

It is Not Sentiment, but Bravery With a Dash of Humor.

According to the modern notion, a man should be something of an artist in life. He should at least appear to play his part easily, with dash and gusto, like the acrobat who performs each dangerous feat smiling. This is the panache, the feather in the cap of courage-bravery with humor added. It is the spirit in which Lungtungh was taken, in which Cyrano composed his ballade while he fought a duel, for Cyrano and Alan Breck, no less, for Mulvaney and Sherlock Holmes, are very modern heroes.

Stevenson's whole life was one long devotion to this ideal. He carried his ill health and penury bravely and wittily into far corners of the earth through many strange adventures. As he wrote to William Archer: "The medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not exist in my prospect."

THE KANGAROO'S STORY.

Why the Does Throw Their Young Away When Hard Pressed.

"I have heard that men folk in their blindness deem our does to be lacking in the proper instincts of maternity because they have found that a doe kangaroo when hunted will throw away its offspring to save its own skin by hastening its speed. This," says Old Man Jack in the "Amphibology of an Australian Kangaroo" in Pearson's Magazine, "is simply scandalous and foolish."

"Men people are evidently not aware that our youngsters use the mother's pouch almost up to the age of maturity. Would they have our does attempt to fly from dogs and men and horses with youngsters weighing nearly fifty pounds in their pouches? The thing would be impossible.

WAYS OF THE MAGPIE.

The Bird is Sociable, Secretive and Full of Mischief.

The magpie has the same sort of sociability, the same secretiveness, the same thirst for education of a certain kind—the same inherent and ineradicable love of mischief as has that very versatile bird the raven. Not that in intellect and strength of character she is in any way equal to the raven. Fun she has in abundance, but hardly humor. Conscious humor, that high and rare gift of man which interpreters and coders everything in life, is, I think, possessed in germ by the raven and the magpie alone. You see it in his eye, in the pose of his head, in his walk, in every movement of his body. The eye of the magpie is, like the wit of Dickens, always on the move, nervous, excitable, glittering, scintillating. The eye of the raven is like the humor of Goldsmith. It has a faraway look. It dreams, it thinks, "It bodes and it bodes," it all but smiles. The magpie will pick up many words, or even sentences, and the raven will pick up her shell only to talk with it, or to use it as a prop for her tongue. Life is too short to listen to unpleasant things.

Servants in Germany.

It is difficult in Germany for a professional regime to enter a family as a domestic servant. There every servant has a character book, in which the mistress must enter the dates of the coming and leaving of the servant, with her character while in service. This the girl is obliged to take to the nearest police station and have it dated with the official stamp, thus preventing the manufacture of bogus recommendations.

What She Meant.

"Didn't I hear your wife refer to you as the human mite pie?" said the curious person. "Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Is that a compliment?" "Not exactly. She means that I never agree with anybody."—Washington Star.

As Usual.

"When I looked at this picture last week I failed to observe those goats down in the corner." "Probably they hid in since then."—Kansas City Journal.

The Time to Think.

Clara—I suppose I ought to stop and think before I accept him. "Maud—Oh, no. You'll have plenty of time to do that afterward."—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Pure.

Housekeeper—You claim to sell pure milk. Milkman (absentmindedly)—Yes'm, absolutely. All the water we use is filtered and germ proof.

When a man tells you that all women are delusions and snares, it's doughnuts to fudge he has been snared by a delusion.—Cooking Club.

POLLY LARKIN

Well, Miss Adelina Patti has been here and taken her flight again, likewise about forty thousand big American dollars. The pleasure of hearing this queen of song came high, but it was worth every cent to those who were fortunate enough to hear her, and they would cheerfully pay it again for the privilege of listening to her. If she did not come up to the expectations of some of her critics it looks to Polly as if it was because these same critics desire to make themselves as standing alone in their critics' row and that they have agreed before hand to differ with their brother critics in regard to drama, opera, etc. Fortunately such criticisms have little weight with an intelligent and cultured people who can judge for themselves. That she is the Queen of Song no one can dispute. The melow notes of her charming voice will dwell with the vast audience that listened intently as she soared into the realms of melody and then burst into thunders of applause as she finished and bowed her acknowledgment of the evident appreciation. Those who heard her years ago state that her voice has not lost anything in richness and tone in spite of the three score years and one to her credit. She has gone, and undoubtedly this is her last appearance in San Francisco, but the memory and the echo will linger until death rings down the curtain or old age plays havoc with fickle mind and memory. Hundreds of people who found it impossible to attend either concert, the most desirable seats being beyond their means, crowded before the theater hoping to catch a glimpse of Patti as she entered the opera-house, or better still, hoping that a fragment of song from her wonderful voice would float out to them. Who knows but what it did. If they could not be present at the feast they were willing to accept the crumbs. Patiently they waited until the concert was over and the crowds of people, radiantly happy and filled with enthusiasm, came pouring from the opera doors. Jewels were flashing and beautifully dressed women were in evidence, but they caused not a passing glance. They wanted a sight of Patti, and when she had taken her departure for her private car, Craig-y-nos, they were ready to retire but not before.

