

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

The Various Methods Used in the Disposal of the Dead. The disposal of the dead among civilized nations has usually consisted of one of the following three ways: First, of closing up the body in earth or stone; secondly, of burning the body and committing to earth the ashes, and, thirdly, the embalming of the body. The earliest form of interment of which we have any account was that of the prehistoric cave dwellers, who buried their dead in natural grottoes and crevices in the rock similar to those in which they had lived. When we come to the later stone age we find that the people throughout Europe buried in chambered barrows and cairns. Next comes the bronze age, with its changes, and among others the burial of the dead. The chambered barrows passed away, and in their places barrows were frequently used without chambers, and cemeteries of stone cists set in the ground were largely employed. Frequently a natural eminence of sand or gravel was the place assigned for burial, and around it were circles of standing stones. During these prehistoric times cremation was also practiced side by side with the simple interments of the people. In pagan times it was customary, whether the dead were buried with or without cremation, to put in their graves such articles as urns or vessels of clay, bronze, gold or glass, clothing, personal ornaments, implements and weapons of warfare. Cremation was largely abolished when Christianity spread over the country, and the interment of grave goods was restricted to kings and priests, who continued to be buried in their royal and sacerdotal robes and with their insignia of office. Down to the tenth century cremation was customary among the tribes located along the Volga. Here also human sacrifices in honor of the dead prevailed. Records of eyewitnesses of the horrible ceremonies have come down to us. Charlemagne prohibited this usage among the conquered Saxons under pain of death. In India the living widow was in many instances down to 1829 burned with the corpse of her husband.

NAMES OF FABRICS.

Muslin is named for Mosul, in Asia. Serge comes from Xerza, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket. Bandanna is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie. Calico is named for Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed. Alpaca is the name of a species of llama from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven. The name damask is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in China. Velvet is the Italian "velluto," woolly, and is traceable farther back to the Latin vellus, a hide or pelt. Shawl is from the Sanskrit sala which means fire, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry. Cambric comes from Cambrai, gauze from Gaza, balze from Bajac, dimitry from Dimetia and Jeans from Jean. Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the fourteenth century—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Family Discussions.

Discussion in families often arises from a lack of mutual consideration among the members of the family. The "soft answer that turneth away wrath" is forgotten for the hasty reply, the unkind retort, that kindle the fire of ill feeling. Love does not linger in the home where rudeness shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfishness, of self control, of thoughtfulness and of charity makes the atmosphere sweet. The woman who is quick to take offense is not like her whom Holy Scripture says, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Happy homes depend on happy hearts. Home is distinctively a woman's sphere, and she who sweetens it most makes earth nearer heaven.

On the Installment Plan.

Mrs. Browne—Oh, what lovely wedding presents! Such beautiful silver-ware and such rare china! Wasn't it nice to get such presents? Mrs. Greene—Yes, it was, but we are now beginning to pay for them on the installment plan. Mrs. Browne—Pay for them? On the installment plan? Why, Mrs. Greene, what do you mean? Mrs. Greene—Why, the young people who give us wedding presents are getting married, and we have to send them wedding presents.—Lippincott's.

Another Word For It.

"Henry," said Mrs. Smudgers, glancing over the front page of the newspaper, "what do they mean when they say 'tax one train telegraph another'?" "They mean, my dear, that it rushed right into it. It is a bad kind of collision." "Collision? Then why don't they call it a collision instead of a telegraph?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Great Game of Chance.

"But why," asked the authorities, "are you young women so interested in this anti-gambling crusade?" "Because," was the reply, "if we succeed marriage will be the only game of chance left open to the men."—Chicago Post.

No Cajolery About It.

"Why did you let that girl cajole you into subscribing for her book?" "Cajole me! She didn't cajole me. She just looked into my eyes and drew one of two long breaths."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Remembered.

