

MEALS FOR CLERKS.

EMPLOYEES OF LARGE PARK STORES DINE IN THE BUILDING.

A Tremendous Business Is Done When You Consider the Meals That Are Prepared and Served—Everything Is Done in First Class Style, but It Pays.

The refectories of the vast department stores or "bazaars" of Paris are among the most curious sights of the French capital. As soon as the Bon Marche and the Louvre—dear to the hearts of all American women who make the "grand tour" and prototypes of the colossal establishments in New York and adjacent cities—began to assume great importance their projects were confronted with the question, "How shall we organize the 'meal times' of these thousands of men and women?"

In France "lunch," as understood in America, is unknown. Every person, gentle and simple, makes of the early morning repast simply a "break-fast" and no more. A bowl of coffee and a large piece of crisp bread for the workman and woman; the smoking chocolate in a Sevres cup and the broches which melt in the month for the millionaire—these are the only distinctions. For many generations the French have recognized that it is unhealthy to take a hearty meal at 6, 7 or 8 in the morning. So they wait until 11 or 12, and millions wait until 1 o'clock before tasting the first substantial meal of the day. Dinner, a second meal of two or three courses, and in no wise resembling the light repast which Americans know as "supper," comes at 7, 8 or even 9, according to the circumstances of the person. Concierges, or house porters, generally dine at 9, winter and summer, and sit over their meal an hour or two, chatting and laughing. At that late hour the whole family is united, and its little affairs are discussed and settled.

With the organization of the "bazaar" came the need of keeping a constant outlook over the hundreds of young men and women in each department, and economizing each moment of their time between the opening hours and the letting down of the great iron shutters before the immense windows at 6 p. m. precisely. It was with a view of this watch over the employees, rather than because of any philanthropic tendencies, that the owners and managers of the largest "bazaars" decided to make it obligatory for all employees to take their meals at noon and night upon the premises.

The bazaar proprietor said, "We must do this, as we do everything else, with an eye to the advertisement." And so they decided to install their refectories very handsomely and to feed their employees well. The idea has paid from the start.

At the Bon Marche spacious and very handsome halls on the fourth story of the enormous edifice are devoted to the restaurant for the employees. Twelve thousand meals are served daily between 11 and 6 o'clock. Men and women eat in separate halls, and are served with the same politeness and attention that they would receive in restaurants or at "lunch counters"—if lunch counters had ever been inflicted on the French.

At the Louvre about the same number of meals are served, and the arrangements are wonderfully complete. The kitchens, with their seductive array of copper saucepans, and the pantries, with the thousands upon thousands of plates and cups, all marked with the trade mark of the house—a majestic lion couchant, with his paws hanging over the letter "L"—and the little army of white capped and aproned cooks, waiters, bottle washers and potato peelers, are well worth a visit. Nor will the visitor get his back chafed. All is conducted with dignity and refinement, as in the house of a gentleman of fortune.

The caddies in the kitchens are immense. The visitor may look into one kettle which contains mashed potatoes for 3,000 men, and into another in which soup for 5,000 persons is simmering. Then the bottle department is something stupendous. Twelve thousand half bottles of good wine, guaranteed unadulterated, are served daily. The battalion of bottle washers is busy from dawn to dusk, fetching up the rosy liquid or the yellowish white wine in huge pitchers of wood three feet high, and then bottling it. Both the Louvre and the Bon Marche have wine cellars of vast extent for customers as well as employees.

At the Louvre there are three table services of 700 each for the men. At the Bon Marche a larger number can be fed at once. Each category of employees has its special room. The heads of departments dine together, and never mix with the head clerks of each counter. The under clerks eat their boiled beef and roast chicken without being troubled by the presence of their chiefs. Then the humber ones, the packers, the stablemen, the elevator men, the runners, the sweepers and lighters, have their long table, and finally, the garçons, or the men who wear the uniform of the house and accompany the delivery wagons and receive money for purchases, have their particular room, and are allowed to come and go more irregularly than the others because of the peculiar nature of their service. The "ladies" observe the same classification in their eating rooms, and are allowed to gossip as freely as they will. There are no spies; they say what they please on the theory that they are not under the control of the establishment during the time of the repast.—Paris Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Inclined to Assist Him.

