CONFIDENCE.

IF poverty does not render a man morbid it makes him gentle and kind-hearted. That is what it did for Jonathan Harrod. In the early days we had roomed together in college—I was going to say slept together, but Jonathan seldom slept. He smoked and drank coffee and worked instead, and blossomed into a winner of prizes. As Jonathan was in love as well as in debt, and just as prone as I to substitute pipes for meals when the larder was low, we learned to love each other during those four years with an affection that was firm and confiding.

Jonathan used to advise me to fall in love, too. "I tell you, old man," he would say, when opening a letter of familiar blue, "when you are not feeling well, and the world grates on you like a camel's-hair shirt, there is nothing so good as an old-fashioned love letter."

The writer of the old-fashioned missives lived out West, in Harrod's native town, and, although I never met her, I came to know her almost as well as Harrod did, he spoke of her so often. And then I used to watch his face when he read her letters. They must have been tender and sympathetic, but withal a dash of ambition and inspiration in them. No tale of village gossip could have brought that light into Jonathan's eyes nor that flash of color to his cheek. At their conclusion he would dream a while, perhaps, and then fall at his books and work like mad.

He showed me her picture one night. She was dark—with a high forehead and shadowy eyes. The mouth and chin were both well formed but rather masculine. It was a beautiful face, though not pretty.

Although Harrod had loved the girl all his life—and she him, if there be aught in the signs of the zodiac—they had a misunderstanding of some sort or other during the summer that followed his graduation. When he returned East the following autumn he was quieter than ever before, and, if possible, more gentle and sympathetic. He and I had rooms together, where, in lieu of other inexpensive pastimes, we were wont to spend the evenings working and reading. I saw from the first that something ailed him; and, as he no longer received the blue envelopes, nor counseled me to lose my heart, I guessed the reason and asked no questions. He did not become apathetic—Jonathan didn't. His old habit of work was stronger than ever. And now his stories began to appear occasionally in the magazines, and the dear public to recognize his name and to read what went with it.

Two years had passed away before Jonathan had made even the slightest reference to this love affair of his, and that was when he came into my room one cheerless, gray November afternoon, the picture of abject melancholy. In his hand was a crumpled piece of paper. This he placed before me on the table, then he went and seated himself before the fireplace, where I could not see his face. The paper was a clipping from some inland journal describing in florid terms the wedding of Miss Winifred Conover to one Amos Schenck. Only half the article had been clipped, evidently, and this had been pasted on a half-sheet of note paper. I read the tawdry effusion through, then I twisted it to pieces and dropped it into the waste basket.

"Jonathan, my boy," I said, going over and seating myself on the arm of his chair, "who sent you this thing?"

"I do not know." And there was a world of sadness in his voice. "The envelope was addressed in a strange hand and not a word accompanied it."

We were both silent for a moment. The logs were burning cheerily, outside the wind was blowing a gale. Jonathan sat with his face in his hands. "When I came here to you just now," he said, "I was chilled and lonely—the day is so somber, and I had been tramping all over the country, and—well, I came to say good-by. I wanted to leave this life and wait for Winifred in the next, for"—his voice went straight to my heart—"ah, Billy, I love her so!" I regarded him with compassion. "You lie down here on the lounge before the fire," I commanded him, "and stop this brooding." I pushed forward the couch as I spoke, and he dropped on it like an obedient child. He gave me one grateful look, and then, under the influence of the genial warmth and the fatigue of many vigils fell fast asleep.

There are days in the lives of us all, I fancy, when a vague and subtle sense of mystery invests the commonest objects; when our minds recognize new qualities in common things; when the look in the eyes of a child, the glint of sunlight in a woman's hair, the sound of a distant churchbell, stir feelings deep within us we have never known before. That afternoon there was a white carnation in the vase on my writing table, and as I sat there pondering Jonathan's sorrows its perfume stole into my brain like a sweet and potent anodyne. It conjured up visions as fair as the dreams of Dr. Faustus, and yet—and yet, there was a sense of foreboding, a premonition of something about to occur.

