

PRESERVED HER LANGUID CALM.

True Aristocratic Indifference Shown by New York Woman.

During the performance of "Martha" at the Metropolitan opera house, in New York, at a time when Caruso was caressing the top of the proscenium arch with his liquid notes, something like a flash of white light shot from one of the upper boxes of the orchestra. A lady in the box from which the flash seemed to have started languidly placed her hand to her throat and said to a gentleman at her side:

"How annoying!"

The gold fastening of a diamond necklace she wore had parted, and the string of gems, probably a score of them, worth \$10,000 or more, had fallen into the lap of a lady in an orchestra seat and thence to the floor. The gentleman in the box, when the situation was explained, calmly arose, stepped to the rear, called an usher and whispered some instructions to him.

In the meantime the lady upon whom the string of diamonds had descended was following the performance and the music.

To her came the usher, after an appropriate interval. He inquired in a whisper if anything had dropped from the boxes. The lady drew aside her skirt and pointed to the necklace on the floor. The usher picked it up, carried it back to the box and the incident was closed.

None had been disturbed save the direct actors in the little side event, and they made no noise. It was simply an incident in life in New York. It couldn't happen anywhere else.

THEN HE WANTED TO SLEEP.

Mrs. Bloombumper Had Found Cure for Husband's Insomnia.

"My husband is dreadfully troubled with insomnia," said Mrs. Bloombumper. "He wakes up about 2 o'clock every morning, and then he can't go to sleep again. He tosses about until daylight, and growls and fusses so that I can't get any sleep myself."

"My husband used to be troubled that way," replied Mrs. Cawker, "but I discovered a remedy which never fails."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"Well, I noticed that my husband always slept the soundest when it was time to get up. No matter how wakeful he had been all night, just as soon as rising time came he went to sleep and slept like a log."

"That's just the way with Mr. Bloombumper, exactly. But tell me what you did."

"Well, when Mr. Cawker woke up in the night and began to toss about and say he couldn't get a wink of sleep, I simply went across the room, pretended to look at that clock, and said, 'Oh, that's all right; you don't need to go to sleep again. It's time for you to get up.' That always put him to sleep in a minute."

How They Vote in Paris.

"In Paris only one-fifth of the voters go to the polls and cast their ballots," said R. G. Graham, an American who has lived in Paris as a business man for several years past. "This is not because they cannot vote, but because they do not care to. Everybody in the city is interested in politics, but when the time to vote comes few care to go to the polls."

"The man who wins is most often the man who promises everything. For instance, in my district last time a man was elected who promised to put a new shed on the market. I know of another deputy who was kept in office 15 years because he promised to add an extra sardine to the daily rations of the soldiers. There are so many soldiers that that made a big difference. They did not get the sardine, but he continued to promise and kept office."

Jerome Jones' Gift.

Chief Justice Mason and Jerome Jones who lived opposite neighbors on Corey Hill for many years, each subscribed for a history of Norfolk county, after having resisted the importunities of the canvasser to have portrait steel engravings, \$100 each, by compromising for a copy only of the work. It came in two volumes "bound in calf."

One summer afternoon Mr. Jones finding the volumes cumbersome and unattractive, took them under his arm across to present them to Neighbor Mason, thinking they would look well in his law library. The judge said:

"Thank you, but I was just coming across to present you with my two volumes."—Boston Herald.

Surgery Without Scars.

Scarless surgery is numbered among the most recent achievements in medical science. It is explained that in making the first incision the scalpel does not cut the skin at right angles with the surface, but passes through it at a slant.

After the operation is performed a rigid dressing of wool and glass is applied to prevent contraction and as much pressure is brought to bear on the wound as is safe. According to foreign advisers the London surgeon who conceived the idea and successfully put it into practice is unable to meet the demands for his services.

Lost on His Winnings.

Towne—Lushley won a lot on the election, didn't he?

Browne—No, he lost considerable.

Towne—Why, he told me he had ten bets and won them all.

Browne—Yes, and each one was for a bottle of whisky, and so he lost two weeks' pay—and his job, almost.

KEEPS A DOG IN CONDITION.

