

The national debt is \$925,159,250, so this is not a billion-dollar country in one important respect.

Commercial travelers' licenses in the British South African colonies and protectorates amount to \$600 a year.

If Dr. Osler will head off the winter weather recollections of the oldest inhabitant which are about due, we will forgive him.

Even nature seems in league with Croesus. Klondike's increased output adds its golden stream to the tide of prosperity.

Says Count Bond, "it is immaterial to me that the American press say about me." The proud indifference of a superior soul, doubtless.

An Alton woman who asserts she was married while stupefied by poisoned confections now realizes that she made a mistake in her "candy man."

With seats on the New York Stock exchange selling at \$82,000, brokers remark the Pittsburg Press, should now execute their orders standing.

Cambridge, Mass., provides for privilege of study and travel one year in seven for the public school teachers. A teacher draws a part salary and has regular position on return.

The question of how long it will take to exhaust the coal deposits in the earth is not of as much importance as that more intimate problem, how long the deposit in the cellar will last.

On hearing from Professor Lowell that the people of Mars are suffering from thirst, the Kentucky colonels request him to extend to them the assurance of their most distinguished commiseration.

Diamonds are reported to be going down in price. This is probably due to the fact that general prosperity has made it possible for so many people to have diamonds that they have become common.

A woman who is going to Java in quest of the missing link probably will not find it, but, says the Philadelphia Ledger, she may learn how the consumption of Java coffee manages to exceed the product.

The New York authorities are carrying out a scheme for giving each class of animals a scenic background reminiscent of its native habitat. So, by and by, the zoo will be not only a menagerie but an art gallery.

John Holland, submarine torpedo boat inventor, reports that he is now at work on a submarine monster against whose attack there can be no defense, and which will put all warships out of business. He ought to be made an honorary member of the universal peace society, remarks the Boston Herald.

Speaking at Carlisle, the bishop of that city said he was against abbreviations on principle. "At Birmingham recently there was a considerable proportion of the people so busy that they could not spare the time when speaking about the year to say 1901, but articulated sharply nineteen one. I am persuaded abbreviations have an unwholesome effect on men's minds."

Eight years ago an Italian was condemned to ten years' imprisonment for manslaughter. He escaped, and was not heard of until recently, when it was found that he had built a cell in his own house, and had faithfully executed sentence upon himself. The trouble is that the government will not count his years as amateur prisoner. He will have to begin now to serve his term in official incarceration.

Borings 1,000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a giant railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over 60 feet by 126 and 140 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

Franz Rakoczy, who led an insurrection in Hungary from 1703 to 1711, died an exile in Turkey. He was declared a traitor by a law passed in 1715. The act was repealed by the Hungarian parliament last month, and the remains of the great leader were taken from Constantinople and reburied with great honors in Budapest. The ceremonies lasted four days. Rakoczy had to wait a long time for official recognition of his patriotism, but it has come at last.

Governors of New Hampshire are elected by a majority vote; that is, the successful candidate must have more votes than are given to all of his opponents combined. If he lack one of a majority the legislature has to choose the governor. In the other states a plurality elects, and it sometimes happens that the successful candidate receives only a few hundred more than one-third of the total vote cast. This year the New Hampshire legislature will have to elect the governor, as no candidate received a majority.

As an illustration of the violence that was once common during political campaigns in England is a quaint bill from a lawyer, after an election in Andover in 1768: "To being thrown out of the George Inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, \$2,500."

The United States is now sending each year to India by direct shipment about \$50,000 worth of pumps and pumping machinery, most of which is imported through Bombay.

THE LIE CHARITABLE

BY HARLAN EUGENE READ

When it came to the point of actually carrying out his intentions on that wonderful May afternoon, Mr. J. Spencer Parker seemed to accomplish no more than a hunting dog chasing a rabbit in the tall rye, continually jumping up and down and never getting anywhere. A dozen times he walked resolutely toward the brass door-knob of 1316, and as many times he concluded to saunter languidly past, as if he had no other reason for appearing in that neighborhood than simply to sun himself. But finally he summoned up courage enough to pull the bell-knob, and an imitation cow-bell tinkled in the back of the house.

"J. Spencer Parker, upon my word!" exclaimed the middle-aged woman who came to the door. "And pray what brings you here to-day?"

She spoke in a sweet, musical tone, in pleasing harmony with the diffident demeanor of her guest, whose every motion was quiet and respectable, and whose voice sounded strangely like hers, as he replied: "Just visiting, ma'am. I wished to pay you my regards, Mrs. Simpson, and to congratulate you upon Mr. Watkins, who is coming to board with you."

