

A GREAT INDUSTRY.

ENORMOUS BUSINESS DAIRYING HAS COME TO BE.

Comparatively few persons realize what an enormous business dairying has become in the United States.

It is estimated that in the United States there are over seven million cows giving milk in the United States and it takes an army of over three hundred thousand men working from ten to twelve hours a day to milk them.

Dairying in other countries sinks into insignificance when compared with the industry in the United States. So far as the Americans of dairy products that it takes from twenty-three to twenty-seven cows to each hundred of the population to keep the country supplied with milk, butter and cheese and provide for the export trade.

All this great dairy industry of the United States has been built up in the last fifty years. Before that time the milk cows of the country were of the mixed and indistinguishable race known as "natives."

making of the butter and cheese were in the hands of the women of the household, and the methods and the utensils used were crude. The average quality of the products was inferior, and the supply of the domestic markets was unorganized and irregular.

In the Eastern and Middle States the milk was usually set in small, shallow earthen vessels or tin pans for the cream to rise. Little attention was paid to cooling the air in which it stood in summer or to moderating it in winter so long as freezing was prevented.

The few who scalded milk had no idea of the true reason for so doing or why beneficial effects resulted. The pans of milk often stood in pantries and cellars or on kitchen shelves in rooms specially constructed or adapted to the purpose.

In the Southern Pennsylvania and the States further south spring houses were in vogue. Milk received there was usually set in earthen crocks or pots, standing in cool, flowing water, was a usual and excellent practice. Churning the entire milk was common.

This is still done to some extent in the Southern States, where butter is made every morning, and where all the milk is butter-milk. In seasons of scarcity of milk there was no butter. In the North, where dairies were more numerous, where families were supplied with butter weekly during most of the year, and with an occasional cheese, directly from the producers.

BUTTER MAKING—OLD AND NEW.



Triets were in detached sections which did not occupy more than one-third of its area. This idea has been exploded. It has been found that good butter and cheese can be made in almost all parts of the country.

Mechanical Devices. Along with the growth of the dairy business came the invention of many mechanical devices for doing by machinery what had hitherto been done by hand. One curious device is called the dairy "centrifuge," or "cream separator."

An excellent example of the changes wrought in dairy practice is afforded by an instance in Northern Vermont, a region long noted for its butter production. St. Albans is the business center of Franklin County.

would give milk that would make a pound of butter a day for two or three months. Such a cow is a local celebrity. As late as 1885, when good cows sold for \$30 or less, an enterprising farmer in New England advertised widely that he would pay \$100 for any cow that would yield fifty pounds of milk a day on his farm for two or three consecutive days.

Proteiges. Though the old native stock was a pretty tough and disreputable race of cows, there would appear once in a while in it a prodigy. Such was the famous "Oakes cow" of Massachusetts, which astonished the world, in 1816, by giving forty-four pounds of milk a day, out of which was made 467 pounds of butter in one season.

Nowadays the Oakes cow would be regarded as a good cow—nothing more. The Short-horn breed led in the introduction of improved cattle into the United States and formed the foundation upon which many fine dairy herds were built. They were brought from England, and much of the Short-horn blood can still be found in prosperous dairy districts throughout the United States.

It used to be believed that successful dairying could be carried on only in the United States in a belt lying between the latitude of Philadelphia and the latitude of the northern boundary of Vermont and extending as far west as the Missouri River. Even in that belt it was believed that the true dairying dis-

FROM A GRATEFUL NATION.

States Presented the French Government with a magnificent equestrian statue of Lafayette, a gift to the French Government from the American people.

The original of the Lafayette monument project and its illustrious promoter is Robert J. Thompson, a son of one of the oldest and most honorable families in the State of Iowa. Like many another American student, Mr. Thompson early developed a deep and lasting admiration for the great French champion of the revolution, and as a schoolboy first conceived the vague idea that succeeding years had developed into so magnificent an achievement.

When his majesty wishes to have a new photograph taken he sends a command some days beforehand to the photographer upon whom his choice may fall, to attend at the royal residence on a certain day and at a certain hour.

The photographer takes with him his apparatus and two assistants, and a room is specially prepared for the sitting. The Queen is a very good subject and displays a magnificence during the ordeal, which is necessarily a tedious affair, as she is always taken in a number of different positions, proofs of all of which are submitted to her.

Do Not Delay. "I have been reading about the fall of Niagara," remarked Mr. Linger to Miss Frocks.

"That's where a great many bridal couples go on their wedding journey, isn't it?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Linger.

