Against Her Better Judgment.

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps so, ma'am; what can I do for you?"

"Don't your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam, if you will make known your wants."

"Don't they know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"I think I better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can and as cheaply."

"Well, you can give me a 2-cent stamp, but it don't look right."—Houston Post.

The Difference.

A. H. Kirkland of Boston is conducting a fight against the moth. He has imported from Zurich a great quantity of moth parasites, and with the help of the little creatures he and the people of Massachusetts hope to obliterate the moth completely.

"Our work may succeed," said Mr. Kirkland recently, "or we may err somewhere, and it may fail. It must succeed if we make no mistakes—but then, you know, mistakes are common.

"Mistakes are common everywhere. I heard a lawyer and a doctor taunting one another this afternoon about them.

"'You make a good many mistakes, I suppose,' the lawyer said.

"'You too, no doubt,' said the doctor.

"'But doctors' mistakes are often buried deep under ground,' said the lawyer.

"'Yes,' said the doctor, 'and lawyers' mistakes often swing six feet in the air!'"

Amending the Declaration.

"My friends," exclaimed the candidate, in a fine burst of disinterested patriotism, "I don't want this office if you think I am unworthy to fill it!"

Here he stopped and took a drink of water.

"And I might add," he proceeded, "that my candidacy is not the result of any corrupt political bargain."

"Yes, you might," interrupted an old farmer in the audience; "but if you did you'd be lyin' like Sam Hill!"

Our Tendency to Worship Heroes.

The names of many heroes have been preserved for posterity in the nomenclature of places in the United States, evidence of our tendency to indulge in hero worship to quite an extent. We have postoffices bearing the name of every President down to and including Roosevelt. Only two of his predecessors are lacking in the list of counties. Naturally, the favorite in the naming of towns and counties is Washington, and he is the only President for whom a State has been named. But others than Presidents enjoy these honors. Successful soldiers, sailors, statesmen, editors, authors, inventors, the heroes of ancient history and mythology, and even popular actors and athletes share a like distinction. Our list of postoffices is a long one and contains names from almost every language, living and dead, and chosen on almost every conceivable principle or impulse. Two counties in Kansas present a curious association of ideas. Greeley County has for its capital a town called Tribune, and Ulysses is the county seat of Grant.

QUEER STORIES

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the great tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

A novel excuse for stealing was given in Bucharest the other day. A woman was charged with the larceny of twelve cases of silver. Said the judge: "Come, tell us the truth." Said the woman: "The truth, my good judge, is that I have not been able to resist the temptation. Consider, your Honor—they all bore my initials."

Huge stone slabs suitable for sidewalk construction are seldom encountered in France, and asphalt walks are equally rare. The popular material is a cement block, which is cheap, durable and satisfactory. These blocks are made in a variety of shapes and colors, and in their more expensive forms are much used in interior work.

Professor Shipley, in a lecture at the Working Men's College, St. Pancras, dealt with the relation of flies to disease. In tropical lands the mosquito and tsetse fly were responsible for malaria and yellow fever, while at home he had no doubt the common house fly, by dropping into milk and food, caused much of the diarrhœa suffered by children in summer, and thereby increased the infantile mortality.

The English papers tell a story of a simple minded curate who was invited to London to spend a week at a great house. The curate, ignorant of society, asked advice of a man of the world, who told him how he should conduct himself, and wound up with the words: "I think, too, you had better take a servant with you." "I will," said the curate, and in due time the poor fellow arrived at the residence of his host with some modest luggage and a housemaid.

There has been almost a revolution in Ellichausen, a little village near Gottingen, Germany, over an order forbidding any young, unmarried man to escort a young woman on the streets after dark. This order was the work of the deputy town clerk, who is not a ladies' man, and had been made the butt for ill natured jokes. He thought he saw an opportunity for revenge when the reins of power came temporarily into his hands. But his action has cost him his place.

The London milkmen have a cow whose function corresponds to the "Sitzredakteur," prison editor of the German press. When a milkman is arrested for selling below legal grade he is entitled to summon his cow to his defense and have her milked before the judge, and so prove that the poor milk was the cow's fault. Many milkmen have evaded fines in this way of late, and recently it was discovered that there was one cow which was famous for her bad milk that could be hired for court purposes.