"What is a stomach pump?" asked the teacher in physiology. "Taking a trip across the lake," promptly responded Tommy Tucker.—Chicago Tribune.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

POLLY LARKIN

Two Ladies Entered a Restaurant

Two ladies entered a restaurant the other day and took seats at a table next to Polly. They conversed in a tone so audible that I could not help but hear every word and not half try. Glancing over the bill of fare one lady remarked, "I'm going to have clam chowder, tenderloin of sole and tartar sauce, lamb chops, peas, and some ice cream and black coffee to top off with. Now, what are you going to have?" "Oh, I'm not hungry, so I think I'll take a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee." "I thought you said you were 'as hungry as a bear' before you came in here," said her friend, surveying her with a look of surprise. "I thought I was until we sat down." "And now a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee will satisfy you. Well, it doesn't fill the bill with me at all. I want a good hearty dinner, and I used to do just as you are doing now, and I'll wager for the very same reason. You are thinking that your husband, hard-working man that he is, is taking a modest lunch of doughnuts and coffee. That's what he tells you, and you, poor simpleton, believe it. I used to pass along the streets and look wistfully in the show-windows at the candy, for I have the same sweet tooth that I had when I was a child. I wanted ten cents' worth of candy as much as any child ever wanted it, but there was that poor husband of mine grumbling about expenses and begging me to be as economical as I could, so I would pass by. One day, I remember, I was fairly faint from hunger, for I had been shopping all morning getting shoes, hosiery, winter clothing, and goodness knows what, for the children. I want to tell you, to begin with, however, that I always aimed to give my husband a good, hearty breakfast, always mush and cream, ham and eggs or steak and fried potatoes, biscuit or some kind of hot bread and plenty of good coffee, for, poor man, he only had coffee and doughnuts for his lunch. Well, this day I speak of, he had had his hearty breakfast, and I had had my usual toast and coffee, and as I said before, I was fairly faint from hunger, so I went into a restaurant, looked over the bill of fare, shut my eyes to the good and tempting dainties that appealed to my appetite, and ordered a ham sandwich and coffee. Presently my husband came in and sat down to a table in front of me without being conscious that I was in the vicinity. I thought it was a good joke and I would wait until he got to eating and I would then join him.

"The following was his order of 'doughnuts and coffee.' First, he tipped the waiter a quarter who grinned delightedly and danced attendance to his wants in a very much more interested way than he had me, and if you'll believe it, he waited on him before he brought me my simple little order. His 'doughnuts and coffee' order amounted to coffee, salad, fish, tenderloin steak, the kind I would have bought if I had had guests in the house, fried potatoes, corn, asparagus, claret, mince pie and black coffee. I was simply paralyzed. I thought I would not make myself known then and just watch developments. I guess they thought I was a long time eating my sandwich, but I just munched along and bided my time. When he finished he dipped his fingers daintily into the finger-bowl the waiter brought him, looked at himself in the glass, and walked jauntily to the counter and paid his bill of seventy-five cents and lighted a good cigar. I was the next one to pay, and when I laid down my ten cents I said, 'There's quite a little difference between that gentleman's bill and mine.' 'Oh, yes,' said the cashier, 'he's a high liver; he comes here all the time and his bill is never less than seventy-five cents. He always has the same waiter, and as he tips him generously he gets the best that's going.' I was fairly stunned for a moment, and you can imagine my feelings. The worst feature about it was his trying to deceive me and the whole family and attempting to make us believe that he was doing the self-denial act. 'I tell you, my dear, I never saw a supremely selfish man yet who was not a ways attempting to make his family believe that he was doing without the comforts of life for the sake of his family. If he went off on pleasure jaunts he made the excuse that 'a friend insisted on his going and he could not refuse the invitation.' It is humiliating to think he would accept these favors gratis.

