Hotelkeepers in London complain that their guests stay a shorter time than they once did, and spend less for food and drink.

Imperceptible Speed.

"Do your street cars run on Sunday?" inquired the girl from Boston.

"Not so you'd notice it," replied the Philadelphia girl.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gold from the Sea.

The electrolytic recovery of gold from sea water is still a dream of many European chemists. A. Noden proposes to use as electrodes sheets of copper and lead or lead and cast iron, each about one-twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness, and to surround these plates with porous canvas bags for collecting the gold that fails to adhere. The baths, within reach of the tide, would have a depth of two meters and a width of ten meters (about thirty-three feet). With cement partitions every forty femets, a battery of 100 such baths could be run together, and it is calculated that this would furnish 150 grams of gold per day of twelve hours. In this time, 3,000 cubic meters of water would be treated, a current of 5,000 ampers at 2.5 volts being required. The annual cost is estimated at $12,000, and the profits are figured at $20,000 on a capital of $40,000.

Thirty years is the average age of an ostrich and the annual yield of a bird in captivity is from two to four pounds of plumes.

Those Imported Impecunes.

Eva—So you couldn't make up your mind about accepting the foreign nobleman? Why didn't you toss a coin?

Katharine—I was afraid the foreign nobleman would keep the coin.

John Bright and Lord Manners.

In one of his speeches in the House of Commons John Bright quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well-known lines written by Lord John Manners in his callow youth:

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

Lord John, who was present, immediately got up and pulverized the great tribune by retorting: "I would rather be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."

He Silenced Him.

"The corporations must be cr-r-rushed!" roared the candidate.

"Hold on," shouted a man in the gallery, "you yourself are a stockholder in at least three corporations that I know about."

The candidate frowned darkly.

"Well," he cried, "if there were no stockholders there wouldn't be any corporations."

"I admit it," shouted the man in the gallery.

"And if there were no corporations they couldn't be crushed, could they?"

With a withering glance at the man in the gallery the candidate resumed his argument.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good for a Cold.

Bishop Olmsted of Colorado was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things. But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Hala boy I used to know. This boy said one Christmas morning: 'My, I wish I had a cold!' 'Why?' asked his brother. 'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

Better than Dying.

When the drunken tramp tried to steal a valise from the Santa Fe train at Holliday a few nights ago he caused a panic among the passengers. In the quiet interval that followed the firing of the first shot a woman in the chair car threw her arms around her husband's neck and wailed:

"Oh, John, let's die together."

"Oh, shucks!" responded the prosy husband, "let's get down behind the seat."—Kansas City Journal.

Not Impressed.

"What did that small boy say when you told him he might grow up to be President of the United States?" said one school trustee.

"It didn't seem to impress him," answered the other. "He said nearly everybody was being mentioned for that position nowadays."—Washington Star.

Poor Show for the Hat.

First Diner (to his friend)—What's the matter? You look worried.

Second Diner—Well, that fat man at the next table has sat down on my hat, and now both his fat boys are sitting on his knee.—Fliegende Blaetter.

On a charge of insulting the memory of the late King George of Saxony a soldier had been sentenced in Dresden to twenty-one months' imprisonment.

HEN COMES INTO HER OWN.

She Has a Pedigree Now and Is Carefully Reared by Farmer.

It is not many years since a hen was just a hen and nothing more. She had no pedigree, no aristocratic traditions, no exclusiveness, no distinguishing family traits or features. The black hen of one season might be the progenitor of the black and white speckled pullet of next year and her granddaughter of the year after be of yellow or red coloring. It was all very uncertain. They were just simply barnyard fowls and not very much was expected of them. Most of them had to scratch for a living and to find roosting places where best they could.

All this has been changed. The hen is now a cherished part of the farmer's live stock and the comfort and well being of herself and family are well looked after. Special accommodations are provided for her and much interest is taken in her various forms of development. She is no longer a scrub; she has a lineage to which her owners point with pride and which is registered in books of authority.