Wire Will Give Him Exercise if Secured in Proper Way.

Dogs, especially setters, pointers and other hunting animals, as well as fierce and unruly ones, need to be kept chained most of the time, the hunting dogs to prevent them from straying away, generally at night, and others from annoying or endangering the safety of people coming on the premises. To keep dogs on a chain constantly, preventing them from getting much-needed exercise, is cruel and prejudicial to their health, and it also serves to make a cross dog so much more unruly and dangerous as frequently to necessitate having him killed. There is a practical and easily constructed method of overcoming the difficulty and still restraining the dog of his liberty.

A stout post is securely planted alongside of the doghouse, having about 18 inches of it above ground. Another post is then securely planted about 100 feet distant and a stout telegraph wire stretched taut between the two posts and securely fastened. The chain is attached to the wire with a sliding ring and the other end to the collar on the dog. The dog soon gets to understand the arrangement and will soon have a pathway worn along the entire length of the wire on both sides in his scampers.

To prevent fouling of the chain at the far post attach a support, which will enable the chain to slip over and into place readily.

The location of the wire run can be so arranged as to permit the dog to guard both the front, side or back of the dwelling, as well as the gate, though much over 100 feet will make it difficult to make and keep the wire from sagging under the strain of a good-sized dog.

HE TOOK THE PRESCRIPTION.

Not Just What Doctor Intended, but Results Were Good.

According to the Philadelphia Record, William Bradey, a veteran of the civil war and a devoted son of Ireland, who lives in Germantown, told a good joke on himself at the last campfire held by the comrades of Ellis Post, G. A. R. It appears that Bradey was out of sorts a few days ago, and his wife sent for the family physician, who wrote a prescription after examining him. Handing the prescription to Mrs. Bradey, the doctor, upon departing, said: "Just let your husband take that, and you'll find he will be all right in a short time." Next day the doctor called again, when Mrs. Bradey opened the door to him, her face beaming with smiles. "Sure, that was a wonderful wee bit of paper you left yesterday," she exclaimed. "William is better to-day." "I'm glad to hear that," said the much-pleased medical man. "Not but what I hadn't a big job to get him to swallow it," went on the wife; "but, sure, I just wrapped up the wee bit of paper quite small and put it in a spoonful of jam, and William swallowed it unbeknownst, and by night he was entirely better."

Artist in Humble Line.

Oscar S. Straus, the secretary of commerce and labor, is a connoisseur of pottery and porcelains.

In conversation with a reporter in New York Mr. Straus one day praised the useful art—woodcarving, tapestry weaving, cabinet making and the like. "Machinery," he said, "has robbed us of our useful arts to a great extent. In machine-made things there can be no artistic quality, no individual expression. In hand-made things, even the humblest, there is always an opportunity for art to show itself."

Two street sweepers were quarreling one day about their talent in street sweeping.

"Well, Bill," said one, "I admit that you can clean up the middle of a street all right, but you ain't capable of doing an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping around a trolley pole."

Two Kinds of Stenographers.

"My experience with stenographers has been that they waste more than half their time in trying to look pretty and in talking about the boys."

"That hasn't been my experience. My stenographer, for instance, never spends a minute in front of a mirror with a powder rag; never keeps a box of candy on the typewriter table; never stops work to arrange hair ribbons; never nibbles fudge; never calls up a girl friend to talk about the boys; never is bothered by beaux phoning to the office."

"Don't lose her. She's in a class all by herself."

"She? Who said she? My stenographer's a man."

Buried Church of Cornwall.

It is stated that the statement is being made to raise funds for the restoration of the "buried church" of Perranzabuloe, in Cornwall, England. This name, which has been stated before now to be a fragment of the ancient Cornish language, is simply a corruption of St. Pranzabuloe, "St. Piran in the Sand."

As if to justify the name more completely from view, and it was only rediscovered, like an Egyptian tomb, and laid bare in the year 1835. The surviving ruins are now railed in and visited annually by numbers of people.

Out of the Woods and Back.

Tramp—Madam, I have come out of the wilderness to locate work.

