One Was Enough.

That illustrious astronomer, Professor Simon Newcomb, in an article on "Science and the Government" in The North American Review, gives an amusing instance of the ignorance even of the most prominent politicians regarding the work of the greatest scientists:

"It is said that some 50 years ago the British academy had printed a few copies of an important work for presentation to some foreigners who, from their prominence in the scientific world, were best entitled to be honored with the gift. Professor Airy, the astronomer royal, was requested to make a selection of the names. A few days after he had sent in his list he was informed by the secretary of the admiralty that 'my lords' were struck by the number of unknown names included and that they wished to make an inquiry on the subject. Airy asked the secretary for some specifications as to the names referred to.

"'Well, as an example,' said the secretary, 'here is the name of Professor C. F. Gauss of Gottingen. Who is he?'

"'Gauss is one of the greatest mathematicians of the age and stands among the two or three most eminent masters in physical astronomy now living. Who else do you wish to know about?'

"'No one else. That will do,' replied the secretary."

The Blood on the Knife.

"For the last ten years," said a curio dealer in the Old Quarter, "a broad bladed dagger with an imitation bronze handle has been lying among a lot of odds and ends in that corner showcase. I don't know where it came from, but I probably got it when buying some collection. At any rate, the other day, while looking over my dead stock, it occurred to me it might be burnished up and used as a paper knife. I took it out, scraped the handle a little to see what it was made of and then laid it on my desk to attend to a customer.

"When I picked it up again, I was astounded to find the blade dripping with blood. It seems a childish thing to tell, but the incident was so grewsome and apparently inexplicable that it set me trembling like a leaf. In a moment, however, my common sense came to the rescue, and what proved to be the correct explanation flashed into my mind.

"It was a trick dagger, for use either on the stage or in some secret society mummery, and the hilt contained a hidden reservoir for artificial blood. In scraping the side I had pressed a spring which opened a little valve, and out came the gore, still fluid, after all these years. I afterward found that the top unscrewed for replenishing the supply."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Crabs In Oysters.

"The demand for that little southern delicacy, the oyster crab, is always larger than the supply, and I have all I can do to obtain the 50 or 60 gallons which are daily required for flavoring stews and making omelets in the leading hotels, restaurants and clubs of this city," said a wholesale fish dealer in New York to a Washington Star writer. "Our northern oysters do not contain the little dainties, so I am obliged to buy them from the oyster shuckers along the York, Rappahannock and other southern rivers. The Chesapeake bay shore oystermen send us some also.

"The little crab found in the oyster is not, as commonly supposed by two-thirds of the oyster eating community, the young of the blue crab, but is a distinct species. It is a messmate of and caterer to the wants of the oyster, being therefore a benefit instead of a detriment to the latter. In return for the oyster's kindness in protecting it against its enemies the little crab catches and crushes food which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster. A singular thing in connection with them is that all found inside of the oyster are females. The male of the same variety has a hard shell."

Turtles Trained to Fight.

You want to go to China to see animal fighting reduced to a science. There are hundreds of young men in the larger cities there who make a living by training animals to fight and in exhibiting their savage qualities to interested audiences. They catch both mud and snapping turtles, feed them on raw meat and some sort of drug that warms them up, and at the end of six months they become savage enough to fight a tiger. The jaws and teeth are filed and sandpapered until the mouth becomes a dangerous thing to go near. The turtle is tantalized each day with a piece of wood or a bunch of cotton until its temper reaches a white heat. When confronted with another turtle that has been trained and badgered in the same way, they go for each other with distended jaws, and there is sure to be a fight to a finish.

They have each been starved for a week. Each is handled by his owner, who has teased it to the killing point. The two turtles are then placed in a small ring, and only one comes out alive. The fight lasts from one to ten hours, and death generally comes only when one of them has secured a throat hold on his doomed antagonist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Poisonous Pineapple.

