

HOW HE MIGHT LOSE.

Millionaire Could Not See Why He Should Buy Burial Lot.

Not long ago a prominent financier, whose most prominent characteristic, according to the popular opinion, is close-fistedness, was the recipient of a visit from an agent whose line it is to solicit orders for burial lots.

On emerging from the private office of the moneyed man the agent was met by a colleague who had been waiting for him, and who inquired anxiously as to the success of his interview.

The agent shook his head regretfully. "No go," said he; "he was afraid he might not get the full value of his investment."

"What could he mean by saying that? Confound it, a man must do some time, even though he is a millionaire."

"That's what I told him," replied the agent, "but he only answered, 'Suppose I should be lost at sea?'"

SWISS PASTORS KEEP INNS.

Are Forced Thus to Supplement Their Scanty Incomes.

A note from Geneva states that a fortnight or so ago a Swiss pastor bought an inn at Uffhusen, a little village near Basel. This is said not to be an exceptional case. In the cantons of Upper and Lower Unterwalden and Uri many of the clergy are proprietors of inns. The reason for this is that the priests are so badly paid that they are obliged to supplement their incomes by other means. Their average income in Switzerland is \$125 a year. The establishments under their control are said to be models of their kind. The priests have succeeded in reducing drunkenness in their parishes, for they attend to their customers in person, refusing to serve those who they consider have had enough.

"The Author Of—"

"Have you noticed," said the tall girl, "that in several new books the writer is described as 'the author of—' and then follows a list of books beginning with the one immediately preceding the present production and running back to the earliest period? I have in mind now the case of Mrs. Ward in particular. 'Lady Rose's Daughter' is by the author of 'Eleanor,' 'Tressady' and 'Robert Elsemere.' A year or so ago the previous books have been enumerated in chronological order. 'Elsmere' heading the list 'Eleanor' ending it. I wonder if that way of putting the cart before the horse is a fad among publishers these days, or is it merely a coincidence that I have noticed several cases of the kind within the last few weeks?"

Coroner's Jury's Qualified Verdict.
During the landlord and tenant disturbance in Ireland some years ago a certain property owner was discovered lying dead near a village of which he was owner. The coroner's jury, knowing full well that the man had been shot down by "the boys," were nevertheless loath to further investigate; therefore they rendered the following verdict: "We find the deceased gentleman died by the visitation of God—under suspicious circumstances."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Faking Used Stamps.

Rogues in this country are generally about as artful as we desire them to be, but evidently they have something to learn yet from the heathen Chinese. In West Java Ah Sin manages to cheat the postoffice very ingeniously. On sticking a new stamp on an envelope he smears the stamp on the face with paste or a thin glue. This takes the impression of the defacing stamp at the postoffice, and can easily be washed off, so that the stamp is once more serviceable.

Heaven Had Its Limits.

There was once a Boston woman, says Congressman Powers of Massachusetts, who had afternoon teas, belonged to a Browning club, fell ill, and finally died. When she had been in heaven some days her husband called her up through a spiritualist. "Well, my dear," inquired the husband, "how do you like heaven?" "Very well," she replied. "We have afternoon teas here, and also a Browning club. But, after all, Henry, it's not Boston."—New York Times.

Bits About the Moon.

If there were a "man in the moon" the earth would look sixty-four times larger to him than the sun does to us on earth. The surface area of the moon is about as great as that of Asia and Australia combined. Once in twelve and a half years there is a "moonless month"; that is, the moon has no full moon. The last moonless month fell in 1898 and the next one will fall in 1911.

Amethysts in High Favor.

Amethysts are in high favor. Sometimes they are set in gold, but oftener in gun metal. They are seen as sash pins, belt buckles, long chains, as well as in the tops of purses and wrist bags. One young woman is the envy of her associates by reason of a superb heart-shaped locket composed of a single deep hearted amethyst which she wears dangling from a gold snake chain.

Consequences.