Father time has been wondrous kind to Miss Patti, for in spite of her acknowledged 61 years, she does not look much over 40 years. Her face is wonderfully smooth and velvety, and she states that she uses no cosmetics or face creams of any description and claims that she is younger than her husband, Baron Cederstrom, who is 64 years of age. She speaks of him as being a noble Swedish gentleman and the very soul of honor, and evidently they are a devoted couple.

A Unique Tribe.

The Kickapoo Indians of Oklahoma live about six miles east of Shawnee. They are trying to go to Mexico to join that part of the tribe which fled there during the War of the Rebellion. The Kickapoos are ruled by a woman chief. Her name is Wapahoko. She is 40 years old. The title was inherited. Wapahoko is already in Mexico, and her advice to the tribesmen to follow her has been accepted by all except twelve, who are still on the Oklahoma reservation. These Indians have a very peculiar marriage custom. They simply select their wives, and if the selection is mutual they reside together as man and wife and nothing is said. There are no scandals among these people. Husbands and wives are true to each other, and the quiet understanding is considered as sacred as our marriage vows. There are few acts that can be termed criminal among this small band of Indians. Murder is seldom heard of, and death is the penalty for the crime. Robbery from each other is unknown. All their possessions could be piled together in the street and no one of them would think of taking the property. Their religion is the same as Columbus found among the Indians when he first landed in America. They believe that there are two spirits—the great good spirit, and the bad spirit. The religious worship is carried on every day. It consists of dances and singing and beating of tom-toms. They are very delicate regarding their belief, and seldom take a stranger into their confidence.

A New Element, Victorium.

An account of his discovery, of the element, which he calls victorium, has recently been given by Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., to the Royal Society. It has a pale-brown color and dissolves easily in acids. Its oxide is less basic than that of yttrium, but more so than the greater part of the earths of the terbium group. The chemical properties of victorium differ in many respects from those of yttrium but, generally speaking, it may be said to occupy an intermediate position between this element and terbium.

Thoughtful Before Death.

Mrs. Angeline Harrington, aged 93 years, committed suicide by taking poison at her home in Chepachet, R. I. In making her plans for death she thoughtfully ordered a large amount of goods from a grocery store, saying that she wished a plentiful supply of food for those who would attend her funeral.

In the Dakota Presbytery.

composed entirely of Indians, there are twenty-seven churches and 148 communicants, ministered to by fifteen Indian preachers.

From 1897 to 1902, inclusive.

the total exports amounts to the almost incomprehensible sum of \$3,119,000,000, an average of some \$250,000,000 a year.

In Sweden a milk flour is made

from the skimmed milk and finds ready market.

ACTING WITHOUT ORDERS.

General Grant's Tribute to General Sheridan's Judgment. Senator Hoar in his "Reminiscences" says that at a dinner where General Grant and other distinguished men were present Commodore Alden remarked that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some dispatches, from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the enemy and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me Lee would have got off." Senator Hoar adds this comment: "I listened with wonder at the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan."

SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

Amusing Mistakes in Examination Papers by British Pupils.

The following list of amusing mistakes made by British schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by the University Correspondent. Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in S. France. The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east. The diminutive of man is mankind. Question: Define the first person. Answer: Adam. Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews—red corkscrews and white corkscrews. Asked to explain what a butress is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter," and another, "A female butcher." Teacher's dictation: His cholera rose to such a height that passion well nigh choked him. Pupil's reproduction: His collar rose to such a height that fashion well nigh choked him. A job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them. A skyscraper is an overtrimmed hat. Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labor. An enclometion is a soothing medicine. In the United States people are put to death by execution. Gravity was discovered by Izaak Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees.

SHELLFISH LANGUAGE.

Curious Clicking Sounds Heard on the Water at Night.

Most seamen will tell of curious clicking sounds heard on calm nights at sea, and the origin of the noise seems so altogether unaccountable that it has often created some alarm among superstitious fishermen. A distinguished naturalist made a careful study of the sounds on many occasions and found that it was not a sustained note, but made up of a multitude of tiny ones, each clear and distinct in itself and ranging from a high treble down to a bass. When the ear was applied to the gunwale of the boat the sound grew more intense, and in some places as the boat moved on it could not be heard at all. On other occasions the sounds resembled the tolling of bells, the booming of guns and the notes of an organ.

He Liked Young People.

