HE WAS TOO SMART.

The Experience of a Countryman With London Confidence Men.

London has its confidence men, who are quite as expert as America's, says a writer in the Boston Herald. Their methods are very similar. It is not worth while to record their routine operations, but one recent instance, as illustrative of their resources, is amusing and instructive. An old Scotch traveling man, who bore somewhat the appearance of a countryman, but who knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted. He decided to have some fun at the expense of the would be swindlers, so he pretended to fall readily in with their statements—to be a particularly easy victim. They bought him a splendid dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dundee—a name which they had caught from a traveling bag which he had borrowed from a friend. He enjoyed their hospitality hugely, and ate prodigiously and expensively. They paid the bill, and began the usual talk about a lottery prize, etc. Then he saw it was about time to "cap their game." Said he:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the dinner. It was very good, and I have had a very pleasant time with you. But I won't go to see you draw your lottery prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lottery prize. My name is not Donald Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm not from Dundee, but from Lochnoven, where I've lived with my daughter for 20 years. I am too old a fish to be caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing.

Two weeks later, when he went home to his daughter in Lochnoven, one of the first things she said to him was:

"Did you get the £20 all right?"

"What £20?"

"Why, the £20 you telegraphed for."

And it developed that the confidence men whom he had beaten at their own game had an ace up their sleeves, which they played after he had left them.

HE KEPT THE CHECK.

Turfman Green Morris Was Too Cunning For the Banks.

With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some uneasiness among depositors. In general, however, the New Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in the Clearing House association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a weakened institution. I am reminded of what happened to Green Morris, the turfman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth park, and received at the end of the season a check from the association for $67,000. Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn.

"Why, Green," I said reproachfully, "this check is 18 months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?"

Green chuckled knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook.

"I ain't been racin hosses for nothin these goin on nigh 20 year. I ain't got no faith in no banks. They's too much failin to suit me. That's what I've allus been afraid of, an that's why I'm holdin on to my check. I ain't a-goin to have no bank failin with my money in the safe. Besides I ain't had no use for the $67,000, an it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now $300,000 or $400,000, and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

"Christ Hath Risen."

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres" (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice, "Vo istine voskres" (In truth he hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him, her neighbor in turn receives the light from her, and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

Transporting Carp.

When packing live carp for transport by post, some authorities recommend placing in their mouths a small piece of bread, well steeped in brandy, but I do not myself approve of this plan, as I believe it tends to encourage the fish in a disastrous love for ardent spirits. The eminently respectable Dutch, on the other hand, keep carp through the winter hung up in baskets, but feed them on a blameless course of bread and milk, which the sternest moralist could not fail to approve of.—Cornhill Magazine.

Suitable.

"My," said the shoe clerk boarder, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it."

"In other words," gurgled the cheerful idiot, "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."—Indianapolis Journal.

Eyes and Darkness.

Objects in a dark room cannot at first be seen by one going in from the sunlight, because the pupil of the eye has been contracted during the exposure, and cannot at once enlarge to admit sufficient rays of light to enable the individual to see clearly.

Bouillon spoons are the latest fad. In size the they are between a tea and an after dinner coffee and have round bowls.

Women of Cleveland have formed a party, the object of which is to keep the schools out of politics.

There are altogether over 115,000,000 women in India.

THE 5 O'CLOCK TEA TABLE.

Suggestions For Its Tasteful and Fashionable Fitment.

A correspondent asks for information concerning the proper fitting of a 5 o'clock tea table.

Beginning with the table itself, it may be a small oval, circular or hexagon shape. Any one of these is preferable to a square one. Tables are shown in shops that are provided with small leaves, or arms, a few inches wide, to open out in all directions. Such are not especially commended. Their effect is not as good as pieces of furniture, and they perform their office in rather an uncertain manner. Even four or five persons surrounding such a table endanger its freight, a slight jostle being sufficient to overturn a cup or plate on one of its frailly supported arms.

If the surface of the table is highly polished, and it is preferred not to cover it entirely, a handsome square or round centerpiece doily, which is only a dinner centerpiece, is used, or a teacloth a yard square may prettily and wholly veil it. The Dresden designs are not so much in vogue as they were. Our unhappy fashion of doing everything to death, whether it be Dresden, Trilby or empire effects, has worked its inevitable reaction, and the powdering of linen with gay little blossoms is not much countenanced. Anything that is well done, however, remains beautiful, and those who have fine pieces of such needlework should let them see the light frequently. In planning a new cloth some later design may be employed.

For the actual impedimenta of the table there one required a tea caddy, a hot water kettle, a cozy, a wafer or cracker dish, two or three pretty cups and saucers, cream jug and sugar bowl.

