

FALLING FROM ALOFT.

Peculiar Exception of Sailor Men From Accidents of This Kind.

"One of the wonders of seafaring life," writes Charles Protheroe in "Life in the Mercantile Marine," is the singularly small proportion of sailors who meet with death or accident by falling from aloft.

"Having to tumble up aloft at all hours and in all weathers to perform acrobatic feats that would almost puzzle a monkey, the saying among sailors about 'hanging on by the eyebrows' becomes almost a truism.

"One would think the situation was highly speeded with danger without needlessly increasing it. Yet it is not altogether an uncommon thing to see a man, if he happens to be barefooted, run out along the yard in preference to using the footplate placed under it for the purpose, to reach what is a post of honor, the weather casing.

Parents as Teachers.

Of all the teaching in the world ninety-nine one-hundredths at least is done by fathers and mothers. Every child learns more in the way of actual facts from the day of its birth until the end of its seventh year than it can possibly learn in all the rest of its life.

A Live Oak Too.

The bride was fair and slight and the bridegroom was dark and stalwart. They made a most interesting pair, and the people on the long distance train who had watched them more or less openly from San Francisco were cheered by the sight of a shower of rice which fell out of the bride's parasol two days later.

"I reckon there's no need for me to say we haven't been married long," he announced in full chest tones, "but I can tell you one thing. You don't want to smile any more than a polecat, for she's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak, and I weigh 204 pounds."

A Quaint Examination.

Silence, it appears, is an unknown quantity at a divinity examination in Mandalay. The commencement is signaled by the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums. While the candidates are writing their answers the cause is surrounded by a jabbering crowd, who pass audible remarks about what is being done. The test lasts ten days, and the people make the examination the occasion for gaining merit by feeding the candidates, and cart loads of provisions of all sorts find their way to the pagoda precincts, and Burmans from every quarter go round collecting money to provide the competitors with the necessities of life and luxuries as well.—Rangun Times.

The Death of Mark Antony.

Mark Antony gave the world for a woman's love, but found himself so poorly compensated by the exchange that in desperation at the approach of Octavius and being informed that Cleopatra was endeavoring to make terms for herself by surrendering him he stabbed himself with his dagger. Being revived, he received the message sent by Cleopatra that she desired to see him. He was carried to her place of refuge. Cleopatra and her maids raised him by ropes to the window of the tower where the fallen queen found her last home. He was lifted in and died in her arms.

Peculiarities of Fish.

There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot live out of water and the other that they can live in any pure water, the food supply taking care of itself. As a matter of fact, there are fish in Africa which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year, have developed lungs, while in many an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided owing to lack of food.—London Field.

Reasonably Certain.

"I understand old Skintint has got religion." "It's possible." "Do you really think so?" "Well, if Skintint and religion have come together at all I think it is safe to say that he has got religion. There certainly is nothing to indicate that religion has got him."—Chicago Post.

The Same Boy Who is Taught to Believe that the drumstick is the best part of the turkey grows up to imagine that his wife always gives in to him.—New York Press.

A Self Milked.

Mrs. Meadows—Yess, Hiram got rid of the brindie cow that uster steal her own milk. Mrs. Korntop—Dew tell, I s'pose he took most anything he could get for her? Mrs. Meadows—He jest got doubt, 'er he paid fur her; sold 'er to the new man from the city 'er a self milked.

