

This would be a tiresome old world without its crimes.

To overshoot the mark is just as bad as to miss it any other way.

No man succeeds unless he takes chances: neither does he fail.

— Happiness—a good bank account, a good cook and good digestion.

Health is the greatest gift a municipality can bestow upon its people.

Sometimes a man is tricked to miss what's coming to him than to get it.

A man may be a light sleeper and still be able to sleep only in the dark.

A court has no business to try to defuse a kiss. That is a job for the poets.

A man who wishes to rise in the world should try rising early in the morning.

— This better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but it isn't so cheap.

At least in the "movies" we don't have to listen to the heroine trying to play the piano.

— The man who cultivates his prejudices may expect them to keep him awake at night.

Boston has discovered that it is carrying too large a municipal debt. Well, what if not?

The fellow who marries a girl with an independent fortune also gets an independent wife.

War does not develop heroes. It only calls attention to some who hitherto had been unnoticed.

The dance craze has not gone so far as to substitute dancing for plain old-fashioned base running.

The time has come when everybody's vocabulary must include a few mispronounced Mexican words.

A lion has just eaten a missionary in the Sudan. So it does happen outside of the comic papers.

— One of the oversights of history is its neglect of what John Lind said when the muzzle of office was removed.

— Ku Ro" is the newest world language. But the only successful world-wide linguist so far has been cash.

The trouble about that thing we call conscience is that it persists in speaking when we want it to keep silent.

By way of celebrating her seventeenth birthday Sarah Bernhardt may try out another farewell tour in this country.

Women are not employed by the government as secret service workers. The government is a trampled old thing.

Vesuvius and Etna are in eruption again. Even a volcano must be going full blast to attract attention these days.

Warm beeswax is advised by Paris doctors for rheumatism. This is a big improvement on the first idea of hot stings.

A Pittsburgh man was sent to jail for twenty days for stealing an umbrella. At this rate we know men who'd have to serve for life.

A real French duel has just been fought for the benefit—jointly—of honor and a motion picture company. Thus do art and commerce wed.

Every little while one meets a man who doesn't care whether the baseball season is with us or not. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.

A suffragette smashed a fifty dollar saw-er in the British museum the other day. The London suits must be grinning recruits from the kitchens.

Porfirio Diaz, former president of Mexico, is at Monte Carlo, where the dangers to which one is exposed are not the same kind as those in Mexico.

An Italian count committed suicide in New York the other day. Starting to death in a land of plenty is nothing to killing oneself when entirely surrounded by hellscapes.

Hartard students no longer use the phrase "I beg your pardon." Instead, they say "I'm very sorry," which seems to indicate more sincerity than the request for a pardon.

No fewer than 28,674 teachers of England have declared for woman suffrage—but the figures are less impressive when we read that 45,123 of the same profession—have—declared—against it.

Miss Poate, a young lady farmer from England, says that American girls would be better off if they got up at 4 a. m. They do, the most conservative of them, and have just one more dance before going home.

A Russian lawyer has invented a gyroscope motorcar that can turn a corner at full speed without upsetting. Such a device should be forbidden by international action. Motors can turn corners now at a sufficiently deadly speed.

Tragic Sermon on Fresh Air.

The innate corruption and depravity of human nature were perhaps never more clearly brought out than in the historic black hole of Calcutta. That atrociously unvarnished instance of the utmost suffering humanity can endure, passed through by a large number, yet leaving a few survivors to tell the tale. Many more have been slain or executed at one time, death being anticipated, but probably only safe-keeping of the prisoners was intended, and only fear of breaking a despot's sleep prevented their earlier release. Yet this torture, "unequaled in history or fiction, whose record cannot be read unmixed after the lapse of 150 years," was produced merely by crowding men together in an ill ventilated room. No fires, racks nor scourges were needed. All that was done or required to be done was to take from each the amount of air and space to which he was accustomed, crush him into close proximity with his fellows, and the thing was accomplished.—From "A Farmer's Notebook."

