

Gems In Verse

The Race.
The race was on! With voice and whip
Each rider urged his steed
Around the course a score of times
At most tremendous speed,
And to the end my jockey's horse
Was always in the lead.
My jockey rides his grandest steed
With perfect ease and grace.
My heart beats high with love for him;
I watch his eager face
It wears a most determined look—
He's bound to win the race.
With ringing voice he rushes on;
The race is nearly done.
The steed he rides strains every nerve;
This work for him is fun.
One more leap and then—hurrah!
My jockey's horse has won!
My bright faced boy, just three years old,
Was this successful groom;
The course winner of the race was run
Was in the sitting room.
And, strange to tell, the horse that won
Was mamma's kitchen broom.
—Thomas Holmes in Trenton State Gazette.

Stains.
The three ghosts of the lonesome road
Spoke each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your
mouth
No lifted hand may cover"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."
The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spoke each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your
foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth flame
out,
Brother, my brother."
The three ghosts on the windless road
Spoke each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your
hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."
"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and thief and lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."
—Theodosia Garrison in Scribner's.

Maxims.
I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.
I bow before the noble mind
That freely makes a great wrong forgive,
Yet nobler is the one who forgives
Who bears the burden well and lives.
It may be hard to earn, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fall has won
A crown whose luster is not less.
Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is divine wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.
Blessed are those who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear
Her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear
Or explain it to you—
Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
—Century.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.
The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.
But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify her for the body of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris, at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the North star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life in America.

Do Bargain Hunters Smile!
"I went out shopping the other afternoon," said a well known pastor of New York city, "and, having in mind the hymn 'Brighten Your Way With a Smile,' I looked about to see if there were any smiles on the faces in the big department store.
"In all that hurrying and pushing and 'I should think nearly everybody smiles were not to be found. I saw one smile, but it looked like a plant that had been wintered in a cellar. It was bleached and wan."—New York Press.

The Way a Benedict Looked at It.
Mrs. Benham—I don't believe a word of your excuse, Benham—That's just like a woman. I don't suppose Jonah's wife believed the story he told her after he had spent three nights with the whale. Mrs. Benham—How do you know Jonah had a wife? Benham—He wouldn't have been a Jonah if he had not been married.—Brooklyn Life.

A Sickenner.
"Some people," growled Crabbe, "make me sick."
"I should think nearly everybody would make you sick," replied Cutbody.
"Indeed! Why?"
"Respectfully, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

The Rose and Its Thorn.
This is the old legend of how the rose came by its thorns. One day in paradise Cupid was flying over a garden of roses. Blossoming there was a beautiful pink rose. Cupid bent to kiss it when a bee hidden in the flower stung him on the lip. Crying with pain, Cupid fled to Venus, his mother, demanding vengeance. Venus, to pacify him, gave him a bow string with captive bees and set the stem of the rose with stings torn from the poor bees. Three stings now are called thorns.

Conal and Donal and Taig

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

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ONCE there were three brothers, named Conal, Donal and Taig, and they fell out regarding which of them owned a field of land. One of them had as good a claim to it as the other, and the claims of all of them were so equal that none of the judges ever went before could decide in favor of one more than the other.

At length they went to one judge who was very wise indeed and had a great name, and every one of them stated his case to him.

He sat on the bench and heard Conal's case and Donal's case and Taig's case all through with very great patience.

When the three of them had finished he said he would take a day and a night to think it all over, and on the day after when they were all called into court again the judge said that he had weighed the evidence on all sides with all the deliberation it was possible to give it, and he decided that one of them hadn't the shadow of a shade of a claim more than the other, so that he found himself facing the greatest puzzle he had ever faced in his life.

"But," says he, "no puzzle puzzles me long. I'll very soon decide which of you will get the field. You seem to me to be three pretty lazy looking fellows, and I'll give the field to whichever ever of the three of you is the laziest."

"Well, at that rate," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I'm the laziest man of the lot."
"How lazy are you?" says the judge.
"Well," says Conal, "if I was lying in the middle of the road and there was a regiment of troopers coming galloping down it, I'd sooner let them ride over me than take the bother of getting up and going to the one side."
"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you are a lazy man surely, and I doubt if Donal or Taig can be as lazy as that."
"Oh, faith," says Donal, "I'm just every bit as lazy."
"Are you?" says the judge. "How lazy are you?"

