

Front Yard Planting. The very commonest mistake is to fill one's front yard with all sorts of highly colored abnormal things—variegated elder, purple leaved plum, weeping willow, double flowered almond, smoke tree, cut leaved maple, red flowered horse chestnut and that piercing magenta outrage on the optic nerve, Spirea Anthony Waterer. Often you will see all these things in one small yard. It is just as bad to cover one's lawn with such things as to sprinkle fourteen kinds of spice all over one's foot. Use native kinds chiefly or species that fit into our landscape. The "horticultural forms" are only for accent. Don't scatter shrubs or plants of any kind over a lawn. Avoid isolated specimens. Group them. Shrubs are for the borders of a place. Don't plant one of each in a long row. You will get a much better effect by having a big solid mass of one or two things in the background with whatever spice in front you think necessary. Don't plant shrubs in straight lines because straight lines are not the rule of nature. If you hire a man to plant and fall to watch him he will surely set your plants in straight lines.—Garden Magazine.

Electricity as a Detective. A medical expert was examining the corpse of a man who had died in a mysterious way. The examination was somewhat ghastly. In it a huge, expensive looking electrical machine played an important part.

The expert when everything was in readiness adjusted the machine, then watched it closely. A certain needle quivered—moved.

"Aha," said the man, "there is a metallic poison present here. This poor fellow died of some metallic poison."

Afterward he explained that it had recently been found possible to determine accurately the presence of metallic poisons with electricity. By the electrical method the presence of so small a quantity as the tenth of a milligram of poison would be revealed. In the case, he said, of antimony poisoning, lead poisoning, copper, mercury or cadmium poisoning the use of electricity as a detective agent would come in time to be considered invaluable and indispensable.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dangerous Metaphor. Matrimonial metaphors are dangerous. Dr. Norris was recently appointed chairman of the Melbourne board of health, and in returning thanks he humorously remarked: "When I was a student I determined to specialize in public health, but I made a temporary marriage such as George Meredith advocates and went into general practice. But I remained true to my first love, divorced my temporary bride and settled down to work on the problems of the public health." Thereupon an outraged Caledonian reporter wrote to the papers to inquire how such a high appointment came to be conferred on a man who confessedly held the laxest views on the sanctity of the marriage tie.—London Chronicle.

Patriotic Finnish Women. Patriotism in Finland is not confined to the men. Daughters, wives and mothers are active in the cause of liberty. For example, nearly all the secret agents of the National party are young women of the best families, and it is they who outwit the Russian censors and assume the risk of distributing forbidden literature. The prohibited writings are printed in Stockholm and London, and the women go after the papers, bring them into Finland in their trunks at great hazard and distribute them throughout the country. To be discovered in this work would mean deportation to Siberia with the hundreds of other women thus banished for less cause.—Everybody's Magazine.

Signs Recall Historic Tragedy. Two historic names appear in curious proximity in Spring street, near Macdougall, New York. Over a restaurant window is a sign bearing the name Aaron Burr. Almost directly appears the inscription "Alexander Hamilton, carpenter and builder." What makes their proximity still more interesting is the fact that the entrance to Aaron Burr's country place, Richmond hill, was years ago just above where the intersection of Spring and Macdougall streets is now, a short distance from the signs still bearing the two historic names. Burr is said to have passed out of this gate on that fatal morning when he went to Westchester heights to fight his memorable duel with Hamilton.

Warned the Tipplers. The strange actions of two prairie chickens put the town of Wolsey, S. D., into the no license column. Just as the bells were tolling to call the voters together the two birds flew through the thick plate glass window of one of the saloons. The one which came through first fell to the floor dead, while the other turned and flew out of the room by the same way that it had entered. Outside it flew straight into the air until lost to sight, and the superstitious voters looked upon the occurrence as a warning from above.