When They Stoned Actors.

Authors and actors of both have reason to congratulate themselves upon the demise of many of the ancient Greek methods of showing dissatisfaction in the theater. The worst that a playwright must reckon with now is an ironical cry of "Author!" followed by a booning demonstration. But it is on record that the Athenian audience at least once forcibly ejected an unsuccessful comic poet from the theater. The pelting of bad actors with vegetables and questionable eggs is rare now even in the remotest provinces. But the Athenians did not draw the line at figs and olives as missiles. Aeschines was said nearly to have been stoned to death during his stage career, and there is a story of a second rate musician who borrowed a quantity of stone from a friend to build a house with, promising to repay the loan with the stones collected at his next performance.—London Telegraph.

Burma Ruby Mines.

Very little is known about the ruby mines of Mogok, in a valley of Burma, whence come nearly all the large rubies. The valley lies through a forest which is seldom trodden by white people. A few Englishmen who live there have laid out a polo ground, and between this and the town are the mines. The diggings are slowly eating up the village, and the main street is already half destroyed. The work goes on all day and all night, the ruby bearing earth being brought up in iron trolleys. A few strangers who have called at the mines have been told by the officials that they can keep any ruby they may find, but no one has ever been able to find one. The gems are imbedded in the gold colored clay which stretches along the whole of the valley, and it is only after the earth has been washed that the rubies are seen.

Marriage By Halter.

Among ignorant people of English birth it was once the belief that a wife bought with money or goods was legally married if the purchaser led her all the way home by a halter.

Baring Gould, the English antiquarian, told of a village poet known to him who bought a wife for a half crown and led her twelve miles to his cottage. The squire and the rector protested to the village poet that he was not legally wedded.

"Why, yes, I be," he replied. "I'll take my Bible oath I never once took the halter off 'till she'd crossed the door-sill and the door was shut."

The latest instances of such wife sales occurred in 1838 and 1839, when women were sold in Little Horton and in Dudley. In these cases a blue ribbon took the place of the straw halter.

An Inventor's Hard Luck.

Ill luck was the persistent partner of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning mule. While Crompton was an infant his father died, leaving the lad to the care of his mother, who insisted upon a daily task of well spun wool. He detested it and invented the spinning mule to relieve himself of the work. Having invented it he was not lucky enough to find a capitalist to finance him. When he gave a model of his invention to a company of manufacturers a subscription list was opened to recoup him for his losses and several of the subscribers repudiated their signatures.

Diplomatic Letter.

The wayward young man, broken in health, was sent to the southwest to recuperate. He was in jail for stealing a hind quarter of beef. He wrote home: "Dear Father—I've picked up some fresh confinement here, but am still confined to my room. Please send me \$100."—Exchange.

Scientific Problems.

"Much energy is not utilized. There ought to be some way of conserving the rays of the sun."
"Yes, and look at all the energy that goes to waste in chewing gum. If we could only harness the gum chewsers, eh?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Natural Error.

"She is rather thin."
"Who?"
"That girl in the purple gown over yonder."
"Gosh, I thought that was a design in the wall paper."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spiteful.

"Do you know, Mayme, I had the hardest work in the world to keep Mr. Smith from proposing!"
"I dare say you had—to some other girl."—Baltimore American.

Meteors and Meteorites.

A meteor is any luminous or fiery object that traverses space, as shooting stars, falling stars, etc. A meteorite is a mass of mineral matter which reaches the earth from upper space. The fall of a meteorite is often preceded by the flight of a fireball through the sky and by an explosive sound, but not always, for they sometimes reach the earth without any previous notice. They have been recorded ever since the world began, and, of course, some fall which are never recorded. The British museum contains a collection of 568 meteoric stones, of which twelve fell within the British islands and the rest in other parts. Almost every museum of any note has a collection of them, ranging in size from a few pounds to hundreds of pounds. Lieutenant Perry brought one from Greenland that weighed thirty-six and one-half tons. There are authentic cases of narrow escapes from meteorites, but only one in history of a person being killed, and that man was in India, in 1827.—Philadelphia Press.

