

THE LAW IN GERMANY.

One May Break It at Times by Laughing at a Funny Sight.

German law is very different from English law. How different it requires a visit to Germany to realize. Before you have stayed in a German town for a week a policeman calls. He politely inquires your age, your nationality and how long you intend to stay. Your answer he notes down in one of a small library of little books which he carries with him.

If you take a house in Germany you must notify the police. If you move to another you must comply with the same formality. If you hire a servant girl you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact. When she leaves, a green form must be sent to the police stating why she is dismissed.

If you use the telephone in Germany you must be careful how you speak to the employees. At Carlsruhe a gentleman, impatient at long delay, called out, "Are you asleep, Miss?" and was fined \$5 for offering "an unjustifiable insult."

Whatever you do, be careful not to use red ink when writing to the police. The president of the Social Democratic society at Hesseendorf did so and was summoned and fined for "inciting the representatives of law to break the peace."

In all small matters you must exercise the greatest care, so as not to run the risk of insulting other people. A certain Count von Friedland had a quarrel with an insurance agent named Joseph Beck.

The court presently summoned the latter because, as he alleged, the agent stared at him whenever they met in a manner which "revealed hate and contempt." Poor Beck was found guilty and fined \$10, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment.

A Berlin ironworker named Willeek got into trouble one day in a manner incredible to English ideas. He was watching a fat policeman chase a riotous merry-maker, and the vision of the former's stout legs twinkling along amused him so that he burst into a fit of laughter. This was construed as an indictable offense—serious scandal—and the unhappy Willeek went to prison for a week.

The proprietor of a widely known patent medicine took a quarter of a column in a German newspaper. The publisher was summoned and fined for "bombastic advertisement." It was considered that the advertisement was too long and that it irritated the readers.

A German soldier was recently hauled up for the serious offense of failing to salute his officer in the street. For this the punishment is two months' imprisonment. He pleaded that he was shortsighted and at once was sentenced to an extra fortnight's confinement for failing to report his affliction.—London Tit-Bits.

A Spider's Lasso.

There is a species of American spider which hunts evergreen trees and catches its prey by means of a kind of lasso.

The web of this spider is triangular in form, consisting of four longitudinal lines and a large number of cross fibers connecting them. Two corners of the triangle are attached to twigs, but the other corner, which terminates in a single thread, is held by the spider perched on a neighboring twig. When a fly strikes the web the spider loosens his hold and the elastic threads instantly entangle the victim.—Harper's.

ONE DOSE WAS ENOUGH.

Too Much Prosperity, He Feared, Might Prove His Undoing.

A lawyer picked his way to the edge of the subway excavation and called down for Michael Finnerty. "Who's wantin' me?" inquired a large, rawboned voice.

"I am," said the lawyer. "Mr. Finnerty, did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"

"I did."

"And was your mother named Mary and your father Owen?"

"They was."

"Then, Mr. Finnerty," said the lawyer, "it is my duty to inform you that your Aunt Kate has died in the old country, leaving you an estate of \$20,000 in cash."

There was a pause and a commotion down below.

"Mr. Finnerty," called the lawyer, craning his neck over the trench, "are you coming?"

"In wan minute," said Mr. Finnerty. "I just stopped to lick the foreman."

For six months Mr. Finnerty, in a high hat and with hard shoes on his feet, lived a life of elegant ease, trying to cure himself of a great thirst. Then he went back to his old job at one seventy-five a day. It was there in the excavation that the lawyer found him the second time.

"Mr. Finnerty," he said, "I've more news for you. It is your Uncle Terence who's dead now in the old country, and he has left you another twenty thousand."

"I don't think I can take it," said Mr. Finnerty, leaning wearily on his pick. "I'm not as strong as I wance was, and I'm doubtin' if I could go through all that ag'in and live!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Tearing Cards.

To tear a pack of cards in two is regarded by some as a marvelous feat of strength, and yet the trick is possible to any one with fairly strong fingers. The secret of the trick lies in the fact that the entire pack is not torn at once, but in pretending to get a grip on the pack the strong man so manipulates the cards that they overlap.

In this way but a single card is torn at a time, and once the surface is torn the rest is easy. To any one who can hold a pack of cards firmly the trick is fairly easy, and, while in olden times a single pack of cards was considered to be the limit of strength, many of our strong men tear three and four packs at a time. The cards are restored to their original form before being given out for examination, and so the trick escapes detection.

What Beat Sandy.

A native of a town on the coast of Scotland, when the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted with electric light at the local shipyard was completed, formed one of a social party gathered to entertain the electricians. In a burst of under-activeness he was

overheard saying to one of the wiremen:

"Mon, Peter, after workin' w' you on they boats I believe I could put in the electric light masel', but there's only one thing that—that—lukes me."

"Aye, and what is that, Sandy?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power.

"Weel, mon," said Sandy, "it's just this—I dinna ken how ye get the fire tin along the wires."—London Idios.

Economy in Exotisms.

In a certain town live a man who had been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the economical bereaved one deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself.

He had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the center of the lot and under each hand the words:—"For epitaph see large stone."—Lippincott's.

WRESTLERS OF JAPAN.

Although They Don't Bite, They Frequently Wash Their Mouths.

The Japanese claim that the art of wrestling originated in Japan before the Christian era. There are forty-eight formulas by which wrestlers try to bring opponents to earth—a sort of cat-in-the-hat with forty-eight Queensberry rules added. Wrestlers are naked, except for a narrow girdle, and consequently it is not easy to get a "hold."

The Japanese have about 600 trained wrestlers in the service of the Wrestling association, and in June and January of every year there are great displays at the hall in Tokyo. Beginning at sunrise, the matches continue until the evening, and it is not necessary for a fall to take place before a victory can be claimed.

On the part of the ambulance

is a square heap of earth three feet high, and in that square is the wrestling ring, twelve feet in circumference, surrounded by twelve straw bags. Let a wrestler's knee touch the ground or the tip of his little finger go outside that ring and he has lost the match.

There are rigidly observed ranks among the wrestlers. All of them go under nicknames, which are bestowed on them by their patrons or chosen by themselves. The highest class is what may be interpreted as the "rope" men. To be raised to this dazzling dignity is a rare event.

For 500 years there were only fifteen men who enjoyed the distinction, and the power to confer the title is held by an old Japanese family which is said to have been that which initiated the art. Altogether there are five grades of wrestlers, all gradations, who are eager to try their skill with men trained like themselves.

They begin the matches by first washing their mouths in a bucketful of water by the side of the ring. No suggestion is made that they bite each other. It is simply a peculiar rule. Then they sit on their haunches, hands on the ground, and watch each other. If they feel confident they spring at each other suddenly and hold on to girdle or belly. But if one does not wish to start the match and sees his opponent ready for the spring he may call "Not yet," and they both go and wash their mouths again. There are therefore not many "not yet's."—London Standard.

Settling the Account.

Here is a story told of a certain wealthy but eccentric earl. On being roundly rebuffed by a west end hater that a small amount was overdue he called at the shop and interviewed the manager. "You state," he said solemnly as he stood over him shaking his finger, as though warning him to be careful, "that this account is overdue. Remember that a bill of exchange or a bill of acceptance may become overdue, but a tradesman's account—never! A gentleman pays when he thinks he will or when he has the money, but to show that no ill feeling exists I will pay the account—and take another lot!"

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