"Well," says Donal, "if I was sitting right close to a big fire and you piled on it all the turf in a town and all the wood in a barony, sooner than have to move I'd sit there till the boiling marrow would run out of my bones."
"Well," says the judge, "you're a pretty lazy man, Donal, and I doubt if Taig is as lazy as either of you."
"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."
"How can that be?" says the judge.
"Well," says Taig, "if I was lying on the broad of my back in the middle of the floor and looking up at the rafters, and if soot drops were falling as thick as hailstones from the rafters into my open eye, I would let them drop there for the length of the ice-long day sooner than have the bother of closing the eye."

"Well," says the judge, "that's very wonderful entirely, and says he, 'I'm in as great a quandary as before, for I see you're the three laziest men that I ever were known since the world began, and which of you is the laziest it certainly beats me to say."
"Oh, I'll tell you what I'll do," says Conal, "I'll give the field to the oldest man of you."
"Then," says Conal, "it's me gets the field."
"How is that?" says the judge. "How old are you?"

"Well, I'm that old," says Conal, "that when I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of awls and never lost nor broke one of them. I wore out the last of them yesterday mending my shoes."
"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're surely an old man, and I doubt very much that Donal and Taig can touch up to you."
"Can't I?" says Donal. "Take care of that."
"Why," said the judge, "how old are you?"

"When I was twenty-one years of age," says Donal, "I got a shipload of needles, and yesterday I wore out the last of them mending my clothes."
"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're two very, very old men to be sure, and I'm afraid poor Taig is out of his chance anyhow."
"Take care of that," says Taig.
"Why," said the judge, "how old are you, Taig?"

Says Taig, "When I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of razors, and yesterday I had the last of them worn to a stump shaving myself."
"Well," says the judge, says he, "I've often heard tell of old men," he says, "but anything as old as what you three are never was known since Methusalem's cat died. The like of your ages," he says, "I never heard tell of, and which of you is the oldest that surely beats me to decide, and I am in a quandary again."
"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the judge, says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you minds (remember) the longest."

"Well, if that's it," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I mind the time when if a man tramped on a cat he isn't to give it a kick to console it."
"Well, well, well," says the judge, "that must be a long mind entirely and I'm afraid, Conal, you have the field."
"Not so quick," says Donal, says he, "for I mind the time when a woman wouldn't speak an ill word of her best friend."
"Well, well, well," says the judge.

"Your memory, Donal, must certainly be a very wonderful one if you can mind that time."
"Taig," said the judge, says he, "I'm afraid your memory can't compare with Conal's and Donal's."
"Can't it?" says Taig, says he, "Take care of that, for I mind the time when you wouldn't find nine hairs in a crowd of ten men."
"Oh, oh, oh," says the judge, says he, "that memory of yours, Taig, must be a wonderful one." Says he, "Such memories as you three men have never known before, and which of you has the greatest memory beats me to say."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do, now," says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you has the keenest sight."
"Then," says Conal, says he, "it's me gets the field, because," says he, "if



I'm afraid your memory can't compare with Conal's and Donal's.

there was a fly perched on the top of your mountain, ten miles away, I could tell you every time he blinks."
"You have wonderful sight, Conal," says the judge, says he, "and I'm afraid you've got the field."
"Take care," says Donal, says he, "but I've got as good, for I could tell you whether it was a mole in his eye that made him blink or not."
"Ah, ha, ha," says the judge, says he, "this is wonderful sight surely, Taig, says he, 'I pity you, for you have no chance for the field now."
"Have I not?" says Taig. "I could tell you from here whether that fly was in good health or not by counting his heart beats."
"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as ever. You are three of the most wonderful men that ever I met, and no mistake."
"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says he, "I'll give the field to the supplest man of you."
"Thank you," says Conal. "Then the field is mine."
"Why so?" says the judge.
"Because," says Conal, says he, "if you filled that field with hares and put a dog into the middle of them and then tied one of my legs up my back I would not let one of the hares get out."
"Then, Conal," says the judge, says he, "I think the field is yours."
"By the leave of your judgeship, not yet," says Donal.
"Why, Donal," says the judge, says he, "surely you are not as supple as that?"
"Am not I?" says Donal. "Do you see that old castle over there without door or window or roof in it and the wind blowing in and out through it like an iron gate?"
"I do," says the judge. "What about that?"

"Well," says Donal, says he, "if on the stormiest day of the year you had that castle filled with feathers I would not let a feather be lost or go ten yards from the castle until I would have caught and put it in again."
"Well, surely," says the judge, says he, "you are a supple man, Donal, and no mistake."
"Taig," says he, "there's no chance for you now."
"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.
"Why," says the judge, "you couldn't surely do anything to equal them things, Taig?"