POLLY LARKIN

The Precious America cup that Sir Thomas Lipton has been trying in vain to recover and carry across the Atlantic is now in real danger, for next year the challenger for the long-coveted trophy will fly the pennant of Mrs. Græme Hunter, wife of the Scottish millionaire. Mrs. Hunter is enthusiastic over the idea, and has arranged that Messrs. Denny of the Clyde, builders of the last two Shamrocks, will build the trophy yacht, but for a designer she expects to bring forward a man whom she regards as the equal of Herreshoff, Alfred T. M. Mylne, who has designed a number of fast small boats and whose fifty-two-footer, Moyand, has gained a name for itself this season in all the British regattas. Mrs. Hunter was present at the final defeat of Shamrock III, has been visiting relatives in New York, and while keenly regretting the defeat of the trim yacht Shamrock she has only praise for the victor, and the enthusiasm with which she speaks of the excellent points of the Reliance is mingled with her deep sympathy for Sir Thomas Lipton. She is confident that Great Britain can produce a yacht better than any that has yet been constructed in America, and as her husband, who is many times a millionaire, shares her views on the subject, we will have to look to our laurels. We may have beaten Shamrocks I, II and III, but who knows what the Scottish Thistle may do toward bringing down our pennant and wresting the silver cup that has been kept on this side of the Atlantic by the Reliance and carrying it back to Great Britain. Polly has so much faith in women that I believe where they have a motive in view they will not rest until they have gained their point and accomplished what they have set out to do. Mrs. Hunter is an expert yachtswoman and has made this theme a study. She will no doubt trace the fine points of the Reliance and contrast them with the faults, as she sees them, of the Shamrock and profit by the misfortune of the latter. Polly does not think that Mrs. Hunter, or any other aspirant for the cup, will find the American yachtsmen napping, but still as long as there is an enthusiastic and determined woman at the helm of this new project it is well to be on the alert.

Some people carry their grief on their sleeve, Polly, and it is all outside show," said an old friend the other day. "Such people can wallow in grief, make a bluff of wanting to die, to wear their friends out by their repining and constant lament, and yet get over their grief so quickly that it is a marvel to their friends, for they can be the gayest of the gay and the most conspicuous party in any place of amusement. They are the kind, Polly, who prefer to wear a broad black band of crape on their arm, instead of dressing modestly and quietly in the plain black that has been the custom for generations past. Anything for a new fad. Mind you, I am not a stickler for heavy mourning, as some people term it, with crape covering nearly the entire dress and heavy crape veils falling from the crape bonnet and enveloping the figure in its somber and depressing hue and folds, nor would I insist upon it if any of my people objected to mourning. If they wanted to wear cheerful, bright colors I would not consider it any lack of respect to my memory, still the quiet and unpretentious costume in black is more to my taste and more in keeping with my feelings when death has claimed anyone belonging to me. Everything bright seems like a mockery to me then. I want to get away from it all and stay in the shadow until time, the great healer, has taken the keen edge off of my sorrow. You may think I'm old-fashioned, Polly, for I can never get accustomed to this band of crape on the sleeve as a badge of mourning."

It is only a fad, this band of crape on the sleeve, and it will not last. In fact, it has already had its day and its popularity is on the wane. Dame Fashion has already turned it down as a back number, and from now on it will be the exception and not the rule. I recently saw a young lady attired in the brightest shade of red, and on her arm was her badge of mourning. "That young lady buried her father only last week," said a friend, as she passed chatting cheerfully about the new, or I should say, the "old" play, "Everyman." "Things have changed wonderfully during the past few years. Time was when a bereavement of this kind visited a household that the members and the nearest relatives bade good-bye to society for a certain time—called the first period of mourning—and remained quietly at home, giving up amusements of all kinds. Why, I can remember when I was a child and death called one of my little sisters home that the whole household was turned into mourning. The crimson-covered furniture was covered with linen covers trimmed in black braid, the pictures were covered over in crape, and even the servants were provided with mourning. I am glad those days are past, for they cast a gloom over the whole household and kept the shadow of death in the house and made us forget that the departed was at rest and that there was a glad, triumphant song at the coming of a new soul into the land beautiful. All this has changed, Polly. I know of one undertaker who lets in all the sunshine and pure air he can into the house of death. He, like many others, has dispensed with the long, narrow board, etc., and now the quiet sleeper is made to appear as if sleeping sweetly on a little white couch or bed, and frequently a canopy of filmy lace

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

SKILLFULLY DONE, THEY WILL AMUSE AND MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS.

