

Slow Barcelona—Slower Madrid. Barcelona is a great trading port, about on a level with Marseilles. It has grown very much within recent years. The Barcelona consider themselves a model to all Spain in the matter of industry and in common sense, yet in this town, which is really a handsome place and rich, the head telegraph office is in the suburbs; there is only one branch office in town, and messages have to be sent from that by hand. The postoffice is well away from the port in a by-street. If you are there on business, you will find as likely as not that one clerk is in attendance out of an immense staff. He will probably be very polite, but he will put his hand to a pen or a bundle of letters as if he feared they would burn, and Barcelona is a model of smartness compared with Madrid.

One wonders what would happen to the dawdling officials one sees at these places if they were transported by some malignant fairy to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Madness would probably be their fate if they made an effort to meet the call. But then they would not be hasty and drive would simply revert their sense of what was due to a gentleman.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Mrs. Cleveland's Courtesy. The following pretty story is told of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. At one of the public receptions given at the White House an old lady who was drawn up in the line that was pushing its way forward to shake hands with the president's wife dropped her handkerchief before getting to Mrs. Cleveland. She was too old and rheumatic to stoop down and recover it, and those back of her in the line were too intent upon getting the one fleeting glimpse possible of the mistress of the White House to notice the old lady's loss, and the handkerchief was trampled upon roughly.

Just before the old lady reached her Mrs. Cleveland stepped out of her place and deftly picked up the handkerchief, tucked it in her dress and, taking her own fresh one, which was of the most delicate, dainty lace, smilingly handed it to the old lady with the sweet remark, "Please take mine, and when you get home send it back to me, will you?" And when the handkerchief came back to Mrs. Cleveland returned to that of the owner, freshly laundered, lying on the top of a beautiful box of rosabuds that came from the White House conservatory.

An Accommodating Neighbor. Not long back Mr. X. moved into a new house, which had not before been occupied. The bell wires were rather stiff, and in consequence the bells gave no uncertain sound. This was particularly annoying to Mrs. X., whose neighbor disturbed the whole house.

Mr. X. is a man of sensitive nerves. The tremendous jangle of the doorbell made him shudder, so he wrote in chalk above the handle of the doorpost, "Chalk gently."

About 9 that evening there was a violent ringing. Somebody tugged at the bell as if he were going to pull it out by the roots. The noise was terrific. X. himself ran to the door in a rage and found his friend Z.

"What the dickens do you mean by ringing that way?" exclaimed X. indignantly. "Don't you see what's written there?"

"Yes," answered Z, "I do see—that's why I pulled so hard."

X. looked at the writing and saw, "Full urgently." A passing wag had added the "ur." X. has now muffled the bell.—London Telegraph.

Artillery Terms. All artillery may be divided into two main classes, heavy and light. Heavy artillery is called also garrison artillery. Heavy artillery guns are placed permanently in forts, and the men who handle them form foot artillery batteries and regiments. Light artillery refers to guns not permanently placed—that is, light enough to be taken from place to place by means of horses and manuevered by hand. In our army the light artillery gunners ride on the caissons and gun carriages. In horse artillery the gunners ride horses, so that a horse artillery battery has a great many more horses than a light battery. We have no horse batteries in our army. A field battery is a light battery. A flying battery is a horse battery. Six guns are between heavy and light artillery. They are intended to be placed permanently for the time being and are brought to their places by teams, but they are not manuevered as light guns are.—New York Sun.

"Nunny Dummy." In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people, when they see a ghost, say, 'Nunny dummy!'" and he adds, "I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practical traveling the corruption of language."

The phrase is probably a corruption of "In nomine Domini," the Latin for "In the name of the Lord," a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the middle ages.

Lost Time. "Time is precious," remarked the minister.

"It is indeed," replied the man of business, "and I've wasted lots of it."

"By indulging in foolish pleasures, I suppose," said the good man.

"No," replied the other. "I lost it by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others."—Chicago News.

A woman always credits another woman with having excellent judgment when they both dislike the same person.—Chicago News.

Tears were not sent to blind our eyes, but to wash them.—Sunday School Times.

According to an old French saying, "A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally long, occasionally shorter than he is."

Brazil produces on the average 350,000 tons of coffee per annum—that is, about four-fifths of the whole amount consumed in the world.

A Painter's Constancy. In the course of some reminiscences of Sir Edward Burne-Jones a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette remarks: "Those who are not 'offended' by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones' play of humor and imagination. Let me justify my references to Charles Lamb."

