Repartee In Congress.

In the Fifty-first congress there was a tilt between General Spinola and Eliphalet Adams Morse that was entertaining. The general always wore an enormous standing collar. It was so large that it is said that Tim Campbell approached him one day and tapped the collar with the ferrule of his cane, apologetically asking, "Is General Spinola within?" Mr Morse was making a sort of a prohibition speech against the sale of intoxicating liquors in army canteens. General Spinola had interrupted him several times, and in reply the Massachusetts statesman finally twitted him upon the size of his collar. It stung the general to the quick. Taking the floor some minutes afterward, he called attention to Mr. Morse's language. "My collar," said he, "unlike the gentleman from Massachusetts, is immaculately clean, and if it was twice as high as it is and was placed around the neck of the gentleman from Massachusetts it would not serve to hide his ears."

The general was a political curio. He had a striking face and a martial air. In the Fifty-first congress he threw the house into convulsions by pointing to the painting representing a scene at the siege of Yorktown and gravely accusing Speaker Reed of counting the Hessians therein to make up a quorum.—Boston Herald.

Shot the Way the Dog Came at Him.

The other day Ole Hanson had trouble with a bellicose dog that belonged to his neighbor, a Russian of the name of Havva Drenkovitskey. The Swede shot the dog as soon as he discovered that he was not friendly to him, and the sequel found lodging in a justice's court. When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecution, he evidenced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed.

"What sort of a gun did you have, Mr Hansen?" inquired the attorney.

"Es var two hole shotgun."

"Double barrel?"

"Yas, das et."

"Well, don't you think you could have scared him away?"

"Aye might of aye had not bane scare so lak deckens maesal."

"Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and scare him away?"

"Val, master lawyer, vy dedn't de dog com for mae oder end first ef hae vant to do det vay?"

The lawyer is still wondering if there wasn't extenuating circumstances connected with the shooting.—Denver Times.

Sleight of Hand In Church.

Many years ago, when Joseph Marsden lived in Hawaii, he attended church on Sunday morning in Hilo. Mr. Marsden was then noted for his skill in legerdemain. When Dr. —— passed around the contribution bag at a Sunday service, Mr. Marsden held up a $10 gold piece between his thumb and forefinger so that Dr. —— could plainly see it. He then placed his hand over the bag, palmed the goldpiece and dropped in a silver quarter. Dr. —— returned to the table with his collection. After the service he emptied the bag on a table, but could not find the $10 goldpiece. He shook the bag repeatedly, turned over the small pile of contributions, got down on the floor and looked under the table, walked down the aisle, looking closely at the cracks in the floor, felt in his own pockets, fearing that he had made some mistake, and then went home wondering at the strange loss of the goldpiece. Some time afterward the deceiver quietly sent the goldpiece to the church.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Any One Would Do.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts tells a good story on himself and President Eliot of Harvard. When Phillips Brooks was elected bishop, President Eliot met Dr Lawrence, who was then dean of the Episcopal Theological school at Cambridge and said to him: "The church has made the greatest mistake of a lifetime. Brooks was the pivot around which we revolved in Boston. Now you have spread him all over the state. Any one would have done for bishop."

Years after, when Phillips Brooks had gone to his reward and Dean Lawrence had been chosen in his place, he met President Eliot in the street again. The latter was warm in his congratulations. "My dear bishop," he said, "I must congratulate you. The church couldn't have made a better selection. I thought you should have been the choice when Brooks was chosen."

Got Off Easy.

A friend of Richard Mansfield says that one day a would be playwright brought to the actor a play for him to read. It was execrably bad. The writer, by diplomacy more artful than anything in his play, reached the actor's presence and demanded a verdict. Mr. Mansfield felt it a kindness to point out to the fellow the mistakes he had made. But the tyro waxed wroth. "Do you know that play cost me a year's hard labor!" he exclaimed.

Mr Mansfield, with imperturbable grace, replied: "My dear man, you are fortunate. A more just judge would have made it ten years. He really would."

His Personal Appearance.

Mamma—I'm afraid that young Wilder will not make you a good husband, Clara?

Clara—Why not, mamma?

Mamma—It seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance.

Clara—Yes, that's true, mamma, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this instead of only twice a week.—London Answers.

The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transplantation and cultivation have not only removed its poisonous qualities, but turned it into the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

Misapprehension.

Wickwire—If you do not work, you ought not to eat.

Hungry Higgins—There you go ag in, jumpin on me for eatin. I eat cause I have to, not cause I want to.—Indianapolis Journal.

To "knock the spots off anything" is an allusion to the traditional skill of western cowboys and famous rifle shots, who would shoot the spots out of a card held between the fingers of a friend.

The color of snuff depends on the extent to which fermentation has been allowed to it.

Every Bullet Its Own Doctor.