How to Tell Every Card in the Pack With its Back Turned Toward You. The Thirty-two Trick—A Clever Way to Tell Drawn Cards.

This undoubtedly is one of the best illusions performed with cards, as it not only brings the whole pack into use, but is also legitimately founded upon arithmetical principles. By this trick you are able to tell the whole pack of cards with the backs toward you, also to sort them after being cut any number of times in the mere act of dealing them out in a row. It is performed thus: A pack of cards being distributed on the table, with their faces upmost, they are picked up one by one in the following order: 6, 4, 1, 7, 5, king, 8, 10, knave, 9, 2, queen. Repeat the same series of every thirteen cards. Four times over will of course complete the pack.

That the above order may be remembered, the following words are used as a guide to the memory and they are intended to enumerate the cards: The sixty-fourth regiment beats the king seventy-five; up starts the king, with eight thousand and three men and ninety-two women.

Hence this trick is said to be done "by words!" The pack being arranged, it may be handed to any of the company "to cut," with the proviso that this operation be done in the following order: 10, 3, knave, 2, queen, 8, 10, knave, 9, 2, queen. Repeat the same series of every thirteen cards. Four times over will of course complete the pack.

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BRIEF REVIEW.

German Winegrowers.

The winegrowers of Germany have always had an evil reputation, as a class. Nearly four centuries ago Erasmus denounced them with burlesque violence, protesting that all the ills which afflicted his old age were due to the foul decoctions he drank when an innocent youth, although he had most certainly avoided German wines for many years. The trial of Dr. Schlamp von Hofe aus Nierstein shows that his fraternity still practices the ancestral arts, with improvements suggested by modern science. It was proved that this ingenious personage, one of the largest winegrowers of the country, first added 5 per cent of water to his vintage. Then he mixed a quantity of cheap Greek wine and fortified the whole with ammonia, tannic acid, gelatin, isinglass, raisins and sugar, finishing with a few drops of some mysterious liquid which he carried in his pocket. The fine is \$300 or imprisonment for 300 days in default. Dr. Schlamp urged the public prosecutor to spare him on the ground that nearly all of his colleagues did the like, and exposures would ruin the wine trade. It was a business-like argument, but the prosecutor heard it unmoved.

Suit for Marred Beauty.

Hearing of the efficacy of the Roentgen rays for the removal of hairs from the upper lip, a lady in Hanover, aged 35, applied to Dr. Karl Bruno Schurmayer, a properly qualified doctor and Roentgen ray specialist, for treatment. He operated twice, but instead of removing the superfluous hairs the operation resulted in the skin of the face becoming red and the lips swollen. The lady thereupon brought an action against the doctor and was awarded \$60 damages, against which he appealed, but the decision was upheld.

Product of Alcohol.

A molecule of alcohol is composed of two atoms of carbon, six of hydrogen and one of oxygen; so synthetic alcohol is obtained by uniting these atoms accordingly. For a long time it has been known that by direct combination of carbon and hydrogen in the electric arc acetylene can be obtained. Sufficient hydrogen must be added to the acetylene to produce ethylene, a constituent of illuminating gas. In combining water with ethylene alcohol is obtained. This alcohol is produced in France without the employment of vegetable matter.

The Premier of New South Wales has been urged by a deputation of ladies to institute the curfew bell, prohibit the employment of barmaids and prevent the sale of cigarettes to young children.

The most prominent Austrian trade union, the Gewerbe Verein of Lower Austria, has decided to send a deputation to the United States in 1904 to visit the St. Louis exposition.

It is announced that the British museum has purchased the ten pound aerolite which fell recently at Crumlin, County Antrim, Ireland.

Love your neighbor as yourself, but put a barbed wire fence around your wife and your securities.

The fellow who makes a fool of himself is never lonesome.

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Phil May and His Models.