I once returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me 30 years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was hard to keep borrowed books so long it was harder to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said:

"The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in those matters and perhaps to sting the susceptible consciences

It is a curious fact that with all the improvements and modifications so notable in our navy we are still using the old-fashioned smoky, smelly powder that envelops everything in a gray pall, obscures the view and confuses the gunners. Only one of our ships has been using cordite, the wonderful smokeless powder which the English navy has adopted. The results with this ship, the New Orleans, were truly amazing. The rapidity, accuracy and precision of her fire were the admiration of all observers. Smokeless powder has several advantages. There is no obscuring of the view, the explosion producing the necessary heat, which lasts but an instant. It leaves but little residuum in the gun, has much more power and is every way more desirable. Higher muzzle velocity is obtained with a projectile, as the powder burns much more slowly than the ordinary sort, and, therefore, generates more gas as the ball travels up to the mouth of the gun. The demand for smokeless powder seems to be one of the imperatives of the immediate future.—New York Ledger.

Not Much of a Relief. Crusty Old Uncle—Well, William, I've decided that you needn't pay back the \$50 you got from me last summer. I'm going to make you a present of it. Reckless Nephew—Thanks! Crusty Old Uncle—Well, that's not a very enthusiastic way you have of acknowledging my generosity. I thought you'd be overjoyed at getting this debt off your mind. Reckless Nephew—Oh, it hasn't been bothering me! I had no intention of paying you anyway.—Cleveland Leader

His Trade. The Policeman—What's your trade? The Suspect—An ironworker. "Is that so? I'll see what you know about it. I used to be in the trade myself." "I mean in a laundry."—Italianapolis Journal

Diamonds are cut in three different forms—the rose, the brilliant and the table, of which the second is the prettiest. It is a double pyramid or cone, of which the top is cut off to form a large plane, and at the bottom, directly opposite to a small plane.

The finest opal of modern times belonged to the Empress Josephine. It was called the "burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

Red Pipestone Quarry. Every one familiar with Longfellow's "Hiawatha" remembers the references to the famous red pipestone quarry, which is situated at the extreme eastern boundary of South Dakota. This is the only quarry of the kind known to exist on the American continent.

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What is your idea of a political economist? "Well," replied Senator Sorghum reflectively, "there's lots of different kinds. But my idea of the genuine article is the man who manages to put by enough while he has an office to pay the expense of getting it for another term."—Washington Star.

Siberian Prisons. The Rev. Dr. Ladd publicly stated, after a thorough visit to Siberia, that should he ever have to change from clerical to civil life, he would choose Siberia and not Millbank or any other English prison, as the scene of labor. I have no hesitancy to say that personally I prefer prison life in Siberia to Sing Sing, and to set the stamp of my approval upon the prison, following the kindly invitations of the chief of police, I was about to transfer my baggage from the hotel of the rich Chinaman to the jail. However, though the prison tempted me by its superior comfort, better food and bath, I had to give up the project. Interesting things were to be seen in the town and upon the great river every minute of the day, so I remained with Tai Phoo Tai, only visiting the prison for my tub every day. As upon my first visit I was always allowed to walk about the place and visit all the prisoners, and I saw nothing to change my opinion of the cleanliness and the humane condition under which they lived.—Stephen Bonnell in Harper's Magazine.

"The Smallpox Devil." The natives of the west coast of Sumatra object to be vaccinated. They still make offerings to the smallpox devil. The heart and liver of fowls and buffaloes are mixed with yellow rice and other ingredients, placed in the model of a full rigged ship, carried in procession and finally launched into the sea.—Singapore Free Press.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY. One Can Never Be Pleasant to Look Upon Unless in Good Health. "The most helpful and agreeable bath is that of tepid water," writes Ruth Ashmore in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Few people can stand absolutely cold baths, and no matter how strong one may be, such a bath should not be indulged in unless a thorough rubbing is taken afterward. To speak plainly, it must be remembered that while a cold bath may be more or less invigorating it is not cleansing. I can easily understand the desire of every woman to have a clear, beautiful skin, but I confess to being provoked when I think of the amount of money spent on lotions, creams and powders to be applied externally and which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a scrub bath with good soap taken at least once a week.

The condition of the skin depends almost entirely upon the care given to the general health. The girl who is up late at night, gives no care to her diet, the indulges in various stimulants, bathes but seldom and exercises less is certain to have either a dull, muddy looking skin or one covered with disagreeable looking black and red spots. One should avoid many sweet and much salty and not allow herself to become a slave either to tea or coffee any more than she would to some vicious drug or strong stimulant. She should also remember that unless she is in good condition internally she will be anything but a pleasant object to look upon externally."

Not His Legs. A Russian peasant having gone to the town to buy himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his way home and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light fingered tramp, but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing wagner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to "take his legs out of the way."

"My legs?" echoed the half aroused sleeper, rubbing his eyes. "Those legs ain't mine. Mine had boots on!"—Paris Figaro.

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