### 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. Odenbach, 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 cus 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.



## Popular Science

The picture telegraph of Dr. Korn of the University of Munich has been so perfected that in ten to twenty minutes a photograph 4x7 inches in size can be sent through a resistance corresponding to one thousand miles. The portrait or design to be transmitted is on a transparent film, which is wound around a glass cylinder, and upon which a lens focuses a point of light that passes through the film to a selenium cell in the cylinder. The bright and dark portions of the picture cause the ray of light to vary the resistance of the selenium cell to an electric current passing through it, and this variation produces a corresponding instantaneous brightening or darkening of the glow in a Tesla vacuum tube at the receiving end of the wire. Except a pin point aperture, this vacuum tube is covered with wax or rubber. The light ray from the aperture falls upon a sensitive film wound upon a cylinder, and as this cylinder and that of the transmitter are moved in unison, the light and shade of the original picture are reproduced in proper place on the second film, giving a new photograph accurate in minute detail.

The dimensions of the immense diamond found in the new "Premier mine" in the Transvaal last January are given by Nature as follows: Measured size, 4½ by 2¼ inches; weight, 3,032 carats, equals 676½ grams, or nearly 1½ pounds avoirdupois. The largest diamond previously discovered is the "Excelsior," found in the Jagersfontein mine, Orange River Colony, in 1893, which weighed 971¾ carats, was as large as a hen's egg, and was valued at $5,000,000. It was cut into nine large brilliants. The famous Kohinoor and Great Mogul diamonds sink into insignificance when compared with the latest find, which is said to be of excellent quality, and will probably be cut up to make a considerable number of smaller gems.

Jacques Faure, the French aeronaut, has demonstrated that, given favorable winds and other favoring circumstances, it is possible to ride through the air across the English Channel, and over the intervening land on each side, from the British capital to the metropolis of France. On Feb. 11 he left London with one companion in his balloon, and six hours later landed safely at St. Denis in the suburbs of Paris. Upon reaching the shore of the Channel, near Hastings, they descended until the guide-rope touched the water. Rising again on approaching the French shore, they passed over Dieppe at an elevation of 6,500 feet.

Great things are expected from the submarine telephone by officers of the United States navy. The principles underlying it are very different from those of wireless telgeraphy. In the latter the telegraphic impulses are transmitted through the air or ether by electricity. In the submarine telephone sound waves travel through water unaided by any electrical force. Water, being denser than air, acts as a better sound conductor. It transmits sound four and a half times as fast as air, 1,100 feet a second being the rate in the atmosphere, while in the water it is 4,712 feet, or almost a mile a second.

An outbreak of twelve cases of smallpox at Newcastle, England, last year has mystified the doctors. No ordinary source of infection could be discovered, but it has been found that on the days when eleven of the patients probably contracted the disease the wind was blowing from one or the other of two smallpox hospitals—one about a mile away, the other about two miles. It is pointed out that flies, a pest of hospitals, may be carried long distances by the wind.

The moon is usually supposed to have solidified from the center to the periphery, but lunar photographs have convinced two leading French astronomers that the surface hardened first. This view modifies various theories.

Naturalists have discovered a wasp that uses a pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. It is believed that this is the only one of the lower animals that makes use of a mechanical instrument.

### FALCONRY IN VOGUE AGAIN.

**Revival of the Ancient Sport Taking Place in European Countries.**

"Most people have fallen into the common error of thinking of falconry only in connection with musty old stories of gallant knights and gay ladies of years ago," said a sportsman recently. "Well, now, falconry isn't so dead as it might be. To be sure, we don't hear much of it over here in America, but it is regaining its old-time prestige in European countries. You would be surprised at the extent it is now being followed by the nobility of England.

"Until a short time ago goshawking was the nearest approach to the old-time sport, but now the real falcons are crowding out the goshawk.

