

A VAST SALT FIELD

How the Product is Obtained in the Middle of the Colorado Desert.

In the middle of the Colorado desert, a little to the north of the Mexican border and 204 feet below the level of the sea, lies a field of crystallized salt more than a thousand acres in extent, presenting a surface as white as snow and beneath the noonday glare of the sun so dazzling that the naked eye cannot stand its radiance. It stretches away for miles and miles about Salton, Colo., an ocean of blazing, blistering white.

Here daily throughout the year men are at work overturning the great deposit with massive plows and scrapers, getting it into great piles preliminary to putting it through the refining process. The salt plows used to secure the harvest are great four wheeled implements driven by steam and managed by two men. The salt crust is thrown up in parallel ridges; then laborers with hoes work it to and fro in the water, washing out the dirt preliminary to stacking it in mounds to be taken to the mill.

Salt springs in adjacent foothills are constantly contributing to the deposit, and so heavily laden are they with almost pure salt that the plow has hardly passed on before a new crust has formed in the furrow left. This fact renders it unnecessary to operate more than a small portion of the vast deposit.

As may be supposed, work in these fields is performed under the most trying conditions. No white man can stand the intense heat, and for this reason the work is done wholly by Japanese and by Coahuila Indians. Of these the Indians are by far the better adapted to the work, the Japanese performing only one portion, sewing the sacks in which the salt is shipped. The atmosphere, laden as it is with particles of salt, gives rise to a painful thirst, and the only available drinking water comes from a single well. It is warm and ill tasting.

Beautiful mirages frequently appear above the great salt field in the daytime, sky pictures of magnificent cities and flower dotted, tree shaded fields. The moonlight, too, produces wondrously beautiful effects upon the great field of gleaming salt. For several weeks in the year the thermometer on the salt field averages 140 degrees, and the reflection of the sun produces a glare like that from a furnace. The deposits vary in thickness from ten to twenty inches and form a solid crust over the great marsh. It is estimated that about 700 tons are now plowed up daily.—New York Tribune.

A Little Child's Loneliness

Little Mabel, says the Woman's Journal, had been put to bed alone. Presently she appeared in her nightgown at the head of the stairs, saying plaintively, "I'm homesome!" Her mother gave her a favorite rubber doll named Happy to take to bed with her and for a few minutes she was quiet. Then she reappeared with her plaint of loneliness. This time her mother reminded her that God was with her and sent her back to bed with a reproof. Soon she was heard weeping bitterly, and when her mother went to her little Mabel summed up her sense of misery by exclaiming, "I don't want Happy, and I don't want God; I want some body with a skin face!"

Mere Maiden Timidity

"Well, mum," said the cook as she entered the parlor with her bundle in her hand, "I must be after goin' away this mornin'." "What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked her astonished mistress. "I am goin' to be married next week." "But surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly? You must ask him to wait for a few days." "Oh, I couldn't, mum." "Why not, pray?" "Sure, mum, I'd like to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquaintin'—with him to ask such a thing"—Philadelphia Press.

A New Piece of Music

General Horace Porter, the American soldier, once asked Li Hung Chang for his photograph for his daughter. The Chinese statesman kindly complied with his request, and getting his paint pot and pencil, drew queer looking figures up and down the portrait. Handing it then to the general, he explained that the left hand column contained a list of his titles, while the right hand side bore a list of the posts he had filled. When he reached home Porter gave the photograph to his little girl, saying: "Here's what you wanted. If you can't read it, probably you can play it on the piano!"

He Didn't Take the Hint

Chicago once had as its superintendent of city schools a bachelor named Howland, whose gruffness of manner and love of neatness were proverbial. Going into the room of a young, attractive teacher one day, Mr. Howland took notice of an untidy desk and a carelessly arranged bookshelf, and, pointing his finger at them, queried brusquely: "What kind of a housekeeper do you think you'd make?" "Why, Mr. Howland, are you looking for me?" was the humorously quizzical reply.

