Nothing Doing.

"I don't think I'll wager with you," said the baker, "you haven't the dough."

"That may be," replied the butcher, "but I don't see you putting up any stakes."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Her First Query.

"My dear," said Mr. Cubbage to his wife, who was dangerously ill, "Mrs. Kickshaw is downstairs and wants to see you."

"What has she got on?" asked the dying woman feebly.

Often the Case.

"In choosing a wife, said the scanty-haired philosopher, "one should never judge by appearances."

"That's right," rejoined the very young man. "The homliest girls usually have the most money."

The Will and the Way.

Grieved Sister—Oh, Edgar, you don't know how it would please me if you would only settle down and go to work with a will.

Wayward Brother—Never mind, sister; just wait till the old man shuffles off this mortal coil and you'll see me go to work with a will, if that document doesn't suit me.

A Question.

"What do you think of the new boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"Oh, I don't know," replied starbard. "I think he's very polite.

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did you hear him ask if I'd have the cream?"—Philadelphia Press.

Thoughtful.

Doctor—I think you understand fully now the directions for these medicines and this is for your dyspepsia.

Patient—Why, I haven't dyspepsia, doctor.

Doctor—Oh, I know; but you will have it when you have taken those other medicines.—Tit-Bits.

The Fitness of Things.

"If you were a woman," said the bachelor girl who was entertaining a caller, "I'd show you my new frock. But as you're a man I'll show you the slippers that go with it."—Washington Times.

Follies of Long Ago.

Bibbs—No man knows himself.

Gibbs—That's true. I have just been reading over some letters I wrote to my wife before we were married.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In a Quiver of Rage.

First Actress—I was entirely beside myself with rage.

Second Actress—You certainly were. Why, you quivered even in the places you were upholstered.—Life.

Misplaced Affection.

She kissed him and caressed him,
But 'twas not what he desired;
He only looked at her and growled—
For she made the poor pug tired.

Human Nature.

Some people practice what they preach,
But it's a lead-pipe cinch
They preach to others by the yard
And practice by the inch.

Then and Now.

"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."

"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.

"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage.

"We both think we made fools of ourselves."

The Unexpected Happens.

"Why that look of surprise?" asked Blowell, who had just finished relating a remarkable story. "Don't you believe it?"

"Yes; that's the peculiar part of it," replied his friend Naggsby. "I happen to know that it is true."

Science AND Invention

It has been noted that vessels may float down stream faster than the water. The explanation is that both the water and the floating object are being pulled down the hill by gravity, but the water is much more retarded by friction.

Pointing out the need of protecting egrets, or white herons, an English naturalist calls attention to the possibilities of egret farming. This has been successfully established at Tunis, and as egret plumes are worth more than their weight in gold, the profits from cutting the feathers from the birds should be large.

Meteorology owes its origin to Italy, which, as Dr. H. C. Bolton notes, produced every one of the fundamental instruments now used in weather observations. The hygrometer was invented about 1450, by Nicolas de Cusa; anemometer, 1578, by Egnatis Dante; thermometer, 1595, by Galileo; raingauge, 1639, by Cartelli; barometer, 1643, by Torricelli.

The new peat wood of Joseph Hemmerling of Dresden takes a high polish, and is thirty-three to fifty per cent cheaper than oak. It is especially recommended for panels, parquet flooring and ceilings. The material is produced by adding to the wet peat some binding material up to five per cent of its total weight, then forming into cylinders under high pressure, and finally drying at a high temperature for four or five days.

An effort to determine from geysers the upper temperature limit of life has led Prof. W. A. Setchell to conclude that no animals exist in strictly thermal waters, or those heated above 45 degrees or 45 degrees C. (109 degrees or 113 degrees F.). A filamentous plant, one of the bacteria, was found at 89 degrees C., and a few other simple forms were found at 77 degrees and below. How the protoplasm of these organisms is made to resist the coagulation that usually destroys life at a little above 40 degrees C. is not clear.

