

Mr. Balfour never reads newspapers. Well, well, that is discouraging.

Solomon's temple has been found, but the plumbing is reported to be in bad condition.

A revolver is such a useful thing to carry around with you! No fool should be without one.

The meaneat burglar on earth has been found. He robbed a child's bank of its few pennies.

Mr. Schwab is overworked. Well, it must keep him pretty busy shoveling the money back from the spout.

The Santo Stefano tower in Venice is threatening to tumble. It seems to be high time for Venice to brace up.

The more money a man saves when young the more he will have to spend on patent medicines when he gets old.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, but the majority do not trouble themselves very much about it.

It is hard to satisfy the western farmer. He grumbles when his corn is burned up, and he grumbles when it is drowned out.

Carnegie is now giving libraries to individuals. If he intends to go all around there is little danger that the field will soon be covered.

"America has the best guns," says a German annual. It is lucky for the editor of the annual that Herr Krupp is not empowered to punish people for leze majesty.

Russell Sage fell from the platform of a New York street car and narrowly escaped being run over. He wasn't hurt, but will probably insist on having his nickel returned anyway.

The doctor who attended Christopher L. Magee, of Pittsburg, during his last illness has been awarded a fee of \$29,239.25. He wanted \$200,000, but the jury evidently took into consideration the fact that Mr. Magee died.

A Missouri paper tells of a man who was cured of a case of rheumatism of sixteen years' standing by being thrown from a horse. The physician who signed the death certificate pronounced the cure permanent.

The recent session of Congress may be remembered in history as the "Ditch Congress." The national system of irrigation which Congress authorized will be a network of ditches, and the canal across the isthmus will certainly be facetiously described as "the great ditch" between the two "big ponds."

No place is exempt from the advertising sign nuisance, it would seem. He has invaded the cemeteries in some towns and tacked his disfiguring signs on the trees there. Why don't advertisers stick to the newspapers, where they get some returns for their money and avoid disfiguring the landscape and violating the properties, as in this case.

A visitor from Scotland to the Toronto conference said a great many people in his country regarded Canada as "the leing on the American plum-cake." Less poetic than the characterization, "Our Lady of Sorrows," the description of the Dominion yet appeals to the imagination of the epicure. The visitor added the significant remark that he believed Canadians themselves had a great share of the cake.

One of the most sensible moves in connection with the army is the proposed change in uniforms. Kakki has been found by British experience in South Africa to be too light, so the proposition is to dress our soldiers in a working garb of olive drab that is hard to distinguish at a distance from their environment of trees, haze and earth. The change proposed is practical and businesslike, but, alas! what becomes of "the boys in blue?"

The art of retracting without taking anything back—if the bull may be allowed—seems to be understood in Japan. A young orator at a political meeting called a public official a thief. A policeman on duty gravely rose and addressed a remark in a low tone to the speaker, who thereupon said: "The chief of police requests me to retract the word which I have just spoken. Although the word of a sage should never re-enter, let us make a concession; let us take back the word and keep the idea." Great applause and cries of "Bravo!" greeted the orator's escape from his dilemma.

Women of the present generation have not lost all the characteristics of their grandmothers. No colonial housewife could have done better in an emergency than the New Jersey woman who fell into a well the other day. As there was no one within call, she had to save herself or drown, so she climbed up the rope. When she got out she discovered that the kitchen had caught fire from an overheated stove. She instantly pulled a bucket of water up from the well, and rushed to the house with it and put out the fire. Then she got some dry clothes on and went about her work as usual.

In spite of all that can be done to eradicate the sectional issue, it persists in obtruding itself. Its latest manifestation appears in the disagreement between the Eastern and Western managers of the Pennsylvania Railway. The Eastern manager has issued an order forbidding passengers to exchange kisses with their friends in the Jersey City station. They must give such greetings and farewells where they will not obstruct traffic. The Western manager says this order will not be enforced on his side of the Allegheny Mountains. And there you have it—the broad, expansive osculatory freedom of the West pitted against the exclusiveness of the East. If this issue should get into politics, no man could tell what the outcome would be.

