

A GREAT ART.

The Rare Ability to Select Efficient Executive Heads.

Many men mistakenly think that because they work hard and try hard they must eventually succeed to some extent. This does not follow. Some men carry on great enterprises with the apparent effort. Their success is due to skill in selecting efficient executive heads.

Many a business man breaks down trying to supplement the work of incompetent heads of departments simply because he does not know how to choose the right men. A man of commanding ability does not worry himself over details. He makes out his programme and then selects men who can carry it out to the letter.

It is a great art to duplicate oneself and multiply oneself many times by selecting those who are vastly superior to ourselves, but who did not happen to have had our opportunity to do the thing themselves.—Success.

A Careful Old Lady.

An old lady applied at a registry office for a maid.

"I want a little girl, between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, who is fond of mushrooms."

"Fond of mushrooms?" inquired the agent. "That is something I never inquire about from my applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did or I should have been killed. I make my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to my house before any are served to me. I always require it," replied the old lady.

"I have lost two excellent maids from toothaches during the last five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the risk of eating mushrooms unless I had a maid to test them."—London Globe.

Marjory's Proviso.

Baby Marjory has been having her first experience of rural sights and sounds, of green things growing, of flowers hiding in the grass, of cows in the pasture, of horses in the stable. She was delighted with all but one of them, says a writer in the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The one exception was the big, surly dog that keeps watch and ward over the farm. She respected Hector in his own place, but that place is at a distance. She did not want him or his kind to approach near enough for intimate acquaintance.

Having been invited by a lady of the house to take a walk down to the village, Marjory hesitated a little. "Why, Marjory," exclaimed the lady, in an injured tone of voice, "don't you want to go with me?"

"Yes," replied the little maid, "I want to go, but please don't let any dogs happen to me!"

Oldest Inn in England.

In the village of North St. Philip is the George Inn. It claims to be the oldest licensed village alehouse in England, the license dating from 1397! Its appearance is eminently picturesque, each story overhanging that beneath, while the front is broken by bay windows, a porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall. At the back are more quaint doors and windows, a turret built against the wall and inclosing an outside stair, while in the yard still remains a portion of the old gallery which in the middle ages was found in so many hostleries. Most of the front is timbered. Each gable is surmounted by a curious chimney. A curious feature of the interior is the upper floor, which is of plaster.

The Girl and Her Play.

Once upon a time there were a young lady and a young gentleman playing a two-handed game of euche.

"I offer you a solitary diamond," said the young man as he played the ace of that suit.

"The best I can do is to give you my heart," the young woman answered as she played.

"Then your whole hand goes with it," he said.

"Yes, Charles, dear," she replied. Moral.—There is such a thing as playing into the other player's hand.—New York Herald.

Woman Gormanda.

The ancient Greeks and Romans drank wine freely at their feasts. Wine was their beverage. Indeed Bacchus held high carnival among them, and the Roman would gorge himself with food and then empty his stomach by artificial means and resume his seat at table and eat and drink to his fill again.

Got It.

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the other man, "you have mine."

The Usual Kind.

Nodd—What do you mean by saying that my baby is just an ordinary baby? Todd—Why, he is precocious and beautiful and the best that ever lived, but he?—Life.

BYRON WAS BARRED.

Dea of Westminster Refused to Accept Statue of Poet.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet, to be placed in Westminster abbey. Chantry was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1833 the finished statue arrived at the custom house in London, but, to the astonishment of the subscribers, the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and, owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the custom house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity college, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth; in his left a book, inscribed "Childe Harold." He is dressed in a frock coat and cravat. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is of course posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born Nov. 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

A Model Surveyor.

The Kingman Leader-Courier tells of an early day county surveyor in Kingman county, Kan., who neither possessed any instruments nor could have used them if he had. His method of measuring land was to tie his ankles together with a cord that was just long enough to allow him to step one-fifth of a rod each time, and thus hobbled he would strike out, counting his steps until he had made a sufficient number to cover the desired distance.

The cord or string used by him in fastening his legs together, says the Leader-Courier, was made of rawhide, so that when he was traveling through the grass of a morning when the dew was on it would become wet and stretch nearly a foot, and so his steps were much longer of a morning than they were of an evening after the sun had dried the whang leather and shortened it. Consequently the man having his land surveyed in the morning would have much more in his quarter section than his neighbor who had his work done in the afternoon. These old surveys and corners then established cause annoyance even to this day.