Whether or not I dozed I cannot say, but suddenly I was aware that some other than Jonathan was in the room, and that he was wide awake and looking at me intently. I raised my eyes, and there, to my infinite surprise and astonishment, I saw standing opposite me, across the table, a stylishly gowned young woman.

I started to my feet with an apology on my lips, but as I glanced at her face my tongue was tied and I remained silent. She was dark and with a high forehead and shadowy eyes. The mouth and chin were both well formed, but rather masculine. And she was beautiful, though not pretty.

"Miss Conover," I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered, with a voice that was low and vibrant, "it is I." Then, with her brown eyes fixed on the white carnation and the color mantling her cheek, she continued. "I have just arrived in the city. Yesterday I learned that an ancient enemy of Jonathan's sent him a paragraph from an account of cousin's wedding, and"—the color increased, then quickly subsided—"knowing Jonathan so well, I wished, if possible, to see him before the clipping reached him. And—you see, I knew you also knew him well." Her lips closed tightly for a second, then curved into a smile. Two great tears started from beneath the drooping lashes, but were quickly intercepted.

I looked toward the place where Jonathan lay. A screen was between him and the visitor, and only his soft respiration betrayed his presence. I turned to Miss Conover.

"Jonathan loves you," I said. "Do you love him?" Her eyes flashed with a womanly luster, but again her lips were firm. "For if you do," I exclaimed, pulling aside the screen with a single swift movement, "he is here."

"Jonathan!"

Then as I left the room I looked back and saw her kneeling at his side.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

WHAT A DINNER REPRESENTS.

Growth of the Different Viands Involves an Outlay of $500,000,000.

Recently a man who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. He first ascertained that the dinner he was eating cost 75 cents, presumably. He contradicted this and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner.

The pepper, he said, came from 10,000 miles away. It grew on a bush eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and 1,000 miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States.

The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital, and he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employment of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey.

The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The spices in the cake came from the spice islands in the Indian archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of $500,000,000 of capital and 5,000,000 men.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

How an Indian Died.

A resident of Little Rock, who passed through the territory of the Chickasaw nation recently, tells through the Washington Post of the execution of a young Indian for violation of the laws of his tribe. Among the Chickasaws stealing is punishable by death, and it seems that this young buck had been thrice convicted of larceny. The chief of the tribe, who alone could save him, refused a pardon, and there was nothing to do but carry out the sentence. The condemned man was placed in a wagon and driven to a graveyard just east of the little village where he had been tried. He descended from the wagon and with stoical demeanor walked to where his grave had been freshly dug, and surveyed it with apparent unconcern. Then he knelt and prayed with a preacher who had known him from boyhood. Arising, he walked firmly to the head of his grave, where he took his seat upon a large stone, facing death with a courage that seemed sublime. After saying a few words, in which he advised all young men of his race to take warning and lead honest lives, he was blindfolded, and a second later the sharp report of a dozen Winchesters rang out, and his earthly existence was ended.

£110,000 for a Single Pearl.

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was £110,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It was originally in the possession of an Arabian merchant, and Mons. Tavernier traveled from Paris to Catifa with the express intention of purchasing the pearl.

Although he went prepared to pay any sum between £1,000 and £100,000, he concluded that he would be able to obtain it for about £25,000. His first offer was £10,000, but after the deal had remained open for a few days this had risen to £75,000. Finally the transaction was closed with £110,000, and pearl experts state that it is a clear bargain at that price. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known, and its luster is said to be unrivaled. It is exactly two inches in length and oval-shaped.

New Cure for Lockjaw.

Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, announces the discovery of an efficient cure for lockjaw. The antitetanic serum used in Germany would not work till Dr. Roux hit on the plan of injecting it into the brain under the membranes. His plan has been tried with complete success on a man.

Odd Numbers.