MODERN DEVIL-WORSHIP.

Grotesque and Horrible Practices Still Observed in Europe.

Vance Thompson in Everybody's makes the following remarkable revelations:

"The dark forces which science recognizes but does not define exercise marvelous attraction on minds of a certain order. In scores of temples they are worshiped under different names. I know a little temple in Bruges where the followers of Lucifer gather, and not far from the Pantheon in Paris there is an altar to Pandoemon. This may seem grotesque; perhaps it is, but it is formidable.

"It need hardly be said that the rites wherewith Lucifer is worshiped are hid in much mystery. A couple of years ago I visited one of the 'chapels;' it was in the Rue Rochechouart. The black mass, which I have no desire to describe, was celebrated. It was Friday at 3 o'clock. Over the altar was a winged figure of Lucifer, amid flames; he trampled under foot a crocodile—symbol of the church. A few days ago I found the chapel closed. Only after patient research did I find the new abode of the Satanists. Their chapel now is in a great new apartment house at No. 22 Rue du Ruisseau, within the shadow of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre. As of old, Satan is worshiped; every Friday the Luciferians gather. I could name many of them—men not unknown in the learned professions. Some of them have influence enough to secure, now and then, a right of midnight entry to the catacombs; there amid skulls and bones, with orgies I do not care to describe, they have worshiped the spirit of evil—calling upon Baphomet, upon Lucifer and Beelzebub and Ashtoroth and Moloch, with cries and wailing hysteria. This attempt to re-establish the worship of the fallen archangel is, I think, the most remarkable manifestation of modern occultism."

Spoke Apache.

"When I was serving my time as 'house' on the surgical side at Dunning," said an active physician, "the county sent a man over to us to have a badly cracked skull patched up. The patient's card was a blank except for the one detail of the injury. Just what nationality the man might be none of us could imagine. When we had lifted the piece of bone that was pressing on the brain he made an address ten minutes long, and not one word could anybody comprehend. During his recovery he must have been seen by 100 visitors first and last, and no one could understand a word he said. One day we had an army surgeon visiting us who was going to show us an operation that was his particular stunt. After the operation we showed him through the wards. As soon as he came near our convalescent mystery the patient began his customary address. You can imagine our surprise when the Colonel began to jabber back. It then was learned that our patient was an Apache, the jetsam of some Wild West or medicine show."

Selfishness defeats itself sooner or later.

INJURY TO WATCH FROM FALL.

Moisture Bad for Timepieces—Breaking of a Spring.

"Do many persons allow their watches to fall?" recently asked a customer of a well-known jeweler.

"Half of those brought in for repair have suffered in that way," was the reply; "it is the most frequent accident. Accidents of this kind happen most frequently to men, on account of their having the watch attached to a fob. The number of watches injured by falls increases when this fashion comes in, and it declines when the mode of attaching watches is in vogue. But there are many other ways of allowing watches to fall."

"Who handle their watches most carefully, men or women?"

"I cannot say, but women are more accustomed to attach their watches to their clothing or to a chain worn around the neck, so that they are in less danger of falling."

"How is it with children?"

"Girls are more careful than boys, and their watches fall less frequently. Some boys will allow a watch to fall three or four times a day; others seem to play with it as with a football."

"Does a fall always harm a watch?"

"Most assuredly, and a little fall may be as injurious as a great one. Moisture is very bad for a watch; at times it penetrates where it could scarcely be expected. More than once a caressing father, who has allowed his child to play with his watch, finds that it begins to rust. The breath of the child has affected it, or perhaps it has been taken into the mouth. A frequent case for repair is the breaking of the spring, which will happen to the most careful person."—Horological Review.

HIS PROUDEST MOMENT.

On the day that Washburn's novel was listed among the "six best sellers" half a dozen of his old college chums gathered in his rooms to congratulate him. "Well, old man," said one of them, "I suppose this is the proudest day in all your young life."

"Not quite," said Washburn, musingly. "There was one prouder."

