ONLY A CROOKED CENT.

When the Young Woman Thought It Was Gold, She Got Nervous.

The car had just rounded "dead man's curve" at Fourteenth street, when a daintily clad young woman swished something out of her hand which as it struck the street was followed by a sharp metallic sound.

"What was that you threw away, my dear?" asked her companion, another girl about the same age.

"Money," laconically responded the thrower.

"Money!" continued her companion in a horrified tone of voice. "Why, it sounded like gold."

"My gracious!" shrieked the thrower. "Have I thrown away one of those goldpieces?"

By this time several of the passengers had arisen from their seats and were looking in an indignant way at the conductor for not stopping the car. He, however, was one of those high collared, stoical young men who boss things on the Broadway cars, and the excitement created by the money thrower did not cause him to turn a hair. All this time the car was bowling as merrily along as Broadway cars ever do bowl, and it was getting farther and farther away from the money. One or two of the passengers were about to jump off the car, but then they thought better of it and turned their gaze anxiously on the young woman, who was hunting frantically through her purse. Just as it seemed the strain would be too much for the excited passengers to bear longer the fair thrower looked up smilingly at her companion and mugmured sweetly:

"It's all right, my dear. It wasn't a goldpiece after all."

"What was it, then?" asked the second young woman.

"Only a crooked penny," replied the thrower. "I always throw away crooked pennies for luck."

Then both girls softly giggled, while the other passengers, looking both foolish and disgusted, resumed their seats. —New York Tribune.

Origin of "Under the Rose."

In Greek mythology the rose was the symbol of silence, as it was said that Cupid, the son of Venus, gave the god of silence a golden rose as a bribe to conceal the amours of the goddess of love. It was, therefore, sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting halls and placed as a sign above the doors of questionable resorts. Guests at feasts were crowned with roses to intimate that their conversations while in their cups were not to be repeated elsewhere.

The phrase obtained currency in Greece after Pausanias, the admiral of the Greek fleet, plotted with Xerxes to betray the cause of the Greeks by surrendering the ships, the negotiations being conducted in a small banqueting hall, the roof of which was, as usual, covered with sculptured roses. The plot, however, was discovered and orders given for the arrest of the traitor. Pausanias endeavored to make his refuge in a temple which possessed the right of asylum. Unwilling to violate the sanctity of the place by forcibly removing him and still more unwilling to allow him to escape, his fellow citizens walled up every entrance and, by one account, left him to die of starvation; by another, killed him by unroofing the building and throwing down the tiles on his head.

A Lazy Beggar.

I once had a conversation, said an Isle of Man bank manager, speaking of Hall Caine, with two old friends of mine, a farmer and his buxom wife, who live within a few yards of Greeba castle, the great Manx author's residence. Hall Caine had just taken up his abode in his new house, and I started the conversation by saying to the worthy farmer and wife:

"So you have the great Hall Caine near you now?"

Farmer and Wife—Aye, man.

Farmer's Wife—And what tremenjus style they are keeping! It's amazing.

Farmer—And what's he doing for a living, Mr. ——?

Bank Manager (greatly astonished)—What, don't you know he is a popular author?

Farmer—And what's that?

Bank Manager—Why, he writes successful books.

Farmer (with a fine show of contempt)—The lazy beggar!

I need hardly say, concluded my correspondent, that I collapsed.

Time as a Sculptor.

A portrait traced by nature on a woman's tombstone, says The Scots Pictorial, has recently been discovered in Jedburgh graveyard, near the famous abbey. The stone was erected in 1798 by a worthy bailie of Jethart to the memory of his wife, Alison Renwick. The slow finger of time has worn away most of the facing on the front of the stone, and part of it is overgrown with moss, which has outlined the features. Local opinion favors the view that the face is a likeness of the good old lady who sleeps beneath, a theory which has at least the merit of being difficult of disproof, since no one living can possibly have seen her.

Carrying Out the Rule.

"Some editor who has been giving advice to people on how to live to be old says that one of the main rules to follow is to go away from the table at each meal feeling as if you could eat more."

"Well, say, if that's right, every fellow at our boarding house ought to live to be a hundred!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Lively.