"Well, I didn't have very much heart to do the rest of my shopping, for I felt like I was walking in a dream. That evening he came wearily in as usual, all his jaunty air gone as soon as he entered the door and sank into a chair with a sigh. When we sat down to supper I waited until the children got through eating and had left the table, when I asked, 'Did you enjoy your lunch to-day, Bob?' 'As much as anyone could; the same old doughnuts and coffee,' he replied. 'This must be an age of miracles,' I said sarcastically. 'What do you mean by that?' he asked, looking up suddenly. 'Only this, Bob; not even in all the wonderful miracles of the Bible did I ever know doughnuts and coffee to turn into soup, salad, fish, sirloin steak, fried potatoes, corn, asparagus, claret, black coffee, mince pie and a good cigar.' 'Who told you this?' 'I'm false, I can tell you.' 'Then my eyes deceive me, Bob, for I sat directly behind you, and I thought I would just see, poor fellow, how you enjoyed your much despised doughnuts and coffee.' 'It only just happened so. It was the first time in months that I sat down to a decent meal, and I was sat

out with work and felt the need of something hearty.' 'Wrong again, Bob. Your memory deceives you, for the cashier told me you were a high liver, always paid no less than seventy-five cents for your 'doughnuts and coffee,' and tipped your waiter generously. I had my sandwich and coffee. Now I will tell you, Bob, I can never have the same respect for you, and from now on don't you ever dare say hard times to me, or grumble at expenses or ask me to be economical, for I shall not do it. This day I quit buying old tough steak for the children that they can hardly eat, while I had a tender chop of the best part of the steak reserved for you. For months you have not so much as bought a ten-cent treat for the children. I have told you over and over again, and we need this and that for the house badly, and you have ignored everything and everything. There has never been a pleasure devised by you for the members of the family that you were not the central figure in it, and would reap the most enjoyment from. I never realized until to-day how selfish you are, and how totally indifferent you are to me and the children. I can never feel the same toward you, and I haven't. Once a woman gets her eyes open, she'll never be blind again.

"Now profit by my experience, you just duplicate my order. Your husband is not suffering, he is going to have just what he wants regardless of whether you and the children have anything or not. While you are saving he is spending, and your little miserly economy only gives him that much more to squander. Let him know that you have got your eyes open at last and he will have more respect for you than he has had before, and he will be ashamed to prate about hard times when he realizes that you know how he lives."

The order was duplicated and Polly was glad of it, for he was one of the men always poverty-stricken in his own home but gay and debonair on the outside. The little woman who wanted the ham sandwich and coffee went out wiser than when she went into the restaurant. The friend who had enlightened her knew for a fact that her husband was exactly like her own, who had pulled the wool over the eyes of the entire family with his 'doughnut and coffee' tale of woe.

Remembered. "What is a stomach pump?" asked the teacher in physiology. "Taking a trip across the lake," promptly responded Tommy Tucker.—Chicago Tribune.

A GLIMPSE OF TOKYO

SCENES IN THE SCARRED CAPITAL OF EASTERN JAPAN.

A Widespread Medley of Unpleasant Sights, Odors and Sounds—Some of the Incalculable That Beget the Foreigner in Shopping. Tokyo, the vast sprawling capital of eastern Japan, a comparatively young city, is agitated with the scars of fire, of earthquake and of war. This great city, one of 1,000,000 inhabitants, spread over what is popularly estimated as a hundred square miles, seems still to cover in the shadow of the forest of the great Iyeyasu. For the American tourist unprepared for the real orient and knowing Japan only through her art products and the few pen pictures of the artist rhapsodists who have embarrassed her, the scene that greets the eye is a rare purgative. Except for the stately and dignified tombs of the shoguns and the fine official grounds and buildings of the capital, the streets are assailed on every side by unpleasant sights, odors and sounds.