"I should like to see Niagara Falls," the girl said in a low, thoughtful voice.

"Yes, they are a wonderful spectacle. But what I was about to say was that the annual report of the United States Geological Survey says that in 3,500 years the falls will be no more, the bank of the river will be dry, and the great lakes will be emptying into the Mississippi River."

"In how many years?" "Thirty-five hundred," exclaimed Miss Frocks.

"So soon as that?" exclaimed Miss Frocks. "Let us go and see them at once."

"We will," said Mr. Linger, "and we will not be disappointed. And they were very happy ever after."—Harper's Weekly.

English as She is Wrote. The following notice is displayed in a hotel in New York: "Bath! First-class bath. Can anybody get Tushbath, Warm and cold. Tub bath and shower bath. At any time. Except Saturday. By two hours forbore."

And this is the notice that was posted up recently in an art exhibition in Tokio, Japan: "Visitors are requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged ten cents and two cents, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter. In any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take with himself dog, of the same kind of beast. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thence."

American Nerve. Johnson, an American art student in Paris, got into a quarrel with a Frenchman and an engagement for a duel resulting. At 7 o'clock in the morning the two duellists met at the ticket office of the railroad station whence they were to depart for the chosen spot in the suburbs.

"Give me a round-trip ticket as usual," said Johnson to the clerk in a terrible tone, giving his mustache a ferocious twist.

"I—say, do you always buy round-trip tickets?" stammered the Frenchman.

"Always," says Johnson.

"Then I apologize,"—Collier's Weekly.

American French. They are telling a story in Paris of an American woman who tried to make

use of a rather doubtful grade of American Ollendoff French in the hotel, although all the employees spoke English.

Finally one of the waiters asked the manager for a leave of absence, and the manager, who had just been up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the incivility of the guest, she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of champagne" was. And it took the manager twenty minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout.—New York Tribune.

Queen Victoria's Coronation Coach. Queen Victoria has at her disposal when she wishes to take a ride innumerable carriages. Of these the coronation coach is first. This carriage is unknown to the present generation, as it has never left the royal mews at Buckingham palace since 1861. It is lovely, but cumbersome, was designed for George III, and every portion is richly decorated and gilded. Outside its panels are pictures painted by noted artists.

Chinese Barbers. The barbers in towns in China go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls to them they run to him, and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders, all for the value of only half a cent.

Feet of Your Ears. An English writer, who for fifteen years or more has been a student of criminal anthropology, says that the largest, voluminous ears are the most marked characteristic of the criminal.

Cowards sing at night when they are afraid. Women laugh at love for the same reason.

PERFECT IN LITERARY STYLE.

Language of the Bible as a Model of the English Language. In all study of English literature, if there be any one axiom which every one has accepted without question, it is that the ultimate standard of English prose style is set by the King James version of the Bible. For examples of limpid, convincing narrative we go to Genesis, to the story of Ruth, to the quiet earnestness of the gospels; for the mingled argument and explanation and exhortation in which lies the highest power of the other side of literature, we go to the prophets, and still more to the epistles of the New Testament; and for the glow of vehemence and feeling which burns away the limits between poetry and prose, and makes prose style at its highest plebeian able to stand beside the stirring vibrations of verse, we go to the psalms or the book of Job or the prophecies of Isaiah, or to the triumphant declaration of immortality in the epistle to the Corinthians.

If one were to figure the whole range of English prose style in the form of an arch, one would put the style of the Bible as its keystone; and one would put it there not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together. On the one side would be the writing which tends more and more to the colloquial, which, beginning with such plain and exquisite talk as Dryden crystallized in his writings, runs off into the slack and hasty style of journalism; on the other side, more splendidly and artfully composed prose as that of Thomas Browne's or the ponderous weight of Dr. Johnson degenerating in the hands of lesser men into preciosity or pedantry. And with such explanations we fold our hands in the comfortable feeling that here, at any rate, is one question of literature settled for good; the standard of English prose style is standard of the authorized version of the Bible; that style is so clear and so noble that there is nothing more to be accounted for.—Atlantic Monthly.