At a time a Prudent Girl met a Frivolous Girl. "Don't you know, my dear," she said, "that if you continue wearing a veil that you will spoil your eyesight?" "I saw that in a medical journal," replied the Frivolous Girl, "and I would have followed its advice only I happened to read in my Beauty Book that if I didn't wear a veil I would spoil my complexion."

A WAITER'S RECEPTIVE BRAIN

Used to Quick Orders, He Becomes an Automaton.

"I believe that there is no work in the world that makes such machines of men as does the business of waiting in some of these 'quick lunch places,'" said the business man. "The brains of the waiters seem to work like phonographs. What they hear in the way of orders given them is seemingly registered and reproduced without any apparent mental activity or realization of exactly what the order means. The other morning, for instance, I overheard this dialogue and monologue in one of these restaurants. Two men seated at the same table gave their orders to the same waiter. 'Bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee,' said the first man.

"Same thing for me, waiter," said the second, adding in a jocular way, "but be sure the eggs are fresh!"

"All right," was the reply.

"And a moment later his voice came from the back of the restaurant: 'Soft-boiled for two—an' have two of 'em fresh!'"

A GATHERING OF ARTISTS.

Commingle of Great Voices Made the Windows Rattle.

Now that the operatic artists—or most of them—have gone abroad, Mr. Campanari is desolate. His comfortable apartment has for several years been a favorite trysting place for many of the song birds during the long New York season; and Mme. Campanari serves spaghetti—Edouard de Reszke can say how well. The singing giant used to forego almost any other gratification of the palate to enjoy the Campanari Italian paste, together with strange sauces, anchovies, bovoni, fagoli, and caviare, like the fellow in "Cynthia's Revels."

"Alas!" mourns the versatile and semper paratus baritone, "what Sunday suppers they were; and how Edouard and I did sing; and how the windows rattled."—New York Mail and Express.

The Editor Ate Too Much.

The editor and wife had another square meal Sunday on account of having received an invitation to dine at the hotel. Perk said he was afraid we wouldn't accept, but we did. For the benefit of our lady readers we will state that they had chicken and the stuff that goes with such a layout, and strawberry shortcake and lettuce. Our wife wore her blue and white and looked real dear. Mrs. Perkins had a new skirt and looked too sweet for anything. The editor wore his Sunday. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday suit and was sick all night.—White (S. D.) Leader.

Razor 150 Years Old.

Charles Morton of Bardston, Ky., is the proud possessor of a razor that is something over 150 years old, but is in a splendid state of preservation, and is far superior to the razors of modern times. The razor was formerly owned by Judge Venable of the colony of Virginia, and who was a prominent patriot. Judge Venable was appointed judge of Kentucky county by Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, Kentucky then being a county of that commonwealth. The razor was made at Sheffield, England, in the year 1751, and is very heavy, the blade being extremely thick and broad, with a large wooden handle.

Trees and Novels.

Nine successful novels recently published in the United States had a total sale of over 1,600,000 copies. Since the average weight of each book sold was probably twenty ounces, a little calculation will prove that these 1,600,000 books contained approximately 2,000,000 pounds of paper. A manufacturer of paper asserts that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood, which is equivalent to about 500 pounds of paper. In other words these nine novels swept away 4,000 trees and they form but a small part of the fiction so eagerly read by the American people.

Monument to Rumsey.

An effort will be made to secure an appropriation from the West Virginia legislature for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of James Rumsey, who, it is claimed, was recognized by George Washington as the inventor of the steamboat. The proposed monument will be erected on a high cliff of the Potomac River at Shepherdstown, overlooking the spot where it is alleged that the first application of steam to the purpose of marine propulsion was made.—Scientific American.

Demand for Rolling Stock.

The exceptional activity in Canadian railway circles, with the admitted scarcity of rolling stock and motive power, has led to a large number of orders being placed by the railway companies for new equipment with both Canadian and American firms, and the facilities of the companies have been taxed to the utmost to fill these orders, while the Canadian Pacific has had to go to Scotland and Saxony in order to obtain the locomotives required by the road.

New to Londoners.