Approaching Tokyo by train from Yokohama, beyond the green hillsides placarded with enormous advertisements. Arrived in the city, he finds the poster and billboard everywhere monstrous and flagrant. Stagnant sewers lie along the roadside, and foul odors arise from the pavements, constantly wet down by the householders. Porters and storekeepers with a rag of a breechesuit or a scant skirt jostle, shout and stare, and perhaps a whole family may be seen in a doorway ready for the tub, from which you see the steam arising. A street filled the Ginga is the state of Tokyo, and here in the evening you may find an infinity of wares spread out upon the walk, which is one of the few real sidewalks in Japan. Most of these wares, however, are a vast inconsequential array of cheap trifles, such as the enterprising manager of an American "five cent store" might gather together. There are, however, a number of somewhat pretentious stores to be seen by the persistent shopper.

Shopping in Tokyo, however, is attended by many inconveniences. To begin with, your rickshaw man knows no English and nothing about the stores, and the names and numbers of streets are known only to the map makers. Where a street has a name it is likely to belong to the shady side and to run around the block instead of continuing from the next corner. If, however, you succeed in finding a store your troubles have just begun. The proprietor sits at the rear of the establishment, cross legged, before a small desk. By virtue of being in his own store he has reached the summit of earthly desire and cares nothing about you. Perhaps if you wait some small clerk of a dozen years or less will come to wait upon you, and, seeing you are a foreigner, will charge you extra for the few words of English he can master.

BRIEF REVIEW.

The Price of Radium. Radium, discovered in 1898, was valued at \$5,000,000 a pound. Its estimated value has since been reduced to \$2,721,565.90 a pound, which is a very material reduction, but the price is still high. We read with interest that a Buffalo man, Stephen T. Lockwood, expects to engage in the manufacture or extraction of this interesting substance, and hopes to lower the price still further. His hopes, as recorded in the papers, are based on the possession of certain deposits of carnotite in Utah, from which he has been able to extract radium, and which he believes, can be induced to give its radium up somewhat easier than the pitchblende from which the radium so far obtained has been extracted. We hope he will succeed. Radium is the most interesting substance out, and, dear though it is, a very little of it goes a great way, and exists, apparently forever. We want more of it, for, unlike liquid air, it seems ready to be of use for something besides amusement and speculation.

Odd Bird Without Wings or Tail. There is a peculiar bird commonly known as the "kiwi," its scientific name being apteryx mantelli. It is the lowest form of bird which exists, but is so scarce that scientists are happy to get a specimen in any condition. It is absolutely without wings or tail; its legs are short and stubby, but very strong, and are used by this bird for digging. The body covering is a cross between hair and feathers—a material which is very coarse. They can develop great speed, and make a desperate fight when attacked. Breeding them in captivity has utterly failed, and only a few museums can boast of a specimen. They are now very rarely found in the forests and swamps in the north of New Zealand.

Must Live in the City. The Leipzig (Germany) City Council has passed an ordinance compelling all city employes to take up their residence within the city limits. As the water works, lighting plants, storage warehouses, markets, pawnshops, hospitals, etc., are municipal, a large number of people will be affected. It is said that this action was taken in order to foster Leipzig's growth, to increase the city's income and to concentrate the Conserva-

Trade in Animal Products. The total value of the exports of animal products in 1902 was about \$3,000,000 greater than the like exports of the previous year, but there was a decrease of nearly \$8,000,000 in the value of cat-fish exported. This was due to the sharp demand for beef cattle in this country.

Plausible Inference. Gilbert Gray, how do you know Miss Merrin has remained single from choice? Horace—Because I never heard her say she had.—Boston Transcript.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness? Professor Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.—Town Topics.

Merciful. Man—Oh, yes; she refused me and gave me no reasons whatever. Maid—Isn't she a saint?—Judge.

Nature knows no pause in progress and attaches her curse on all inaction.

MARINE ART.

Virtues and Defects of the Ships That Sailors Paint.

It is an axiom with sailors that there never was a man who put his three years before the mast who did not think he could paint a ship better than the most skillful land painter that ever wielded a brush. In the homes of retired sea captains specimens of this kind of marine art are often displayed on the walls to admiring friends and are handed down as family heirlooms. A good place for the man who has no seagoing relatives or friends to see such pictures is in some of the windows of ship supply stores on South street in New York. Sailors buy them occasionally.