As To Pins. The following is a literary copy of a conversation written by a Georgia schoolboy, the original of which is now in my possession. With all its crudeness the essay shows considerable honest effort to learn and give facts relating to the subject. "The pin," which was selected by the teacher: "A pin is a very useful apparatus invention. It is very useful to the people of the United States as well as the people of other countries in Europe. It is used in pinning dresses and other toilet. The pin is very cheap in this town, and other counties of Georgia. They are 2 or 3 packs for 5 cents, and sometimes sold for 4 or 5 packs for 5 cents. Pins were first used in Great Britain and they were first made in 1540. Bars of wire were imported from France by Catherine Howard. At first pins were made by filing a point of proper length of wire. In some parts of France the thorns are still used as pins. Supposing a boy was climbing a fence and he accidentally tore his coat, and he was scared his mother would whip him if she would see that whole in his coat. If he had not another coat, this boy had a pin, of course the boy would feel better, and go home on a sly, and slip in the house without seeing his mother. Some days after this the boy's mother would notice the whole in her son's coat, of course the boy's mother ask him about this whole, and he would tell his mother the truth about this, of course the boy feels better after this, and after the boy receives a whipping he meets the boy that gave him the pin and thanks him. This is the good of a pin."—Truth.

Expressing His Disgust. Probably most of the writers of serial stories are familiar with the example of receiving letters of commendation or disapproval from interested readers who are following up the stories as they appear in their regular weekly or monthly installments. Occasionally some curious person asks for private information as to what the outcome is to be, while others offer suggestions as to the disposition to be made of the villain, or express a fear that the author intends to marry the hero to the wrong woman.

The writer of a serial story in one of the popular magazines a few years ago received the following letter from an indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons: "Dear Sir: I take the liberty of telling you that I regard your 'Simon Stacy,' now running through the Blank Magazine, as a little the thinnest novel I have ever read. Furthermore, the principal character in the story, to whom you give the title role, so to speak, is so thoroughly detestable a man that I have taken the most effective means in my power to show my contempt for him by changing my name—which happened to be the same as his—to something as unlike it as possible. Yours truly, "ANDREW JACOBY, "Formerly Simon Stacy."

The Street Arab's Supposition. A philanthropist lady of San Francisco, who is of the sort of superior altruists, met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing roundly over a game of marbles. She seized him by the arm and gave him a good shaking, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born!" The boy then intended to leave home but being light pulled himself loose. "Bring 'im," he said, "I 'spose there was a good deal of 'cussin' de day you was born."

Fifty Million Stitches in a Carpet. Queen Victoria is the owner of one of the most remarkable articles ever made in prison. The superintendent of Agra gaol, in India, two years ago received an order to weave a carpet of special design for her majesty. Twenty-eight of the dearest convicts of the establishment were put to work on it. The carpet measured 75x40 feet and it is estimated to contain 50,000,000 stitches.

Bicycles Out of Date in Paris. The bicycle is almost a selector in Paris by now and the petroleum bicycle or landau whirrs in and out the traffic at twenty miles an hour.

Eye-sight Good in Australia. The number of blind persons in Australia in proportion to the number of the population is considerably less than in most other countries.

If you are not eligible in having a wedding with a long list of attendants to show your importance, you still have one way left; a list of pall-bearers at your funeral.

When the women have dresses made on purpose for a reception, it can properly be referred to as "brilliant."

RACED A TRAIN INTO FIRE.

Burning Car Trained Into Des Moines in Time to Be Saved. William E. Night tells a very strange story of a chair car in a Chicago Great Western Railroad train that was full of passengers with the train at full speed. "It was one of the strangest things I ever experienced," said he, "and all the trainmen, including the superintendent of the road, were in a quandary to know the cause of the car's catching on fire. We were about seven miles from Des Moines when smoke was discovered curling out from under the middle of the first chair car, and seemed to have spread toward both ends. It had not started near the wheels, for it was in the center of the car, and that would do away with any theory of a hot box.

"Well, what to do was a little problem for the conductor of the train to solve. The fire could not be stopped without a hose and water power to throw the water back toward both ends of the car, and at that place in the fields there was no such convenience. The fire had not yet eaten its way through the floor, so the passengers needed to have no fear. The engineer and conductor with a few passengers stood beside the car, undecided what to do. If the train remained there the coach must necessarily have burned up and would have laid out the whole road.

"The conductor suddenly conceived a plan and immediately shouted: 'All aboard! Shove her through to Des Moines at full speed, Tommy,' he yelled to the engineer, and 'Tommy,' the large, chubby engineer, covered with grease and oil, waddled down to his engine as fast as his short legs could carry him. The conductor pulled the throttle wide open and such a wild ride as we did have! It was a race to see which was the faster, the fire or the locomotive. The locomotive won, and when we reached the yards at Des Moines the fire had almost eaten its way through the floor of the coach. It was quickly extinguished, and the edge of the yards by means of a hose attached to a water main, and we drew into the depot on time."