"You don't object to a contributor dropping into poetry once in awhile, I presume?" said the caller, with an affable smile.

"Certainly not, sir. Sit down," replied the editor, pushing the waste basket toward him.—Chicago Tribune.

HOW TO FIND A BURGLAR.

Here is a Scheme Which New York Detectives Adopt Sometimes.

Two thieves and two detectives met the other night at Eighth avenue and Fortieth street. The central office men wanted some information about a burglary. They also wanted to know what the thieves were doing, and with what particular band they were trading.

They separated the thieves by stepping between them before they had a chance to converse, and they knew one man's record. The other was only known to them as a suspect. Each detective took one of the men aside and asked him full details about the other, his name, address, business, last job and the like.

The thieves were in a dilemma. Neither knew what the other was saying. Each described the other, giving name, address, business and all.

Taking care not to allow the men to get within speaking distance the detectives changed places and each said to his man: "Tell me who you are, what you do, where you live. I think we want you."

Neither thief knew how his "pal" had described him, and both told an entirely new story, gave a new name, new address, new employment—in fact, each gave his "pal" the lie from the start.

Again the detectives changed places and proceeded to condemn each man out of his own mouth and that of his "pal." Both descriptions given were false, of course, and the men had thus confessed that they had something to conceal.

Having thus "got them right," the central office men asked for a direct "tip" about the burglary they were working on, threatening both thieves with arrest if they didn't tell what they had heard in the thieves' colony, where pretty nearly every one knows who did the last "job."

The men who had told two lies apiece a minute before told the name of a band and the name of a member of that band with great promptness and that night a burglar was arrested.

But the detectives did not tell in court how they placed their hands on him. There is nothing like a little mystery.—New York Herald.

The Coon.

The common American "coon" is a slave to an unusual form of etiquette, which in his case has grown almost beyond the forms of conventional observance and become a kind of conscience to it. It will wash everything which it eats if there is any water near. The fact seems to have been questioned by some writers, but it is certainly the habit of raccoons when kept in captivity with access to water. They are very fussy, particular creatures, much given to picking up and carrying off anything odd which takes their fancy. And this, whatever it may be, is duly taken to the water and well "rinsed out," whether vegetables or bits of cloth, or even solid hard things, like shells and shiny stones.

No "social pressure" can have been put upon the raccoons at the zoo to make them conform to the laws of the coon etiquette, but they do so all the same, and it is a fact that, last spring, one which had a litter of young ones, to which she was much attached, was suddenly seized with a desire to wash them, and carrying them down one by one to her little stone bath paddled and washed the poor little creatures as if she had been washing cabbage. It may be doubted whether the kittens did not owe their death to this perverted feeling of social duty in their parent, for they did not long survive their immersion.—London Spectator.

Careful of the Wall Paper.

"I have suffered so much at the hands of the chromo fiend," said the girl bachelorette plaintively. "If you have ever moved about any, you will know what I mean only too well. They are the people who enjoy the landlord into getting new paper for a room, and then, after a short occupancy, have it for the next comer with the walls more or less covered with tacks and nail holes, with a neat little bit of plaster knocked out about each one. From having been a victim so often I have determined never to add to the number of these ruthless vandals. So whenever I find it necessary to put a small framed picture or card on the wall I attach it by means of a large lump of gold beeswax, and there it will stay until I wish to move it to another position and will leave behind no telltale tracks, or tacks, or bits of plaster. I may add in a whisper, by the way, that when beeswax fails me I have found chewing gum a pretty good substitute."—Philadelphia Press.

An Obliging Waiter.

