voorvoorvoorvoorvoorvoor

womanhood.

I had always been a frail young

He must have read it in my eyes, for

my outstretched arms. The girls at my

AS HE PLACED THE WORK IN MY OUT-

STRETCHED ARMS

table were all friendly but one. Some

how a silent antagonism had sprung

up from the first between Rosina Freoli

and me. Rosina was of Italian descent,

a buxon, crimson-cheeked girl, with a

voluptuous figure, and a well-poised,

vain little head. She was of a quarrel-

some and jealous disposition, feared

by the young men with admiring

pliment to her beauty and invitations

to all the parties in the cheap dancing

halls of the town. To all of these

Rosina went, and often more than once

a week she was fined for being tardy

the morning after. She stood her pun-

ishment with a saucy smile, for she

knew her beau of the evening would

Aware of Mr. Parkinson's hobby for

into a sound sleep at the foot of the

bed, and was awakened only by my

sister's anxious cry that it was long

past rising time. I hurried away with-

out a morsel of breakfast and reached

the factory just three minutes late.

Mr. Parkinson stood at the desk, noting

"My sister was ill all night," I stam-

penitence expressed for having crossed

him in his efforts to promote prompt-

"All right, little girl," he said, with

kindly glance from his handsome

As I turned to go to my place I saw

Rosina at my elbow. She had heard

the foreman's remark. An evil expres-

sion spread over her darkly beautiful

countenance. All day she pursued me

with her jealous, grudging eyes. At

noon she held a confab with three of

her stanchest admirers and their sneer-

ing faces, bent upon me, boded me no

"You'd better go home early," ad-

vised Becky, my particular chum.

Tell him that your sister is too sick

to get supper, and hurry away from

here before closing time. They mean

mischlef, sure!" I dared not offend a

second time by losing a quarter of an

hour at the busiest season of the year,

so I stayed until the gong announced

the close of the day. Becky and I were

not more than half a block from the

"There goes 'It!' Joe Parkinson's 'It!'

arm of a man shot squarely into my

"The foreman knocked him down!"

glad of it!" And we took to our heels

As I crept into my bed that night the

sweet thought that he had defended me

THE FOREMAN KNOCKED HIM DOWN.

kept me awake many hours. When I

slipped into dreamland at last it was

with his face bending over me, his lips

whispering that he loved me, me-poor,

Next morning I hurried to the fac-

tory long before the opening hour to

thank him for his gallant defense. To

my utter dismay a stranger was at his

desk. I gave him my number and

passed on. Soon the other girls arrived

in groups of two and three. Their faces

were grave and they seemed to discuss

"What has happened?" I gasped,

with subdued voices a calamity.

nameless, insignificant "It."

and made good time in getting home.

assallant's face.

my time.

time!

make good her financial loss.

glances, impudent innuendoes in com

WAS called "It." Try as I would, Parkinson refrained from using the I could find no patron saint in the family slight. calendar who answered to that name, and there was really no excuse for "it" but the negligence of the John- gave me the lightest tasks. Otherwise son family to christen its children. They bestirred themselves early only my fine when late, the same as the rest, in the case of my elder sister, who was named Maggie. Even I, the youngest damage. Withal, I felt sure that Mr. of a batch of five never knew the second child a boy, by any other name than my little heart, craving affection and "Brother." Then came "Sis," the third. and "Babe," another boy, and finally I, the last of the Johnson brood. "It" mng in my baby ears long before I hew what was meant. I suppose that his glances grew warm when he spoke being the real baby it would have to me, and his hands often lingered cased confusion in the household, around mine as he placed the work in where there was already a "Babe," and so they substituted "It," for that was my title by right of succession.