By means of cross-breeding Mr. Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, has developed a variety of blackberries which are perfectly white, as bright as snow in the sunshine, and so transparent that the seeds can be seen inside the ripe fruit. The seeds are said to be unusually small, and the berries are as sweet and melingly tender as the finest of the black varieties. The familiar Lawton berry is described as the great-grand-parent of the new white variety, to which has been given the name of "Iceberg." The white berries are as large as the Lawtons.

There has been some talk in England lately of endeavoring to shorten the voyage across the Atlantic by developing the harbor of Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, and connecting it by swift steamers with St. John's in Newfoundland. The distance from Galway to St. John's is 1,816 miles; that from Liverpool to New York is 3,116 miles, and from Southampton 3,093 miles. It is assumed that transit between New York and St. Johns, nearly all by land, could be performed so rapidly that the time from London to New York would be cut down a whole day below the present fastest records.

Many naturalists believe that animals possess senses unknown to human beings, something not included in our fivefold range of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Insects especially give evidence of possessing powers of perception peculiar to themselves. The wasp Rembex, says J. Carter Beard, makes her nest in sandbanks that are sometimes acres in extent. On leaving she covers it up so carefully that it is indistinguishable from the surrounding surface, and yet on her return she flies direct to it without hesitation. Another wasp, as if possessed of a kind of X-ray sense, unerringly locates the hidden eggs of the mason-bee under a thick layer of sunbaked clay, and deposits her own eggs in the same cells.

NEWSBOY PICKPOCKETS

Two Little Experiences with Thieves, with an Interval of Thirty Years.

"One of my earliest experiences in this city," said a New Yorker of now thirty-odd years' standing, "was with a newsboy who tried to pick my pocket; and among my latest experiences has been one precisely similar; this last experience showing, I suppose, that I am getting old and so have come to be regarded as an easy mark again, as I must have been considered when I was young and new in the town.

"The methods employed by the two boys, working thirty years apart, were identically the same, the boy in each case attempting the comparatively easy pocket-picking task of extracting money from the outside change pocket of an overcoat.

"To do this the boy carries his newspapers, to the casual eye, held out in front of him quite in the ordinary way; but he actually holds them with the left hand only, carrying the right hand under the papers out of sight and apparently helping to support them, but wholly free.

"Offering his papers to a customer thus the newsboy pickpocket advances them closer and closer to the customer, with an appearance simply of importuning him to buy, until he gets the papers close to the man's coat and over the change pocket. Under the papers thus advanced he puts forth quick, out of sight, his right hand, with which to rifle the pocket, if you leave it unprotected, though he may lose a chance by bungling himself, and so give you a chance.

"This last boy that tried me was a novice and a bungler, who did just that; and I felt the pressure of his fingers on the coat plainly before he got into the pocket at all; and I turned on him, but not angrily, nor even threateningly, but with a sort of reproachful and regretful exclamation. Besides being chagrined for myself at being picked out as easy it really seemed a pity that this youngster should deliberately set out, as he seemed to have done, on the wrong road; to follow a way that, in the nature of things, could lead to one end only; and I am sure that the boy knew how I felt.

"I don't mean that he figured it all out as exactly as I have tried to tell it to you, but he certainly did know in a general sort of a way. He started back with a shamed face, and at the same time with a scared sort of look, as though he thought I might get after him, after all; but when he realized that I was just soft-hearted and sorry, and wasn't going to do anything about it, why, though I stood and gazed at him for a moment, he, after his first momentary look of shamefacedness and alarm, ignored me completely, and simply went on offering his papers to the passers-by as though I had never existed.

"He had had a good shaking up, from his failure with me and my discovery of him, and what with his wonder after that about how it was going to come out; but he was rattled for a moment only. He was a novice but he was coming on.

"The moral of all this is that, while the great bulk of the newsboys are independent, self-reliant, capable little chaps, who are strictly on the level, there are among them, more's the pity, some who will pick a pocket if they get a chance; and when you meet a boy who insists upon working his papers up close against you, over your outside change pocket, why of him you want to fight shy."—New York Sun.

MORAL REFORM BY KNIFE.

Surgery Credited with Having Cured Viciousness in Human Beings.

