BIG BLOWERS LIVE LONG.

Playing Wind Instruments Doesn't Tend to Shorten Life.

Ailments of the heart and lungs have been frequently attributed by pathologists and others to the blowing of wind instruments. It has even been asserted, without any definite foundation in fact, that the cornet, trombone or oboe player is "blowing his lungs away" and will die before his time.

Dr. Forcheimer in his "Prophylaxis and Treatment of International Diseases" shows the fallacy of this belief. He states emphatically that "just as many players of stringed instruments have emphysema as players of wind instruments," and after a long experience of musicians he has come to the conclusion that "neither emphysema nor its predisposition is a result of their occupation."

To determine statistically the effects on longevity of playing upon wind instruments Dr. James F. Rogers consulted Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" and Champlin's "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" and calculated the average age of 100 performers upon wind instruments and of a like number upon stringed instruments. The average length of life of players upon wind instruments was 63.5 years and of players upon stringed instruments 62 years. Of the former 34 per cent reached ages above 70 years.

For the different wind instruments the average ages were as follows: Flute, 61.2 years; oboe, 63 years; bassoon, 63 years; horn, 64.4 years; clarinet, 65.2 years; trumpet and cornet, 69.1 years. It is interesting that the players on wind instruments who exert the greatest intra-pneumatic pressure—namely, performers on the trumpet and cornet—were the longest lived, while the players who exert the least pressure, the flutists, were the shortest.—New York World.

GOOD VENTILATION.

It Possesses an Actual Cash Value In the Workshop.

That proper ventilation in factories has an actual cash value has been well illustrated in the case of a firm of shirt and collar manufacturers in Berlin, Ont., where the following results have been obtained from four years' attention to the material welfare of the workers:

The amount of business made was doubled, wages increased 50 per cent, by cutting out "contingent help" the number of employees was reduced 20 per cent, the absences on account of sickness were reduced one-third. To the firm this meant that 430 employees did 90 per cent more work in one year than was accomplished by 522 employees in a similar period four years previous. To the workers it meant that 430 of them earned in twelve months $28,000 more than 522 did during a previous twelve months.

Dr. C. E. A. Winslow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made a study of the amount of illness prevailing among the female operators in the telephone central at Cambridge, Mass., before and after the installation of a system of artificial ventilation. The figures obtained by him show that during the two winters preceding the change, when doors and windows had to be kept closed, on the average about one girl in twenty was absent daily because of illness. During the corresponding months of the following year, when the ventilation had been materially improved, only one girl in fifty was absent from duty each day.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Painter's Retort.

Shortly after Franz Lenbach had painted the portrait of Emperor Wilhelm I. a privy councilor called on him to express the emperor's satisfaction. There was only one criticism to make—would the professor be so kind as to paint more distinctly the buttons on the uniform, which were only indicated vaguely? Lenbach looked at him a moment over his glasses and said: "Look here, Mr. Councilor, I paint heads, not buttons (ich mal' nur koepfe, aber keine knoepfe!) Tell his majesty that!" The emperor when this answer was brought to him laughed heartily.

The Better Lot.

It is evident that Dickens' characters were alive to him as well as to his readers and that he moved them on and off the board with sympathy and consideration.

"I can never forgive you, Mr. Dickens," a lady once said to him, "for the death of Little Nell in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'"

"Surely," he replied, "you would not have liked her to marry a butcher or a baker."

Branding Him.

"Jim doesn't think much of me, I guess."

"Yes, he does, old man. Just the other day he told me you were a brick."

"I'm surprised."

"He went further than that. He said you were a regular gold brick!"—Toledo Blade.

Why, Indeed?

He—Why does a woman always think she ought to wear a smaller shoe than she can? She—Why does a man always think he ought to wear a larger hat than he can?—Yonkers Statesman.

Wise Woman.

"It was Cervantes, was it not, who said, 'No man is born wise?'"

"Perhaps it was, but women found it out long before Cervantes did."—Chicago Record-Herald

REMARKABLE SERMONS.

Some Were Cruelly Long, and Others Were Models of Brevity.

Sermons are not so lengthy as they used to be, and one seldom sees in the comic prints the joke, so familiar in other times, wherein the minister was chided for his "fourteenthly" remark, which was supposed to mark a period in his sermon somewhat toward its close.