I pever knew my mother. She died son after I opened my blue eyes to the world. Perhaps if she had lived my emenciature would not have been so lightingly treated. Maggie, the eldest, quiet, faithful girl, took charge of us mother's death. Father was a teamster and away all day from the little family, for whom he provided generously out of his splender earnings. He, too, called me "It" when he took me in his lap and rubbed his harsh, stubple beard over my baby cheeks or pinched my little fists with his big, horny flugers. Maggie gave me a mother's care, as she did the other children, and I had really so trouble about my incomplete name until I went to school for the

"Your name is what?" asked the teacher, when my turn came in a long ine, stretching from the foot of her lesk to the last bench in the room.

"It' Johnson," I answered promptly. "It' Johnson?" she repeated, with a doubting shake of the head. "Little girl, you must have forgotten your

"No," I gasped, for a lump in my throat almost choked me. To be the first in the whole room who had any difficulty about her name was mortifying even to a little 6-year-old. "Have you any brothers or sisters in

this school?" "Yes, my big brother is in No. 3," "Go upstairs and bring him down to

I trundled off, perplexed, to find "Brother." Up to the top floor I climbed and soon espied him in a front seat of Room No. 3, the door of which stood wide open. He answered the summons of my vigorously beckoning finger and I confided to him the dilemma I was in about my name.

"Well, "It," he said, "you are in a



"YOUR NAME IS WHAT ?" ASKED THE TEACHER.

bad fix. You never had any other "But Isn't your name 'Brother' and

nothing else?" "No, I've been christened James be

Sides. "James?" I queried. "I thought that

was father's name?" "And it's my name, too-James John-

Then for the first time I learned that "Brother's" name was James, that "Sis" had been christened Cordella, and that "Babe, the infringer," was Andrew in the baptismal record. Only poor, little, slighted me was "It" and nothing more.

"Brother" made matters clear to the teacher, and she laughtngly inscribed the name of "It" Johnson upon the big roll book of the school.

I passed through my school days as "It." Then, tired of book learning, I went to work in a shoe factory. "Brother" was a teamster now, like father. "Sis" was married and lived in the country. "Babe" had run away to enlist in the army, and there was nobody home but father and Maggie and me, for James was boarding in another part of the city, where most of

his hauling had to be done. I hadn't been in the factory long when the old phrase "you're it" was revived on the vandeville stage, and, of course, the young men about the place teased me by applying it to me, a real "It," and "It" from her birth to her sixteenth year.

"You're it," they shouted as they came up with me in the street. "You're it;" said their mischievous eyes as I entered the shop and passed the foreman to go to my table. The foreman was strict and permitted no noisy conduct inside the factory. He was a serious-looking man, with a young face but the mien of one beyond his years. He called each girl by name as he parceled out the work and told her what do. "Mollie! Rosina! Gertie! Becky! Annie! You!" he said when my turn came.

"Her name is '1t,' " said a saucy miss who stood close by.

The foreman shot a forbidden glance at her, then looked rather pityingly upon me, "You," he replied, "measure these vamps and make sure that they all tally with the sample." And "you" I remained to Joe Parkinson, the fore-

man, for weeks-months. The factory hands all called me "It." I was "It" at home to father and Maggle. But, somehow, there was nothing galling in it any more so long as Mr. filled with anxious forebodings. feetive than he had meant. The fellow was lying unconscious at his home. It was even feared that his injuries would result in death. His two companions had sworn out a warrant against the foreman. Neither they nor Resina made their appearance at the shop that

"Mr. Parkinson's been arrested," said

Becky. The blow he dealt the scape-

grace who insulted me was more ef-

Even now I cannot bear to dwell on the miserable days that followed. Joe Parkinson languished in prison, while the victim of his gallantry slowly recovered. I went to him with a breaking heart. He stretched out his hands through the bars and drew me towards him until he kissed my forehead. I was a woman at last, and my cup of love and suffering was full. thing, though not ill, and the foreman

"I can bear it all, little one," he said. manfully. "It was all for you!" he showed me no favoritism. I paid He was acquitted at the trial. the day of his release we were quietly and if I made a blunder I paid for the married, and that night he left me to go to the far West and commence life Parkinson liked me the best of all, and again.