Ships that sailors paint are absolutely correct in every detail. From a brig to a full rigged three master there is not a block or tackle missing from stem to stern or from masthead to water line. No marine painter could get in half so much detail if he tried. But the ships painted by sailors look as if they were caught fast in frost tipped waves. There is absolutely no life or any suggestion of motion about them even when represented as going under full sail. When a sailor tries to get in a bit of landscape as a background, as he usually does, he makes matters hopelessly worse. As a general thing it is a lighthouse or a fort looking for all the world like little images that children take out of their toy arks.—New York Press.

Englishwomen of Rank. "If you come across a very shabby looking Englishwoman on the continent," said a traveled American, "in nine cases out of ten she will turn out to be somebody of rank. When I was in Florence, I was a great frequenter of the Uffizi galleries, and there I met a number of times an oddish English woman with a young girl, whom I took to be governess and pupil, as the former was evidently educating the latter's taste for art and would analyze the styles of the different artists and make the girl pick out their pictures through her knowledge of technique. It was cleverly done, and as the older woman saw that I was interested in her art lectures she kindly included me in the curriculum. The girl was shy and stiff, like most of her young countrywomen, and I never heard her call her companion by any name, so I still retained my first impression until one day when a smart young person, who was evidently a lady's maid, brought in some wraps and addressed the older woman as 'your grace' and the younger one as 'your ladyship,' the two proving to be the Duchess of and Lady Emily, her granddaughter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Musie the Kernel of Welsh Nature. Musie is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the nation's birthright. Every Welsh teacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the hawl and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A Remarkable and Subtle Fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive disorder to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister, in 'giving out' the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.—Westminster Review.

A Bret Harle Story. Bret Harle was once asked in London if he did not exaggerate some of his western character creations. He declared that he did not and told this true story, which he had always feared to put into print: A well known desperado came into a saloon, and of course those who knew him had business elsewhere at once. An English tenderfoot remained, and the bad man invited him to drink. The Britisher innocently said he did not care to do so, a dangerous remark to make in those days, whereupon the desperado reached for his gun and said in a tired sort of way, "Can't I ever have a drink without killing a man?"

A King's Warm Bath. When King Edward III. of England was among his torturers, who hurried him to and fro that no man should know where he was, they set him down upon a bank and the more to disguise his face shaved him and washed him with cold water from a ditch. The king said, "Well, yet will I have warm water for my beard," and so shed abundance of tears.

Ferred He Had Been "Done." A messenger boy was sent by an official of one of the big banks to purchase a pamphlet. When the lad returned and handed over the little package he stood toying with his cap until the banker said: "Well, my boy, I guess it's all right." "Gee," said the boy, brightening up immediately, "dat's a load off my mind. When dat bookman took de half dollar an' didn't give me nothin' but dat twenty, dinky bit of readin', gee whiz, I says, he's a-doin' me up fur fair! Why, I don't pay up any nickel fur my books, an' dey're twice as big as dat one."—New York Press.

An Expensive Error. The commuter started up from his seat, twisted about, frowned and sat down again as the train moved. "Anything the matter?" asked the chap who had got on at the last station. "Yes," replied the commuter gloomily, "yes, there is. For the second time this week the conductor has punched my mail instead of my railroad ticket. I must get glasses for him or for myself."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Conditional. A Scotsman was on his deathbed, and his friends persuaded him to forgive a neighbor with whom he had had a standing feud for some years. The neighbor came to the dying man's bedside. After they had shaken hands and made peace the Scotsman exclaimed: "If I get better, Donald, remember all this goes for naught."—Pearson's Week-ly.

CHANGING ONE'S NAME.

The Method Is a Rather Costly One in Great Britain.