It is said that Thomas Hooker thought his duty ill performed if his sermon did not consume three hours. Once it is related that the famous divine did deliver a really short sermon—preaching exactly fifteen minutes. He sat down, but after a brief rest was up and at it again for two hours more. Every one of Cranmer's sermons was a small volume in itself, and Bunyan, Calvin, Baxter and Knox are all said to have been only a little more merciful to their hearers.

In striking contrast to these long winded discourses may be mentioned some startlingly brief sermons of late years. Perhaps the shortest of all was that delivered by a clergyman at Ocean Grove, N. J., who, after announcing his text, impressively surveyed his congregation and then said:

"Don't worry; it's wicked." He then sat down.

It would be difficult to exceed this in brevity and effectiveness, but a north of England vicar in the last century closely approximated it. He gave out the text, "God so loved the world," etc., to which he added this observation:

"My friends, did I speak an hour I couldn't make that message any plainer. I'll just leave it with you."

Another example of a brief but extraordinarily effective sermon was furnished by an aged and feeble clergyman in Ohio. He had been requested to deliver a charity address on behalf of orphan children, but his strength was unequal to the task. It was therefore an inspiration indeed that moved him to stretch forth one feeble arm in the direction of the little unfortunates sitting near the pulpit and to exclaim with no little pathos, "Whence shall we find bread that these may eat?"

So impressed was the congregation that the collection was the largest ever taken in that vicinity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Ghost In the Commons.

A certain M. P., lying ill on the continent a number of years ago, received an urgent "whip" for a critical division in the house and replied that he would be present at all cost to his health or convenience. On the eventful night when the house divided the tellers at the division lobby door saw the M. P. in question, and his vote was recorded. The day afterward it was discovered that the number of votes recorded by the division clerks was one short of the number given by the tellers. It was afterward found that at the time the division was taken the M. P. had breathed his last.—London Mail.

Simple Spot Remover.

This is a recipe for the very best "spot remover" you ever tried:

Two ounces of castile soap shaved fine and two quarts of pure soft water. Boil till soap is thoroughly dissolved, strain and cool. When cool add one ounce sulphuric ether and two ounces of wood alcohol. Shake it well and keep corked.

It is now ready for use and will remove spots and stains from your clothing like magic, especially woolen garments.—National Magazine.

An Old Time Champion.

Robert Barclay Allardice, a Scotch captain in the British army, who was born in 1779 and died in 1854, was a noted pedestrian. At the age of fifteen he walked six miles within an hour. When he was twenty he covered 150 miles on foot in two days, and in June, 1801, in excessively hot weather he walked 300 miles in five days. His most surprising performance was walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours. A half million dollars was staked on the result.

Killing a Fashion.

The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur, and the furriers made a great uproar. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headsman to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association, and the fur won the day.

Giving Him Encouragement.

"I am going to ask your father for your hand."

"Oh, that will be lovely!"

"You are glad?"

"Delighted. I will call and bring you flowers every day until you are able to be out again. I have never seen the inside of a hospital."—Houston Post.

A Loopole Open.

"You're a fraud sir," cried the indignant patient. "You guaranteed your medicine to cure after everything else failed, and"—

"Well, my dear sir," replied the fake medicine man, "probably you haven't tried everything else."—Philadelphia Press.

Got One Order.

First Book Agent—Did you receive an order at that house I just saw you come out of? Second Book Agent—Yes, I was told to "git."—Boston Transcript.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

A FAMOUS OLD BEACON.

St. Agnes Light, Off the British Coast, Is to Disappear.

One of the oldest and most famous lighthouses in the world is to disappear. According to an official notice to mariners, the St. Agnes light, Scilly, is to be replaced by a light on Peninnis head, St. Mary. For centuries it has gladdened the eyes of passengers from the other side of the Atlantic or has blinked a parting to emigrants.

It stands inland on the highest ground in the island of St. Agnes, and the first light was lit on the spot as long ago as 1680. Coal was the only illuminant, and the light was often allowed to go out. But in 1790 oil lamps and reflectors were installed, and flashes of the present one minute revolving light can be seen at a distance of thirty miles.

Probably one of the chief motives which prompted the placing of a guiding light on the island was the reputation which St. Agnes bore for wrecking in the old days. Many a ship was lured on the rocks by false lights, and the tradition was preserved among seamen for many years afterward.

It is stated that almost within living memory a crew who were shipwrecked on the island kept their would be rescuers at bay with stones. They feared that they would be massacred and could be approached only when they dropped helpless from hunger and exhaustion.