Lady—Humph! Well, I can give you plenty. Chop that wood and—

Tramp—Beg pardon, ma'am. I said I was merely trying to locate it. Now that I know it still exists I shall return to the wilderness.—Judge.

LOG-ROLLING DAYS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASE COMMON TO POLITICS.

On Southern Plantations in the Old Times It Meant a Period of Hard Work Followed by Frolic and Merriment.

Everybody knows the meaning of "log-rolling" in political parlance. In plain language, it means: "You tickle me and I'll tickle you," or "You vote for my bill and I'll vote for yours." The original meaning may not be so well known to city readers, says the Lynchburg (Va.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. The word came from the plantation. It is now almost obsolete in this part of Virginia, because the thing it represents has passed away. The memory of the writer runs back 60 years, when a log-rolling was an annual affair on every big plantation. The practice then was to clear new ground every year for tobacco. Felling the forest trees and preparing the ground for cultivation was no small undertaking. First the undergrowth was cleared away and then the big trees were attacked by the ax brigade, consisting, on our plantation, of ten or twelve men. I well remember the scene. It impressed me in my boyhood as real work and it was hard work. A dozen axes, welded by strong arms, rang continually, and ever and anon a great tree, the growth of a century, fell to the earth with a tremendous crash. The new ground was about 20 acres in extent, or as it was usually spoken of by planters, 100,000 tobacco hills, allowing 5,000 hills to the acre. When the trees were felled the work was not half done. The branches had to be cut off and prepared for fuel and the great trunks had to be cut into manageable lengths.

The log-rolling was invested with all the interest that attaches to an athletic game and festival as well. A big dinner was prepared for the occasion, and plenty of whisky was provided. The latter was seldom slighted by any of the men. The hands from the adjoining plantations were invited and there was always friendly rivalry between the crews of the several plantations and between the men on the same plantation. The big logs furnished excellent means of testing the manhood of the contestants in a trial which taxed their muscular powers. Hand sticks were placed under the log, and as many men were assigned to the log as its weight required. Couples were chosen nearly equal in strength. Then if a man outlifted his fellow at the other end of the stick and brought him to his knees, or as the phrase was, "pulled him down," he was proclaimed victor. If, then, the same man pulled down all the other contestants in succession, he carried off the pennant, so to speak, for that occasion, and if equally successful at other log-rollings that season, was declared the champion strong man of the neighborhood. The contest was carried on with perfect good humor and sometimes with great hilarity, many exchanges of wit and sharp repartee.

It was a much-coveted honor to come out victor in a log-rolling contest. After the work of the day a dance to the music of the banjo usually followed at night and the merry-making continued into the small hours of the morning. The incidents of the day furnished themes for discussion and conversation for months.

Another great event on the plantation was the corn-shucking. The affair is called in the north a "husking bee," but in this part of the world it is a "corn-shucking." Here the envelope of the ear is called the shuck, and the cob the husk. If you should send a negro to bring you some husks, he would bring you cobs. The corn was hauled and thrown out in a long pile, containing from 500 to 2,000 or more bushels of corn. Then a bright moonlight night is selected and the hands of the neighboring plantations are invited. They are not slow to respond. Soon a big crowd is on the ground and work and fun begin. A leader is chosen who has a loud voice and some skill in music. He takes his place on top of and runs from end to end of the pile, singing a couplet, and all the assembly responds with another couplet or joins in the refrain. The music is wild and weird, but the effect is pleasing, especially at a little distance. The leader does not shuck much corn, but he is the most important and most valuable man in the party, because he enlivens the crowd and keeps all awake and in good humor. The work continues till midnight and sometimes later. It is followed by the big supper and the inevitable dance.

Cow in Strawstack Ten Days.

Ten days ago William Howischer, residing southwest of this city, lost one of his milk cows, and, feeling positive that the animal had strayed away, advertised his loss in the newspapers. The advertisement, however, failed to bring the usual results.