"It is a notorious fact," says The National Druggist, "that the pineapple is considered the least healthy of all the edible fruits of the tropics by those who know anything of the matter. The juice of the green and growing plant is credited in Java, the Philippines and throughout the far east generally with being a blood poison of a most deadly nature. It is said to be the substance with which the Malays poison their krishes and daggers and is also credited with being the 'finger nail poison' formerly in use among aboriginal Javanese women almost universally. These women formerly (or some thirty odd years ago), and possibly do yet, cultivated a nail, sometimes more, on each hand, to a long, sharp point, and the least scratch from one of these was certain death."

She Was Ready.

He (describing his journeyings)—Then, leaving Gibraltar, I made my way to Australia, and from there I went to the diamond mines in South Africa, where I made my fortune. Then—do you follow me, Miss Crynkle?

She (with a vivid blush)—To the world's end, Mr. Rocksworthy!—Chicago Tribune.

His Hearing to Come.

Old Lady (reading newspaper)—I declare! The poor fellow arrested yesterday is deaf.

Listener—How do you know?

Old Lady—Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearin next week.—Green Bag.

THE OHIO RIVER.

Many of Its Picturesque Features of the Past Are Gone.

The Ohio is no longer the beautiful river it once was. It flowed in majestic curves and sweeps through a limitless paradise. The glory of that river in the barbaric splendor of an autumn day was beyond description. Robed from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi in her gorgeous fabric of maple and sycamore, which everywhere drooped down to the stately flood, shimmering, bending in her course with considerate and majestic dignity, a trip on one of the brightly painted steamboats was the event of a lifetime. There was also a dignity in the steamboats. They did not pant and rattle like a locomotive, nor were they silent like an ocean steamer. The long, huge steam cylinders, with deliberation and a soft though pervading sound, blew huge clouds of steam into the air. The river steamers were the Monte Carlos of the new world. Every one of them carried its contingent of professional gamblers, each of whom had a "bowie" in his boot leg. These men, unmolested, traveled the year round between Pittsburg and New Orleans, fleecing the unwary and paying a percentage to the captains.

The Ohio is a noble river yet, though winding through forest denuded hills. The orchards and cornfields are attractive. It promised once to become the Rhine in vineyards, but the grapes were smitten with a rust which destroyed the crops until the attempt was abandoned. It will never be crowned with feudal castles in ruins, but the groves will be replanted, and another century end will see it once more the "beautiful river."—Chicago Interior.

NOTED ANAGRAMS.

Ingenious Transmutation of the Names of Well Known Persons.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, "G leads not!" Disraeli, "I lead, sir!" Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "Flit on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo;" Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's Seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" ("What is truth?"), answered by "Est Vir qui adest," ("It is the man here present,"); Swedish Nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda;" David Livingstone, "D. V., go and visit Nile;" the Marquess of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "R. I. P., quoth Freemasons;" Charles Prince of Wales, "All France calls, Oh, help!" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, 'Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here." And many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, "great help;" astronomers, "no more stars" and "moon starers;" one hug, "enough;" editors, "so tired;" tournament, "to run at men;" penitentiary, "nay, I repent;" old England, "golden land;" revolution, "to love ruin;" fashionable, "one-half bias;" lawyers, "sly ware;" midshipman, "mind his map;" poorhouse, "Oh, sour hope;" Presbyterian, "best in prayer;" sweetheart, "there we sat;" matrimony, "into my arm."—Chambers' Journal.

Bank Washing Day.

In some banks there is a regular washday every month, usually at the beginning, when a clerk may be seen bent over a tub and rubbing real money up and down a washboard. The dirty greenbacks that have been saved up for a month are soaped and rubbed just like handkerchiefs and socks and are run through a wringer before being put out to dry. The paper currency may be handled somewhat roughly, as it does not tear because there is in it a great deal of silk and linen. After the notes have been passed through the wringer they are hung on a line stretched in the bank clerks' department. Said one clerk the other day: "I wash about 100 notes every month, and when I'm done you can hardly tell them from new money. The washing strengthens as well as cleans the notes."—Philadelphia Record.

Beds.

We cannot tell with any certainty when the first portable furniture was invented, and, to judge by the ark as it survives among our children, Noah was either ignorant of such things or, and more probably, denied himself their use for the time being in order to leave more room for the animals.

