

HAD A FIXED INCOME.

An Unfortunate Question and a Pleasantly Frank Reply.

A lawyer who formerly practiced his profession in Georgia tells in the New York Telegram this amusing case which he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, Colonel Culver, who figured in local politics. A "trifling" negro, Ben Sutton, had been arrested at the instance of his wife, who was tired of supporting him and insisted that the court make him work.

I defended Ben at the instance of my uncle, who was, I am sorry to say, inclined to carry favor with the colored voter. Ben was on the stand, and I was examining him.

"Now, Ben," I said, "Amanda declares in her complaint that you don't give her any money, and—"

"Dat ole woman's a'fays complainin'," interrupted my client.

"Yes, I know, but what I want to ask you is: Are you able to support her? Have you any income—that is, any fixed income?"

Ben looked puzzled. I tried to explain and told him that a fixed income was an income on which a person could rely absolutely, not one contingent on odd jobs—in other words, a certainty. My uncle was sitting at my elbow coaching me, and I thought I was doing right well.

"Now, tell the court," I concluded, "have you a fixed income?"

"Yessar," answered the black scamp. The answer almost took my breath away, for I had not counted on it.

"What?" I thundered. "You mean to say that you, Ben Sutton, have a steady, reliable and fixed income on which you can absolutely depend?"

"Yessar."

"What is it?" I gasped in desperation.

"Well, sar, you see," returned Ben, "Colonel Culver, thar, a'fays guvs me 'fo' bits an' a sack uv flour on ever' lection day."

MEMS OF THOUGHT.

Pardon others often; thyself never.—Publius Syrus.

We like to divine others, but do not like to be divined ourselves.—Boche-foucauld.

The Good Spirit never antedates. He never gives us today what we shall need tomorrow.—Emerson.

Do not make excuses to yourself for your failures, but look them squarely in the face and study how to avoid their repetition.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—Gail Hamilton.

We dig and toll, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bonds the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Peel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

God has put it into man's power not to fall into real evils, and the fact that we cannot avoid death shows that it is not a real evil, else God would have put it in our power to avoid it.—Marcus Aurelius.

A man who lives entirely to himself becomes at last obnoxious to himself. I believe it is the law of God that self-centeredness ends in self-nauseousness. There is no weariness like the weariness of a man who is wearied of himself, and that is the awful Nemesis which follows the selfish life.—J. H. Jowett.

The One Above.

I especially remember Emile de Girardin, editor, spouter, intriguer, the "Grand Emile," who boasted that he invented and presented to the French people a new idea every day. This futile activity of his always seemed to me best expressed in the American simile, "Busy as a bee in a tar barrel."

There was, indeed, one thing to his credit: He had somehow inspired his former wife, the gifted Delphine Gay, with a belief in his greatness, and a pretty story was current illustrating this. During the revolution of 1848 various men of note, calling on Mme. Girardin, expressed alarm at the progress of that most foolish of overtures, when she said, with an air of great solemnity and pointing upward, "Gentlemen, there is one above who watches over France." ("Il y a un la-haut qui veille sur la France.") All were greatly impressed by this evidence of sublime faith until they discovered by the context that it was not the Almighty in whom she put her trust, but the great Emile, whose study was just above her parlor.—Andrew D. White in Century.

Lives of Animals.

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domesticated beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at twenty, a donkey at twenty-five and a cat or dog at fifteen. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still: the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life and then being taken off by the cold if they are not previously snapped up by a bird.

It Was Both.

"What do you think of old Uncle Peter deriving all his money for the erection of a mausoleum over his remains?" said the first needy relative.

"Awful!" replied the second. "It's just a wasteful waste."

"Huh! I call it a wasteful will,"—Philadelphia Press.

Flushed For a Compliment and Got It. Alice (looking at her portrait)—Don't you think that Mr. Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?

Edith—Yes, he really has. What remarkably clever artist he is!

The Cannibal's Barbecue. Killiam (a native of the Cannibal Islands)—They are having a barbecue down on the beach.

Eaten—What's the entree, man or woman?

Killiam—Neither. They've captured a ship laden with newspapers, and they are devouring the news.—Princeton Tiger.

