

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

90 BRUSSELS IS CHARACTERIZED BY AN AMERICAN TOURIST.

Some of its most attractive features—A handsome boulevard in place of the Old City Wall—The immense Town Hall—How the Tram Cars are Operated.

Brussels is a beautiful city and owes its beauty in a large measure to the good sense and public spirit of its citizens or a ruling king who rules in the interest of the people.

One good thing comes of a fortified city, or at least has come to Paris and Brussels, and that is when by expansion it has become necessary to tear down the fortification it has left the boulevard Brussels is now about three times as large as the original walled city, and this boulevard forms a broad street around between the center and the outside from 200 to 300 feet wide. It is more than a street or avenue, it is a street and a park. It goes by different names at different parts, and Boulevard Waterloo—the widest—is first a sidewalk, then a paved street perhaps 15 feet wide for business purposes, then ground with two rows of trees, 30 feet wide, for horseback riding, then 40 feet or so of asphalt or macadam for carriages, then 20 feet (at a guess) with four rows of trees for pedestrians, with seats for resting; then another paved street for business and street cars, and, lastly, the other sidewalk. At different places are booths for selling papers, etc., waiting rooms for the street car service and public conveniences. Through the town there are two broad avenues and many outside, like the Avenue Louise, which leads out to the Bois, and, like the boulevard, has the same combination—part street and part park of itself. The other streets are neither wide nor straight, but cool in a hot day and likely warm in winter.

The buildings are not whole blocks from street to street as in Paris, each separate house or store varying somewhat one from the other, but they are all in a locality or block about of the same height and degree of finish—all kept clean and bright—the telegraph and telephone wires all over the tops strung from roof to roof and the whole line supplied with street car service (one of the lines is supplied with cars that run on the track where there is a track and turn out on the pavement where there is none. This is done by using common omnibus wheels which drop into the grooves in the rails—when in line—which keeps the car on all right. By custom, law or common sense none of the carriages has tires less than about two inches wide, so that the ground rail does not interfere at all with the common street traffic. The king, either by his power or influence, sees to it that the companies give the worth of the money. The fares are very low—only a cent for short rides, varying according to the distance—and the companies are no doubt managed on economical lines. As an example, the tickets or receipts are printed on paper and are canceled by the conductor tearing off the corner. How simple compared with the thick ticket and punch! The street cars, or tram cars, have maps of the route over which they travel posted so one who can follow a map can see where the special line he is on goes, what streets it crosses and where it connects with other lines.

Probably nothing has been said about Brussels for the last 200 years that did not include the Hotel de Ville, or town hall, with its openwork spire. Inside it is a museum, with many curiosities and noted paintings surrounding it and throughout the old part of the town there are many ancient Flemish buildings, and in the new part is the Hall of Justice, one of the largest buildings in the world, if not the very largest. It is larger than St. Peter's, and though Philadelphia claims to have the largest this is 100 ft 6 in and 40 ft high, as against the Philadelphia structure of 400 feet square by the same height, and the Philadelphia building has a large open court, which the Brussels Hall of Justice has not. Anyway there is an awful lot of stone and architecture about it.

I do not know whether they deal out justice on the same scale as the building, but the affairs of the city seem to be well managed, and one would think, from the talk of the people, that the king has a good deal to do with it. He is greatly liked, and in the streets and in the exhibition every day workmen we had the honor of meeting him two or three times. He was going one way in the aisles of the exhibition and in the street, and we were going the other. "Long live the king!"—John E. Sweet in American Machinist.

Such is Fame. A Prussian officer in the German army has been in the habit of questioning raw recruits on simple matters of national history. Here are a few replies to his questions. "Who is Bismarck?" "Bismarck is dead." "Bismarck is a pensioner and lives in Paris." "Bismarck took part in the campaign of 1870 and received a medal for good conduct." "Bismarck descends from the Hohenzollerns and was born on April 1." "Of 66 recruits whom the officer had to instruct, 21 had never in their life heard the name of the Iron Chancellor."

Disappointed. "Is young Hopmeyer much of a lawyer?" "No, he isn't any good at all. I employed him in a case a short time ago, and he didn't say a thing to the counsel for the other side that a gentleman could object to."—Chicago News.

According to Dr. W. J. Beal, the native grasses of North America number about 1,275 species, included in about 140 genera, while in Europe there are only 47 genera and 519 species.

