NAPOLEON'S TAILOR.

One Man Who Dared to Disobey His Imperial Master.

The diary of Poumies de la Siboutie (born 1789, died in 1863), recently translated into English, has something about Napoleon, that remarkable man who continues to be the most interesting figure in European history. Here is one about Napoleon's carelessness in dress and what came of it:

In 1810, when Napoleon went to Compiegne to receive Marie Louise, his sister, the Princess Borghese said to him:

"Your clothes are badly cut and do not fit you. You are so obstinate about not wearing braces—your trousers always look as if they were falling off"—

"Well," answered the emperor, "what do you advise me to do about it? Can you recommend another tailor?"

"Have a talk with Constant."

Constant, the emperor's valet, was sent for and named one Leger, who was tailor to Murat, Prince Eugene, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. A messenger was sent to summon him, and he arrived at Compiegne the next day. From that moment he made everything Napoleon wore. He consistently ignored his imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the emperor wished the skirts of his tunics to be turned back, like those of Frederick the Great. "I should not think of allowing such a thing, sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost. The eyes of the whole world are upon your majesty, and if you were seen wearing such a uniform as you propose it would be a disadvantage to you, and I should have to bear the blame. I would not make you such a tunic if you offered me the whole of your empire."

ESKIMO SEALERS.

A Battle of Alertness Between the Hunter and His Prey.

The Eskimo method of hunting seals shows a primitive calling improved to a fine art. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances only when the seal's head is down.

Now, as the seal is one of the most wideawake of animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter by carefully watching the seal's movements is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time until the distance between man and beast has been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes instead of the bow and arrow a harpoon is used with equal effect.—Harper's Weekly.

The Parents' Joke.

Some parents seem unable to resist the temptation to make a joke with the Christian names of their children, says the London Chronicle. The Somerset House registers testify to the existence of a Mr. Mineral Waters, a Frosty Winter and an Alfred Days Weeks. There is something to be said in favor of naming children in the order of their arrival—Primus, Secundus, etc.—but it is unfortunate for a well known Canadian named Cumber that it should have fallen to his lot to be Quintus, for his name is always appearing in the papers as Mr. Q. Cumber.

A Boston Street.

It was one of the older conductors breaking in a new recruit who had shown that he was not particularly quick to catch an idea. The car came to Webster street, and the older conductor whispered the name to the recruit. The latter did not understand, and the conductor, losing patience, said, "Webster—Webster's dictionary." And the passengers were amazed to hear the new man bawl out, "Webster's dictionary."—Boston Post.

Yearned For Excitement.

"Yes, the great society leader is absolutely ennuied."

"Tired of everything, eh?"

"Positively. The last time I saw her she was faintly wondering in a bewildered way whether she'd better take up aviation or get a divorce."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Quick Recovery.

Miggleton—It looks like rain. Hambaugh—What looks like rain? Miggleton (taken by surprise but equal to the occasion)—A shower bath in action.—Chicago Tribune.

Enmeshed.

Maud—After all, a hammock is nothing but a net. Jack—Right! Many a girl makes a good catch in one.—Exchange.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.—Vieillard.

LUCKY LAST LOOK

It Preserved the Declaration of Independence In 1814.

SAVED IT FROM THE BRITISH.

The Precious Document Would Have Been In the State Department When It Was Burned but For Pleasonton's Final Glance Around the Room.

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasonton. Mr. Beaseley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers, stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced, after his inspection, that we had no force available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasonton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority, Mr. Pleasonton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by others in the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily alarming themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasonton was of a different opinion, and observed that it was the part of prudence to take measures to preserve these valuable papers of the revolutionary government. Had Mr. Pleasonton delayed but a few days, had he followed the advice of the secretary of war, an irreparable loss would have been sustained. For the papers which Mr. Pleasonton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, then not published; the correspondence of General Washington, his commission, resigned at the close of the war; the correspondence of General Greene and other officers of the Revolution, as well as laws, treaties and correspondence of the department of state from the adoption of the constitution down to that time.

Mr. Pleasonton had the bags carted to a grist mill, which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Patterson and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left, and Mr. Pleasonton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, glancing back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood and, of course, would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasonton therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasonton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little tavern where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.—Kansas City Times.

'Tis well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Firenzuola.

SAVAGE SPORT.

Slapping Game of the Bontoc Igorrotes a Unique Contest.