But long before Cowper somewhat apologetically sang the sofa Homer was proud to enumerate the cherished and decorated pieces of furniture in the tents of the heroes before Troy and described Odysseus' pleasure in seeing once more his own beautiful bed as sympathetically as any other incident of the return, while that he had a second best bed is one of the very few personal facts we know regarding our Shakespeare.

Shades of Ulysses and Shakespeare! A bed was a bed then. In Greece, a couch worthy of a hero; in England, a miniature stage of life, with its tapestried roof and hangings and curtains that rose or fell with fitting pomp on the great scenes of the domestic drama.—Chambers' Journal.

Tales of the Nose.

Indented nostrils evidence meanness, wide nostrils a spendthrift. A tip jutting out far from the face is a token of vulgarity, refinement being the possession of the owners of noses that do not stand out far at the end. An aquiline bend denotes firmness of will and sense of justice; the long, narrow bridge proclaims a fastidious, self sufficient yet often tender nature. All the active qualities—combativeness, eagerness, passionate temper, power of hatred, jealousy, ambition—go with the more common type of Roman nose. The Greek form, on the contrary, tells of artistic capabilities and love of inanimate beauty.

Rough on His Lordship.

A carpenter in an English town having neglected to make a gibbet that had been ordered by the hangman on the ground that he had not been paid for the last one he had erected gave so much offense that the next time the judge came to the circuit he was sent for.

"Fellow," said the judge in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"

"I humbly beg your pardon," replied the carpenter. "Had I known it had been for your lordship it would have been done immediately."

STEEL WOOL.

A Curious Material Used as a Substitute For Sandpaper.

Steel wool is a machine produced material that is used as a substitute for sandpaper. It is composed of sharp edged threads of steel, which curl up together like wool, or somewhat as the wood fibers of the familiar material known as excelsior curl up together, though the steel wool is very much finer, the finest of it being not much coarser than the coarsest of natural wools. The steel wool is put up in packages containing one pound each. These are something like rolls of cotton batting, but smaller, a pound of steel wool, loosely packed, making, rolled in paper and open at the ends, a package perhaps 15 inches long and two or three inches in diameter.

Made in various degrees of coarseness, steel wool is put to a variety of uses, the finer wools for polishing wood and metal, and the coarser for rubbing down paint and varnish. It is often used on special parts of work, while, for example, on the flat surfaces of a door a man would use sandpaper with a block back of it; for the moldings he would use steel wool, which fits into the crevices and conforms itself to irregular shapes. Such work can be done with steel wool far more readily and quickly than with sandpaper, and it is used with like advantage on irregular and small surfaces and on carved work.

Besides the steel wool there is a coarser material of the same kind called steel shavings, which is put to various uses, as in taking off old paint or varnish and in polishing wood before painting, and it is used on bowling alleys and on floors for smoothing and cleaning them.

Sandpaper clogs in use, steel wool breaks down. The wool is commonly used with gloves to keep the ends from sticking into the fingers.—New York Sun.

CASK IS NEVER EMPTY.

For Years Wine Is Drawn From It to Celebrate Great Events.

All really excellent champagne is the result of judicious blending. Time was when each big vineyard owner had his own cellar and his own brand. But it has been found advantageous to sell the raw wine to dealers, who make one district supply what another lacks.

But there are still a few provincial establishments that cling to the old ways—crowning with a wreath of flowers the first tubful of ripe grapes and keeping "the bride of the cellar" full from year to year.

The bride, be it understood, is a special wine cask filled with the first running of the press. More accurately it holds the juice which drips away before any pressure is applied. Wine from it is never sold, but used upon high days and holidays, passed about as a gift or devoted to the comfort of the sick and the poor.

Something akin to the bride exists in the German free cities. Each of them has a wine cellar, and in each cellar there is a cask always yielding wine, but never empty.

Any burgher is entitled to demand a bottle of its contents when he marries, when his first son is christened and also when the son is 21. If the son is adventurous or the burgher himself, for that matter, he gets another bottle from the cask when he comes home from far countries.

But there is an official specially charged to see that whenever a bottleful is drawn out another bottleful of as near as possible the same quality at once goes in. And thus it happens that the city cask is never empty.—Boston Globe.

Gladstone's Levity.