It Makes Them Wild

"I wonder why they always call them the wild waves?" says the thoughtful one. "I don't know, but I think I know what makes them wild," says the cynical one. "What?" "So many fools happen along, and as soon as they see the waves they ask, 'What are the wild waves saying?'"—Baltimore American.

Accommodating

He was evidently a very obliging boy, for when he applied to the merchant for a position and was asked his age he replied: "Oh, sir, I shall be whatever age you wish me to be!"

Never think so much of a dime that you lose half a dollar's worth of peace of mind worrying over one that is lost.—Atchison Globe.

POLLY LARKIN.

Kentucky passed a law in the last Legislature that caused a small tempest among parties who have little feathered songsters for pets. Everybody in Kentucky who has a bird of any kind in captivity, except a canary, is violating the law and laying himself or herself liable to a fine or imprisonment. There are many mocking-birds and other species in captivity that will cause their owners, who are much attached to them, many tears when they have to open the cage doors and set the captives free. Four little birds who have been imprisoned all their lives and know of no other existence except in a gilded cage, will be lost and helpless at first, and many of them will, after flying about in a bewildered manner, return to the only home they know only to be turned away again. It is a good law to enact to prevent future captivity of birds, but a very bad one for the little feathered songsters who have never known anything else. Polly wonders if Kentucky is as exacting in its laws when it comes to the prohibiting of the killing of birds for millinery purposes, or if it has succeeded in passing a law prohibiting the use of birds and wings in millinery? Such a law would be of more benefit to the little feathered beauties instead of turning them loose to forage for themselves.

The other day a lady took her husband into one of the millinery stores to pass judgment on a hat she desired. It was handsome, everything on it being of the best and very becoming. She turned her dainty little head on this side and that to get the best effect. "Well, how do you like it?" she asked. "It is very becoming and I like it in every particular but one." "And what is that—the price?" she asked in surprise. "No, the price is all right; but it is that bird perched on the hat. I don't want to have my wife encourage so cruel a practice as the killing of birds for millinery purposes. I think it shows an utter heartlessness on the part of the fair sex. It is a custom that should be frowned down by every woman who lays claim to being tender-hearted and that delicacy of feeling that appeals to every man. In fact, we expect that trait in women, and when we find it lacking, we are disappointed." "All right, just as you say," she said pleasantly. "You are always right, Bob. Now what shall I have in place of the bird?" "Anything you choose. I don't object to ostrich feathers, because you don't have to sacrifice the bird to get the plumage." "Good ostrich feathers cost, though." "I don't care about the price. Choose just what you want." So two beautiful ostrich feathers were selected, the bill of \$18 settled cheerfully, and the happy couple left the store chatting pleasantly as though there was no such thing as war against the custom of wearing birds' feathers.

"That's the craziest notion I ever heard of," said one of the sales-girls when the couple went out. "I guess that couple never lived on a ranch and had to fight destructive birds from the beginning of one season until the end of it. I'm a country girl, born and brought up on a big farm, and I tell you all sentiment of that kind—I mean sympathy for the birds—disappears very quickly when you have to fight them from the grain fields, the fruit trees and the vineyards and even in your little patch of vegetables. They make themselves so at home that you wish you would never have to see one of the feathered songsters, as you term them, again. I have seen the day when I would like to have seen all the golden-breasted meadow larks made into a big potpie. Then look at the blackbirds coming in great flocks that look like a large black cloud settling down on the hillside or the meadow. If you notice, many of the birds and wings used in millinery are blackbirds. People claim that many of the birds subsist on bugs and insects which are injurious to the farmer. That may be to some extent, but I am sure that if you examined their craws you would find plenty of evidence that they were vegetarians as well. This plea for the birds does not appeal to me. It is all very well to read about the 'quail piping in the cornfield,' the 'trilling of the meadow lark' and the 'ruby-capped linnets with their little mates all in somber brown, but there is something behind the poetical side that appeals to the farmer and his family."