It did not take him long to get a only too ready to give it, went out to start, and I soon joined him in the cozy him in the first flush of awakening little home he had prepared for me "You!" he cried, as in the days of old. Only now he clasped me in his arms

> "Dear little wife!" And it was "It" no longer.

-WHO ARE "DE QUALITY?"

Social Distinctions of the Old Regime Still Held by the Free-born Negro. Lillan Bell gives this characteristic dialogue between two colored women in the opening chapter of "Yessum," a vivid story of Southern life appearing in the Woman's Home Companion:

"On Saturday afternoon the 'wash of the Northern delegates to the Baptist convention was being borne through the streets of Memphis on the heads of two black, pendulous colored women.

"'What you gwine do, Sist' Richidy, if dem Northern ladies gibs you fits bout scorchin' dat skirt?"

"'I ain't skeered 'bout what dem Northern ladies gwine say to me' bout nuthin', Sist' Golden,' retorted the oth er. Don't you know dey say dat colored folks is jes as good as white folks is, an' dat up Norf if a colored lady got a slik dress she gits invited to de white folks' pahties jes' like de quality? "'Git out wid you, Sist' Richidy. I ain' no sich softy as to b'lieve yo' fool

by the girls and relentlessly pursued talk. ""Tain't no fool talk, Sist' Golden Hit's de Gawd's trufe. 'Cordin' to dat de ladies won't dare say nuthin' to me bout dat scorched skirt, 'case it would be lake detr sassin' one anurr. An' if dey did talk sassy to me,' she added, emboldened by the other's evident admiration, 'I'd jes' up an' sass 'em back.

as dey is, I jes' gwine show 'em dat I is.' "'For de lan's sake, Sist' Richidy, I never did see you so uppity befo'. But promptness, I had been invariably on I reckon you wouldn't dare talk soalf time. One night Maggie was taken Ill. it was ole Mis Beauchamp's ruffled pet-I nursed her till daybreak. Then I fell

Deed I would. If dey t'ink I'm as good

ticoat you done burnt.' "'Lawd, Sist' Golden, I reekon not, cried the woman. 'Mis Beauchamp is de quality, one of de sho' 'nuff highsteppin' ladies. I don't reckon de time will ever come when we'll hyer huh a-claimin' dat niggers is huh equals. She hol's dat hald up as high as she ever done when de Beauchamps owned de whole place. An' when she comes mered, blushing to the roots of my hair. in town she liffs huh dress an' picks le must have read in my eyes the huh way lake she jes' 'spise to touch de dirt with dem I'll foots of huhs. She got a look in huh eyes, ole as she is, much as to say "you niggers, step roun" ern ladies, but as for me, you has been brown eyes. "I'll forgive you this my slaves, an' in min' you is still.""

Food from the Water.

It has been demonstrated that an acre of water may be made to yield Journal. more food, with less labor, than an acre of land. To clothe an old proverb with a new dress, it may be said that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and with a proper organization of the apparatus of fish hatching the world would become better acquainted it knows of now, and even people who live far from the water would have a delightful variety added to their daily bills of fare. In Maryland much anxlety is being felt as to the probable extinction of the terrapin. The latter has its uses, but only a comparatively few would regret its loss, while in tens of thousands of homes of toilers a plentiful fish suply would be a benefit.-Phil-

shop when Rosina and her noisy escorts came toward us from the middle of the adelphia Inquirer. Vegetarian Cats. I'll pay de fine! There it goes!" And At the vegetarian jubilee in London the rudest of the quartet picked up a recently some remarkable exhibits handful of mud and plastered my back were made. One was a vegetarian cat, with it. I turned to run back to the a sleek and handsome pussy, who, havfactory, when out of the darkness the ing been brought up in a vegetarian family, had not only learned to love vegetable food, but had forgotten the feline taste for mouse flesh. Mice of whispered the excited Becky. "I'm the plumpest and most tempting appearance could run across the floor with perfect impunity in the presence of this vegetarian tabby. She just winked sleepily at them and gave a contemptuous curl of her anti-carnivorous tail. A new race of cats is thus brought into sight-the reformed feline who will not eat meat nor kill mice. But the new vegetarian breed of cats will never become popular with the in-

A Hasty Conclusion.