The Siamese have a great horror of odd numbers, and were never known to put five, seven, nine or eleven windows in a house or temple.

It is a rare man who doesn't do fool things every day.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Fair Widow—Yes, I've made up my mind that when I die I shall be cremated, as my husband was.

Gallant Captain—Dear lady, please don't talk about such dreadful things. Consider how much better it would be, in your case, to—er—cross out the c.—Punch.

No Alternative.

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said the mistress. "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure, ma'am," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet finless I let him make a noise."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Horseless Carriage.

Right.

School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Bobby—I kin, please.

School Teacher—Well, Bobby?

Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummick.—Tit-Bits.

Another on Chicago.

The Philadelphian—Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?

Chicagoan (proudly)—Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!—Indianapolis Press.

His Redeeming Quality.

Judge—You were begging on the public streets and yet you had $20 in your pocket.

Prisoner—Yes, Jedge; I may not be as industrious as some, y'r honor, but I'm no spendthrift.—New York Weekly.

None to Be Married.

Tess—Were there any marrying men down at the shore?

Jess—Yes; it was awfully aggravating.

Tess—Aggravating?

Jess—Yes; there were four ministers and two justices of the peace there.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Surprised.

"Yes," said the man with the bored expression, "I'll admit the truth of every word you say about the weather being oppressively hot. But I don't see the use of making it a topic of conversation."

"Why, it is such remarkable weather that I couldn't help mentioning it."

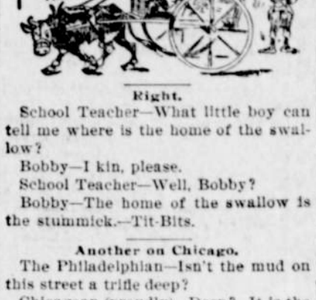
"There is a point on which I beg to disagree with you. It is not remarkable weather. I have never in all my life known an August when it was not oppressively hot."—Washington Star.

A Habit of His.

"Si," yelled the neighbor from the road, "your wife has jist run off with Bill Johnson."

"She hez, hez she?" answered the farmer in the field; "wall, Bill allays wuz a-borrerin' trouble. Git up there!"—Indianapolis Press.

New Product for Hens.



Summer Boarder—What kind of fowls are these?

Farmer Landlord—Plymouth Rocks.

Summer Boarder—Oh, yes. They're the kind that lays the corner-stones, ain't they?

Had to Give Way.

"Have your summer vacation plans matured yet, Billy?"

"Oh, yes; but they had to be sidetracked on account of some summer notes that also matured."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Easy One.

Great Actor—I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise?

Critic—"Much Adieu About Nothing."—Detroit Journal.

Enthusiastic Photographer.

Fair One's Father—Why did you bring that kodak with you?

Poor Lover—That I might catch your expression of astonishment when I asked you for your daughter's hand.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Can't Suit 'Em.

"When he hustles they say it's all for effect."

"Yes."

"And when he quiets down they say he's posing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Different.

"Dawdler plays golf so well he ought to be a professional."

"Yes, I suggested it to him, but he says nothing would induce him to work so hard in hot weather."

Ugly Little Thing.

Friend—Everybody says the baby looks like you, doesn't that please you?

Mr. Newpop—Oh, I don't know; but I tell you what, I'm glad nobody thinks of saying I look like the baby.—Standard and Times.

Not Headquarters.

"What did her father say?"

"He said he couldn't understand why I came to him—all his property was in his wife's name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reasonable.

The Father—Look here, my boy, you told me you would need only $500 for your college term, and now you want $500 more.

The Son—But this is for the things I don't need.—Life.

His First Celebration.

"This month I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday."

"That's odd—so do I."

"But I celebrate mine for the first time."—Heitere Welt.

Writing a Wrong.

"What's on hand?" asked the city editor.

"I am now going," said the reporter, who had been assigned to a murder story, "to write a great wrong."—Denver Times.

A Drop Too Much.