Polly has a dear little friend, who has the sunniest disposition and always looks on the bright side, cheering those around her and awakening the pleasant thoughts that crowd out all unhappy memories and fancies. She is married and makes the coziest little home imaginable for the man she has taken for better or worse. They have been married six years but their honeymoon has never waned. She is frequently asked about her husband and her reply is, "Jack is all right, God bless him; he's the dearest fellow in the world." Never has a reproach or a complaint fallen from her lips in regard to her Jack, and he always speaks in the same endearing terms in regard to her. Many a couple could learn a lesson from them that would serve to make their pathway bright. They are too prone to find fault and intimate that there has been some slight misunderstanding, or that one or the other has so far forgotten themselves as to speak very short and unkindly. Even if that is unfortunately so, it only does untold harm to air family affairs before strangers, and many times "makes a mountain out of a mole-hill."

Eighteen observatories, located in various parts of the world, are at present engaged in photographing the heavens on one general plan. When the work is finished it will comprise 40,000 photographs, each about a foot square.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 255,000,000 pounds of cheese each year. Canada supplies about 60 per cent of the whole.

The stairway leading to the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall contains 598 steps, and is said to be the tallest continuous stairway in the world.

The gravestigger rises to remark that every man finds himself in a hole sooner or later.

Habit is the modern slavery, and the will of the individual is the only emancipation.

The next hardest thing to getting up in the world is to keep from getting down.

About 27,000 persons are employed in tourist hotels in Switzerland.

THE WINE EXPERT.

HE MUST BE AS TEMPERATE AS AN ATHLETE IN TRAINING. By Stuart, Small and Tasso He Tests the Quality of Liquors and Hence He Must Lead a Life of Once Vigorous and Active. Many hotels and restaurants of importance as well as many wholesale and retail liquor dealers employ a wine expert. It is the duty of this man to pass upon the quality of all wines, brandies, whiskies and other alcoholic beverages handled by his house. He works with an empty stomach, and he makes his tests through the three senses of sight, which tests the spirit's color and clarity; smell, which tests its odor, and taste, the most important sense, which tests its flavor. To keep these senses at once delicate and sharp the expert must not use tobacco, and in the use of liquors he must be temperate to the point of total abstinence.

Two glasses of champagne are set before a clever wine expert, one a champagne of the vintage of 1894, the other of the vintage of 1888, he will tell readily which is which. There are indeed a half dozen vintages which he can designate by their taste alone without the helpful presence of the labeled bottle.

The wine expert must also be a profound knowledge of red wines. Among the red wines of France he must be able to tell those of the Garonne from those of Burgundy and of Dauphiny. In the white wines also he must be learned, and he should have no difficulty in distinguishing the champagnes of Silery, of Ay, of Reims and of Epernay, and in distinguishing also their best vintages. Among the other French white wines he must know those of Sauterne, Barsac, Preignac and Bommes. And the Spanish white wines of Xeres, the German white wines of Johannisberg, Steinberg and Hockheim must be like old time friends.

Whiskies and brandies are divisions of his work that are as important as the wines. He must tell at a glance whether a knowledge has been aged in wood or in glass, and he must not only separate with ease the Irish, Scotch and the American whiskies, but he even must designate the districts in which each was distilled.

Considering his knowledge the salary of the wine expert is not great. It averages \$40 a week. Occasionally it falls as low as \$25, and occasionally it mounts to hundreds.

The expert must not eat rich, heavy foods and pastries. He must not keep late hours. His life, in a word, must be as temperate as that of an athlete in training. This is in order that his senses of sight and taste and smell may be at their best always. Smoking is bad for the small; rich foods are bad for the taste; late hours or any sort of dissipation, even the mildest, is bad for the health generally and for all the senses, sight in particular; hence the rigorous and ascetic life of the wine expert.

The wine expert works with stomach empty, for then his taste and smell are at their keenest. He works on bright days only in a room flooded with sunlight, for then he can best weigh a liquor's color and lucidity. He uses glasses of the oldest shapes—a different glass almost for every liquor—for these help him to distinguish the most delicate gradations of smell and color. The brandy glass, for instance, has a bowl almost as big as a washbowl. The bottom of this bowl the brandy covers in the thinnest layer. The expert puts his face down close and, with his nose inside the bowl, rolls the brandy about, thus getting the full bouquet of the liquor.