POLLY LARKIN

"Polly, I have been wondering what we are going to do with our boys," said a gentleman the other day. "You see, the way things stand now the unions only allow employers to take just so many apprentices, and no matter how much they need other boys in their work, they are not able to take them. There are scores of boys in San Francisco to-day wanting to learn a trade but there is no opportunity offered them. My son has gone from one place to another and failed. Then I went with him, and even offered to pay one firm to take my son into their place of business and let him begin at the foot of the ladder and work his way up, but the proprietor only shook his head dismally. He would like to have taken him but there was no vacancy. Listen at that, Polly, no vacancy; yet there is a vacancy for every foreigner, no matter how ignorant he is. They are filling every available place, but there is no room for our own American boys, born and reared and educated here. The majority of the foreigners who are filling the places of our own American boys do not even know what the Constitution of the United States contains. What do they care? They have never been allowed any privileges in their own country, from which many of them have fled, but here they propose to rule. Now, answer me, if you can, what do the people of California propose to do with our boys? Make vagabonds or vagrants out of them? Drive them out of the State to learn a trade? Bring them up in idleness because there is no place for them in our own Golden State, so rich in prospects for the foreigners that they pour into our wide open doors and usurp the places of our native sons? Mind you, I am not casting reflections on the foreigners as a whole, for there are many such that are an addition to any community and loyal, welcome citizens and not a bight. This question of what to do with our boys who want to learn a trade is getting to be a serious problem, and I want to know what the fathers in this State intend to do about it?"

"Another thing, Polly, that strikes me as being very strange are the conditions now existing in New York. It looks to me as if the labor parties, particularly among the builders, were doing everything toward cutting their own throats financially. Here it is bordering on what is predicted is going to be a severe winter, and we all know that New York is not a land of sunshine and flowers in the winter time, but on the contrary, the greatest suffering and distress prevail, many deaths occurring annually from starvation and freezing. Yet by their concerted action laboring men have tied up over seventy millions of dollars that should have been put into circulation by the capitalists and business men of moderate means. They have just simply paralyzed business in building circles. All contracts have been withdrawn, and for all the moneyed men care these men can walk the streets and freeze while their families cry in vain for food and fuel. 'Tis a queer state of affairs, Polly, to a man who has been brought up in the 'old school' as I have. It is not the moneyed men who are going to suffer when the thermometer drops below zero, but these men who seem to be blind to their own interests. I hope I haven't tired you, but I thought possibly I might feel better if I could talk the matter over of 'What are we going to do with our boys?' I read what you had to say about making home pleasant for the boys and I heartily concur in that, so concluded you might be interested in what was to become of them after they had finished school and wanted to take up something that would insure them being honorable and upright industrious citizens. My wife says 'Wait patiently, for there's bound to be a turn in the tide,' but it is hard to be patient when you see your boy becoming more discouraged and impatient over the delay from day to day."

Is the old-time amusement for doll-playing going out of fashion, I wonder? The largest manufacturer of dolls in Germany and from where all the most beautiful creations in the doll line come from, complains that there has been such an alarming falling off in orders, particularly for high-priced dolls, that they are contemplating going out of business in a way. This might alarm the mother hearts of all the little girls on this side of the Atlantic who every year pen their letter to good Kris Kringle modestly requesting from one to half a dozen dolls for them to adopt and bring up in the way they should go. "So far America is the only country which has not fallen off in its orders to an alarming degree," says the report from this celebrated German doll factory, so we need not worry about our little American girls losing their fondness for the pastime that has retained its interest for centuries for the wee folk. I do not see what could take its place, for it is a rare thing to find a child who does not prefer a doll to any other plaything or game of amusement. The dollies come first, last and all the time, and Polly hopes it is one of the fads that has come to stay.

Speaking of doll-playing, did you ever notice how a little girl will imitate her mother in the care of herself when she is toddling and loving her doll. One minute she will smother it with kisses and the next moment scold and shake it until its glass eyes rattle. She will put it in a corner with its face turned to the wall for a minute at a time and then bring the little culprit out. Various punishments she will try

