

Some Bible Facts. Here are some facts about the Old Testament that it took one man three years' time to figure out.

There are 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 290,439 words and 2,728,169 letters.

The middle book is Proverbs. The middle chapter is Job xxix. The middle verse would be I Chronicles xx, 18, if there were a verse more, and verse 17 if there were a verse less.

The word "and" occurs 35,543 times. The word "thou" occurs 8,855 times. The shortest verse is I Chronicles i, 25.

The twenty-first verse of Ezra vii contains all the letters of the alphabet. The nineteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are practically the same.

In the New Testament there are 27 books, 299 chapters, 7,559 verses, 181,258 words and 838,380 letters.

The middle book is I Thessalonians. The middle chapter would be Romans xiii if there were a chapter more, and Romans xiv if a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts xv, 17. The shortest verse is John xi, 25. The middle chapter of the entire Bible is also the shortest—the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm.

The middle verse is the eighth of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm.

Death and the Philosopher. A certain philosopher was in the habit of saying whenever he heard that an old friend had passed away: "Ah, well, death comes to us all. It is no new thing. It is what we must expect. Pass me the butter, my dear. Yes, death comes to all, and my friend's time had come."

Now, Death overheard these philosophical remarks at different times, and one day he showed himself to the philosopher.

"I am Death," said he simply. "Go away," said the man, in a panic. "I am not ready for you."

"Yes, but it is one of your favorite truisms that Death comes to all, and I am not proving your words."

"Go away! You are dreadful!" "No more dreadful than I always am. But why have you changed so? You have never feared the death that has come to your friends. I never heard you sigh when I carried off your old companions. You have always said, 'It is the way of all flesh.' Shall I make an exception in favor of your flesh?"

"Yes, for I am not ready." "But I am. Your time has come. Do not repine. Your friends will go on butting their heads against the wall, and you will take it as philosophically as you have taken every other death."

And the philosopher and Death departed on a long journey together.—Charles Battell Loomis in Brandeis Magazine.

An English Sanctuary. Beverley minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 938 Athelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary.

This was not merely for manslaughter and murder; it was open to all criminals, except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Looking Up. The lecturer pleaded with the crowd to "look up." In impassioned tones he cried: "God always helps the man that looks up! Never look down, my friends, and do not waste too much time looking sideways. Look up, and keep on looking up! I never knew a man to fail if he looked up. Is there a man in this audience who can say that he always looks up?"

A newly stranger across in the back row to say: "I can say that I always look up. I have steadily looked up for thirty years, and am no better off for it. Looking up is my business."

"What do you do for a living, my good man?" "I'm a ceiling decorator."

The uproarious applause that greeted this sally broke up the meeting.—New York Press.

Prima Donna and Her Voice. Once upon a time there was a famous prima donna who made a contract with a noted impresario to sing in concert for him at a price which made such of her notes of about the value of \$1.

All went well until the prima donna found a dressing room assigned to her that did not meet with her approval. Then she complained that she was entirely too hoarse to sing, and the impresario had to make polite remarks to his audience and dismiss it after refunding the money paid for admission.

The remarks that he made out of the hearing of the audience were not so polite. Moral—Impresarios wish that they might have hoarseless prima donnas.—New York Herald.

Languages in India. Twenty-eight languages are spoken in India and none of these is spoken by fewer than 400,000 persons, while the most general is the mother tongue of 85,500,000. Besides these there are in the remotest parts of the country dialects spoken by no more than 500 persons, which none other than themselves can interpret. India has nine great creeds, numbering their followers from the 208,000,000 Hindus down to the 9,250,000 Animists and the innumerable sects included in the 43,000 "others."

Take no chances on the man who wants to lend you a dollar. He'll probably come back later for ten.—Baltimore News.

POLLY LARKIN.

"You remember that article you wrote recently, 'He Whistled on the Way, Polly'?"