American Graves in Mexico. Railroad Lines Dotted with Monuments Marked by a Simple Cross. How many of the hundreds of American tourists who make a trip through Mexico have ever noticed the little wooden crosses that line every railroad route through the country, and how many of those who have noticed them know that in most instances they mark the grave of some patriot who has met sudden death through some accident?

To those unfamiliar with Mexican methods this may seem strange, but it is a fact that of the many Americans who are killed on the railroads in Mexico very few are interred in consecrated ground. Most of these pathetic little grave marks have rotted off, and now lie flat on the graves, but they will be replaced some day, for the native Mexican of the lower class, with all his hate of the "gringos," never allows a grave long to remain unmarked if he knows it. He is superstitious to the last degree, and he firmly believes that should he allow the day of his patron saint to pass without his attending to the graves in the immediate vicinity of his home he would forever be haunted by the spirit of the neglected grave's occupant.

On the Rancho mountains, probably the most dangerous piece of railroad track in the republic, there are 363 of these little crosses in about thirty-two miles, and almost without exception they mark the graves of American railroad men. These graves are scattered all over the mountainside, but in every case they are just where the inquest, if there was one, would lead.

The interment of the dead in Mexico is a very expensive matter. For a time the railroad men who went from the States to operate the roads there tried to give to all Americans who were killed on their division a decent burial, but the tax on the few permanent ones was too great, and the plan was practically abandoned.

Posted. She had met her city cousin at the train, and as they rode she took railroad avenue on the street car she took a prides pleasure in pointing out the objects and buildings of interest.

He evidenced the proper appreciation, making highly complimentary remarks and no belittling comparisons with institutions in his own city. Passing the corner of Grand River avenue and Cass street, where the new G. A. R. structure is approaching lines of architectural beauty, she rapturously exclaimed: "Now that will be one of our grandest buildings. Don't you think it is a beauty?"

"That," she said, with becoming pride, "is the Gar building."

"The what?" "Why, the Gar building, and it will be just too beautiful for—"

"What is it a hotel?" "No-o, not a hotel; it's just a private residence. Mr. Gar is immensely rich, is going to live there, I believe."

A faint suspicion of a smile hovered about the mouth of the city cousin as he glanced sideways at his intelligent guide.—Detroit Free Press.

Try to Steer a Fashion. An incident occurred on a Dairy car the other day which shows conclusively that the average woman is well able to take care of herself and her own. The car was crowded and when the motherly looking woman came in, leading a little boy by the hand, none of the men arose to give her a seat. At this point a new-boy entered and the woman called him to her quickly and bought a newspaper. Then, in a deliberate manner, amid the chagrin of the male passengers and the amusement of the conductor, the woman spread her newspaper on the floor of the car, seated herself there, and took the boy in her lap. After this she looked at a shame-faced man who arose with an apologetic air to offer her a seat: "No, sir; I don't accept courtesies from a man who is so reluctant to extend them to me as you have been. I hope to start the fashion of making you men as polite as your fathers used to be, but I am afraid the task is a heavy one.—Philadelphia Record.

Horses Exported. In the nine months ended March 1, 1900, 30,625 horses were exported from the United States, at an average price of \$120.

Strangest of All Vegetables. The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffe. It has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds.

Fat people no doubt suffer as keenly as lean ones, but somehow it looks funny to see fat people weep.

HOW HAPPY YOU MUST BE.

"How happy you must be. He—'Why?—You're in love with yourself, and without a rival on earth.'—The King.

"Jack lost his head, but Miss Lovell showed great presence of mind." "What did she do?" "Put her on his shoulder."—Town Topics.

Teacher (suspiciously)—"What wrote your composition, Johnny? Johnny—"My father." "What, all of it?" "No; I helped him."—Truth.

A False Front: "Pa, our new dog is a awful deceitful." "How, Tommy?" "How, when he barks at people he barks at the dog."—Chicago Record.

Dolly Swift—Why are so many of the girls fairly throwing themselves at young Munnican? Bally gaa—Because he is such a good catch, I presume.—The Smart Set.

Jimmy—I guess you feel pretty bad that you have lost your job. Johnny—I don't care a bit about the job; but I wish I had the pay, just the same.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Hix—"John, what is the meaning of newspaper talk?" Mr. Hix—"It's the only kind of talk a man can indulge in without being interrupted by a woman."—Chicago News.

