

The Legion of Honor.
 In 1802 Bonaparte proposed the formation of a legion of honor which was to include in its ranks men of distinction from every walk in life, not only soldiers, but savants, jurists and authors.
 "It is aristocratic in its tendency," said Berlier, a distinguished lawyer, "leading France back to the ancient regime when crosses, badges and ribbons were the toys of monarchy."
 "Well," replied Napoleon, "men are fed by toys. The French are not all changed by ten years of revolution; they are what the Gauls were—ferce and sickle. They have one feeling—honor. We must nourish that feeling; they must have distinction."
 The oath taken by a new member of the Legion of Honor was to devote himself to the service of the republic, to the maintenance of the integrity of its territory, the defense of its government, laws and of the property which they have consecrated; to fight against every attempt to re-establish the feudal regime or to reproduce the titles and qualities thereto belonging.—"Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution," by Charles F. Warwick.

Well Tempered Living.
 The statistics of insanity show that the minds of men and women are often made aberrant through the steady drive of environment, in which the simple life and the spurring city life are equally at fault. The figures show the per capita of insanity differs little in city and country. Rural solitude and the abnormal life of the city are alike responsible for mental diseases. It is as bad for man to be too much alone as it is for him to be surrounded by peevish life. The history of the race, the inquiries of investigators and the judgment of specialists in the diseases of mind and body tell us that the well tempered life, void of excesses, is the plane upon which men and women best endure in mental and bodily health, a temperance of thought and a temperance of action in an environment in which the individual is neither submerged by human society nor detached from it.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Not So Very Cheap.
 The man who wishes to economize was advised by a friend to go to a certain restaurant.
 "Mighty cheap," said the friend. So the man would be boarder went there. Next day he met that friend.
 "Pretty cheap place, eh?" said the latter.
 "Not on your life!"
 "What do you mean? Can you get as good soup elsewhere as you can there for the price?"
 "Certainly not."
 "And did you ever get such roast beef at another place for what you paid at this one?"
 "I never did."
 "Well, then, why do you say the place isn't cheap?"
 "Because," said the man who wanted to save, "while I was eating somebody stole my hat and overcoat."—New York Times.

Silent Tragedies.
 It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers, and truly one may say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. To the tragic author it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals. And he imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of barbarians, with whom murder, outrage and treachery were matters of daily occurrence, whereas it is far away from bloodshed, but theory and sword thrust that the lives of most of us flow on, and men's tears are silent today, and invisible and almost spiritual.—Maeterlinck.

Breaking It Gently.
 "If you please, mamma," asks Benjamin, aged ten, "will you kindly lend me a pencil?"
 "But," said his mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"
 "Well, you see," Benjamin explained, "I want a pencil to write and ask the editor how to remove ink stains from a carpet."

A Vision of Judgment?
 "Extremes met at our boarding house today," remarked the star boarder.
 "How so?" asked the innocent by-sitter.
 "I ate, dined, ham and had angel cake for dessert."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Measurement.
 "Remember," said the efficiency advocate, "that time is money."
 "I suppose so," replied the worried man. "I'm getting so that it makes me as nervous to look at my watch as if it were the register on a taxicab."—Washington Star.

Gatty.
 "What part of the club paper is Emeline going to look after?"
 "Well, she's such an expert on the subject that I suggested she attend to its makeup."—Baltimore American.

Medical Note.
 "How is your brother?"
 "Very low. He is being treated by three doctors."
 "What cowards! Three against one."—Budapest Borsszem Janko.

If thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little and shouldst do this often soon would even this become great.—Hesiod.

WORDS IN THE MAKING.