Attorney-"You say you had called to see Miss Billings and was at the house at the time the burglary was committed?"

Witness-"Yes, sir." "Then how did it happen that when the prisoner dashed into the room and assaulted you, you leaped through the window and went home, making no at- | Christmas?"-New York Sun. tempt to defend the lady or give the

"I thought it was her father."-Life.

World's Largest Carpet. The largest carpet in the world is in Windsor Castle. It is forty feet in breadth and contains 58,840,000 stitches. The weaving of it occupied twentyeight men fourteen months.

Young men in society pay a terrible price for the sake of sitting up late, eating a dab of ice cream and cake, and taking a girl home afterward.

There are tricks in all trades with the exception of the one you are en gaged in.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"

Signal Under Which American Ships Oue Offered Fendy Made for the Dee Went luts Action at Manila. perate Literator. A naval message that is destined to

翻題

ing of May 2, 1808.

To the landsman

To the

the string of bunting

the fleet when a

marine dag signals for suddenly com-

employed for many years, their origin

signals. The first code used in the

United States navy was almost precise-

ly similar to the code in use about the

same time by the British. There were

twenty-six flags, one for each letter,

and a number of pennants for special

and defining systems. There was no

fixed code dictionary, and beyond a few

general signals each commander made

up his own combinations. About 1816

A new code was adopted in 1846,

known the Rogers code. In this nine

square flags and five pennants were

used, with a dictionary with 13,405

combinations. Rogers' code was modi-

fied in 1861 to a system having twelve

square flags and nine pennants, there

being ten numbered flags, three repeat-

ing pennants and two square and six

pennants as defining signals. The die-

tionary was reduced to contain 0,000

signals. In 1866 this system was still

further elaborated by the addition of

eight defining fings and pennants. At

the same time the signal book was re-

modeled. Tactical signals were separ-

ated from the general signal book, and

the latter divided into alphabetical,

compass, word, geographical and gen-

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

ormer Editor of the Philadelphia

Press Now Postmuster General.

The resignation of Postmaster Gen-

eral James A. Gary from President Mc-

Kinley's cabinet was shortly followed

by the naming of Charles Emory Smith,

CHARLES EMORY SMITH

of Philadelphia, to succeed to this im-

portant position. Charles Emory Smith

was born in Mansfield, Coun., fifty-six

years ago. When a child his family

removed to Albany, where he gradu-

ated from the Albany Academy and

later from the Schenectady University.

In 1861 he was active in organizing vol-

unteers for the civil war under Gen.

Rathbone. He became editor of the

Albany Express in 1869 and five years

later acted as president of the New

York State Press Association. He serv-

ed as delegate to the Republican State

convention for six successive years, be-

ing temporary and permanent chairman

in 1879. He was a delegate to the Na-

tional Republican convention in Cincin-

nati in 1876 and drafted a large portion

of the platform. He removed to Phil-

adelphia in 1879 and took charge of the

Philadelphia Press. He has since been

editor of the Press. Mr. Smith was ap-

pointed minister to Russia in 1800 by

President Harrison. He is well known

as an orator as well as a writer and has

a large acquaintanceship among the

"Remember," said the excited man,

money talks. I'll bet seventy-five

cents that I'm right, Money talks."

And the man with a shaggy silk hat

and a chronic expression of disgust

edged away from the crowd with the

remark: "Yes, and it's just like some

people. The smaller it is the more

noise it tries to make."-Washington

"I can't afford to have people think

I don't know about this particular

question," said the politician, "and 1

haven't the time I need to read up on

it." "Well," replied his wife, "in that

case I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd look

wise and get some paper to announce

that you decline to be interviewed."-

public men of the country.

