English Lawyers' Robes.

The English bar still clings devotedly to its robes. A solicitor who for some reason was not prepared with his professional costume asked permission of a London judge the other day to appear without it, but the judge declared that he could give no such sanction. However, to avoid delay, he resorted to a fine legal distinction: "I do not give you permission, but if the other professional gentlemen present raise no objection I will consent to hear you." He was heard, and it may be trusted that no sacred precedent was damaged.

Huge Appetite of the Spider.

The spider has a tremendous appetite and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator by 7 a. m., a lamb by 9 a. m., a young camelopard, by 1 o'clock a sheep and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds.

The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second.

He Was Broke.

"Time is money," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and I haven't a moment that I can call my own."

A Heavy Fine.

Under the Elkins law, any railroad company which pays rebates in any form, or any shipper who accepts them, is liable to a fine of from $1,000 to $20,000, upon conviction. It also prohibits the carrying of freight at less than the published tariffs. The Interstate Commerce commission is empowered to detect and prosecute violators of this statute. President Knapp of the commission states that since this law was passed, rebate paying has been as rare as forgery.

Manufacture of Cigarettes.

Official statistics tell us that 3,366,487,215 cigarettes were manufactured in this country during the past fiscal year. If the population of the United States is 80,000,000, if half that number (40,000,000) are males, if three-quarters of them (30,000,000) are of smoking age, and if one-third of the 30,000,000 smoke cigarettes, we have 3,366,487,215 cigarettes to divide in a year among 10,000,000 persons, or only about 336 apiece, which is less than one every day.

WHERE RELIGION COMES HIGH.

Some Church Pews in New York Cost a Good Deal More than a Dwelling.

Many readers have probably heard of New York's famous Grace church at Broadway and Tenth street, where there is a choir of "babies," ranging in age from 4 years up, which church is said to be erected on land more valuable even than that whereon St. Paul's at London stands. Here it is the custom to offer by auction all pews, which the present owners desire to relinquish, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and which possibly may have been in their family ever since the church was built.

A few months ago pew No. 40, in the south transept of Grace church, was put up at auction in the New York real estate sales rooms for the trustees of the estate of the late Henry Ray. The bidding was started at $500 and rose rapidly to $1,000, when there was a pause. Then some one offered another hundred and the bidding advanced to $1,500, and just about to be knocked down for this sum when Hamilton G. King sprung another $50 and secured the pew.

On being asked if he was spending all this money for his own religious comforts Mr. King stated that he had purchased the pew for another person, but whom he refused to state. The pew is a "family" one and holds six, is upholstered in dark red and, according to the auctioneer, comfortable enough to foster the highest forms of religious charity. The pews in Grace church, with few exceptions, are owned by those who occupy them, and when one does find its way into the market it is eagerly purchased by rich parishioners.

One of the most fashionable churches in New York is St. Bartholomew's, in Madison avenue. This is known as "The Vanderbilts' church," for here the millionaires of that name worship. Pews in St. Bartholomew's can often be rented, but now seldom purchased, most of the pews being owned by residents of "Millionaire row," in Fifth avenue. Occasionally, however, a pew in this church has come under the hammer, when it has brought a considerable sum of money, as much as $5,000 having been paid for six "sittings" near the pulpit.

In the Catholic cathedral, close by, pews are also sold at auction, at times, and, owing to the magnificent choir which this church supports, bring small fortunes.

To Prognosticate Storms.

By means of a delicate instrument called the ceraunograph, Rev. Frederick L. Odersbach, professor of chemistry in St. Ignatius' College, in Cleveland, Ohio, is able to foretell many hours the numerous summer storms which come up, often on bright, warm, clear days, with startling rapidity, and with dire results to the small craft along the sea coast and on inland waters.

The action of the ceraunograph is simple and easily understood by any one acquainted with an ordinary telegraph system with relay. The initial action precedes the advent of the storm from one to thirty-six hours. As the electric disturbance advances the coherer is very busy, soon producing a continuous band record, while the decoherer keeps up a constant clatter, which finally becomes deafening.