"I Must"

"I must," said Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. "I must," said Washington at Valley Forge. "I must," said Lincoln at Gettysburg. "I must," said Mark Twain, with bankruptcy clanking at his heels. "I must," says every great man and woman, sensing duty, opportunity, crisis and the larger success.

"I must" is God's vest pocket formula to you who breathe his free air and work in his workshop.

Daily every one of us faces tasks that we didn't expect and that we had rather not do. It is the order of circumstance. But just the minute that "I must" comes along our program clears up and our work proceeds plainly and according to plan. That man is most satisfied with life who is most satisfied with doing what he feels is his best.

"I must" All right, proceed.—Toto do Times.

The Imitative Chinese.

A Chinese officer told an interesting story of the first visit of the representative of Vickers Sons & Maxim to Shanghai. After fetching his sample Maxim gun to the arsenal at Shanghai and demonstrating it thoroughly to the Chinese, he was taken in to a sixty-four course Chinese feast that lasted until the small hours of the morning. Meanwhile a large party of the best Chinese mechanics in the arsenal minutely subdividing the labor, quietly took the gun entirely to pieces and either duplicated or took templates of every part. The following day the sample, reassembled, was handed back to him with thanks and the remark that China was not in the market for Maxim's just then. The Chinese imitation failed, however, to work properly.—World's Work.

Adhesive Eggs of Fishes.

Among the fishes which produce adhesive eggs are the little black head gwynnow (Pinepugles promelas) and the goldfish. The male blackhead deposits the fecundated eggs singly upon the under side of leaves of water plants and watches them uncasingly until hatched. The eggs of the goldfish are deposited singly upon the weeds and mosses in a similar manner by the male fish. The eggs of the yellow perch are held together in narrow strips or ribbons of a glutinous character. Adhesive eggs of other species, as the black bass, sunfish, catfishes, etc., are deposited in masses in shallow nests or depressions on the bottom, and still other species deposit their spawn in variously shaped adhesive masses upon water plants, roots and submerged objects.

Beats the Carpenter's Record.

The discovery of a carpenter whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather practiced the same craft has been commented upon in several newspapers and in Lambethurst, in Kent, there is a family who have been tinkers for four centuries. In countries where the caste system prevails such a record would be thought utterly insignificant. Grant Duff notes in his diary the answer made by a punks puller in Madras to an English lady who suggested that he might improve his position. "Mem sahib, my father pulled a punks, all my ancestors for 4,000,000 ages pulled punks, and before that the god who founded our caste pulled a punks for Vishnu."—London Chronicle.

The Wearying Chase.

Tommy could not understand why his teacher thought that the following paragraph from his composition on "A Hunting Adventure" lacked animation and effectiveness:
"Pursued by the relentless hunter, the panting gazelle sprang from cliff to cliff. At last she could go no farther. Before her yawned the chasm and behind her the hunter."—Youth's Companion.

Earthquakes.

Earthquakes are subterranean disturbances propagated through the earth in a series of elastic waves. How they originate is not clearly shown. Many are associated with volcanic action, while just as many occur without any evidence of such association.

Queered Himself.

"How do you like my new hat, M. Bolreau?"
"Lovely, madam. It makes you look quite twenty years younger."—Pele Mele.

Results.

He—Unselfish, self sacrificing woman, those are the ones that make the best wives. She—No doubt; and they also make the worst husbands.—Judge.

The Lame Trotter.

"When my father's got a lame trotting horse, sir, that he's trying to shuck off his hands," faltered the white linen nurse, "he doesn't ever go round mournful like, with his head hanging; telling folks about his wondrous trotter that's just the littlest, teeniest, tiniest white lame." Oh, no. What father does is to call up every one he knows within twenty miles and tell 'em: "Say, Tom, Bill, Harry, or whatever your name is, what in the deuce do you suppose I've got over here in my barn? A lame horse that wants to trot, lamer than the deuce you know, but can do a mile in 2:40." Faintly the little smile quickened again in the white linen nurse's eyes. "And the barn will be full of men by half an hour," she said. "Somehow nobody wants a trotter that's lame, but almost anybody seems willing to risk a lame horse that's plucky enough to trot."—From "The White Linen Nurse" in Century.