Every nation has its own idea of sport. That of the wild Igorrotes of northern Luzon used to consist principally of head hunting, a grisly and bloody recreation which the American occupation discouraged. But not all the pastimes of the Igorrotes are as horrible as this. One rather amusing game of which they are fond is thus described by Dean C. Worcester in the National Geographic Magazine:

A constabulary officer tells us that if we want to see a unique contest we must ask for the slapping game of the Bontoc Igorrotes. We want to see all there is going and say so.

A wooden bench is brought out, and two lithe and muscular young men step forward. One of them squats on the bench, grasping his right thigh in his hands so as to tighten the muscles as much as possible.

The other stands beside him and stretches out his right arm. He throws his arm back and then sweeps it forward in a full round arm swing. The blow falls on thin air, close to the tightened thigh muscles of his opponent.

He now swings his arm back again, his whole body turning with it, rises on the toes of his left foot and puts every ounce of strength which he possesses into a blow delivered with the flat of his hand upon the rigid thigh of his opponent. Knots of muscle spring out on his arm, back and legs as he strikes and the blow cracks like a revolver shot.

The recipient endeavors, sometimes with poor success, to preserve an expression of contemptuous indifference. The judges examine his thigh. If the blow has been hard enough blood will show just beneath the skin and he will not have the stisfaction of taking a whack at his opponent, but if this result has not been achieved the other must take his seat on the bench and submit to be smitten.

The contest continues until one succeeds in producing the bloody mark on the other.

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Lime Starvation the Basic Cause, Says a Chemist.

"The almost universal decay of the teeth is proof positive that our nation is suffering lime starvation," writes a chemistry lecturer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

"Our dentists prescribe tooth washes and tooth pastes, advocate local hygiene, fill cavities and fit bridges, and all this time ignore the fact that the basic cause is lime starvation.

"Dentists will tell you that the sugar you take in your mouth acts directly upon your teeth. Dentists shut their eyes to the evident fact that decay starts first in the pulp beneath the intact enamel and honeycombs the interior tooth until the shell-like bridge of enamel breaks beneath the strain.

"The enamel gives absolute protection against the external attacks of acids and sugar. I have immersed sound teeth for months in a solution of fruit acids and sugar and have been unable to detect any erosion of either the enamel or the pulp.

"When you eat sweetmeats the sugar, with its irresistible affinity for soluble lime, combines with the calcium of the blood, and the blood retaliates by sapping the soluble from the pulp and substance of the teeth. Druggists make use of this affinity of soluble lime for sugar when preparing the official sirup of lime. Lime forms a solution thirty-five times stronger in simple sirup than in the same quantity of water. If you want your children to have sound, white teeth, see that their diet is rich in lime and poor in sugar."

A Fine Savage Custom.

The untutored mind of the Indian or savage often appears strange to us, but there is sometimes reason in what at first sight seems eccentric. A South African tribe has an effectual method of dealing with bores, which might be adopted by western people. This simple tribe considers long speeches injurious both to the orator and his hearers, so to protect both there is an unwritten law that every public orator must stand on one leg only when he is addressing an audience. As soon as he has to place the other leg on the ground his oration is brought to a close.—London Globe.

Generosity.

Patrick worked for a notoriously stingy boss and lost no chance to let the fact be known. Once a waggish friend, wishing to twit him, remarked:

"Pat, I hear your boss just gave you a brand new suit of clothes."

"No," said Pat, "only a par-rt of a suit."

"What part?"

"The sleeves iv the vest."—New York Times.

The One Flaw.

"I suppose you are engaged to the duke?"

"Well, nearly."

"What's the hitch? Awaiting his father's consent?"

"No; he can't marry without a majority favorable report from his creditors."—Kansas City Journal.

Comfortable.

"That fellow looks rather comfortable in spite of the weather."

"Yes; he takes things easy. He's a pickpocket, you know."—New York Times.

A Pessimist.

A pessimist is a person who tells you that what appears to be a silver lining in your cloud is only a low grade of tin foil.—Galveston News.

THE SHIP CAPTAIN

His Life Pays the Penalty if His Vessel Be Wrecked.

SAD TRAGEDIES OF THE SEA.

Brave and Skillful Mariners Who Went to Death With Heroic Calmness When Disaster Overwhelmed the Craft Committed to Their Care.

For this is the law without excuse
For all of the lords of the sea—
That each must hold his ship from harm,
Whatever the odds may be.