In spite of the terrible increase in the destructiveness of modern warfare the tendency of the times is to make a conflict as humane as practicable. For this reason the use of copper covered bullets has been frowned upon, and a Philadelphia physician has a plan that he claims will wonderfully mitigate the suffering of a man whose body has been perforated by the modern small caliber bullet. It is well established that the velocity and penetrating force of these bullets are so great that unless they chance to strike a bone they will pass entirely through a man's body without his knowing it. The physician's idea is to attach a small wad of antiseptic cotton to the rear of the bullet. This would be covered by the shell of the cartridge and could not interfere with loading or firing. As the bullet passes through a person the wad will antisepticize the wound and prevent consequent suppuration. It may be possible to so nicely adjust the adhesion of the wad to the bullet that as the missile passes out it will leave the wad to plug the hole and stop bleeding. Ultimately this system might do away with the necessity of a large medical corps, as each bullet would carry medical treatment for the unfortunate it wounded.—Philadelphia Record.

Truth and Fiction.

"Struwwelpeter," one of the pictures, represents a little maiden, supine in bed, very ill—and no wonder—with an immense cherry tree growing out of her mouth. This was the sad result of swallowing the stones along with the fruit, in spite of all warnings. But we all know that truth is stranger than fiction, and the Petersburgskaya Gazeta of June 26 and July 8, 1897, quotes the following exemplification of this saying from the foreign papers:

"A little girl 7 years of age, Amelia L., whose father worked at the sawmills in Belgard (Ain), was at play the other day, when she managed to push the seed of a plane tree deep into her ear. Shortly after she began to experience acute pains, and it was found that the seed had taken root in the waxy secretions of the ear and was growing apace. The father proceeded to cautiously uproot the intrusive plant, and the girl has now recovered."

If this story is true, it is to be hoped that Miss Amelia L., now that her ear is once more free and in working order, will incline it to hearken to the exhortations of her elders and will not go on planting plane trees in such obviously uncongenial soil.—Notes and Queries.

Position In Society.

To all those who spend their time wondering how other people live we would suggest that an examination of the plaintiff's petition in the case of Schneider versus Hosier, 21 Ohio St. 98, might throw some light on the subject. It was a suit under a civil damage act, and the plaintiff alleged in her petition that she "was the wife of one Zimri Hosier, on whose good conduct, frugality and personal labor she was dependent for the support of herself and their seven minor children, for the proper culture and moral training of the latter, and, to a good extent, for her own position in society. The said Zimri Hosier, when not intoxicated or laboring under the effects of intoxication, was an industrious laboring man and regularly earned and received for his labor $1.50 a day." There's management for you. Seven children and a wife supported, the children properly cultured and morally trained and the wife's position in society maintained—all on $1.50 a day. Perhaps there may have been extenuating circumstances in the intoxication of Zimri.—Law Notes.

A Bag Full of Breath.

The "pneumatophor," an Austrian invention for enabling miners, firemen, etc., to breathe when surrounded by after damp, smoke or noxious fumes of any kind, consists of an airtight rubber bag containing a steel bottle of pure oxygen at a pressure of 100 liters and a metal protected glass bottle containing a 25 per cent solution of caustic soda. The oxygen can be admitted by a hand screw into the bag and drawn into the mouth through a rubber tube, the nose being closed by a clip. The turn of another hand screw breaks the glass bottle, allowing the caustic soda to flow out and be absorbed by a knitted network in the bag to absorb the carbonic acid exhaled, allowing the oxygen to be rebreathed, the apparatus being capable of furnishing oxygen enough to last from 30 to 90 minutes, as has been attested by numerous experiments.

Arithmetic and Medicine.

It is an honest quackery that confesses its own blunders, still ignorant that they are nothing worse.

A whaling skipper, in the old days, carried a medicine chest and a table of directions. One of the rules ran, "For sore throat with fever, give a tablespoonful of No. 15."

"Well, it so happened," explained the captain, "that No. 15 was all used up, so I gave the man a dessertspoonful of No. 5 and another of No. 10, and I don't think the chap that drew up the table could have been good at figures; or else, what's just as likely, the medicines were all shams. Either way, it was hard on poor Bill. He died in half an hour, with a dreadful pain in his inside."—Exchange.

A Theological Point.

That jovial Irishman and sturdy Calvinist, The Rev. John Hemphill, was having a stiff discussion with a Roman Catholic fellow countryman respecting the propriety of the prayers for the dead, the pastor of Calvary church, of course, opposing the practice. Neither of the controversialists would yield an inch. Finally the layman tried a specious argument:

"Now, doctor," he said, "if one of your parishioners should die and bequeath you $50,000, wouldn't you pray for him?"

"No, sir," replied the stalwart defender of his faith positively. "I wouldn't pray for him. But I would pray for another like him!"—San Francisco News Letter.