A flagon for alcohol is sometimes enumerated, but this and a spoon basket are like the tables with leaves—elaborating a function whose simplicity is its warrant. The alcohol should be put in the lamp out of the room. It is often attended with a little spilling, and it is much better to have the lamp ready for lighting beforehand. The tea caddy ought to be of silver; on a handsome table it is. It should have a measuring cover, this little distinction being one that those "in the know" insist upon. To measure the tea with a spoon is not considered quite so correct and so redolent of the old time flavor as to use the cup cover of the caddy, "one fill to a brew." A glass mat may be provided to set the hot teapot upon, and the spoons are laid loose upon the table. These, by the way, as well as the cups, should be usable ones. In the days of souvenir spoons the rage for variety begot some curious travesties of these useful table implements. One felt grateful if one was not offered a perforated bowl, so twisted and grotesque and abnormal were the changes rung upon tea and coffee spoons. Cups should hold more than an actual thimbleful, though they need not hold a pint, and should bear some relation to the laws of gravitation in their poise upon the saucer. They should have a smooth rim. A fluted edge is a most uncomfortable finish for a drinking vessel. The wafer basket may be silver, china or cut glass, with again a preference for silver. A tiny ornamental vase or dish may hold matches.

It seems almost needless to add the caution that a parlor tea table should be kept in a state of irreproachable cleanliness, but the experience, once or twice encountered, of having a scum of dust rise on tea offered during a call on another than the hostess' regular day at home aroused the suspicion that some parlor tea tables are kept—like some parlor bric-a-brac—dusted only on company days.—New York Times.

Prince Edward's Carriage.

Prince Edward of York, the royal baby who may in the long future be the head of the British empire, will shortly have his first English made carriage. It consists of a perambulator of the highest class of workmanship, of the Princess Irene barouche pattern, is fitted up with nonvibrating leather hung steel springs and silent cycle wheels, with hollow rubber tires. The vehicle is upholstered in the finest dark green morocco leather, softly padded with horsehair cushions, so constructed that the infant occupant can recline or ride with face or back to the nurse. The child's face is protected from rain by a cowhide hood, easily adjusted to any position, and in sunshine this can be removed and the baby shaded from heat by an awning of tussore silk, lined to match the carriage and trimmed with delicate and beautiful lace. Baby cars of a somewhat similar pattern have been built for the children of the Duchess of Fife and Princess Henry of Prussia.

An Amusing Game.

At a children's party not long ago a simple but amusing game was played which may be new to some of you. Each player was blindfolded in turn. But before the handkerchief was tied over his eyes he was told to look around the room and notice the objects in it and how they were placed. After being blindfolded he turned around three times and then said aloud what he expected to touch by walking straigh ahead. And how the children laughed when the boy, who thought that wasn't any game at all, laid his hand on the steam radiator when he said he was going to touch the china cabinet, which was on the other side of the room! He was given the booby prize, a funny little colored doll with a great many red flannel petticoats that made a pen-wiper.

Was Willing to Serve.

The Chicago papers tell how Mrs. Marion Robertson of that city earned $2 very easily the other day. Having voted at the last election, she was summoned for jury duty. The judge told her he had no doubt she would make a good juror, but as the law barred her sex when it came to jury service he would have to excuse her. "I am willing to serve," replied Mrs. Robertson. "Well, a venireman who is willing to serve is entitled to his or her pay when rejected," said the judge. "The clerk will give you a warrant for $2." The warrant was handed to her with her subpœna for a souvenir.

Colorado Women.

"Can I be a deacon in this church?" The question was asked by a Colorado woman who wanted to join the church. "No, madam, you cannot," was the minister's answer. "Then I won't join it!" she exclaimed. The other women who had applied for admission stood by her, with Colorado determination, and likewise refused to join. It seems that these Colorado women are bound to win all their demands. We think they must be ahead of all the other women in creation in the march of progress.—

POSING AT THE PIANO.

Paderewski Thinks Performers Should Look Effective While Playing.

When Paderewski was in New York, he was calling at a prominent Wall street man's home in Fifth avenue when the broker told him he would like to have his opinion of his daughter's playing. The great pianist courteously replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure.

After the young lady had dashed off several selections Paderewski said:

"To get the greatest enjoyment from the piano the music must not only be heard, but the performer should be seen. The performer should therefore be careful of his or her position at the instrument.

"I will be frank with you and say that I preferred to see rather than hear your daughter play. I might better say that I looked more than I listened. She held herself correctly. There is nothing I hate more than a listless, careless posture of the body while playing.

"Then there was life in her touch. Her fingers fairly sparkled as they ran over the board and touched the keys, rebounding from them with a snap that was exhilarating to behold. Her manner of using her hands and her elbowing, if I may so call it, showed proper training also.

"I will therefore add that my sense of hearing would have been equally delighted doubtless if my sense of sight had not been so completely monopolized. I compliment the young lady on her accomplishment."

"There is wisdom in that," said the broker in repeating the conversation. "Teachers of the piano should give far more attention to this matter than they now do."—New York Advertiser.

Electric Light Test.

The public is becoming quite knowing in many branches of electric knowledge, and in none more than in the determination, with greater or less accuracy, of the efficiency of the electric light. At one time a central station had no great difficulty in foisting upon its customers as a 16 candle power a light that the ordinary gas jet would be an improvement upon. Now, however, people are more critical, and they have a very shrewd idea as to whether they are getting as much light as they are paying for. If they have any doubt on the subject, it can be easily set at rest.