Howischer had abandoned hope of ever finding his cow again, when, on passing near a large straw stack on the farm, his attention was attracted by a noise which seemed to come from within the stack. Securing a lantern he traveled a long, dark passageway in the stack made by the stock, at the end of which he found the missing cow, which had got fast in the passage and could not extricate herself. She was given her freedom and does not seem to be much the worse for her experience—Wapakoneta, O., special in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER "BOY" A TREASURE.

His Acquaintance Proves of Value to American Women.

An American woman who had gone to live in Shanghai was compelled, soon after her arrival, to entertain some important business associates of her husband's. Her finest china, glass, and so forth had not yet arrived from the States. Nevertheless, she determined to give a dinner and called in her "Number one boy."

"Now, boy," she said impressively, "I entertain three gentlemen at dinner to-morrow, very fine gentlemen. Must be nice, everything."

Bowing and scraping, he went off to inform the other seven servants.

The next evening as she ushered her friends into the dining hall she gasped in astonishment. Before her was a table spread with the most exquisite linen, cut glass, silver and delicate china. Over it all hung a gorgeous cut glass chandelier. Course after course was served as if by magic.

The instant she could leave her guests she sought her "Number one boy."

"Boy, boy!" she exclaimed. "Where you get such beautiful things?"

The boy beamed with satisfaction. "Everything very nice, best possible! Me very good friend Russian ambassador's 'Number one boy'; Russian ambassador go out to dinner. Me borrow. Very nice, very nice!"—The Sunday Magazine.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Sheriff Had Provided Exactly What Judge Called For.

The Hon. John Steel was a sheriff in Missouri. A new county judge was elected, and Steel, thinking to pay the judge a delicate compliment, selected for his first panel of jurors every fat man in the county; the judge weighed nearly 300 pounds, says the Saturday Evening Post.

The day was hot, and Steel, when he took the jurors out to dinner, fed them so heartily that all went to sleep during the afternoon. The judge was furious.

"What do you mean," he roared at the sheriff, "by bringing those sleepy-heads into court as a jury? They haven't heard any of this afternoon's evidence. I discharge the panel. Go out now and get a panel of men who will stay awake. I want men with a single eye to justice, not dolts like these!"

Steel went out and rode the country that night. When the judge appeared next morning Steel had a panel of one-eyed men for him.

Crushing a Critic.

School superintendents, among their many duties, are expected to report on the personality of the teachers in their district. It is not always easy to get "a line" on that quality of a teacher, so many are lenient in the work. One of the superintendents, however, is never satisfied until he has made the test for orderliness by asking the teacher to open his or her desk.

One day he found one of his fair subordinates with things in great confusion. She was evidently violating heaven's first law.

"My dear," said he to the blushing delinquent, "I don't believe you would make a good housekeeper."

The desk closed with a bang, there was fire in her eye, as she calmly replied:

"Oh! Are you looking for a housekeeper?"

Had Confidence in Himself.

It is recorded of the earl of Mansfield that he once dismissed a servant, but wrote for him a "character," as follows: "The bearer, John —, has served me for three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me." A day or two later the man returned to thank his old master for the help he had afforded him in getting him a new berth. How had the testimonial helped him? The man explained that his new master had observed that the ability to drive and sobriety were the qualities he required in a coachman. As for the cheating, his employer had said: "I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll be hanged if you cheat me."

New Profession.

First Tramp (in the suburbs)—Say, Bill, I've got a reg-lar job and it ain't work, nuther. It's just like a reg-lar profess, and I'm gettin' big fees. See that tenner?

Second Tramp—Jiminy crickets! What does yer do?

"I sneaks around at night and throws people's lawn mowers out of gear."

"But who pays yer for that?"

"Next door neighbors wot wants ter sleep."—New York Weekly.

The Servant Question.

The proud millionaire entered his garage haughtily.

"Francois," he said, "you took out the new 60-horsepower Limousine again last night without permission. I'm afraid I'll have to get another chauffeur."

"I wish you would, sir," Francois answered. "With those four big cars there's quite enough work for two of us."

Failure of a Triple Alliance.

Pluto was boasting of his three-headed dog.

"Well, it will get left," answered his daughter's suitor. "I have only one pair of pants."