None For Him.

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller who was waiting in the reception room.

"Not much!" said the startled patient, "he can't try any X ray on me."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Norfolk Virginian sees a future rival of the Greater New York in the union of seven towns in its neighborhood, with the name of Virginia, Va.

A PRISON IN MEXICO.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT PREVAIL IN BELEM JAIL.

Musical Instruments In the Cells and a Concert Almost Every Evening by the Prisoners—Dinner Hour Marked by a Curious Spectacle.

Among the various uses to which Mexico has put some of her old monasteries and convents is that of serving for the incarceration of violators of the law. The Convento de Belen at Mexico City has become, in common parlance, Belem, the city jail and prison, accused and convicted persons, men, women and children alike being confined there in different compartments. The building was put up by the Spanish governor in 1686, as an inscription at the head of the main stairway tells. A casual visit paid it by a reporter of The Mexican Herald reveals a condition of prison management in Mexico worthy of passing attention in the days of prison reform associations and international prison congresses.

The Herald said that Belem had been commonly spoken of as a second Black Hole of Calcutta, but the reporter found that the prison was kept in a state of comparative cleanliness; not so, however, the prisoners. Their condition he described as one of disgusting filthiness. Although there was a hydrant in every cell and general bathing facilities in each compartment, the reporter found only one inmate either at bath or with any indication of having bathed within a year. It was explained to him by the prison authorities that formerly the regulations required prisoners to bathe daily, but that this was regarded as such a hardship that the sufferers managed to have it declared a form of cruel and unusual punishment and so to have the rule abrogated. There are in the prison now 3,451 prisoners, of whom 2,933 are men and 80 are minors.

A curious feature found by the reporter was the Spanish regard for the arts, even within prison walls. He found in the south wing the writers of libel, "and the cells reserved for musicians, artists and others of the fine arts." It would seem to be a charitable as well as an inclusive provision, that "and others" (besides artists) of the fine arts. The musicians are permitted, apparently, to take their instruments to jail with them, much as mechanics take into the prison workshop their own tools of trade. "The walls of the musicians' cells are decorated with different musical instruments, and the reporter was told that almost every evening there was a concert in one of the patios."

Men sometimes do in Mexico what in this colder clime they content themselves with wishing done, for the reporter came upon one Adams, under sentence of 20 years "for killing a waiter at the Club de la Opera because he did not bring his dinner quick enough." Adams has the freedom of his galley. There are in each galley three trusties who go about with clubs and preserve order, using the club "only when moral suasion will not do as well."

There were stoics among the 57 men condemned to death. One of these, under sentence for assassinating a man, expressed his serene confidence as to his future, but, "if worst comes to worst"—a shrug of the shoulders and palms up. This man and some others under death sentence had the run of the commandant's offices, notwithstanding there were on the walls, serving as decorations, confiscated weapons of prisoners. Oddly enough, as it would seem in this country, though it wouldn't have been strange in the Italy of Machiavelli, there wasn't a gun among these. The nearest to it was a bayonet, and the rest were poinards, scimiters, stilettos, butcher knives, table knives, penknives, and shoemakers' knives.

The dinner hour was marked by a curious spectacle. The street outside the prison was filled with the "wives, children, dogs and other members of the prisoners' households." These brought baskets of edibles to the prisoners, some of whom were permitted to speak to their relatives through a grating. To the convicts not permitted to come to the grating, their relatives were allowed to send in notes accompanying the dinner baskets. This privilege had given rise to a peculiar way of making a few pennies among persons able to write—"itinerant scribes who for a cent or two wrote messages to the prisoners." One woman bade the scribe to put her message in red ink. She would have none of the "purple stuff."

"Tell him," said she, "that I send him two little tamales and tell him that la perrita died yesterday."

Says the reporter, "And the scribe, leaning under the shade of his umbrella, sitting on a rock, with his bottle of red ink on another rock beside him, worked away assiduously, with an etymology all his own, beginning paragraphs with lower case letters and putting in caps in the most unexpected places, so that it would take an Ignatius Donnelly cryptogram to decipher the meaning of his hieroglyphics."

The Shilling Trick.

A wandering sleight of hand man was entertaining some loungers with an exhibition of his tricks. After showing a good number of them, he said:

"But I have one good trick that I call the shilling trick."

Of course they all wanted to see that, so he instructed a good number of them to give him a shilling, after having marked it and carefully noted the date. About a dozen of the bystanders did so, and he took them all, shook them up, and then showed each man another shilling than the one he had marked, accompanying each shilling with the question:

"Is that yours?"

Each man, of course, said "No," and he strolled away, saying:

"Then they must all be mine."—London Globe.

He Had Traveled.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch and had noted his naive wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tusks. Then you can be the envy of the tribe."