There are many tragedies of the sea that the world knows very little about, or, knowing, very soon forgets. These are the tragedies of the men whose lives have been spent in the hard and exacting service which the sea demands, whose long years of toil and zeal and skill have brought the high responsibilities of command and whose careers have been cut short by the fault of an hour—yea, even by the error of a minute.

The old rubric that those who never make mistakes have had few opportunities for making them does not apply here. There is never a voyage that does not have its possibility of error, and in many of them arise the sudden emergencies which bring the acid test of presence of mind, cool judgment, expert seamanship and skill. Let these qualities fail the master mariner in his time of need, and, no matter what might have been the stress of body or brain, or of both, his professional career is at an end, if the lapse involves disaster to his ship.

There is that veteran mariner Captain Frederick Watkins. He it was who commanded the City of Paris when the old Inman liner came staggering to port with the Atlantic waves swashing about her hold and surging against her bulkheads, the result of a fog shrouded impact with an iceberg. The liner was thronged with passengers. The unforeseen danger came near to sending her and her thousand souls to the bottom, but the energy, resourcefulness and skill of her commander brought her safe to port—a deed to be long remembered.

It was remembered up to a few years ago, when a slight miscalculation on the part of Captain Watkins sent his vessel upon the Manacle rocks, on the Cornish coast. Now you may search all of the obscure places of the earth and you may not locate him.

There was the Prinzessin Victoria Luise of the Hamburg-American line, which drove hard upon the coral beach at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica. The vessel was thronged with tourists, making a jaunt to the West Indies. Fortunately the sea was calm, and there was no difficulty in getting passengers ashore. When the last had been safely landed the captain went to his stateroom and put a bullet through his brain.

The pitiable part of it all was that he had no need to. It was not the brain he shattered that was at fault, but the Kingston earthquake, which had destroyed the lighthouse.

Captain Griffith of the Mohegan stood on the bridge of his fast sinking ship until the waters engulfed him. Deloncle of the French liner Bourgogne, sunk in mid-Atlantic by a collision with the British steamship Cromartyshire, was last seen on the bridge, with hand on whistle cord, as his vessel took the long dive. Von Goessel of the Elbe went down with his ship, standing with folded arms upon the bridge as the vessel slowly sank.

One of the saddest tragedies of the sea was the wreck of the British steamship Waiearapa, which went ashore on Great Barrier island while on a voyage from Sydney to New Zealand. As the vessel neared the entrance to the harbor of Auckland a thick fog shut in. Captain McIntosh, who commanded her, had been many years in the service of the line and was reputed to be very careful and capable, but while the steamer was groping her way through the mist it was noted that he was exceedingly nervous and depressed.

When night came the fog was so thick that the lookouts could not see half a ship's length ahead. A few minutes past midnight there was a sudden crash, which laid the steamship almost on her beam ends, disabling all of the boats on the careered side. Captain McIntosh was on the bridge at the time. A great wound which had been torn in the vessel's side showed the extent of the disaster. As soon as he realized that his ship must become a total loss the captain strode to the end of the bridge and, exclaiming "This is the last watch!" plunged overboard to his death.—Walter Scott Meriwether in Munsey's Magazine.

Those Buried Treasures.

"My speech was rather lengthy, I am afraid," said the young statesman, "but I assure you that it contains numerous gems of thought."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Growcher, "but I have never allowed myself to take the slightest interest in these stories of buried treasures."—Washington Star.

Question For Question.

Gibbs—What an aggravating habit Jones has of answering a question by asking another. Dibbs—Yes; I've noticed that. Last night I asked him if he'd lend me $5, and he replied by asking me if I took him for a darned fool.—Boston Transcript.

He is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.—Coleridge.

MYSTERY CHAMBERS.

Famous Locked Rooms In Some of the Old British Castles.

Perhaps the most famous locked room in the world is at Glamis castle, the old home of the earls of Strathmore. In this rambling pile there is supposed to be a secret chamber, access to which is known only to the Earl of Strathmore, the heir apparent and the factor. The mysterious chamber is supposed to have been, centuries ago, the repository of a grim family scandal, the nature of which could only whispered even in those wild days.

There is in Poulton Old Hall a mysterious locked room which has never been opened except by a representative of the Green family. The hall and its lands have sometimes been let, but the Green family have always retained possession of this mysterious room, which is supposed to contain several relics and other family treasures. It is said that the last tenant, a prominent Mersey shipowner, would have given them an increased rent for it if he could have had access to it or could have cleared away the mysterious contents, but the owners refused to give up possession, and so the tenant left.