The latest method of measuring illumination is based upon the principle that the illumination, falling, say, on a printed page, must have a definite value in order to render the printed characters just legible, and that the intensity of illumination so required will, for a normal eye, depend upon the size and character of the print. A small printed tablet is placed in a darkened box and exposed to illumination from a translucent plate of glass or porcelain, which receives directly on its surface the light whose intensity is to be measured. The area of the translucent plate is then varied until the amount of light received by the test characters just renders them visible. A scale is provided by reference to which the exact degree of candle power of the illumination is determined.—New York Times.

His Pills.

There lives in a town not far from here—in fact, it is at Skaneateles—a couple who think a good deal of each other, and when one is ill the other does everything in the world for her or his welfare. Not long ago the husband was taken ill, and his wife rummaged around to find some medicine in the house. Finally she came across a box of little black pills. There was no writing on the cover of the box to tell what they were, but as they resembled a certain liver pill the wife concluded that they must be the required thing. She gave them to her hubby regularly, and he seemed to improve. About a week after, when he had got down to the last pill, he chanced to turn the box over. He gave a yell that startled the whole neighborhood. His wife ran to him, thinking that he was dying. "Look," he cried. "Read what it says on the bottom." She did as he bade her, and this was what she read: "Prime Crown Morning Glory Seeds!"—Syracuse Post.

In his reminiscences of the Crimea, in 1854, General Sir Evelyn Wood tells a story of a fighting general who, during a conflict, was seen wherever bullets fell most thickly. When not visible, his voice was heard encouraging his men with "a vocabulary borrowed from 'the army in Flanders,'" which Sir Evelyn says will not bear repetition. "Years after he was appointed to the Aldershot command, and her majesty happened to ask, 'Has the new general yet taken up his command?' 'Yes, your majesty,' was the apt reply; 'he swore himself in yesterday.'"

Iceland moss is native to the northern parts of all continents. It is most abundant, however, in Iceland, whence its name has been obtained. Formerly in high repute in medicine, it is now very lightly regarded.

Australia means "south," and the land now known by that name was formerly called New Holland.

The doublet was a close fitting coat introduced into France from Italy about 1100.

"THE BRACELET."

It Was Beautiful Until It Became a Reminder of His Doubt.

"Here," he said, "is a bracelet. Wear it always, that like our love it may prove endless and unbroken in its circle." And from a silken case, in which the name of the goldsmith glistened, he drew the pledge of their new affections. She stood before him, radiantly palpitating, as it seemed to him in the ecstasy of his attention—perhaps with the pleasure of so rare a trinket. The diamonds lost their luster in the rapture which her flashing eyes conveyed. Holding her hand, he was adjusting the gift to the flexible wrist into which tapered her well rounded arm—its skin seemed whiter now, as if expressive of so much purity about to receive the binding earnest of his words.

"But," he said, hesitating suddenly, "I must tell you, and yet why should I? This bracelet, by the touch of some mysterious magic—so the jeweler tells me, and yet I can hardly believe it—shrinks about the wrist of her who proves untrue, and its wearer loses forever the use of her hand, which then hangs limp and lifeless, in token of her perfidy."

"Surely," she answered, "you cannot wish to put me to such a test as this who need none. I should wear it were it not to me but an eternal reminder of your doubt, each diamond but an eye to watch—and it is much too gaudy. A plain ring will do for me."—Philadelphia Press.

Indignant.

There used to be an old porter at a certain Irish railway station who was more remarkable for independence of character than attention to his duties.

On one occasion two of the directors were traveling over the line and noticed that the name of this station was not called, the neglect being the more serious as it was a junction. This was made the subject of complaint, and old Charley, who was the delinquent, was promptly brought to book and reprimanded.

He was very wroth that any one should find fault with him and thirsted for revenge. So, keeping a lookout until he saw the directors on their return journey, he stood opposite their carriage and shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Cookstown Junction! Change here for Randalstown, Castledawson, Magherafelt, Moneymore and all stations on the Cookstown line, and don't say, ye blaggards, ye weren't towld!"—London Answers

The Best Signal Light System.

The best night signal lights are those invented by Lieutenant Very of our navy, and named after him Very's signals. The consist of a white, a red and a green star, each fired into the air from a pistol, so that by firing one, two or three of them in quick succession and in different orders, with a pause between the groups, different letters or signal numbers can be made until a sentence is complete. They can be easily read from vessels 12 miles away.—St. Nicholas.

Nothing is complete without its bit of black. It is a bit of cunning the French have taught us and is most valuable, for it immediately adds the touch we have strived for. No matter what the color or material if not pointelle or striped with black, a bunchy black chou, bands of ribbon or pipings of satin are used. There are no end of means of decoration, and all most effective too. So universal has this fashion become that neither frock nor bonnet escapes it.