Hoax—What made the elevator fall?

Joax—The elevator man took a drop too much.—Philadelphia Record.

Fool for Luck.

Quizzell—My wife's the luckiest goose; found a dollar bill to-day and 10 cents last week.

Fizzell—Humph! Mine finds something every day.

Quizzell—That so? What?

Fizzell—Fault.—Detroit Free Press.

A General Term.

"Where did they go for their vacation?"

"To the mountains."

"What mountains?"

"Well, I think they are just in the rear of their Uncle Jim Stebbins' farmhouse down in Southern Illinoy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Solid.

"Yes, I ate the cake she baked. To make myself solid, you know!"

"Did you succeed?"

"In a sense. I couldn't feel any solider if I had eaten brickbats and cement."—Detroit Journal.

Prodigal's Choice.

"Well, dad," cried the prodigal son, flippantly, "wouldn't you better go out and kill the fatted calf now?"

"Yes, I guess I would," returned the old man slowly. "One calf is enough to keep at a time."—Harper's Bazar.

Why Willie Stays Home.

Mother—Why don't you go out, Willie, and play with Sammy Jones?

Willie—I played with Sammy Jones yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet to get out.—Inter Ocean.

Good Alarm Clock.

Employer—I congratulate you on that new baby of yours, Higgins.

Higgins—Thank you, sir.

Employer—And I have no doubt that hereafter you will be waked up early enough mornings to get to the office every day on time.—Somerville Journal.

Another Woman Joke.

"Our women's base-ball club went to pieces."

"Game too exhausting?"

"No, but we couldn't find a lady umpire who would give a decision and stick to it."—Detroit Free Press.

Too True.

"Youngling is going to marry the widow Henpeck."

"Why, she's twice as old as he is."

"Oh, well, he'll age fast enough after the wedding."—Brooklyn Life.

Knew Her Habit.

"That typewriter girl isn't in love with anybody around this office."

"How do you know?"

"Why, when she gets too warm she takes her collar off."—Indianapolis Journal.

Useful.

Fair painter—I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field?

Farmer—Lord, no, missie! You keep the birds off the peas better'n a' ordinary scarecrow.—Tit-Bits.

Good of Its Kind.

"What sort of a table do they set at your house?" asked the prospective boarder.

"Table of waits and measures," said Asbury Peppers in reply. "The first long and the latter short."—London Tid-Bits.

Ordering by the Card.

Diner (to restaurant waiter)—What have you got for dinner?

Waiter—Roast beefficassedchickenstewedlambhashbakedandfried potatoes college puddingmilkteaandcoffee.

Dinner—Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syllables.—Tit-Bits.

Picking Pockets with Toes.

The Gauchos, or dwellers in the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired through long practice such skill in using their toes as if they were fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch on his companions, but nevertheless one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.—Boston Transcript.

Larger the Better.

The wrasses, thick-lipped fish found near rocky shores, differ from most other fish in that the larger they are the better they are adapted for food. They grow to 50 pounds.

KILLED HIS SISTER IN FUN.

Minister Ransom Was Absent-Minded and Had to Be Aroused.

Former Minister to Mexico Ransom is very absent-minded. After the Minister left the cloakroom of the House one of the members said:

"Did you ever talk to the Minister when his mind has been occupied with business?" and, without wating for a reply, the member continued: "I did. I met him soon after his return from Mexico, and after we shook hands he said:

"'How is your sister, Frank?'

"'She is well,' I said.

"The Minister's mind then returned to some business for five minutes and then he said:

"'How is your sister, Frank?' and, as before, I replied that she was well. Five minutes later he raised his eyes from some papers and remarked:

"'Oh, Frank, how is your sister?' I thought the conversation was becoming rather monotonous, and to change it I answered that she was very ill.

"'Bless me! you don't say so! I am sorry to hear it, Frank.'

