

Some people display the best of taste by cutting out originality from their conversation.

Many women have a way about them that is calculated to drive sensitive men to drink.

Mrs. Sage will not aid rich beggars. "To him that hath shall be given" she does not take literally.

Governor Magoon is going to abolish dueling in Cuba. He must be afraid that somebody will get hurt.

Possibly Mr. Hughes wears that beard in fulfillment of a rash vow made at some earlier period of his career.

Peary hasn't found the pole, but he has penetrated farther north than any other navigator, giving America the record.

In view of the general advance in wages the walking delegate is beginning to think it is time for him to strike for an increase.

Swiss hotels are about to bar Russians, the proprietors having no desire to see their furniture and crockery missed up by a bomb explosion.

When one reads of the actions of Count Boni de Castellane it seems a pity that Mrs. Jay Gould never taught her daughters how to use a rolling pin.

According to Anthony Comstock, Adam "hid behind the skirts of Eve." It will be recalled that on that memorable occasion Eve wore her apple-green suit.

There are likely any number of patriotic American citizens who feel that an opportunity to kick Count Boni de Castellane should be added to the manifold blessings of this country.

Governor Magoon is discharging government officials in order to cut down Cuba's expenses. Cubans will regard such a proceeding as a poor way to try to save the country.

A man in Pittsburg, Mass., killed his wife and himself because she spilled a cup of tea at the supper table. There's nothing like thoroughness. He never will be bothered in that way again.

All the old clerks employed by Russell Sage have had their salaries doubled by Mrs. Sage. This must put them in the embarrassing position of trying to mourn Uncle Russell's death and look pleased at the same time.

Harper's Weekly publishes a story to the effect that in the reading-room of one of the most exclusive clubs of Boston there is a sign that says: "Only low conversation permitted here." In view of the fact that it is an exclusive club, perhaps the joke is on those people who think Boston doesn't know how to say what she means.

Certain Chinese who led the boycott on American goods in Canton last year, and were punished by imprisonment, were released the other day. A crowd of enthusiastic Chinese gathered and applauded the men, and a magistrate gave a luncheon in their honor. Indeed, the boycott leaders were treated very much as the leaders of the anti-Chinese agitation used to be treated in the sandlot days of San Francisco.

Many Americans are astonished because they see grave discontent in the midst of unprecedented prosperity. They can not understand the unrest of many citizens, native born and naturalized alike, when the times are better than ever before. It is nothing strange. Human ambition feeds on success. The further from actual want men and women get the more they desire. Comfort is conservative, but it is not an opiate. If it were the world would stagnate when it was best able to undertake and carry out great enterprises. There is never enough prosperity to go around, in the important sense of approximate equality.

One of the Philadelphia papers has given considerable space to correspondence upon the problem of domestic economy and the cost of living. Writers whose resources vary widely have given their experience and offered their advice. One woman whose husband gives her five thousand dollars a year for her family of four is unable to get along comfortably on that sum. She wants a sample bill of fare for a week, and also information as to where she can get a hat for less than fifteen dollars. Another woman with a family of three less than five hundred dollars a year, yet she says they "have the best of everything and plenty of it." She does her own washing, ironing, cooking, dressmaking and mending, has a garden and keeps hens. One of these women ought to study domestic science. The other might easily get a chance to teach it.

"While this is an age of intellectualty and brains and all that sort of stuff," said a young business man yesterday, "you've no idea of the absolute lack of knowledge of little things that most of us have. For instance, yesterday I was in conversation with a friend and, although we were talking upon some absolutely irrelevant subject, I was startled by suddenly having him ask me: 'What is the capital of Florida?' 'Tallahassee,' I answered, and he thereupon began to ask me the names of capitals of State after State. I answered correctly thirty or more until we came to a distant State. Think as I would I could not remember the capital of that State. When he saw he had me cornered my friend told me of the theory he had that only one man out of every ten had more than a superficial knowledge of these little things. According to him I was the eighth man he had tackled and not one of them could

tell without a break the capitals of all the States in the Union."