Take It Easy.

'Bout the time you get to thinkin' that
you're gittin' on a bit,
An' you jingle of your money as you
stroll and strut about,
Better keep your peepers open, for your
life ain't over yet,
An' there's always lots of danger when
the chest is swellin' out.

'Bout the time you git to lookin' at your
neighbors with su'prise,
An' a-feelin' sorry fer 'em cuz you've
left 'em in the press,
Then's the time fate's lookin' fer you
with a club of mighty size,
An' you'll feel the rungs a-breakin' in
the ladder of success.
—Detroit Tribune.

Consoling.

Stella—You seem sad this afternoon, dear. What's the trouble?

Mildred—I can't help thinking about Tom Green, poor fellow! I—er—rejected him last night.

Stella—Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. Why, I've rejected him three times in the past six weeks.

THE HOLD-UP MAN

Meets tht Great Philanthropist at St. Peter's Gate.

"Well," asked St. Peter, "who are you?"

"Don't you know me?" returned the applicant for admission. "Surely my name must be a household word up here. I am Hardy Skinner, the great philanthropist."

"And what did you philanthrope?" asked the saintly gate keeper.

"Me? Gracious, I thought you people kept a set of books and had everybody's record. Well, I'll tell you. I gave away more than $11,000,000—yes, sir, just gave it to the people by furnishing them with art galleries, libraries, hospitals, colleges and that sort of thing."

"Well, well," said St. Peter, "that was a lot of money to give away. How much were you worth when you died?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you exactly, but I'd estimate it conservatively at about $500,000,000."

"Whew! And how did you get it?"

"How did I get it?" replied the spirit of Hardy Skinner, rubbing its transparent hands together in the old satisfied way that had been natural to him in the flesh, "why, I got it through my great ability as a captain of industry. I got rebates from railroads, violated the laws in perfectly respectable and ingenious ways, forced my competitors out of business by reducing my products away below cost where there was opposition and charging ten times more than was fair where there was nobody to buck against me. But you know that sort of thing is perfectly legitimate in business. Yes, you mustn't overlook that fact. My method, you see, was a necessary outgrowth of commercial expansion. It was a natural development due to modern conditions."

"I see. You forced other people to give up whatever you saw fit to take from them and denied them the right to engage in the kind of business you were conducting."

"That's putting it rather rough, it seems to me. Still, we'll admit, for the sake of the argument, that it was as you say. Think of the money I gave back! Aha, there's where I fixed myself up for the glory in heaven, eh? Think of a man giving $11,000,000 to——"

"Excuse me a moment," said St. Peter, "till I find out what that spirit wants. Come, what is it?"

"Please let me in," said a repulsive-looking shape as it approached the gate.

"Who were you and what did you do to deserve admittance?"

"I was a hold-up man—but wait till I tell you about it. I never robbed a fellow of all he had without giving him back a dime or quarter to get home with or to secure lodging for the night."

"What," asked St. Peter, turning to the spirit of Hardy Skinner, "would you do if you were in my place? Do you think I ought to let him in?"

"Let him in? Certainly not! The wretch deserves no pity. What did the return of a quarter amount to when he had taken away $40 or $50 from somebody who may have had to work hard to earn it? He ought to roast for 27,000 years."

"Good," replied St. Peter, "you are a wise judge, and you have saved me the necessity of considering your own case any further."

"Wha-a-at!" screamed the spirit of Hardy Skinner. "You don't mean to——"

But there was a flash and then a whirring noise as of something heavy dropping through space, after which St. Peter turned to hear the pleas of other applicants.

A Little House for Old Age.

The Danish farmhouse is commonly built in two portions, one large and one small, to form separate dwellings. This is done to enable the owner to carry out the duty custom imposes upon him. When the farmer grows too old or infirm to follow the plow, or perform a share of the work, he hands over the farm to one of his sons, under an arrangement which provides for the maintenance of himself and his wife during their remaining years, and the old couple take up their quarters in the smaller dwelling. The curious feature of this arrangement is that if the son sell the farm, the purchaser must take over the duty of supporting the old people, who remain on. This custom has arisen out of the isolated character of the farms in Jutland; it has sometimes led to the commission of horrible crimes, the old people having been poisoned by a new owner to save the cost of their maintenance.

