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SHE JUST KEPT THE HOUSE.

Lady Stanhope Had a Cool and Telling Way of Her Own.

In an old book published in Paris under the title of "Le Journal d'un Voyage au Levant" there is an amusing account of the way in which Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, the eccentric English traveler, took possession of the house at Dijon, where eventually she made her permanent home.

She was pleased with the house and its surrounding gardens and accepted an invitation to dinner. As she sat after dinner with the owner, a Christian merchant, he said to her that if she liked the place he should be glad if she would stay the night. When she said that she liked it so much that she would stay there the rest of her days he took it as a polite figure of speech, but a fortnight later, as she still prolonged her visit, he suggested that Europe might be expecting her return.

"I do not intend to return," she replied carelessly.

"Ah, then you intend to build a palace in the neighborhood?" he said.

"No, this house suits me very well."

"But I cannot let it or sell it, milady."

"I do not wish to hire it or buy it, but I intend to keep it," was the startling reply.

In this dilemma the merchant dispatched a messenger post haste to Emir Beahyr, who sent word to Lady Hester that she must give up the house. Lady Hester, however, wrote to Constantinople, whence a courier came to the emir, bearing the order, "Obey the princess of Europe in everything."

So the disgusted merchant fled, leaving her ladyship in possession. There for twenty years she lived the life of a recluse, growing more and more withdrawn from the world and more accustomed to dwell in a mental and spiritual realm of her own creation until she died and was buried in the garden of the house that she had usurped.

He Studied It.

H. Rider Haggard in "A Winter Pilgrimage" tells this anecdote:

"When I was a 'soaring human boy' my father took me up the Rhine by boat with the hope and expectation that my mind would be improved by contemplating its lovely and historic banks. Wearing of this feast very soon, I slipped down to the cabin to enjoy one more congenial, that of 'Robinson Crusoe.' But some family traitor betrayed me, and, protesting even with tears that I hated views, I was dragged to the deck again. 'I have paid 6 thalers,' shouted my justly indignant parent as he hauled me up the steamer stairs, 'for you to study the Rhine scenery, and, whether you like it or not, young man, study it you shall.'"

Old Table Manners.

Hints on table manners have always been welcome. In the Ambrosian library at Milan there is a thirteenth century manuscript, entitled "Fifty Courtesies of the Table," by one Fra Bonvesin. Here are a few of the fifty: "Let the hands be clean, and above all at table do not scratch your head, nor, indeed, any portion of your body." "Do not lick your fingers, which is very ugly and ill bred." "In eating do not put too much upon your spoon at one time, for not only will you thus give much embarrassment to your stomach, but you will, by eating too quickly, offend those sitting near."

A Good Listener.

The Mistress—Katie, you should not talk so much.

The Maid—No, ma'am.

"No, you should understand that it is your place to listen."

"I do that, ma'am."

"I never saw you when you were, then."

"No, ma'am; you never saw me when I was listening because I was on the other side of the keyhole, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

Weight of Brain.

The average weight of the human brain is forty-nine and a half ounces avoirdupois for males and forty-four ounces for females. In males the minimum weight is about thirty-four ounces and the maximum sixty-five ounces. In females the minimum weight is thirty-one ounces and the maximum fifty-six. In newborn infants the brain weighs about 11.65 ounces for the male and ten ounces for the female.

The Answer.

Father, teaching his six-year-old son arithmetic by giving a problem to his wife, begs his son to listen.

Father—Mother, if you had a dollar and I gave you five more, what would you have?

Mother (replying absently)—Hysterics.—Brooklyn Life.

CURIOUS GRATITUDE.

A Story at His Own Expense That Jacob Riis Used to Tell.

The late Jacob A. Riis was a good story teller, but there was one story that he used to tell to his friends with especial glee, even though he was the "goat" of it.

It seems that soon after he took up his residence on Long Island he decided to build a house. He went to an Austrian whom he had known in the days when he was poor and friendless, and who had since prospered. Riis asked him for a loan on mortgage. Riis' friend insisted that the money should be regarded as a gift. Riis would not consent, and the matter eventually was left as a loan (of which no written record was made) which was to be paid back at the borrower's convenience.

"Years passed," Riis used to add, "and somehow I never had the money to pay my friend. Then I heard he was ill and went to see him. I found that he had become estranged from his family and had many talks with him regarding his expressed desire to leave his property to distant relatives in Austria. Incidentally, he again told me that his loan to me was not to be repaid. Eventually he made a will, in which the bulk of his estate was given to the people of Austria."

"Well, my old friend died, and of course the family contested the will, alleging that the testator was of unsound mind. The Austrian crowd learned of my intimacy with him and of the fact that I had seen him often toward the end of his life, and I was called as a witness at the hearing of the suit to upset the will. I took the stand and told as fully and as frankly as I knew how of my relations with the dead man and of the talks I had had with him, making it clear that he was sound in mind if not in body, and knew what he was doing when he left his money outside the immediate family. Incidentally, in talking of my old friend, I told the whole story of the loan of years before."

"And would you believe it," Riis always finished with a chuckle, "when those Austrians won their suit and got possession of that estate the very first thing they did was to demand from me payment of that unrecorded loan. And, by golly, I paid it too!"—New York Post.

Mistaken.