"Congratulations!" cried Mrs. Simpson. "Why, I am indeed delighted to hear that. Do you know, I have never seen him yet?"

"Yes?" The look in Mr. Parker's eyes was far away as he replied, and his body bent forward attentively. "I have known Mr. Watkins—Jeremiah Watkins, ma'am—from a boy. I am glad he is come to such a home as yours."

"Indeed, you please me, Mr. Parker," returned Mrs. Simpson. "I shall be especially happy to tell our boarders what sort of person they may expect."

Mr. Parker gave a sudden start, but carefully recovered himself. "Ah," he said, "that's what I came to tell you of."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Mr. Watkins is a—a gentleman. Again the courteous speaker leaned forward as he spoke, struggling awkwardly for the next word—"but I want you to know that he is a—a gentleman."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Simpson, with ready intuition. "Then he is perhaps eccentric?"

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Parker, thoughtfully and sweetly, "but he looks, let me say, he looks rougher than he is—"

"But he is—"

"Yes," said Mr. Parker. "He is a gentleman."

Half an hour later the door closed softly, and J. Spencer Parker came down the front steps of 1316, at first smiling, and then sadly, walking with slow, unsteady step. As he passed by the little corner grocery store, he paused and smote himself pathetically on the breast.

"Liar!" he said, groaning. "Liar! And yet—it had to be done. God forgive me!"

Anyone who had happened to see Mr. Parker's friend, Mr. Jeremiah Watkins, on the next day, when he came with his trunks to 1316, might have been excused for cherishing the suspicion that he was not exactly a Beau Brummel or a Lord Chesterfield. He crumpled the baggage man for letting his trunk fall roughly to the ground, and quarreled with him over his fee; and, to further give vent to his feelings, he strode to the door and gave the bell knob a vicious jerk. There was not a look on his face or a gesture of his body that did not reveal him a coarse, ill-mannered young man, properly of the stable, rather than the house. His square, rough face, with its loose mouth and broad nose, his burly shoulders and big hands, and his clothing, inviolate with respect to any previous contact with the whisk broom, bespoke a vulgarity of person that he did not attempt to conceal. It seemed almost impossible that he should be a friend or acquaintance of such a person as J. Spencer Parker.

Mrs. Simpson, radiant, sweet and fresh, appeared at the door, and gazed at him for a moment. Then, seeing his trunks, she extended her hand and said:

"Mr. Watkins, I suppose?"

"Yes," J. Watkins was on the point of asking her who in hell she thought he was, with two trunks right there before her eyes; but something in her ladylike manner evidently different from what he had been accustomed to, checked him.

"I am so glad to see you," she went on. "So glad to know that we are to have you here. We are almost like a family here, and so you can imagine how much I was pleased to learn that our new lodger was a cultivated gentleman."

Watkins flushed angrily, supposing that she was making sport of him, but one glance at her frank, ingenuous face convinced him of her sincerity. "Some one must have been here—"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Simpson, "Mr. Parker was here yesterday. He thinks highly of you."

Again the surging suspicion that Mrs. Simpson was mocking him—and again the sweet and straightforward look from her.

"I have known him a number of years, ma'am," replied Watkins, in a subdued voice.

"So he said," returned Mrs. Simpson, "and it is indeed delightful that those who know one well can speak so well of him. But come—your trunks must be taken care of. I will call our man."

The man came—a wizened man, whose face was wrinkled into a constant smile; and as he bustled about, assisting Watkins with the trunks, he talked pleasantly and respectfully.

"You will be pleased here, sir," he said, as they stopped, panting, at the top of the stairs. "If I do say it myself, there are no more gentlemen or lady-like people in the world, than at 1316."

Watkins, who had been just on the point of cursing the man roundly for dropping the trunk on his foot at the top landing, contented himself with bispheming inwardly instead.

At dinner there was a general hush when he entered the room, and he was introduced to the lodgers, one by one. A sweet looking girl sat next him, who said:

"It will be so delightful to have you here, Mr. Watkins. Mr. Parker, who called here yesterday, tells us that you spent two summers in Europe."

