At Culross Abbey in Fife, Scotland, a tombstone has been found which is believed to date from the fourth century of the Christian era.

Course Clearly Marked Out.

Inquisitive Acquaintance—Have you ever thought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you are half a mile or more up in the air?

Daring Aeronaut—Often. I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.

Gesture language still exists in parts of Australasia. Some tribes possess so excellent a code that it is almost as efficient as a spoken language.

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, dated 1695, £260 was given at a recent sale in London; while one by Nicholas Lupot fetched £240.

Opinion Confirmed.

"Explosion of a cargo of soap," read Tired Thomas, who had picked up a discarded paper.

"There!" exclaimed his traveling companion. "I always told you that stuff was dangerous."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Preference.

The Court—Six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it by—er—correspondence course?—Puck.

Her Given Age.

Bacon—The average age of persons arrested in New York City is 22½ years and one out of five is a woman.

Egbert—I suppose the age liable to be given by the woman brings the average away down.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Conclusive.

Society Leader—What! Is there a report out that I am going to marry Col. Gazoop? Why, I don't even know him!

Matronly Friend—That proves nothing, my dear. I have been married to Dr. Permangan for thirty-seven years, and I don't know him even yet.

Said She.

Prof. McGoozle (suddenly checking himself)—Pardon me, Miss Genevieve, for talking so long. When I get started on my hobby I never know when to stop. I ought not to have assumed, anyhow, that you are interested in antiques.

Miss de Muir—Indeed I am, professor. I could listen to you for hours.

Somewhat Different.

The honeymoon was only a memory.

"On our wedding day," ste said, "I was under the impression that you had filled my heart with sunshine."

"Well?" he queried.

"But I find," she continued, 'that it was only moonshine."—Chicago News.

Pleasant for Clarence.

The sharp, penetrating voice of the young woman's mother rang out on the still night air.

"Marie, come in the house this minute! Haven't I told you——"

"Mamma," interrupted an equally sharp voice, appearing to come from somewhere on the front porch, "this isn't Jack! This is Clarence!"

Americans and American capital are going into Ceylon to assist in the development of the tea-growing industry this year as never before.

Sir Henry Samuel, who was a Unionist candidate for Parliament, is the author of this bull: "The legislative garden of the Liberals is an arid swamp."

The Limit.

Biggs—The Dopsons are very exclusive, I understand.

Diggs—Yes, indeed. Why, they even have wire screens on their doors and windows so their flies can't get out and associate with the flies of their neighbors.

"Hurrah."

The history of many a race may be read in its battle cry. The "Banzai!" of the Japanese, the "Faghaghballah!" of the Irish, and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "Hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battle cry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur ale!" meaning, "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "Huzza" and pronounced "Hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.

"Pass the East Wind."

Miss Agnes Slack, secretary of the International W. C. T. U., told on the Merion, as she was about to sail for Liverpool, a temperance story:

"A little boy, one evening at dinner, gazed at his father's face a long while, and then said:

"'Papa, what makes your nose so dreadful red?

"'The east wind of course,' the father answered with gruff haste. 'Pass that jug of beer, and don't talk so much.'

"Then, from the other end of the table the boy's mother said sweetly:

"'Yes Tommy, pass your father the east wind, and be careful not to spill any on the table cloth.'"

A Close Guess.

"The word is 'q-u-a-r-t-z, quartz,'" said the teacher. "Now, can you use it in a sentence, Maggie?"

"Why,' replied the little girl, "'It's like this here: 'When a gent loves a lady he quartz her.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Out from Under.

From the depths of her inner consciousness Mrs. Shelley had evolved a hideous monster in the shape of a human being, but destitute of all the moral attributes of humanity.

"Still," she reflected, "no fair minded person can accuse me of being a nature faker. I am not charging nature with having any hand in the production of this monstrosity."

In elaborating the story, however, she cleverly dodged all responsibility by putting the entire blame on a helpless and unsuspecting student of the name of Frankenstein.

Bits for Bookworms

The college surroundings pictured in the first part of "The Princess and the Ploughman" are those of Wellesley, where the author, Florence Morse Kingsley, was herself educated.

Rider Haggard is a very rapid worker with his pen. "She," for instance, was written in six weeks from the time Mr. Haggard began it till it was ready for the publishers. He is also exceedingly thorough in his preparations for writing a book. He makes a habit of spending months among the scenes in which his plot is to be laid. But having obtained the material, he writes at fever heat, not sketching out the plot beforehand, but writing a chapter as it comes to him, and letting the plot develop itself as he goes along.