There is a very similar tradition at Nether Hall, the Cumberland seat of the Senhouse family. Here, as at Glamis castle, the position of the secret chamber is known only to the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. The room, it is understood, has no window and up till now has not been located by any one not in possession of the key to the mystery.

A tragic interest attaches to the ruins of Minster Lovel house, in Oxfordshire. While it was tenanted by a farmer a concealed vault was discovered, and in it was the perfect skeleton of Lord Lovel, seated at a table on which was lying an open prayer book. There were some jars and barrels which had contained food, sufficient, no doubt, to last some weeks; but, the mansion having fallen into the hands of King Henry VII., the prisoner was unable to regain his liberty. The discovery cleared up a mystery which had surrounded his fate for nearly two centuries.—Pearson's Weekly.

JUST TO MAKE SURE.

The Scheme Looked Good, but the Old Man Lacked Confidence.

Living on a plantation fifty or sixty miles out of New Orleans is an old poker playing, chicken fighting, horse racing sportsman, who is always willing to gamble on anything and who isn't averse to gamble even when he has a shade the better of it. Not long ago a professional gambler came to him and said, "Squire, you know that Phillips man who used to play cards on the river?"

"I do."

"Well, he's showed up here with a lot of money. Now, I've got a scheme to get that money."

"Go on; you interest me."

"Well, I'll get him down here, and we'll pot him into a game of poker—just the two of us and him. Then I'll cold deck him, you'll get the money, and we'll divide."

"How do you propose to do that, son?"

"Why, I'll deal him four queens, and I'll deal you four kings, and he'll bet all the money he has. All you've got to do is to bet against him, show your four kings when he's through, and we'll split the pile."

"You mean you'll deal him four queens and deal me four kings out of a cold deck?"

"That's it."

"All right, son, all right. But when you are dealin' them four kings to me just deal me one ace also for a sort of confidence card."—Saturday Evening Post.

Big Noses In Japan.

The nose plays a very important part in Japan, owing, probably, that a difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese and another. The nose is the only feature which attracts attention. As there are very few large noses to be found in Japan, a lady with a large nose is regarded as one specially gifted by nature. She is invariably a reigning beauty and the envy of her less favored sisters. In all Japanese pictures in which ladies are portrayed the artists are particularly careful to make the nose of liberal dimensions.—London Telegraph.

Sweet Child.

"Yes," said little Elsie, "mamma says she is always glad to let me come to parties at your house."

"It is very nice of your mamma to say that."

"'Cause she says you're so savin' that there's never any danger you'll give me anything that will be rich enough to hurt me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Undeveloped Sense of Humor.

"The trouble with you women," he said, "is that you have no sense of humor."

"I know it," his better half admitted. "I suppose I ought to think being married to you is a lovely joke, but I can't seem to see it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foolishness.

"I fine you $5."

"Judge, I only sassed a policeman."

"I fine you for foolishness. When there are so many things you could have done, why did you select this?"—Washington Herald.

Making love is easier than making a fortune, but it involves greater chances.—Ring.

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THE TEA AND TOAST.

I have counted the figures a thousand times
in the paper around my bed,
And the ceiling cracks I have studied and
traced, and the pattern weave of the
spread.
And a blue-bottle fly and a spider gray I
have watched for a day or two—
This being sick is a tedious job, and I'm
tired, now *I* tell *you*.
But better a convalescent man than a
wandering, lonesome ghost,
I think when I hear my Maggie's step,
as she's bringing the tea and toast.
Rations are slim when a fellow is sick;
only a dribble and dole,
Spoonful of broth, a snuff of fresh air and
the half of a doughnut hole;
But oh, that toast of a delicious brown,
and that CHASE & SANBORN tea—
That's the stuff for a chap that's down
—it's putting new life in *me*.
I didn't know tea was so good before;
each drop has a tang like wine,
When I get up I'll send that firm a testimonial line.
Away with your drugs! It's tea I want.
It's helping me the most,
And I count the minutes till Maggie comes,
bringing the tea and toast.

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The Misses Mar
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A new 6-room
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C. W. Wallace.
Mr. and Mrs.
Eugene, spent C
Barrett's mother,
this city.
Miss Ruth Helli
is visiting at the
Miss Ipha Wid
tending a busine
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for a short visit.
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on making some
building.
Miss Lena Hell
ley were married
the past week.
sister of E. and
this city.
McGavran is
sale.
NOTHING BE