and you can rest assured that it is the same chastisement she has seen in her own home. Occasionally you find a child who is always gentle and loving with her doll. She talks and reasons with it, never punishes, for in her home whipping for an offense is never known, her parents do not believe in it when reasoning with the child will do just as well and which will not humiliate her before the eyes of others and crush the spirit and wound the sensitive nature of the little child. The best family of children, six in number, that I have ever seen, had never known what it was to be punished. The parents reasoned with them and talked the matter over, much as they would have done with older and wiser members of the family who were guilty of some offense. It appealed to all that was noble and manly and womanly in the little children; they were ashamed and ready to atone for what was possibly only the result of a childish act. Whipping would have only crushed the proud little spirit of the child. Many times has Polly heard a child after being severely punished say with streaming eyes and voice trembling with rage and indignation, "I hate my mother," or, "I despise my father," and for the time being they meant every word they said. I saw a little boy right after a severe punishment for some very trivial offense, and after studying, as he said, "how to get even," walked up and emptied a box of earth on his mother's front door-step. She was scrupulously neat and he knew nothing would horrify her much more than to find her front door-step in such an untidy condition. Hegot the extra whipping he expected, but he smiled while it was being administered. Home was not very pleasant for that boy and he finally ran away from home and shipped on an outgoing vessel. Nothing was heard of him for six years and then he wrote home, stating he was homeward bound. He visited his parents for a few days but nothing would induce him to remain at home. He was one of the boys that could have been reasoned with instead of being chastised with the rod. A child, boy or girl, usually uses the language they hear at home, and if they threaten to "break the doll's neck" or to "beat their dog within an inch of his life," in their quiet every-day play, nine times out of ten they are familiar expressions in the home circle.

BRIEF REVIEW.

No Russians Wanted.

The Finns, even in their great distress, have not forgotten their national sense of humor. Unable to make any effective political resistance to the faithless encroachment on their liberties made by the Government of the Czar, they adopted a policy of retaliation that must have been singularly irritating to their victims. In the last year or so even a Russian subject, let alone a Russian officer, had the greatest difficulty in getting a drink at a Finnish restaurant or accommodation at a Finnish hotel. It was a case of "no Russians served here," and the policy naturally caused great inconvenience at a time when Finland was being flooded with Russians. At last, however, the authorities have taken cognizance of this system of attack, and now, under pain of a heavy fine, the Finnish hotel-keeper has to admit any who come to him for accommodation. It will be interesting to watch whether Finnish ingenuity can devise any other method of obstructing the Russification of their beloved country.

Attacked by Bats.

William Newlin, after a desperate battle with bats the other night, was compelled to go to the Germantown Hospital, Philadelphia, to have his wounds dressed. Suburban residents have been greatly annoyed by a regular plague of these winged vermin lately, and they are particularly plentiful in the neighborhood of Willow Grove avenue and the Reading Railroad. Newlin was passing this point when he was assailed by a legion of these pests, and after fighting them for a while was compelled to flee. They dashed at him viciously, biting him about the face, head and hands until the blood flowed from the numerous wounds. Arriving at the hospital, the doctors promptly cared for his hurts while he told them of his unusual experience.

Weeds Impede a Train.

Kansas is having trouble with weeds just now. The Paosca branch railroad has almost gone out of business because of them. The weeds grow on the road-bed in luxurious style, and as section hands could not be hired, the weeds grew over the rails. The wheels of the engine crushed these weeds and made the rails so slippery that it took the train two hours to go seven miles.

Washington's Watch.

Leland M. Finks of Calhoun, Mo., claims to have a watch which was once the property of George Washington. It is a silver affair, and is said to have been used by Washington to time his fast-horses of the Washington family. He claims that these two things have been in his family for many years.

About 16,000,000 tons of freight are annually carried on the Ohio river, which has a length of 1,000 miles from Pittsburg to Cairo.

A belief in witchcraft still prevails in parts of Lancashire, England, and in the Isle of Man and still more strongly in the Hebrides.

The girl who thinks she has brains is seldom a favorite with men. It is just as hard for her to please as to be pleased.

STRANGE CONTRAST.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN UPLAND AND HOT LAND MEXICANS.

Why the Characteristics of the People in the Two Sections of Mexico Are So Unlike—Excerpts of Two Centuries of Seridom.