The Kind of a Man He Was.

"I was in Washington once," said a man at the club, "when Tom Reed was the czar of the house of representatives. He was holding forth with earnestness on some theme to a group of friends when that man you see over there by the cigar counter pushed his way through the crowd, grasped Reed by the hand and said effusively: 'Hello, Tom, old boy! How do you do?'"

"Reed responded in a manner that was more of a shake for the man than for his hand and went on with his talk. When our friend over there had edged out of the crowd, some one said: 'You didn't seem to be happy over him, Reed. Who is your friend, anyway?'"

"Reed drawled out, 'He's a fellow from New York who knows more men who don't want to know him than any other man in the United States.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Thrifty Squanderers.

When Napoleon entered Genoa in 1805, the rich patricians of the city exerted themselves to gain the favor of the conqueror by all sorts of flattering attentions. The most elaborate of these was a banquet patterned after the famous one offered by Antony to Cleopatra.

The tables were set in an artificial garden, floating on pontoons, which were towed out to sea during the progress of the feast. At the conclusion of the banquet—again in imitation of Antony and Cleopatra—all the costly gold and silver plate was flung into the sea. This little tribute of honor to the emperor was not so expensive as it seemed, for the floating garden was surrounded with nets, and the plate was subsequently recovered.

What Men Like in Men.

Men like in men these traits: The honor that ennobles, the justice that insures the right, the reasonableness that mellows and makes plain, the courage that proclaims virility, the generous instinct that disdains all meanness, the modesty that makes no boast, the dignity that wins respect, the fineness and the tenderness that know and feel. But when one thinks of it more carefully may be not sum it up in just a single sentence and accept it as the truth that all men like a gentleman?—Cosmopolitan.

A Prescription.

A schoolteacher in Frome, England, sent this to the father of one of his pupils: "I beg to inform you that in my opinion your son is suffering from myopia, and his case requires prompt attention." The next day the boy brought back this written request: "Mister, please knock it out of Jim, as I ain't got time."

The Samoan Language.

Speaking of the flexibility of the Samoan language, Mrs. Isabel Strong says that the little word "ta" means: I, we too, to beat with a stick, to play on a musical instrument, to reprove, to tattoo, to open a vein, to wash clothing by beating and to turn a somersault.

The world's coalfields cover at least 1,250,000 square miles.

DINED IN THE KITCHEN.

One Satisfactory Meal Grant Had After His Tour of the World.

"When General Grant stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago on his return from his tour of the world," said a man who was there at the time, "the steward was all but stupefied one noon at seeing the ex-president slide in at the kitchen door as though escaping from some one."

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said, as though asking a great favor, "but may I have a little corned beef and cabbage?"

"Why, certainly," the steward replied; "but shan't I send it out to you in the dining room?"

"No," he answered; "I'll eat it right here if you'll let me sit down."

"So a place on the rough board table, where the cook had been fixing the meat, was cleared, and Grant drew up a stool and set to, and the way he got away with that corned beef and cabbage was a caution. When he had finished, he laid down his knife and fork with a funny sigh of satisfaction, put one hand on the steward's shoulder and said:

"Young man, I don't suppose you care for that at all, but if you had had to eat what I have for the past few months it would taste like a dinner for the gods. It tastes homey!"

"The ex-president had dined with everybody from the queen down, but that cabbage and corned beef doubtless reminded him of the time when he was not so well known, but probably far happier—when people in St. Louis called him 'captain' when they spoke to him and bought the wood he carted into town to sell."

Character at a Glance.

An insignificant nose means an insignificant man. An open mouth is a sure sign of an empty head (keep your eyes closed). A projecting upper lip shows malignity and avarice. Pointed noses generally belong to meddlesome people. Large eyes in a small face betoken maliciousness.

A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution. A projecting under lip indicates ostentation, self conceit and folly. Fine hair generally betokens native good taste and intelligence.

A dimple in the chin is pretty, but indicates weak mental organization. High cheek bones always indicate great force of character in some direction. Fullness of the temples is supposed to show powers of mathematical calculation.

