

Couldn't See the Humor.

"I can't for the life of me see," remarked an Englishman during the course of conversation with Nat Goodwin once, "what people mean by American humor. To me all humor is alike, whether it be of American or English origin. Perhaps you can explain to me just what distinguishes American humor from any other sort?"

Polly Larkin.

Off with our old clothes and on with the new. The same can be said of our hats and bonnets, "off with the old and on with the new." Dear me, but how tired we get with our winter costumes, and how we long for the dainty spring and summer effects that our up-to-date storekeepers and milliners entice us with by filling their show-windows with all the new novelties so attractively displayed that none of the fairer sex can resist the desire to study the contents and build what may prove to be castles in the air of her summer costumes, including hats, dresses and wraps and the prettiest and most dainty lingerie that has ever been displayed at very reasonable and, consequently, popular prices.

All is not gold that glitters, but gold buttons, gold braid, gold embroidery and gold tassels, spangles and spikes, are all the rage and are used on everything and the latter is being run into the ground. The spikes were showy and drossy at first, but owing to their being cheap, costing only three cents apiece, they have become so common that other things are being sought to take their place.

There's a good story told on a young fellow here noted for his closeness. He went to spend the night with a friend. During the entire night he betrayed much restlessness, which kept the host wide awake, and finally the alumberer betrayed signs of violent emotion. "He's going to have a nightmare," said the friend, "but he always grumbles so when you wake him up that I hate to disturb him." He waited awhile longer, sitting up in bed staring on the miserable sleeper, and finally, becoming alarmed, he roused him. He sprang up in bed, glared wildly around and said: "Where am I? I don't see the storm."

"Why, here in my room," said the host soothingly. "You remember you staid all night with me? I beg your pardon for waking you up, but you carried on so I had to."

"Beg your pardon," gasped the guest. "I shall never be grateful enough to you. I dreamed I was out with Miss Bud, and a terrible storm came up, and my shoes were new, and I was just ordering a coupe for two when you roused me. Old boy, you have saved me a dollar."

And the host says he was actually afraid to go to sleep again that night for fear the coupe would come.—Louisville Times.

A Chinese Curiosity.

"A Chinaman in San Francisco," says a gossip in the Philadelphia Record, "showed me once an ivory ball as big as your two fists, with six smaller balls inside it. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. The Chinaman said that the balls had been begun by his grandfather and that he was the third generation to work on them. He told me how the work was done."

"It begins with a solid block of ivory, which is turned into a ball and then carved in a latticed pattern with tiny saw toothed knives. Through the lattice, with other knives that are bent in various shapes, the second ball is carved, but is kept fast to the first one by a thin strip of ivory left at the top and by another left at the bottom. Then the third ball, with still finer knives, is tackled through the first and second ones, and so the work goes on till all the balls are finished, when the strips that hold them firm are cut away, and they all revolve freely, one inside the other."

This Chinaman said it was a common thing for families to have such balls for hundreds of years—grandfather, father, son and grandson working on them when they had nothing else to do. They are priceless, of course. Some cheap balls are made of very bad ivory, being carved while the material is soft, like a potato. These, though, are not worth more than a few dollars at the most."

Her Wedding "Towel."

An accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along when a long, lean and sallow woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal dress, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her: "Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be traveling with two husbands, now, isn't it?" "I do not know what you mean," replied the lady.

"Oh, mebbe not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago, and was buried over in Patrick county an last week I was married ag'in, an me an my second husband had been over in Patrick county on a little wedding tower, an I thought I'd kind of like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard nigh where I'm goin to live now, an my second husband was willin, so we tuk my first husband along with our other things. My second husband is settin' out on the platform takin a smoke, an I been settin here thinkin how solemn it is to go on a weddin tower with two husbands. It's a terrible solemn piece of bizness when you come to think of it."—Laurence Lee in Lippincott's Magazine.

An interesting relic in the shape of a piece of a granite bowlder, containing what appear to be two human footprints, has been loaned to the museum at St. Johnsbury, Vt., by William A. Chase of Morrisville. The rock from which the piece was quarried has been a curiosity in Granby for a century. It is a granite bowlder weighing several tons, situated one and one-half miles from Gilesville Mills.

The daily population of the Equitable building in New York is 3,100, and the mail averages about 18,000 pieces a day. Every 45 minutes mail wagons run over from the postoffice and carry back with them 75 pounds of outgoing mail.

THE LANCE IN WARFARE.