"Never saw a hunt with falcons! Well, sir, you have missed half your life. You get out in the morning with a good live bird, a full-blooded falcon, and if you don't have all the sport you want for one day, then you are no sportsman. Easy, you say! Well, perhaps it is, but not until you have had years of experience at it. You have your hound start a big bird, say a pheasant, and in the excitement that follows try to urge your horse on with one hand, pull your bird's hoodstring with your teeth and driving hand, and toss your bird aloft. Oh, it looks easy, but try it, and if you don't go into a snarl then I lose my guess. And I want to say right here that a full-blooded falcon is a bad thing to fool with. They don't take to rough handling. They have bad tempers and get one thoroughly aroused and the bird is no good for hunting, the rest of that day, at least.

"I believe the time is coming when falconry will be a recognized sport in this country. Yes, I know it seems cruel, but is it any more cruel than any other form of hunting—is it, now?"—New York Tribune.

### THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

**An Appeal for Improvement of Surroundings at Mt. Vernon.**

Upon the recent visit to the home of our country's father, the visitor was impressed with the seeming indifference of the nation as regards the enshrinement of the remains of such an illustrious and beloved hero.

It is a disgrace to a nation such as ours to have allowed this structure to be built in the first place, and secondly to let the tomb remain as it is. Our country is rich in traditions and sentiment and financially it is able to, and of right it should, own and protect the grounds so frequently visited by children of our much loved country. The society which has Mount Vernon in keeping must needs charge an admission from visitors to the estate. This is necessary for the maintenance of the buildings and grounds. It is not that objection is made to the small admission fee of 25 cents for each person who enters the gateway, but it does seem fitting that our nation should own and care for one of its most sacred spots, historically.

A more beautiful location can scarcely be imagined than that of the home of Washington. Situated upon an eminence overlooking the wide, calm waters of the Potomac stands the quaint, old-fashioned house and the beautiful trees which for so many years have guarded the memories long buried with the dust of the owners.

George and Martha Washington are laid at rest side by side in a horrible cellar of a vault. No one curve or graceful turn has been put into the structure which incloses these remains. Instead, just the plainest sort of brick has been used in the erection, and the visitor is not only grieved, but disgusted, at the sight in allowing so common a tomb for the father of our nation. There cannot be given as an excuse that the structure is as it was originally, for it has been rebuilt and removed from the former site, some rods distant.

True, we have the Washington Monument in his commemoration, and we can be unpoetical enough to say that there is no virtue in erecting grand shrines for men's bones, but those who have some sentiment feel keenly the inappropriateness of the crude tomb at Mount Vernon. Grant's tomb at Morningside, New York, stands a happy contrast to show what can be done to honor the memory of our great men, even in their death.

Speed the day when our government realizes and claims its right to own and to care for, as becomes our generation, the resting place of our nation's first President.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

### She Took It.

In her hurry to get out of a South Side elevated train the other day a woman heavily laden with bundles forgot a package of oilcloth, such as is used for table covering in humble homes. A prosperous looking couple had been seated beside her. The wife, when she noticed that the departing passenger had left the package, remarked to her husband: "Here's a windfall for us, John. I shall take that when we get out." "No, you won't," said John. "We aren't so hard up that we are obliged to take other people's property." "But I will," said the wife, and "You won't," said the husband, and they had it hammer and tongs for several stations, the woman, with an amused smile on her face which betokened that she was jesting, and the man with grim earnestness that showed he had swallowed bait, hook and line. "You are so easy, John," said the woman as they arose to go. "I had no intention of taking the oilcloth." As they were about to step to the station platform the guard touched her arm. "You forgot your bundle," he said. He handed the oilcloth to her, and before she could speak the train went on. "Oh, no; you had no intention of taking it," said John. "More than one way to skin a cat, isn't there?"

### Plea for the Silk Hat.

A plea for the silk hat is made by the London Tailor and Cutter. Why is it that the silk hat, it asks, is not worn more generally. It is surely not because it is an expensive luxury, for a silk hat will easily outwear two felts, especially as the shapes in silks vary only slightly season by season, and, if properly cared for and regularly ironed, will always have that glossy appearance that places the hall mark on a well dressed man.

A silk hat gives a tone and character that is not in evidence in any other headgear.

### In the West End.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained:

"On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face, and bawled:

"I knew it; I told ma you'd see that patch."