Memories of rough debauches in London and Paris and feverish gambling at Monte Carlo came flooding to his brain. His only subject of conversation, in regard to European travel, heretofore, had been coarse ones. But now, coloring, he spoke



Mr. Watkins.

of Notre Dame and the Louvre; of St. Paul's and Windsor. The unaccountable influence of this slight creature beside him, brought to his memory scenes of beauty and interest that he had looked on only in passing, and had long forgotten. He talked with out roughness, and even found himself thinking the waitress for things she passed him. He felt pleasantly uncomfortable.

He walked that evening with two of his fellow lodgers, for a little exercise before retiring. One of them was the young lady whom he had sat next to at dinner. The other was a young lawyer who occupied the room next to his in the hall. Their talk was wholesome and happy. They asked him about his home and his business, not as curiosity seekers or flatters, but as people sincerely interested in him. They never talked of themselves; but answered his questions frankly.

When he returned to his room there was a flower on his bureau. The gas was burning low. The windows were slightly opened, and the fresh, pure air surrounded him. He found a pitcher of cool water at hand, and a glass stood near it. Presently, Mrs. Simpson knocked at his door. "It occurred to me," she said, sweetly, "that you might not yet have unpacked your books."

Watkins looked apprehensively at the cheap, trashy literature that adorned his shelves. "No—no," he said slowly. "I haven't."

"If you would like to use any of our books, just go down into the library and help yourself. You need not bother to return them to their places, if you get interested. Just leave them here in your room."

Upon the following Sunday one of the neighbors met Mr. Watkins in front of 1316.

"I suppose this is Mr. Watkins," he said, cordially offering his hand, "I am indeed glad to meet you, for I have heard of you from your friends. Come up to-morrow to 1324, three doors up, and have dinner. We shall be glad to add another gentleman to our list of acquaintances."

And so time passed, until one bright day, three months later, there came again to 1316 Mr. J. Spencer Parker. He pulled the door knob with some trepidation, and heard again the faint tinkle of the imitation cowbell in the rear. He talked again to the middle-aged, delightfully beautiful woman who answered his call. He left again in about half an hour. But this time, as he passed from what he had been accustomed to, checked him.

"I am so glad to see you," she went on. "So glad to know that we are to have you here. We are almost like a family here, and so you can imagine how much I was pleased to learn that our new lodger was a cultivated gentleman."

Watkins flushed angrily, supposing that she was making sport of him, but one glance at her frank, ingenuous face convinced him of her sincerity. "Some one must have been here—"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Simpson, "Mr. Parker was here yesterday. He thinks highly of you."

Again the surging suspicion that Mrs. Simpson was mocking him—and again the sweet and straightforward look from her.

"I have known him a number of years, ma'am," replied Watkins, in a subdued voice.

"So he said," returned Mrs. Simpson, "and it is indeed delightful that those who know one well can speak so well of him. But come—your trunks must be taken care of. I will call our man."

The man came—a wizened man, whose face was wrinkled into a constant smile; and as he bustled about, assisting Watkins with the trunks, he talked pleasantly and respectfully.

"You will be pleased here, sir," he said, as they stopped, panting, at the top of the stairs. "If I do say it myself, there are no more gentlemen or lady-like people in the world, than at 1316."

IN THE GAY WHIRL

SEASON AT THE CAPITAL NOW IN FULL SWING.

Senator and Mrs. Knox Have Taken Possession of Their New Home—Entertainments by Speaker Cannon Looked Forward to.

Washington is enjoying an unusually large colony of Pennsylvania people, and they are in evidence everywhere, from the sprightly debutante tea, which forms the most frequent diversion, to the mild forms of early season "at homes."

Senator and Mrs. Knox have opened their beautiful K street house, and Mrs. Knox, who is one of the most prodigious walkers in Washington, is seen about the calling and shopping districts at almost all hours of the day. She is so petite and well dressed, so sprightly and friendly, that everyone is interested in her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sibley have opened their fine new Massachusetts avenue house, bought early this fall, and they are expected to entertain extensively.

Representative and Mrs. George F. Huff are at their residence, 1325 Sixteenth street, where they will remain until the completion of their own imposing residence for which plans have been made. Speaking of the Huffs—there is always that interesting rumor of the engagement of Miss Carolyn Huff and Murry Cobb, which will not doubt, both are popular young people and everyone is interested.

Ex-representative and Mrs. Joseph E. Throp have opened their extensive establishment in Twentieth street just off Connecticut avenue, and Mrs. Throp is already making arrangements for the social season.