When the war in the Transvaal broke out, Dr. Frederick Schaffer, a distinguished German army surgeon, obtained permission to accompany the British troops, his object being to ascertain to what extent the lance is effective as a weapon in war. During the campaign he devoted his entire attention to this subject, and now he has returned home and forwarded to his government an official report thereon.

In it he says that wounds caused by a lance are not dangerous and are easily cured, and that the reason is because the iron point of the weapon is round and therefore passes through the organs of the body without injuring them to any great extent. "Being such a humane weapon," he points out, "the lance is by no means as valuable in war as is generally supposed. Nevertheless it can be made a dangerous weapon by merely changing the form of its point, and if the military authorities decide to retain it as a portion of the equipment of cavalry this should certainly be done."

This suggestion is exciting a good deal of comment in Europe. The Frankfurt Gazette, apparently appalled at the thought of transforming a humane weapon into a cruel one, says sarcastically: "We propose that the point of the lance be made of such a shape that it will lacerate every organ in the body and render the cure of every wound utterly impossible. Furthermore, it will be well for the authorities to seriously consider the advisability of improving the point of the lance with some deadly poison."

A German Officer's Knowledge.

The "map question" in South Africa is said to be responsible for a number of our disasters. As showing how very differently the surveying of other countries is attended to in the German army, a correspondent sends the following story: "A few weeks ago I happened to be in Berlin. I chanced to remark to a young staff officer that immediately on arrival in London business would take me to a little Hampshire village. As it was many miles from the station I would, I observed, probably have great difficulty in obtaining a conveyance. 'Not at all,' promptly observed my friend. 'You will reach the railway station at 2.30 p. m. on Thursday afternoon. It is a market day, and an omnibus leaves the station for the village on that day at hourly intervals between 10 a. m. and 6 p. m. If you choose to walk, however, you must remember to take the second turning on the left and the first on the right after leaving the station.' Of course I asked my informant if he had visited the place. 'I have never been in England in my life,' was the answer. 'I am on the surveying staff, and the southeastern portion of Hampshire is my district.'—London Chronicle.

How many generations ago was it when unkind British satirists began calling Frenchmen frog eaters in accents of sneering and contempt? It is not unlikely that in these days as many frogs' legs are cooked and eaten in the United States as in our sister republic over the sea. The sales in our markets are large, and the demand in American homes and restaurants seems to be steadily increasing. Several keen New Englanders have put their heads together and also their capital and have decided to start a huge frog farm not a hundred miles from Boston. The annual crop will not be sent across the ocean, but will be taken in the markets of our principal cities. This is a time of old and novel industries. Is there a possible profit in tadpoles too?

BRIEF REVIEW.

John W. Foster, former Secretary of State and one of the most widely experienced of American diplomats, tells some interesting and amusing instances of American diplomats and court costumes. The ladies will be interested in knowing that in diplomacy extreme consideration is given to the kind of clothes which the representatives wear. Mr. Foster says: "Some Ministers have made themselves ridiculous by securing an appointment in the State militia and making use of that uniform. A story is told of one of our representatives at a European court who appeared at the palace in the garb of a captain of a cavalry troop, a post he had filled at home, which led the monarchical diplomats, attracted by his metal helmet, quizzically to ask if he belonged to a fine company in America. The instructions of the Department of State now in force construe the law to allow of such a departure from a simple dress as will secure our diplomats welcome admittance at court ceremonies. For instance, the members of the United States embassy in London appear on state occasions in knee breeches, with metal buckles on their shoes, and in other respects in ordinary evening dress."

Walls Made of Cannon Balls.

In some new bank buildings that are being erected in London, it has been decided to trust neither police, private custodians nor safes. All walls connected with the money vaults are to have old-fashioned cannon balls loosely imbedded in them, the idea, of course, being that the rounded surfaces of the cannon balls will cause burglars' tools to slip and there will be no chance of pecking the walls to pieces quickly enough for burglarious depredations.

New Scotland Yard in London.

The largest police station in the world, and is capable of accommodating 3,000 police officers. The great Eureka-Idaho-Maryland ore shoot in Nevada county yielded \$17,000,000 in the three mines mentioned, which comprised this ore body.

Aluminum as Practically Used.

Aluminum as practically used is always hardened with alloys of copper, tungsten, manganese, etc. Over \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year from the South African diamond mines.

Still Anxious.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night. "No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we won't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat, you know."—Washington Post.

PASSING OF THE BELL.

No Longer Used to Record the Joys and Sorrows of Humanity.