"Well, that little jingle made an impression on me. I thought how much more cheerful and happy everyone would be if they could only make up their minds to whistle on the way. I tried to remember a single instance where the whistler was a morose and sorrowful being, in other words, a walking tombstone, throwing a damper on everything he came in contact with, but I failed to think of one. I remember, too, how I had chided our Jack for whistling about the house, and how I had even sent him out into the street because he was noisy. I had made him feel like he was disgraced time and again. He felt it keenly, too, sometimes, for I had spoken sharply to him before company more than once, thinking that it would teach him a lesson that would not soon be forgotten; but you might just as well have tried to still the whistling of the winds around the house as to silence Jack. After I read that article, 'He Whistled on the Way,' I turned over a new leaf and in fact encouraged him in his cheerful amusement. Where before I saw only noise and confusion I began now to see that there was real music in Jack's whistling, for he can imitate the songs of notes of the wild birds to perfection, and whistle 'Annie Laurie' until it brings tears to your eyes. I see that they are paying a big price to a young man in New York to whistle in the choir at one of the big churches. I know our Jack could whistle all around the New York whistler, for when he gets started on religious tunes you can almost see the pearly gates, it brings you so near. There wouldn't be much chance for a sinner to stay out of the fold if they got Jack to whistle in church. The most hardened of them would get repentant right off, for if the first tune didn't convert him the second would. He just couldn't stand it. Well, since I have turned over the new leaf and repeated toward Jack and his natural failing—whistling—I have tried a little bit of the reconstruction act on myself and endeavored to learn the art of whistling on the way. It does not come easy to a prosy old fellow like myself, who has met with the ups and downs and many disappointments that I look after a man of my age. I admit I've been grumpy and impatient, both at home and abroad, and instead of 'whistling on the way' I have been carrying a dirge in my heart that if put into words might have read, 'so many sorrows have I below,' or some other strain quite as dismal. I don't find it the easiest thing in the world now to 'whistle on the way,' but I'm making a desperate effort to learn. Don't think I'd want any better epitaph on my tombstone than 'He Whistled on the Way.' It would look as though I had tried to throw some brightness into some other person's life. 'Whistle on the Way' is a good motto to live up to, Polly."

"I never felt so flat or so mean in my life," said a sixteen-year-old girl to a friend of her own age in Polly's hearing the other day. "Why?" queried the friend. "Well, you see three of us girls had a grudge against that new girl who has just started into school. She has just simply looked shocked at some of the things we girls did only in fun, and she doesn't use slang or any of the up-to-date sayings of the day, like 'Doesn't that jar you,' and other similar expressions. She is just too goodly-good for this world. We made up our minds we were going to bring her down a peg or two. We were going to get her off some place, mimic her and do everything to get her mad, until she not only said something spiteful, but was ready to fight, and then I was the one selected to give her a good slap in the face, and if she hit back we were all going into the fray and there would be much left of Miss Goody-Goody's painful ladylike ways when we got through with her. We carried out the program beautifully. We all said mean, tantalizing things and we mocked her nice way of speaking, mimicked her walk, and just as we got to the pitch where any of the rest of us would have flown into a rage that would have ended in a pitched battle, and I stepped up ready to do my part, she said, 'Excuse me, I thought you were little ladies,' and walked off. I never felt so little and mean in my life. She simply floored us all and walked away like a queen. I can't bear to look in her face and the rest of the girls feel the same way. We all are ashamed of ourselves and would give a good deal if it had not happened. She has taught us a lesson we won't soon forget."

Alameda is to have an Improvement Club, the object of which is to improve their already beautiful town. One of the organizers stated that they had the same trouble in enticing the residents that other places where they now have successful and progressive Improvement Clubs had in the beginning of their careers as reformers for the public good. They had to prove to the community that Alameda was capable of fostering an entertainment and engineering it to a financial success. It is not treading on a pathway of roses to organize an Improvement Club and start the ball rolling, for you will find many "mossbacks" to impede the progress by sending the ball back to the starting point. The progressive Alamedians, however, have now fallen into line and will give a series of entertainments to raise the necessary money to put the roadway in first-class condition and transform the canal front into

a boulevard. This will add much to the attractiveness of the place. The Improvement Club will work in harmony with the Board of Trade, and we can expect results that will fully compensate them for the time and labor expended. Gradually every town of any size will fall into line and will organize Improvement Clubs that will help to convert the towns into attractive and beautiful places.

