A Failure.

Not long ago a man appeared at the capitol and had his card taken to Senator Bailey. The Senator not recognize the name, but, in accordance with his usual courtesy, came to where the stranger was waiting.

It took only a few minutes' conversation to develop the fact that the individual simply desired to be a "scratch." It was the regulation unfortunate, sah, and desire to get back to my own country, sah."

"What is your business, sir?" the Senator inquired. The rusback coat and black hat seemed to hint the title.

"Why, I am a gentleman, Sir," the stranger replied, pompously.

"Oh, I see," the Senator said, "Have you instituted bankruptcy proceedings yet?"—Philadelphia Record.

So Many!

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she asked him to talk books, and he became animated. "And Hugo?" she asked. "Do you like his style?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I find him amazingly interesting. I've read all of his books."

Then she asked, "Have you read Mary-three'?"

No, I've—er—only read the first. I didn't know he had written so much."—Lippincott's.

Prizes for the best patriotic poem by pupils of school children were offered in Brussels, and the first prize was won by a Frenchman.

Mineral Wealth of the South.

About one-seventh of the mineral production of the entire country comes from the Southern States. Of bituminous coal, the most valuable mineral, the South produces one-fourth, and of iron about one-ninth. Its total coal resources amount to nearly 600,000,000,000 tons, or more than one-fourth of our estimated coal reserve.

Of mineral chemical materials the South supplies more than one-half, chiefly phosphate rock, all of which is produced in Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina, and nearly one-third of the mineral pigments. Of precious stones the whole country produces only $325,000 worth, with the South furnishing its fair share.

The showing in iron ore reserves is quite as good; a safe minimum is 3,000,000,000 tons, or nearly one-third of the nation's total. Of workable iron ore the South contains one and one-half times as much as the famous Lake Superior district, and this does not include the deep lying southern ores.

On a basis of value of product the South furnishes more than two-sevenths of our oil and more than one-sixth of our gas.—New York Sun.

She Had It.

Secretary Shaw paid a visit to the plebeit region of New England the past summer. He stopped one night at a small country hotel, where the youthful daughter of the proprietor officiated as waitress. Seating himself at the breakfast table the next morning Mr. Shaw asked: "Have you any breakfast food, young lady?" The ingenuous little Vermonter stared perplexedly at the secretary, cast her eyes with significance over the well-laden table, upon which was spread the usual assortment of preserves, jellies, pickles, Worcestershire sauce, ham, eggs and bread, and stammered out: "Excuse me, sir, but what did you want?" "Why, some breakfast food, please," repeated Secretary Shaw, politely. The girl frowned and then, with sudden illumination of the distinguished guest's meaning, replied glibly, "Oh, yes, sir; we have apple, pumpkin, gooseberry, and—I believe—squash pie!" And she hurried from the room to execute Secretary Shaw's order.—Exchange.

The New Opium Cure.

We put very little faith in the new specific for the opium habit, but its success in the region of Singapore equals that claimed here for Christian Science. As a result the importation of opium in the Malay States has been reduced from eighty to fifty chests a month and thousands have been cured.

The plant is a climber, botanically called Combretum sondaicum. A decoction of the plant is put into two bottles, into one of which is added as much burnt opium as the patient is accustomed to use in a day. When he craves opium he is given two tablespoonfuls from the latter bottle and as much from the other bottle replaces it to fill the space.

This is now repeated when called for, but no new opium is added. The patient is cured in from ten to fifteen days. It looks like a plan for "tapering off," with the assurance that the medicine does it.—The Independent.

Carrying Tunes.

"Did you want to hire a boy?" asked the applicant at a music store.

"Yes," said the manager. "What musical ability have you?"

"None."

"Can you even carry a tune?"

"Yes."

"Then you'll do. We want you to hurry these phonographic records down to the shipping department."—Kansas City Times.

His Lack of Courage.

"Little boy," asked the gentle voiced matron, "how does it happen that you don't catch any of these fish but the smallest ones?"

"It happens, ma'am," answered Tommy, choking back a sob, "'cause the other boys ain't afraid to lie like blazes, blame their pictur's, an' I am."

MARCONI AT THE KEY.

Making Thunder and Lightning in His Paris Workshop.

The asphalt floor is covered with a carpet of rubber. The walls and ceilings are in hardwood. Strange instruments lie in each corner of the room. On a platform raised a yard above the floor, says a writer in Le Reiue, is a table with a transmitting key upon it and a large wooden lever, also used in transmitting. Marconi is on the platform, his hand grasping the lever.

"Now," he says, "be careful. When I signal to the electrician 50,000 volts will enter the room. Stand behind me and touch nothing. Do not approach those coils, because the current will not wait for you to touch them; it will leap out upon you."

The signal given, a lever is pulled and a dull noise is heard. The needle of the voltmeter begins to move on the dial and to attain all sorts of high figures.

"Now," says Marconi, "I will communicate with the nearest station," and he presses the key of the transmitter.

There is a blinding blue flash, and at each pressure on the key sparks nearly two feet in length start from between the two silvery balls of the induction reel. One of these balls is in communication with the earth and the other with a rod. Each spark represents an impulsion which is communicated from the battery to the rod, and from this rod the electrician sets in motion the vibrations of the ether called Hertzian waves.

These waves expand in space in every direction at a speed of 300,000 kilometers a second; that is to say, seven times the circumference of the earth. They are independent of wind and temperature and glide above the surface of the earth and sea, striking on their way the wireless stations that lie far beyond the horizon.