Menzel, the German artist, was a regular patron of a certain Berlin wine shop. One day, says the Berlin Rekord, a man and wife came in and sat down at his table, and presently Menzel noticed that the woman was making fun of him.

Calmly he drew out his sketching book, gazed at the woman awhile as if to study her face for a portrait and then commenced to draw. Her husband immediately took notice: "I forbid you to draw a picture of my wife. Stop it!" he exclaimed angrily.

Menzel made a few finishing touches, and then, passing the sketching book over to the man, he inquired, with a laugh, "Is that your wife?" He had drawn a goose.

Speed of Vessels.

"One knot" is a measure of the velocity—not a measure of the distance—and means one nautical mile per hour. It therefore includes the measure of distance and the measure of time. It is wrong to say "a vessel runs twenty-three knots an hour." Either "twenty-three knots" or "twenty-three miles an hour" is right. But it is apparent from the above that for the same reason it is wrong to say, "The day's run was 327 knots," because you wish to express the distance which that boat ran in one day. It should read, "The day's run was 327 nautical miles."—New York Times.

Strong Soup.

In the biography of William Stokes, published in London fifteen or more years ago, it was related that Stokes was sent to Dublin during the famine to show people how to make soup. He asked one starving beggar why she didn't go and get some of the free soup.

"Soup, is it?" said the woman.

"Sure, it isn't soup at all."

"If it isn't soup what is it?"

"It's nothin' but a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong!"

Dust a Thousand Feet Thick.

China has its "bad lands," all dust and dreariness, and its irrigation wheels, and its "evil appalling" Gobi desert, along whose southern boundary lies the Great wall. In some of these regions the famous yellow dust of China lies to a depth of 1,000 feet, and when the wind blows the whole landscape is obscured. Yet it is upon this dust that the fertility of northern China depends. The Chinese call it "ginger powder."

DRIVING A NAIL.

There is More to It Than Simply Hammering It Into the Wood.

One who thinks that the driving of a nail consists simply in getting the whole length of it out of sight has little conception of the real nature of the operation, says the Scientific American. A nail driven by an expert will often hold several times as much as one ill driven, while, too, it is often made to draw the parts into place.

If you have ever watched a mechanic driving nails you have doubtless noted that he rarely drives one at right angles with the face of the work. There is a reason for this. Suppose that he is nailing the "sheeting" on the frame of a building and desires to draw the board down tightly against the one below it. He points the nail downward, and a few well considered blows at the last produce the desired effect. If the board is bent edgewise, so that much force is required, probably he will start the nail in the upper edge, pointing very sharply downward.

Again, two nails driven in a board at different angles will hold it in place much more firmly than the same nails would if they were driven at right angles with the face of the board.

Did you ever notice that in driving a nail in very hard wood one man will do it successfully, while another succeeds only in doubling the nail up before the point has fairly entered the wood? The difference lies in the fact that the expert strikes the nail fairly and not too hard, "coaxing" it in, while the other strikes too hard and with indirection.

It may be properly mentioned right here that in driving a nail into very hard wood it is usually profitable to dip the end in oil or grease. This will not sensibly interfere with the holding qualities of the nail, while it will be found to very materially facilitate its driving.

Disinterested.

Lord Monboddo, an eminent member of the Scotch judiciary and one of the clear cut figures in Boswell's immortal "Life of Johnson," was a great beau in his youth and in his later years a brilliant and learned if whimsical man.

He was a friend of the Garricks and one day was their guest at their villa at Hampton Court when Hannah More was also visiting there. They were walking together in the garden when his lordship astonished the fair and sprightly Hannah by a declaration of love and an offer of his heart and hand. Meeting with a positive refusal, he soon returned to the house and made a clean breast of it to Mrs. Garrick.

"I am sorry for this refusal," he said in conclusion. "I should have liked so much to teach that nice girl Greek."

The Clarinet.

The clarinet has the richest, sweetest voice of all the wood wind instruments, although its sound does not travel quite so far as that of the oboe. Whenever, as sometimes happens, there are two melodies to be played at once, the clarinet takes the lower of the two, while the violins play the upper and more important one. But in a military band, where there are no strings at all, the clarinets play the chief melody. The bass clarinet is not so smooth or so sweet as the higher ones. It has a rather choky sound, though softer than that of the bassoon.—St. Nicholas.

Self Evident.

One of the dangers of a little knowledge is that its possessor rarely estimates it at its true value. Ignorance, it has been said, bestows her choicest gifts on those who value her least.

A conceited undergraduate once said to his teacher that he feared he had rather a contempt for Plato. "I am afraid, Mr. Johnson," replied the teacher, "that your contempt has not been bred by familiarity."—Youth's Companion.

The Hot Air Balloon.

It is related that the hot air balloon had its origin in a petticoat. Mme. Montgolfier had washed her garment, intending to wear it to a great festival the next day, and hung it over a chafing dish to dry. The hot air swelled out its folds and floated it up into the air. The lady in astonishment called her husband to see the sight. He at once grasped the idea and was not long in producing the hot air balloon.

Easy Reasoning.

The Counsel—How do you know this night letter was forged by a man and not written by the woman whose name is signed to it?

The Expert—Because it contains just forty-eight words, and a woman would have used two more to get her money's worth.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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