Mr. Corntossel—I can't understand these here theater troopers.

Mr. Meddergrass—What is the matter?

Mr. Corntossel—Why, they advertised this here drummer of "Th' Black Vow of Vengeance" as havin plenty of life in it, an blame if they didn't kill 16 people in th' first act.—Baltimore American.

Socrates Tripped.

"No one," gravely announced Socrates, "can arrest the flight of time."

"No?" queryingly interrupted a bystander. "I thought anybody could stop a minute." And even the disciples of the great philosopher were forced to smile behind their togas.—Philadelphia Record.

With the exception of Norway, there is no country in Europe whose area is so taken up by forests as Germany, more than a quarter of its surface being devoted to them.

Chinese Riddles.

What is the fire that has no smoke and the water that has no fish?

A glowworm's fire has no smoke, and well water has no fish.

Mention the name of an object with two mouths which travels by night and rot by day.

A lantern.—Chicago News.

Beds and Sleeping.

A German doctor has been investigating the question of beds, and the result of his labors has been lately given to the world in the pages of a German journal. In the first place, to convince mankind of the importance of his subject, the doctor reminds all mankind that we spend from one-fourth to one-third of our lives in bed, after which he proceeds to advise the world on the healthiest kind of couch and the most sensible manner of reposing thereon.

A hard bed appears to be the best, and it is laid down that children from the earliest years should be trained to sleep on these hard beds. Soft beds are too warm and do not admit sufficient air. Even in the case of the hard bed the sleeper is warned to see that his covering, whether woolen or cotton, is not so heavy that the body is kept overwarm and fresh air is excluded. This ventilation, according to our authority, is all important. But what will middle aged people say when the man of science bids them dispense with their pillows? Pillows, he declares, are evils, and it is right that we should sleep with limbs uncramped on a perfectly horizontal plane. Knowing the weakness of human flesh, however, the doctor declares that if pillows are retained they should be neither too soft nor too thick.

A point on which most people will agree with this authority is the necessity for constant (the doctor asks for daily) airing and sunning of the bedding. Much ill health may be attributed to carelessness in this matter.—London Globe.

A Story of Whistler.

The Boston Transcript says: "A diverting anecdote is told of the boyhood of Mr. Whistler, the greatest modern impressionist. He was apprenticed to some engineers who were etching elaborate maps on copper. One day his employer asked him if he also could etch maps on copper. 'Oh, yes. I can etch,' promptly answered young Whistler.

"As a matter of fact he had never used an etching needle in his life. However, they gave him the copper, and he set to work, making a very fine and beautiful map. But round the edges of the plate, which when bitten in with acid are always stopped out, he etched some characteristic little sketches of the different members of the firm, including a very humorous one of the chief himself.

"Shortly after he happened to go away for a week or two for his holiday. Meantime the plate had been bitten in and printed with all of the dreadful little caricatures that he had forgotten to stop out appearing in startling prominence, the sketch of the chief being especially remarkable because of its great resemblance to that gentleman, who was so enraged at the indignity of the thing that immediately on Whistler's return he dismissed him."

The Gold Brick Swindle.

"The gold brick swindle," said a business man quoted in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "is one of the most plausible propositions ever advanced and has landed some of the cleverest business men in the country. A number of years ago it used to be a common thing for banks in the west to buy gold bricks—I mean real ones—and frequently there were the best of reasons for keeping the transaction quiet.

"It often happened that the owner of some partly developed mine would make an unexpected strike and wish to buy the adjacent property. Naturally he would want to hold back the news of his discovery until he secured the land and if he had any bullion to dispose of would make the sale as quietly as possible. The banks became accustomed to deals of that kind and were consequently pretty easy prey for the gold brick swindler who turned up with a precisely similar story.

"I don't believe I exaggerate when I say that fully one-third of all the banking houses in the western mineral belt were at some time victimized by this game."

A Dogfight in Church.

The Westminster Budget says that it was once usual for highland shepherds to take their dogs to church and leave them outside the pews. Two shepherds at enmity sat on opposite sides of the aisle one Sunday. Soon after the sermon began the dogs, one a collie and the other not, seemed to enter into their masters' quarrel. One tender of the flock and then the other egged on his animal, and each faithful dog obeyed his master. The people at last craned their necks over the pews, and when the dogs actually fought not a few of the congregation were standing up.

