

SYMMES' HOLE.

A Monument That Was Reared to a Remarkable Theory. A queer looking monument stands in the city park at Hamilton, O. A globe, followed at each pole and marked with the lines of geographical measurements, is mounted upon a marble plinth. It was erected by Amos Symmes in memory of his father, John Cleves Symmes, a short time before the civil war. The elder Symmes was the author of the remarkable "Theory of Concentric Spheres, Demonstrating That the Earth is Hollow, Habitable Within and Wadly Open at the Poles." He was a nephew of the first landlord of the country that runs along the Ohio river.

Symmes first announced his "discovery" at St. Louis in 1818. In a well written brochure he asked for "100 brave companions, well equipped, to start from Sierra in the fall with powder and slugs on the line of the frozen sea. I engage we find a warm and new land stocked with fruits, vegetables and animals fit for men on reaching one degree north of the latitude of 82 degrees. We will return the following spring." In 1823, after delivering a series of lectures, Symmes requested congress for a subvention in order to equip an expedition. The senate unanimously rejected his appeal, as did the general assembly of Ohio two years later. One of his converts, Jeremiah N. Reynolds, with the cooperation of Rush and Southard, both members of President John Quincy Adams' cabinet, and Dr. Watson, a rich resident of New York city, fitted out the ship Annawan in 1828 and set sail in October for the warm and fertile earth they believed to exist at the south pole. When they arrived at a latitude of 82 degrees south the incorrectness of Symmes' theory was impressed upon them. But before they returned the author had died in the spring of 1829, fully believing that his calculations were correct.

John Cleves Symmes was never nearer to the north pole than southern Canada, where he fought as a soldier in the war of 1812. His geography of the polar regions existed only in his imagination. His arguments were so plausible and his pleas so ingenious that thousands of men firmly believed in "Symmes' hole."—Leslie's.

Both Wood. Somebody had thrown a stone at the village constable as he patrolled his beat at night, hitting him on the helmet.

The perpetrator of the outrage was not recognized, but on searching for the missile the constable found a peculiarly shaped stone, which, he averred, he had seen or named the window sill of a man whom he charged with the assault. "I experimented with the stone, your worship," said the constable. "I threw it at an old 'elmer' of mine, and it made exactly the same mark as that made by the stone which struck me."

"But what good was that when your 'ead wasn't inside the 'elmer'?" asked the suspect. "I thought of that," triumphantly retorted the officer, "so I put a block of wood inside the 'elmer,' and it was just the same as if my 'ead was in it!"—London Fun.

The Obvious. "How much do you love me?" The beautiful creature at his side looked at him appealingly. "Do you really want to know?" he asked doubtfully. "I must know."

"Very well, then. I love you a little more than playing poker and a little less than my regular business. I love you more after I have had a good dinner and a good cigar than I do before. I love you about half as much as the first girl I ever loved, who was ten years older than I was. I love you extravagantly more than your economics, because they cause me more trouble. I love what I cannot verify in you more than what I know."

"And why," she persisted, "do you dare to tell me all this, which I know to be true?"—Life.

Papa Wouldn't Mind. After being tucked in bed little Madge begged her mother to stay with her until she got to sleep. "For," she pleaded, "it is all dark, and Madge is so 'fraid.'" "But there is nothing to be afraid of," her mother assured her. "Mamma must go right downstairs, for papa is there alone waiting for her. Now try to go to sleep and remember that the angels are right here with you and will take care of you."

"Oh, but, mamma," wailed the little voice, "I'd rather have you. Please, mamma, send the angels down with papa, and you stay here with Madge."—Delineator.

A SHREWD SHOPPER.

The Little Fly by Which She Won Attention Service. "Chicago people certainly have the knack of getting a bargain," said the man who bought a pair of shoes in New York less than a week. She said she went to a shoe store and had just come to get the day of the land. In the process of getting in she stopped a cashier and said:

"Is that Miss Blake selling white flannel shirts to that fat woman? I understand you have a Miss Blake in the department."

"No, that is Miss Barton," said the cashier.

"The Chicago woman wrote the name in her address book. Then she showed me the names of saleswomen in several other stores."

"This is only a preliminary to real shopping," she said. "I expect to buy more than \$5 worth of anything at a strange store I learn beforehand the name of the saleswoman whose looks I like best. Then when I go back to the store I can say, as I shall do here tomorrow, 'I would like Miss Barton to wait on me,' and although Miss Barton has never set eyes on me, the fact that I can call her name gives her the impression that she must have sold me a \$100 dress at some time, and I get twice as good service as I would get if I knew nobody by name."—New York Sun.

THE HOPEFUL ATTITUDE.

It Helps One In Striving to Realize His Ambition.