There is no country in the world that presents more strange contrasts of land and people, habits and customs, heat and cold, than Mexico. The table-lands of the country are a mile and a half higher than the coast lands, and between these there are to be found all gradations of climate. This fact lends much of the picturesque and strange to Mexico and gives it a variety in all things possessed by few, if any, countries in the world. Of all the inhabitants of Mexico, the life of the people of the hot country is the most interesting. This is strange to say, due to the fact that there the people have ever possessed more of freedom than in the colder localities. For two centuries or more the great mass of people of the uplands were slaves. They toiled in the mines, with a guard of soldiers set over them; they built the public roads; they worked the ranches, farms and haciendas for masters who gave them scarcely more than the food they ate. The great farms of the uplands have ever required sure help, and so each ranchman had his serfs. Many estates of hundreds of them. Thus all individuality was crushed out of the lower class, and the terrible effect of this condition of things is still evident. The people of the hot lands fared better, because there it was much easier to make a living and much harder to hold very large haciendas. For this reason the characteristics of the people are quite distinct from those of their brethren of the upland plateaus. In the hot lands many Indians still claim to hold in right of inheritance from remote ancestors portions of land each in his own individual right. There, too, the mayor of the village or town holds office so long as he pleases the mass of the people. In the uplands it has been the custom of the rich and powerful to distribute offices of all kinds as part of their prerogative of birth and wealth. The lower classes of the uplands, although they now have the advantage of a fairly good public system of education and are becoming gradually educated, are in the main a distinctly unambitious people. They were so long in serfdom that they feel that the world of the middle and upper class people is beyond them. They have, therefore, no interest in anything outside their circle of friends and acquaintances—that is, in a political way. But not so in many hot country villages and communities. There the Indian has ever been more or less a factor in the life of the community in which he resided. On the uplands there are long stretches of more or less bare lands, with mountains rising up boldly in the background. In many parts during the dry season the land is almost barren of vegetation. But in the hot country grow tall and shady trees and thick undergrowth. Everything grows almost without attention from the hand of man, and yet, strange to say, the poor, or laboring man, is there more ambitious and a better worker than the poor of the colder uplands. This is not natural and is only explained by the different conditions in which they have passed the last 400 years. Seridom on the uplands extinguished all ambition in the lower class. The lower class of the hot country people are fond of social life, and almost any night or early evening of the year throughout one may find groups of people in a little Indian village gathered together and entertaining one another in front of some one of the houses or on the public square, which every Mexican town, however small, possesses, with music, songs and occasionally dancing.—Modern Mexico.

A Limited Edition. There is a paper published in London called the Anti-Top Hat. It depends for its circulation not upon subscribers, but upon the will of an eccentric old man who had the conventional form of headgear with a hatband which he carried below the grave. He fought the "stovepipe" hat while alive, and when he died he left his nephew \$2,000 a year on condition that he edit and publish a monthly paper devoted to ridiculing the "top hat." The nephew accepted the legacy and the responsibility and issues his paper regularly, though he confines each edition to three copies, one for himself and one for each of the old man's executors.

The Arabic Language. There is no language more poetical than the Arabic language, where snow is called "hair of the mountain" and the rainbow is "bride of the rain." Red mullet is "the sultan of fishes," maidenhair fern is translated by "little out of the well." Ordinary Arabic words show an etymology which is only explained by the word for secretly means literally "under the matting" and never is expressed thus: "When the charcoal takes root and the salt buds." Uncontrolled ascendency of imagination marks the Arab and endows his nature with a fascination all its own. An outdoor life is his heritage, and the things of nature are a part of himself. Spring he calls "grass"; summer is "gleaming"; autumn is "fruit"; winter is "rainy."

The Mother of Pearl Industry. The center of the mother of pearl industry is Singapore. The shell oyster is six to ten inches long, the larger ones weighing as much as ten pounds. It is found on hard bottom channels between islands, where the current is strong. In gathering it a diver takes with him a bag of coir rope a fourth of an inch in diameter, made in large meshes, which, while suited for holding the shell, does not impede his traveling along the bottom.

What Fred Douglass Said. One cold night during the height of the civil war Hon. Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a big shawl on top of his overcoat and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and lowering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question, "Indian?" "No!" shouted Douglass. "Nigger?"

THE CODE IN ANCIENT TIMES

Famous Duel in the Days of Good Queen Anne.

In the reign of good Queen Anne duels were no less frequent than in the rowdy, riotous days of Charles II. Lord Mohun, a dissolute, remorseless nobleman, was the terror of honest London citizens at this time, and many were the infamous escapades in which he played chief character. He was guilty of one act which bears no other name than that of murder—the killing of poor Mountford, the actor, in cold blood because he endeavored to protect the honor of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous and beautiful actress. It was Lord Mohun who fought and killed the Duke of Hamilton, an affair which all will remember who have read Thackeray's great novel, "Esmond."

The duel was fought with swords in Hyde park, the challenge having been sent by Mohun to the duke, who had, with perfect accuracy, stated that one of Mohun's creatures "had neither truth nor justice in him." The Duke of Hamilton received a wound in the right side of the leg about seven inches long, another in the right arm, a third in the upper part of the breast, running downward toward the body; a fourth on the outside of the left leg.

Lord Mohun himself was mortally wounded, receiving a large wound in the groin, another in the right side through the body, in which the sword plunged right up to the hilt, and a third in his arm. There is no doubt he rightly deserved his death, because, departing from the rules of fence among men of honor, he shortened his sword, thrust under his opponent's guard and stabbed the duke in the manner of a common assassin.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1796 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-87 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 250 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, is an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal, as well as Mayon, has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1864, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.—Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

AN OBSTINATE MAJOR.