The minister's patience was ultimately exhausted, and so he called to his "hearers" and said, "Ah, weel, my britherin, I see ye are more interested in the dogfight than in my sermon, and so I'll close the buike—and I'll bet half a crown on the collie!"

A Little Mistake in Medals.

The chief officer of a Yorkshire yeomanry regiment while congratulating one of the troops on its appearance made a stirring allusion to the medals worn by some army veterans in the ranks. One of the men, a native of Wharfedale, afterward went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind, and next morning he came on parade with several medals on his breast.

Said the officer, "I didn't know you had been in the regulars."

"No; I ain't," said the man.

"Well, how about the medals, then, my good fellow? They can't be yours."

The man promptly answered: "Can't they? Aye, but they be. My old coo won 'em all at Otley show."—Upper Wharfedale.

Not Available.

When at 3 o'clock one morning Mrs. Newman was convinced that she heard a burglar in the parlor, she cautiously awakened her husband.

"Very well," said Mr. Newman, with a drowsy patience born of frequent similar alarms. "I'll get my revolver from the drawer and go down and investigate."

"But, William," said his wife, with a sudden gasping remembrance, "your pistol isn't here, dear. I—I tied it up with ribbons for an ornament under your father's sword today!"—Youth's Companion.

Means to the End.

Goldrox—So you want to marry my daughter. What means have you to that end?

Mr. Forchen-Hunt—Oh, we'd be married in the usual way—by means of a minister. That's easy enough.—Philadelphia Press.

The mineral resources of western Siberia are vast. Between Tomsk and Kooznesk lie 60,000 square kilometers (23,167 square miles) of coal lands which have never been touched.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MOB"

Used In Its First Meaning in Time of Chaucer.

As indicating the populace, proverbially fickle and easy to be moved (mobile, from Latin mobilis), the expression "the mobile people" is as old as the time of Chaucer, but in its later sense, that of the disorderly crowd, and in its contracted form, "mob," it is not older than the postrestoration period. In Roger North's Examen, 1740, reference is made to the Green Ribbon club, 1680-2, and the writer adds:

"I may note that the rabble first changed their title and were called the mob in the assemblies of this club—first mobile vulgus, then contracted in one syllable." It was used hesitatingly at first by Dryden ("Don Sebastian," 1690), Durfy ("Commonwealth of Women," 1688) and Shadwell ("Squire of Alsatia," 1688), and Richardson points out that Dryden uses both "mobile" and "mob" in the sense of rabble, the former in the stage directions as the common word, the latter as if it had not long been introduced.

In 1711 The Spectator instances "mob" as an example of the popular tendency to curtail many of our words in familiar writings and conversation. The verb "to mob," derived of course as above, does not occur until the period of Horace Walpole, many years later, and Shakespeare's expression, "the mobled queen" ("Hamlet"), refers not to the "mob" (mobile), but to the headdress in disorder.—Boston Transcript.

Would Come Anyhow.

The Rev. Father Staunton of the well known Church of St. Alban, Holborn, is a humorist in his way and often tells with inimitable effect a droll story in the course of his sermon which sends through the congregation a gentle ripple of merriment. On Sunday he satirized the ambition of certain people to use words of which they did not know the meaning. Many of them were fond of sticking the letters "D. V." in all sorts of places instead of using the plain, homely English phrase "God willing." He knew one gentleman, rather shaky in his Latin, who in a letter to a friend wrote "I will be with you 'D. V.' on Monday, but anyway on Tuesday."—London Telegraph.

Why She Was Right.

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide, he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome.

"Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince."

"Then she is right," replied Haydn.

An Abrupt Proposal.

The reported fashion of the famous Dr. Aberncthy's courtship and marriage is very characteristic. It is told that while attending a lady for several weeks he observed these admirable qualifications in her daughter which he truly esteemed to render the married state happy. Accordingly on a Saturday taking leave of his patient he addressed her to the following purport:

"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you a farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you had your daughter to seriously consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware, but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £——, and I can settle £—— on my wife. My character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse and a gentle and ladylike member of a family. Such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday when I call I shall expect your determination, for I really have not time for the routine of courtship."