How Rats Multiply. A pair of rats happily situated and undisturbed in three years have increased to 666,808. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, who we think is rather under than over the fact, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 66,880 men in the year round and leave 65,880 rats in the year to spare. Multiplying in this rapid way, it is providential that the rat has so many natural enemies. All these to the contrary notwithstanding, he often proves sufficiently troublesome to make the community conspire against him. In Ireland they sing the hair of a rat which has been caught, but otherwise it is unharmed. In Germany they let one loose with a small bell attached to its neck. The thinking of this as the belled rat chases his friends produce a panic among them and causes them to flee the premises.

POLLY LARKIN

One of the loveliest and most thoroughly appreciated customs that has ever been inaugurated on a railroad is known as "Wild Flower Day" on the California Northwestern Railway. Several years ago General Passenger Agent R. X. Ryan conceived the pretty idea of setting apart one Sunday in the springtime, when old Mother Earth's velvety mantle was spangled most luxuriantly with wild-flowers, for presenting every passenger with a beautiful bouquet of the blossoms that deck hill and valley all along the picturesque route of the California Northwestern Railway, through Mendocino, Sonoma and Marin counties. This year Palm Sunday, the 16th of April, was chosen for the eventful day and several thousand bouquets were prepared, each one bearing a card on which was printed, "Compliments of the California Northwestern Railway, the picturesque route of California." This was tied with a dainty white ribbon bow to the bouquet. At every station boys and girls carried baskets full of beautiful bouquets through the trains, presenting each passenger with one. Everybody was delighted and freely expressed their appreciation and at the same time complimented General Passenger Agent Ryan for the thoughtful consideration, which is but one of the many efforts of the California Northwestern Railway Company to minister to the comfort, enjoyment and convenience of its passengers. One had only to look at the happy faces of the passengers to know how much they appreciated this lovely custom—"Wild Flower Day," which sent them home laden with Nature's beautiful treasures, harbingers of the springtime. The most beautiful wild-flowers are always found in this section of the country, and it would pay one to make this delightful trip for no other reason than to see the myriads of flowers in all their glory.

The women of Lansing, Mich., who have the interests of the children at heart, have reached the conclusion that the little folks of their city should not only be taught to love flowers, but encouraged to plant seed and learn how to take care of the plants to produce the best results. Every year they distributed among the school children. First it was sweet pea seed of assorted varieties, next nasturtiums, then baclof buttons, mignonette, pansies, etc. To encourage the children, a prominent lady of the city has offered two sets of valuable prizes for the three best displays of sweet peas and pansies grown by the children this year. The children are enthusiastic and are fast learning the ins and outs of seed planting. They do not confine themselves entirely to seeds, however, for they are learning to slip plants successfully. They know that by slipping roses in February and November, planting two buds under the ground and keeping constantly moistened, that they will seldom lose a plant. It is the exception and not the rule. It is a study that is healthy, improving and instructive—this delving into plant life—and it would be well for all of our schools to pattern after Lansing.

To be sure we have our arbor days, in which all the children participate in planting trees. That in itself is good, but it comes but once in the year, while flower planting carries them through the entire season, giving out its lessons in buds and blossoms, and not only that, from the time the first seed pushes its way through old Mother earth, there is the keenest interest and good-natured rivalry.

We can make the hardest task easy by taking an interest in our work and going about it cheerfully and willingly. No man or woman ever succeeded and reached the height of their ambition by going about the work to be accomplished in a weak, listless and half-hearted way. Everything drags in a monotonous, tiresome manner that gives one the blues to be in the vicinity of the listless party. What if the work doesn't suit you, and it is something you don't like a little bit? Then you should make a double effort to do it well, so the fault can be found with the result of the task that was placed in your hands to attend to. It is the man or the woman who pays attention strictly to business, makes the most of their opportunities and turns out first-class work, that is going to succeed, and who manages, by paying attention to their employer's interests, to rise above the discontented who are always looking for an easier position, finding fault with the one that is at hand and bestowing not the slightest interest as to the success of their efforts. With their eyes fastened upon the clock that is ticking away the minutes and the hours, setting a good example if they would only heed it; their thoughts far away and sighing over the incompleteness of their lives, until the task is finished or the day's work done. They know they have slighted their work and have not given their best efforts to it, consequently they are dissatisfied and unhappy. On the other hand if they throw cheerfulness into their work and bend their efforts to accomplish their task in the quickest time, going the best they can with the materials at hand, the hours pass on swiftly, the work is well done, their mind is at rest, and peace and happiness takes the place of unrest and dissatisfaction that is the portion of the laggard. If you can't get just what you want, bide your time and take the next best thing until fortune favors you.

NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

There was an instance of this kind that was brought to my attention the other day. While sitting in a restaurant waiting for my order to be filled, a well-dressed young man with refined and pleasing manners walked in and asked one of the waiters if they needed any help. "Yes, we need a dish-washer," she said. "I'll take it," was the prompt reply. She sent the proprietor to him. The moment he caught sight of the applicant for the position of dish-washer, his manner changed for he realized that he had not been used to the work he was seeking. "You won't do at all for the work I have to offer," he said, kindly. "You see we need an assistant to take charge of the cleaning up and the rough work. We only pay four dollars per week for this and give the board. It's not much, I admit, but it is the best we can do at present." "I will take it, and I am glad to get it," replied the young man. "I have been here five weeks yesterday and I have hunted for work all over this city, but I have met with failure on all sides. I am stranded and I will be glad to take this position until something else opens up." All arrangements were made for him to commence on the following morning. Then he said in a low tone, "I have my wife with me and we would like to take supper here this evening and have it taken out of my wages." "Certainly," replied the proprietor. The young man stepped out on the sidewalk and presently returned with a daintily dressed and refined little lady who had been waiting for him on the street. "We will at least have something to eat from now on," said the young man. "But think of you being a dish-washer!" replied the wife, and there were tears in her eyes, which she turned her head to hide. "Never mind; it is not for long, it is only a stepping stone to something better. No one knows us here, so no one will ever be the wiser. We will laugh at this some day. Just now, however, it solves the problem of bread and butter and we will keep up our courage until there is a turn in the tide. It is bound to come," he said encouragingly.

Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents "looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemic distemper should follow the numbering." However, the bill passed the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Fortnightly Review.

ANCIENT SIGNALING.

The Method Invented by the Grecian General Eneas. The ancient Greeks and Romans practiced telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which, being placed in rows, expressed certain letters according to the order in which they were lighted. But the only one of their contrivances that merits a detailed description was that invented by a Grecian general named Eneas, who flourished in the time of Aristotle, intended for communication between the generals of an army.

It consisted of two exactly similar earthen vessels filled with water, each provided with a cock that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels.

On the surface of each floated a piece of cork supporting an upright marked into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it. One of the vessels was placed at each station, and when either party desired to communicate a message, he lighted a torch, which he held over the others till the same, as a sign that he was all attention. On the sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch each party immediately opened the cork of his vessel and so left it until the sender relighted his torch, when it was at once closed.

The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender and conveyed the desired information.—Spare Moments.

Children's Answers.

"Children's Answers" is the title of an English book. Here is one of its quotations: "What is a miracle?" "Please, sir, it's a thing that happens in America." And here is another: A Scotch dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them, "Why does not God strike everybody dead that tells a lie?" After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed, "Because there wouldn't be nobody left."

Blacksmiths and Machines.

The making of horseshoes by machinery at first caused a strike among the blacksmiths, who refused to put on the machine made shoes, but the work was done so much more cheaply that the result was that owners of horses, and they got the shoes for less, had the horses shoe often than before, and the blacksmiths did not lose much, if any, work after all.

One Reason Enough.