A small mouth, with nose and nostril also small, shows indecision and cowardice. Half shut eyes show natural shrewdness, together with lack of sincerity. Slow moving eyes are always found in the heads of persons of prudence and ability.—London Answers.

Wheat in Fable and History.

Possibly wheat was the corn so plenty in Egypt when famine drove thither Joseph's unnatural brethren. Wheat went with other precious things into the mummy cases and sealed jars stored in royal tombs. Today acres by the thousand laugh in bearded grain said to have sprung from sparse kernels plundered by a ruthless explorer from a royal mummy's hand. Does it whisper now—this new-old Egyptian wheat—to its constant friend the sun, of Rameses and Pharaoh—of Aps, the sacred bull—of Isis, Egypt's Ceres—of Osiris—the great sphinx—and Memnon's head, singing to hail the sunrise? If it would but speak aloud so mortals could comprehend, how our wisdom might be broadened! What a recasting of history must be wrought, and how we boasting moderns might hide diminished heads!—Everybody's Magazine.

A Tart Retort.

Lord Roberts once found himself the center of a circle of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity to raise a laugh at the other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked:

"I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

The Safest Place in a Storm.

Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm; but, if you must take refuge there, then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning, it is the trunk which, presumably from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor and which therefore suffers the most.

Special Inducements to Liberty.

"What are your rates?" asked the prospective victim of the lady fortune teller.

"I can't afford to tell you anything but disaster for 50 cents," replied the lady, "but for \$1 I'll agree to tell you a good fortune with no bad luck in it."—Ohio State Journal.

His Ideal Woman.

Parke—The other day I was in a kind of vision and saw my wife as the most perfect woman in the world. Lane—Where were you? Parke—in an intelligence office, describing her to a cook I was trying to engage.—Judge.

Woman is a queer creation. She uses her smiles and tears alike for the vanquishment of man.—Baltimore News.

ALIASES OF THE PEANUT.

There Are Many Names For the Toothsome Palate Ticker.

Considering its universal popularity and excellent standing in agricultural circles, it is remarkable how many aliases there are under which the peanut travels. Whenever it is introduced to a new community the toothsome offering of the sod adopts a new name and comes forth with an additional sobriquet which makes it almost unrecognizable to its old acquaintances. If the "edible fruit"—as the dictionaries call it—had ever done anything to be ashamed of, the public might understand, but as things are the eccentricities of peanut nomenclature are absolutely astonishing.

Here in Virginia we designate our little friend principally as the peanut, but quite often we likewise allude to him as a "ground pea" and occasionally as a "goober." Over in England they call the same fruit ground nut, while it is variously known elsewhere as "earth nut," "Manilla nut," "jurnut" and "pindar." The scientific patronymic, as we understand it, is Arachis pygmaea, and the family belongs to the genus of leguminous plants.

But, be its name what it may, a peanut is a peanut the world over, so far as its virtues go, and few are the human palates which decline to receive an introduction to it.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Different Sort of Leather.

A Pennsylvania physician tells a story about his servant which reminds one in a vague way of the "skinny side out and the woolly side in" rhyme. He had just hired a servant who, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, had some of the "ould dart" still clinging to her boots.

One morning he noticed his office windows were rather dirty, and, calling Bridget, he instructed her to clean them before he returned. At the same time he told her that he would stop and purchase a new chamois skin and send it home, and with this she was to clean the windows.

After he had gone his rounds he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows, he found them thickly streaked with grease. He called Bridget, and the following colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?"

"Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, did you use it?"

"Sure, I did sor."

"Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half hour before him and had sent home some tripe.

Black and White.

Every crow is said to think its own nestling the whitest, but a white cat that had four kittens, of which three were white and the fourth was black, gave the first place in her affections to Sooty. Once they were all brought into the drawing room to be "shown off." Besides the humans the room contained a great Newfoundland dog, Hitherto cat and dog had been on friendly terms, but now pussy showed much anxiety lest the dog might harm her black pet especially. At last she seized it by the neck and bore it beneath the lowest piece of furniture, where the dog could not possibly crawl, but she merely mewed to the others to follow her as best they could. The black kitten owed all this care to its color, more happy in this respect than the black sheep which is said to be in every flock.—Exchange.

Holland.