Many of the figures in Phil May's book "Guttersnipes" were sketched from memory while staying up the river. "One day," he said, when speaking on the subject, "I saw a delightful little model for my purpose, a dirty, ragged bit of girl humanity. I spoke to her and wrote a message on my card for her to give to her mother. Next morning she came in charge of an older sister, as tattered and unkempt as herself. When I had made my sketches of the two of them I asked the elder one if she had any more sisters like herself. 'Oh, yes, four or five, worse than I am.' 'Bring them round,' said I. 'Is the little one to come again?' she asked. 'No, I've done with her.' The next day they came, the little one included. She had persisted in it, for she said: 'He's my artist. I found him first.'—London Tit-Bits.

British Museum Lottery.

The British museum was begun with \$500,000 raised by a lottery scheme. Of that lottery, authorized in 1753, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor and the speaker of the house of commons were the managers and trustees. This amount was \$1,500,000, raised by fifteen dollar tickets, to provide \$1,000,000 for prizes and \$500,000 for the purchase of the Sloane collections and the Harleian library and for cases, house room and attendants.

Savage Revenge of a Gypsy Band.

A young Hungarian gypsy who had betrayed his party to the authorities after a robbery begged the magistrates at Magyar Egres for protection, as his companions threatened to kill him. The man was given shelter, but the room was found empty on the following day. Eventually his body was discovered in a field. The eyes had been burned out, the tongue excised and the man hanged by the feet on two acacia trees. The body had been cloven in two.

A Step at Whistler.

A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to James MacNeill Whistler, politely requesting his opinion. The letter was sent in care of the famous American painter who was at home. After four months the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times, "Unknown."

The Real Force.

"Man does his best when he is hard put to it. Necessity, you know, is the mother of invention," said the observer of men and things. "Yes," replied the benedict, "but if necessity were invention's mother-in-law then you'd see how invention would have to bump itself."—Philadelphia Press.

Evidence of an Eyewitness.

Guest—Why do you believe in second sight, major? Major Darby (in an impressive whisper)—Because I fell in love at first sight.—Punch.

NAPOLEON'S LETTER.

How the Initial "M" Penetrated the Great Conqueror's Career.

From Marengo to Moscow was the long swing in the pendulum of Napoleon's life, the one the greatest battle out of which he came with his life, the other the abyss which engulfed him. Mr. J. M. Hackley, who is a literary expert on coincidences, points out how strangely the letter M played a part in the life of the great conqueror.

Marboe was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marle Louise, partook of his highest destinies. Metterlich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmon, Macdonald, Murat and Mouton—and twenty-six of his generals or divisions had names beginning with the letter M.

Murat, duke of Bassano, was the conqueror in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montevideo; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemy's capital and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Mollato to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him, afterward Marmon. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu.

Wordsworth's Secret.

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it remains a secret, a something as far beyond human subtlety to explain as is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," "Genius," "inspiration"—it is hard to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nary, it is precisely because they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is apt to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isakiah, but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."—Bradford Torrey in Atlantic.

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NEW SHORT STORIES.

Oscar Hammerstein and His Cow.

Oscar Hammerstein was pacing up and down in front of his Victoria theater the other afternoon when a boy approached leading Sukey Longtail, the cow who lives in the Dutch village on his roof garden, says the New York World.

Sukey had been ill the night before, and a veterinary who had been called in suggested that she be taken out for a walk. With much difficulty the animal was taken down the passenger elevator. She had spent hours dodging trolley cars to the joy of a crowd of small boys.

"Can you get her in the elevator all right?" inquired Oscar of the boy. "Sure! Kin youse eat?" responded the boy, who had been hired by the property man and didn't know Oscar.

With much chatter boy and cow disappeared inside the door and headed for the elevator. A moment later Mr. Hammerstein was startled by a loud crash of glass, bells and shrieks. Daring inside he came upon a wild-eyed boy flying around at the end of a rope. At the other end was Sukey Longtail. Around her neck was the frame of a picture stand, and on the hind hoof was what was left of a photograph of the manager himself.