There is a tremendous power in the habit of expectancy, the conviction that we shall realize our ambition, that our dreams shall come true, says Orson Sweet Hadden in Success Magazine. There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an expectant, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our heart yearnings will be matched with reality; that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed; that, no matter what may or may not happen, we are going to be happy.

There is nothing else so helpful as the carrying of this optimistic, expectant attitude—the attitude which always looks for and expects the best, the highest, the happiest—and never allowing oneself to get into the pessimistic, discouraged mood.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind if it seeks an entrance. Entertain only the friend thoughts or ideas of the thing you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

When Rubinstein was traveling through the United States upon a concert tour it chanced that Barnum's circus followed almost exactly the same route chosen by the great Russian. On one occasion, when the train was filled with snake charmers, acrobats, clowns and the like, the guard, noticing perhaps Rubinstein's remarkable appearance, asked him, "Do you belong to the show?"

"Turning his lionine head with a savage shake, Rubinstein answered fiercely, 'Sir, I am the show.'"

Chairman (at concert)—Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Discordant will now sing "Only Once More."

Sarcastic Critic—Thank heaven for that!

Chairman (coming forward again)—Ladies and gentlemen, instead of singing "Only Once More" Miss Discordant will sing "Forever and Ever."

Collapsing of S. C.—London Answers.

"You remember that guy, Jim Burke?" asked an Irish Bowery denizen. "He's dat stiff dat doin' time up der river—Sing Sing—bolitary—ten years. Well, you know all I done yer dat stiff. When he was plucked didn't I put der coin fer der lawyers? Didn't I pay der witnesses? Sure I did. De oder day I tinks I'll just go an' see dat mutt just 'leave him know his friend's ain't tied de can on 'im. So I drives out to de jail an' goes into de warden's office, an' he says I goller send me card in. 'De card?' 'Yer get dat? Well, anyway, I writes me name on a piece of paper, an' a guy takes it in to Jim Burke, an' what 'o you t'ink dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idea," said the listener. "He tells him," concluded the angry one. "I'll me dat he ain't in!"—Success Magazine.

Woman in a Sailboat. There is just one place on a sailboat for women. That is the cockpit. Remember that and keep them there, even if it takes a somewhat pointed request. The average woman on a boat is not happy unless she is taking risks by sitting out on deck or on top of the cabin or going forward of the mast. Warn her and she laughs at you. She does not know that she is endangering herself. Less than a year ago I saw two women knocked overboard in a heavy sea because they insisted on sitting on top of the cabin despite the protests of the man who was sailing the boat. He himself was a greenhorn and let his boat jibe, the boom clearing the top of the cabin before any one could say Jack Robinson.

Had a Better Story. "Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?"

"I did," answered the cheerful bar. "And I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I happen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."

Fear of Revenge. "Why are you crying, my little man?"

"'Cos I don't want to go to school."

"But why not?"

"'Cos sister jilted the schoolmaster last night!"—London Opinion.

FIVE BAD TWENTIES.

The Judge Said He Really Was Not Sure Who Got Them. A noted lawyer of one of the southern states, famous not only for his brilliant mind and legal ability, but also for his rapid code of honesty, used to tell this story on himself:

"Soon after the civil war the judge was called on to defend a man accused of passing counterfeit money. The old lawyer, after investigating the matter and satisfying himself that the man was innocent of any intent to do wrong and had only paid out money which he had received in good faith, undertook the case. When the case came up for trial the jury was so impressed by Judge's plea for his client and his explanation of the circumstances that a verdict of not guilty was rendered without delay.

The acquitted man was very grateful to Judge—and, after thanking him profusely for getting him out of the ugly scrape, said:

"Judge, I'll never forget what you've done for me, and some day I hope to be able to prove my gratitude. But the only thing I can do now is to pay your fee, and I'll pay whatever you ask. How much is it?"

"Well, I think about \$1,000 will be fair," replied the judge.

"That's fair enough, sir," agreed the client, "but, judge, the only money I've got is the same kind of money that I have just been prosecuted for spending. Some of that money is good and some of it is the counterfeit that was worked off on me, and I don't know 't'other from which. Now, I will pay you \$1,500 in the bills that I have got, and you do the best you can with it."

As there seemed nothing else to do, the judge agreed to this, and the client paid him the \$1,500 in bills and left him.

The judge took the \$1,500 to his bank and explained the circumstances to the cashier and asked him to take out the bills which he as an expert pronounced good. The cashier did so, and the judge deposited the accepted bills to his credit, and then, taking the package of doubtful money to another bank, he made the same explanation and request of the cashier, the bank receiving on deposit the money which, as experts, they pronounced good.