Seeing that there was not enough work to go 'round, the old man stopped bragging.—N. Y. Sun.

NO GOLD SCARCITY.

DEPOSITS OF PRECIOUS METAL ALL OVER THE WORLD.

In Small Quantities It Is Found in Almost All Volcanic Rocks and Will Yet Profitably Be Taken from the Sea.

The world's gold supply is absolutely inexhaustible, no matter what demands are made upon it, says a writer in Moody's Magazine. Hitherto the attention of miners has been entirely directed to comparatively rich, easily worked deposits. But it has to be remembered that gold in small quantities occurs in enormous masses of rock throughout the world.

Almost all volcanic rocks and the formations derived from them, such as granite, serpentine and rhyolite, contain appreciable quantities of gold, and vast deposits of sedimentary rocks derived from such volcanic formations contain gold in concentrated form, and are to-day in some localities profitably worked.

Profit is and always has been the incentive to gold production. Should there ever be need for working the volcanic and sedimentary rocks that are auriferous the means of profitably working them will be found.

Experiments have shown that gold is regularly falling to the earth, in association with cosmic dust, and day and night settles all over the land and sea. Some of this gold, when concentrated by wind or water, or dissolved by acid surface waters and redeposited in a more concentrated form, is recoverable.

The waters of the sea, also, are auriferous, and there can be little doubt that, if ever in the remote future there should be an extraordinary demand for gold, means could be found for profitably reducing the gold in the seawater.

The area of the sea-bed is much larger than that of the land. Its composition is similar in every respect with that of the land. It is composed of mountains, plains and plateaus; of igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary rocks which contain great areas of gold bearing and other mineral veins.

Only in a few instances, however, where the submarine gold fields are close to the land will it be possible to work them as the submarine coal fields are now worked. But those oceanic gold fields on which the veins outcrop at the surface are subject to constant attrition by the waves. This causes the shedding of gold, which is concentrated by the sea and washed ashore.

Gold deposits thus formed exist in many countries, and they are remarkable in that they are renewed or enriched by almost every storm that passes over them. These deposits are known by various names, but the term auriferous beach sand sufficiently describes them. They occur in the Pacific beaches, from Alaska to Terra del Fuego, and throughout the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, where they have long been worked with profitable results.

The gold output from the gold bearing beaches at Nome, Alaska, this year is expected to reach \$4,000,000. The coast between Cape Nome and Point Rodney for a distance of more than 20 miles is being worked for gold by hundreds of men.

The beach is in places auriferous for a width of 2,000 feet inland from the tide level and sometimes to a depth of 50 feet. From the western base of Cape Nome there is a series of gravelly sea beaches extending inland several miles, which contain gold and are in places being worked to-day. These marine deposits yielded gold to the value of \$2,200,000 in 1903, \$2,185,000 in 1904 and \$2,850,000 in 1905.

The earth has also immense deposits of auriferous sands and clays. These are chiefly in the arid regions. In many countries they are profitably worked by dry blowing processes.

But experiments in Australia have shown that much of the gold can be extracted in these cases by a special adaptation of gold dredging known as the paddocking process. These deposits are formed by the erosion of auriferous rock formations and the concentration of the gold by the action of wind and rain.

Married Men Appreciated.

Everyone looks with favor on the married man in Australia, and he is considered to deserve well of his country. Even if he is so imprudent as to wed on nothing, and has no home to which to take his bride, he is not much blamed; his relations or her relations generally come to the rescue and set the young couple on their feet. In the government service the married man is very tenderly treated, and this is one place at least where it is a strict rule that no married man shall be dismissed except for insubordination. Needless to say, all the young clerks take wives at the earliest possible moment, and thus insure their positions.

Scotch Weather.

Mrs. Aucterbody—Weel, Sandie, you was a fine dry day we had last month.

Sandie—Deed, aye, it just put me in mind of ane we had when I was a bit laddie, but it was, if anything, fully drier.

A Correction.

Crittik—Yes, he said he understood you wrote advertising poetry.

Rimsy—The idea! I hope you corrected his error.

Crittik—Oh, certainly. I told him it was wrong to say "poetry;" that you merely wrote "rhymes."