Evening Star.

Washington Star.

eral classifications.

bet.

a code dictionary was issued.

being indeed lost in remote antiquity.

novelist in Boston-do not laugh there are novelists in Boston, yes, and actually living there-said to us the other day, "If only I could find a plot." Here is a plot for him free of charge, and the story is a true one, says the Roston Journal:

A PLOT FOR A NOVEL.

In 1739 a lady-a real lady-came into Birmingham, England, with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town. The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor, but being made sensible how much she was in earnest, be went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions. After many inquiries from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture. he met with an excise man, who said he "could not be in a worse condition than he was" and accordingly went with the innkeeper and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave thom a license and made them man and and kissed me. "Little wife!" he addwife, on which the bride gave her spouse £200, and without more delay left the town and the bridegroom to find out who she was or unriddle this strange adventure. Soon after she was gone two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her; they had traced her so far upon the road, and, finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing she was married gave up their pursuit and turned back.

Truly a noble dame, one worthy of a full-length portrait in the gallery con-

structed by Thomas Hardy. Why did this noble dame offer herself to the first comer? And why were the respectable males of the fown so backward? There was no hint of scandal. Who were the pursuers? Did she wish by a sudden marriage to escape one deliberately contrived and repugnant? Was the excise man a pretty fellow in spite of his abject condition? Did she ever see him again? Did she ever regret that she had not braved the world and lived with him? Perhaps the memory of her apparition haunted him; perhaps it roused him to doughty deeds. It's a pity that Mr. Hardy has not accounted for her action and her fate with his grim frony.

STATUE WITH A WARDROBE.

Figure of a Nude Boy in Brussels Has Nine Different Suits.

One of the most curious things in Brussels, a thing that must be characteristic to some extent of the temper of the people, is the little manikin statue and fountain. It is a statue of a naked boy, said to have been erected by a nobleman whose lost son was found on this spot. But there is not the least excuse for the boy's nakedness, for he is well supplied with clothing of many sorts, and is rich enough to buy more suits occasionally. Louis XV. decorated the statue with the Order of the Holy Ghost, possibly at a moment when another sort of spirit had possession of him, and it is the owner of nine handsome costumes belonging to different periods. On fete days the boy is gorgeously clad; sometimes in old French costumes, sometimes in the uniform of the Guard Civique. All this is funny enough, but not as curious as the rest. It is the fashion for wealthy maiden ladies of Brussels to fall in love with the statue, and remember it handsomehyer. You may be as good as de North- ly in their wills. Through one such bequest this petted boy is provided with a valet at a salary of \$40, and a short time ago another unwedded admirer left \$200 for the completion and maintenance of his wardrobe.-Kansas City

A Story that Still Fits. If there is one story dearer than an

other to the heart of the woman suffragist, it is the old yarn about the man who, when his wife asked him for \$25, replied: "Well, what can a woman with a greater variety of food fish than possibly want with \$25?' Although worn threadbare years ago, the tale is still to be heard at suffrage meetings, the sole variation upon the original version being the amount of money named. Only in very conservative locallties does it still stand at \$25. In places where interest in the cause runs higher it is "What can a woman possibly want with \$207" more radical neighbors desire it to be "\$15," yet more radical "\$10," and so on down to the very strongholds of women's rights, where the phrase is quoted and accepted as: "What can a woman possibly want with 5 cents." However told, or by whom, though, the story is not without foundation, and any one who fancles that it all belongs to a bygone, long-since vanished stage of feminine existence, ought to have been within earshot of a certain pair at a certain glove counter one day last week. The man wasn't a bit a big, gruff-voiced, savage-looking brute whom the suffragists would have us believe all husbands are, and the woman wasn't in the least the little, low-voiced, timidlooking woman whom the same authorities declare the average wife to be. They were a reasonably well-dressed, well-looking pair, to all appearances no different from thousands to be seen at shopping times. Nevertheless, this is what the husband was saying: "Gloves, Indeed! And what do you want with a pair of gloves?" The woman's answer was inaudible. Not so the man's reply: "But you've got a pair on; I don't see what you want with another pair. Too shabby, ch? Well, but look here, Maria," (how the suffragists would have chortled at the accents) "where are those gloves I gave you lust