"When was that? Tell us about it."

"Well, boys, said Washburn, "that first summer we were out of college I fished round for something to do for a long time before I found it. I was 'on my uppers,' with only a quarter of a dollar left; but I had kept my football appetite, and I was still hard as nails when I saw a sign, 'coal-heaver wanted.'

"That looked good to me, and I applied. The boss looked me over, and said I'd do, so I went to work, forty dollars a month, twelve hours a day, shoveling coal out of cars into wagons. The yard was five miles from my house, and I walked down every morning and back every night.

"My back used to ache and my head get dizzy with that endless up and down, up and down with the shovel, over the side of the car, but I stuck to the job one whole month, during which time—and for three weeks after—my back never stopped aching nor did the soreness go out of my shoulders. But I stuck to it. Then I got a letter, offering me a berth as a reporter on a local paper to which I had applied.

"I drew my pay and left. A week later I happened round that way, and looked up the boss to say 'howdy.'

"'Washburn,' he said, 'I'll give you forty-five dollars a month to come back to the job.'

"'What's wrong?' I asked.

"'Well, I've had three different fellows in the car this week, every one husky working men, and every one has quit on the second day because he said the work was too hard. Say, I'll give you fifty to come back.'

"I didn't go back. My shoulders were still aching. But that moment, when I found I had really held my own successfully against three other chaps on plain old muscle-taxing work, was the proudest of my life."

Bridge Has Longest Span.

There is now under construction across the St. Lawrence at Quebec a cantilever bridge which when completed will contain the longest span of any bridge yet erected, not even excluding the great cantilevers of the Forth bridge in Scotland.

The structure is of the cantilever type, and consists of two approach spans of 210 feet each, two shore arms, each 500 feet in length, and a great central span, 1,800 feet in length. The total length of the bridge is 4,200 feet, and although in extreme dimensions it does not compare with the Firth of Forth bridge, which is about one mile in total length, it has the distinction of having the longest span in the world by ninety feet, the two cantilevers of the Forth bridge being each 1,710 feet in length.

The total width of the floor is eighty feet, and provision is made for a double-tracked railway, two roadways for vehicles and two sidewalks. In a cantilever of this magnitude the individual members are necessarily of huge proportions, the main posts, for instance, being 325 feet in length, and each weighing 750 tons.

How the Kaffir Smokes.

"The Kaffir smokes on his stomach," said a tobacconist, "using the earth for a pipe. This benighted savage, when the tobacco hunger seizes him, selects a piece of clayey soil about a foot square, and puts a curved twig therein, so that both ends stick out. Then he builds a fire over the place, and when the fire has sufficiently hardened the clay, he draws out the twig, and a channel, a kind of pipe stem, is left. One end of the channel he hollows into a bowl. The other end is his mouthpiece. He puts his tobacco in the bowl, drops a live coal on top, and, lying down, falls to. The Kaffir sucks away vigorously, and very black and strong are the fumes that enter his large mouth. He will not use an ordinary pipe. He likes his own way of smoking best. He is, I suppose, the only smoker whose pipe is the earth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

After a man has been a failure thirty or forty years, don't expect him to brace up and become a success.

Weary One (jovially)—Fine morning, judge! The Judge (genially)—Yes, indeed—ten.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. D'Aubrey Brown—Well, how did they hang your picture? Mr. D'Aubrey—How? They lynched it.—Life.

"You mustn't kiss me until we are formally engaged." "Do you always insist upon that rule?" "I've always tried to."—Life.

The New Cook—What does your papa like for his breakfast? The Angel Child—Anything what we ain't got.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Tinnemonnay—Your new saddle horse seems to be a lively animal. Mrs. Partington—Yes, it is so spirituous it always starts off in a decanter.—Exchange.

"Say, Dick, what is this new fad they call phonetic spelling?" "It's the kind, Jim, they used to flog you and me at school for using."—Baltimore American.

"There's going to be another ancestry society." "What is it?" "Descendants of people who received invitations to the White House wedding."—Detroit Free Press.