Of all the delightful times for going into the country it is during our Indian summer. Our ninrads have discovered this fact, and many of them have arranged their outing for themselves and members of their family who can leave the city to spend a greater part of the months of October and November in the country. Then they are licensed to bring down the fleet-footed deer if they can, and shoot the shy mountain quail that ever proves a temptation to the hunter and the epicure as well. I took a trip over the California Northwestern Railway the other day, and it looked as if all the hunters in San Francisco and around the bay were aboard. At every station the train let off passengers loaded down with guns and hunting paraphernalia, lunches and medicine, presumably for snuck bites. Some were going for weeks accompanied by their wives and children, others for a few days or possibly a day's outing. "Never went up on this road yet that I did not come back happy and with a good bag to show for my day's hunt," said one enthusiastic ninrad, and his sentiment was echoed by several other voices saying, "The same here, old man."

This happened some time ago, and now every trading store keeps a supply of hats constantly on hand. They are said to be manufactured expressly for the natives, and no one who glances at the show will doubt it.

When a Kaffir buys anything, he feels bound to make use of it. The natives therefore donned their head gear and returned to their kraals. Now appeared the brilliancy of the trader's idea. Fashion rules the world. It is as strong in Africa as in America, and when those who had stayed at home saw the travelers return in all the glory of this strange covering they felt behindhand and old-fashioned. Their desire to possess the latest thing in hats became intense. They paid Andries a visit, and his stock no longer hung heavy upon his hands. The hats were soon sold.

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FORCING A FASHION.

How Hats were introduced to the South African Savages.

Andries De Villiers, a Boer, was the person who first introduced hats among the South African natives, says the Hatters' Gazette, and profit, not philanthropy, was his motive. One morning many years ago he chanced in Port Elizabeth to come across a consignment of damaged hats offered for a mere song. He bought the whole lot, packed them away in his wagon and started for Kaffrland.

When he reached Tembuland, he unloaded his stock, opened his kogs of liquor, without which no trade was made those days, and began business. But he found his venture likely to prove an unprofitable one. The natives did not want hats. They wanted blankets and beads and looking glasses and above all liquor, but they looked askance at hats. Then a bright idea came to Andries. He wanted to introduce those hats. He did introduce them. His simple expedient was to refuse to sell anything to a Kaffir unless he bought a hat too. The Kaffirs wanted his goods, so they bought the hats.

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CHOICE MISCELLANY

A Momentous Sneeze. Perhaps because an elephant sneezes so seldom or because he sneezes so loud oriental folk are very superstitious about the occurrence and believe that to hear an elephant sneeze brings good luck. The Baltimore Herald gives an account of the effect produced by the sneeze of Jumbo II. at the Maryland industrial exhibition.

Jumbo's sneeze is like the bursting of a boiler, and it created a fairly good sized panic. The elephant began to get ready for the sneeze half an hour before it happened, and as the time for the event drew near he was rolling about in his cage, apparently in great agony. Suddenly he stopped, gave one bellow and then sneezed.

The look of perfect contentment on his face after the great event was in startling contrast to the terror seen on the faces of the fleeing people. Visitors to the exhibition were running in all directions, not knowing what awful thing it was from which they were fleeing away.

Among the Mohammedans of the oriental and Cingalese villages Jumbo's sneeze caused wild excitement. They rushed to the cage and, bowing before his elephantine highness, began praying at a rapid rate. When they finished, they explained of course that the elephant's sneezes are of the rarest occurrence, and the event was one of great significance to them. Elephants are susceptible to cold and catch cold easily, but it is very, very rarely that they sneeze.