She must live up to a standard, too, if she expects ever to be rewarded by being brought to a show. If she is a Plymouth Rock the markings of her gray feathers must follow an established model; if she is a Cochin the feathers on her legs must extend only to a certain measure over her toes; if she is a black Spanish or a Leghorn her comb must have so many notches and no more, and so on throughout the list of Wyandottes, Brahmas, games, etc.

A display of these aristocratic fowls is an impressive spectacle. Their vocalization, too, it may be remarked, is a thing to be remembered. Fed and cared for with an especial view to their visit to the city, they are gorgeous to behold and once having seen them the observer can no longer think lightly of the egg he consumes at breakfast or of the fried chicken whose toothsomeness helps to mitigate life's asperities.

It is right that the hen should come to town now and then to be looked at. It is her due that the public for which she does so much should come and admire her. She and her tribe add vastly to the wealth and prosperity of the State and it is only fair that the debt to her should be recognized. When her week at the show is over she will go home and settle down to the steady business of producing more eggs and more prosperity, for in these modern days she has nothing else to do.—Indianapolis Star.

WORK OF THE BLACK HAND.

It Resembles the Operations of the Yeggmen of America.

"One of the superstitions concerning the so-called Black Hand society," remarked Ernest Milliken, a mine operator of Reading, "is that there is a regularly organized predatory band working in this country. As a matter of fact Black Hand outrages are invariably individual enterprises. No Italian community is free of the pest. The Black Hand letter writer is the drone in the hive and is known to every Italian member of the community. His persistence is accounted for by the fact that prosperous fellow countrymen are willing to pay him small sums weekly for immunity. The general public knows him only when he feels called upon to discipline a balky victim.

"The strength of the Black Hand lies in the certain execution of its threats. Whatever element of organization exists comes into play at this point. Since the man who makes the threat to dynamite a house or kidnap a child is known he provides an alibi in advance. He is usually in communication with some other fellow of his breed located in another town. When it becomes necessary to terrorize the Italians of his own territory he sends for this man and intrusts the execution of his orders to him. In the meantime he slips out of town himself, perhaps to do a favor in kind.

"Black Hand Italians have a counterpart in America in the 'yeggmen,' the worst type of thieving, murderous tramps. There is no organization of yeggs, but they have a community of interest, a code of unwritten laws and a certain patter of speech that makes them known to each other. A 'squealer' always gets short shrift. The certainty of sudden death makes them keep their mouths shut when arrested and thus convictions are hard to secure."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle, "the sage of Chelsea," died without winning much personal popularity, a fact, however, which is forgotten in admiration of his genius. Carlyle exerted a greater influence on British literature during the middle of the nineteenth century and on the religious and political beliefs of his time than possibly any other British writer. He never wrote a line that he did not believe, and in regard to style he certainly had no superior. From the position of schoolmaster in an obscure village this great Scotsman rose to be a leader in the world of letters.—London Standard.

Self-Defense.

"I'm surprised at you," said Jigley, "trying to borrow a dollar from that fellow Harduppe. You're surely not in such awful need of money."

"No," replied Shrude, "but I felt sure Harduppe was. Anticipated him, that's all."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Juvenile Idea.

Little Johnny (in cemetery)—Say, paw, why didn't the man who is buried here go to heaven?

Paw—Perhaps he did, my son.

Little Johnny—But it says on his tombstone, 'Peace to his ashes,' and it must be a hot place where there's ashes.

Collision—Not Collusion.

The Judge—In this divorce suit there seems to be some collusion between the man and his wife.

The Wife—Collusion? No. It's been collision ever since the ceremony!—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Immune.

Elsie—Oh! you better leave those preserves alone. Ma said if she caught you at 'em again she'd dust your jacket.

Tommy—I know, but I ain't wearin' any jacket. I took it off on purpose.—Catholic Standard and Times.