In this manner the lady was wooed and won, and it may be added the union was felicitous in every respect.

Why It Is Called Dutch Gap.

When Ben Butler was endeavoring to get the Union gunboats up the James, he found the water in the bend at Dutch Gap too shallow to let them pass, to say nothing of the fact that the Confederates had erected two or three batteries along the bend in order to give him a warm reception. So he went ahead and cut a canal across the neck and suddenly, instead of being 13 miles from Richmond, he was only six. Ever since that time the canal has been used, and the government now considers it the channel of the river and keeps it in shape. The plantations along the land were thus suddenly drained of their very lifeblood and have naturally fallen into decay.

The place is called Dutch Gap because at this spot, in early colonial days, a Dutchman worked a very smooth game upon the unsuspecting Indian. The Dutchman wagered the Indian that he could beat him paddling a canoe around the bend. The Indian took him up on the instant and gave him a mile the start. They started just above the bend, the Indian a mile behind, and when the Dutchman reached the neck he jumped on shore, grabbed his canoe out of the water, ran across to the other side with it, dropped it into the water again and calmly awaited the arrival of the astonished Indian, who had paddled frantically around the bend in the endeavor to catch up with him. What the wager was is not recorded, but the Dutchman doubtless got possession of 200,000 or 300,000 acres of land as a result of the trick.—Cor. Chicago Record.

Preparing For Moral Suasion.

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor.

The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air.

"Of course I do," he answered. "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is if I have to wale the life out of him to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet."—Chicago Post.

Difficult Color Scheme.

"The baby has his father's nose, don't you think?"

"Nonsense! Nature could no more reproduce that nose than she could reproduce a Turner sunset."—Detroit Journal.

Coming Down With a Parachute.

"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," said a circus balloon artist. "Ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down, alight quietly and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. No; there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air and thus work it to where you want to land or to avoid water, trees, chimneys or church spires.

"Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down, the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air, and the parachute drops back on the circus lot or not far away.

"A balloon is made of 4 cent muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is made of 8 cent muslin. The rope that secures the parachute is cut with a knife. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill if you're up high enough. Invariably the fall is head first. When the parachute begins to fill, the descent is less rapid, and finally when the parachute has really filled it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the lot where you started from."—New York News.

Wanted a Job as Boss.

A boy of about 14, with well worn clothes and a face in which timidity and determination struggled for the mastery, entered the office of a shipping house on Front street one day last week, approached the desk of him whose appearance spoke the control of the establishment and, catching his eye, said:

"Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What!" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self control.

"I want to know if you want a boss, sir."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for something to do for three weeks now, and nobody wants a boy, so today I thought I'd see if somebody didn't want a boss. I'd like to be a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me 25 years to get it."

"Deed I am, sir, if you'll give me the chance."

Today an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and packing cases in the shipping room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers, which have not yet sprouted, are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

And the chances, with his energy and will, are in his favor.—New York Times.

Four Good Smokes Cheap.

"Gimme three nickel cigars," said the man with the red necktie at the restaurant counter. He was quickly supplied.

"Now gimme a good Havana or Key West cigar, about a 15 center."

He carefully lighted the Havana cigar and tucked the nickel cigars in his upper vest pocket.

"You smoke a Havana yourself and keep the nickel cigars for your friends, I suppose?" said the dealer, with a sickly smile.

"No," said the man with the red necktie; "I've got a better scheme than that. I always smoke a 15 cent Havana or Key West cigar after dinner. Then I smoke the nickel cigars afterward. The nickel cigars taste exactly like the Havana cigar, and thus I get the benefit of four choice cigars that ordinarily would cost me 60 cents for 40 cents.

"Try it yourself," said the man with the red necktie as he walked out.—Chicago Tribune.

The Rogues' Refuge.

There is one corner of Central America that is at present a perfect paradise for men who have committed any crime. It is a place where the outcasts of the world's society rule the land of their adoption and where the officials of the government protect all thieves that come to them and make it dangerous for any detective to molest them.