The arrival in town of Speaker Cannon signifies as a matter of course that Mr. and Mrs. John Dzelz are here, and already Mrs. Dzelz is receiving on Saturdays. Their house is so comfortable, so pretty and "homey" that society people generally take advantage of the early season to pay their respects and imbibe some other atmosphere than simply that of debutante life. Mr. W. H. Duff, of Pittsburg, is their guest. They recently entertained Major and Mrs. George Dunn, with their daughter Louise, who have returned to Colorado, preparatory to going to Manila in the spring.

The Misses Guthrie, of Pittsburg, have taken an apartment at the Connecticut for the winter, and will be much in evidence at all Pennsylvania gatherings this season. They are the sisters of Mayor Guthrie and are accomplished and entertaining women.

The Ormsby McCammons have left their summer residence at Chevy Chase and are at their Connecticut avenue residence. Their tea for debutantes was quite one of the smartest of the week. A pretty Philadelphia girl, who was in evidence there, and who also assisted at the presentation tea of Miss Olga Converse, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Converse, on Thanksgiving day, is Miss Margaret Petit, who is a house guest at the Converse home. She was exceedingly attractive at the latter tea, wearing a simple white messaline gown gracefully trimmed with lace.

Several people came over from Philadelphia for the wedding at St. John's church of Miss Alice Langhorne and Stanley Washburn, son of ex-Senator and Mrs. Washburn, of Minneapolis. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Norris and Andrew Wheeler, the latter charming every one with his delightful musical program rendered at St. John's during the wedding.

What with mourning and other things the Cabinet circle is a bit crippled this season, and Miss Cannon, daughter and hostess of the speaker, is looked to more than do her duty in a social way. The wholesome air of the speaker's home, so free from the artificial atmosphere which permeates most Washington houses, is refreshing and agreeable, and when once Miss Cannon, hearty and hospitable, clasps your hand you are pretty sure to look upon official social life with better grace.

Longworths at Housekeeping. Representative and Mrs. Longworth have left the white house, where they have been the guests of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt since the first of the week, and have opened their house in Eighteenth street. Housekeeping is easy for them, as they have some of the servants trained for years by Mr. Longworth's mother, who is an inimitable housewife.

Just now everything is for the debutantes, but a rushing big social programme is being prepared for the short season and Washington will have one of the most brilliant seasons it has ever known—at least that is the outlook.

New Spelling Puzzles.

An official circular issued by the insular bureau of the war department refers to a certain ordinance as having been "past" by the Philippine commission, and a question has arisen as to whether that is the proper spelling of the word in the sense in which it is used. In accordance with the list of 300 words designated by the president for simplified spelling in all the government departments. The spelling of the word as applied to legislative enactments will undoubtedly receive the attention of congress at the coming session.

What Champ Clark Knew. Champ Clark of Missouri is good for an interview at any time. A score of correspondents rushed up to him.

"What do you think of the message?" and 20 expectant pencils were poised above 20 voluminous pads.

"I haven't read it."

"Down went the pencils and pads."

"But I'll tell you what I think of it."

"Up went the pads."

"It's a very long message."

Perennial.

"Good Lord, when I left here three years ago, Senator Morgan was talking on the Panama canal. Col. 'Bill' Sterret, of Texas, said when he entered the senate press gallery and heard the Alabama senator. 'Has he been at it all this time?'"

NEW MOVE BY PRESIDENT.

Chief Executive in Personal Charge of Legislation He Desires.

President Roosevelt in his efforts to secure legislation which he thinks is necessary to the welfare of the country has introduced at Washington a new custom, which is very offensive to the senate and to many members of the house, by taking personal charge of legislative measures and exercising his powerful influence to secure their consideration and adoption.

Without considering the propriety of the executive interference in legislative affairs, which always has been and always will be done, it would be a great deal better to legalize it in this country on the English plan, says the Washington Star. Over there the government submits certain bills which it considers necessary to become laws and on a certain day in the session the leader of the house, who is usually the prime minister, moves the postponement of all other measures so that they can receive undivided attention. It would be a great deal better if the president of the United States, through the chairman of the committee on ways and means in the house and the chairman of the committee on appropriations in the senate, should give the indorsement of the administration formally and officially to such measures as he thinks are necessary to the public welfare and let the leaders of the majority in both houses move the indefinite postponement of everything else, as is done in England. That would accomplish directly and personally what the president now attempts to do indirectly and unofficially and he would not be accused of bulldozing and bribery by patronage to secure the passage of his pet measures.

CARES LITTLE FOR SOCIETY.

Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou Emphatically a Home Lover.

When George Bruce Cortelyou becomes secretary of the treasury his wife becomes in Washington parlance "the second lady of the cabinet." Mrs. Cortelyou is a woman of domestic tastes. She is devoted to home and to church life. She is active in all the works connected with St. Margaret's Protestant Episcopal church and was one of the leading figures in a bazaar given by the women of the Rector's Aid society for the benefit of a special parish fund.

Mrs. Cortelyou is the daughter of the president of the Hempstead (L. I.) institute, of which school her husband is a graduate. She never has cared particularly for the glories of society, but in obedience to the dictates of the duties which her husband's position imposes, she recently has undertaken social responsibilities in connection with her other occupations.

As the wife of the secretary of the treasury more duties as a hostess will be incumbent upon her and she will bear them well, for she is a woman of grace and charm and, what is more, intellectuality. Mr. and Mrs. Cortelyou have four children, and as Mrs. Cortelyou has the older American idea that the mother should be all in all, the reason for former reluctance to enter into all Washington gaiety may be understood readily.

Chance to Write Insurance.

Here's one on Paul Morton, former secretary of the navy, and at present president of one of the great life insurance companies. It was told by a Washington man who participated in the adventure, in a well known New York hotel, recently:

"I was going up in the hotel elevator, which was crowded," he said. "Some passenger called out for the third floor, but the elevator shot past without stopping. 'Fourth,' cried another, still no stop. Then there was a chorus of protests from the passengers."

"She w-w-on't stop," sputtered the elevator man. And 'she' didn't stop, either, until the end of the lift at the twelfth story was reached. We found ourselves at the attic entrance, way up among the timbers of the roof. Fortunately, the cage hung there. Usually it drops. We got out in a hurry, without any great attempt at dignified exit.

"Guess I'll walk," said Paul Morton. "I don't carry enough insurance to go back in that thing."

"Well, you could have done a mighty fine business in issuing policies for a few minutes, if you'd only had the enterprise," remarked one of the passengers.

Aspirant's Hopes Dashed.

President Roosevelt in his impulsive way sent for a well-known young writer and asked abruptly: "Do you know Spanish?" "No, Mr. President, I do not, I very much regret to say," was the reply. "I am sorry to hear it," commented the chief magistrate, and the subject was dropped. The young man went away deeply impressed with the idea that had he known Spanish he might have been appointed to a high office in the diplomatic corps, so he set to work assiduously, dropping everything else, and soon acquired a proficiency in that language. The other day he called at the White House and was cordially welcomed. In the course of conversation he said: "By the way, Mr. President, I know Spanish well; I both talk and read it with ease." "Oh, you don't say so!" was the president's reply; "then you ought to be one of the happiest men in the world; you can read 'Don Quixote' in the original."

"Hither" and "Thither." "It does not seem to be generally known," remarked a department official, "that the dignified department of state has made a change in the form of official correspondence somewhat in the line of the simplified system of spelling."

"The particular change I have noticed is in the adoption of the good old English words 'hither' and 'thither' in place of their more modern and longer substitutes. For instance, the secretary of state now acknowledges the receipt of a communication forwarded through another department in the following style: 'Referring to the reference hither by your department, etc. It's all right, I know, but it has a strange look.'"

BEYOND MERE MAN.

ARE THE ADORNMENTS INSISTED ON BY FEMININITY.

In All Ages Practically the Same Complaint Has Been Made, But Victory Has Always Been with the Fair Sex.

Not a few things are past the comprehension of mere man, and one of these is the mystery of feminine apparel—the fashionable raiment and the ramifications with which she persists in "adorning" herself.

Graciousness and extravagance of style are always backed up by a conscious superiority on the part of the feminine mind that puts the male objector promptly out of business.

The ardent wooer of Queen Elizabeth's day no doubt railed bitterly against the huge ruff that stood out about his lady's neck like a repelling picket fence.

He could see no more use in it than his descendant of to-day sees in the enormous picture hat—nor could he get around or over it.

But the ruff remained, and men of the period had to do as well with it as they could, which was not very well.

Frequently they got a taste of ruffles in their mouths instead of the neck of ruby lips.

Really shocking to man's sensibility, however, was the extraordinary horned headpiece that women of the fourteenth century perched upon themselves.

This consisted of a partly cone-shaped bonnet starting from brow and

from its symmetrical form and assumes odd shapes, like the one in the illustration, which resembles the lyre, a musical instrument that was much used by the ancients.