He must never swallow the beverages he tests. He holds them in his mouth about a minute, rolling them upon his tongue and letting them touch his palate, and that is sufficient for an accurate judgment. To swallow them would not aid him, for there are no nerves of taste in the stomach. To swallow them would, on the contrary, hinder him, sending him drunk to bed each testing day.

The expert of a large and fashionable New York hotel in discussing the other day his business said: "What is more difficult than to describe in words the taste of anything? How, for instance, would you say what bread tastes like or meat or potatoes?" "But red wines have, after all, a definable taste. The poor red wines are earthy. They have a flavor of fresh soil. The good ones taste like field mushrooms, and the best ones taste like truffles. But the taste of whiskies and brandies and white wines is not to be defined in any such concrete way."

"The wine selection is a nice one. Few men know it. Few men indeed can tell with their eyes shut whisky from brandy or ale from beer. Few men who use liquor even know the wines that custom demands should be drunk with a dinner at which wine is served."

When asked what those wines were, he said: "Sauterne with the oysters, sherry with the soup, Rhine wine with the fish, claret with the roast, champagne with the game, salad and dessert and cognac with the coffee."—New York Tribune.

Wantano—Here, read over this feature of the proposed charter amendment and tell me what it means.

THE NEED OF COURTESY.

IT IS IN BUSINESS AND SOCIETY WHERE IT IS MOST NEEDED. If young people, especially in small towns, would form courtesy clubs, of such this idea upon existing organizations, it would result in great advantage not only to the young people belonging to such associations, but also to the towns themselves.

We find a great many men and women side tracked all along the pathway of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manners and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.

It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood and womanhood. Other things being equal the employee who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence. These qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Everywhere we see young men and young women drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine manners are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one indispensable quality sought after everywhere.

There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to courtesy, to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve racking noise.—Success.

A GOOD CHANCE TO BUY. But He Hadn't the Nerve to Pay the Price Demanded. A handsome bachelor of Baltimore, well known in social and educational circles, acknowledges the truth of the following story: He was driving with a very pretty and attractive young woman when on the outskirts of the city they met a lad of about twelve years leading by a chain a singularly ugly but finely bred bull terrier. The pretty girl went into raptures over the dog, and her escort determined the animal should be hers.

"Say, sonny," he called, "what will you take for your dog?" "Nawthing," replied the lad. "Nonsense," cried Mr. Blank, "Here's \$5 for him." "No, I won't. This here dog ain't for sale." "Ten," said Mr. Blank, and then, growing desperate, "fifteen, twenty." But the owner still refused.

All the time the conversation was going on the youth, although talking to the man in the buggy, kept his eyes fixed on the other occupant of the vehicle, and at last he said gravely: "I don't want yer money, but if you'll just give that lady there a kiss you may have the dog." Mr. Blank was speechless. He stared at the boy an instant and then put the whip to his horse, starting him off at a run.

The story goes that a mile was gone over without a word being spoken, when as the horse's rapid gait became slower as it turned down a country lane the pretty girl turned ever so slightly and said shyly, "Oh, Mr. Blank, why didn't you buy that dog?" Baltimore Sun.

Man's Influence. The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least, his personal influence. Man's conscious influence when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is so-called small, but his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other.

Material For a Whole Chapter. "Have you—ever thought what you would do," asked the literary forger as his cable train entered the tunnel, "if this structure should cave in when you were about half way through?" "Often," replied the Chicago man. "I should demand the return of my nickel."

And the literary forger made a memorandum in his notebook. He had discovered another interesting peculiarity in Americans.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Confidence in Higher Society. Not long ago a certain young American was a guest in a country house which received an unexpected visit from royalty. It seems that when the party was first made up the royalties were included. Then, something interesting, the great guests thought they could not come, and their places were filled with people of less importance. But after the party has assembled the hostess received a telegram saying after all, if it would be convenient, their royal highnesses would come with pleasure. The young American went at once to his hostess, saying: "Now, I understand thoroughly that if your party had been arranged to meet royalty I should not have been included, and I want to relieve you of any possible embarrassment by going at once."