He—"When is a woman's happiest age?" She—"Well, a woman's happiest age is when she has got old enough to feel that she doesn't have to care on pretending she is young."—Indianapolis Journal.

Handy Lady (who has purchased a stamp)—"I put on myself! Post-office assistant (treaty politeness)—Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.—Tit-Bits.

She continued the conversation. "No, sir, I wouldn't marry the best man on earth." "Of course you know," he urged, "that it is not the custom for a bride to marry the best man."—Harper's Bazar.

Hostess—Run, daughter, and bring in the new kitten. Isn't she a beauty! Her name is 'Janice Meredith.' Visitor—Oh, that's nothing. We've got two at our house, and they're 'To Have and To Hold.'—Exchange.

Blanche—"Old Blowitz said he would marry me if he were twenty years younger." Cholly—"Twenty years younger? That would be exactly my age." Blanche—"O, Cholly, this is so sudden."—Town Topics.

Reverent Lady—"You say you have six children, six children? Where are they?" Beggar—"I'm all alone. My boys are at Harvard, my girls are at Yassar, and my wife is in Paris visiting the exposition."—Judge.

Wife—Oh, John! I was shopping at Joblot's to-day, and I saw just the sweetest thing there—Husband (diplomatically)—Yes. That's a great scheme of Joblot's to have mirrors all through his store.—Philadelphia Press.

A Falling Out—"And why did you leave your last place?" "Cook 'an' me had a falling out, mem." "I don't see why you should leave for a little thing like that." "But we fell out of 'n' third-story window mem."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had Been a Change: Kansas Man (visiting in the East)—We have lots of near neighbors now. Friend—Why, I thought your nearest neighbor was twenty miles away. Kansas Man—Yes, but we've had a cyclone since then.—Harlem Life.

A Poet: Parson—"Dear me, Jim; this is terrible! You're drunk again!" Parson—"When did you reverence see me sober last?" Parson—"M—well! I really don't remember." Jim (exuberantly)—"Then 'ow 'yer drunk I'm drunk again!"—Sketch.

Indisputable: Miss Summit—What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed on in her family. Miss Palisade—Then it is just as I expected. Miss Summit—"What?" Miss Palisade—"That her ancestors never kept servants."—Bazar.

Worth considering: Saleslady—"This glass tipper is so strong you can drive nails with it." Purchase Agent—"But why should I want to drive nails with a dipper?" Saleslady—"Meby you wouldn't, but I expect your wife might."—Indianapolis Press.

Twickenham—"I saw Hamble to-day and he was telling me about his baby." Mrs. Twickenham—"Can the baby talk?" Twickenham—"No." Mrs. Twickenham—"Did you ask him?" Twickenham—"No. But he didn't refer anything the baby said."—Harlem Life.

There was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch table, and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie. Willie looked at his pudding—then at his mother's empty plate. "Mamma," he said, earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."—Bazar.

"What is your greatest household expense?" asked the first deaf and dumb man. "Matches," giggled the fingers of the second. "Matches?" came the surprised inquiry from the astonished hand of the first man. "Yes, I talk in my sleep, and my wife always lights a match to see what I am saying."—Baltimore American.

As a man entered a picture gallery the attendant tapped him on the shoulder, and pointing to a small cur that followed him, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "So do you!" replied the old gentleman, sharply. The attendant growled, and removed the dog with entirely unnecessary violence.—Tit-Bits.

A Rabbit's Possession. "What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

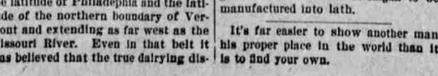
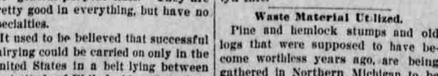
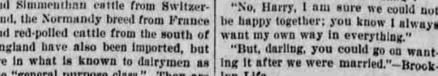
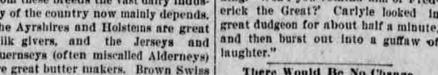
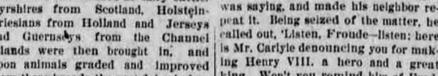
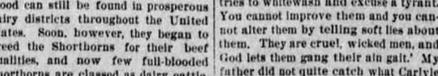
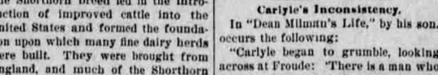
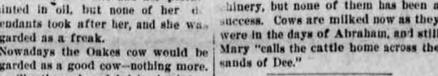
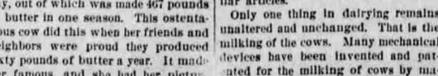
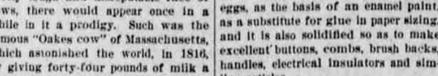
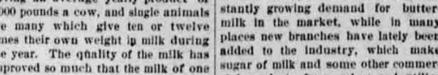
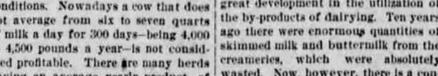
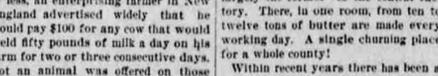
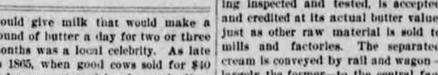
"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word." Johnny hesitated a moment and then wrote this: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."—San Francisco News Letter.