In the Ruins of Old Jerusalem.

The Greek Catholic monks, who are in possession of the chief portions of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, are now going to build a bazaar opposite it, where pilgrims may purchase souvenirs of their visit to Jerusalem. During the process of clearing the site the foundations of an old mediæval church, forty meters long and thirty wide, with three apses, were discovered. A number of fine capitals, fragments of basalt pillars and bas-reliefs, with symbolic animals, were found, all these remains having doubtless belonged to the choir of the church. Last year a valuable silver shrine containing a piece of the holy cross and relics of the Apostles Peter and Paul—according, at least, to the inscriptions on them—was found at the same place.

The patriarch of Jerusalem, it is said, is keeping other discoveries secret, owing to his dislike of the Roman Catholic Church. Those mentioned above are all the more important as it can be ascertained to what church they belonged. According to the statement of a mediæval traveler the hospice and the monastery which the citizens of Amalfi founded about the year 640, as a refuge for western pilgrims, were situated due south of the holy sepulcher, about a stone's throw away. The first church was built in honor of St. Mary de Latinis and the second, the ruins of which have now been found, in honor of St. John the Baptist. The French monk Bernard, who lived there in 870, highly praised the hospitality and the large library of the hospice. A Mohammedan historian says it was destroyed by the Khalif Hakim and rebuilt shortly afterward, while according to another account it prospered down to the time of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, from 1100 to 1118, when the two communities of St. Mary and St. John adopted the latter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St. John. The remains now discovered, therefore, are the ruins of the cradle of this order. It is most unfortunate that the preservation of these very interesting remains seems impossible, owing to the ill feeling which exists between the Greeks and Roman Catholics in Jerusalem.—London Standard.

CONFUSING TO NAVY'S CHIEF.

Honors Show Him on Pleasure Trip Upset His Equanimity. Secretary Moody does not think over the importance of his position as head of the Navy Department. Unless the rigors of social life in Washington demanded it, Mr. Moody probably not give a second thought to the honor of St. John the Baptist. One Saturday afternoon not long ago he left the Navy Department before closing time, entered his carriage and told the driver to take him to the navy yard, where, with a party, of which Speaker Henderson and Representative Metcalf were members, Mr. Moody had planned to run down the Potomac over Sunday on the President's yacht, the Sylph.

LEO XIII. PUTS IN SUMMER IN AN ANCIENT TOWER.

When summer began this year Pope Leo, according to custom, left his apartments in the Vatican and went to the quaint old building which is known as "Leo the Fourth's Tower," and which has long been a favorite summer residence of the successors of St. Peter. This tower was constructed in the fifteenth century and is situated on the northern side of the Vatican hill. Grim and unattractive is its massive exterior, but once inside the portals, the pope finds himself in a most delightful home. The rooms are large and are furnished comfortably though plainly, and from many of the windows there is an extensive view, which can not fail to please a true pope like Pope Leo. Furthermore, the air here is cool and bracing, and the pope's physician is confident that it will aid greatly toward maintaining him in his normal good health.

Simple, Indeed.

It seems as if the acme of frugality had been reached by a French officer who explained, with many appropriate gestures, his system of sustaining life on a pension of five francs a week. "It is simple, verve, simple," he said to the friend who had expressed amazement at his feat. "Sunday I go to see a house of a good friend, and I dine so extraordinary, and eat so verve much, zat I need no more till Wednesday.

The Bell Wolf.

Farmer's Knee Did Not Result Exactly as He Had Planned. A settler on the upper Mattawa River, Canada, caught a wolf last winter. He had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them. And the idea occurred to him, says the New York Sun, that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He therefore fastened a bell on the wolf's neck and released him. After the snow had nearly disappeared, he allowed his flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. While he stood watching the gambols of the lambs, the sheep pricked up their ears as if intently

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

Our Advertisement Brings a Visitor. Our morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I was tired out in the afternoon. After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt. My mind had been so much excited by what had occurred and the strangest fancies and surmises crowded into it.

Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like countenance of the murdered man, that face produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world. If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type they were certainly those of Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland.

I recognized that justice must be done, and that the depravity of the victim was no condonement in the eyes of the law. As he spoke there was a sharp ring at the bell. Sherlock Holmes rose softly and moved his chair in the direction of the door.

We heard the servant pass along the hall, and the sharp click of the latch as she opened it. "Does Doctor Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We could not hear the servant's reply, but the door closed, and some one began to ascend the steps.

The footfall was an uncertain and shuffling one. A look of surprise passed over the face of my companion as he listened to it. It came slowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door. "Come in!" I cried.

At my summons, instead of the man of violence whom we expected, a very old and wrinkled woman hobbled into the apartment. She appeared to be dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bleared eyes and fumbling in her pocket with nervous, shaky fingers.

I glanced at my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconsolate expression that it was all I could do to keep my countenance. The old crone drew out an evening paper, and pointed at our advertisement.

"It's this as has brought me, good gentlemen," she said, dropping another courtesy, "a gold wedding ring in the Brinton road. It belongs to my girl, Sally, as was married only this time twelvemonth, which her husband is steward aboard a Union boat, and what he'd say if he come 'ome and found her without her ring is more than I can stand. He's being short enough at the best of times, but more especially when he has the drink. If it pleases you, she went to the circus last night along with—"

"The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman, "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the way."

"And what may your address be?" I inquired, taking up a pencil. "13 Duncan street, Houndsditch. A weary way from here."

"The Brinton road does not lie between this circus and Houndsditch," said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. The old woman faced around and looked keenly at him from her little red-rimmed eyes.

"The gentleman asked me for my address," she said, "Sally lives in lodgings at 3 Mayfield place, Peckham."

"My name is Sawyer—hers is Dennis, which Tom Dennis married her—and a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's at sea, and no steward in the company more thought of; but when on shore, what with the women and what with liquor she's had, she's a different creature."

"Here is your ring, Mrs. Sawyer," I interrupted in obedience to a sign from my companion; "it clearly belongs to your daughter, and I am glad to be able to restore it to the rightful owner."

"With many mumbled blessings and protestations of gratitude, the old crone packed it away in her pocket, and shuffled off down the stairs. Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet the moment she was gone and rushed into his room.

"He returned in a few seconds enveloped in a shawl and a cravat. "I'll follow her," he said hurriedly; "she must be an accomplice, and will lead me to him. Wait up for me."

The hall door had hardly slammed behind our visitor before Holmes had descended the stairs. Looking through the window, I could see her walking away from the other side, while her pursuer dogged her some little distance behind.

"Either his whole theory is incorrect," I thought to myself, "or else he will be led now to the heart of the mystery."

There was no need for him to ask me to wait up for him, for I felt that sleep was impossible until I heard the result of his adventure.

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème."

Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the footsteps of the maids as they patrolled off to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination.

It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latchkey. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful. Amusement and chagrin seemed to be struggling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yarders know it for the world," he cried, dropping into a chair. "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

"What is it, then?" I asked. "Oh, I don't mind telling a story about myself. That creature had gone a little way when she began to limp and showed every sign of being footsore. Presently she came to a halt and hailed a four-wheeler which was her way to a chair. I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

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THE PRINCE'S REASON.

A few years hence the little prince who figures in the following story from the London Express will hear of the Nile and Trafalgar and the great victories won by British merchant seamen, and will know that to be a sailor requires skill and heroism; but just now his view of this noble profession—and of his royal father as well—is refreshingly natural and boyish.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the royal nursery, and found his little son busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship.

"Well, laddie," said the prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, "I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know."

"Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward, excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor, too, when I'm grown up!"

"Ah," said the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor, I suppose?"

"Not because of that, I think," said the young prince, thoughtfully, "because I don't like doing my lessons all ways, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?"