The cow no sooner laid eyes on Oscar than she lowered her head and prepared to advance. Mr. Hammerstein is valiant by nature, but he realized that it would be better to be discreet for five minutes than a cripple for the rest of his natural life, and he disappeared in the box office. The cow thereupon laid waste much of the foyer.

Sympathetic Brigands.

Modern banditti retain in Epirus all the audacity, with some of the picturesque, of the old time brigand. A somewhat striking instance is recorded from the town of Konitza. A bridegroom, with his family and man friends, was proceeding with violins, fiddles and other musical instruments, according to the custom of the country, to bring the bride, when, half way, they found themselves beset on all sides by seventeen armed brigands, who, at the gun's muzzle, compelled the surrender of every farthing in money and every article of jewelry they possessed—even to the nuptial ring. The coup being quite successful and the booty large, as the family was well to do and they were many handsome wedding gifts and personal jewels, the brigands entered into the spirit of the occasion, returning the nuptial ring and coins equivalent to 20 pence per head in order that the bridegroom's friends might not cut a too humiliating figure at the nuptial merry-makings. Then, with many good wishes for the future happiness of the bridal pair, the robbers departed.

A Rily and Nye Joke.

James Whitcomb Riley tells this: "Bill Nye and I once played a good trick on a New York millionaire. Twenlow was the fellow's name, and he was an insufferable snob—insufferable. All over his house hung family trees, an-



JUST TELL HIM HIS UNCLE FROM THE WORKHOUSE CALLED.

cestral portraits, crests and coats of arms. You'd have thought him descended in a direct line from at least a hundred ears.

"It happened in New York one day that Nye was upset by a dry and rolled about in the mud. When he got up he was a sight. His clothes were in rags, his shirt and face black and his hat without a rim.

"Let's go and see Twenlow," he said suddenly. "Think how disgusted he'll be to see me in this rig."

"We went to Twenlow's house, and a stunky in knee breeches answered our ring.

"Mr. Twenlow is not at home," he said. "Oh, very well," said Nye. "Just tell him that his uncle from the workhouse called."

The Judge Also Ran.

Judge Holman of Indiana, famous for years as the "watchdog of the treasury," was one of the picketers from Washington who went to see the first battle of Bull Run fought. He drove down with many other members of congress, firm in the idea that the Union soldiers would make short work of the Confederates, and, with the rest, was panic stricken when the Confederates chased the Union soldiers back in confusion.

Years later he was telling of his experiences. "It was there," he said, "and pretty soon the soldiers and citizens who had gone to see the battle began to come by, running fit to kill. I watched them for a spell, and then I thought I'd better be getting along home."

"Did you run?" asked Judge Culbertson. "I hastened a bit," confessed Holman. "Which way?" "To tell the truth," said Holman, "I veered a trifle to the north."—Saturday Evening Post.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Irish Royal Castle.

There is some talk that Kylesmore castle, in Galway, will be selected as the royal residence in Ireland. The king drove through a portion of the grounds during his recent visit to the Emerald Isle and expressed admiration for the beauty of the place and its surroundings.

Kylesmore castle is the biggest of all the great Irish homes, having been built about twenty years ago by Mitchell Henry, a wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer, who set up for an Irish constituency as a Liberal.

A vast fortune was sunk in the building of Kylesmore. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that there are 200 bedrooms in the house.

The grounds cover thousands of acres and are within a mile or two of the coast. The castle has remained untenanted and neglected for many years, and the man who built it hardly enjoyed it. He had made in the grounds two large lakes, and in one of these the only daughter of the house was accidentally drowned while gathering water lilies.

From that day Mr. Henry refused to occupy it. No suitable tenant was found for the property, although it has been to let for the last decade. About six months ago the trustees put the estate up for sale, but the property was withdrawn, as the highest bid was only \$150,000.

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