Says Taig, says he, "I can shoe the swiftest race horse in the land when he is galloping at his topmost speed by driving a nail every time he lifts his foot."
"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "surely you are three most wonderful men that ever I did meet. The likes of you never were known before, and I suppose the likes of you will never be on the earth again."
"There is only one other trial," says he, "and if this doesn't decide I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field," says he, "to the cleverest man amongst you."
"Then," says Conal, says he, "you may as well give it to me at once."
"Why? Are you that clever, Conal?" says the judge, says he.
"I am that clever," says Conal, "I can tell you that I would make a skin fit suit of clothes for a man without any more measurement than to tell me the color of his hair."
"Then, boys," says the judge, says he, "I think the case is decided."
"Not so quick, my friend," says Donal, "not so quick."
"Why, Donal," says the judge, says he, "you are surely not cleverer than that?"

"Am not I?" says Donal.
"Why," says the judge, says he, "what can you do, Donal?"
"Why," says Conal, says he, "I would make a skin fit suit for a man and give me no more measurement than let me hear him cough."
"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "the cleverness of you two boys beats all I ever heard of."
"Taig," says he, "poor Taig, whatever chance either of them two may have for the field, I'm very sorry for you, for you have no chance."
"Don't be so very sure of that," says Taig, says he.
"Why," says the judge, says he, "surely, Taig, you can't be as clever as

either of them. How clever are you, Taig?"
"Well," says Taig, says he, "if I was a judge and too stupid to decide a case that came up before me I'd be that clever that I'd look wise and give some decision."
"Taig," says the judge, says he, "I've gone into this case and deliberated on it, and all the laws of right and justice I find and decide that you get the field."

The White Man's Burden.
He had won his Ethel after a protracted courtship, and now, although he was filled with a sense of delighted security, he thought it wise to ask one or two questions.
"I am sure you are not the sort of girl who would tell of domestic troubles before a man had eaten his dinner," he said, with confidence, but a rising infection.

"No, indeed," said Ethel.
"And when I seem a little ruffled or worried you'd be the very one to say soothing things. Now, wouldn't you?" proceeded Henry.
"Certainly I should," said Ethel, "and you'd like to do it, too, I know."
"Do what?" asked Henry, with a sudden fall to earth.

"The soothing and comforting and putting me in good humor when the cook had been called to her aunt's funeral for the third time and your business friends were coming to dinner," said Ethel gaily.
"Yes, of course, I should try to," faltered Henry.
"And when you'd been bored at the office with your cousins from the country you'd never speak of it till dinner was all over, would you, dear Henry?" said the trusting Ethel. "I know the sort of man you are, who wants to carry his share of the burdens, don't I?"
"I-I hope you do," said Henry in a disheartened tone. "Let us speak of the new magazines, Ethel."

The Joke on Mark Twain.
One warm day in Hartford, Conn., Mark Twain on his way home from a long walk felt somewhat fatigued. Suddenly he set down upon a carriage block to rest for a bit and began vigorously to fan himself with his hat.
There chanced to be in his immediate neighborhood at the moment the author of "Innocents Abroad" seated himself a street piano man, who soon struck up a lively tune.

An elderly lady passing the two evidently jumped to the conclusion that the author was the assistant of the musician, for she stopped and dropped a coin in the hat Mr. Twain had in hand.
Whereupon the humorist arose and, bowing most politely, gave expression in stately phrase to his thanks. Then it began to dawn upon the lady that she made a mistake. She stepped back, and an expression of uneasiness came to her countenance.
"Don't be frightened, madam," observed Mr. Clemens. "It's true the man doesn't attach a chain to me. Nevertheless, I'm quite well trained—quite—and I assure you, entirely harmless."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Homeopathic Power.
Natrurium muriaticum, a homeopathic remedy, is common table salt. But in the process of dynamization the atoms of its particles are subdivided till they approach infinity. A German druggist once bet \$50 that he could take a certain number of doses of it every day for a month, reasoning that in that time he would not take as much salt as could be held on the extreme point of a delicate penknife. But he had not calculated on the "power" of homeopathic doses. Before the month he had half paid the bet. He had made a "proving" of Natrurium muriaticum and did not like it. "Affections of the inner head, headache as though a thousand little hammers were knocking at the brain," etc., is the way he gives it.