Mangled Names.

I remember one London critic telling me, writes E. N. in the Birmingham Post, how he had wired to a Glasgow paper the news that the great Nikisch had just arrived and would conduct the London Symphony orchestra on such and such a date. The telegraph operator, as usual, spelled the unfamiliar name along the line of least resistance. The Glasgow sub-editor, not being a musical man, had never heard of Nikisch, but, as the adjective "great" was prefixed to the name, he naturally assumed that he must be a Scotchman, so the Glasgow public was informed the next day that the great McKlash had arrived in London.

I remember also a London colleague reduced to a state of collapse by discovering that he had been made to say that Andrew Black had sung "Ninety and Andrew" instead of "Non plu andrai."

For Sunday School Teachers.

A teacher in a mission Sunday school in a Scottish town has some interesting stories to tell in the Missionary Record of the United Free church, of the answers which have come from infant lips to her Bible questions. Sometimes one gets a perfectly natural but wholly unexpected reply. Asked what Naaman did after washing in the Jordan before he returned to his native land, one mite gave the obvious answer, "Dry himself." The class was told the story of the little Shunammite, his sunstroke and his restoration by the prophet, and wishing to indicate gratitude the teacher asked what the mother would do when she got him back. "Put a bannet on his head," shouted immediately a practical youth.

Test For a Fieldglass.

Inquiry has it that the absolute and infallible test of a glass by the purchaser is to see what size letters can be read across the street from the optician's shop.

It isn't. The real test is a climb up a long and brushy hill until the breath comes a hundred to the minute, then a snatch for the glasses, reposing in a shirt pocket, to see whether the buck is the one you want before you free. If it won't go in your shirt pocket it is not the glass you want; others are made that will. If it shakes in your agitated hands it is not the glass you want; you cannot see enough more with a high power glass to pay for the times when it is unusable because you cannot hold it steady.—Outing.

Origin of the Drama.

The drama in the only sense in which it is worth talking about, had its origin in Greece immediately following the defeat of Darius and Xerxes, about B. C. 460. Its birthplace was Athens, and its fathers were Aeschylus and Aristophanes—Aeschylus of tragedy and Aristophanes of comedy. When the Greek and Roman civilization went into eclipse under the black cloud of northern barbarianism the theater, as with nearly everything else, became extinct, but during the middle ages acting was in a measure resumed in the form of the "Moralities," or moral plays of the ecclesiastics, and it was from such plays that the modern drama was slowly evolved.—St. Louis Times.

Flaky Piecrust.

If you want the best piecrust it should be made the day before you wish to use it and put into the refrigerator. Then the crust will be flaky and crisp. If you wish it to retain the crispness after baking let the pies cool thoroughly before putting into closet or sidewalk. Never put the baked pie into the refrigerator or it will be soggy.

Ragtime Oratory.

"Why do you refer to that speech of mine as ragtime oratory?" asked the statesman.
"Because," replied the musician, "it was written strictly with a view to pleasing the popular taste."—Washington Star.

Got His Lessons.

Brown—Lon seem more satisfied with your wife's cooking than formerly. Has she learned with time? Smith—No, I have.—Women's Home Companion.

Poverty No Help.

The reason a girl's mother is willing for her to marry a poor but honest young man is because he is honest, not because he's poor.—Dallas News.

In Place of the Watchdog.

They manage somehow to get along on shipboard without a watchdog, but they have two dog watches.—Memphis Journal.

Duels in France.