London is just now very much interested in two surgical cases giving results in changing the nature of the subjects which promise to render valuable assistance in pointing the way to the reformation of criminals. One of these patients was a boy of good family who had developed brutal instincts which seemed to be beyond control. He gave his time to the invention of malicious mischief, delighted in killing or wounding, was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived and promised to grow up a desperado and criminal. A clever surgeon took him in hand, examined his head with care, located what he considered the seat of trouble, removed a portion of the skull and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The change was immediate.

The lad forgot his previous tastes and habits and was restored to his parents a normal and lovable boy, the complete antithesis of his former self. The other was a soldier who was injured in a skirmish and after his discharge for disability became a thief and burglar. His previous character had been unexceptionable, his military record was the best and the change was naturally attributed to the injury to his head caused by a blow from the butt of a musket. When he was taken in hand by the surgeon he had about come to the end of a career of crime, being paralyzed on one side and unable to get about except on crutches. A depression in the skull sufficient to bring an abnormal local pressure upon the brain was found and an operation was decided upon, which restored his physical powers as well as his mental and moral faculties. His discharge was secured and he has since lived an industrious and honest life, with no evidence of a disposition to go wrong.—New York Times.

CLEARED OF SWARM OF RATS

Smoked Out by Sulphur, They Take to the Water and Drown.

When the United States military transport Sherman arrived at Manila recently she was, as is the case of most other ships that arrive from or touch Hong-Kong on the way to Manila, detained for inspection to see if she had any rats on board. When the big transport dropped anchor in Manila bay, therefore, the official rat inspector went on board to see what was doing in the way of rodents. If the Manila-American is to be believed in less than fifteen minutes he hurriedly left the ship and going ashore reported that there was on board the Sherman, according to the patent rat enumerator in use at Manila, no fewer than 230,000 rats.

The Sherman was immediately ordered to the quarantine station at Mariveles, as no ship on which the disease-carrying rodents are found is allowed to dock at Manila until they are exterminated. Accordingly the Sherman steamed back to Mariveles. When she arrived there her hatches had been opened and enough sulphur carried below to kill millions of rats. As soon as the anchor was dropped the sulphur fires were started in the hold and in a few minutes the work of the fumes became apparent.

Out of the hatches there poured such a stream of rats as was never before seen in the Orient. First by the hundreds and then by the thousands, they appeared at the hatches and then leaped into the water. Every one tried to swim ashore, but the distance was far too great for any rat to swim and soon the great black line of paddling rodents began to thin out. Some of them reached a point about 300 yards off the ship, but none got any farther. After the fumes had been working for about an hour the rats stopped appearing. An inspection of the ship was made and not a rat discovered. The Sherman then re-entered Manila and discharged her cargo.—New York Times.

A Hanging Railroad.

A hanging overhead electric railroad for London, similar to that in use in Elberfeld, Germany, is projected by a group of German, American and English financiers. A parliamentary concession will be asked to swing the single track required over the Thames from its south end for eight miles.

An Opinion.

"Do you think that betting is wrong?"

"It depends on circumstances," answered the town oracle. "If you can't afford to lose, it's wrong; if you can, it's merely silly."—Washington Star.

We would like to know a man who can make things go right.

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LOST IN THE GRASS.

There is surely no country half a world away in which the Occidental traveler expects so much delight and so little adventure as in Japan. Yet Ernest Foxwell has recently related a tale of terrible adventure experienced in Japan y an Englishwoman but a few days after her arrival. She was staying at a little country village among the hills, and had gone out in the morning to gather flowers. The path ran across the uplands, where there is a wild and lonely stretch of country extending for several miles; and the beauty of some wild flowers growing in the tall grass led her to leave the trail unthinkingly, and press farther and farther into the waving tangle. She was a short woman, and it reached above her head.

"If I had been a foot taller," she said, in telling her story, "I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive.