> Grafting Tomatoes on Potatoes. A remarkable experiment has just

been successfully tested at Troyes, France. Tomato plants grafted on potato stalks just above the ground have been proved to do better than on their own roots, while the potatoes under the ground were not impaired in quality. Both the above and below parts of the compound plant did their full duty without regard to what the other end was doing.

The longest-lived people have generally been those who make breakfast the principal meal of the day. The stemach has more vigor to the Morning than at any other time.

MEN ALSO AFRAID OF MICE

One Particular in Which They "Take After" Their Mothers. A man never admits he is afraid of a

go ringing through the ages with that rat or a mouse, and when he sees a timof Nelson's "England expects that evelid woman flee from one of these undeery man this day will sirable rodents to a place of safety on decorative purposes is evidently much do his duty," is "Retop of a piece of furniture, or other member the Maine." handy elevation, he generally assumes It was this admonian air of superfority, laughs at her timtion that floated in idity, scoffs at the idea of one of these flags from the mast creatures injuring anybody, and oftenhead of the Olymtimes gets disgusted at what he terms phia in Manila Bay "cowardice." on that fateful morn

But the man who insists he is not afraid of a rat or even a little mouse is in reality foolish, and this can be demenstrated should be come in contact conveys but little with one of them. You never saw any mandrel into the hollow, and by applyone who desired to, or could coolly hannaval man the small die even a dead rat. Human beings signal fings as have a natural dislike for rats. Yesterday afternoon a big, stalwart

shown in the picman, who looked as if he might face ture read from top to bottom, as all death without flinching, was passing along 4th street. When near the cornaval signals are read, represent the ner of Pearl street he emitted a screech that was terrifying and brought the following combinaof letters: R, N, Q; pedestrians along the thoroughfare to a standstill. The man was clasping his Q. K. H; B, G, J. leg with his hands and hopping across With the ald of the code book the combination of letters shouted as if suffering exercuating spells out the na- pain, and several persons went to his assistance. The only thing the matter tion's stogan: "Rewith him was- a young rat had crawlmember the Maine." ed up his trousers leg. The rodent was There is always a extricated and exterminated. Then the buttle cry of some big, "brave" man mopped the perspirasort displayed at the tion from his pale brow and stole sheepmust of the flagship shly away. of the commander of

squardron goes into action. It has been

the custom ever since the adoption of rats, "While out hunting with a friend some years ago," said one man, "I saw in the Madras Mail: municating intelligence to distant obsimilar case. We were crossing a jects at sea. And signals have been wheat stubble when a little monse ran up his trousers leg. He screamed and I thought he had been bitten by a rat-During the day flags are used for tler. He dropped his gun and ran around in a frantic manner until I removed the rodent."

A number of other interesting experiences with rats were told, and nearly all agreed that after what they had heard and seen a man is just as much Journal.

Don't Die That Way.

There is sometimes more wit in the application to the business in hand of words already chosen for another purpose, than in the invention of an appropriate phrase. Bishop Whipple-according to the Church News-loved to tell this story:

A devout colored preacher, whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offertory would be taken for missions, and asked for liberal gifts, A selfish, well-to-do man in in his congregation said to him before the ser-

"Yer gwine to kill dis church of yer goes on saying give! give! No church can stan' it. Yer gwine to kill it." After the sermon the colored minister said to the people:

"Brother Jones told me I was gwine to kill dis here church of I kep' n-ask-Aside from the flag signals there are ing yer to give, but my brethren, two other codes, one for use during churches doesn't die dat way. Ef anyfogs and the other at night. During a body knows of a church dat died 'cause fog the signals are made by means of it's been givin' too much to de Lord, I'il the steam whistles, the code consisting be very much obliged of my brother of long and short blasts, arranged somewill tell me whar dat church is, for I'se what after the fashion of the dots and gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de dashes in the Morse telegraphic alphawalls of dat church, under de light of moon and cry. "Blessed am de dead

dat die in de Lord." The Book of Job.