Missed the Christening.
An enthusiastic angler had arranged to have his baby christened in the cathedral church, Ballina, Ireland. To reach the church a stream had to be crossed. The mother and the nurse went over on the bridge. The father preferred to cross by boat and agreed to meet the others at the church door. He, however, could not resist the temptation to have a few casts with his rod, and he hooked a salmon, a sixteen pounder. The anxious mother could see the proceedings from the church door, but half an hour elapsed before the salmon was landed. In the meantime the christening took place, with the father at a distance.

First Love.
It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence, says an exchange. As well say that the first picture of a painter is the best of all he will paint in the course of his life; that the first speech, the first book, the first statue, the first composition, will be the best of the statesman, novelist, sculptor or musician, as the case may be. First works have all the imperfections of uncertainty, of inexperience and ignorance. And it is rather by chance than by anything inherent in the nature of Cupid's ways that the first love turns out to be the great one.

Harrison's Rejoinder.
Every schoolboy is familiar with the saying of Benjamin Franklin as the group of anxious faced yet loyal men stood around to sign the immortal Declaration of Independence. "Now we must all hang together or we'll all hang separately." But the rejoinder of the signer, Benjamin Harrison, to the above witticism is not so well known. Harrison, a portly man, looking down over his ample proportions, replied, "Yes, but when they drop us off at a rope's end some of you lightweights will be kicking and suffering long after I'm done for."

A Japanese Prevalent.
When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded, says a traveler, he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The most quiet in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Takl, my riksha boy, meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Handsome Design.
Simplicity and good taste mark most of the styles for children this season. Both are shown in charming effect in this little dress of rose colored cashmere, trimmed with narrow black silk



GIRL'S DRESS.

Crabbe. A drop shoulder yoke is arranged over the full waist and sleeves. The skirt corresponds to the waist, having a yoke to which the full skirt is gathered. The design is suitable to all the season's materials, such as serge, mohair, cotton cheviot and many of the smart plaids now so popular. The medium size requires three and five-eighths yards of forty-four inch material.

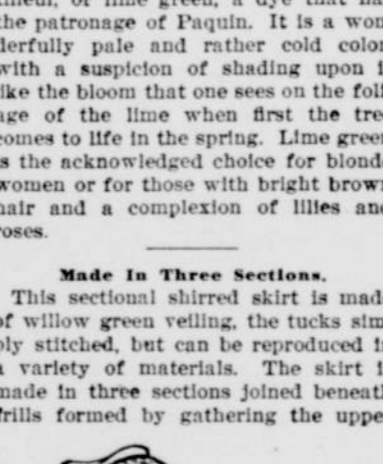
The Real Redingote.
There are redingotes and redingotes, but don't imagine the long, close fitting coat is a real redingote, for it isn't, despite the belief of many fashionable women. The redingote in Paris is far different. It has a full skirt extending to within three or four inches of the edge of the dress skirt. It flares out from the sides, and hanted and is generous in cut. It is another style taken from the sixties and is a boon to the thin woman, yet a comfort to the stout one, for it apparently does not increase her size. It is a comfortable and sensible garment and looks well with either a small toque or a picture hat.

The Modern Sleeves.
Some feminine genius has seen the possibilities of present day sleeves. She has produced an innovation which will appeal to every woman with ideas. This is nothing less than an adjustable sleeve. The bodice is made sleeveless, finished on the shoulder with a band or a frill, under which the separate sleeve, which is full length, is fastened. It need not be of the gown stuff, but must blend in color. Any light, flimsy fabric is accounted dressy, and some bodices have two or three sets of different style sleeves made to wear with them.

Hat Ornaments.
Buckles and similar ornaments are more favored than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season, but they are only really prized when of a very handsome sort. Rhine pebbles and finely cut steel, mounted in enameled metal and cut jet, have the lead. I have also remarked that one or two milliners are trying to revive a taste for gold galloons, but so far I have only seen it applied to white or beige colored felts.

The Newest Green.
Quite the latest color of all colors is lime, or lime green, a dye that has the patronage of Paquin. It is a wonderfully pale and rather cold color, with a suspicion of shading upon it like the bloom that one sees on the foliage of the lime when first the tree comes to life in the spring. Lime green is the acknowledged choice for blonde women or for those with bright brown hair and a complexion of lilies and roses.