While Mr. Gladstone interested his audiences immensely by his endless flow of animated remarks and brilliant historical criticisms, he failed altogether to convey to them the sense of greatness. Every one left his society pleased, amused, perhaps delighted. But I cannot imagine anybody quitting it impressed with reverence. There was indeed a levity sometimes observable about him which was very antagonistic to reverence.

Dr. Martineau himself told me how disappointed he was when, meeting him after his great return to power, he said to him, "What an opportunity you have for the great work before you—the consolidation of the empire!"

Mr. Gladstone shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, I don't know about that. The clerks in the colonial office have got too much to do already."—Contemporary Review.

Hired the Press Censor.

The average newspaper man is usually about as quick witted as the next one. This was pretty well illustrated when the Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents. George Ade was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson for that purpose. Ade did all right until he got into Servia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. He was in a quandary, so he cabled to Mr. Lawson:

"Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict."

Lawson promptly cabled back:

"Make press censor correspondent." And Ade did it.—Inland Printer.

A Quarter of a Million.

To the individual worth $250,000 one little 25 cent piece is a quarter of a million. If you do not see the point immediately, think it over—it's there.—Chicago News.

Only once in their history as a nation have the Spanish achieved a naval victory. That was at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when, with the aid of Venetians and Genoese, they annihilated the Turkish fleet.

A Frank Confession.

An old Ulster woman who had made money by selling whisky in a village on fair and market days was visited when she lay dying by a minister, to whom she spoke about her temporal as well as her spiritual affairs.

"And so, Molly," said the minister, "you tell me you are worth all that money?"

"Indeed, minister, I am," replied Molly.

"And you tell me," continued the minister seriously, "that you made it by filling the noggin?"

"Na, na, minister," exclaimed the dying woman; "I made maist of it by not fillin the noggin!"

Force on the Piano.

It has been calculated that a minimum pressure of the finger of one-quarter of a pound is needed to sound a note on the piano and that at times a force of five pounds is thrown on a single key to produce a single effect. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage taking two minutes five seconds to play that requires a total pressure estimated at three full tons.

The Finger Nails.

In days when superstition was more prevalent than it is now the shape and appearance of the finger nails were considered to have reference to one's destiny. To learn the message of the finger nails it was necessary to rub them over with a compound of wax and soot and then to hold them so that the sunlight fell fully on them. Then on the horny, transparent substance certain signs and characters were supposed to appear, from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, having certain kinds of nails were credited with the possession of certain characteristics. Thus a man with red and spotted nails was supposed to have a hot temper, while pale, lead colored nails were considered to denote a melancholy temperament. Narrow nails were supposed to betray ambition and a quarrelsome nature, while round shaped nails were the distinguishing marks of lovers of knowledge and people of liberal sentiment. Conceited, narrow minded and obstinate folk were supposed to have small nails, indolent people fleshy nails and those of a gentle, retiring nature broad nails.

Why the Judge Paid the Bill.

For this story of the relation of politics and medicine the Philadelphia Medical Journal vouches: A physician was summoned in haste to attend the child of a family that lived in two rooms in the heart of a large American city—not New York. The child had been seized suddenly and seriously and just at election time. The mother was in despair, and when the doubtful prognosis was given she broke into wailing and violent self condemnation for some horrible sin of the family to which she said the child's illness was due—a direct punishment for their crime. She would go and curse the magistrate for it all, her husband should resign from "the force" and such evil ways should be renounced forever.

Curious to know how the magistrate could be held responsible for the child's illness, the doctor finally secured the confession that the crime of the poor, conscience stricken woman consisted in allowing the names of many fraudulent voters to be registered as residing in her house, in swearing to the lie, etc. The magistrate also had demanded this of all the neighbors in return for indescribable political favors.

The child recovered, and the magistrate paid the physician's bill.

The Two Romeos.

Joe Jefferson told this story: "David Garrick and Spranger Barry were both playing Romeo at the same time in London. Barry played it at Drury Lane on the Monday and Garrick played it the next night at Covent Garden, and the town was divided as to which was the greater Romeo—in fact, there was quite a great excitement about it, and they acted it upon such different lines and with such marvelously different conceptions that the people argued the case as to which Shapespeare intended. The fact is that Shakespeare intended it to be acted well, and if one man's temperament suited it best to act in that way it would do for another temperament the other way.