Many people change their names without asking permission from any one or paying any fees whatever. This is certainly the simplest way of getting rid of a name you do not appreciate, but it is apt to prove expensive. For instance, such a course is strictly illegal, and the government could step in at any time and demand the payment of a heavy fine; and, furthermore, if the individual who changed his name without consulting anybody happened to come in for a large sum of money unexpectedly the authorities would decline to recognize his claim if he had failed to pay the fees due to the heralds' college for assuming a name not given in baptism.

There are two ways of changing your name, and they are both rather costly. One method is to have a private act of parliament passed for your benefit. This course is generally followed only by peers and people to whom money is no object, for it costs £750. This nearly all goes in fees to minor officials for bringing your case before the legislature, inasmuch as the actual passing of the bill costs practically nothing. And the only advantage you will gain from this expensive way of going to work is that inquiries will not be made into your past history, which by the other alternative are unavoidable.

The usual method adopted for legally changing the name is somewhat tedious, if less costly, and you must have very substantial reasons for so doing or your claim will not be allowed. If, for instance, you inherit property which makes it conditional that you change your name you can do so on payment of about £50 in fees.

In the first place you must communicate with the home secretary, who, if he considers your claim valid, will refer you to the heralds' college and the king of arms. These officials will make full inquiries into your history and satisfy themselves beyond question that your reason for wishing to make the change is in every way legitimate. This done, they will again communicate with the home secretary, who will lay your claim before the king, for he alone has power to make the change being made. Eventually, after some months of waiting, you will be informed by the heralds' college that his majesty has approved of your claim and the change of name is published in a remote corner of the London Gazette.

Finally it is worthy of mention that no one can hold a public appointment under government who has changed his name without the consent of the king, however brilliant may have been his services to the country. The reason for this is rather curious. The name given you at your baptism is in theory ratified by the sovereign as head of the church, and by assuming another on your own responsibility you are deliberately breaking a law of the land.—London Tit-Bits.

The Power of the Thunderer. A great change had followed the reform bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class, which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessors, and in the fifties the influence of the paper had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sevastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, little clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy, while the public so delightedly flattered wondered at its own wisdom.—Sir Leslie Stephen in Atlantic.

Dreams of Peace Allure to Death. Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing. Human destiny has been wrought out through war. The United States is an illustration. Little of the soil which now acknowledges the sovereignty of the Union has not been subdued by arms. The first settlers slew the Indians or were themselves slain; next the Americans and English conquered the French; afterward the Americans turned on the English and, with the aid of France, ejected them. In 1812 we again fought upon a bank and the more to disguise his face shaved him and washed him with cold water from a ditch. The king said, "Well, yet will I have warm water for my beard," and so shed abundance of tears.

The Dominant Janitor. Mrs. McCall—And what did you say your eldest boy's full name was? Mrs. De Coursey—Michael Brannigan De Coursey. Mrs. McCall—Well—er—that's rather odd. Mrs. De Coursey—Yes; but you see, when he was born we were living in a flat and we didn't want to move out. Mr. Michael Brannigan was the janitor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Same Brava. "I really must send the cook away, George; she uses such dreadful language sometimes." "What kind of language, dear?" "Well—oh, the same as you use, you know!"—Brooklyn Life.

The Poet's Meals. "I'm nearly famished," sighed the garret poet. "But you told me you had two meals a day," said the friend. "Yes; oatmeal and corn meal."—Philadelphia Record.

Recommendation. "Didn't your old employer recommend you?" "Oh, yes." "Their word should have been enough." "It was. They announced me as the best man they ever turned out."