At each blinding flash that accompanies the movement of the key a noise like the report of a rifle is heard. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle, the inventor calmly standing there pressing the key amid the lightning and the thunder. The operator is obliged to stuff his ears with wool. It appears, however, that recently Marconi has found means of doing away with the noise almost completely.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what water is? Small Harold—Yes, ma'am. It's mud with the dirt taken out.

Little Dot (reading)—Tommy, what is the missing link? Small Tommy—It's papa's cuff button when it rolls under the dresser.

Little Bobby (with paper)—What's an autocrat, Margie? Little Margie—An autocrat is a person who—who—owns an autocar.

Friend (teasingly)—Oh, your cat hasn't such nice long whiskers as my cat has, Johnnie (indignantly)—Pooh, that's nothin'; my cat's got fleas.

Edgar—Does your mother ever give you anything when you are real good? Jimmie—No; but you bet she gives it to me good and proper when I ain't.

Sunday School Teacher—What does this verse mean where it says: "And the lot fell upon Jonah?" Bright Boy—I guess it means the whole gang jumped on him.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what do we learn from the story of Samson?" "That it doesn't pay to let a woman cut a fellow's hair," replied Johnny, whose mother had recently treated him to an unsatisfactory haircut.

Young Man (in parlor)—Willie, do you think your sister cares anything for me? Small Willie—I don't know, but I'm betting her other fellow will win. Young Man—Why do you think so? Small Willie—Because mamma makes me keep out of the parlor when he calls.

Appropriate.

"Here, clerk! I'm in a hurry. I want a book for my husband. It's his birthday. And I want it for a present. Show me what you have and be quick about it! Nothing too expensive, mind you, and I don't want anything too cheap, either, do you hear? He's a mild mannered man, and not fond of sports, so don't show me anything in that line. For goodness sake, don't offer me any of these trashy novels, and no matter how much you try to persuade me I won't take anything in the way of history or biography. Come, now, I'm in a dreadful hurry, and I've already wasted too much time here. Of course you don't know my husband, but from all I've said can't you suggest something appropriate?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here is a little volume entitled, 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Julius Caesar.

The consensus of learned opinion is to the effect that history's all around greatest man was Julius Caesar, the originator of Roman imperialism. Caesar was great as a general and great as a writer and speaker, but greater as a statesman. Could he have been spared the assassin's dagger and been permitted to live ten years longer he might have set civilization ahead a full thousand years.—New York American.

It's a fortunate thing that babies can't say what they think of the baby talk women hand them.

Way of One Man.

He was romantic, but bashful for his age. At 25 it is expected nowadays that a man should be matter of fact. She was his equal in romance, but a trifle older, old enough, indeed, to be a widow. The conversation had turned on the ever-important subject of mothers-in-law. There was a lull in the argument. Gazing far, she sighed and said:

"Ah, me! I shall never have another mother-in-law!"

He looked at her with interest for a moment, and then suddenly blurted out:

"My mother died when I was very young!"

"It was an inadvertence, but he could not draw back. She threw herself into his arms, and they have lived happily—up to now.—Pittsburg Press.

It Wasn't New York.

A gentleman who had occasion to go to an inland New England village ten miles from a railroad was met at the station by an old fellow who looked as if he might have just awakened after a Rip Van Winkle sleep. His horse and buggy were in keeping with their owner's ancient appearance.

"Here we air at last," said the driver, when they finally came to three houses and a blacksmith's shop.

"This isn't much of a place, is it?" said the depressed stranger, looking around.

"Oh, you don't see all o' it from here," was the reply. "Thar's two more houses over behind that hill thar, an' a cooper's shop jest around that bend in the road thar. Come to bunch 'em all together an' it's consid'able o' a place—but o' course it ain't New York."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Prize Cow.

Take for yourself a well bred cow, get her on full feed, cram and feed and stuff and cram her for, say, a year. Go to the trouble of washing and currying and scrubbing and combing her twice a day, get down on your hunkers, my friend, sandpaper her hoofs, groom her legs, polish her horns and brush her tail, and by the time show season comes around you should have a very creditable looking show cow.—Sheridan (Mo.) Advance.

An Anatomical Puzzle.

Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull, the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two tiny lobes, joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe that this is the remains of a sixth sense, which was of practical value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can to-day or what other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

The Age of Discretion.

Senator Dillingham, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion."

"What is the 'age of discretion,' Senator?" asked one of his auditors.

"I should say," returned Senator Dillingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his mantel the rich collection of actresses' and dancing girls' photographs and substitutes the portrait of his rich bachelor uncle."

Different.

"Who is that happy, contented-looking chap?"

"Oh, he's a chap who married a girl because she was a fine cook."

"And who is the poverty-stricken, sad-looking chap talking to him?"

"That's a man who married a girl because she was a fine dresser."—Houston Post.

Extenuating Circumstances.

"What brought you here?" asked the judge.

"That," replied the prisoner, pointing to a policeman, "but I was drunk."—Houston Post.

Her Majesty's Etiquette.

Queen Alexandria of England is strict on such points of etiquette as make it a breach of decorum, for instance, to hand anything but new and unused coin, fresh from the mint, to the consort of the British sovereign. To make love to her majesty is punishable, by the law of Britain, with death, unless, of course, one happens to be the king.