The Londoner will be greatly annoyed by innovations when the American electrical cars are running in the Metropolitan underground and tuppenny tube railways. The fare will be five cents for any distance; there will be no first, second or third class; the high speed will be over sixty miles an hour, and the twenty-second limit to stops will give him a Chicago education in movement.

HOW NOME WAS NAMED.

Insignificant Error Which Determined Its Appellation.

There is to be a considerable rush for Nome next month, if one may believe what one hears among mining men. There is no more sensationalism, but plenty of effort and intention. Men are going there who have thought over the situation very seriously since the wild craze of a few years ago, and they will go prepared for hardships and disappointment. How was Nome named? By a man on the Herald, one of the Franklin rescue ships. When the manuscript chart of the Cape Nome region was constructed attention was called to the fact that the cape had no name by the insertion of this—"name?" The interrogation point was inked in by a draughtsman as a "C" and the "a" in "name" being indistinct he interpreted it as an "o"; hence "C. Nome"—Cape Nome. This little romance occurred in 1853. What's in a name? Nome.—New York Press.

"JACK HARKAWAY" COMING BACK

Story That Thrilled the Boys of a Generation Ago.

For a regular thriller commend me to "Jack Harkaway." Thirty-five years ago this sensational bit of fiction exercised a greater influence on the character of the average boy of 10 to 15 than father, mother and the Ten Commandments. It was devoured by millions on both sides of the water. "Jack" was the ideal of the youth of all English-speaking countries. I see that it has been started again for a long run in a periodical that claims 1,250,000 circulation. Bracebridge Hemyng died in 1901. He wrote not only "Jack Harkaway" but forty-odd volumes of readable fiction, yet you will look in vain for his name in "Johnsons," "Appletons," "Chambers," the "International" and the "Standard" cyclopedias, and in the "Ridpath Library of University Literature." The editors of all such works seem to make it a habit to leave out just what one wants to know.—New York Press.

Mayor Cleared the Sidewalk Himself.

They tell a story of Mayor Studley in New Haven that is characteristic. He was walking along Church street one day when he found the way blocked by a "box" of a builder who had filled the sidewalk with cement and planks, forcing everybody out into the street. The mayor picked up the planks himself and threw them into the street and rolled the cement after them. He left word with a nearby policeman that if that sidewalk was obstructed again the builder would be arrested. Some men can do that sort of thing without diminishing their dignity and greatly to the increase of their popularity. Studley is one of those men.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

Plague of Wolves.

Wolves are still the scourge of the Russian peasantry. During the present winter they have succeeded in destroying 16,000 head of cattle in one district of eastern Russia alone. In the governments of Novgorod, Tver, Olonetsk and Archangel and in Finland these animals are met with in great numbers. The frequently become such a plague that the government orders them to be hunted down by entire companies of soldiers, who surround the woods in which they dwell and afterward shoot them down in considerable numbers.

Doom of Buzzard.

The buzzards that have long infested Vera Cruz and served a useful purpose as winged scavengers are doomed. A London firm is putting in a modern sewer and water system. The birds have become so numerous that they are a pest. The protection of the municipality has been removed and when the new drainage system shall be completed the city will be rid of the pest, the numbers of which have already been reduced somewhat by catching the buzzards and placing them in wooden cages to be taken to the sea and drowned.

Opulence at the Capital.

Old-fashioned residents of Washington deplore the fact that social life there is taking on many of the objectionable features which characterize the "rude and rich" New York set. It is believed that some of this is due to the fact that the resident halls from New York, the Roosevelt being allied with many families notable on Manhattan island. Opulence at the capital is making great display in equipages, luncheons, dinners, dances, etc., and its coming to be understood that nowadays money not only talks, it howls.

The Prodigy.

The infant prodigy had thrown herself on the floor and was vigorously biting holes in the matting, while her toes drummed a quick march of fierce anger and her shrieks rent the air. "What in the world!" exclaimed the prodigy's keeper, in alarm. "Here is a newspaper account of me which neglects to say that I am 'utterly unspoiled with all my popularity,'" wailed the prodigy as it continued to "scream and kick."—Los Angeles Herald.