Hymns Allowed in the Treasury. A day or two after Secretary Shaw disciplined several clerks of the treasury department for playing poker and indulging in other practices not consistent with his views of the proper conduct of public officials he entered his office at an unusually early hour, even for him. Richard Page, of African descent and of great dignity acquired through his long connection with the department as a messenger, was singing an old-fashioned church hymn, not thinking of course that the secretary was within the sound of his voice. When the messenger turned and discovered that the secretary had heard him singing, he was sore afraid and begged that his violation of the rules of the department, which prohibit the making of unusual noises, should not result in his immediate discharge. "Never mind, Richard, never mind," consolingly said the secretary. "I see nothing in the rules of this department which prohibits the singing of church hymns. If more of that kind of music were rendered here we would all get along better. You can sing hymns, Richard, in this building as much as you want to, but remember, Richard, that I want you to sing only hymns when you sing at all."

A New Sport For Women. "Hammering" is an unpleasant process on the Stock Exchange, but in Australia the word has recently acquired a new and more agreeable significance. At antipodean bazaars "hammering" is now an established institution. Ladies who enter for the competition go on a platform with hammers in their hands. Each is supplied with a piece of the hard Australian timber largely used for the paving of London streets. Each lady is also presented with three nails, and at a given signal they start to work. The lady who is the first to drive her three nails home to the head wins the prize. Says one descriptive reporter: "Steel sparks and splinters flew around. The nails would go anywhere but through the wood. The hammers would go anywhere but on the nail heads."—London Chronicle.

The Ocean Trip. Half an hour or so appears to be an important saving in time in the ocean voyage. Columbus, Cabot, and Drake would not have thought much of it, but in these days of ship speeding every captain of a liner is ambitious to maintain his record and to beat it if possible. Again, there are people even in this age of hurry and bustle to whom the ocean trip is in itself an agreeable incident. The society is generally pleasant, there are interesting sights on the deep, the fare is as good as that of a first class hotel, seasickness has become unfashionable, there is plenty of reading matter and no disposition to look at the trip is in short a restful loaf till the ship is within range of the wireless telegraph and the meddling world resumes its chatter.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Ingenious Swindle. A novel kind of swindle was practiced in a German town the other day. A man struggling along under a heavy burden suddenly stumbled and crashed through a plate glass store window. The proprietor of the store demanded payment. The porter said he had no money. Passersby advised that he be searched. A thousand mark note was found on him, which, he said, belonged to his employer. The storekeeper, however, deducted 100 marks for the value of his window and handed 900 marks change to the porter, who went away swearing and protesting. A little later the storekeeper discovered the thousand mark note was spurious.

Ostriches. At the ostrich farm at Coronado it takes a bale of alfalfa hay cut up and a sack of barley to feed fifty-three birds. The chicks are as inquisitive as a monkey and will snap a button off your coat if an opportunity offers. The old males are fighters and can spit fence boards with a kick. But when they get real mad they lie down and twist their necks and flap their wings like a skirt dancer. Young chicks a few weeks old are worth in the market \$25 each.

Youth's Unrestraint. "Don't you sometimes long for your childhood's happy days?" said the sentimental person. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "there are times when I would enjoy hanging on the fence and making faces at people I don't like instead of having to say: 'How do you do, dear? So glad to see you?'"—Washington Star.

Women. "If you want to get on with women," says Max O'Rell, "never criticize them and never offer them advice." And never forget that this is a rule that works only one way.

Grief. What a struggle a sick man makes for life considering that there is little in it but whippings!—Aitchison Globe.

A decree recently promulgated by the government of Costa Rica establishes chemical laboratories in the custom houses of the republic.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

The Gratitude of the Helped. Her husband's brother had through his own efforts become very rich. "Now," he said, "I will do something for her and the children. I am under no obligation to them, but they are poor, and I feel that it will be no more than right for me to help them."

Therefore he bought a comfortable home for them and gave her the deed. Then he took her to the furniture stores, and they selected carpets, beds, chairs and other things that were necessary to make them comfortable, and he paid for them, after which he went about his own affairs rejoicing.

She sat in her new home, with her hands clasped in her lap and a sad look on her face. "What is the trouble?" her neighbor asked.