The solemn and impressive custom of announcing death by the tolling of the church bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory. "The passing bell" has itself passed away, and its slow measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul. The brief notice in the daily paper, while it conveys explicit information, fails to give something that the bell's tolling carried with it. The solemn rhythmic tones awakened a momentary vibration in the breast of each listener and bade each pause for sympathy and meditation. The bell admonished the sinner to repent and warned the thoughtless that time was flying while it spoke clearly and comprehensively and bade all scattered and preoccupied inhabitants attend its story.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has bespoken the joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. In its voice to the away and have no part in the life of the future? The wedding bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chimes are seldom wafted to our ears. The church bells ring but faintly now and under constant protest. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" only in verse. A sunset gun today gives greater satisfaction. The angelus sounds merely in pictorial form. The fire bells give place to still alarms. The dinner bell is silenced in polite society, and sleigh bells are discarded.

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The Skin and the Lungs.

That the skin is intimately connected with the lungs is proved by the fact that our minor ailments of the respiratory tract—colds, for instance—are almost always traceable to a checking of the perspiration so that the impurities of the blood poison us," says Harvey Sutherland, in Allsweek. "Everybody knows the story about the little boy that was covered with gold leaf as a reward for some famous poem and how he died in agony a few hours afterward. The poison manufactured by his own organisms slew him, to say nothing of his suffocation. Burns involving more than one-third of the general surface are fatal because the excretory powers of the skin are lessened beyond the abilities of the other depuratory organs to make up for."

A Big Frog Farm.

How many generations ago was it when unkind British satirists began calling Frenchmen frog eaters in accents of sneering and contempt? It is not unlikely that in these days as many frogs' legs are cooked and eaten in the United States as in our sister republic over the sea. The sales in our markets are large, and the demand in American homes and restaurants seems to be steadily increasing. Several keen New Englanders have put their heads together and also their capital and have decided to start a huge frog farm not a hundred miles from Boston. The annual crop will not be sent across the ocean, but will be taken in the markets of our principal cities. This is a time of old and novel industries. Is there a possible profit in tadpoles too?

Well Behaved Washington.

Washington is perhaps the most moral of the large cities of the country. There are no gambling houses. Faro, roulette and keno are unknown. Poker, when played, is restricted to small groups in private rooms. Sunday observance is notable. Not only are saloons shut tight, but other places of business, save where food or news papers or drugs are on sale. No theatrical entertainments are given, the last vaudeville house which attempted a Sunday night performance having yielded to pressure the past year. The observance of the liquor law is not merely formal, with the exceptions of side doors, as found in some cities. It is actual. Licensed places, closing promptly at the hours specified in the law.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Diet Eaters.

There is an old legend that every man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies. In some parts of Australia people eat more than a peck of it and do actually die as a result. There is a disease there which frequently becomes epidemic, and it has now in North Queensland, and which takes the form of inspiring its victims with a mad desire to eat earth. At Geraldton, Cockswain and Townsville conditions are more serious, and it is feared that the scourge will spread and that the school children will come under its influence. A commission of medical men has just been appointed to consider means of checking the disease.

New Orleans Markets.

By the operation of a new law nearly 1,000 green grocers, butchers and poultry sellers in New Orleans are forced to close their places of business permanently. The law in question prohibits the establishment of a public market within 2,500 feet of the market and was enacted in the interest of the public market losses in order to increase the revenue of the city. It has been tested and upheld in the courts. The public markets now have a monopoly, and food prices in New Orleans will go up 10 or 15 per cent.—New York Tribune.

The Exact Truth Exacted.

Callers you look like a good and trustful girl. Tell me—is your mistress really dead? "Domestic—She is, ma'am." "Callers—Where?" "Domestic—At the elbow, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Still Anxious.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night. "No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we won't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat, you know."—Washington Post.

QUARRIES OF OLD EGYPT.

Where Stone For Pyramids of the Desert Was Procured.

On the way to Philae and the head of the cataract, a short distance south of Assuan, we came upon the ancient quarries which supplied the granite for the columns, statues and obelisks throughout Egypt for many centuries. An obelisk which we saw lies in its native bed. It is 95 feet in length, and three sides have been carefully cut, but for some unknown reason it was never separated entirely from the parent rock. The surface bears the tool marks of the workmen. The grooves re in it show that it was to have been reduced at the sides. It was supposed that the stone was split from its bed by drilling holes in the rock and filling them with wooden wedges, which were afterward saturated with water. The swelling wood furnishing the power.