Holding up railroad trains has become so common that it attracts no more attention than the killing of a few people on a trolley car, but the exploit of a lone hand in holding up a train near Glasgow, Mo., is a little more interesting. In this case a single robber, masked and with a pistol in each hand, compelled a sleeping car conductor, a porter and a flagman to go before him and wake up all the passengers in a sleeper, and as fast as he came to them demanded and received their money. He then left the train and there was the usual fruitless effort to follow and arrest him. He got only a small amount because the door of the other sleeper was locked. This is the climax of what has always been an astonishing thing, which is the subject and unnecessary cowardice displayed by both train hands and travelers on such occasions. That women will scream and that nine out of ten men will cover and tremble is to be expected. The wonder is that with 100 men on a train never is one found of sufficient nerve and daring to put a train robber out of business. This is remarkable because it is something that could be easily done. It would not be necessary to face the bandit and begin a duel with him. Any man with a pistol and a moderate share of nerve could conceal himself in some dark nook in the train and blow the bandit's brains out as he passed, without ever being seen. The facilities for such strategy on a railroad train are innumerable. The way most men reason about it is: "This man will certainly shoot me if I give him any provocation. My life is worth more to me and my family than my money. It would even be cheaper to give up my money than to receive a serious wound. It is the business of the railroad company to protect me and I am not going to do its police work at the risk of my life." No one will blame a man for reasoning in this way, but the wonder is that there is not occasionally some plucky individual who will risk his life to kill a villain and protect a trainful of passengers. This is wonderful because every newspaper contains an account of some feat of heroic daring in other walks of life. In the last year hundreds of people have risked their lives to save others from drowning or from burning to death. Even women rush into burning buildings to save a pet dog or parrot. Mr. Carnegie has established a mill to turn out medals, diplomas and pensions for heroes and the applicants are innumerable. When will it happen that a Carnegie medal was given to a man who rushed at a railroad bandit with pistols in his hand and choked him to death in the presence of the passengers? It may be that not many men on a railroad train have pistols with them, but if that is so they ought to carry them when they take long railroad journeys in this country.

Count Boni de Castellane has squandered \$8,000,000 in four years. Half of the millions were the Gould millions and the other half belonged to trusting tradesmen. Notwithstanding the ill-timed boasting of Pliny, Seneca and Juvenal, now principally read by college boys against their will, of the ability of the royal money spenders in their time, the Count de Castellane appears to deserve the palm as the king of spendthrifts. Starting out to vie with Apicius who, upon the statement of the ancient writers mentioned, squandered \$4,000,000 on riotous living, he has surpassed Lucullus, who "at one meal devoured a whole estate."

Although the late Jay Gould is credited with having left an estate of \$75,000,000 in rapidly increasing investments, the dowry Anna Gould brought to the French nobleman was only \$3,000,000. This was regarded as ample, considering the fact that it was practically \$3,000,000 more than the Count was accustomed to enjoy. Under the French law the husband has full control over the income of his wife, so that at a stroke of the pen the poor Count had millions to spend.

Wisdom does not appear to have guided any expenditure of which the Count has been guilty. He put his wife's whole dowry into a town house in Paris, modeled after the Little Trianon. Then there is a country house which cost another half million. A yacht cost \$200,000 and a yacht cannot be kept in commission for nothing, nor a crew paid with "L. O. U.'s." His attempt to become a politician cost another \$400,000.

But the enumeration of his follies is by no means concluded. Boni is fond of entertaining. Most of the entertaining was of a character responsible for leading him into court as a defendant in a suit for divorce. Yet it was not at all equal to the extravagant way in which he provided entertainment for royal guests. He gave a bear hunt for the Grand Duke Boris of Russia. This

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

If a girl hasn't any man to write a love letter to she will write one to another girl. We all have an idea that everybody can fool the farmer, but somehow the farmer keeps on getting all the money. One bad thing for a girl about stopping being engaged and getting married is she stops getting presents from him. A woman's idea of a good husband is one who doesn't forget to tell her how pretty she looks whenever he comes home. Men have very strong will power to be able to go on thinking they get more real happiness out of being married than they used to.—New York Press.

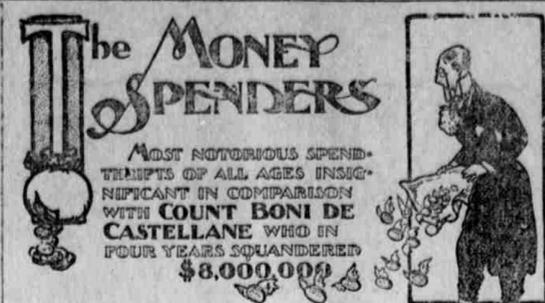
Hugo Meyer's Awful Error. The announcement that Hugo R. Meyer, formerly an instructor at Harvard, had secretly married in the west was like a bolt from the blue to the few who knew him at all intimately in Cambridge. He was known as a recluse, more or less, as a long distance runner who always chose the streets of Cambridge for his jogs, and then always late at night and clad in a blanket or two and an outfit of sweaters, and as the most precise man as to facts and figures who ever gave a lecture in connection. While at the head of a course on railways, a few years ago, he had occasion one day to give his small, but very select, class in Harvard hall a few figures having to do with car mile prices. When the course met again he apologized in a voice bowed down by weight of wear for a little mistake he had made.