NOT SWAYED BY SENTIMENT.

Humble Proofreader Saw Inconsistency in Glittering Rhetoric.

The Waterbury American gives the following amusing illustration of clever and alert proofreading, and of tact in making "call down" suggestions to learned speakers or editors absorbed in sentiment and eloquence. The young lady referred to is now proofreader for the press of C. M. Gaines.

Amos Wilder's speech at the Yale alumni dinner in New York was so good that the Alumni Weekly published it in full, and everybody enthused over it. A certain Yale editor, in another part of the country, found in the speech one sentence which he thought just the thing to quote in an editorial he was writing on the need of care in framing insurance legislation. This was the sentence: "The insurance agent who sees in placing a policy not only the premium for his own needs and desires, but protection for a sobbing widow and frightened children as for the first time they see their father helpless in death and the lips, once so rich in endearments, now set in the terrible marble of great mystery—that agent looks his man in the eye and speaks in the language of another world." The editor was mastered by the sentiment and the rhetoric, but not so the humble proofreader, who had no college diploma and never attended an alumni banquet. She quietly drew a line around the words "for the first time," put a question mark on the margin and sent the proof up to the editor.

HEAT IN REVIVAL MEETING.

Reverend Gentleman's Words Capable of Two Constructions.

Some years ago, in Lanesville, Mass., a revival meeting was taking place in the vestry of the Congregational church. The church had recently been shingled, and on this cold winter's evening the old shingles were being burned in the stove to heat the vestry.

Four young men who were passing decided that they would go into the meeting. They were all smiles as they entered. Seeing the smiling faces of these young non-churchgoers, the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Andrews, stopped his exhortation and said in a stern voice:

"Young men, you are mistaken if you think you are coming in here to disturb this meeting, for it is hot here!"

At that moment the shingles were sending out their fierce heat, and, thinking he might be misunderstood, the reverend gentleman added, "I mean hot with the Holy Ghost!"

Price of a Wife in New Hebrides.

After 33 years of service in the New Hebrides, Rev. Dr. Annand has returned to Canada for a vacation.

Comparing Canadian conditions with those in the Hebrides Dr. Annand pointed out some of the things for which the women of Canada should be thankful. In the Hebrides women are bought and sold like cattle. A five-year-old girl is worth two hogs, and the price increases with age—up to certain limits. There is no excuse for a man being a bachelor, provided he can raise the price of a hog.

After 50 years of mission work all the islands are nominally Christian, in the interior of some of the islands, however, cannibalism is still a popular institution. Only a short time before he left several instances of cannibalism were reported from the interior.

President Jordan's Grandfathers.

President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford university, who delivered an address before the educational congress recently, rather surprised his audience by his reference to the possible status in the other world of one of his great-grandfathers.

He was speaking of an address written by the old gentleman, which he had recently read, and was telling of the queer ideas it contained bearing upon future prosperity. "I often wonder what grandfather would think," he said, "if he could look through a crack in the pearly gates, or, as some have suggested, from his cosy corner by the fire."

Garnet Mine Laid Bare by Dog.

Laid bare by the scratching of a dog, which was digging for a field mouse, the valuable vein of garnet and feldspar, already exploited, was discovered in Patrick Mahoney's blue stone quarry on Darby creek, near Clifton Heights, Pa.

The find was made by one of Mr. Mahoney's workmen, who was watching his dog nose among the loose rock. In his eagerness to catch a mouse the dog unearthed a small pocket, which was filled with hundreds of glistening garnets, each the size of a man's thumbnail.

An Author.

Ascum—You're a literary man, you say.

Woodby—Oh, yes, I do considerable writing for the papers.

Ascum—I never noticed your name.

Woodby—Oh, no; I have several pen-names that I use; usually "Constant Reader" or "Pro Bono Publico" or "Old Subscriber."

Street Philosophy.

"Talking about the late election," said the man on the street corner, "prophecy doesn't pay now as it did in the ancient times."

"And yet," rejoined his casual acquaintance, "it is a sound business truth that there is always money in profits."