"A Bird's Bump of Locality. Above the penguin in an awkward creature, says Professor C. E. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, in Leslie's Monthly. Water is its element. When hunted on the ice floes the birds generally try to run away in an upright position, but just as the hunter thinks he has got one the bird lies down on its white belly and paddles along over the snow very quickly, the hard, smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction. A remarkable characteristic of the penguin is his bump of locality. Both on shore and in the water he never loses his way. To human eyes one ice floe is precisely like another, but under that roof of similar ice floes I have seen a penguin of the larger species find its mate on a full mile under water.

Difficult Dentistry. The Nawab of Rampur, which is about 600 miles to the northwest of Calcutta, came down from his home to call on Dr. D. S. Smith, says a London paper, and brought with him a young girl to see about his mother's teeth.

She wanted a set of false teeth, and because Englishwomen had two sets, the maharajah must have two sets, also. The Nawab of Rampur is a Mohammedan, so, of course, the mother could not show her face.

Likewise on that account Dr. Smith had to go to Rampur to do the work. Two thousand miles to make two sets of false teeth! It cost the nawab 4,000 rupees.

The old woman lay back with her face covered, and the dentist worked at her mouth through a hole in a sheet.

Modern Conveniences. The prospective tenant went with the agent to the house which was for rent, says the Glasgow Evening Times, but found the place unsatisfactory.

"I'm not very impressed with it," he said. "The yard is too small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed."

"It is small," replied the agent. "But—er—couldn't you use folding flower beds?"

The Young Mother. Two years ago she showed to me Her B. A. with honest pride. Today she has a new degree— M. A. with B. A. by her side.—Life.

When a man proposes he doesn't seem to realize that it may result in his losing control of himself.

OBEYED ORDERS AND WON.

Incident of the Civil War That Shows the Value of Unquestioning Discipline.

As an illustration of the idea of obedience and discipline inculcated in the West Point cadets, James Barnes, of the Chicago Chronicle, says in the sixties a young officer once reported to a volunteer brigadier that he had ordered from division headquarters to take a battery that held the top of a steep slope on the front of the Confederate line, the shells from which were playing havoc with the Union infantry that were deploying through a wooded ravine.

"What!" exclaimed the volunteer brigadier, "are you going to try to take those guns with cavalry? Impossible! You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," was the reply. "I've got the orders in my pocket. This West Pointer did not doubt in the least what he was going to do, nor his capacity, and, strange to say, he did it, for, advancing at a charge suddenly from the wood across the open ground he took the battery in the flank before they could change effectually the position of the guns, and he brought them back with him.

LAND OF MANY WONDERS Galapagos Islands Contain Seemingly No End of Minerals. Captain Richard Nye, who was one of those on the steamer W. S. Phelps, tells of many wonders of the Galapagos islands, which that vessel visited, in an interview at San Francisco he said: "The islands are as full of minerals as a shad is of bones. On Albemarle there is an extinct crater, miles in diameter, in which there is in sight 40,000 tons of pure sulphur. The crater is about ten miles inland and a tramway will be necessary for transportation to the coast, but this should be a small matter considering the possible products of the crater. It is overrun with wild dogs. The animals are a mongrel breed and were left on the island by whalers. The dogs have become wild and extremely vicious. They are wolflike in their habits and run in droves."

Just Around the Corner. A tall, green sort of a well-dressed individual walked into an East End place the other day, where they were talking politics in a high key, and, stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Where are the Socialists? Show me a socialist, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!"

In an instant a man stood behind the inquirer in a warlike attitude and exclaimed: "I am a Socialist, sir!"

"You are?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, sir, just step around the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Socialist. Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

Chance for a Divorce. He—Understand young Simkins and his wife are not living happily together.

She—What seems to be the trouble?

He—Incompatibility of temper.

She—Which is it fault?

He—Both. He furnishes the incompatibility and she supplies the temper.

Her System. He—Mrs. Wise seems to understand how to manage her husband pretty well.

She—Yes. She lets him have her own way in everything.

The Husband-Knew. City Editor—See here, in your story of this prominent club woman you say she's a good wife. You mean "was" of course.

Reporter—No, I mean "is." Mr. The peck, her husband, told me if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it.—Philadelphia Press.

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