Our Language Grows by Terms Created to Fit the Occasion.
 Language can be made in the library, no doubt, and in the laboratory also, but it is most often and most effectively created in the workshop and in the market place, where the imaginative energy of our race expresses itself spontaneously in swift creating the lacking term in response to the unexpected demand. Nothing could be better, each in its own day, than picturesque vocabularies like scare head and loan shark, windjammer and hen minded, all of them American contributions to the English language, and all of them examples of the purest English. Hen minded is an adjective devised by Mr. Howells to describe those women who are so common in all walks of life and who are made up of only one aim at a time and of manifold anxieties at all times. Scare head and loan shark are the products of the newspaper office, while windjammer was put together by some down east sailor man, fabricator of the word forming gift of his island ancestors who helped to carry the armada. "Windjammer," remarked Professor Gilderleeve, trained by his intimate knowledge of Greek to appreciate verbal vigor as well as verbal delicacy—"windjammer is a fine word, I grant, and so is every Anglo-Saxon compound that grows and is not made."
 But all new words are not of necessity good words. Ben Jonson, who was himself a frequent maker of new words, displayed his shrewdness when he declared that "custom is the most certain mistress of language as the publicke stampe makes the current money," adding as a caution, "But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining."—Blander Matthews in Harper's Magazine.

RUSSIA'S MIGHTY RIVER.

The Sluggish Volga is Three Times as Long as the Rhine.
 In Russia the rivers are large and sluggish, owing to their great length and slight fall. The Volga is the longest river in Europe. It is 2,300 miles in length—that is, three times as long as the Rhine—yet its total fall is only a little over 800 feet.
 The peat bogs in the Valdai hills, where it takes its rise, are only 750 feet above sea level, while Astrakhan, at the mouth, is sixty-five feet below the level of the sea.
 The Russian fondly speaks and sings of it as "Matushka Volga," or "Little Mother Volga," in gratitude, no doubt, for the bounteous supply of fish, caviar and game, as well as comforts and pleasures afforded by this historic stream, which plays so important a part in the economic life of the nation.
 The products of Asia and Europe are carried on its waters; the two thousand odd river steamers are always busy, and the huge rafts, consisting of ten or twelve thousands of logs, being floated or pulled down the stream, represent a small portion of the riches of Russia's inexhaustible forest lands.—New York Telegram.

Where Women Swim Best.
 "The Korean women are the best swimmers in the world," said a life guard. "The Korean pearl diving is in their hands. They swim—they don't boat—they swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quelpart, lugging baskets with them. After this swim of half an hour they dive down fifty feet and fetch up queer one shelled pearl oysters as big as babies. They dive till their baskets are full—the baskets are corked to keep them afloat—and after three or four hours' work they swim back home with their catch. The big one shelled oysters are valuable as pearl mines and as food too. A half-dozen Koreans will sit down to an oyster as gayly as you or I sit down to a broiled lobster."

Looked Bad For Papa.
 William's uncle was a very tall, fine looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother:
 "Mama, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"
 His mother said, "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy and tried to do what was right at all times, so God let him grow up big and tall."
 William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said, "Mama, what kind of a boy was papa?"—Pittsburgh Post.

There's Room at the Top.
 He entered the barber shop, sat himself down, resigned to his fate.
 The barber shaved him.
 "Shampoo, sir?" asked the tensorialist.
 "No," replied the man, gazing at his bald dome in the reflective mirror; "shine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ever Experience It?
 Hokus—I feel like the oldest person in the world. Pokus—What are you talking about? You're not a day over thirty-five. Hokus—Yes, but I've just been listening to a sixteen-year-old boy tell about the things he used to do when he was a kid.—Life.

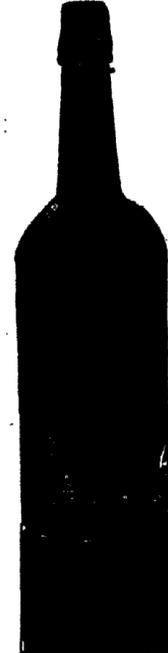
Strikes a Snag.
 "Do you subscribe to the old theory that the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime?"
 "Not always," replied the sure enough detective. "Sometimes the extradition papers won't hold."—Kansas City Journal.

Revenge is the subject pleasure of an subject mind.—Juvinal.

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