Chance for Every Old Thing.

Wanted—Mr. Edgar Hogan wants a wife. He is not particular about what kind; most any old thing will do—an old maid or some brisky young miss. Any unmarried lady that wants to get a husband should write Mr. Hogan, or see him at his office or home. His postoffice is Bethany. His office is anywhere on the square at Bethany. His home is on Big Creek, five miles north of Bethany.—Bethany (Mo.) Owl.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN'S FLOOR.

What Would Be Revealed if Water Were Drained Off.

Leslie's Weekly says: If the waters of the Pacific could be drained there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory, comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface. lofty mountains beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks and tremendous hollows or basins only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains and huge basins or deeps, the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific is now at last revealed on the plateau areas in level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shoaler spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.

WAS PRETTY DRY READING.

How Teddy's Ambition Received Something of a Setback.

For some reason desire for higher education had overcome Teddy. Temporarily he felt keenly his own ignorance, gloried in hearing about the lives of illustrious, self-made men, and for the first time realized his own shortcomings. He decided to emulate examples. The Encyclopedia Britannica, he thought, was a fairly well-informed authority, and if he'd read just a page or two of that every night, within a few years he'd know about everything extant.

"Well, my boy," asked his father an hour after the course had begun, "how do you like it?"

"I don't know," said Teddy. "Algebra is mighty slow; but alligators—phew!"

Warming the North Pole.

A novel scheme for rendering the Arctic regions inhabitable has been advanced by a scientist, who proposes to widen Behring Strait and remove all obstacles to the entrance of the warm Japanese current, which he considers then would pour down in sufficient quantities to melt the ice of the Polar seas, thus reclaiming a vast empire. Behring Strait is thirty-six miles wide at the narrowest part, with a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms, but the channel is obstructed by three small islands. These he would remove, and would also get rid of those rocks and reefs along the coast which offer most impediment to the free access of the current.

French Commissioner Disgusted.

Michel Lagrange, French commissioner to the St. Louis exposition, arrived there recently with Mme. Lagrange, and inside of twenty-four hours was the most disgusted man in Missouri. There was no one to receive him at the depot and as he does not speak English he had much difficulty in getting a carriage to his hotel. The cabman charged him \$20 for the short drive to the hotel, where he waited until the next afternoon before his presence in town was recognized by anyone connected with the exposition. M. Lagrange declares that the steamer cannot take him back to France too quickly.—Chicago Chronicle.

Search for Prehistoric Horses.

For two years past agents of William C. Whitney have been searching the western plains for relics of the ancestors of the present breed of horses. So far many interesting bones have been resurrected from their burial places in the rocks of the pre-Adamic ages. The horse, in its origin, had several varying prototypes. The National History Museum in New York already specimens. Last autumn the fossil remains of a small herd of the species called the hipparion were discovered in Nebraska. From them it is believed that a complete animal can be mounted.

Misquotations.

A correspondent sends the following popular misquotations: The absurd tautology, "Like angels' visits few (instead of short) and far between;" "Money is the root of all evil" for "The love of money," a very different thing. He remarks that it is curious that the late Dr. Patterson himself in his monograph on Milton falls into the snare of quoting "Fresh fields and pastures new." He suggests, also, that the use of the Italian phrase, in petto, as if equivalent to in miniature, is another snare into which many authors fall.

Matches Eight Inches Long.

The latest luxury for the smokers' tray is the new English match that measures eight inches in length. Fifty of these fit a sumptuous silver and leather box, which, with the cigars, is set upon the table at the conclusion of a dinner party. One match will light from ten to twelve cigars or cigarettes. Sometimes, for the use of feminine smokers, these matches are made of Syrian cedars or aromatic East Indian woods and burn with the most delicious perfume.

North Dakota Legislators.

There are 140 members of the North Dakota legislature, and of them fifty-one are farmers and only two are lawyers. Norwegians and their descendants are very largely represented in the politics of North Dakota.

The Largest Opera Houses.