The new light will be exhibited from a circular iron tower which will be painted white and will be forty-five feet in height.—Pall Mall Gazette.

INSULTS IN GERMANY.

Calling a Native an Englishman Is Punished With a Fine.

According to a New York lawyer who recently returned from Berlin, even the mildest sort of personal epithets are dangerous things to use in Germany. The use of pet names of the same class as our "gink" or "bonehead" may land the author in the courts, and if found guilty he is liable to a fine.

"A certain Dr. Eissel, hailing from Bohemia," said the New Yorker, "has just prosecuted in the courts a rival who had beat him at chess for the offense of beleidigung. Beleidigung means 'offense' or insult.' Daily you read of cases of hitherto stainless citizens being fined for using such abuse as 'good for nothing,' 'loafer' and 'sheep's head.' Recently a policeman was prosecuted for calling a man whose address he was taking a 'fellow' (kerl). Not until there had been two appeals and trials in three different instances was the prosecutor satisfied. The man who beat Dr. Eissel at chess was even more obscenely vituperative, for he hurled at his horrified enemy the intolerable epithet 'Englaender.'

"In court Dr. Eissel characterized this insult as 'severe' and declared that he was not an Englishman and had never been in England. He was merely an Anglomaniac, who wore English clothes, had a son at an English school and had learned 'boxen.' The court gave him a verdict, and the offender, therefore, was fined."—New York Mail.

London Slang.

If some London slang has a short life the street sayings current for a time pass away even more quickly. Most of these, such as "Has your mother sold her mangle?" "Who shot the dog?" and "How are you off for soap?" survive only in the pages of contemporary novelists. Some, however, have a long life. "Does your mother know you're out?" has been traced back to 1840 and may possibly have been current before then. Others are revived, with slight alterations. Ten years ago rude little boys would shout, "Where did you get that hat?" when their grandfathers would exclaim, "What, the same old hat!" And the expression of dissent emphasized nowadays by "Not in these trousers!" used to be conveyed thirty years ago by the tag "Not in these boots!"—London Chronicle.

To Fight the Fly.

So completely have housefiles been exterminated in England that screens are no longer used in windows and doors. This shows what can be done. A solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water is the best and cheapest exterminator. Put a spoonful of formalin in half a teacupful of water and expose it in a saucer in your room. Try it once and you will see. Burn pyrethrum powder in a room and sweep out the stupefied flies or put twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot shovel. The vapor is deadly to the pest. Put a dram of bichromate of potash in half a glass of water and sweeten. Expose a little of the solution in saucers. Sticky fly paper also will do the work.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Europe's Oldest House.

Count Matuschka-Griffenklau recently convoked a conference of archaeologists in his house at Winkel-on-the-Rhine. The conference unanimously expressed the opinion that the count's is the oldest house still occupied in Europe. It was formerly the dwelling of the bishop of Mayence, Rabnus Maurus, who died there in 850.—London Tit-Bits.

Natural Selection.

Although fifty years have elapsed since Darwin's "Origin of Species" was accepted, not a single variety or species of any wild animal or plant has been proved to have originated by natural selection.—San Francisco Argonaut.

NEVER SAW ST. HELENA.

That's the Latest French Story About the Great Napoleon.

What if Napoleon never saw St. Helena?

What if he fooled the English to the last and died, as he lived, a free man?

"Absurd!" you exclaim. Tons of literature, written in every language of modern civilization, tell you he did die a prisoner on that rocky island. You believe in it as you believe in the Fourth of July or in Thanksgiving day. It is a hard, solid fact, which nobody ever doubts.

And yet a very distinguished French historian has been doubting it for years and has searched for proofs to back his doubts for a decade. Finally he has boldly declared to the world that history for once is wrong.

M. Omessa, the historian in question, boldly declares that Napoleon I., after losing all on the field of Waterloo, refused to give himself up to the hated English, escaped to Italy and, instead of himself, sent his double, Private Robeant, to St. Helena, in accordance with plans laid long beforehand. General Bertrand, the friend of a lifetime, made the supreme sacrifice of accompanying Robeant to the island so as to blind the English to the trick being played on them. For seven years, according to Omessa, the real Napoleon lived in Verona, selling spectacles to British travelers. At last the desire again to see his only son, whom he adored (or was it some new political plans in that restless brain?), got the better of his caution. The ex-emperor, the former conqueror of Europe, the hero of the finest army the world has ever seen, went to Vienna, where his little son was in the care of Francis II., Austrian emperor, who had thought it an honor to call Napoleon son-in-law, and was shot down like a dog while trying to climb the wall which divided him from his son.