"And do you know," said the judge, "after I had visited six banks I had got rid of all the money except five twenty-dollar bills, which all the banks had agreed were counterfeit, and my fee in the case, instead of being the \$1,000 which I originally charged the man, I've had a suspicion that if there had been a few more experts in the town I would have got rid of those last five twenty-dollar bills."

"What became of the five bad twenties?" some one asked the judge.

"I'm not sure," replied the old lawyer. "My wife asked me for them, and shortly afterward she made a trip to Washington. When she returned she showed me a brand new hundred dollar bill, which she said she had got at the United States treasury. But I never asked her any questions. I knew the treasury department had experts too."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Enlivening the Table. "You'll be the star of our dinner table tonight," said a materfamilias after an amusing conversation with a friend she had chanced to meet, "for I'll tell the family all the amusing things you've been saying. It's a rule of the house that we must try to remember all interesting happenings, so that they can be served up with our food. I don't suppose the men Fred meets in business are really especially brilliant, but whenever they do display any wit he always tells us, and in this way we have grown to feel such an interest in them that we can enjoy hearing even of quite unimportant events with which they are connected. It's just the same with Ned's and Edith's friends, and you have no idea what a jolly crowd we have at our table sometimes, and it helps our digestion wonderfully."—New York Tribune.

Origin of the Word Sterling. The origin of the word "sterling" is very curious. Among the early minter of coin in northern Europe were the dwellers of eastern Germany. They were so skillful in their calling that numbers of them were invited to England to manufacture the metal money of the kingdom. The strangers were known as "esterlings." After a time the word became "sterling," and in this abbreviated form it has come to imply what is genuine in money, plat or character.

What They Mean. A certain father is possessed of a pair of exceedingly bright girl children. The other day his eldest daughter, Alice, was putting her younger sister, surnamed Gretchen, through some arithmetical paces, and the father was an amused listener. "Gretchen, how much do twelve and ten make?" was the form of one query, and, being correctly answered, other and similar questions followed in quick succession.

The father, believing the younger daughter was doing too much of the work, thought he would put his firstborn up a tree, and so he broke in with a problem of his own invention. "Alice," he queried solemnly, "how much do you and Gretchen make?"

Without an instant's hesitation came the reply: "Gretchen and I, pop, make you a proud and happy father."

Italy has again been visited by a cyclone and tidal wave, while Mount Vesuvius and Mount Epomeo have been active, all resulting in great loss of life and property to the sunny kingdom. In late years the chief items of news from Italy have been accounts of disasters, which have occurred with startling frequency.

The Carnegie hero fund commission has discovered fifty-eight more heroes and bestowed upon the whole half hundred medals of silver and bronze, with \$40,250 in cash rewards to thirty-three persons, as well as twenty-three pensions, ranging in value from \$20 to \$70 a month.

One of the funniest sights imaginable is to see two women sitting vis-a-vis in a street car, both wearing peach basket hats, trying to get their heads together so as to be able to gossip about their neighbors without the other passengers hearing them.

Portugal's surely cleaning up. A free press is decreed.

SYSTEM ON A DINING CAR.

Every Inch of Space In Its Little Kitchen Is Economized. The kitchen of a dining car is a striking example of what can be done in economizing space. Every inch is used.

Water tanks are suspended from the ceiling. One wall is lined with the big range and heating ovens, while on the other are storage boxes, receptacles for pans, pots and other utensils and a row of cupboards up under the ceiling.

At one end, between the kitchen and the dining car proper, is a little pantry, which serves as a sort of vestibule. That is where the waiters place their orders and receive dishes.

Every separate article of food and equipment has its place, says the Woman's Home Companion. Every corner and nook in the car has a particular function. The silver is in one place, the milk and cheese in another, the meat in another, and so on through the list. Everything perishable is kept in a refrigerator.

While the car is in action the conductor from his position between dining room and kitchen keeps his eyes upon the ten tables and endeavors to see that none of the diners is neglected. For all the supplies on the car he is held to strict account. On his trip sheet, as it is called, is put a list of everything taken on the car when it starts out. A record of all articles sold is entered upon the sheet, and when the car comes home again all that has not been sold must be on hand.

The equipment of a dining car conforms to standards, just as do locomotives, trucks, rails and ties. Dishes are made according to established patterns, each piece of china having the company's monogram upon it. The same is true of the linen, silver, menu holders—everything. Thus a loss can be easily traced. The waiters are allowed \$20 a month for breakage. All damage in excess of that, though, they have to pay for, and the cost is divided among them equally.