In his last work, "Facts and Comments," Herbert Spencer gives a curious bit of self revelation. He confesses that, though he particularly liked society of young people, he bore him to an insupportable extent if they worried him with unintelligent chatter, and that to avoid this it was his custom to ask them some question which could not be answered without a good deal of thought. He was accustomed to base his judgment of their intellects upon the answers returned, and we can well imagine that those who were suddenly confronted with some such problem as "Why is the sea salt?" must have regarded a drive with the great philosopher as something of an ordeal.—London Globe.

The Dining Room Was Better.

There is a remarkably small church in Langdale, England, and a story is told that when Sir George Rose was dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, patron of the living, mention was made of the building. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining room." "No," returned Sir George, "and the living is not half so good."

Ingrown Appreciation.

Wealthy Patron—This portrait doesn't resemble my wife a particle—not a particle. Artist—No; it doesn't look much like her, but, oh, dear sir, the technique, the technique!

A Critical Summary.

"What do you think of that writer's work?" "Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "he has said two or three clever things and several thousand others."—Washington Star.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Quarter on Account.

Judge Riley, formerly of Virginia, but now of Washington, met a friend on the street the other day and said dramatically: "Bill, I will allow you to loan me a quarter of a dollar." "Not me," said Bill. "I have been staking you for years, and I am going to quit." "Very well," responded Riley. "If you put it on those grounds, I have nothing further in common with you." Bill walked on up the street, and as he did his conscience smote him. He thought that perhaps the judge might need the money, and he went into the Riggs House, put a quarter in an envelope and told the clerk to hand it to Riley when he came in to ask for his mail. While he was standing there Riley came in.

Schwab and the Hammer.

When Charles M. Schwab was manager of the Carnegie Steel works he was one day showing a party of eminent foreigners through the mills and furnaces. A German nobleman of great wealth displayed unusual interest in the 125 ton steam hammer. He had never seen anything larger than the eighty ton one at Krupp's works in Essen. Schwab spoke in high praise of the workman who operated the monster, and the usual invitation was extended, "Place your hand on the anvil, and Greene will stop the hammer for you." "What is it, judge?" asked the clerk. "Why," Riley replied, "there's a scoundrel who has owed me \$5 for seven years, and now he pays me a quarter on account."—New York World.

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YOUR DAILY MEALS.

A Little Sermon on What to Eat and When to Eat It.

If you eat a hearty dinner at the close of each day's work, a dinner made up of food elements which have a chance to build up the body during the night's rest, then you should eat a light breakfast, so that your new energy may go into your morning's work instead of being all used up in digesting your morning meal.

Why He Did Not Get On.

He had low ideals. He did not dare to take chances. He had too many irons in the fire. He was never a whole man at anything. He thought a good business should run itself. He did not appreciate the value of appearances. He did not know how to duplicate himself in others. He let gruff, indifferent clerks drive away his business. He trusted incompetent friends with responsible positions. He would not change fairly good methods for better ones. He did things over and over again because he lacked system. He thought he knew all there was to know about his business. He tried to economize by cutting down his advertising appropriation. He was a good, honest man, but he did not do business in a business way.—Success.

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in La Nature by a Parisian. At Vincennes, in his childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of the blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet. Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in. In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

Field's Finishing Touch.

Engene Field was once visiting the house of Richard Henry Stoddard in New York. During the evening a certain well known physician dropped in. He was a serious man and a bit pompous. The talk turned on diet. "Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round." "No," said the doctor emphatically. "No," on the contrary," cried Stoddard. "What's the contrary of eating two eggs?" "Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

A Unique Monument.

It is but often that a monument is erected in honor of the tactfulness of a hostess in a trying situation. One of the few such, if not the only one, is a bowlder from the battlefield of Harlem heights, removed to Park avenue in New York, to mark the site of the home of Mrs. Robert Murray, who entertained and so detained the British officers under General Howe while the American troops under General Putnam were escaping from the city. The monument bears an inscription on brass setting forth Mrs. Murray's achievement. What a difference there might have been in American history had Mrs. Murray been a less capable hostess!

A Certainty.

"The man I am looking for," said the mature looking splinter sentimentally, "must be utterly unselfish, brave as a lion, tender, truthful as the day, industrious, intelligent, thoughtful, of distinguished presence and one who never drinks, smokes, gambles or uses profane language. I shall not mind if he is poor—that will not matter." "Not a bit," remarked the damsel's cynical old father grimly. "He'd have a fine chance of making money, my dear." "How so, papa?" "Why, they'd give a fortune for a man like that in a show."

Caution.

"Do you mean to say you didn't give that horse thief a trial by jury?" "We didn't dare," answered Broncho Bob. "If anything as unusual as a trial took place the whole town 'ud turn out to see it, and some one would be sure to sneak in and steal some more horses."—Exchange.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Price of a Family Skeleton.