The Jeering World. "Look over upward!" proudly proclaimed the banner of our class.

"Rubber!" shouted the jeering world, which had met a few new-made slanders a few times previously.—Indianapolis Press.

Coaling Locomotives. A new way to coal locomotives is being introduced by a prominent railroad. All the engineer has to do is to run his engine on a trestle, and touch a button, and a tenderful of coal drops into his tender, and is weighed as it drops in.

The girl who doesn't care for diamonds must be stone blind.



THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT.

of colored marble, with rich bronze architectural ornaments, elaborate scrolls and extensive artistic surroundings.

One of the original ideas of the Lafayette memorial project was that the monument itself be completed and ready for dedication on July 4, United States day at the Paris Exposition, and for some time the work was carried on with this end in view.

became evident, however, that to complete the undertaking within so limited an interval would be an utter impossibility. It was, therefore, decided to prepare a staff reproduction of the designs, which answered the purpose of dedication and will stand on the site of the permanent monument throughout the exposition.

Apparatus for Kindergarten Use Designed by Western Teachers. An apparatus for teaching music to kindergarten children has been devised by a Western genius. It consists of a piano keyboard, a box of letters, figured disks, a box of var-colored letter sticks and music tablets.

The time sticks are of different lengths, and with these the children are taught to realize the various time values.

Whole notes are represented by sticks of considerable length, half notes by sticks just half as long, quarter notes by sticks one-half the length of the half-note sticks, etc. The child then actually makes for himself pictures exactly representing the value of the different notes used in music. The sticks and the number of lines in the staff are taught by means of the colored disks. The children learn to place the disks properly by means of rhymes of two and groups of three.

The black keys now we'll always see; The white keys, we notice, stand in a row, And the names of all we soon will know, By making a sort of game out of the study the pupils soon learn the principles of piano-playing and of music in general.

Gr or Rich on a Private's Pay. The most widely known character at the Presidio is dead. After thirty-one years of service in the ranks, and nearly two years on the retired list, "Paddy" Miles has closed his honorable and victorious army record.

Joseph was Paddy's real first name. Miles, the surname, was merely the abbreviation of a long Polish name that has been forgotten even by the dead man's surviving relatives.

As Joseph Miles, the young Jewish Polish immigrant enlisted thirty-three years ago, and that has been his official name ever since, but as "Paddy" he was always addressed in the camp and at his home.

Through his pay was never more nor less than \$13 a month during his thirty-one years in the army, Private Miles accumulated a fortune that the Presidio officers declare to be worth \$45,000. He was a shrewd, saving man. He kept four cows, obtaining free pasturage on the Presidio reservation, and selling the milk to the army officers at 10 cents a quart. He and his wife

use of a rather doubtful grade of American Ollendoff French in the hotel, although all the employees spoke English.

Finally one of the waiters asked the manager for a leave of absence, and the manager, who had just been up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the incivility of the guest, she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of champagne" was. And it took the manager twenty minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout.—New York Tribune.

Queen Victoria has at her disposal when she wishes to take a ride innumerable carriages. Of these the coronation coach is first. This carriage is unknown to the present generation, as it has never left the royal mews at Buckingham palace since 1861. It is lovely, but cumbersome, was designed for George III, and every portion is richly decorated and gilded. Outside its panels are pictures painted by noted artists.

The barbers in towns in China go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls to them they run to him, and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders, all for the value of only half a cent.

An English writer, who for fifteen years or more has been a student of criminal anthropology, says that the largest, voluminous ears are the most marked characteristic of the criminal.

Cowards sing at night when they are afraid. Women laugh at love for the same reason.