A Hard Life.

It must be very hard indeed
To be a financier;
The talents you are sure to need
Are manifold and queer.
You've got to have a winning way,
And prove with gentle art
That when their cash to you men pay
It's kindness on your part.

You've got to know just when to go
Across the briny deep,
And when it's time you have to show
Strange secrets you must keep.
And though 'tis hard, you must allow,
New wealth to gain each day,
'Tis harder, many people vow,
To give the stuff away.
—Washington Star.

His Ambition.

"I do not recall your ever making a speech in Congress that attracted any attention," said the blunt person.

"No," said Senator Sorghum. "I never try to attract attention. I am satisfied if I can distract attention."—Washington Star.

Some women seem to think it a duty to talk scandal because it pleases their friends.

Humorous

"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though."—Town and Country.

"We don't hear you sing nowadays, Miss Edith. "My physician has strictly forbidden me to practice." "Does he live in your neighborhood?"

Mrs. Henpeck—And you call yourself a man? Mr. Henpeck—Certainly, my dear, that is—er—if you will permit me to.—Fliegende Blatter.

Jenkins—You don't seem to bother much about the future. Lightley—No, that never worries me until it becomes the present.—Exchange.

Mrs. Wise—How do you like the new nurse girl? Mr. Wise—Great. Mrs. Wise—I thought so. That's why I fired her this morning.—Boston Globe.

Deacon Jones—In the better land everything will be made known. Mrs. Prye—Won't that be fine! I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah," said the little girl who was being filled with culture, "see the carpenter brawny building the house beautiful with his hands skillful."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman; "the leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which s-spot, sir?" gasped the green employe.—Exchange.

The Niece—Weren't you shocked, uncle, when you heard that Harry had died and left me a widow? The Uncle—Well, no. That's about all I ever expected he would leave you.

Judge—You say you were alone when you committed the robbery? Nitro Bill—Yes, yer honor. I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest.—Judge.

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title? Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"I'm sure I saw a cat over in that corner," said Tommy, sitting up in bed. "No, dear; go to sleep," said his mother; "it was just imagination." "Has a magination got shiny eyes?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother—Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so? Ethel—I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice.—Harper's Bazar.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have just been officiating at a wooden wedding on the West Side," said the parson. "Officiating?" queried the puzzled friend. "Yes," explained the good man. "I married a couple of Poles."—Chicago News.

Fweddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know! Cholly—The impertinent wretch! Fweddie—Positively insulting. As if to insinuate, don't y'know that I was in business.—Cleveland Leader.

Bleeker—My congratulations on your marriage with the charming widow, old man. I knew you called on her occasionally, but I had no idea you intended to marry. Meeker—Neither did I until she had it all arranged.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—Oh, I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling!

Nephew—Uncle, I'm in love with the dearest girl in all the world. She has golden hair, blue eyes, the whitest of teeth and a figure—— Uncle (interrupting)—My dear boy, I really can't consent to your marrying her unless she has five figures, at the least.—Brooklyn Life.

First Passenger—Would you be good enough to lend me your spectacles a moment? Second Passenger—Certainly, sir, with pleasure. First Passenger—Oh, thanks. Now as you can no longer read your newspaper, will you please have the kindness to pass it over to me?"

Boy's Essay on Breath: "Breath is made of air. We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day shouldn't breathe. They should wait till they get out doors."

Two old men were always contradicting and deriding one another. They were friends and liked to be together, but all their talk were made up of sneers and scoffs. One windy day last week they fell into an argument on the question of high winds. They disputed bitterly as to which of them could remember the most windy day. The younger of the two said: "Well, Josh, I mind the mornin' o' Aprile four in eighty-three when twuz so all-fired windy that it took the crows two hours to fly from the ten-acre lot to their roost in the back canon, a fly o' less'n a mile." "Shucks, William," said the older farmer, "I mind days so windy that the crows had to walk home."