This tree forms part of the stone wall that through the past summer has guarded the seven-acre corn field of Fred A. Smith on the Atcherson Hollow road at Cambridgeport, Vt. When clearing off surplus trees, brush, etc., from the highway, Mr. Smith, to please the people in the



Lyre Elm.

vicinity who admired the tree, spared the "lyre elm," as it is familiarly called.

ODD CASE OF COMBUSTION.

Rose Bushes Shipped in Wet Moss Almost Burned Up.

A peculiar case of spontaneous combustion, or something like it, is described by a writer in Cassier's Magazine.

On February 17, 1906, two large refrigerator cars of young rosebushes were received at Hannibal, Mo., from a nursery in California. They were shipped in wooden cases containing numerous auger holes for ventilation and were carefully packed with wet sphagnum, or California swamp moss, to prevent chafing and to support their vitality.

No ice was put in the cooling tanks, and the covers of these, as well as all other openings in the cars, were closed as tightly as possible. The cars were ten days in transit. The outside temperature was 60 degrees Fahrenheit at the start and 15 degrees at the end of the trip.

Upon arrival steam was issuing from every crevice of the cars. From removing the tank covers it rushed out in large volume. The doors were opened and ice was put in the tanks; the free circulation of cold air soon cooled the contents of the cars.

In unloading it was discovered that some of the upper layers of boxes were badly damaged by heat, which naturally was most intense near the top of the cars. No signs of actual combustion were found, but this would probably have occurred in a short time had not the cars been quickly cooled.

The temperature must have been nearly up to the burning point, as many of the green stems of these plants were black and brittle.

Wet sawdust in large quantities frequently becomes very warm in the interior even when exposed to winter weather, in fact the lower the temperature of the atmosphere the hotter usually the sawdust.

A Growsome Find.

A growsome story is related by a correspondent of the Boulogne Chronicle.

He states that in a fashionable part of London a large house, over 200 years old, was recently taken on lease by a friend. The whole of the interior had to be remodeled. In doing something to the cellars under the house the workmen came upon a walled-up chamber, in which were found several skeletons chained up to the walls by the hands, feet and neck. It was a most ghastly sight.

"Who were they? What was their terrible story?" asks the correspondent.

Butcher Won't Work.

Charles Heck, the veteran butcher of Bowers, Pa., has been grievously offended by the fact that he was unable to get help to husk his large crop of corn, and now he has determined that he won't butcher for his neighbors. He has notified all the latter, through a letter to a local paper, that instead of butchering for them he will this winter sit behind the stove, drink cider and smoke his pipe.

Spider Web Nets.

The natives of New Guinea employ extraordinary fishing nets of spiders' web to capture fish weighing up to a pound. They fix bamboo bent in the shape of a landing handle in the jungle glades, and the spiders weave their net all over the frame. The method of fishing is to watch for a passing fish and then to dip it out and throw it on dry land.

The picture shows the tavern from the west or river side.

A Mrs. Steele kept it in 1763, having moved from Broad street. She brought with her the tavern sign of the King's Arms, and from that the house took its name. George Burns, of coffee house fame, is also said to have kept the house. Historians do not agree on the tenancy of Mr. Burns and we will let them settle the vexed question. No matter who kept the house in Colonial or Revolutionary days its place in the history of tavern sites was firmly fixed a hundred years before Mrs. Steele took possession.

Feared Brigand Chief.

How strong is the influence of the brigand in Sicily is shown in recent proceedings at the Cortinaissetta assizes, where four of the band of the notorious Chief Falla Molise were to be tried. The jurymen and witnesses, instead of appearing, sent a joint petition to the court, praying to be excused so long as the chief, who has already a dozen assassinations to answer for, remained uncaptured.



The Preposterous Horned Headpiece of the 14th Century Shocked Men

ears and running thence about west northwest, half west.

From the under side a pair of horns sprang up in a gentle but extended curve, making a general course of northeast by north.

Now this "picture hat" of the period was, no doubt, a thing of joy to the woman of that day, but it caused a notable enlargement of the prevalent vocabulary of profanity.

Then there was the extraordinary French style of coiffure that produced a towering bulk of hair upon the head, like piling a luxuriant, fluffy Pelion upon a fair, intellectual Ossa of marble brow.

Away back in ages past a little book made its appearance—"Quilpes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen."

Now, the title of the work was unkind, in the first place, and the animosity displayed therein was certainly not calculated to win members of