"I was thinking of the selfishness and meanness of some people," she sorrowfully replied. "Think of all the money he has, yet he is too stingy, too narrow minded, to even give us a piano!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Science. "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountains?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy it was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Men Make the Laws. "There's no law against a person making a fool of himself," growled old man Rohrer.

"The men make all of the laws, do they not?" mildly asked Mrs. Rohrer. "Of course."

"I see," she inquired. "Men never like to hamper themselves."—Indianapolis News.

The Rejection. "I cannot marry you owing to circumstances over which I have no control. He (drately)—What circumstances? She—Your circumstances."

His Unlucky Choice. "Miss Ginx," began young Gayboy "or may I call you Ginevra?" "Call me what you like," she said, with a bright smile.

"Well, I like Gin," he whispered. And then he realized as she turned her head from him that he had blundered.—Chicago Tribune.

Outtable. "Hi, there," shouted the customs officer suspiciously. "Why are you holding your handkerchief to your face?" "There's a bit of cinder in my eye," answered the returning tourist.

"Ah, foreign substance in the eye! You'll have to pay duty on it."—Philadelphia Record.

The Wise Bride. "As long, George, as we haven't any coal to cook with there is one thing I must speak to the fish dealer about."

"And what is that, my dear?" "I must ask him to be sure to lay in a large supply of raw oysters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lovely Woman. Miss Hoanley—I don't know whether or not to wear a veil with this hat. Do you think it would improve it? Miss Speltz—That depends, dear. Do you mean to wear the veil over your face or up on your hat?—Philadelphia Press.

Still Worse. Ethel—What is more aggravating than a man who tells you of his love and never mentions matrimony? Edith—Oh, a man who tells you of his money and never mentions matrimony.—Judge.

In the Studio. Baker's Wife—I should like to carry my little boy put into the picture too. Artist—Then it will cost \$20 more.

Baker's Wife—But I'll take him in my lap.—Lippincott's.

The Limit. Mrs. Upton—Why, I thought your little dog was white! Mrs. De Style—So he was; but I had him dyed brown to match this dress.—Chicago Daily News.

The Last Resort. "Here's something about an author committing suicide." "Yes; he had to advertise his books in some way."—Atlanta Constitution.

What a Man Thinks. "When a man of twenty considers a woman, he thinks of her beauty, but at thirty he thinks of her loquacity." "What does he think at forty?" "Oh, he thinks only of himself by that time."—Indianapolis News.

A Clerical Conundrum. Archbishop Whately once asked the question: "Why can a man never starve in the great desert?" and answered it himself as follows: "Because he can eat the sand which is there." But what about the sand-wiches there? Why, Noah sent Ham, and his descendants starved and bred."

Sometimes the man who hesitates is just the fellow who doesn't get lost.—Milwaukee Times.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

America has 1,800 women preachers. There are 50,000 costermongers in London.

There are 1,000 shoe factories in the United States. A petroleum oilfield has been discovered in Trinidad.

Canadian trade with Great Britain has increased over six millions the past year. In the United States more than \$90,000,000 is invested in the making of fertilizer.

In the eleven states interested in the industry 290,000 acres are sown in sugar beets. The total capital invested in rail-ways and canals in the Dominion of Canada is \$1,100,000,000.

There are but 320,000 donkeys in the British Isles. Spain and Portugal have between them over 2,500,000. In spite of hard times the value of farm animals in Germany is increasing at the rate of four millions a year.

The Moorish government has granted to France a contract for the coining of \$3,000,000 worth of Moorish money. An annual cyclopedia for 1901 places the total gifts and bequests in the United States last year at \$107,360,000.

It is seventy-three years since the first omnibus started running in London. Few of the original vehicles remain. One of the new bridges to be thrown over the Seine is to be built in two stories, with one set of arches resting on another.

One result of the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be the prevention of prohibition of Japanese in Australia, once suggested. "Snail" is the local name of a mysterious malady which has already caused the deaths of many sheep in Cardigan-shire, Wales.

Russia is founding an independent bishopric in China, and the bishop elect of Charbin and Peking will be at the