Holland, known as North and South Holland, forms part of the northern part of the Netherlands. These provinces are composed of land rescued from the sea and defended by immense dikes. Holland was inhabited by the Batvi in the time of Caesar, who made a league with them. It became part of Gallia Belgica and afterward of the kingdom of Austria. From the tenth to the fifteenth century it was governed by counts under the German emperors. Holland was at one time a Dutch republic. It was created a kingdom in 1806, and Louis Bonaparte, father of Napoleon III., was declared king.

Diplomacy.

"I always endeavor," said the matrimonial philosopher, "to take the wrong side of an inconsequential argument."

"With what object in view?" he was naturally asked.

"It gives my wife a chance to prove me wrong, and this so delights her that I find her generously tractable in all the more important matters."—Chicago Post.

His Room.

"Mr. Diggle," said the boy with big ruffles on his shoulders, "I wish you would let me come and see where you live. I want to look at your room."

"Why, certainly. But what made you think of that?"

"My sister said it was better than your company, so I thought it must be something fine."

The National Game.

"I hold a full hand," murmured the swain as he squeezed the lily white fingers of the fair maid.

Here a royal flush mounted to her brow. A royal flush beats a full hand every time. (See Hoyle.) She won.—Baltimore American.

FIRING A SALUTE.

The Way Two Naval Greenhorns Did It on a Warship.

"On one of Uncle Sam's warships once," said a naval officer, "we had enlisted among our able seamen two Irishmen, Mike and Barney. They had come aboard three days after they had landed in the country, but they learned some things so quickly that they had acquired a very definite idea of the meaning of the Fourth of July long before the day arrived, which was something like a month after we had sailed on our cruise. It chanced that the two were on an early morning watch together when Independence day dawned, and they at once began to plan for its proper welcome. They seemed to realize, you see, that there was necessity for an unusual display of patriotism.

"Barney suggested they fire a salute from one of the forward eight pounders, but Mike feared that would rouse the entire ship. 'Niver moind,' answered Barney. 'Do ye hold a bucket fernist the muzzle, an' 'twill deaden the sound.' And three minutes later that gun went off with such a roar as brought every man of the crew out of the midst of peaceful dreams.

"I sent for Barney. 'Now, my man,' said I, 'tell me everything.'"

"Sure," he faltered, "it was only a bit of a celebration because uv our independence."

"And where's Mike?" I demanded.

"Captain, dear," he groaned, "he went after a bucket uv wather, an' if he comes back as quick as he wint he's due roight now."

And then the officer closed his story with the simple statement, "But Mike was never recovered."

Sinister Motives.

Two men—William Jones and John Smith—were neighbors and deadly enemies. They often crossed swords in court and out of it, and Jones, being what might be called more clever than Smith, invariably got the better of the encounter. In the end so cowed was Smith that the slightest move on the part of Jones made him nervous and suspicious, and with the remark, "I wonder what object he has in this?" he called up all his reserve faculties to combat the fresh attack which poor Jones never contemplated.

One day a friend called on Smith and greeted him with:

"Well, old man, have you heard the news?"

"No," said Smith. "What news?"

"Jones is dead. He died last night at midnight," replied the other.

Smith paused, drew a hard breath, raised his hand to his forehead and thought, then burst out:

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead? Great heavens, I wonder what object he has in this?"

Bleeding by Bowshot.

That all diseases can be cured by bleeding is still firmly believed by several savage tribes, and especially by the Papuan negroes.

When one of their physicians becomes convinced that it is necessary to bleed a patient, he goes several feet in front of him and then, drawing his bow, he fits a sharp pointed arrow to it and after a careful aim fires the arrow into the vein which he desires to open. The arrow, it is said, invariably goes straight to the mark, and the thorn or splinter of glass with which it is tipped does the work as successfully as a lancet.

Moreover, the patients never show the slightest fear, since they are convinced that from the moment the arrows pierce their veins they will begin to recover.

Why Savages Turn in Their Toes.

In the first place, the foot naturally takes that position when it has never been confined by boots or the ankle distorted by high heels. Convenience is also on the side of the natural position of the foot in the case of the savage, for he has to do much walking through long grass and undergrowth in forests. Consequently his progress would be much impeded if he turned his toes out to catch these obstacles instead of brushing them aside and outward, as he now does. Lastly, the savage uses his foot much more as a help to his hands than we do, and it is obvious that in doing this he must turn his toes in.

European Arithmetic.