"I said that the figures for such and such were 5,000,528.2," he explained in his confusion. "That was not at all exact. I should have said 5,000,928.3."—Boston Herald.

Unlimited Versatility. Senator Dick of Ohio not long ago secured for the young son of an old friend a position in a Cincinnati business house.

A short while after the youth had entered on his new duties, the Senator met the head of the firm. "How is the boy getting on?" he asked. "He was discharged three days after he came," was the answer. "The Senator was surprised. 'Why,' declared he, 'I always understood that Tom was a most versatile young man.'"

"He's versatile all right!" responded the head of the firm; "there isn't any kind of work he won't shirk!"—Success Magazine.

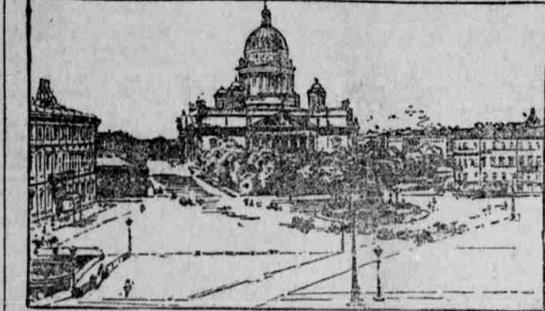


The MONEY SPENDERS MOST NOTORIOUS SPEND-TRIFTERS OF ALL AGES INSIGNIFICANT IN COMPARISON WITH COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE WHO IN FOUR YEARS SQUANDERED \$8,000,000. The Duke could have given a better one in Russia for one-twentieth the sum. A hunting party for the King of Portugal cost only \$275,000, for his Majesty is very stout, and his activity as a hunter is limited to shooting at released trapped birds or freed deer. The luncheon which followed was responsible for so large an expenditure. No extravagance was too stupendous or too astonishing to be neglected by Count Boni once he had conceived the idea for an entertainment. His dinner to the King of Portugal made him famous. According to various reports it ran the Count about \$500,000 in debt.

Another entertainment which was the talk of "all Paris" was a "little dance, Louis XVI. style." This costume ball was very charming, and not too dear at \$200,000. A more modest dance—Louis XIV. style—cost \$120,000. Both of these fetes were appropriate to the princely setting which the Castellane mansion afforded. One ceiling of the palace, that of the Countess's room, was decorated at an expense of \$100,000, as an evidence of the Count's gratitude.

When the Countess's lawyer denounced Boni as a "monumental spendthrift," he evidently was well informed, for the rapidity with which the Count showered money—and obligations for more money—has perhaps never been equalled. There is far more fiction than truth in the accounts of the royal spendthrifts of former ages. For instance, the statement that Caesar's supper bills for four months were more than five millions sterling—or almost \$20,000,000—is probably exaggerated. Some explanatory notes are needed also with the anecdote of Antony giving his cook a town of 25,000 inhabitants. Next morning, very likely, Antony rebuked him for falling to take a joke. But the case of the Count de Castellane is one of those modern instances which, in a measure, is open to the inspection of the world.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC AT ST. PETERSBURG.



The Cathedral of St. Isaac at the Russian capital, is not only one of the most imposing churches in St. Petersburg, but it is also a somewhat reduced replica of St. Peter's at Rome. It has all the dignity of the Roman model, and its proportions are rather more successful. The interior of the Russian temple in nowise resembles the great basilica of the Piazza di San Pietro. It is far more splendid in its ornamentation and abundance in color and gold. It was begun in 1819 and was under construction for thirty-six years. It is certainly one of the best examples of neo-classic architecture in Europe.

MAKING FARCE OF WEDDING.

Senseless and Cruel Customs Better Honored in the Breach. A wedding episode in which the bride rode to the railway station in a street car rather than make the trip in a carriage ornamented with fluttering white ribbons and pastebored hearts furnished interesting reading for the Washington public recently. There is a more or less serious side to such incidents which is often overlooked, owing to the fact that the serio-comic villain is likely to be a jolly good fellow who in the veal abundance of his frolicsome animal nature force his stentorian personality into the drama in the best of friendly high spirits. And surely the jolly good fellow is all right where he belongs. But when he presumes to make a burlesque of sacred ceremonies and terrorizes blushing brides and pallid bridegrooms he becomes, to use a feminine expression appropriate to the subject, a mean, horrid old thing.