He Had His Way Even After He Was In His Coffin.

Many amusing stories are told of the great formality blended with a humorous brusqueness and independence which characterized early Revolutionary days. An incident of camp life is related by the author of "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast."

In 1798 the first United States troops that came down the Mississippi were quartered at Fort Adams. General Wilkinson, Colonel Hamtramck, Major Butler, Captain Green and other officers were merry over the public one night, and the general, by some accident, got his cue burned off. Angry at the laugh which followed his mishap, he next day issued an order forbidding any officer to appear with a cue. Obedient to orders, all the officers but Major Butler cut off their cues.

"The vain old prig!" said the major. "I'll see him hanged before I cut off my cue to gratify him!" And he boldly appeared without changing the style of his hairdressing.

The major was put under arrest, but he declared obstinately that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before he would comply with such a silly command. Soon afterward he was taken very ill, and, realizing that he was at the point of death, he gave instructions for his burial, which he knew would be witnessed by the whole command.

"Here a hole," said he, "through the bottom of my coffin, right under my head, and let my cue come through it, that the old general may see that even when dead I refuse to obey his order."

And these directions were literally carried out.

A Queer Police Force.

The policemen in Haiti are paid by results. They get capitation fees for all the arrests they make. As they come from the worst class of the population and are under no discipline, it follows that a man is very liable to be arrested in Haiti unless he is willing to pay the policeman more than the capitation fee. As this fee is only 15 cents, the price of freedom is not prohibitive.

If a man objects to paying the fee and says he would rather go before the judge the policeman soon convinces him of the unpleasantness of arrest with a thick club.

Cut Out the Bread.

"Idleness is a sin. The good book says that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his face."

"I sin't perticular about bread, mum. Jis' gimme some meat and a little pie and cake if der's any handy, and I'll git along. I ain't no great bread easter meself, mum."

A Blessing in Disguise.

Scroggs—Henpeck told me that he regarded the toothache as one of the greatest of temporal blessings.

Baggis—What an incomprehensible ideal!

Scroggs—Yes; he said it made him forget his other troubles!

NEW SHORT STORIES

Old John Brown's Whistle.

The silver boatwain's whistle with which John Brown piped orders to his men while they were at Harpers Ferry has been discovered in Washington by the officers of the Kansas Historical society. An effort is making to secure the instrument for the society's museum.

When John Brown gathered his men around Harpers Ferry and began preparations for the seizure of the arsenal he instructed them, according to the story, to hide themselves in the mountain forests and to refrain from being seen together. Then he gave them instructions to listen each day at sunrise and sunset for their orders, which would be piped to them with the boatwain's whistle.

These instructions were carried out to the letter, and for some days preceding the attack on the arsenal the people of Harpers Ferry heard the mysterious piping from Brown's headquarters. The notes would be taken up by the nearest of his followers and passed on over the mountains until the farthest distant of his band had received the word of the commander.

When Brown was captured the whistle was taken from him by Lieutenant Stewart of the regular army, who afterward became a lieutenant general in the Confederacy. Stewart finally gave it to Colonel Washington, who in turn presented it to John Cassin, then a well known lawyer in this city. The whistle is now in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Cassin, who lives in Georgetown. It is about nine inches long and in an excellent state of preservation.

His Face Was Familiar.

James Neill and his wife (Edyth Chapman) were in Chicago not so very long ago, and while there Mr. Neill thought he recognized a waiter in the hotel dining room.

"Where have you waited on me before, my good man?" he asked. "In San Francisco, Los Angeles, Spokane or Denver?"

"I've never been west of Chicago, sir," was the answer.

"But your face is very familiar, I'm sure," said the actor. "You must have waited on me somewhere."

"Yes, sir; I did, sir," admitted the gentleman of the cloth smilingly.

"And where was it?"

"In 'Divorcans,' sir. I was engaged by Mrs. Fiske when you were her leading man, sir, to take part in the dinner scene, sir. It was a number of years ago, sir."

It was afterward explained that the professional waiter was engaged to lend realism to the scene on the occasion mentioned and that on several occasions since he has "supported" Mrs. Fiske in her revivals of the French comedy.—New York Times.

Where the Road Began.

General Chambers McKibben was once sent out to examine and report upon a road in the far west. He was ordered to ascertain its condition and where it led to. He followed instructions carefully and in his report detailed how it followed certain brooks and streams, went over rolling prairies, passed different groves and finally up a hill and climbed a tree.