"He turned to his papers again for another five minutes, and hang me if he didn't turn around and say:

"'Frank, how is your sister?' At first I thought he was guying me, but, looking at him sharply, I realized that he had forgotten the conversation, and I answered sadly, 'She is dead.'

"'Why man, you don't mean it!' he exclaimed, jumping from his seat, and extending his hand in a most sympathetic manner, adding: 'That is dreadful. When did it happen? Tell me all about it.'

"'Why,' I replied, 'I killed her just now. When I came in your office I told you she was well twice; then I told you she was very ill and that didn't impress you. So, for your benefit, I have just killed her.'

"The old man looked at me for a moment and then replied:

"'You must pardon me, Frank. I was thinking about these papers.'"

HIPPOPOTAMI DISAPPEARING.

The Last One in Natal Has Been Slaughtered.

The last hippopotamus has been slaughtered in Natal. All the larger and more curious creatures are disappearing so fast that this will be a monotonous world, at any rate for naturalists, in another century. Not so long ago the hippopotamus haunted the rivers of Cape Colony and Natal, and "lake cow bacon," as the salted layer of meat underlying the hide is called, was a favorite dish, but now this huge creature has disappeared from both countries. The hunter has been its enemy for many a century, but the rifle is a far more deadly weapon than the assegai.

The animal had an appetite proportional to its bulk and can accommodate a great deal of vegetable produce. Besides this, it is a wasteful feeder, tramping down and tearing up much more than it consumes, and it prefers cultivated plants to wild vegetation. That has proved its doom in Natal.

One herd was left at Seacow lake, a coast lagoon near Durban, and was protected by the government. It consisted of parents and a family of five. Unfortunately these, like young people all the world over, loved "sweeties," and made nocturnal raids on the neighboring sugar cane plantations. The owners petitioned the government, a warrant of execution was granted and the parental bull, who must have been nearly 50 years old, was the last to fall, and will henceforth be only an "exhibit" at the Durban museum.

So the strange creatures of the earth disappear before the white man, the great destroyer. The hippopotamus, the elephant, and the giraffe, to speak only of Africa, with many kinds of antelope, are rapidly diminishing in numbers.—London Standard.

Bad Spelling.

To spell badly is no longer considered particularly illiterate—that is to say, it does not betoken a want of education. An eminent lawyer, who is considered one of the most "brainy" men of his time, said recently that until he was married he had always spelled husband with an i after the u, and a noted physician when taking his examinations at the medical college tripped up on "medicine." Another funny case was that of a young man who, having been graduated with the highest honors from his university, sent out cards, which he had written personally, saying that he had formed a "buisiness" partnership with Mr. So-and-So. The fact of the matter is that spelling is so neglected in the curriculum of schools and colleges nowadays that it is a hit-or-miss kind of accomplishment. Those who have accuracy and "ear" remember the various combinations, and others fail utterly to retain the impression made while reading or studying, the provision made in modern boys' schools and colleges to train the sense of sound and its expression being of little account.

Dream of a Volunteer.

When I come home from the Philippines
I want no speeches made,
No jeweled sword nor loving cup,
No banquet nor parade;
But just a table set for two,
A good, old-fashioned feast,
With flaky shortcake, light and white—
Two dozen at the least.

When I come home from the Philippines
I want some peach preserves;
A nutmeg-sprinkled custard pie
Would soothe my shattered nerves
And don't forget the apple sauce,
Nor hot molasses cake,
With lots of ginger in it, too,
Like mother used to make.

When I come home from the Philippines
I want a home-made meal;
The kind that leaves no after taste
Of smoke and fire and steel.
So have it ready, with my chair
Just where it used to be,
And I'll hang up my army hat
And sit right down to tea.
—Leslie's Weekly.

The Roman Monta da Pieta.

The most lenient pawnbroker's shop in the world is said to be the Monta da Pieta, at Rome, which has existed ever since 1585. It loans from $3 to $5 upon good security without demanding interest; but 2 per cent per annum is charged upon all greater sums.

The wreckless sea captain is the most popular with sailors.