## CONSUMPTION.

The Conditions Which Invite a Foothold of This Dread Disease.

The virus of this disease cannot obtain a foothold until the resistive powers of the tissues have been reduced. There is, it is not only the food, but the soil. This impaired power of resistance may be the result of heredity, and this influence in the causation of disease is seldom shown to better advantage than in the history of consumption. There have been instances in which a single case introduced into a long and sound ancestry has vitiated the stock forever.

How unfortunate that such matters are so little considered in marrying and giving in marriage! It is not that the disease is inherited, but that the tissues, the feeble resistive powers, render the offspring an easy prey to the ubiquitous bacillus. This weakness often shows itself by a tendency to become ill from slight causes, a sickness not by any means to be confounded with merely a lack of robustness or strength. One organ or part of the body, frequently the mucous membrane, is usually more prone to become affected, and the beginning of the disease can often be traced to an attack of some slight ailment.

Not only the children of consumptive parents may show these characteristics, but also those of parents generally enfeebled, or whose ages are widely separated, or who are closely related by blood, or of a mother who has previously borne a number in quick succession. Even when heredity is sound the same condition is sometimes induced by coughing, by improper feeding, by attacks of acute disease or by want and distress. In growing children a bad carriage of body may act injuriously by contracting and deforming the chest. The stooped position which boys some times assume in bicycle riding should be discouraged for this reason.—William L. Russell, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

## THE LONGFELLOW STATUE.

A Fitting Memorial of the Poet at Portland, His Birthplace.

One of the best instances of what the statue of any great man should be—at any rate, in the respect of its situation, its perspective with regard to other monuments, and the local estimation in which it is held—is the statue of Longfellow at Portland, by Mr. Franklin Simmons. It is a dignified seated figure of the poet in bronze, occupying a conspicuous site in the best part of the town, in the middle of a square which is now known as Longfellow square. The statue was raised a few years ago by a fund solicited through a wide field, but chiefly obtained, I believe, in Portland. The sculptor was chosen through the curious local spirit which has affected unfavorably many of our architectural and other monuments. He was "mainly" selected because he was a "Maine man," though he had never seen the poet. However, the result in this case seems to have been happy. The statue has much beauty, and the likeness is said to be excellent.

This statue stands in the poet's native town, as is entirely proper. It may appeal every day to the eyes of thousands of young people, born very much as he was born, who should see in it the suggestion of possibility for them. Poetically it makes the stranger fancy the genius or spirit of the man still lingering among the scenes of his youth, and it symbolizes the satisfaction which every man feels to have his name remembered in his native town.—J. E. Chamberlain in Atlantic.

## The South Carolinian.

The South Carolinian has always arrogated to himself the name Carolinian, and he has never been on very familiar terms with his northern neighbor. His feeling for his southern neighbor, the Georgian, is also one of mere tolerance, for the latter has long been called the southern Yankee and fairly deserves the appellation. He has much of the typical "down easter," and he has a considerable share of that word's moral earnestness. In addition he has a good deal of the Virginian's geniality and love of comfort, of the North Carolinian's unpretending democracy and of the South Carolinian's tendency to exhibitions of fiery temper.

But over and above everything else he has an honest and hearty and not unfounded pride in Georgia, and a sort of Masonic affiliation with every person, thing—that can be called Georgian. He may not always stand for culture, but he does always stand for patriotism, strength and national honor. He loves straight, straightforwardness and the solid virtues generally—neither is he averse to the showy ones—but above all he loves virtue in action. Though possessed of a strong, clear intellect, he is more particularly a man of five senses, of which he makes as good use as he can. He may not always taste the sweetest or see the light of the highest civilization, but he has a good healthy appetite for life.—W. P. Trent in Atlantic.

## General Grant's Two Tunes.

A drum corps in passing caught sight of the general and at once struck up a then popular negro camp meeting air. Every one began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, "Good for the drummer!" "What's the fun?" inquired the general. "Ain't I glad to get out ob de way?" "Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know of a two tunes—one is 'Yankee Doodle' and the other isn't."—General Horace Porter in Century.

The southern entrance of the Bosphorus is commanded by the fortress of Constantinople, and the fort of the Bosphorus, Pertin, in the strait of Bab el Mandeb, the gulf of the latter company, the strait of the narrow channel and the dominating the entrance to the sea.