Omessa, whose declarations have created a tremendous sensation throughout Europe, backs his statement with various documents.—Paris Cor. New York World.

QUEEN MARY STOOD.

A Royal Rebuke to the Ladies Who Insisted on Smoking.

Queen Mary does not like ladies smoking in her presence, and it is never done by any ladies in the entourage of royalty, though there are, as a matter of fact, two ladies attached to the court who indulge in an occasional cigarette, but they never do so in the presence of her majesty. Some few years ago the queen showed her dislike to the cigarette habit being indulged in by ladies in a manner that was not without its humorous aspect. Her majesty, then Princess of Wales, was the dinner guest of a well known American hostess, who, after dinner, sought and of course obtained the royal assent to some of the ladies smoking cigarettes, the queen's dislike to this practice not then being generally known, but during the consumption of the cigarettes the queen remained standing, and of course every other lady in the room had to do likewise.

The hostess had the shrewdness to guess why her royal guest did not sit down and in a few minutes managed to convey her wish to the ladies who were smoking that they should throw away their cigarettes, which they gladly did, for they also suspected why they were kept standing. The queen then sat down, and her majesty has never since had reason to express her dislike of ladies smoking in her presence.—London M. A. P.

The Air Man's Heart.

M. Dastre, one of the professors in the Faculty of Sciences, in Paris, recently read a paper before the academy, the subject dealt with being "Mal des Aviateurs." The trouble of aviators is said to be very like mountain sickness, only it comes on much more rapidly. The sensation is experienced at a height of about 4,000 feet and again in the descent. One thing M. Dastre endeavored to impress upon his hearers was that a sound heart was before all things necessary for those ascending to great heights. Another point of advice was that any one who had experienced ill effects from an ascent should not allow the matter to rest when the sensations had passed away. He should make a point of consulting his doctor at the earliest opportunity.—London Globe.

When New York Sleeps.

In a recent number of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse Stefan Zweig gives his impression of New York after a "sojourn of a few days." He comments on the vastness of the city, its tumult and hurry, amid which he has discovered the "irresistible storm creating rhythm of the American metropolis. The night life under the glare of the brilliant illumination has its fascination as much as the day scenes, but when it is all over and the streets have become empty and only the roof signs remain to attract attention then New York is ugly. There is nothing more ugly," he adds, "than New York asleep—New York without people."

Traffic Regulations In Paris.

An iron structure with semaphore arms has been erected in the center of the square at Montmartre, where the traffic is very heavy at all hours of the day. The apparatus is fitted with four signal arms, and these can be seen at a considerable distance. Drivers of vehicles arriving on the square will halt if the signal is against them and wait for a white disk to be shown before proceeding. At night red and green lights will replace the red and white disks of daytime.

BEGGARS OF LONDON.

Many of Them Partial to the Hired Sickly Infant Scheme.

There is no city in Europe, according to an American citizen who has returned from a business trip to England, where there may be seen so many beggars in the streets as in the British metropolis, says the Washington Herald.

"These beggars—'halt, blind, maimed'—come for the most part from the 'beggars' colony,' the most lawless district in all London. It is hidden in the haze of mean streets in the borough of Kensington and is called Nottingdale.

"These 'tale pitchers,' as they call themselves, are men and women who hire starved looking children by the day to enlist the sympathy of the benevolent. There are 'old soldiers' and 'sailors,' with bogus beards and records complete; there are 'shabby genteel' men in tattered frock coats and carefully brushed broken boots, who talk of 'college days;' there are the musical beggars, who live by singing; there are the begging letter writers, and, finally, there are the beggars who solicit under the pretext of offering matches, collar buttons or shoestrings for sale.

"A 'tale pitcher' who knows the ropes can hire a sickly infant at the rate of about 12 cents a day. An unusually wretched looking infant will be dearer, but a whole family of neglected mites can be borrowed for 50 cents and 'no questions asked.' Many of these professional beggars make as much as $4 a day."

WALTON'S FAST.

The "Plunger" Did Even More Than the Doctor Suggested.

Race track lovers of some years ago all knew "Plunger" Walton—Francis Theodore Walton, as he was christened. Everything that Walton did he did as thoroughly as he plunged on the races. This habit was illustrated by his famous fast. Rheumatism caused him considerable suffering for years. Across the street from him lived a doctor, who said one day:

"Walton, you eat too much. That's what's the matter with you. Do as I say and you will cure your rheumatism. Don't let food tempt you so much. Just taper off your meals, and don't eat except when you really feel like it."