Baby Blubber. "Fat babies," said the eminent scientist, "are unhealthy. You may think because a baby is fat that it is in the pink of condition, but the fat is simply so much blubber." "My baby isn't fat," said the dejected father, "but we can't sleep at night because he has too much blubber."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiology, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Living in a Grave. A remarkable saint has recently made his appearance in Bengal and professes to effect miraculous cures of incurable diseases. During the recent bad weather he passed fifty-one days in a tank by keeping nearly the whole of his body under water, and now he is living inside a "pucca" grave six feet deep. This has been wholly covered over with masonry, keeping only a small hole (the diameter of which is about two inches) through which to serve him with his daily food, simply consisting of an orange or pomegranate juice with one almond only. In this state he will remain for five or six consecutive days, and through the hole a string has been passed into the grave, one end of it being tied to a bell suspended on a bamboo post to enable him to give an alarm in case of any danger or mishap. He also uses it to respond to calls inquiring after his health, signifying thereby that he is all right. The saint entered the grave with his bedding, some holy books, two or three bottles of rosewater and one or two vials of attar of roses, after which the opening was blocked up, barring the hole, and then, leveling the place with earth, some greens were sown, which, being regularly watered, thrive nicely. The saint has taken of plain water to wash his face, hands and feet before saying "his prayers." But the saint was not without an eye to the main chance, for one day a non-ey order came to his address from Bombay, which, being rolled up, was dropped into the grave through the hole. It was shortly after passed back duly signed by the holy man.—East Indian Exchange.

The Duke's Armored Train. The Duke of Bedford has caused a good deal of amusement to the inhabitants of Woburn by his latest investment, a sort of miniature armored train, consisting of a truck, painted brown like the duke's livery and drawn by a small steam motor. Both the motor and the truck are protected by high sides, so that the duke can go in safety into the inclosure where he keeps the wilder animals of his wonderful zoo at Woburn. Some of these beasts are inclined to be restive at times, and the duke had a narrow escape from being damaged by a large specimen of deer which turned ferocious one day when the duke and a somewhat stout friend were in the inclosure inspecting various newcomers. The inclosures are fenced round with very high palings, and the duke, who is active and slim, was soon on the outside, but his friend had more difficulty and only escaped by a very narrow squeak; hence the new importation, and now the duke and his friends can steam round the park in safety.—M. A. P.

An Internal Difficulty. Little Archie Richards at the close of the dinner sat at the table with his face suffused with tears. His mother was greatly troubled. With a sweet smile and with gentle intonation she put one arm around her little baby boy and asked: "What is it mamma's little darling wants?" "But 'mamma's little darling' continued to cry. "Mamma made another effort to find out the trouble. "Does mamma's baby boy want some more cake?" she asked. "No," said the child, while the tears continued to flow. "Does he want some more pie?" she further inquired. "No," he further replied. "Well," said the mother, making a last effort to reach his case, "tell mamma what baby wants."

The little boy managed somehow to say between sobs, "I want some of this out I've got in."—Lippincott's.

Buried Wires of Germany. Germany has carried to a more practical length than any other nation, even our progressive own, the use of buried wires. The Kaiser's land is covered by a network of underground wires or cables, which serve as a reserve means of communication in the event of storms or other above ground agencies of interruption. The details of this subterranean system of telegraph wires form one of the most jealously guarded secrets of the German war office, since the primary object is to secure uninterrupted communication between all the chief strategic points of the empire. Even an invading foreign foe could neither cut nor tap the wires. The possible utility of the system, however, even to the plain people is apparent.

Italian Immigration. In thirty years 1,291,076 Italians have come to this country. This immigration has a very peculiar character. Until 1880 the percentage of women was less than 15, but now it has increased to 33. This indicates that the immigration has a marked tendency to become permanent. Thirty per cent or more of Italian adults who have been in this country more than ten years went back at least once to Italy, and 80 per cent of those came to this country again, bringing their families with them.

A Social Innovation. J. H. Smith of New York, who is building a house on Fifth avenue, is going to give a strange party when the house is finished. Every man who has been connected with the building and his wife will be asked, and Mr. Smith will also ask a large number of his personal friends. It is not going to do this in a patronizing spirit, but he thinks that the men who build houses have some equity in the comfort to be derived from them.

Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiology, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."