A story told of Carlyle in an English review foreibly recalls the days when in this land religious services were long enough to test the real of the worship-

According to the story Carlyle had been asked to take the reading at family prayers during a short visit paid to his friend, the Provost of Kirkcaldy. The Bible chanced to open at the first chapter of the book of Job, and Carlyle immediately became absorbed in his subject, and read on and on to the end of the last chapter, when, closing the volume, he remarked: "That is a marvelous, lifelike drama,

only to be appreclated when read right

through." It is fair to infer that it was appreclated for once. Any one who has taken a long, solitary afternoon, and attempted to give the book of Job an opportunity to be appreciated by reading t honestly through at one sitting, can realize the consternation of the Provost, Such a one will not be likely to wonder, with Carlyle, why he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household.

City as a Pawnbroker. The Paris municipal pawnbroking establishment (Mont de Piete) a few years ago was authorized to make loans not exceeding \$100 on approved public securities at 6 per cent., with a fixed charge of 5 cents on each transaction. Loans of this kind made last year aggregated nearly \$3,000,000. The establishment obtains funds by issuing bills at 11/2 per cent, for three months to 2% per cent, for a year. The small loans on collaterals are of great service to workmen and small traders. -Municipal Record and Advertiser.

A 700-Pound Sturgeon A large crowd was collected at the Alder street wharf yesterday to view what many considered the largest sturgeon ever brought to this city. It was caught near Megler's cannery at Brookfield by a Russian Finn, who could not speak English and who sent a young man up here with the fish to sell it. It was 11 feet 6 inches in length and weighed nearly 700 pounds. It sold for about \$20. It was a monster, and must, of course, have been very old, but it was impossible to count the wrinkles on its horns.-Portland Oregonian.

The National Capitol.

Dimensions of the capitol at Wash ington: Length, 751 feet 4 inches; breadth, from 121 to 324 feet; it covers 153,112 square feet. From base line of building to the tip of statue, 287 feet 11 inches. The height of the dome above the base line on the east front is 287 feet 5 inches.

In every parlor you will find a mandolin which the husband quarreled down without extinguishing it. with the wife for getting, and which the daughter never plays.

The man who owns a paying oil well lives off the fat of the land.

HOLLOW MODERN BRICKS

Sawdust Is Found to Be a Very Good Viller.

The use of paper in the manufacture of high grades of bricks for interior housework, triminings, facings and for on the increase, says the Philadelphia Record. Already some very good samples of enameled paper brick have been shown. In the latest process of making and enameling the paper bricks the bricks are made on the hollow principle. The object of making the brick hollow is practically the same as sought in the making of hollow forged steel shafting. Not only is a defective center removed, but it is possible to put a ing pressure, the walls are operated upon both from the inside and from the outside.

When a solid body is heated, the temperature of the interior always varies from that of the outer portion at first, often resulting in an expansion of one or the other that causes defects. For these reasons the plan of forming the bricks upon the hollow principle, plugging them afterward, is recommended. Sawdust is found to be a good filler. the street like a bucking broncho. He It is first fireproofed, as is the paper pulp used in the bricks. Then it is mixed with cement and pressed into the hollow of the bricks, smoothed and enameled over, making a perfect shape,

Riding Over a Cobra.