## Emerson's Wit and Humor.

There never could be torn a man essentially good, at who did not like to laugh, or to make at least others smile. Even Schopenhauer and Nietzsche could crack their grim jokes. There is nothing in compatible in that drollery which Emerson at times indulged in. In The Forum Mr. Henry D. Lloyd thus descends on Emerson:

A picaresque record of him is a story he told of a friend who carried a horse-chestnut to protect him from rheumatism. "He has never had it since he began to carry it, and indeed it appears to have had a retrospective operation, for he never had it before." A English friend tells me that while Mr. Emerson in his garden discussing some problem of life Mrs. Emerson called to him for some wood. Emerson went to the wood pile. When he came back, he said, with his wonderful smile, "Now, we will return to the real things."

When Oliver Wendell Holmes asked him if he had any manual dexterity, he illustrated it out of it by replying that he could split a shingle four ways with one nail, "which," says Dr. Holmes, "as the intention is not to split it at all in fastening it to the roof, I took to be a confession of impatience for mechanical work." In later years he lost his memory of the names of things. Once he wanted his umbrella, got around the door, but he can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away. His daughter ran in one day to ask who should be invited to join their berry picking party. "All the children," he said, "from 6 years to 60."

## St. Nicholas Day in Holland.

In some houses the little children who go to bed carry out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to play a game of hide and seek for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in the most mysterious place. In a great many families, however, Dec. 5 is celebrated by sending and receiving parcels in the evening of that day. "Parcels" must be taken here in a very broad sense. The servant who has to answer the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put into her hands or before her and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks—may, is put—a most extraordinary looking gentleman or an old lady or a queer animal, consisting chiefly of wood or of linen filled with sawdust, in which are hidden, sometimes one of very small dimensions, lies concealed. Funny little rhymes often accompany the parcels, and generally much good natured teasing is contained in the poetical lines. The patience of some people is often sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound to get at the present.—Annie C. Kruper in St. Nicholas.

## Emerson's "American Scholar."

Emerson has left behind him nothing stronger than this address, "The American Scholar." It was the first application of his views to the events of his day, written and delivered in the heat of early manhood while his extraordinary powers were at their height. It moves with a logical progression, of which he soon lost the habit. The subject of it—the scholar's relation to the world—was the passion of his life. The body of his belief is to be found in this address, and in any adequate account of him the whole address ought to be given.

Dr. Holmes called this speech of Emerson's our "Intellectual Declaration of Independence," and indeed it was. "The Phi Beta Kappa speech," says Mr. Lowell, "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene always to be treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"—John Jay Chapman in Atlantic.

## The Sultan and Electricity.

The sultan seems to have a curious mingled liking for and dread of electricity. Mr. Burgin tells in Cassell's Magazine that some years ago he caused to be erected in the grounds of Yildiz a small theater lighted by incandescent lamps. One day he saw the workmen tearing the walls in order to bury the wires leading from the engine room to the theater and stepped the work, insisting that the wires should all be placed in sight on poles as he feared that otherwise they might be used to produce an explosion. He had also an electrical boat on a small lake, an English derrick driven by electricity, and a tiny electrical tramcar, upholstered in blue satin and gold, which runs in a circle. It is said that he has never yet ventured inside any of these vehicles, and also that he has forbidden the use of telephones in Constantinople lest murderous conspiracies should be devised over the wires.

## Light and Love.

The women have a quarrel with Edison. They won't let him invent an illuminated night keyhole. They don't want their husbands, when coming home late from their clubs, to slip in and up stairs and catch them asleep when they want to make believe they have been sitting up waiting for them all night.—Exchange.

## The Expert's Quandary.

Pauper—I hear that you have made a careful examination of the blood stains found at Badlet's barn. What do you make of them? Serum (an expert)—It is impossible for me to say just at present whether the stains are human blood or the blood of a horse. You see, I may be engaged by the government, and I may be engaged by the detective.—Boston Transcript.

# A Suffering Soldier.

This veteran fought for his country; suffered untold hardships, and returned with health shattered. Many a brave soldier has the same history. To-day this one rejoices in a new-found strength and tells his experience to benefit others.

No man is better known and liked in that rich tier of Illinois counties, of which Peoria is the center, than genial Chester S. Harrington, of Princeton, Ill.

Mr. Harrington is a veteran of the late war. Like many a brave soldier, he suffered not only during that service, but for years afterwards from diseases contracted then.