TORTURES IN CHINA.

FEARFUL PUNISHMENTS SANCTIONED BY LAW.

Embrace of the Hot-Water Serpent—Burning Out of Eyes with Quicklime—Celestial Conscientiousness About Receiving Deferred Punishment.

Wrong-doers in China are always subjected to punishment of a physical character. Imprisonment is almost unknown, and hard labor as a punishment looked upon as foolish.

Prisoners sentenced to punishment of the various grades are released if they fall ill, but on their recovery they must present themselves to the authorities to go through their torture or death, as the sentence has decreed. Seldom a Chinaman tries to escape the sentence imposed upon him. There are cases without number in which a criminal has been sentenced to death, but, falling sick, has been released, so that some months afterward, on his recovery, he will present himself to the executioner to go through the process of decapitation or slow death by torture.

The torture inflicted upon those adjudged guilty of treason is called the "hot-water serpent." The unfortunate wretch who has to undergo this barbarity is fastened securely to a stool. A long coil of hose is wound around his limbs and body. One end of the hose has a head like that of a serpent, and into the mouth scalding water is poured. The first lot of water is allowed to cool, and is then let out of the tail of the serpent and the hose refilled with more boiling water. This process is repeated until the miserable criminal, in frightful agony, expires.

A Chinaman convicted of a particularly heinous offense usually is sentenced to blindness. In the Eastern provinces the man is buried up to his neck in the ground and then his eyes plucked out. The Western provinces go this pleasant practice one better. The criminal is laid on his back and firmly secured. A man comes forward, carrying in his hands two small bags of quicklime. With these he beats at the eyes of the victim. The tears enforced by the beating action fire the quicklime, and the eyes are soon burned away.

The punishment of the rack recalls the days of the Inquisition, although the Chinese have used the rack for upward of 4,000 years. The rack is used to extort confession. The rack is composed of a strong plank of wood, having at one end an upright block, in which holes are cut to accommodate the head and arms of the prisoner. At the other end are three upright pieces of wood, between which the ankles of the victim are secured. The two outside blocks are immovable, the space between these and the middle one being sufficient to accommodate the legs of the prisoner. The torturer inserts between the side and the middle blocks a wedge, which he beats down with a mallet. This contracts the lower portion of the blocks, until the ankles of the sufferer are crushed and pulverized.

The prisoner doomed to close confinement is placed in a cell, laid on a stone slab and securely bound with chains, so that he cannot move hand or foot. In the punishment of the bastinado or "bamboo beating" the prisoner is thrown on his stomach, his feet elevated, and a certain number of blows delivered on the soles. The pain of this is excruciating, and many are known to die from its effects.

"The swing" is another barbarity. The victim is secured by a rope attached to his feet and around his breast and hoisted to a beam. Face downward, he is unable to move, and in this position is the sport of passers-by. It frequently happens that the offender of Chinese law undergoing this punishment loses, through mortification, the use of his nether limbs, owing to the tightness of the bonds around the ankles.

Actual execution consists of two modes—decapitation and strangulation. The former is practiced in the northern and eastern provinces and the latter in the western. Most trivial offenses are punished by death, according to the whim of the mandarin.

Chinese executioners are wonderfully expert. No block is used in decapitation. A bystander seizes the pigtail of the condemned, and the executioner, with one clean sweep of his sword, severs the head from the body.

Strangulation is more refined. The victim is bound to a cross and a rope attached to a lever is passed round his neck. At a signal the executioner bears upon the rope, gradually drawing the chin up until the back of the head is forced between the shoulders, and in this position the miserable wretch dies.

Pagodas as Sin-Offerings.