A lot of men were playing cards for money in a railroad car, and an Irishman was invited to take a hand. "I would," he said, "but for three reasons." Being asked to state his reasons, he said: "In the first place, I have no money;" "Never mind the other two," said the man who was running the game.

Back to the Old Rations.

"I suppose you were fed off the fat of the land," said Mrs. Saunders plaintively as she set the plate of griddle cakes before Mr. Saunders the morning after his return from Boston. "With Nicie Margaret's means, they must have everything there is going." "I presume to say there's no lack of 'herewithal,'" said her husband as he began to pour maple syrup with a lavender hand, "but for breakfasts they had the worst lot of truck ever I saw. 'Twasn't cooked nor a thing done to it. I expect that fatted girl of theirs that I used to hear haling downstairs about 7 o'clock didn't want the trouble of starting her fire in a hurry. But I tell you when you've had a different kind of straw filling served to ye for seven days running, griddle cakes come just at the right time. Don't take away that serrip jug yet awhile. It hasn't soaked in yet all it's a-going to. And set the doughnuts and the pie and the biscuits where I can keep an eye on 'em, but ye can remove that glass of water as far as ye see fit. I've been starvin' healthy about as long as I can stan' it."—Youth's Companion.

Blessings Born of Sorrows.

The world's greatest blessings have come out of its greater sorrows. Said Goethe, "I never had an affliction which did not turn into a poem." No doubt the best music and poetry in all literature had a like origin, if we could only know its whole story. It is universally true that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Nothing really worth while in life's lessons comes easily and without pain and cost. The good liver is generally aware of his liver.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Jersey residents coming to Manhattan daily have recently missed one of the unique characters that for a long while has been a feature around the Liberty street ferry selling knock-knocks. His name is Sam Herndon, and he is colored. Sam was born in Virginia and was a slave. How old he really is still alive he does not know, but he has claimed with apparent honesty that he was a bodyguard to General George Washington.

Senator Dewey once chatted with him. Said the senator, "Were you with me when the British burned the city?" "I did not believe that there was any set of men or, indeed, any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard." "I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty." "The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and, indeed, the addition of a very few words will make it the most effective engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people." "More-over, an annual register of our people will reveal our enemies abroad with our weakness."

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AMPUTATED LIMBS.

Some People Bury Them and Keep Flowers on the Grave.

"What becomes of the hundreds of legs and arms offortunates amputated at the Louisville hospitals annually?" was asked of the superintendent of one of the large Louisville hospitals. "Whatever the owners want done with them."

"If you had to lose your right arm what would you want done with it?" asked the superintendent, glancing at a quizzical air. "When I die, which I hope won't be soon, I want my body to be decently buried, and I think I wouldn't feel right if my arm wasn't there too. Besides, I want it handy on judgment day."

"Exactly so," said the superintendent, "and there are a great many like you. They exhibit the greatest affection for the doomed member and give minute orders as to how it shall be disposed of."

"I have known people who had their limbs embalmed and placed in little lead coffins and stored away in a vault, so that when they died the limb could be buried with them."

"I knew of one man who had his leg buried in the yard where he could look out of his window and see its grave. He would each day place a bunch of flowers on the mound and stay by it for hours."

"I was asking for facts," said the reporter. "You are getting them," replied the superintendent. "I could enumerate a number of instances where limbs were buried in the grave with their former owners."

"I think that the sentiment is a beautiful and righteous one," said a member of the group, "and one that I should adopt if such had fortune overtaken me."

"I have also known people," resumed the superintendent, "who displayed the utmost indifference as to the ultimate fate of their amputated members. No thought of their limbs seems to enter their heads. They go under the knife without asking any questions and come from under the influence of the ether and so far as I know go through life without inquiring what became of their legs or arms."

"These people come from the lower classes, who have no fine sensibilities or sentiments. It's generally the cultured and refined man who gives orders as to the disposition of a lost member."