## Flashes of Fun

Such a Mistake!—Physician—Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hooligan—Indade! An' me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Long Distance Appreciation.—Mrs. Jordan—Did you ever hear my daughter sing, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—Oh, yes; I only live five blocks from your house, you know.

Baby, the Biggest.—Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest? Answer—Baby Bigger, because he is a little Bigger.

Excused.—I say, if you are so awfully smart at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator—I can't do that, sir. Crawfoot—You can't? Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

A Pun?—A man driving in the country lost a nut off his wagon wheel. Meeting an Italian, he asked if he had a monkey wrench. The indignant Italian wrathfully replied, "Me no keep a monkey ranch; me keep a sheep ranch."

Convincing.—"Certainly, I am sure it's a counterfeit note," said the receiving teller. "It has one very noticeable flaw; it's in the paper." "But, my dear man," protested the depositor, "in these days you can't believe everything you see in the paper."

A Hint.—Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.

Exemplary Punishment.—A mother brought her little son for his first time to school, and said to the teacher: "This boy o' mine is very delicate, as he is afther a fit of harmonia on the loongs; but if he does anything bould, an' I know he will, bate the wan next to him, an' 'twill frighten him."

He Won Easily.—Mr. Subbubs—You know you're only talking nonsense. What do you want a couple of new gowns for? Mrs. Subbubs—Why, Mrs. Playne has got a dozen gowns, all of them much handsomer than the two or three that I've got. Mr. Subbubs—Yes, I know. But a homely woman like that needs rich attire in order to attract attention.

Seizing the Opportunity.—"Always," advises the pompous person who has accumulated several millions, "always say, 'I will.' Never allow yourself to be dismayed by the outlook! Overcome the outlook! That's the way to succeed." "One, then," comments the poor person to whom he addresses this homily, "should always say, 'I will'?" "Yes, sir." "And you always say it?" "I do." "Will you lend me half a million to get my airship in running order?"

Proved His Teacher Wrong.—Little Willie's father found his youthful son holding up one of his rabbits by the ears and saying to him: "How much is seven times seven, now? Bah," the father heard the boy say, "I knew you couldn't. Here's another one: Six times six is how much?" "Why, Willie, what in the world are you doing with your rabbit?" asked the father. Willie threw the rabbit down with disgust. "I knew our teacher was wrong," was all he said. "Why, how?" asked his father. "Why, she told us this morning that rabbits were the greatest multipliers in the world.

### HOME OF MACBETH UNCHANGED

**Cawdor Castle Still Mocks the Tooth of Devouring Time.**

Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, which still remains precisely as in his day, is not the only habitat which still mocks the tooth of cormorant devouring time. The castle of Macbeth, thane of Glamis and of Cawdor—Cawdor castle—built in the year 1446, also still stands just outside of the village still called "Cawdor," at Inverness, in Scotland, says Shakspeareana, and if it does not happen to rain when the tourist approaches it (and it sometimes does not rain in Scotland) he will exclaim as Duncan did, "this castle hath a pleasant seat, the air nimoly and sweetly recommends itself to our senses."

During its many centuries of life, Cawdor castle has accumulated many wings, "outer walls" and new interiors, and so the great hall where the deed of dreadful note was first resolved may not be at present located (and, for once, tradition has not selected one of them). But a chamber where the deed may have been done there is in on of the oldest parts of the old pile. For several years this chamber has been tendered by the present thane of Cawdor—on of the Campbell family (the present owners of the property) as a bedroom for a night's lodging to any artist who will as quid pro quo paint upon its walls a picture of some incident of the tragedy according to Shakspeare.

That not many artists have cared for such a night's lodging on any terms we are led to guess from the fact that only four pictures are on that chamber's walls. Lady Macbeth in her nightrobe; Macbeth with the fatal dagger drawn; the brindle cat that mewed thrice, and the owl, the fatal belman! as well as the three secret black and midnight hags over the caldron!

Everything else in the house is more quiet when there is illness, but did you ever notice the impudence of the clock, which ticks all the louder?




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