Made in Three Sections.
This sectional shirred skirt is made of willow green velveteen, the tucks simply stitched, but can be reproduced in a variety of materials. The skirt is made in three sections joined beneath frills formed by gathering the upper



SHIRRED SKIRT.

edges of the two lower ones. The upper section is shirred to form a hip yoke, the center one for its entire depth, while the lower is a flounce shirred for several rows at its upper edge and laid in tucks at the lower. Material for medium size is twelve and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, ten yards twenty-seven inches wide or six and three-quarters yards forty-four inches wide.

Made the Parrot the Senegambian.
Father—What did the teacher say when she heard you swear? Small Boy—She asked me where I learned it. Father—What did you tell her? Boy—I didn't want to give you away, pa, so I blamed it on the parrot.—Detroit Free Press.

No Evidence to the Contrary.
Friend—I think her mother is a sensible woman. The Lover—Well—well—I don't think she likes me. Friend—Oh, I merely said she was a sensible woman!

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Studies of the Vernacular.
This is the conversation that took place between the girl with the two story pumpadour and the girl with the aeroplane hat, on the Wentworth avenue car:
"Steer, Jen!"
"Watcha wanta me?"
"Wanta askesumpin. Ooze cummin' out oobor house t'mornin'?"
"Awquitcherfoolin!"
"Alintafoolin. Oozacummin'!"
"Awka moff. Aintnobodycummin'."
"Inobetter than that."
"Betchadollar thaint."
"Betchadollar thaint."
"Seer, Jen! Joomeentelme Imalyre?"
"Srite. Ooze blaustuffin yuh?"
"Nobodilblinistuffinme. Ino wottim-stawkinabout."
"Awka moff! Nothinimitt allsame."
"Saw! oovertown?"
"Wotsawlovertown?"
"Bonchooantoinjackson."
"Ooze?"
"Ooze shoos don't know."
"Core si don't."
"Betchadodo."
"Say! Juno Llisimmons?"
"Bettidoo. Ullio! Ear sware Iga toff."
"Well, g'by!"
"G'by!"—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing Strange.
Crabbe—I admit I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?
Wise—Oh, no.
Crabbe—Funny they didn't notice my behavior.
Wise—I don't suppose they saw anything unusual about it.—New York Times.

Danger.
"I must say I enjoy a spice of danger," said the man who affects bravado.
"Is that why you gave up your automobile?" asked the sarcastic friend.
"No; that's why I go on foot in the streets where other people run automobiles."—Washington Star.

Taking the Order.
"Look here, I've been waiting twenty minutes! Aren't there any waiters about?"
"Yes, sir. How many would you like?"

Cheap at That.
Homer (to cabman)—Say, I want you to drive down to the depot at noon and call for my mother-in-law. Take her up to the house, and I'll give you \$1.
Cabman—Very well, sir. But suppose she doesn't come?
Homer—Oh, then I'll give you \$2.—Chicago News.

Knows His Business.
She—Don't you think a man ought to say what he thinks to his wife?
He—Generally perhaps, but when I think a young woman is particularly attractive I find it better not to say so to my wife. Why should I breed ill feeling between two women?—Boston Transcript.

On the Ice.
"It's easy," said Skayter, trying to teach Kimmsey the backward roll. "Don't be afraid to throw your body well over. All you've got to do is go way back!"
"And sit down! Yes, I know I can do that, but it hurts."—Philadelphia Press.

Hasty Correction.
Mrs. Gaswell (at the concert)—What horrible discord!
Mrs. Mannernorn—Why, that's Wagner music.
Mrs. Gaswell—Certainly, as I was saying, what horrible discord! Wagner is to some people!—Chicago Tribune.

Two Fires.
Bacon—Do you know I first met my wife on a railroad train. She had a cinder in her eye.
Egbert—And the last time you saw her she had an entirely different kind of fire in her eye, I suppose?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Manager's View of It.
"Is he considered successful from the artistic point of view?"
"I think he is. The manager told me he drew more money into the box of fees than any other two stars on the road."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Mistake.
Neil—I told him if he dared to kiss me he'd be sorry for it.
Belle—And was he?
Neil—No; I was the only one who was sorry—sorry I told him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Brags About It.
"If a man once tells a girl that her mouth is a rosebud, that spoils it at once."
"Spoils the rosebud, you mean?"
"Yes; it begins to blow immediately."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Perfectly Correct.
The deacon was hard to convince. "No," declared he, "I'll have no such contraption in my house. Planners are things of evil."
"Oh, but, pa," protested his lovely daughter, "this is an upright piano!"—Pittsburg Post.