In the home circle or among the close friends of "the happy pair" a "little innocent wagery may not appear unbecomingly out of place. But wagery as soon as it approaches horse play is objectionable as a feature of wedding festivities. The marriage rite is as holy and as impressive and as beautiful as any associated with what is known as our Christian civilization and the jolly good fellow who interferes with its proper observance is at once changed into a jolly bad yaho.

The cruelty of the thing is also worth considering. All the feminine love of ceremonial display and careful attention to artistic details is awakened in a bride and of all things in the heavens above or on the earth beneath there is nothing she would rather have perfect and altogether seemly than her marriage day, even to the most trifling circumstance connected with it. But along comes the jolly good fellow and makes it a source of torment.—Washington Herald.

On Their Honeymoon. She—Oh, George, I want all these people to know that I am married to you. He—Well, my dear, you had better carry the dress suit case and the umbrellas.—Le Rite.

FORTUNE BY ACCIDENT.

Inventions Which Have Made the Largest Returns to Investors.

It pays to think—even about trifles. Not long ago a young man who was visiting in a strange city had that experience known to so many when riding on street cars. He wanted to get off at a certain street, the name of which he knew, but the locality of which he was in ignorance. The car was crowded. He had told the conductor the name of the street, but, as is not unusually the case, the conductor forgot.

"Your street's two blocks back," said the conductor suavely when the young man asked him if he had arrived yet. More or less angrily, the youth said: "It's a wonder somebody would think of something that would tell a passenger when he got to his street."

"Well, why don't you invent something?" asked the conductor. The young man got to thinking and to working. The other day he refused \$200,000 for a street car device that could be utilized to show the names of the streets automatically. He thinks it is worth more. The man or woman who conceives an idea that is patentable almost invariably has visions of immense wealth, but how the dream is realized may be found by consulting the patent office authorities, the men who handle thousands of these "children of the brain" that never bring to their inventors even the amount of money necessary for getting them patented. But, on the other hand, there are a great many patents that have made their originators immensely wealthy, and famous as well.

One would naturally suppose that the greatest returns would be from the large affairs, such as the electric railroad, the telephone and the telegraph, but such is not the case, for the small household inventions, mechanical toys and puzzles have given quicker returns and greater profits for the money expended than any of the large affairs.

The man who invented "Pigs in Clover" happened to strike the public fancy, and millions of people all over the country were chasing the little marbles into the middle pen. That man made millions on his simple puzzle because he launched it at the right time.

J. W. McGill in 1867 invented the little metal paper fastener, without which no office is now considered complete, and though but a trifle it made wealth for its inventor. Such a little thing as the rubber tip on a pencil brought \$200,000 to its inventor, Hyman L. Lipman, and that small piece of metal which you wear on the heel of your shoe to protect it had made up to 1887 over \$1,000,000 for its projector.

A man named Canfield first hit upon the notion of making apron shields seamless with a sheet of cloth covered with rubber, and it brought him an income of many thousands a year. The man who invented the metal fastenings for buttons must have been a bachelor, for it did away with sewing, but it made him a millionaire.

The barbed wire fence, about which many have said unkind things as they disintegrated themselves, was worth over \$1,500,000 in royalties to the originator. A countryman, whose loss from eggs being broken on their way to market was a serious thing, evolved the idea of packing them in separate compartments, and this simple device is now used altogether, and that countryman is not obliged to toil for his daily bread.

Criminals have played an important part in some of the world's greatest inventions, and some have made small fortunes out of their discoveries. Charles Filer, who devised the new lockstitch sewing machine, was serving his fourth term for burglary when his idea was perfected. When he was released his idea was backed by some capitalists and he was given a salary of \$5,000 a year to superintend the construction of the machines, in addition to a royalty. At the same time he sold his English rights for \$50,000 cash and \$25,000 worth of stock of the English company.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Her Directions.

Before Mrs. Sage left her home for her annual summer visit at her mother's she told her husband that if he wanted anything that wasn't in plain sight, to write to her for directions. "Don't turn the house upside down, as you generally do," she said, with unhappy recollection. "I will answer by return mail and tell you just where it is."

Mr. Sage found everything to his hand, but soon after his wife's departure a neighbor came in to borrow a pattern which she was sure his wife had. Mr. Sage wrote, as he had been requested. His wife's reply subsequently found its way into the Springfield Republican.

"You will find it hanging on the wall by the attic stairs," ran the letter, "or in the box on top of the sewing machine in Ellen's room—the green box, or the red one, I forget which. Perhaps, though, it is on the top shelf in the closet in our room—left-hand side. If I remember correctly. But look on the other side, too."