An American traveler in France reports a somewhat amusing illustration of the French superstition with regard to the number 13. He had gone into a restaurant to dine and began by ordering a dozen oysters.

Jean Baptiste, the waiter, presently brought a plate of very small oysters, and put them down on a side table. Glancing over the plate, Jean Baptiste suddenly seized one of the oysters and swallowed it very unconceringly.

"Now what did you do that for?" asked the astonished American.

"Thirteen oysters on the plate, monsieur."

"And what if there were?"

"Surely you would not think, monsieur, of inviting disaster by eating 13 oysters?"—Youth's Companion.

The Kodak In Jamaica.

A prominent Philadelphian who has just returned from a trip to Jamaica brings home the following laughable story: The photographer of the party induced a group of native girls to pose for him. After arranging them to his satisfaction, he prevailed upon one of the other girls to take a peep through the camera. What she saw quite astonished her, and she lost no time in imparting to the poses the fact that she had seen them all standing on their heads. The effect was ludicrous. When the photograph was taken, it revealed each maiden frantically clutching her skirts about her knees, while a look of great distress appeared upon each black countenance.—Philadelphia Record.

Treatment For a Flabby Skin.

For a flabby skin the following treatment is recommended: Never use hard water upon it; either preserve rainwater for the purpose, or, if that is impossible, buy distilled water of a reliable druggist. Eat bread that is one day old and choose that which is made from whole meal. A little gluten made into a mush and eaten with rich milk is also said to help in rounding out the face and neck.

Significant.

"Did you know Jack had changed the name of his new mare from Sallie to Mother-in-law?"

"No. Why?"

"Because she interferes."—Boston Beacon.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A DOLL PLANT.

How Dick Played a Laughable Trick on His Little Sister.

Little Elsie felt herself quite a gardener as she walked across the lawn with her new rake and watering can. "My garden will always look nice now, for I can rake it smooth with my new rake, and I shall water it every evening, and then the seeds will come up, and the flowers will look fresh."

And Elsie held up her head and looked quite proud.

She had not gone far before she met her brother Dick.

"Ah," said he, "you are going to do your garden. Have you any seed to sow?"

"No," said Elsie. "It is not the right time."

"Doll seed may be sown at any time," said Dick, taking two large beans out of his pocket. "Don't set them very deep and come out every morning and see if they have come up."

Dick was very fond of playing his sister tricks, though his mother told him it was wrong to do so, and he laughed as he saw Elsie going on with her beans, which she set near some flowerpots.

One morning Dick went off to the garden with a small paper parcel and hid himself behind some bushes. Presently Elsie came along, and when she looked at her garden she spread out her hands and said:

"Oh!"

For close by the flowerpots lay a pretty little wax doll. She did not wait to pick it up, but ran to the house, calling out:

"Mother, mother, my doll seed has come up! Come and look!"

Her mother came, and when she saw Dick looking through the bushes she said: "Oh, Dick, Dick, you have been playing your sister another trick!"—Boston Standard.

Jack's Hobby Horse.

Jackie on his hobby horse Goes riding every day. With a serious, earnest face— Thinks it work, not play.



Fast and furious sometimes rides, Sometimes still and slow. Down town, up town, everywhere Hobby horses go.

But with all his earnest work, Slow and fast the pace, Strange to say, the hobby horse Never leaves his place.

A Playful Colt.

There is a horse on the sand hills that plays "hide and seek" with the children, says an Augusta (Ga.) contemporary. When it comes her time to "count," she will go to the base and stand, with her head lowered the usual length of time, and then trot around and peer behind the house eorners and the large trees until she finds one of her playmates, when she will twitch her upper lip and dash her tail for an instant, and then dash off at full speed for "base," or if she sees one of the girls running for "home" before she discovers her hiding place she will wheel and fly like an arrow, and being fleet of foot generally gets there first. None of the children enjoys the fun as much as the colt.

To Make a Daisy Chain.