The intimation that William Dean Howells may write another story of Shaker life is a reminder that those peculiar people, the Shakers, have always appealed to his imagination, as they did to the imagination of Hawthorne. At least two of the novels of Mr. Howells have had much to do with the Shakers. It has been suggested that his liking for those other interesting people, the Altrurians, comes naturally from his admiration of certain altruistic features of Shaker life. Mr. Howells has just published his second book concerning an Altrurian and America, "Through the Eye of the Needle."

In his introduction to "Hedda Gabler," which is the latest volume to be published in the new edition of Ibsen, William Archer quotes from a letter of Ibsen in which he says: "The title of the play is 'Hedda Gabler.' My intention in giving it this name was to indicate that Hedda, as a personality, is to be regarded as her father's daughter than as her husband's wife. It was not my desire to deal in this play with so-called problems. What I principally wanted to do was to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies, upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day."

The publication of a volume "On the Death of Mme. Laura" led a press clipping bureau in New York, which declares that its literary department is perfect, to address a communication to "F. Petrarch, in care of William Heineman, Publisher, London," in which Petrarch is asked to send $5 if he wants to know "how much publicity his work is securing." Petrarch has been dead just 533 years. This is doubtless the same agency that addressed Izaak Walton in care of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, upon the publication of a new edition of "The Complete Angler," soliciting an order for clippings of reviews of his "new work."

A NEW SIDE OF LINCOLN.

For Four Years Many of His Waking Hours Passed in Telegraph Office.

Abraham Lincoln has been studied from almost every point of view, but it is a noticeable fact that none of his biographers has ever seriously considered that branch of the service with which Lincoln was in daily personal touch for four years—the military telegraph—for during the Civil War the President spent more of his waking hours in the war department telegraph office than in any other place except the White House. While in the telegraph office he was comparatively free from official cares, and therefore more inclined to disclose his natural traits and disposition, writes David Homer Bates, in The Century.

During the last four years of Lincoln's all too brief public career, even until the day before his tragic ending, the writer was most fortunate in being able to see him and talk with him daily, and usually several times a day; for he visited the war department telegraph office regularly, morning, afternoon and evening, to receive the latest news from the front. His tall, homely form could be seen crossing the well shaded lawn between the White House and the war department with unvaried regularity.

In cool weather he invariably wore a gray plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders in careless fashion, and, upon entering the telegraph office, he would always hang this shawl over the top of the high screen door opening into Secretary Stanton's room adjoining. This door was nearly always open. He seldom failed to come over late in the evening before retiring, and when returning to the White House after dark, he was frequently accompanied by Maj. Eckert, our chief, and nearly always by a small guard of soldiers. He sometimes protested against this latter precaution as unnecessary, but Secretary Stanton's orders to the guard were imperative.

Emperor's Romantic Courtship.

While the Emperor of Austria was spending a short holiday at Ischl, in the Austrian Alps, he saw for the first time the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, says P. T. O. She was then only 16, but the monarch immediately fell head over ears in love with her. His mother was giving a ball, and he insisted on the young princess being invited, but her mother objected. "Elizabeth is not yet out," she said. "Then let her come out," replied the Emperor. "But," continued her mother, "she has nothing to wear." This seemed a trivial matter to the young suitor, who responded: "Let her come just as she is." She went to the ball, and she danced all the evening with the Emperor. Their marriage duly came off on April 24, 1854, and their union continued for forty-four years, being tragically terminated by the hand of the assassin.

World's Largest Hospital.

The largest hospital in the world is the Metropolitan, on Blackwell's island, New York.

All that can be said of some people is that they are "good company."

Old Favorites

All Quiet Along the Potomac.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket";
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, his death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling.
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle * * * "Ha; Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket is off duty forever!
—Ethel Lyna Beers.

The Merry Heart Goes All the Way.

When you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep,
And the back's bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh,
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nowhere else, there is help on high—
God's angels will hasten, your pioneer.

When you reach the lonesome bit of the road,
Curtailed about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at the sorrowful bit of the road,
And a hand you loved his loosed its clasp;
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp;
E'en now take heart, for farther on
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought was gone,
'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Latest "Nature Fakir" Story.