"Well, what do you do with the limbs of these don't care people?" asked the reporter, whose curiosity seemed never to be appeased. "Burn them generally. That's the most sanitary way, least troublesome way."—Louisville Herald.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Secretary of War Taft is giving a good deal of energy and thought to the solution of a problem which is of far greater personal importance to him than the affairs of state. He is busy trying to reduce his weight, which is more than 300 pounds.

With Mr. Taft the question of his health, for the doctor has told him that if he does not materially reduce his weight he will suffer during the two months he will be confined to a steamship next summer on his trip to the Philippines. In his extremity he has taken up horseback riding in desperate earnestness and takes a long trip every afternoon. With all his weight Mr. Taft knows how to ride, and only once has Colonel Edwards, who always leads the way, succeeded in getting him into a hole where he was forced to dismount and lead his horse. That was when they struck an almost perpendicular declivity of fifteen feet with only one doubtful break in the side.

An International Alliance. The next international alliance to interest Washington will be the marriage of Miss Frances Newlands, youngest daughter of Senator Newlands of Nevada, to Lieutenant Leopold von Brodow of the German army, which is scheduled to take place in this city about the 1st of May, immediately after the arrival of the bridegroom's elopement, who obtained the consent of his emperor and sailed for America April 20.

Lieutenant von Brodow, who is now stationed in Berlin with his regiment, the Cuirassier guard, is well known in Washington, where he was an attaché of the German embassy during 1903. Miss Newlands is the youngest of the three attractive daughters of Senator Newlands, and through their mother, who was a Miss Sharon of California, inherited large fortunes.

A Remarkable Plant. Those in charge of that section of the government greenhouses devoted to tropical plants and agriculture recently witnessed the latest and most remarkable plant. This is the Anemophilous riviera, a plant indigenous to Cochin China and the only specimen in Washington. The plant looks like a giant Jack-in-the-box or Indian unicorn, the specimen in question standing five feet nine inches in height. The plant is green, mottled with curious looking white reticulations, which cause it to resemble the body of a snake. The blossom opens out in the same pulp fashion as the Jack-in-the-box of our southern woods, and out of this runs a giant purple red spathe. The blossom has a most pungent, sickening and disagreeable odor, which in the present case so permeated the greenhouse in which the plant was placed that work had to be abandoned there for nearly two days. One man, an employee of the department who has this greenhouse under his care, contracted a severe headache as a result of inhaling the odor.

New Army Hospital. Secretary Taft approved the recommendation of Surgeon General O'Reilly for the erection of a new general army hospital on the Cameron tract on the west side of Brightwood avenue, nearly opposite the Battle National cemetery. Congress fixed the limit of cost of this hospital, including site, at \$300,000 and appropriated \$100,000, which was made immediately available for the purchase of the site.

Fairbanks in Marble. The vice president in cold but convincing marble will soon occupy one of the two empty niches in the vice presidential Vallhalla along the walls of the gallery of the senate chamber. Here a long procession of other presidents of the senate swept off at the waist, glare down sepulchrally at the up to date proceedings below. The bust of Mr. Fairbanks, for which he has been sitting all winter, is now in the plaster stage of its artistic evolution. Franklin Simmons, its sculptor, will take it immediately to Rome to be done in marble.

Government Press Room. The press room of the government printing office are said to be a verification of the saying that "the use of paper is the barometer of a nation's progress," for the greater the progress of the American nation the more presses the public printer is compelled to install. The press room of a morning newspaper is one of its show places, and the same holds true of the government office. Some idea of the magnitude of the main press room of the largest printing office in the world might be gained from the statement that the daily consumption of paper is about nine tons, 200 pounds of ink being required. Twenty tons of paper of different kinds are used each day in the operation of the entire plant, over twenty-five cars being required to deliver a month's supply of this one item from the mills.