This is almost picnic time, and it will be a novelty for the girls to know how to make flower wreaths for their hats, so that they may spend one day doing as their favorites about whom they read always do. First, be careful how you pick the flowers. Break them with as long stems as possible. Make the stem into a loop, slip the head of the next daisy through it, draw the loop tightly, loop the next and keep on looping and slipping in flowers and tying until you have a string long enough to fasten around your hat. Another way to make daisy chains is to slit the stems close to the flower and slip one stem through another, thus making a close set wreath.

Siegfried.

Here is a picture of one of the most attractive and popular cats exhibited at the recent big show in New York city. He belongs to Mrs. Bolton Hall. The



beautiful creature is worth all that is said of him, and his owner prizes him so dearly that she has had him painted in oils by a famous artist. He is 9 years old and money would not buy him.

Sylvanus Sawyer.

Sylvanus Sawyer, the inventor of the rifled cannon, has just died in Templeton, Mass., at the age of 78. From his early boyhood, says the Springfield Republican, he showed a strong mechanical bent. In 1850 he invented a machine for splitting rattan. In 1854 he tested the model of his rifled cannon. The test is thus described by C. H. Kelton, the owner of the shop in Templeton where he finished the model: "The trial took place in a meadow a short distance from his home. He had rigged up a pair of wheels taken from his father's haycart, and thus had drawn it down to the meadow. About a third of a mile away he had also rigged up a target composed of heavy oak planks from four to six inches thick and about ten feet square. He got us all down about the gun and then loaded it with about a pound of powder, and though confident of his own invention he did not dare trust himself in its immediate neighborhood, but attached a fuse several feet long, lighted it—and then the whole crowd of us ran like deer for about a quarter of a mile. But nothing serious occurred.

"When the explosion took place, the projectile went straight as a bullet to the mark, exploded as he planned that it should, and tore most of the target to pieces. Thus successful was the first rifled cannon ball ever fired in this or any other country. A second discharge with the same precautions was not so successful, it striking the target askew, for it took later experience to teach that this was the fault of the projectile, and that to secure the straight passage through the air it must be of even thickness and evenly balanced. Later, after many experiments, it was adopted by the war department as an improvement of great value."

New System of Subdividing Time.

A modified centesimal system of subdividing time and angular measures is advocated by M. H. de Surraunt, in Le Revue Scientifique. He proposes to retain the hour as a fundamental unit of time, on account of its universal acceptance, its convenience and the helplessness of the task of altering it. But the hour should be divided into 100 minutes and the minute into 100 seconds. Thus each new minute would be three-fifths of an old minute, or 60 seconds, while the new second would be a little over a third of the present second. Two of the new seconds would cover the time of a brisk step, like the accelerated pace used in the French army.

The new second is the time taken by one semivibration of a single pendulum 12.9 centimeters long. Time could then be consistently expressed in hours and decimals. Thus 31.3748 hours might be read 8 hours 33 (new) minutes 48 (new) seconds, and calculations involving time would be much simplified. Clock and watch dials would be subdivided into hours as usual, but the smaller divisions for the minute and second hands would be hundredths of the circle instead of sixtieths, and every tenth division would have to be slightly marked. For angular measurements M. de Surraunt proposes 240 degrees subdivided into 10 minutes of 100 seconds each, so that they could be converted into hours by shifting the decimal point one place to the left.

No More Goods on Approval.

Several large retail stores have put a stop to the practice of sending home goods to customers for inspection, or, in the trade term, "approval," as they find that such articles are often used and then returned with the statement that they do not answer the purpose.

A woman well known in fashionable circles lately ordered from a foremost store two dozen fairy lamps sent to her residence on approval. Two days afterward she gave a dinner party. Among the guests was a member of the firm she had so lately visited. The fairy lamps were used with pleasing effect on the table, sparkling among the flowers and greens or shining in shady nooks about the dining room.

Imagine the surprise of the merchant the day after to receive the lamps back, as a clerk informed him, with a polite note that they did not suit. It is a positive fact that the stumps of the burned candles and the grease drippings had not been removed.—Philadelphia Call.