At the custom house we were obliged to make a deposit of 8 francs 40 centimes on each wheel before entering Switzerland. Since that day faith in the advantages of higher education has wavered. There were nine bicycles, and the government official found the entire amount of our indebtedness by putting down 8.40 nine times and then adding up. Why should one vex one's self with the multiplication table when straight addition combined with unlimited time reaches the same result?—Caroline S. Donnet in Chautauquan.

Her Busy Business.

Towne—When Miss Gabbil told me she was in business, I couldn't help thinking she meant everybody else's business.

Browne—That's about right.

Towne—What you might call a wholesale business, eh?

Browne—Well, yes; except that she retails scandals at wholesale rates.—Philadelphia Press.

Familiarity.

"It isn't true in all cases," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that familiarity breeds contempt. The more you know about the hind feet of a mule the more respect you have for them."—Chicago Tribune.

"Centisive."

"An Albany man has sent a cent to the treasury conscience fund."

"Must have a centisive conscience." "Or a pennyurious one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IGNORANT OF GEOGRAPHY.

How a German Put Posers to an American Girl.

"A thing about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said a German artist who has been visiting in New York city for six months past, "is that with all your patriotism you know so little about the geography of your own country, to say nothing of the rest of the world."

There were several Americans in the circle, and they looked rather surprised. None of the men spoke. They knew that they were weak in geography and that here was a challenge which would have to pass.

Not so a bright young woman of twenty, who rushed into the breach with her head in the air.

"We do know the geography of our country," she said decidedly. "Of course we do. Every child learns it in school."

"Might I ask you a question or two?" the foreigner said quietly. "The names of the capitals of some of your states, for instance?"

"Certainly, I'll be glad to answer." And she nodded confidently at the young American man who was already beginning to fear for her.

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?" was his first question.

"Boston!" was the prompt answer from the girl.

"And of North Carolina?"

"That seemed to puzzle her a little, and it was a full minute before she answered 'Charleston!'"

The foreigner smiled, but made no effort to correct her. "What is the highest mountain in the United States?" he asked.

"It's not fair to ask about mountains," she protested. "You said I didn't know the capitals."

"The capital of Illinois is?"

"Chi—Springfield, I mean."

"Of Montana?"

For the life of her she could not think of a town in Montana. "It's been an age since I studied geography," she explained.

"Your answers were better than the average," said the man. "You got one right out of four. As I said, American geography surprises me."—New York Tribune.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

It is safer to prune too little than too much.

Moist earth and a cloudy day for transplanting.

Gooseberries and currants are two easily grown fruits, and there is seldom an oversupply.

The quality and size of fruit on old bushes is much improved by thinning of the fruit or severe pruning.

The cause of moss appearing on the stems of apple and other fruit trees is wet, cold, undrained land or an excessively humid climate.

In saving garden seed gather when ripe. Do not allow it to shell off. The first matured is the best, and the first matured will shell first.

A good mulch around fruit trees helps to keep down weeds, keeps the soil loose, moist and porous at all times, with little labor of cultivation.

The time of setting out of fruit trees is of far less importance than to see that the right varieties are selected, the soil prepared and transplanting well done.

Candles.

"I thought candles went with stage-coaches, but a good many people must use them yet," said a shopper who pointed to a collection of candlesticks, all of the utility sort, arrayed in a house furnishing department. There were big and little, ornamental and plain, practical and unpractical ones. Some had broad trays, and others had none at all, and some had devices for lifting the candle, while others were made with deep necks. There still remain people who cling to the traditions of their ancestors and will have none of the modern lighting inventions for their sleeping rooms. Certain women prefer a light in their bedrooms until they are asleep, and for this purpose a candle is just the thing, for it will put itself out at the time proportioned by its length.—New York Tribune.

Saw No Reason For Swearing.

General Grant was asked why he never swore. He replied: "Well, when a boy I had an aversion to swearing. It seemed useless, an unnecessary habit, and besides I saw that swearing usually aroused a man's anger. I early had a desire to have complete command of myself. I noticed when a man got angry his opponent always got the better of him. On that account also I determined to refrain from swearing. Then the swearing men of my acquaintance when a boy were not the best men I knew. I never saw any reasons for swearing. All were against it."

Home Life in England and America.

The decay of the home life is to be attributed partially