Some time passed before the two men met again. The physician inquired what results followed from heeding his directions. He listened thunderstruck to the following report:

"That advice of yours sounded easy, and I didn't eat a morsel for twenty-one days. No, sir; not a single particle of food passed my lips. Every hour that I was awake I did drink a glass of water. I suffered no great pangs of hunger. I was comfortable and had a good time. It was my wife's anxiety that made me break my fast. She got the notion that I was losing weight too fast. You see, I once weighed 285 pounds. When I began the fast I weighed 246. At the end of twenty-one days I weighed an even 200. Your advice was all right."—New York Tribune.

A Coral Pipe.

While a United States warship was off Barbados a few years ago a sailor who was amusing himself fishing for sharks brought up from the depths a long "churchwarden" pipe that evidently had been lying at the bottom of the sea for a hundred years or more. It was unbroken and had either been accidentally dropped overboard or washed out of some old wreck. The coral insects had seized upon it and covered the long stem with delicate, lacelike branches and the bowl with fine "vermicelli" work. So completely was it concealed with the coral coating that it was impossible to determine the original material of the pipe. Oddly enough, the inside of the bowl had been left untouched and still showed the stains of fire and nicotine.—New York Press.

Hope.

Hope is anticipation. It is an inherent feeling in mankind and a divine provision for the sustentation of interest in life. Hope is a chord which strikes pleasant desires for the future; it is every one's sunshine, the rainbow in the storm, the silver lining to the present cloud, a star set in the firmament of our lives, to brighten, lighten and cheer the way and differs in magnitude and brightness according to occasion. Hope is an antidote of misery, a cordial for the desponding and a chain with many links.—Nellie E. Mate.

Patience.

There's no music in a "rest," that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

Doing It Right.

"But, my dear, if I buy you this gown it will put me $50 in debt."

"Only $50! If you are going in debt why not go in like a gentleman and make it a hundred?"—Fliegende Blatter.

The White Woman's Burden.

Of course men have a lot of small worries, but they don't have to carry a chamois skin and a little satchel around with them wherever they go.—Galveston News.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

SUMMERY SUGGESTIONS IN DRESS

EYELET EMBROIDERY AND BATISTE

A pretty gown for the use of embroidery flouncing is shown in today's sketch. The bodice is formed of double edge banding of eyelet embroidery, cut surplice and held at the center front by a ring of silk cord and a tassel. Through this ring the girdle of black velvet is drawn, ending in a stiff upstanding loop. The sleeves and front of the bodice are made of pink batisite. The upper portion of the skirt is of the flouncing, the lower of the batiste with a wide band of black velvet on the bottom.

THREE OF THE CHARMING NEW SASH ARRANGEMENTS.

The sash has come into its own again and modes of wearing it are innumerable; so also are the sash materials. Black velvet seems to hold first place and the Dresden ribbons are high in favor, while sashes of messaline and satin in the shade of the gown are not to be ignored. The center figure in the drawing pictures a novel effect in black velvet with a fall of lace trimming one edge. On the left is another black velvet sash piped with white. The sketch on the right shows a novel sash of messaline falling over the upper edge of the girdle and having the ends fringed with silver.

The White Whale.

One of the creatures that inhabit the northern seas is the beluga, or white whale. It frequents the Arctic ocean, enters the numerous bays and inlets and sometimes travels up the fresh water streams to a considerable distance in search of food. It preys upon fish, and owing to its ability to swim very rapidly it is able to capture the fastest of these. It is pure white in color and quite large, often reaching fifteen to eighteen feet in length. It has a large mouth, containing a number of very sharp conical teeth. It swims by doubling its strong tail back under its body and driving itself forward with a powerful stroke. The natives of those cold regions which it inhabits catch the white whale with a stout net and by the use of the harpoon. A portion of the flesh is used for food, and the remaining portion is converted into a very fine grade of fish oil, which finds a ready sale. The skins are removed and made into leather.—Harper's Weekly.

Mistaken Affability.

"What made our pirate chief compel the prisoner to walk the plank so hastily?" asked the pirate.

"He was one of those cheery and familiar ready made humorists. The first thing he said when he saw the chief was, 'Oh, you Captain Kidd!'"—