Impossibility of "Perpetual Motion."

One hundred and twenty years ago, in 1775, the Paris Academy of Sciences withdrew its standing reward of 500,000 francs which had been offered for a "perpetual motion machine." It was plainly stipulated in the offer that the machine should "be self active; so much so, at least, that when once set in motion, it shall continue to move without the aid of external forces, and without the loss of momentum, until its parts are worn out." During the years that the above reward was the standing offer thousands of men became insane over the problem. At last, at the time of the date given in the opening, the impossibility of constructing such a machine having been demonstrated, the offer was formally withdrawn. No government or society of standing now offers a reward for such a machine.—St. Louis Republic.

Victims of Omnibuses in Paris.

It has often been said that the old stagecoaches caused in the aggregate many more deaths than the modern railway trains, even though railway accidents, when they do happen, are usually more serious than those to which stagecoaches are liable. A French statistician has been impressed with the numerous accidents caused by the omnibuses in Paris, and he contrasts them in a similar way with accidents on the railways. Even those who know the dangers of the Paris streets, which are far greater to all appearance than those of the London streets, will probably be surprised at the result arrived at. The conclusion based upon the statistics of the past year is that the Paris omnibuses alone count more victims in one year than do the whole of the railways of France in ten times that period.—London News.

FOR SNAKE POISON.

FRANK M'KEE CAME DOWN.

DISCOVERY THAT STRYCHNINE NEUTRALIZES THE VENOM.

Facts Recently Demonstrated Concerning the Bite of Deadly Reptiles—The Fisherman Need No Longer Incumber Himself with a Loaded Flask.

The deadly fluid secreted by certain species of snakes was made a subject of study from a very early date, but the old time investigators knew not how to solve the intricate problems of organic chemistry. All that they accomplished was to create a prodigious number of antidotes, so called, most of which in their turn were declared infallible. Not one of them was worth a penny.

The most notable work in this line within recent years has been performed by Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, who, for the sake of obtaining sufficient quantities of the poison, has sometimes kept as many as 100 serpents in his laboratory. His method of securing the venom for examination was to seize the snake by the neck with tongs, forcing a saucer between the jaws. The enraged animal would then bite into the saucer, on which the poison emitted was left.

The substance thus obtained is a yellowish, transparent, sticky fluid, without smell or taste, easily dissolved in water. When dried, it will retain its toxic properties for any length of time apparently, looking like a gum or varnish, and it has been preserved for 25 years without altering in the least. On this ground it is advisable to handle with caution even the dried fangs of snakes long dead. Boiling, unless continued for a long time, does not render the fluid harmless.

Alcohol has long held the first place in popular esteem as an antidote for snake poison. In truth, it is not such at all, though useful to sustain the vitality of the person bitten against the attack made upon it by the toxic agent. It stimulates the nerve centers and the action of the heart, if taken in small doses. But the mistake ordinarily made is to pour into the patient large quantities of whiskey, the effect of which is exactly the opposite of that required. In such great doses alcohol depresses instead of stimulates the vital functions. Intoxication, far from helping the cure, aids the poison. And, by the way, people have often died from snake bite who were bitten when dead drunk.

With the newly discovered antidote the case is exactly opposite. Danger is far more likely to result from hesitation in using it liberally than from an overdose. Strychnine, itself a poison scarcely less terrible than snake venom, acts directly upon the nerves, stimulating and turning out their batteries, which the snake poison seeks to depress and turn off. Acting with the unerring certainty of a chemical test, it neutralizes the effect of the serpent venom. But it must be administered in extraordinary quantities, owing to the point of producing spasmodic twitchings of the muscles.