From illustrations in the temples it is clear that these great monuments were floated down the river on rafts and then carried inland by artificial canals or dragged overland by thousands of slaves. In one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan is a picture illustrating the process. The great stone is loaded upon a huge sled drawn by a multitude of workmen. One man is engaged in pouring water upon the runners to prevent friction; another stands at the left of the statue and beats time, that the men may work in unison, while overseers, provided with whips, urge the laborers to their task. What king desired to extricate this block from the quarry, why it was left here, what it was to commemorate, we can never know. The riddle of the obelisk is solved, but the riddle of the obelisk in the quarry will no doubt remain with us forever.—Chautauquan.

Not the Boss Viol Man's Fault.

A capital story relating to good old times is still told in the Fox district of the eastern country. As is well known by many and even now remembered by some, a bass viol was often procured to help the choir in parish churches. One lovely Sunday morning in the summer while the parson was droning out his drowsy discourse and had about reached the middle a big bull managed to escape from his pasture and marched majestically down the road, bellowing defiantly as he came. The parson, who was somewhat deaf, heard the bull bellow, but mistaking the origin of the sound, gravely glanced toward the singers' seats and said in tones of reproof: "I would thank the musicians not to tune up during service time. It annoys me very much."

A Social Ambiguity.

He had hoped to be asked to take her in to dinner, but to his great disappointment that duty fell to somebody else. And so until the men arose to let the women file out he could only gaze at her from afar and be politely stupid to the woman next him. He had never met her before, but somehow they seemed to know each other very well by the time they had spoken a few words in the course of the short wait before the guests retired on their way to the dining room. He didn't know what she thought of him, but he knew that from his point of view she was about right. And he was a man difficult to please.

Look a Mean Advantage.

A supernumerary in Richard Mansfield's company who had been a Scotch phrase, continuously a tinually "heckled" by the man rehearsals and between the act, the alleged displays of stupidity on the part of the audience that a near relative of his had departed this life and his a competence, so he decided to leave the dramatic profession, quote him, become respectable, leaving be determined to take vengeance on Mansfield for the man his amour propre that gentleman made.

Lord Rathmore and the Duchess.

Lord Rathmore told a friend's once took Ouida in to dinner and was disappointed he was to find the novelist devoted herself to the rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last in despair at only been able to get "Yes" and in answer to the different subject introduced: "I'm afraid I'm still unfortunate in my choice of topics there anything we could talk about interest you?" To which the chronicler of shortcomings replied: "There is nothing which would interest so much. Tell me about the duchess have written about them all and never met one yet."

Why Cables Get Tired.

There has been some question The Electrical Engineer, as to why certain cables lose the ducting properties and have instances to be replaced. A Frenchman has submitted a paper on the subject to the Academie des sciences. In this paper he states when cables lose their electrical properties it is because they are used for one kind of current or the other positive or negative. If sometimes for positive and sometimes for negative, they will, he states, serve their conductive qualities. Experiments with fine running from Paris to Dijon started this he says.

Not Wholly a Misfortune.

The Widow—Yes, Henry's death was a great loss to me, but I am thankful one thing—he died before he could his patent perfected. Sympathizing Friend—Pardon me. The Widow—You don't understand. Why, in that case, you know, money he had would have gone on later.—Boston Transcript.

A Dress Bargain.

Wife—Oh, such a bargain! I've Bigg, Drive & Co.'s ahead of the dress this morning, and got enough into a perfectly elegant dress for \$1.00. Husband—Hoopla! You're an idiot. What will it cost to get it made up? Wife—'Bout \$30.—New York World.

THE LAST CHARGE.

Trumper, blow an, terrific and thank Blow till the bugle ending the world Spare not the wounded that write me der us.

Drawn in our ears all their piercing Beady, dragon! Get together, you be Aim at the breast, for that make large.

Now let us fly like a whirlwind of lava Ride like your forefathers! Cavalry!

RULED WITH A RO.

But the Rod Must Be Iron.

"When all other methods of ling wild beasts fail the keeper to employ an iron rod, which made red-hot at an end," said circus man to a Star reporter. "Lions and tigers," he continues, "cringe before the heated poker, matter how restless and fretful may have been the sight of the best of animal senses. It almost hypnotic influence on beasts. I have seldom seen an animal being burned in a cage, however, so there is nothing the treatment. It would not be keener to burn the charges and care for the scars would be an animal for exhibition purposes but iron is a terror, just as and under its persuasion the jungle are docile and ready what is wanted of them."

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