"So they asked Mrs. Siddons, who was the Juliet alternately with the same Romeo, which she considered better of the two, and she said: 'It is difficult to say; they are both wonderfully great, but I will tell you how they impress me in the balcony scene. In the balcony scene Garrick seems so eager, so intense and so full of fire and spirit that I'm afraid he'll jump up in the balcony to me, and Barry is so lovable and fascinating that I'm afraid I shall have to jump down from the balcony to him.'"

Where the Blame Lies.

"No woman," he said in his superior masculine way, "can sharpen a lead pencil."

"Well," she said, "do you know where the blame lies?"

"No. Where?"

"With the pencil, of course. Woman was invented first, wasn't she?"—Chicago Post.

Genuine Optimism.

The Pessimist—That waiter is awfully slow with those cheese sandwiches.

The Optimist—Oh, never mind. The longer we wait the better grows the cheese.—Indianapolis Press.

An English actor who died on the road was shipped in his coffin to London recently by his manager as "theatrical properties." This cost $4, whereas if he had gone as a corpse the cost would have been $60.

The Arab's Little Game.

In The Agricultural Journal of the Cape of Good Hope appears an article on the vitality of wheat from Egyptian mummy cases. It is often asserted that samples of wheat from the same crop as that which Joseph stored in Pharaoh's granaries has been taken from mummy wrappings and, when planted, has grown. This is very likely erroneous, as the Arabs have a habit of selling to tourists samples of grain which have in all likelihood come from the nearest field instead of from the ancient tombs. Indeed in many instances this "mummy grain" has been corn, and, as corn was not known until it was brought from America, the fraud is apparent.

Frail Historians of Sevres.

Only 2½ miles southwest of Paris, Sevres is well known to tourists. Beautiful porcelain has been manufactured here since 1756, the royalties and republics which followed each other taking pains to have each period stamped on the back of every piece made. Initials of kings, the date and often the palace for which the service was designed were placed plainly on the plate. Thus in this silent but most eloquent way these frail historians indicate the changeful, brilliant story of their native land.

The Army In the Field.

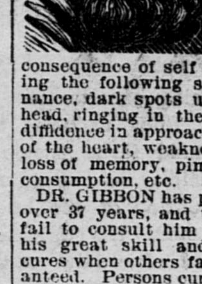
The layman cannot easily realize the vast amount of material as to food and ammunition demanded by an army in the field. A few facts and figures as to this may aid to make it more tangible. Each man requires, at a minimum, three pounds and a half of food per day. Each animal should have at least 20 pounds of food in countries where grazing is not abundant. If we take, for purposes of estimate, only 15 pounds required to supply each animal, leaving five pounds to be gathered from the country by grazing and otherwise, we assume a quantity that may be considered a minimum.

An army of 150,000 men would require about 50,000 animals for transportation of artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, food, hospital and medical equipment. There should not be less than 30,000 cavalry. There should not be less than 10,000 animals available at all times to supply losses. This makes a total of 90,000 animals to be fed. With this as a basis we see that the daily demands would be for the men 525,000 pounds and for the horses 1,350,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 1,875,000 pounds. This is equal to something more than 836 tons per day.—Captain Zalinski in Harper's Weekly.

You can't make a girl with a new engagement ring believe all men are alike, and after she has been married ten years you can't make her believe they are not.—Chicago News.

We never know what we can do until we have failed to make somebody else do it for us.—Indianapolis Journal.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE



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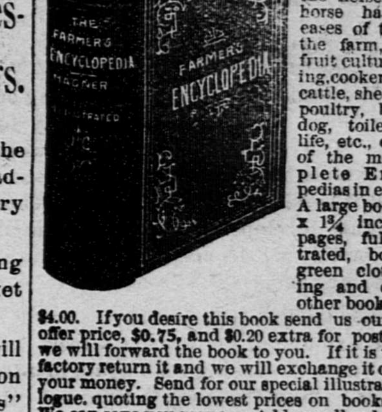

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