Gallant Victor Hugo. During the latter years of his long life Victor Hugo was very fond of surveying mankind from the vantage ground of the top of an omnibus. He used to make long excursions through the gay city perched on the top of the homely bus, which he seemed to prefer to any other vehicle. An amusing and characteristic anecdote of the great poet, who was most courteous and attentive to the lovely sex, is related by a review. One fine day, as he was enjoying a ride under these conditions, a fascinating young woman climbed up to the summit of the tramcar on which he was seated and steered her way toward the only vacant place, which happened to be the one next to him. She was about to take possession of it when a sudden jolt sent her instead into Victor Hugo's lap. As soon as she had recovered herself the pretty girl turned to the poet and, her hair checks suffused with crimson, said, "I beg your pardon, monsieur."

"And I," he replied gallantly, "thank you, mademoiselle."

Tongue Twisters. Repeat these sentences rapidly—the quicker the better: The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Two toads totally tied tried to trot to Tebury. Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared sickly six sickly silky snakes.

Susan shined shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shined Susan. She ceaseath shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock; a haddock spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorpe ogled?—San Francisco News Letter.

Going One Better. "Ma father's a soger," said a little Scotch lassie.

"An' ma father, too," said her playmate.

"Ah, but ma father's a brave mon. He's been in war, an' he's got a hale gang o' medals. An' he's got the Victoria cross. The king pinned it on him wi' his ain hand!" breathlessly announced lassie No. 1.

"An' ma father's braver!" cried the other little one. "He's been in dozens o' wars, an' he's got gangs an' gangs o' medals an' Victoria crosses. An' he's got a bonnie waddie leg, an'—with a triumphant shriek—"the king nailed it on wi' his ain hand."—London Express.

PHYSICAL FEATS.

Man's Limited Powers Compared With Those of Some Animals. By means of mechanical devices, the product of his own brain, man can sweep along a prepared track at nearly a hundred miles an hour, over the surface of the sea at thirty miles an hour or through the air at seventy-five; also he can build towers more than 200 times his own height or dive into the earth about 700 times his own height. But strip him of his machines and machine made instruments and he compares rather poorly in the matter of physical achievements and capabilities with certain of the lower animals.

Consider, for instance, man's sprinting or running powers. His best speed for a mile is some four minutes twelve and three-quarter seconds, which gives a total of about fourteen miles an hour. The gray wolf lopes along at an easy twenty and thinks nothing of doing sixty miles in a night. The hunted fox has been timed to run two miles at a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. A race horse at full speed travels at thirty-two miles, while a greyhound, which is, so far as is known, the swiftest of all four legged creatures, runs at thirty-four miles.

Man also falls behind in jumping. Roughly speaking, six feet in height and twenty-three in width are the limits of man's achievements in this line. A red deer has been known to clear a wall ten feet high, the chamois can do at least a foot better, while the springbok of South Africa will shoot ten feet up in the air just for the fun of the thing.

Some of the beasts of prey are even more wonderful in their athletic achievements. The black jaguar, for example, can reach a branch fourteen feet from the ground. The greatest jumper in the world is the kangaroo. The sort known as the "old man" can leap with ease a width of fifty to sixty feet. The record wild-eared by a horse is about thirty-seven feet, while the ostrich in running clears twenty-five feet at a stride.

Fish also are of some account in the athletic field. To see a salmon leap up perpendicular falls five or six feet high is a remarkable sight. Many of the predatory fishes can travel at the speed of a torpedo boat.

In the matter of mere muscular strength man is not quite so far behind the rest of the animal world, for trained athletes have achieved wonderful feats of lifting. Still, where is the man who could run up a mountain side carrying two others as heavy as himself? A grizzly bear has been known to carry a bullock twice his own weight up an incline of one in three.—Harper's.

American journalism added the last modern touch to the Portuguese revolution by offering a large, clear photograph of the flight of King Manuel from his native shores. Wonder how much the king got for the moving picture concession.

Why should not aeroplane races be conducted above the surface of rivers, lakes or other bodies of water? Then when an aeroplane collapses there would be something softer than earth to receive the aviator.

Have any of the experts on the prospective cost of celebrating Thanksgiving looked above the stratum where Drexel and Johnston's disport themselves for the soaring price of turkeys?

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Advice For the Aired Women

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Prof. John King in the American Dispensary, says of Black Cohosh root: "This is a very active powerful and useful remedy. By its special affinity for the female organs it is an efficient agent for suppression. In dysmenorrhoea, painful periods, it is especially efficacious. It is of greatest utility in irritative and congestive conditions, characterized by dragging down pain. The same author says of Blue Cohosh that it has enjoyed a well-merited reputation for when used by delicate women it gives tone and vigor to the parts and relieves much pain." Prof. King says "It controls chronic inflammation of the female organs and gives tone in cases of debility."

Dr. John E. Fyfe, of Sausalito, Cal., says of Unicorn root (Habenaria Dioica) one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

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