Bicycling in southern India is attended by peculiar dangers. A wheelman, whose way led him across the Anna-The crowd which had gathered laugh- mally Hills, was spinning along when ed and fell to telling experiences with suddenly he saw, lying directly in front of him, a large cobra. The lively encounter is thus described by the cyclist

> It was impossible to avoid the loath some reptile by swerving to either side; the slope was too steep, and I was going too fast. I back-pedaled with my whole weight, and put on the brake with all the force that my right hand could exert; but the momentum was too great, and the bicycle went on over the snake, which rose with a hiss to meet me, and extended its hood.

Oulek as lightning it struck at the afraid of a rat as a woman.-Sloux City front wheel, and as it struck I instincttvely lifted both hands from the handle-bar, the thought flashing through my mind that shoes and hose gave my feet and legs a chance, but that my hands were naked.

The instant my hand was off the brake, the bleycle shot forward, for in my fright I had forgotten to continue to back-pedal. With unutterable horror I saw that the snake was halfthrough the front wheel, and that the wheel was drawing it through the fork with a horrid "swish."

Then there was a thud as the head of the snake was drawn through the fork, and a second later a flap of the tail end of the snake as it was drawn through and hit the road on the right.

The one idea that pressed me was to necelerate this process. How the bicycle did fly down that hill! The trees by the roadside passed me like a ribbon. The level ground at the foot of the slope I sped across at racing speed, and I rushed up the opposite slope as long as I had any breath left in me,

Then I ventured to get off. The snake's head was gone as far as the spectacles on the hood, pounded into jelly by the hard road; on the right side of the wheel the snake tapered off into a few fleshless vertebrae.

Two herdboys in the field came to see what had happened, and with sticks helped me to remove the carcass from my wheel. I think there can be nothing more frightful than to have a cobra in the front wheel of one's bicycle, while one is pedaling for dear

Fighting Vegetarians.
G. B. Shaw, in the London Vegetarian, says: "I regret to say that vegetarianism is a fighting diet. Ninety-nine per cent. of the world's fighting has been done on farinaceous food. In Trafalgar square I found it impossible to run away as fast as the meat eaters did. Panic is a carnivorous specialty. If the army were fed on a hardy, fleshless diet we should hear no more of the disgust of our colored troops and of the Afridis and Fuzzywuzzies at the cowardice of Tommy Atkins. I am myself congenitally timid, but as a vegetarian I can generally conceal my tremors; whereas in my unregenerate days, when I ate my fellow-creatures, I was as patent a coward as Peter the Great. The recent spread of fire-eating fiction and jingo war worship-a sort of thing that only interests the pusilianimous-is due to the sprend of meat eating. Compare the Tipperary peasant of the potatoes and-

case, death, and truth-telling." May-Dusk Rain.

butternilk days with the modern gen-

tleman who gorges himself with mur-

dered cow. The Tipperary man never

read bloody-minded novels or cheered

patriotic music hall tableaus, but he

fought recklessly and wantonly. Your

carnivorous gentleman is afraid of ev-

erything-including doctors, dogs, dis-

To the morn, when the gold of the taper That mellowed the east for a space, Is lost in the fold of the vapor That trails a torn banner of lace To the grain-mingled musk of the daytime Its lilt and its laughter belong, But in the warm dusk of the May-time It comes like a sigh and a song

Perfumed by the breath of the mazes Of flower-weeds, tangled and toosed, And sweet with the death of the daisles The senson has lavished and los In the cloud-woven dusk of the daytime Its mild ministration is bloom But in the pure musk of the May-time At twilight 'tis rapture and rest,

As soft as the lip of the billow That touches the argentine sand, And light as the dip of the willo In waves that are buoyant and bland, And sweet as the heart of the hay-time, And faint as the wind in the grain, In the dusk and the musk of the May-time Are the redolent tears of the rain, -Woman's Home Companion

Mrs. Burleigh-How is it that your daughter never seems to have stendy company? Dear me! I wish it was that way with my Beatrice.

Mrs. Sharpson-The mystery is easily explained. We use electricity in our house. You know you can't turn that

British Landlords in America British landlords are said to own 20, 000,000 acres of land in this country, an area larger than that of Ireland.