In fact, the ordinary doses must be greatly exceeded, and the administration of the strychnine must be continued, even if the total quantity injected within an hour or two amounts to what in the absence of snake poison would be a dangerous if not fatal dose. The few failures among the numerous successes with the drug thus far recorded have nearly all been traceable to an insufficiency of the antidote. In urgent cases as much as 20 to 25 minims should be given to any person over 15 years of age. If at the end of 20 minutes the symptoms show no abatement, a second injection of the same strength should be made promptly, and unless then a decided improvement is perceptible a third one, after a like interval. The action of the drug when applied as an antidote is not cumulative. The tendency to relapse is always great where much venom has been absorbed.

Apparently yielding to the strychnine for a time, the insidious poison, after an interval during which it seems to have been conquered, all at once asserts its presence and has to be met by fresh injections, regardless of the quantity previously administered. With children the amount of the remedy to be given must not be judged by the age of the child, but by the amount of venom to be counteracted, the degree of danger chiefly depending upon the size of the snake. The bigger the reptile of course the more poison it has. Furthermore, it is to be remembered that all American serpents, the rattlesnake is the most dangerous, the copperhead less so and the water moccasin least.

In case of snake bite, the first thing to be done is to tie a string or a handkerchief as tightly as possible between the wound and the heart, whenever practicable. Next, cut deeply into the punctures made by the fangs, so as to cause the blood to flow freely. Suck the blood from the wound—a proceeding perfectly harmless, inasmuch as the poison does no harm when taken internally. Then carefully loosen the ligature so as to admit a small quantity of fresh blood to the member, in order that mortification may not ensue. Small doses of whiskey may now be given at frequent intervals. If the patient has to wait for the arrival of a doctor, this is the time to try all means to produce profuse perspiration. The physician will administer extract of jaborandi for a sudorific and diuretic, and will administer hypodermic injections of 15 to 20 minims of liquid strychnine, repeated every 20 minutes until slight spasms appear.

All of these facts and suggestions are summed up in a paper published by the National Museum, in its annual report. It is from the pen of the famous ophiologist, Dr. Leonard Stejneger. The author states incidentally that the poisonous snakes of this country are decreasing rapidly in numbers. This is pleasant news certainly. The main cause of the decrease is the growing cultivation of land in parts of the country it may be traced directly to the killing of serpents by hogs. These animals are by no means proof against the venom if it enters their veins, but their bodies are protected by a layer of fat which is thick enough ordinarily to prevent the fangs of the reptile from penetrating through it.—San Francisco Call.

His Professions Conflicted.

"Halt!" commanded the highwayman "Hold up your hands!"

The startled pedestrian instantly complied.

"Now, then, I'll relieve you of—good heavens! How long have your hands been in that condition?"

"About 14 years."

"Take 'em down. It's the worst case of eczema I ever saw. I used to be a doctor before I took to the road. You can cure those hands in two months by taking five drops after every meal of—"

"For the proper filling of this blank it will be necessary to consult the advertising department.—Chicago Tribune.

But This Need Not Encourage "Cranks With Manuscripts of Farce Comedies.

They are telling a good story in Frank McKee Charles H. Hoyt's partner in the Madison Square theater, McKee has an office up stairs in the theater building with a speaking tube connecting with the box office on the lower floor.

One day the man in the box office called up through the tube to McKee and said that there was a man down stairs with a bundle of manuscripts who wanted to see him.

"Tell him I am busy and have no time to waste upon him," was McKee's response. "Tell him to go away."

"But he says he must see you, and he won't take no for an answer."

"Oh, he won't, won't he? Well, he will, and that's all there is about it. You can tell him to come at 2 o'clock next week, and perhaps then I will have time to spare," said McKee angrily, throwing down the mouthpiece of the speaking tube.

He came another loud whistle, and this made McKee more than mad. He snatched up the tube in a rage.

"He says he has written 15 farce comedies," came the voice from the box office, "and it's worth your while to see him."

"What do I care if he has written 1,000 farce comedies?" shouted McKee. "Tell him to get out."

"But he won't go away. He says he has written half the stuff in the piece that have been produced here, and he won't leave until he has a word with you personally."