The Academy of Music, at New York, will hold 4,700 people. The next biggest opera house is that at Parma, in Italy. It is built of wood, and will hold 4,500.

STATISTICS OF NIGHT HERONS

They Are Sought by the Smithsonian Institution.

Eight hundred night herons are wandering free about the United States, each wearing on one leg an aluminum band inscribed "Smithsonian Institution" and a number. If any person shoots one of these birds he should write to Paul Bartsch, biologist of the Smithsonian, telling where it was and how large was the bird. The night heron is one of the most beautiful of the aquatic birds of America, but scientists know less about it than they are satisfied with. Last year Mr. Bartsch discovered several breeding places of these birds on the Potomac in the District of Columbia. Recently he visited the place with several assistants in the night and the 800 aluminum bands were fastened to the legs of as many young herons. Science is anxious to know how long the night heron lives, where it spends the winters and how much of the country it covers in its wanderings. It is believed that by the time a few of the numbered aluminum bands have been reported some of these facts will have been established to the satisfaction of the ornithologists.—Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer.

THE RAINFALL IN ENGLAND.

Cyclonic Disturbances Had Little Material Effect.

Fortunately for the south of England the cyclonic disturbances, which this year have been more than usually numerous, have kept fairly regularly to their normal track, says the London Chronicle. This course has taken them across Ireland and Scotland, and as a result the rainfall account in these two countries is now much ahead of the average. Scotland north has had an excess of nearly ten inches the surplusage in the west and east being nine and five inches respectively. Ireland has beaten the average by between five and six inches. The south of England has had but a trifle more than its usual allowance; the eastern counties, on the other hand, being nearly an inch short.

Advancement of Women.

At a meeting of the English Women's Liberal association a letter was read in which the daughter of George Meredith, the novelist, said: "My father, George Meredith, wishes me to say that it heartens him to see women banded together in union. What nature originally decreed men are but beginning to see—that they are fitted for most of the avenues open to energy, and by their entering upon active life they will no longer be open to the accusation men so frequently bring against them of their being narrow and craven. Much more he could say, but he has short time at his command."

A Good Place to Stop.

He really ought not to have gone into the Latin class that day. He was called up first, and read as far as he had prepared. Then he skirmished on a little farther. This is the way it went: "I, Ulysses, saw her (Dido's) heavenly form advancing like a goddess in the sunlight. I sprang toward her, and she welcomed me. Her hair fell down upon her shoulders like the sunbeams on Olympus. Her eyes shone like two jewels of the sea. I—I threw my arms—my arms—about—about her—her neck—neck—and—and—that's as far as I got, professor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Butcher and His Hat.

"I always thought it paid to be polite until I got into this business," remarked a prosperous retail butcher, "but I find that it costs me about \$25 a year. My trade is with nice people, and when fashionable women come into the shop I have to tip my hat to them. A butcher's fingers are always more or less greasy from handling the meat, and in about a month a new hat is no longer fit to wear. Grease is about the only thing that won't come out of a derby, and I will be the butcher's best customer until the weather grows warm and I will be able to go bareheaded."

Production of Nitrate of Soda.

The annual report of the Nitrate Association of Chile, which controls the world's supply of nitrate of soda, shows the production in 1902 to have been 2,982,522.80 pounds from seventy-eight works. The nitrate beds are near the surface and are worked as stone quarries. It is anticipated that the immense amount of nitrate the United States now gets from Chile for use in fertilizers will ultimately be supplied by factories making it by electrical process from the air, as is being done at Niagara Falls.

Etiquette of the Feud.

"There's just one thing, sah," observed Col. Gore of Kentucky, "in which we are away behind Turkey." "What's that?" Col. Bullet asked, quickly. "Well, sah, after a general killin' the porte always sends a polite note of apology to the survivors of the massacre. If we could only end our feuds in that way, sah." "But we can't, sah," exclaimed Col. Bullet, excitedly. "For the simple reason, sah, that when one of our feuds ends nobody's left, sah, to apologize to!"

The World's Rarest Bird.