She only laughed at him. "You'll stay just where you are. Rather, you will move up a story higher. You are the very least of my troubles. I wish the others were all as sure of acceptability to the royal guests. If you were an Englishman, there would have to be great care and selection before you could be asked to meet them, but as it is one only has to say you are 'American.' That satisfies all possible inquiries." It is hard to say whether this is a matter for pleasure or for resentment. But there always seems to me still a certain condescension in this very friendly attitude.—Chalmers Roberts in World's Work.

Wooden Nutmeg Baskets. "You have heard," said the tobacco dealer, "of wooden nutmeg baskets—those were the things that gave a new fame to Connecticut—but did you ever hear of tobacco made of wood? Such a tobacco was put out in cigarettes by an enterprising British firm last year. It was shredded pine wood, colored very artistically and saturated with certain drugs that gave it a taste resembling tobacco remotely," says the Philadelphia Record. "The cigarettes were cheap, and they had a good sale among the young. The British firm's business increased. A good number of machines for shredding wood were installed in its factory, and the hands worked overtime to supply the trade. Then suddenly the law stepped in. The firm was fined \$1,000, and the manufacture of pine wood cigarettes came to a full stop. Here, as a curiosity, is a wooden cigarette that I have saved. It looks, you see, like the real thing. I guess, too, that it would taste as much like the real thing as many of the cheap cigarettes that are on the market."

Catalpa Wood For Ties. The demand for railway ties will cause a demand for some substitute for wood within the next few years unless some method be adopted which will replace the already depleted supply of timber suitable for this purpose. White oak, the standard wood for ties, is too slow a grower and renews itself only once in a century. As early as 1818 General William Henry Harrison called attention to the catalpa tree of the Valparaiso valley as being of extreme durability. Various railroad men have since demonstrated the entire suitability of catalpa wood for ties. There is great probability of the establishment of catalpa plantations by some of the enterprising railroads of the country. It has been found that with good treatment trees at twelve years will make one tie each. At twenty-five years of age the trees will yield twelve ties each, or over 2,000 an acre. The seasonal growth is about one inch in diameter.

Beachy Head Falls Away. Beachy head, with its seven white cliffs of varying height, called the Seven Sisters, says the London Times, is a prominent and well known headland on the south coast, the highest point being 550 feet above the level of high water. Unfortunately the cliff in front of the lighthouse of late years has shown signs of insecurity, which in 1893 culminated in a very heavy fall, amounting, it is said, to no less than 85,000 tons of chalk. Again in 1896 another dislodgment occurred of an estimated quantity of 80,000 tons. By these serious downfalls the distance between the lighthouse tower and the cliff edge was reduced from 100 to 70 feet, and there are now warning signs that further disintegration of the cliff may sooner or later take place. Thus has arisen the necessity for a new lighthouse on a more stable and enduring site.

Future Newspapers. What will the newspaper of the future be like? Mr. Victor Murdoch, addressing the Kansas Editorial association, declared that within forty years the daily newspapers in large cities would be issued in a series of editions, each being devoted to one kind of news. In each city there would be only one paper, and a single corporation would control the papers everywhere. Political information would be given mainly in the form of authentic interviews with public men. But the paper as a whole would have no political bias.—London Express.

Jamaica's Banana Industry. Nature seems to have made Jamaica the home of the banana, but it remained for American enterprise to turn the yellow fruit to gold. It is estimated that 9,000,000 bunches of bananas were shipped from that island last year. At an average of 35 cents a bunch this would yield \$3,150,000. It is also stated that about \$1,850,000 is paid out annually in wages by fruit companies. This would bring a total of \$5,000,000 to the island in one year as a direct result of the fruit trade.

His Grace. Bishop Willberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman who when asked to say grace looked anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table. If there were, he began, "Bountiful Jehovah!" But if he saw only claret glasses he said, "We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies."

To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues. We can no longer be useful when not well.—Johnson.

How did he ever get the title of 'Hon'?" "He declined a nomination for alderman once."—Chicago Tribune.