"If not there, it is in the bottom drawer of the high-boy in the upper hall. That is where I keep my patterns, and I don't untie all the bundles. It is among them somewhere. I am not sure but it is in the second drawer from the bottom. It is somewhere upstairs, anyway, so don't rummage downstairs."

"P. S.—Come to think of it, I may have lent it to Mrs. Hall. Write me if you find it."

Press Gang for British Fleet.

Desperate means were sometimes resorted to in order to get men for British warships. A chronicler writes that in the year 1738, "a fleet of ships being required immediately to be manned, the press gangs placed a live turkey on the top of the monument, which, drawing together a great number of idle people, they had the opportunity of seizing as many men as answered the purpose of their intended scheme." The scene so outraged a citizen that he fired a shot at the bird, "which occasioned it to fly away." But the mischief had been done.

Too many blows will extinguish the light of love.

"POSTED GROUNDS."

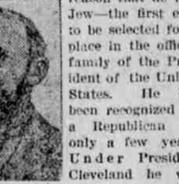


An episode of the hunting season.—Indianapolis Sun.

A JEW IN THE CABINET.

Oscar S. Straus to Be Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

The selection of Oscar S. Straus to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor is of more than ordinary interest for the reason that he is a Jew—the first ever to be selected for a place in the official family of the President of the United States. He has been recognized as a Republican for only a few years. Under President Cleveland he was



O. S. STRAUS, minister to Turkey and President McKinley appointed him to the same place. Even at that time he was considered a gold Democrat, but of late years he has allied himself with the Republican party.

Oscar Solomon Straus was born in 1850, son of the late Lazarus Straus, the New York importer. The boy was born in Georgia and remained there till 1865. The war ruined his father, who in that year moved to New York and established a crockery business which became a great success. Oscar graduated from Columbia University, supporting himself while at school by writing for the newspapers. Then he took up the study and practice of law. It was in 1887 that he was appointed minister to Turkey, his knowledge of international law and his natural aptitude for diplomacy making him a success in that position. It was under him that 50 schools and 550 missions were opened and amply protected. All his life he has been a deep student of history and international law and is the author of several works dealing with these subjects. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, vice president of the National Civic Federation, a director of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and of several religious and non-sectarian institutions.

Though there has never been a Jew in the cabinet, there have been five elected to the Senate. Judah P. Benjamin was the only one of these who became a Jew among his colleagues. He was a sympathizer with the south in the Civil War and was Secretary of State in Jefferson Davis' cabinet. In the House of Representatives there have been about 40 Jews, of whom four are serving at the present time.

"I wish to speak to this gentleman on a private matter. It will take but a few moments," he said, turning to the officer in command. "If it's got nothing to do with this business—"

"Nothing whatever." Dalton drew Dan apart and spoke rapidly and earnestly. Dan's face, in spite of his stern self-control, showed great emotion as he wrung the young man's hand.

They were grouped in a handsome room, Dan's library. "Gentlemen," Dan said, passing his arm around Miriam, while Mrs. Carter sobbed on a sofa. "You were informed by that cur that I made illicit whisky in Black Cave. That for years I have defrauded the government and grown rich on illicit whisky. You are mistaken. There is a gold mine of considerable extent running back in the mountains from Black Cave. I discovered it, and I've been working it for years. I have legalized my claim. How much I have made out of it is my concern. I kept my secret, not wishing to bring into these mountains a horde of gold-seekers. You may do as you please about it now. Here are my titles. I will sell out and go back to my old home with my daughter as soon as she is married."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

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Color Troubles of the Whittier.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought for himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said kindly. "Thee looks very well indeed in it, like an oroad, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red-haired, and her dress was red. That was the trouble.

A Plucky Policeman.

Policeman Jacob Farra, of West Chester, Pa., who has the reputation of being afraid of no dog, attacked a dog which was apparently mad, dragged it from a porch and shot it. The dog was on the porch of W. R. Otley and had chewed the legs off a rocking chair when the policeman arrived. He did not hesitate, but grasped the animal by the tail, threw it over a fence and then shot it in an alley.

The Future Fire.

"Do you really believe," asked the unscrupulous business man that "honesty is the best policy?" "I believe," replied the Rev. Mr. Goodley, "that it is the very best eternal fire insurance policy."—Philadelphia Press.

These are the real facts about the standing of the noblest work of God—man. He is first known as the son of this mother; then the husband of his wife, and ends by being known as the father of his children.

All things come quickly to those who wait on themselves.