To find the rarest bird in existence you must go to the mountains between Anam and Loas, where there is a certain kind of pheasant. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$500, and the bird living would be priceless, for it soon dies in captivity.

SHE DID NOT DRINK.

And Consequently Did Not Need First Floor Rooms.

American pushfulness is an unlimited quantity. The women are as irrepressible in society as the men in commerce. A certain visitor to the Riviera found this out recently. He was occupying first floor rooms at a well-known hotel. At a of a sudden, without any introduction or preliminary, a note was brought to him signed by the wife of a well-known American millionaire. It asked him whether he would object to giving up his rooms to her niece. He was much amazed, but wrote back inquiring whether the niece drank. Mrs. wrote in reply, in surprise and indignation, winding up with an emphatic statement that her niece did not drink. Lord X—concluded with the following note: "Lord X— regrets that he cannot give up his first floor rooms to Mrs. —'s niece, for he is convinced that, as the young lady does not drink, it is very much easier for her to get up stairs than it is for Lord X—."—London Tatler.

A NEW BOILED DINNER.

Little One's Astonishing Natural Under the Circumstances.

"I have a little niece," said the raconteur of the Sewing Circle, "who is never so happy as when she is allowed to visit the kitchen and watch the servants at work. Fortunately, her mother has good-natured servants who rather enjoy having the child around, so many are the charmed hours which Jessie spends downstairs making little pies under the cook's superintendence, and pretending she is 'grown up.'"

"The other day she descended to the laundry to oversee the family wash in her busy little way. She gave one look of utter astonishment as Mary put on the clothes to boil, and then fairly flew upstairs to her mother, exclaiming:

"'Oh, mamma! What do you think? Mary's cooking the clothes for dinner!'"—New York Times.

Cheerfulness Counts.

The Cosmopolitan says the longevity of the medical man is materially less than that of workers of other professions. Only those with a sound physique, other things being equal, can win in a struggle for success. The sick look with confidence to the well. They demand the hearty dogmatism that comes from the overflowing of animal spirits. They enjoy the cheerful optimism that comes from a good digestion. They lean upon the doctor in their weakness and yield willing obedience to his kindly influence. Much of the power possessed for good may be outside of pills or potions, correct theories or sound deductions.—American Medicine.

Bait!

A class in a Sunday school was listening to a lesson on patience. The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. Look at the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question: "And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" With one voice was the answer shouted—"bait!"

Evicted Kaffirs.

The correspondent of a London paper, writing from British South Africa, says the Kaffirs are bound to increase in population more rapidly than the whites, whom they already greatly outnumber, and, being barred from work in many cases by the importation of cheap labor from India and forced to leave their land holdings, which they retain only under lease from the Boers, to whom it has been allotted, and under liability of eviction, a serious uprising of the natives is not beyond the possibilities of the near future.

Losses by Drought in Australia.

The wheat harvest of 1902 in New South Wales is only one-tenth of the harvest of 1901, and this represents a loss to the wheat growers of over £2,000,000. The losses in grain, hay and vegetables are at least as great in the aggregate, while the disasters of the pastoral industry are on a yet more tragical scale. In the flocks and herds of the state there is a decrease of 47,401 horses, 319,461 cattle and 15,669,632 sheep! Taken at low rates, this represents an immediate cash loss of something like £8,000,000.

Had Him in Doubt.

"Is your wife a good manager?" "I really don't know." "Don't know!" "No. You see, I always thought I had pretty much my own way in everything, but the other day I got hold of an article on the diplomatic management of husbands, and since reading that I'm not at all sure that my wife hasn't been managing me right along. If that's so, you can put her down as one of the best and cleverest managers that ever lived."

A Mother to the Girl.

The woman who had lost her maid at the moment that she was expecting visitors went to the janitor in her distress, hoping that he might be able to find some one to help her out. He was Hibernian and effusively sympathetic. "Shure an' it's too bad," he assured her, "an' you after bein' a mither to that girl!" As the girl was as black as a negro could be, the woman took the compliment with reservations.