Just as brewers and other evil men in England conciliate heaven by erecting churches, so the bold, bad, bloody-handed Burman makes it all right for the next existence by erecting pagodas, in proportion to the height of the pagoda his heap of sin disappears. And as the Burman, like the rest of us, looks after his own wants rather than those of his ancestors, he builds a pagoda all to himself and allows his grandfather's to topple over. An uncle of the deposted king must have been round-shouldered with the weight of his wrong-doings. Anyway, at the foot of Mandalay Hill—a nice, breezy eminence, admirable to give you an appetite and a pain in the back—he built 729 pagodas, though the guides count wrong and say there are only 450. But perhaps they mention the smaller number out of regard for their monarch's uncle, not wishing to expose the real magnitude of his sinfulness. The pagodas are all white and set out in rows, and under each were what we pronounced to be tombstones. We were wrong, for the inscriptions were not to the dear departed, but constituted a complete copy of the law in the Pali tongue.—Travel.

England's College of Arms.

Do you want a coat-of-arms to emblazon upon your stationery or your carriage panels? Pay your stationer a fee and leave to him the task of equipping you. He will find a coat-of-arms belonging to some one of similar surname, will give it to you and you will be elegant in the eyes of all who don't know any better.

In England there is a college of arms or English heralds' college, where are kept the records of the conferring of arms. There only can the person of English ancestry make himself quite sure of the validity of his bearings. The earl marshal's court has power to impose fines and penalties for unauthorized assumptions of arms. In the college have been kept for centuries the records of the great. The duties of the officers of arms consist in making grants and exemplifications of armorial bearings, tracing and recording pedigrees, proving and registering patents of nobility, obtaining royal license for change of surnames, procuring patents of special procedure and searching records for armorial and genealogical information.—Chicago News.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

A pale and disheveled Frenchman who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all that could be expected, was sinking into his steamer-chair, when a passenger asked cheerily: "Ah, good-morning, monsieur; have you breakfasted?" "No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted; on the,contrary!"

A witness, being cross-examined as to his distance from a particular place, answered very promptly, "I was just four yards, two feet and six inches off." "And how came you to be so exact in the matter?" asked the counsel, with a significant look upon his inquiring countenance. "Because," came the unexpected reply, "I expected some fool or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he "would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles;" adding that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." On hearing of this, William Morris Hunt, the foremost American painter of his day, dryly inquired: "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he placed upon 50 cents?"

Among the assembled officers at a recent supper in South Africa was a very pompous, self-opiniated major, whose rank commanded for him a respectful hearing, but whose habit of instructing his brethren in matters military, both in and out of season, made him rather unpopular. Winston Churchill and the major sat side by side at the table, and the martial potentate voiced his opinions in his usual manner. Churchill bore the infliction dumbly for a season; then, taking advantage of a pause, when the major wanted to take breath, he said, very complacently and irrelevantly: "Do you know, major, I met a man this morning who would gladly forfeit £50 for the pleasure of kicking you." "Kicking me, sir!" roared the angry major; "kicking me! I must ask you to mention his name immediately!" "But the fact is, major, I am not sure that I ought to tell you," replied Churchill, with self-assumed caution. "But I insist on knowing his name at once, sir!" shouted the truculent officer, now red with rage. "Well, sir, I suppose I must tell you. It was a poor young fellow in the hospital who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

M. Monnier, the well-known French Asiatic traveler, vouches for the truth of the following story of how his friend, Hop Sing, a traveled Oriental and man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the Street of the Roasted Corn, as unsavory and as ill-paved a street as any in all Pekin. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly! At once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed; then another visit, and so on, until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed. The surprise of Hop Sing was only equaled by his indignation when, on awaking one morning, he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders. "You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cose me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

How Fast Things Go.

A mathematician has compiled the following list of speeds a second: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; locomotive, sixty miles an hour, 88 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave, at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1883, in the Sunda Islands, 940 feet; the surface of the globe on sea level at the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, 5½ miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden jar through copper wire one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, 277,100 miles, which is said to have been the highest velocity measured.

When a woman is angry she tells a man just what she thinks of him—and incidentally just what everybody else thinks of him.

Ungrammatically speaking, a kiss is a conjunction.