"For heaven's sake, man," shouted McKee, "haven't you sense enough not to bother me with these cranks? If you don't get him out of these right away, I'll see that you don't get even two weeks' notice to quit. That's final, too, so don't bother me any more."

"Well, he persists that he has written this stuff, and he says he is bound to see you if it takes a week of waiting for him to accomplish it."

"Who the deuce is he anyway?" asked McKee.

"He says his name is Hoyt."

McKee came down.—New York World.

LIGHTING A PIPE IN A WIND.

A Sportsman's Device When Matches Failed to Do Their Work.

"Paddling up Sebree lake last summer in a birch bark canoe," said a New York sportsman, "the breeze blew so hard and constantly that, try as I might, I could not keep a match alight long enough to light my pipe. After a half dozen matches had flared out in the lightning of them, I made some forcible remarks apropos of my failure.

"Let me show you how to do it," said my companion, an old Californian, who was handling the bow paddle. "Haul me a bit of that newspaper sticking out of your pocket."

"He took the piece of paper and crumpled it up into a wad, which he retained in the palm of his hand. Then striking a match, he closed both hands about it to shield it from the wind, after the traditional manner of the railroad navy in lighting his pipe. The flame instantly set the paper smoldering on top without its breaking into a blaze. He passed the burning wad to me, and it served as a pipe lighter equal to a live coal, the high breeze fanning instead of extinguishing it. It was the simple invention of a practical mind, which served my turn then and afterward, and I commend the device to sportsmen needing tinder for a pipe-lighter or to start a campfire."—New York Sun.

Chinese Yarns.

The priest told us stories of tigers, and of birds that turned to snakes and bit their owners and of men whom devils seized and threw living into graves. He also gave an account of the capture of Peking in 1860 by a Chinese fleet, which as far as I remember has escaped the attention of historians. "And so the foreign men," he said, emphasizing the last word to draw my attention to the compliment implied, "the foreign men, they made a clock. Who shall say how big? And on top there was an iron bird that flapped its wings and cried, 'Kikaw, kikaw.' A man told me this. And inside there were wheels and machinery and fire powder. So they gave it to the emperor. The emperor—who shall say how pleased he was—took it and put it safe in his palace. Put it in his palace. Then not many days and it burst to pieces, pow! and men were killed and counting, and in rushed the foreign soldiers and plundered and killed and burned."

"But how did the foreign soldiers get there?" I asked.

"The foreign soldiers had gone up river one by one, forging to do traffic in merchandise. That is how they got there, ko to waw."—Blackwood's Magazine.

More Than He Could Understand.

Every woman who cares to be well about these days keeps tries to put her boots on when she is not wearing them. A woman who lives near Thomas circle has ever and over so many pairs of them, and she carries them along even when she is traveling. Not long ago she went out to Chicago and stopped at a very good hotel. When she went to bed she put her heavy calf-in walking boots outside the door to be blocked. The trees were in them. The porter was busy that night, and it was late when he came to the Washington woman's boots. It may have been morning, in fact, for he brought them to the door himself very early and knocked. The woman opened the door. There stood a very black man, his eyes rolling with fear.

"Here's your feet, miss," he said in an awestruck way. "I brought 'em back—an, an"—in a stage whisper—"how did you come to get both of 'em cut off?"—Washington Post.

To Start a Balking Horse.

An officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman, I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balking horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. The front foot of a horse refuses to go, take the front foot at the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes, and let it down, and the horse will go. The only way in which I can account for this effective mastery of the horse is that he can think of only one thing at a time, and having made up his mind not to go my theory is that the bending of the leg takes his mind from the original thought."—Farm and Field.

Limited Agreement.

"The thirst for strong drink," argued the theologian, "is due to the original sin."

The rationalist did not doubt it.

"Strong drink," he rejoined, "is certainly good for snake bite."

Having agreed thus far, however, they could agree no further.—Detroit Tribune.