For years his health was shattered; his sufferings increased. He was unable to gain relief, but now he tells a story which is of profit to many:

"I served three years in the 14th Illinois, enlisting at Kewanee, Ill., said I. I was in Libby's Prison and suffered like many another Northern soldier. The strain of army life did its work in undermining my health, although the danger did not come for some time after."

"For fifteen years I suffered from general debility and nervousness so badly that I could not sleep. Indigestion resulted and my misery increased. My eyes began to fail, and as my body lost vitality my mind seemed to give way. I could scarcely remember events that happened but a few weeks before."

"I was a few weeks before business. I was just able to creep around during part of this time, and there were many times when I did not get up. My brother is a doctor, but all his efforts to help me failed to give any relief. I tried a number of remedies without avail. Finally, having read articles regarding cures that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I decided to try them. That was in 1876. I bought a box and took the pills according to instructions."

"Four days later I had the happiest hours I had known for years. That night I went to sleep easily and slept soundly as a child and awoke refreshed."

"After I had taken four boxes of the pills, I found that I was cured and had also increased 27 pounds in weight. This greatly surprised my friends, who thought my case was a hopeless one. I began my work again and have continued ever since in excellent health."

"Another valuable gain to me was, that while I was taking these pills had been cured of the smoking habit, which had formed when I was a boy and had clung to me all these years. The craving for tobacco left me and I have never experienced it since."

"I cannot say enough for these pills and have recommended them to many." To verify this statement Mr. Harrington made affidavit to its truthfulness before Lincoln M. Gov. Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People strike at the root of disease by acting directly upon the impure blood. Their power is marvelous and many wonderful cures have been made. Druggists consider them a potent remedy, and all sell them.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago

Wrestling With the Czar. One of the stories of Peter the Great heard in St. Petersburg is of the czar's wrestling match with a young dragon. Once in the imperial palace, so the story goes, Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars. Is there among you one who will wrestle with me to pass the time and amuse the czar?"

There was no reply, and the czar repeated his challenge. No prince or nobleman dared wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, Orthodox czar," he said, "I will wrestle with thee."

"Well, young dragon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou art thrown, I will pardon thee, but if thou art thrown thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on these conditions?"

"I will, great czar," said the soldier. They closed, and presently the soldier, with his left arm, threw the czar, and with his right he prevented him from falling to the ground. The sovereign was clearly beaten.

Somewhat in the spirit of Herod, the czar offered the soldier whatever reward he should claim, and the soldier ignobly claimed the privilege of drinking as long as he lived in all the inns belonging to the crown.—Youth's Companion.

A Queen's Indiscretion. In connection with the stories of Bismarck's enemies among royal ladies the following anecdote, which has never been publicly related, may now be printed: Queen Sophia of the Netherlands, the first wife of King William III of Holland, was too great a friend of the Empress Eugenie and of France generally to take kindly to the great chancellor. Before the big war of 1870 and probably some time after the Luxembourg squabble there was an international exhibition in Amsterdam, which the queen visited. She was conducted over the whole place by the committee, and as they came to a certain section one of the members said, "Now your majesty will see the greatest enemy of Germany." "Ah! Bismarck!" she cried with some glee. The members stood agape and never repeated this rash exclamation. The "greatest enemy" had to exhibit was not of course, Bismarck at all, but only a very much enlarged reproduction of either the phylloxera or the Colorado beetle, which at that time did a great deal of harm to German agriculture.—Westminster Gazette.

Chocolate and Coffee For Caramels. Put into a granite satepan a quarter of a pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate, four ounces of butter, one pound of brown sugar, a glass of molasses, a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the whole over the fire until thoroughly mixed, when boil dropped into ice water. Turn into greased shallow pans to a depth of half an inch and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold, grease a sharp knife with squares, cutting part way through the mixture. When cold, break apart, wrap in waxed paper and put in tin boxes to keep.

Coffee caramels may be made after the same recipe as chocolate caramels, omitting the gill of cream and chocolate and substituting a gill of black coffee. Nut caramels are made by putting into the chocolate caramel mixture a half pint of mixed chopped nuts just as you are turning them into the greased pan.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

His Attempt Was Void. They had been having a discussion concerning the necessity or otherwise of purchasing a new silk dress in order to be on a level with the De Moneys next door. Banks had vetoed the purchase on the ground of extravagance and want of funds, and his wife was much put out.