Ancient graves prove one of the most interesting obstacles to railway making in China, and wherever possible the engineers have avoided them. Some times exorbitant prices are demanded for the removal of an ancestor's remains, but through the influence of Chinese interested in the railway something like uniformity has been arrived at, and a average price now paid for a grave is 4 taels (about 19 shillings). "Feng shui," presents another obstacle. The literal translation of the term is "wind, water," but it is best explained as a system of geomancy which rules the daily action of the Chinese as a race, from the setting of a date for a marriage or a funeral to the location of a city. The site of every city, town or village has been fixed by geomancers after consulting the oracles. Each community has its guardian dragon or some such hypothetical monster, and woe betide the individual who proposes to cut it in two with tunnel or railway track.—Engineering Magazine.

The "Promoter" in England.

They have in London an "inspector general in companies liquidation," whose report on stock company insolvency for 1902, just issued, is not without interest on this side of the Atlantic. The total number of cases in which winding up proceedings were commenced during the year was 1,623, of which 1,561 were voluntary liquidations, 16 voluntary liquidations subject to supervision of the court and 112 compulsory liquidations by order of the court. The total number of new companies registered in England and Wales was 3,596. The total number of liquidating companies during the year was in proportion to the new companies registered 95 per cent as against 86 per cent during the previous year. In ten years the amount involved in liquidations was about \$2,900,000,000, of which the total loss to the investors was approximately \$1,000,000,000, a total respectable by comparison with American figures.

The Sham Brier Pipe.

The other day it was reported from Prussia, says the Westminster Gazette, that, though the amber industry had been dull of late, the trade in imitation amber had been highly satisfactory. It now seems, smokers will be interested to know, that even the brier root pipe is not what it is supposed to be. The brier root of commerce is the root of the large growing heath (Erica arborea). Brier in this connection is said to be a corruption of "bruyere" (heath). The brier root industry has had a somewhat curious history. First begun in the Pyrenees some fifty years ago, it traveled along the French Riviera and the Ligurian coast, taking Corsica by the way, to the Tuscan Maremma and reached Calabria in the south. By the very nature of the business, when a certain district has been exhausted of all its roots the industry must come to an end there. The Italian branch is not expected to survive more than ten years.

The Beginning of Cotton Thread.

Ex-Provost Clark of Paisley, England, has been relating the origin of cotton sewing thread, which was first used in that town in the weaving of "heddies" as a substitute for silk, which was stopped by Napoleon in 1803, when he seized Hamburg. Mr. Clark's grandfather and his brother then thought of cotton, which worked so smoothly that Mr. Clark's father, then a youth, took to recommending it to women instead of linen, then mostly used. Originally it was sold in hanks or skeins. These women had to wind into little balls, as they do a cut of wool at the present day. Wishing to convenience them, young Clark was selling a skein of thread wound sit down at a pin wheel and wind the thread on a bobbin, for which he charged a halfpenny. This halfpenny was refunded when the empty bobbin was returned. Such was the beginning of cotton thread.

American Families.

According to the statistical atlas of the United States, newly issued by the census office, the average number of persons to a family has declined from 5.6 in 1850 to 4.7 in 1900. In 1870 the average was a trifle above 5. In 1900 the average ranged from more than 5 in Texas, North Carolina, West Virginia and Virginia down through 4½ in Iowa and Illinois to 3.6 in Nevada. Nearly all the southern states lead in the size of families, while the six New England states, with New York, California and Washington, bring up the rear. New York's average is about 4.3.

Large Mileage.

Distance lends enchantment to service in congress. The delegate from Hawaii will receive nearly \$15,000 during his term of two years in addition to his salary of \$10,000, besides drawing an allowance for clerk hire and stationery. The \$15,000 is the bonus, or rather the mileage, which he receives because he lives in the Sandwich Islands. A delegate to congress from the Philippines would be able to collect about \$25,000 mileage if there should happen to be an extra session during his term. Otherwise he would get about \$24,000.

Sad News For Gum Chewers.

The saddest news that has come out of Maine in a long time is that the spruce gum crop is short. This means that chewing gum will cost more this year or gum chewers will get less for their money. Most of the gum put up by the great chewing gum concerns comes from the spruce trees of Maine, and the shortness of the crop, therefore, is of direct interest to every messenger boy, typewriting girl, saleswoman and cash girl who has the gum chewing habit.

One Sweetly Pleasant Thought.

Georgiana—We are not old. Juliana—Oh, yes, we are, my dear. Georgiana—Well, we are just as young as any girls of our age in town.—Indianapolis Journal.

Perverse.

He—Won't you let me give you just one kiss before I go? She—Will just one satisfy you? He—Yes, darling. She—Then I won't give it to you.—Standard.