No Hunting Permits for Alaska. Secretary Wilson stated recently that it had been determined not to issue any hunting permits for Alaska this year. Game continues to grow scarce in the territory, and the greater the scarcity the worse becomes the condition of the natives, who depend entirely upon their game supply for meat in the winter season. No permits were issued for hunting last year, and persons hunting without permits will be severely handled. Moose especially are said to be disappearing fast, and the problem confronts the government every winter of whether assistance should not be given the natives in the way of food supplies to tide them over the season.

Boston Proposal. "Emersonia," shall I merge our twin existence into one?" "I am not averse to such a consummation, Waldo." "Thank you. That being agreed upon, shall we er—er—oscillate?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Common Trait. "I have noticed," says the Hon. Alex Appleby, "that everybody who has a tooth pulled says it was one of the most stubborn the dentist ever extracted."—Kansas City Times.



"DID YOU SEE HIM WHEN HE HACKED THE TREE?"

The Father of His Country when the Declaration of Independence was read? "Yes, sir—yes, sir; I sholy was." "And with him when he crossed the Delaware?" "Sholy, sir—sholy. Warn't I in his bodyguard?" "Did you see him when he hacked the cherry tree?" "Did I see him? Sholy—sholy. I driv' the hack."—J. S. Evans in New York American.

Affording Consolation. Mrs. George H. Gilbert, the "grand old woman of the stage," whose recent death brought sorrow to the entire theatrical profession, loved to recount her experiences to intimate friends, and interesting they invariably proved. One of the most humorous related to Mrs. Gilbert's earlier days, when she was a member of a company presenting an intensely emotional drama. Proof was furnished the family of the hero that apparently stamped him as a criminal of an unpleasant kind. Naturally there was much weeping on the stage, accompanied by wringing of hands and other accessories. Upon one occasion the strained scene was completely spoiled by a man in the gallery (Mrs. Gilbert always maintained he must have been somewhat intoxicated) who yelled: "Cheer up, cheer up. It may not be true."—New York Tribune.

Value of a Pause Mark. Professor Bailey of Yale university says that in the town in which he spent his childhood there was a society of women who were very active man haters. On one occasion the president prepared a paper presenting the strength of women and the weakness of men entitled "Woman—Without Her Man is Helpless." To strengthen her point she hired a decrepit old man to read the paper before the regular weekly meeting of the club. When the time came the old man stood up and, reading from the manuscript, loudly announced his title as "Woman Without Her Man is Helpless."—New York Times.

How Daniel Webster Escaped. Daniel Webster had behaved badly at school, and the teacher called him to his desk for punishment. On the way from his seat to the desk Daniel spit upon his right hand and wiped it on his trousers leg. When he held his hand out for punishment the teacher was so shocked at its dirty condition that he said, "Daniel, if you will show me a dirtier hand in this whole schoolroom I will not punish you." Instantly young Webster thrust out his left hand, which was so much dirtier the teacher could not restrain a smile, but he kept his word, and Daniel took his seat without punishment.

No Speech. President Schurman of Cornell tells of a man who had been tried for perjury, but acquitted, says the New York Times. It was in a country district, and the judge asked him after the verdict had been announced and he had been formally discharged from custody whether he cared to make a speech. The prisoner slowly rose. "I want to thank the jury," he said, "and I do so, but as for making a speech I don't think I'd better, for that smart lawyer wouldn't let me take the stand for fear I'd admit the charge, and he must feel the same now."

Announcing a Meal. Among the curious byways of social history and household custom, says the London Globe, is that which is concerned with the mode of announcing that dinner or any other meal is or shortly will be ready. The dinner bell is, of course, the oldest of these modes. In mediaeval times the monastery or convent bell rang out on the quiet country air many times in the course of the day and night, and one of the many summonses was that which drew them to the refectory. And in later ages there are frequent allusions in literature which show that the bell method was still in constant favor notwithstanding the customary use of other modes of summons.

Satisfaction. "Too bad about Dingman going wrong, isn't it?" "Yes, but I haven't been grieving much about it. My wife always held him up to me as a model."—Detroit Tribune.