The native gentleman yawned. Then he said:

"I exchanged a secondhand war club for a bushel of those things when I was in London last summer, and there was not one of them that went for more than a week."—Pearson's Weekly.

HE LEFT THE CHURCH

AN ENGLISH CURATE TELLS WHY HE TURNED ACTOR.

He Couldn't Make $1,000 a Year as a Preacher, and the Struggle to Maintain a Family and an Appearance on His Small Stipend Was Too Great to Bear.

The union between the church and the stage has been strengthened by a clerk in holy orders becoming an actor, the first instance on record.

The gentleman in question is Mr. Leighton Leigh. He assured a Mail representative that he very strongly objects to be told he has "forsaken" the church for the stage. The severance of his connection with the establishment was not voluntary, but compulsory. His orders are still retained, which is not the case if an ordained priest deliberately quits the church of his own accord.

Mr. Leigh, according to his own statement, was driven out of the church by the struggle to make a decent appearance and keep up a position in the parish on an absurdly insufficient stipend.

"About 14 years ago," said Mr. Leigh, "I was ordained to the curacy of Horfield, Bristol, where I was assistant chaplain to the barracks, and remained there two years. Before I definitely decided on a clerical career, however, I had successively tried the callings of auctioneer's clerk, tea merchant and schoolmaster. I was also private tutor for a short time before finally entering the Gloucester Theological college to read for orders. Being ordained, I threw my whole heart into my work and endeavored to forget the old love for the stage which had been with me since childhood."

"Did you ever, previous to taking orders, endeavor to get upon the stage?"

"Once only," was the reply, "and then I was actually offered an engagement, and, marvelous to relate, my heart failed me, and I refused it. I was 17 at the time, and I had the confidence to apply to Henry Irving (as he was then) for an engagement. He sent me to Mr. Blackmore, the agent, who procured me the offer of a part in Clarence Holt's 'New Babylon' company. However, as I say, my courage failed me, and I let the chance go by.

"After staying at Horfield for two years I became successively senior curate of Hammersmith parish church, curate in charge at Barley, Herts; senior curate of Cheshunt, Herts, the vicar being chaplain to Lord Salisbury; senior curate of Hitchin, Herts; senior curate of Brondesbury, N. W., and finally locum tenens at Hatfield, which position I held for nine months. I have married, baptized and buried hundreds of people and preached to many thousands. It was not from choice, but from sheer necessity, that I gave up my clerical work. I was suddenly and unexpectedly deprived of the private income I had hitherto enjoyed, being at the time in receipt of a net salary of £140 a year.

"This is the average salary of a curate in the church of England, and thus gives a men £2 13s. 10d. a week to maintain as a gentleman one of the most prominent and important positions in a parish. I had a wife and four children, and I say that out of this sum a man cannot keep himself and family, pay rent and taxes, to say nothing of the expenses of children's education, the little parochial subscriptions that are always cropping up and the occasional doles while visiting the poor of the parish. It cannot be done. The life of a father of a family under such conditions is a burden which he cannot support with success.

"On discovering that I was in the predicament I mentioned I wrote to a bishop in whose diocese I had worked for eight years, but to no practical avail. Of course his lordship's letter was kind and courteous, but he found it impossible to offer me a living. I found out, too, that most of the so called 'good livings' in England require an incumbent with large private means. All the men under whom I have worked have been rich men, whose positions cost them far more than their livings produced.

"At the time of which I speak I wanted £200 a year—not an extravagant sum—and for some time I applied for numerous chaplaincies and appointments and answered advertisement after advertisement. The reply was always the same: 'Are you a married man and have you any private means?' After my answer to the effect that I had a wife and four children, but no private means, the correspondence ceased. Matters became worse and worse. Debt and difficulty encompassed me on every side, and when things were at their gloomiest I met Mr. F. A. Scudamore, who had been a fellow passenger with me on a trip to Norway some years before. On that occasion I had told him of my early longings for the stage, and when he learned that these aspirations still existed he offered me an engagement in his touring company. I jumped at it—who would not under such circumstances—and left the church."—London Mail.

Bells In Jerusalem.

Turks and Jews as well as Christians, according to the Kolnische Volkszeitung, have been much excited by the sound of the three bells of the new Protestant church in Jerusalem. For several centuries the use of bells by the Christians in Palestine or elsewhere within the Ottoman empire had been prohibited by the great Turk, who has conceded it now, however, to his friend and ally, the evangelical German kaiser. In the Theatre de la Turque, published in 1688, it is said: "The Turks hate bells as a symbol of Christianity and do not permit even the Christians to use them. Only in a few remote mountain convents or in lonely islands where there are no resident Mohammedans is the use of a bell tolerated."—Westminster Gazette.

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March 24, 1898. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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4. A printed list of Winners in Competition in each district will be sent to Competitors in about 14 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

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