"Almost instantly I felt sick, as you do at the beginning of an earthquake; for although I must have been quite near the path, yet with the grass all round above my head there was no knowing what would happen. I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibilities came like a shock. I believe I lost my head at once. I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But merely pushing through this tall, tough grass is very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground and can judge where you will come out; and when it is level all round, the heart is taken out of you from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was not until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, constantly pushing and tearing at stems so stiff and serrated that they quickly make the hands bleed, that she walked suddenly out on to open ground and fell fainting in a heap. When she recovered, stars were shining, and she was alone on an unknown mountainside. She slept from exhaustion, and the next day followed a winding mountain torrent over rocky land, her shoes and then her stockings worn from her feet, only to find, at sundown, that it had led her to a narrow gorge, without one inch of foothold or shore. The stream dashed through in a torrent that hopelessly barred the way.

Light-headed with terror, hunger and weariness, she crouched for a time in despair. Then she suddenly waded into the stream and stood until after dawn waist-deep in water, while a rain-storm pelted upon her from above. Whim or instinct, she believed that by the cool rush and sting of the water her reason and strength were preserved.

The next day she retraced her weary way along the watercourse back to the heights; thence, fixing anew the point to which she must direct her steps, she successfully made her way back to civilization. When at length she reeled into the hut of a kindly Japanese woman, she had been four days lost without food, and had walked until her feet were so torn and inflamed it was thought she must have them amputated; but she fortunately regained her health uncrippled.

Alighted Too Soon.

It had taken considerable persuasion to induce the old lady to trust herself in an automobile; but finally she consented because, says the Automobile Magazine, she was anxious to reach the bedside of her sick grandchild in a village some twenty miles away.

The owner of the big automobile, who was touring through Long Island, had been very kind about it. He chanced to be near the station when the old lady found she had missed her train, and when he overheard her lamentations he insisted that she should accompany him. His route lay through that particular one of the half-dozen Long Island villages named Hampton where the sick grandchild lay.

They started at last, and everything went well until, in attempting to pass a wagon which occupied most of the road, the flying automobile went unexpectedly into the ditch, and rather violently deposited its occupants in an adjoining field.

Recovering from the shock, although somewhat unnerved from the rather unusual method of alighting, the old lady asked of the chagrined chauffeur:

"Is this s-a-a Hampton?"

"No, ma'am," he managed to gasp; "this is an accident."

"O dear!" said the old lady. "Then I hadn't oughter have got out here, had I?"

Had Lost Track of the Case.

The young woman who, when asked if she had read Romeo and Juliet, replied that she had never read Juliet, but she thought Romeo was lovely, was of the same temperament as a village postmaster who knew or pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

Some wags from a neighboring town who strolled into the postoffice one day thought they would have some sport with the wise man.

"I suppose it's pretty dead up here, Mr. Pratt," said one.

"Well, not so dead as you think. I guess there ain't much goes on that we don't hear about, even if it don't happen right here."

"Why, you people don't know the war's over," said another, falling back on the stock phrase.

"Oh, you can't work that dodge on me," replied the postmaster, looking shrewdly over his spectacles. "I guess I followed the negotiations with Kitchener in the papers."

"But there are some things that aren't in the papers," said another youth. "I don't believe you know when Shakspeare died."

"Well, no," said the postmaster, "I didn't know that he was dead, but I heard last week he was pretty low."

Consumption of Iron in Germany.

In Germany the annual consumption of iron per capita is 168 pounds and the production just double that amount.

Enviable.

"Yes," said the nervous man, "I have a habit of talking in my sleep."

And the eminent citizen who is expected to respond to an ovation in every town that the train goes through murmured:

"What a valuable accomplishment."

Sign Wasn't Right.

He—I wonder why Miss Elderly never married?

She—Oh, I suppose she was born in the wrong time of the moon.

He—The wrong time of the moon?

She—Yes, there wasn't any man in it.

Frogs Are Not Fishes.

The French court of cassation, the highest tribunal in France, solemnly decided that frogs are not fishes. The case concerned fishing privileges in certain streams and went through three courts before the question was finally decided.

Woman's Best Friend.

Patience—Woman is woman's best friend, after all.

Patrice—I guess you're right.

"Certainly I'm right. Even when she is getting married doesn't a man give her away and the maid of honor stand up for her?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Contemporary.

May told a joke to Flo one day,
"Oh, my! that's old," said Flo.
"Oh, is it really, dear" said May,
"Of course, you ought to know."
—Philadelphia Press.