"Dinner ready, my dear?" he asked in his most conciliatory manner. Her face had been like a stale thunderstorm over since the disagreement, and Banks wanted to change it.

"Yes," answered Mrs. B. shortly. "Must try again," said Banks to himself. Then aloud: "Ah, I'm glad to see my love. I have what the poets would call 'an aching void,' Sarah." She returned in a cutting tone.

Banks drew his chair up to the table with unnecessary noise and refrained from the further attempts at conciliation for the rest of the day.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Collegian's Report. Members of the class in Cambridge had been rather flippant in regard to some pompous authority, and a fellow was giggling him. Said he: "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen, that the venerable person of such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age—indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," was the rejoinder of the undergraduate.—Recollections of Aubrey de Vere.

A bushel of plasterers' hair, when well dried, equals 10 pounds.

# No Cripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you up all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

# Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists, 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Aspirin.

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## BALLADE OF A CITY BOWER

If booky dolls with brown and silver hair  
Pipes numberless perennially  
For publication bellows in slightly look  
Sings breathing, lightness, grace of  
and fill.  
These are fair spots, but here God's  
will.

A stone's throw from the city's heart and  
Gives me as fair—let me describe it all.  
My upper window, where the elm looks in  
will.

They love dark things who celebrate the  
That built in woody places suits and  
My neighbor, too, mixed, in sturdy look  
A painted orange hangs from his window  
And hears not in its captive's airy  
Flies for the liberty he may not win.  
Those are free, busy throats with time  
fill

My upper window where the elm looks in  
A glistering, turquoise leaf it overlooks.  
My pleasant bower, and a great hill  
Gilt with wild mustard blossoms. There  
Beyond them doubtless which a little  
In ballad making must mislead.  
The world with perfect lays that seem  
My upper window where the elm looks in

When day is over at the rambling mill  
And slipped the eyes of office discipline  
Here is an exorcist for every ill  
My upper window where the elm looks in  
—Edward W. Barnard in Lotus

THEATRICAL RECEIPTS.  
Charles Reade Wondered Why They Were So Large in America.  
"Edwin Booth in London" is the title of an article in The Century by R. H. House. Mr. House tells of an interesting meeting between Booth and Charles Reade and reports the following conversation relating to the appearance of Booth and Irving together:

"Is it true that the prices will be changed?"  
"Doubled, I believe. Irving says they must be. That is one of the risks we speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else."

"Then I hope it will turn out well. What are the indications?"  
"Very good, I hear. I cannot judge myself. The conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slow—and thrifty. I suspect to run the way American plays. Yet I can't see why there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and ours. The stories we hear of New York profits sound fabulous. I should say you were fabulous if I had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night is nothing to you, it seems."

"Two or three hundred would not stagger us," said Booth, smiling, "but four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the proprietors houses in New York considered \$1,000 a fair average the year round. Stars traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more."

"What you at all prepared for the lower prices here?"  
"Not really prepared. I was told that to expect, but I got nothing at the Princes', but I did not take his 'nothing' literally. I thought I might count upon \$1,000 a month at the very worst. He was right, however."

"I can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same, yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James' packed, without about one-half the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than it will hold."

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth, "but, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences will be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions."

"No, no. You tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who likes to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

Seeding Under Difficulties.  
At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return. One of the guests who had noticed this little byplay slipped out a bit of paper and penning something on it handed it to a friend. This was what the latter read: "No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return: "Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Married Women Teachers.  
Of all the causes now tending to keep women out of matrimony one that is very effective is the discrimination against married women teachers in the public schools. Malden, Mass., is the latest to declare that the marriage of a public school teacher shall be regarded as a resignation of her office. Mark the pronoun "her." No such discrimination is made against men.—Woman's Tribune.

The Roman houses and palaces were so imperfectly lighted that in many living rooms the inmates were forced to depend on lamps by day as well as by night.

Business Scheme.  
"We will never sell these clocks at \$15," said the clerk.  
"We don't expect to," said the manager. "They are marked \$15 now next week they will be marked down to \$8.50 next week."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Opinion.  
"Is he a scientific fighter?"  
"Scientific!" echoed the pugilist contemptuously. "Why, he couldn't pass a single sentence of his challenge!"—Washington Star.