To most people everything that rimes is a "piece of poetry," even to "Thirty days has September" and other jingles of the kind. No definition of poetry will help. The only true knowledge of the matter comes by instinct.—London Chronicle.

Castle Under the Sea.

Among certain of the Japanese there is a belief that somewhere under the sea there is a wonderful castle in which the beautiful queen of the fishes resides. Sometimes they think this castle rises to the surface and is visible to mortal eyes—a belief that probably had its origin in the phenomenon of the mirage. When the castle appears, the superstitious believe, representatives of all the finny tribes hasten to it to pay homage to their ruler. Some time ago, in honor of the "fishy" queen and her subjects, the fishermen of Futami made a number of gigantic fish of canvas and bamboo, painted in gorgeous colors, which were towed in procession through the water, enormous crowds watching the curious spectacle from the shore.—Wide World Magazine.

The Geese.

The goose, which for some unknown reason has become an emblem of idiocy, but which is really a wise bird of good habits and one of the most profitable for the fancier, was probably the first fowl to be domesticated by man. Homer, 1,200 years before the Christian era, speaks of his geese, in which he was greatly interested, and the hieroglyphics of Egypt prove that at his time they had been tamed for centuries.

One of Its Merits.

"You prefer a typewriter to pen and ink?"

"Yes," replied the round shouldered man. "It saves argument. Whenever the boss comes around he can hear the typewriter and be sure you're working."—Washington Star.

Hitting the Nail.

Mrs. Brezy (with hammer)—There, I've hit the nail on the head at last. Mr. Brezy—Why do you put your finger in your mouth? Mrs. Brezy—That was the nail I hit.—New York Sun.

Opera and Football.

She—You seemed distraught at the opera last night. He—I couldn't keep football out of my mind—never saw so many halfbacks and fullbacks in my life.—Town Topics.

Snakes Fear This Bird.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird and will even crawl away from its shadow. This bird devours snakes and can easily kill a reptile twice its size.

He is unfortunate and on the road to ruin who will not do what he can, but is ambitious to do what he cannot.—Goethe.

The 1914 Model.

Tearful, cheerful,
Full of life;
Dancing, prancing,
Without strife;

Laughing, chaffing,
All the while;
Skipping, tripping,
Showing style;

Stumbling, tumbling
In her pumps;
Screaming, screaming,
As she slumps;

Speaking, speaking,
Priceless pearls;
Pretty, witty
Modern girl.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Some Opinions.

"She is certainly a pretty girl."

"Her features are not so bad, but she has such an insipid face."

"Positively homely."

"If it weren't for her nose she'd be rather good looking."

"Pity she is so effected; spoils her good looks."

"Handsome? Rather, but too simple."

"Pretty face, but such a figure!"

"Rather good figure, but her face!"

"She may not be so bad looking, but I saw her early one morning."

"She's lovely!"

"I'm glad you think so."—Life.

Man's Portion.

Man wants but little here below,
And you will win your bets
If you will wager money, he
That that is all he gets.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Man gets but little here below—
No, nothing like he ought—
Because, so far as we can know,
He usually gets caught.
—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Man wants but little here below,
But woman wants the rest,
And therefore keeps him on the go
As if he were possessed.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Future Highbrow.

He was a very solemn little boy, and he then barely reached to the delivery of the circulating room in the public library. He stood there for some moments in silence and seemed to be taking it all in.

"Well, my little man," said one of the assistants finally, "what book shall it be today?"

"Oh, something about life!" responded the little fellow philosophically.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

One Overlooked.

The heroine goes in mourning,
You've seen in many plays of morning,
New help arrives by aeroplane,
By locomotive, airship, horse,

Help comes by harvesting machine,
By gas yacht, motor, trolley car,
Telephone, moorhen, hansom cab
And all the kinds of rigs there are,

Help comes by every sort of way,
I only hope that kindly fairy
Will some time let me see a play
Where help arrives on roller skates.
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Made a Hit.

Mrs. Flatte—I think our grocer is just the nicest man.

Mr. Flatte—Changed your opinion of him, evidently.

"Yes. I was down there and got weighed this afternoon, and as I was about to step on the scales he said, 'Don't weigh yourself there. Use those other scales. They are the ones we weigh the sugar on.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Locating the Blame.

"For all the trouble in this land
I've found the cause," said Ben—
"One half the folks are women, and
The other half are men."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Wake up! Come out of it and stop
That foolish talk!" said Bell.
"You overlook the goats, dear man,
And all the kids as well."
—Springfield Union.

In Wrong.

Employee—I don't like your methods of doing business, Mr. Grafton. I resign.

"Practical" Business Man (musingly)—You're a heller than thou guy, eh?

Employee—No; merely a square peg in a crooked hole.—Puck.

Her Name.

She was round, and she was ruddy,
And her cheeks were like the rose,
And she weighed at least one shekel,
As the hay scale record shows;
She was sound as any dollar,
And no stronger girl you've met,
Yet this big and robust creature
Had been christened Violet.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Explained.

"So she was untrue to the man she was engaged to?"

"Yes. You see, he drinks, smokes and gambles."

"Oh, I see. She was too good to be true."—Exchange.

How He Wooed.

One morning a gallant young Sioux
A handsome young squaw chanced to
vioux.
The squaw liked his style,
And she gave him a smile,
So the Sioux said, "Why, how thou
vioux dioux?"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Giveaway.

"What made you think Mr. Lovetwist had been drinking?"

"Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him he tried to blow off the foam."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Face and Fortune.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
Her husband sighed as he shook his head.
"You're right! The cosmetics which there
are mixed
Have cost me a fortune to have it fixed."
—Washington Star.

Personal.

Poser for a butcher who gives short weight: If sixteen ounces go to a pound, where do you expect to go?—Sacred Heart Review.