PLANT PECULIARITIES.

THE HONEY FRUIT TREES AND OTHERS PROTECTED BY THORNS. Most persons think that the stems of a plant grow from the roots. On the contrary, the roots grow from the stem. In the case of a plant that dies down to the ground in autumn it is not the roots that send up a new stem in the spring, for a part of the true stem remains underground on the root crown, and from it grow up the bud bearing stems in the spring. When a seed germinates, it sends the light loving stem upward and the dark loving root downward.

Saw off part of a tree trunk and you will find a series of rings in the center to the bark, each ring marking a year of growth. But these rings indicate also which of the seasons through which the tree has lived were dry and which had plenty of rain. The rings are always of unequal width. The narrow ones represent dry seasons and the wide ones seasons when the conditions of growth were better by reason of plentiful rain.

Every rose has its thorn, and the same may be said of such fruits as blackberries, raspberries, etc., only they are not real thorns, but prickles, which strip off with the outer bark, while thorns will not strip off, being hardened, undeveloped branches.

Why do bushes and vines have prickles? Many people wonder at it, for they see no good reason for such a growth. But there is a reason, as there is in everything in nature. The prickles are given to them as a protection against plant eating animals. The stems have a pleasant, aromatic taste, and cows and sheep would be sure to eat them in winter, when they crave something fresh, if it were not for the prickles.

Ants In Siam. M. Charles Meisse, a French explorer, in traveling through Siam observed a species of small gray ants which were new to him. These ants were much engaged in traveling. They lived in damp places and went in troops. To his surprise he noticed among them from time to time an occasional ant which was much larger than the others and moved at a much swifter pace, and such of these larger ants M. Meisse saw always carried one of the gray ants on its back. While the main body of gray ants were always on foot, they were accompanied by at least one of their own sort mounted on one of these larger ants. It mounted and detached itself now and then from the line, rode rapidly to the head, came swiftly back to the rear and seemed to be the commander of the expedition. The explorer was satisfied that this species of ant employs a larger ant, possibly a drone of the same species, just as we employ horses to ride upon, though scarcely more than one ant in each colony seems to be provided with a mount.

Bret Harte. In an article of reminiscences Mary Stuart Boyd says that Bret Harte never obscured his personality. He also had a dread of people regarding him for his work only, not for himself. "Why didn't you tell me it was Bret Harte who sat next me at dinner last night?" wailed one of society's smartest young matrons in a note to her hostess the morning after a large dinner party. "I have always longed to meet him, and I would have been so different had I only known my neighbor was." "Now, why can't a woman realize that this sort of thing is insulting?" queried the author, to whom the hostess had forwarded her friend's letter. "If Mrs. — talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man, how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"

A Musical Bed. A Bombay man has constructed a bedstead priced at 10,000 rupees. It is thus described: "It has at its four corners four full-sized, gaudily dressed Grecian damsels—those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box which extends the whole length of the cot and is capable of playing twelve charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure has been brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads. While the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep.

Too Good a Liar. A young man from Banffshire was spending his holidays in Aberdeen. While walking on "the green" in company with his uncle he was surprised to see so many kites flying. Observing one far higher than the rest, he called his uncle's attention and asked if ever he had seen a kite flying as high before. "Did ever I see one as high before?" Man, Jammie, that's naething, for I have seen some o' them clean out o' sight."—Scottish American.

Boston Public Library Advantages. Harned I suspect I should be a little more than a literary man. I know he spends the greater part of his time in the public library.

Howes—Yes. He tells me it is so quiet there he can get a nap almost any time without being awakened.—Boston Transcript.

Her Diagnosis. Mamma—You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is upset. Little Dot—Yes, I guess it is, mamma, 'cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nothing Peculiar. "I told the boss that I would like an increase in my salary," said the clerk at the neckwear counter to the floor walker. "What did he say?" "He said that everybody would."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Part of the Sans Souci property, where Robert Louis Stevenson lived in Hawaii, has been purchased by the Commercial Pacific Cable company for a landing station for the projected cable.