A Deduction.
Little Clarence—Pa, what is an optimist? Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.—Puck.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The largest sailing ship in the world, a bark of 8,000 tons, is being built at Bremerhaven.
It is estimated that Germany will have to spend \$50,000,000 in crushing the rebellion in Southwest Africa.
During the twelve months ended with last March there were in London 400 known cases of infants suffocated in bed.
By flying 301 miles in four hours the pigeons of the Adelaide (Australia) Flying club have established a world's record.
A Cape Town sergeant of police, convicted of accepting bribes from women, has been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment.
The latest returns show that in 1902 the local indebtedness in the United Kingdom was \$1,717,082,910, an increase of \$1,252,082,410 in twenty-eight years.
For a baby show in Plalstow, England, a mean old bachelor offered a valuable prize for the homeliest baby, but the managers were wise enough to decline it.
The building of new harbor works in Odessa is projected. The Southwestern Railroad company of Russia is building several large grain elevators at that port.
The growing of cotton in Spain is being encouraged by the government by exempting land from taxes and offering prizes for the most successful experiments.
The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in some parts of Australia. In West Australia, for example, there are only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.
The tobacco farm at Randalstown, Ireland, is proving a success. Fourteen thousand pounds' weight of leaf, the product of twenty acres, is being prepared for the factory.
Bulgarian newspapers give the names of two doctors of philosophy who have taken the teachings of Tolstoi so much to heart that one of them has become a cobbler and the other a bootblack.
Thorium nitrate to the amount of 64,520 pounds, valued at \$232,155, was imported into the United States last year for use principally in the manufacture of incandescent gaslight mantles.
Owing to the success of the "no tip" popular restaurant in Piccadilly, London, other restaurants are about to enforce the no tip rule. The popular waiters receive wages and a commission.
Two men were charged with stealing slippers from a church at Clontarf, Ireland, and the slippers were found on the premises. Later it was discovered that a sacrilegious dog had stolen the slippers.
The locomotives for the railroads in Korea are bought exclusively in the United States, presumably because they are more quickly obtainable there. The friendship for the United States is increasing.
The most costly miter in the United States, a miter which represents \$10,000 worth of jewels and precious stones, is worn by Bishop Horstmann of the Cleveland diocese of the Roman Catholic church.
We have 75,000 postoffices and 500,000 miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to \$150,000,000 a year. The receipts now almost equal the expenditures and have doubled in the last ten years.
The first order for lumber for the Panama canal construction has been received by Bellingham (Wash.) mills. A little more than 2,080,000 feet will be supplied in the first consignment, intended for construction of houses along the canal route.
The median age of negroes is 19.4 years—that is, half the negroes in the United States are below that age. The median age is four years below that of the whites, 23.4 years, a difference closely connected with the high birth rate and high death rate of the negroes.
This advertisement in a San Francisco paper resulted in a happy reunion and a wedding at the Japanese mission: "Wanted—Bridegroom Mototaro Hirasawa of San Francisco by his forsaken bride, who waits him in Victoria in the hands of foreigners." Mototaro, etc., had thought his bride would come direct to San Francisco.
Ecuador has given the nuns in the country the option of retiring to public hospitals, where they will be cared for at the expense of the cities and towns, or of leaving the country. In the event they will receive an indemnity of about \$2,400 in gold each. The convents and other property are being confiscated.
One of the most remarkable prisoners in the United States is a convict in Sing Sing who edits the prison paper, the Star of Hope. He is there for burglary, but in his time has been lawyer, reporter, confidence man, secretary to a khedive of Egypt, preacher, forger and politician. He is an Englishman by birth.
The work of capturing wild horses in the vicinity of Fox mountains and Madeline plains has begun, and several animals have been taken. The country is practically a wild, unbroken stretch of mountains in western Nevada and eastern California that is too rough for any purpose except grazing and over which several thousand head of wild horses roam.
After many attempts a successful fish cannery seems to have been established in England. It is on the banks of the Tyne, and already, it is said, the Tyne brand cans have found their way to Australia, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, New Zealand, South America, the west coast of Africa, to Mediterranean ports and from the Cape up country to Kimberley and the Transvaal.
"Yes, I used to be in the insurance business. I once got a man to take out a \$50,000 policy only about a week before he happened to be killed. He was a mighty hard chap to land too. I had to talk to him for nearly six months before I got him."
"That was tough on the company. I suppose you regretted after it was all over that your persuasive powers were so good."
"Um—no, I never felt sorry about it. I married the widow."—Chicago Record-Herald.