"I think you had better leave that out," said his commanding officer.

"This report is to go through the usual military channels and will be filed. A road would not go up a tree."

"That is where this road went," insisted McKibben. "It kept getting fainter and fainter, but it led up the hill and right up to that tree. There was no evidence of even a trail beyond the tree, but it was blazed far up toward the top, and that was the end of the trail. No, sir; this report stands. I am prepared to substantiate every part of it."

And it is so recorded in the archives of the war department.—Washington Post.

The Sense of Loss.

The late R. H. Stoddard was fond of contrasting the English and the French workman, to the great advantage of the latter. One of his comparisons dealt with the death of Dickens.

"A short time after Dickens died," he would say, "a friend of mine visited the scene of his 'last hours' and, in search of Dickensians, stopped in a neighboring inn. He spoke of the novelist's demise to the waiter. 'A great loss,' he said.

"A great loss indeed to us, sir," the waiter agreed. "He had all his ale sent in from this house."

"Contrast with that," Mr. Stoddard would exclaim, "the answer of a waiter to whom on the afternoon of Mira bean's death a guest said: 'A fine day.' 'Yes,' the waiter answered; 'it is a fine day, but—Mirabeau is dead.'"

Quite Deliberate.

"I am glad to say," remarked Mr. Seekton, "that I never spoke a hasty word to you."

"No, Leonidas," answered his wife rather gently; "I'm willing to give you credit for not hurrying about any thing."

The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Tale of a Connecting Link.

The Darwinian theory has recently received more tangible support in the Gaya district, where an infant has been discovered who is possessed of a tail. The case is reported to the Indian Medical Gazette by Captain Chatterton, I. M. S., and the infant is apparently causing a sensation and may in time prove as great a curiosity as was worshipped as the god of Hanuman, the monkey god come back to earth. Captain Chatterton describes this curious child as follows:

"The child had what appeared to be a tail. I made the following note at the time. The spine is apparently perfectly normal. Over the base of the sacrum is a bony swelling, from the lower portion of which emerges a perfectly skin cover, tail-like appendage about three to three and a half inches long. This appendage is capable of a limited amount of motion. It was slightly when the infant takes the breast. There is no evidence of any bone in this 'tail.' It feels tough and elastic. It appears to be connected by soft attachments to the sacrum. The tip of the coccyx can be felt in its normal situation under cover of the 'tail.' All the other parts of this baby were normal. The parents absolutely refused to entertain the idea of having the tail removed. The reason is, I think, that the fame of the baby has already begun to spread, and I have no doubt that by judicious management it will prove a source of income to its parents."—Amrita Bazar Patrika.

The Story of a Compliment.

L. Frank Baum, the author of fairy tales, tells a good story at his own expense. While at a southern winter resort recently a lady who has a penchant for meeting all sorts of celebrities secured an introduction to Mr. Baum and asked permission to present her little daughter, a miss of seven, "who knows every one of your books by heart." The young lady, lank haired and round eyed, extended her hand in a mechanical fashion, and, starting straight into the author's face, she remarked, "Mr. Baum, I think you're a very wonderful man." Somewhat embarrassed by this direct praise, the children's author patted her head and asked, "Why do you say that, my dear?" "Because mamma told me to," answered the child complacently, and in the roar of laughter that followed the stricken mother made good her escape.

Ellen Terry's Admirer.

Miss Ellen Terry tells an amusing story of an admirer she had during an engagement with an old stock company. Each night a bunch of fresh violets was sent to her anonymously. They were so sweet that one night she tucked them in her belt just before she went on the stage.

The next night the bunch was larger, and with it there was this badly written letter: "I've seen you wear my violets, so I know you've had them. Look at me. I shall be in my shirt sleeves and my legs hanging over the front of the gallery." And, sure enough, there he was, and Miss Terry smiled a kindly recognition.

An Underground City.

In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Daria, are a number of large caves which upon examination some time ago were found to lead to an underground city, built some two centuries before the birth of Christ and composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high.

It is supposed that long centuries ago this city, so carefully concealed in the bowels of the earth, provided an entire population with a refuge from the incursions of nomadic savages and robbers.—New York Herald.

Overcrowded London.

The last census of London showed one-third of its huge population living in overcrowded conditions. It stated that of the 4,500,000 Londoners, 2,000,000 have no more than 400 cubic feet of space per person to live in, 900,000 are living in space less than is