A large proportion of the duels in France end without bloodshed. When the offense is not very serious it is agreed beforehand that the words of command shall be given so rapidly that the duellists will not have time to take good aim. Sometimes three shots are exchanged without a hit, and then the seconds step in and—"honor is satisfied." At the word "Fire!" the pistol is raised instantly, and it must be discharged not later than the word "three," so the speed with which these words are given regulates the time in which it is possible to take aim. Therefore the speed with which they are spoken is agreed upon beforehand, this depending upon the seriousness of the duel. The words are timed with a metronome. If the encounter be very serious this is set at the slowest speed, eight beats a minute, which gives time for taking accurate aim. A speed of 140 beats a minute allows no time for aiming, and therefore is used when the seconds consider the duel should be made as little dangerous as possible.—London Answers.

Two Ways to Catch Rabbits.

By the first method "you take a lot o' salt, mix some pepper with it, strew it on a very hard rock, then watch. The rabbits cum and eat the salt, and the pepper makes 'em sneeze so vident they bump their noses on the rock till they fall in a swoond and you step up and pop 'em in your bag."

The other method was to "build a bustin' fire in the woods when the snow is plenty. Now, rabbits, you must know, is a mite cold blooded little critters, so they'll cum and set round it and warm their toes. Well, pretty soon they'll drop off asleep and the fire'll melt the snow into slush and pretty soon the fire'll die out and the mornin' 'll cum on sharp and 'll freeze the slush into ice and ketch the little critters fast by the paws. Then all you have to do is cum round with yer ax and chop 'em out."—Robert Haven Schuffler in Metropolitan Magazine.

Captured by an Orang.

There is an old story told of a native of Borneo who, with a party, went out to hunt an orang outhang to sell to show men. This particular hunter got separated, and at the end of the day was still missing. A search was organized, and at the end of the second day he was found high up in a tree with an orang outhang by his side. A rifle shot killed the big ape and then the man descended and told of his strange adventure. He had gone into the river to bathe, and as he came out was seized by the orang and carried to its lodging in a tree. To his surprise he was not otherwise molested. What the orang supposed him to be or what would have been the eventual outcome of this strange captivity no one knows, and the hunter willingly gave up the chance of finding out.

Postal Rates in 1830.

According to a table of the post offices in the United States as they were Oct. 1, 1830, the whole number of offices in the United States was 8,010. The rates of postage established by congress in 1825 were: On a single letter composed of one piece of paper for any distance not exceeding thirty miles, 6 cents; over thirty miles and not exceeding eighty miles, 10 cents; over eighty miles and not exceeding 150, 12 1/2 cents; over 150 miles and not exceeding 400, 18 1/2 cents; over 400 miles, 25 cents; a letter composed of two pieces was charged double these rates; of three pieces triple and four pieces quadruple these rates. For newspapers the rate was 1 cent for 100 miles and 1 1/2 cents for over 100 miles.

Bells of Old England.

To one sixteenth century visitor at least the English seemed to be a nation of bell lovers. This was Paul Hentzner, a German, who wrote of his travels in this country during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "The English," he said, "excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French. They are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums and the ringing of bells, so that in London it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."—London Chronicle.

Father's Reason.

Young Harold was late in attendance for Sunday school, and the minister inquired the cause.
"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad.
"That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he wouldn't let you go?"
"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."—Harper's Magazine.

A Duty Well Done.

The teacher had been giving a long lecture to the juvenile class on the subject of morals.
"Now, Harry," she said, "what is our duty toward our neighbors?"
"To keep an eye on 'em," was the reply.—Exchange.

Marital Dialogue.

She—The tired and loving husband is one who when his wife has the neuralgia suffers more than she does. He—And she generally sees to it that he does.—Chicago Enquirer.

Sign of Wealth.

"Is he rich?"
"Say, he's so rich that his neighbors have all begun to tell what they'd do for charity if they had his money."—Detroit Free Press.

Malay Superstitions.