YANKEE DOODLE HESSIAN TUNE.

Old March Song of Germans Similar in Form and Rhythm.

Consul Schumann, stationed at Mainz, Germany, contributes an interesting item to the stock of knowledge after which the great American heart yearns with a consuming yearn, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. The knowledge concerns the origin of "Yankee Doodle"—so far as the inspiriting music is concerned—and Consul Schumann sends to the Department of Commerce and Labor the following translation of an article from the Frankfurter Zeitung:

It is well known that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" was derived from a military march played by the Hessian troops in the War of the Revolution in America. In studying the dances of the Schwalm, Johann Lewalter was struck by the similarity in form and rhythm of "Yankee Doodle" to the music of these dances. Last year, at the kirmess of the village of Wasenberg, when "Yankee Doodle" was played, the young men and girls swung into a true Schwalmer dance, as though the music had been composed for it. * * * It therefore seems probable that the Hessian recruits from the Schwalm, who served in the pay of Great Britain during the Revolutionary War, and whose military band instruments consisted of bugles, fifes and drums only, carried over with them the tune known to them from childhood and played it as a march.

Q. E. D.: The logic of the argument of the Frankfurter Zeitung is absolutely impregnable. All other theories of the origin of "Yankee Doodle" must give way to the Hessian origin of the tune to which, incontestably, the Hessians danced at Trenton, and the fact is not mitigated by the other fact that the dancing was in an effort to get out of the way of a gentleman named G. Washington, who had crossed the Delaware for the express purpose of treating the Hessians to a waltz.

Learned men there have been who have assigned the origin of the music of "Yankee Doodle" to the mountaineers of the Pyrenees; the Seminole Indians in Florida have been credited with originating it, while others have assigned its origin to the fens of Lincolnshire in merry England. But it's all over now! It was brought to the United States by the Hessians as a dancing tune, and history records the fact that the Hessians danced to it at Trenton in one time and two or three of the quickest motions possible.

Ergo—as they would say at Chicago university—it is a Hessian tune.

Trade with France Big.

There is probably no American industry better exploited abroad than that of agricultural implements and machinery. As a consequence there is an important foreign trade in these products.

Of the $18,000,000 worth of farming implements exported from the United States in 1902 $9,125,000 was sent to Europe. Of this $2,000,000 was received in France. German and English machines are used, as are also those of French manufacture, but the American machines hold the field in France because they are greatly appreciated by the French farmer on account of their efficiency, their lightness and their reasonable most. In a country which in 1901 had 35,500,000 acres of wheat and other cereals and 28,500,000 acres of grass and other forage under cultivation, whose grain crop was valued at $575,000,000 and the other crops at $581,000,000, there must be a favorable field for the sale of agricultural machinery.

Our consul at Havre, France, Mr. Thackera, who furnishes this information, advises the manufacturer who desires to open up a trade in France in these products to go himself or to send a capable representative. One speaking French would be better, he says, but it is not essential. He should first visit Paris and study carefully the situation in that city, and then go to the principal cities of the departments in which the agricultural centers are located.—Leslie's Weekly.

Oddities of the Human Body.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.—Indianapolis News.

Making Old Pen Like New.

"My pen is spoiled and I have no other," said the bookkeper.

The machinist happened to be in the office and he took the pen and held it over the gas jet for 30 seconds.

"You can make an old pen as good as new," he said, "by holding it over a flame like this for half a minute and afterward dipping it in cold water."

He dipped the hot pen in cold water as he spoke and it sizzled slightly.

"Now try it," he said.

The bookkeeper tried the pen and exclaimed joyously:

"By George, it's as good as new again."—Chicago Chronicle.

And Opaque.

"He says that when he sits down to write, his ideas come thick and fast."

"I guess they come thick, all right."—Houston Post.

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