The principal of a grammar school at Springfield, Mass. who has followed with interest Dr. William J. Long's controversy with President Roosevelt, feels that he has a grievance against the doctor. The grammar school principal heard Dr. Long relate an entertaining frog story in which the doctor said that he presumed upon the friendship of a frog with which he had become acquainted to the extent of offering the frog a small piece of tobacco. The frog swallowed the tobacco and then began to scartch its head reflectively. Apparently the head-scratching process evolved an idea, for before the doctor's astonished eyes the frog literally turned its stomach inside out, washed it and swallowed it.

The grammar school principal was so impresed with the cleverness of the performance that he decided to procure a few frogs and give a demonstration to a score of pupils whom he strongly suspected had the cigarette habit. He obtained a dozen frogs and domesticated them so that each would eat tobacco in limited quantities, but not one of the frogs turned its stomach inside out for the principal's edification. "Drat them! They seemed to like the stuff," says the school principal. The cause of scientific instruction relative to the injurious effects of narcotics received another setback the same day when the principal, after dwelling upon the evils of tobacco, looked inquiringly into the face of the worst offender in the school whose unflinching response was, "Der ain't no terbacker in cigarettes."

Nothing to Steal.

Minister's Wife—Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John.

Minister—Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.—Christian Register.

Entirely too much attention is paid to the affairs of the heart and not enough to the affairs of the liver.

He Took a Rest.

As it is undoubtedly true that one man's meat may be another man's poison, so it happens sometimes that what seems like work to one person is regarded as recreation by another.

"Had a good lecture on Alasky, didn't we, Eb?" asked one of Mr. Dodd's neighbors, meeting him the day after the lecture. "To sit there peaceful as pie for two hours, hearing him reel off the information and seeing those pictures cast on the screen, was a grand rest for me, beat out with cranberrying as I be."

"It was a good enough talk," admitted Mr. Dodd, in a grudging tone, "but it didn't rest me any to speak of. Between having to set stock still without a chance to get in a word for two mortal hours and crane my neck looking at those views, I was pretty well wore when I got home.

"But I took the lantern out into the woodshed, and by the time I'd split up a week's kindlings I felt kind o' rested an' calmed down."

Dogs and Musical Tones.

The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kalischer, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kalischer trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

How the Ball Wound Up.

"Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom."

"Mingled, yo' say?"

"Mingled till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

The London milkman covers his route on foot, pushing a hand cart with three wheels, which carries his cans of milk and his different measures.

Clever at That.

"Who is that seedy-looking man over there?"

"That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?"

"No. I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

One Exception.

Mrs. Wickler—Dear me! how all the necessaries of life have gone up.

Wickler—No; they haven't all gone up.

Mrs. Wickler—Well, I should like you to mention one thing that hasn't gone up.

Wickler—Certainly. My salary.—Illustrated Bits.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

Not Committing Himself.

"Do you find my daughter's voice improving, Mr. Scutcher?" asked Mrs. Upmore.

"Improving?" said the professor of vocal training. "Why, my dear madam, it's—er—not the same voice at all."

A Distinction.

"So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country."

"No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

He Had Enough.

"Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?' asked the hclef.

"Vladevoledoweschowski."

"Huh! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

PRECIOUS STONES OF THE WEST.

Sapphires Found in Montana Are Very Hard—Opals Brittle.

Many precious stones found in the far Western States come to a lapidary of Portland, Ore., to be cut, says a dispatch to the Indianapolis News. The principal stones cut are sapphires, garnets, rubies, opals and agates. Besides these, he polishes and trims large quantities of gold quartz and any amount of pebbles from the seashore and mountains. Talking of his work one man said:

"Sapphires are next to diamonds in hardness. I get a large number of these to cut, most of them coming from Montana and Ceylon. Those from the Indian isle are the most expensive, but I have known people to come into my shop and pick out a Montana stone in preference to the other. These stones run from a white to a deep blue. Many have red and pink shades in them.

"Following the sapphires in value and hardness to work are the rubies. These popular stones are simply red sapphires, so far as I have been able to judge, after having handled hundreds of both sorts of the gems. They come from the same localities—Montana and Ceylon—but nearly all are mined in the copper State.

"Garnets are very often brought to me for transforming from rough, ugly-looking stones to pretty gems. Many of these are not worth the cutting, but one does not know this until after 'the deed is done.' Very often a man will come in and show me a stone in the rough and ask my opinion of it. Now, one cannot judge the true value of a gem until it is cut, but I make a guess as to what I think it will be. I am about as often right as wrong, for many times the stones that I did not think were worth while, turn out to be beautiful gems, while others that bore promise of being fine are not worth the time spent on them. The best garnets I receive are from Arizona and New Mexico, although many come from eastern Oregon, Idaho and Montana. They are not very hard to cut.