A Malay child has to be sturdy to survive the perils of his birth and babyhood. Only an iron constitution could bear the balls of rice that are stuffed into his mouth or the cold bath which greets him immediately on his appearance in the world. But it is not that a Malay mother is indifferent to the physical welfare of her offspring. When her child falls ill no one could be more solicitous. The house and the village are ransacked to find the cause of the sickness. If it is suspected to be in the interior of the house the services of a native doctor are obtained. After concentrating his thoughts upon the pit of his stomach for a time he will probably call for a "female cocoon." Taking then a knife of a peculiar shape, he mutters incantations in a forgotten tongue and proceeds to shave the nut. If the person who has bewitched the child is living in the house he will awake the next morning with a skull as bald as the cocoon itself.

The Long Arm of Coincidence.

Lady Macdonell in her reminiscences tells of a curious incident which occurred thirty-six hours after leaving Southampton. A large bird perched itself on the summit of the malmes as a sailor went up and caught it as brought it down, and it proved to be a brown owl!
"I am superstitious about owls," says Lady Macdonell, "and was very grieved especially as I had left my favorite sister ill." The sailors did a string round the poor-dared creature's leg and were rather ill treating it, so it offered them 2 shillings for the bird, which they accepted, and I then let it out of my porthole. The captain told me that they often caught even smaller birds on the mast, especially when the wind was blowing off the land. On arriving at Lisbon we received a telegram to say that thirty-six hours after my departure my sister had passed away and also Lady Macdonell, the wife of General Sir A. Macdonell, my brother-in-law. It was a strange coincidence."

Offered Him Shelter.

"One of the characteristics of my old comrade, Ames Stillman, was bravery in actual fighting service," said the old soldier. "Another characteristic was a sense of humor, which stood him in good stead, even in the face of danger and contributed not a little to the gaiety of his comrades.
"At the battle of Cold Harbor, just before making the charge and while under the Confederate fire, our corporal, who was over six feet high and scarcely bigger around than a gun barrel, became excited as the enemy's bullets plowed up the earth about him, and "What kind of a place is this to keep a man in?" he demanded. "Absolutely no more protection!"
"He had no more than spoken when Private Stillman stuck his ramrod in the ground."
"Here, corporal," said he, "get behind this."—New York Globe.

Thackeray as a Lecturer.

Thackeray did not always enjoy giving lectures, and there seems to have been a curious difference in his manner of delivering them. In one town a member of the audience, after admiring Thackeray's clear and telling delivery, declared that in expression he was like nothing so much as "a monument of grit." Yet one of his hearers at a subsequent lecture found him "a radiant smiling, buoyant personality." From Edinburgh he wrote to Mrs. Fanshawe: "The lectures have been a success. I was famously liked for speaking disrespectfully of Mary, queen of Scots, but it was good fun and made the evening more amusing. I am to repeat the lecture here, and so for reading out of a book for sixteen hours shall get 500."—London Mail.

Weather Forecasts.

The first attempt at scientific forecasting of the weather was the result of a storm which during the Crimean war, Nov. 14, 1854, almost destroyed the fleets of France and England. As a storm had raged several days earlier in France, Vaillant, the French minister of war, directed that investigations be made to see if the two storms were the same and if the progress of the disturbances could have been foretold. It was demonstrated that the two were in reality one storm, and that its path could have been ascertained and the fleet forewarned in ample time to reach safety.

Sheffield Silvermiths.

Among the silver masters of Sheffield, England, it is rather an established practice to encourage the employment of families. It is more a rule than otherwise that a father working in the silver trade will apprentice his children to that trade as they arrive at working age.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"Pa," boomed the chastised son, "if I had let Willie Stinsons lick me instead of me licking him would you've whipped me just the same?"
"Ya, but remember that in such a case you would be getting two lickings in place of one."—Judge.

The New Woman.

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college?
Mrs. Bocker—Yes. I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

An Income Tax.

"Every time I come home late," said Jones, "I have to give my wife a dollar."
"I suppose that is your income tax?" said his friend.

Security is mortal's chiefest enemy.