This is the republic of Honduras, one of the least advanced of the states of South or Central America. Honduras indeed is a curious mixture of jungle and gigantic forest, of cocoa and of rubber trees, of bugs, vampires, snakes and crocodiles—of all manner of things that creep and crawl and sting and bite; a region where life in the daytime is a mockery and at night one feels as though sleeping in red pepper.

Here, in every hamlet and city, are to be found men from different lands, mostly outlaws from their own country. Chicago, Boston, New York and Philadelphia all furnish their quota. England, France, Italy and even far away Russia have their share. They make no attempt at concealment, bear the names they were born to bear and go along about their business as if the laws of their own country had not declared them outcasts.—London Express.

Nosebleed.

To stop bleeding at the nose, cut some blotting paper about an inch square, roll it about the size of a lead pencil and put it up the nostril that is bleeding. The hollow in it will allow the sufferer to breathe. The blood will fill the space between the tube and the nose and will very soon coagulate and cease to flow.

A Contractor.

Knicker—You say your son is a contractor. What is his special line?

Bocker—Debts.

A man who inadvertently steps upon a banana peel has doubts about the sustaining power of the fruit.—St. Louis Star.

English archers in battle used the longbow, French archers the crossbow. The longbow was certainly the better.

A SLEEPY GUEST.

Why the Lady of the House Was Indignant Over His Conduct.

There is a well known legal light of Chicago who is in deep disgrace without the shadow of an excuse for himself to bolster up his sinking spirits. He went out to Hyde Park the other night to dine informally with some friends, and his hostess, who had been married but a short time, put herself out to entertain him. The dinner was excellent, and the judge did full justice to it. They had coffee in the library, and the biggest, most padded leather chair was put at the guest's disposal. With a sigh he sank into its cavernous depths and prepared for a luxurious evening with a good cigar ahead of him. Brilliantly his hostess rambled on. She told stories that were witty, and she gently deferred to his views, but presently he left her to do all the talking. In the midst of a striking account of a theater party she stopped with a jerk. There was no response and a dead silence punctuated only by a gentle and regular breathing. The judge was fast asleep in his big chair. There was no doubt of it. Nothing could conceal the fact. With one indignant and comprehensive glance at her plainly delighted husband she arose and majestically swept up stairs. And she did not go down again.

It was some time later when her husband apologetically came up after her. He had not expected her wrath to last. "Did—did you think you were badly treated?" he asked.

"How long did he sleep?" asked the still insulted wife.

Again the grin overspread her husband's face, but he spoke in a sad tone, as befitted the occasion. "Nearly an hour," he breathed. "I wouldn't mind," pacifically.

Then it was the worm turned. "Mind!" she stormed. "Of course I wouldn't, only you have grounds now for the rest of your life for saying I talk so much it puts people to sleep!" And she wept.—Chicago News.

Vultures and Rattlesnakes.

When the international boundary commission resurveyed the lines between the United States and Mexico, there were naturalists in the party. Dr. Mearns, who, with his assistants, collected many specimens of birds and mammals, tells of a fight in the air between a California vulture and a rattlesnake which he saw while exploring the Cocopah mountains of Lower California.

It was in the early morning. The big bird had seized the snake behind the head and was struggling upward with its writhing, deadly burden. The snake's captor appeared aware that its victim was dangerous. The burden was heavy, as the reptile was nearly five feet long.

The grip of the bird on the snake's body was not of the best. The snake seemed to be squirming from its captor's talons, at least sufficiently to enable it to strike. Its triangular head was seen to recoil and dart at the mass of feathers.

It did this once or twice, and then, with a shriek, the vulture dropped its prey. The bird was probably 500 feet or so above the observers. The astonished men were then treated to a spectacle seldom seen. Few birds but a vulture could accomplish such a feat.

The instant the snake escaped from the bird's clutches it dropped earthward like a shot, and, like a shot, the bird dropped after it, catching it in midair with a grip that caused death. At any rate, the snake ceased to wriggle, and the vulture soared away to a mountain peak to devour its hard earned meal.—Youth's Companion.

The difference between a fort and a fortress lies in the fact that the former is designed to contain solely the garrison and their munitions, while the latter is often a city containing a large number of noncombatants.