"Idaho and eastern Oregon send a great number of opals to this city. I also get some stones from Austria and Mexico. I often find some rare beauties in those sent from Idaho and Mexico, but the finest are found in Hungary.

"Opals are hard to cut on account of their being so brittle. This is why the stone became known as an unlucky one. Workmen hated to have to cut them, for often just as a job was about finished the stone would break.

"Amethyst, topaz and crystal quartz are sent me from various parts of the United States. Most of the first are found in the Lake Superior region, while the topaz is obtained in Rocky Mountain States. There is very little difference in the work of preparing these two gems for the market.

"Pink and green tourmalines are sent to me from southern California, as well as the new gem, kunzite, which is of a lilac color.

"Jade is very hard to polish. This stone is the toughest known, and takes what we call a greasy polish. The best of this stone is found in China and New Zealand. There is a light, dirty-looking jade found in southern Oregon, and while it has the toughness of the sort from over the seas, it does not have the color, and so is valued at almost nil.

"Gold quartz is fixed by cutting it with a fine saw into the desired shapes. I can tell the name of the mine from which any gold quartz is obtained from eastern Oregon or Idaho by simply looking at a sawed section of the mineral.

"Every little while some one comes in with a package under the arm. He looks around to see if there is any one about the shop other than himself. Right then and there I put it down that the visitor has what he thinks is a collection of diamonds in the rough. I always ask the location of the claims, for the reason that I get so much of this work that I may have examined half the rocks in the neighborhood, and could tell in a minute whether there was any likelihood of diamonds being found in the collection.

"But none of these persons will tell me where they found the rocks until I have reported the result of the investigation. They are afraid I want to find the location of the diamond mine and steal it from them."

Thin Woman's Plaint.

"What is especially needed at the present time," said the busy woman, "is a new style compliment for thin people. The attitude of the public toward the 'willowy' type of human being, especially the female species, is puzzling. Those who carry a few extra layers of flesh seem to feel a consuming compassion for those whose frame is less abundantly covered. In their opinion the greatest compliment they can pay a person of my meager proportions is to exclaim:

"'Oh, how well you are looking. Your face is ever so much fuller than it used to be.'

"Just as sure as I meet anybody who wishes to be particularly agreeable she—or maybe he—says that. They think it will make me feel nice and comfortable. But it doesn't. I don't want my cheeks to stick out like full moons. I don't want to be fat, I don't want to be even stout. In fact, very few thin people do want to. That is why I cannot understand the prevalence of this form of compliment. No one would ever think of saying to a stout person, 'Oh, you are so much thinner than you used to be,' or to a florid person, 'Oh, you are so much whiter than you were.' Then why address remarks so extremely personal to the lean and hungry Cassiuses of either sex with the idea of pleasing?'

You can't get an unprejudiced opinion of your new suit by asking a man: "How do you like my new suit?" If he likes it, he will bring up the subject himself.

If you run into a stone wall, go around it; don't back off and butt it, and keep at it as long as you can stand.

His Little Pile.

Mr. Corson, owner of the sawmill, had his eye on every stick of timper in the county, and the owner of every poor little clump and grove had his eye on Mr. Corson and the rising prices of lumber.

George Wales cut his thin squad of pines, trimmed the logs, and piled them in his front lot by the road. Then he waited for the time when he should accidentally be visible on the place and Mr. Corson should drive by.

The encounter took place in due time. Mr. Corson rattled past in his wagon, took a sidelong look at the pile of logs, and called, "Say, George, don't you know it ain't polite to throw your toothpicks round the front yard?"

Useful.

"I hear old Grandpa Jinx has passed away."

"Yes, and the family miss him very much."

"I should think they would be glad for him, he had the palsy terribly."

"Yes, but they used to fasten him to the churn and he'd bring the butter in no time."—Fort Worth Record.

All Tangled Up.

The boy temporarily in charge of the "morgue" in the office of the Daily Thunderbolt was not sure whether he had found the portrait the night editor wanted or not, as there was no name on it.

In despair he called up that functionary through the telephone.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I wish you would send somebody down here that can tell me whether this is a cut of Senator Knox, Boss Croker or Harry Orchard, and be blamed quick about it!"—Chicago Tribune.