Gunner—I wonder what will be the first thing they sight at the North Pole? Guyer—Why, Eskimos selling souvenir postal cards, of course.—Chicago Daily News.

Benedick—Not married, eh? I'll bet you're fond of a girl, though. Batcheller—O, yes, indeed. Benedick—Who is she? Batcheller—Her name is Legion.—Chicago Tribune.

Gladys—I don't like this egg, auntie; it's not good. Auntie—Nonsense, dear, it was only laid yesterday. Gladys—Well, then, it must have been laid by a bad hen.—The Tatler.

"Do you think that cigarettes kill the people who smoke them?" "Yes," answered the cold-blooded person; "but it doesn't do any good; there are always more to take their places."—Exchange.

Biggs—After holding a political office for ten years, Peachy has just retired a poor man. Diggs—Huh! Why didn't he resign at the start, when he discovered that he was being watched?—Chicago Daily News.

"And you say the Senators are all rogues?" "Most of them, yes," answered the magazine expert on morals. "Prove it." "I don't have to prove it, I get space rates for just saying it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Howell—Who was the fellow who went around with a lantern looking for an honest man? Powell—I don't know, but if he were to try it to-day somebody would steal his lantern.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Uncle George," said the little boy, "what is an equinox?" "An equinox," said Uncle George, who was fresh from college, "why—er—that's a sort of freak, I suppose; half horse and half ox."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Queer idea of Jenks in advertising to trade his auto for a mule, wasn't it?" "There was some logic in it. He says if it's a case of eternal swearing, he wants something with ears to swear at."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Broncho Bill—I don't think that new arrival is going to live long. Earless Eddie—Sick? Broncho Bill—Hardly that! But I see him lend Grizzly Pete a dollar and he looks jes' fool enough ter ask him for it ag'in!—Exchange.

"Are you fond of yachting, Miss Grey?" "Oh, yes! At the very thought of the inspiring breeze, the straining sail, the rushing water, I can hardly contain myself." "Y-yes—that's the way it affects me."—Cleveland Leader.

"I hear the audience last night was rather cold," said the critic. "Most of the people were, at first," replied Hamm, "but when they remembered that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Nagget—You don't love me as much as you used to. Mr. Nagget—Think not? Mrs. Nagget—No; you used to say I was worth my weight in gold, and —— Mr. Nagget—Well, you're not as stout as you were, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

"How do you know that you will ever attain great wealth?" sternly asked the girl's father. "Sir," confidently replied the suitor, "I am both deeply pious and thoroughly unscrupulous." "Take her, my boy, and be happy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Schoppen—I want five pounds of sugar, please. Grocer—Yes'm; anything else? Mrs. Schoppen—No, that's all; I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy a package. Grocer—Oh, it'll only weigh three or four pounds, ma'am.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Friend—I hear you bought one of the heaviest automobiles in the show; don't you think those great machines are terrible in our streets? Mrs. Sparkingplug—No, indeed; I think it's far more merciful to kill people instantly than to mangle them as those light machines do.—Chicago News.

"How would you advise me to proceed in order to attract public attention to my statesmanly abilities?" "There are two ways," answered Senator Sorghum; "one is to read up all the works on political economy you can find, and the other is to remember all the funny stories you hear."—Washington Star.

Underground Telegraphic Lines.

There is now underground telegraphic communication between London and Scotland. Germany's underground system dates from 1870. France followed suit in 1879, as the result of a great storm that isolated Paris in 1875. Up to date her system has cost $36,000,000, but is believed to have more than paid for itself. Lines constructed in 1880 are still in excellent condition.

Hoax—How do I look in this dress suit? Joax—Fine; why don't you buy one?—Philadelphia Record.

A WHOLESOME CENSORSHIP

When Miss Bangs visited the neighboring city and brought back an attractive young woman teacher who was, to say the least, very hard of hearing, there was much wonder in Miss Bangs' select school for girls. But as there was no denying that Miss Newcomb was delightful in spite of her deafness, and as her door was always open, her study fireplace always pungent with birch logs, and her time at the disposal of whatever girls would come in, they soon voted her "a treasure."

A knot of them gathered about her one afternoon to shout into her ear-trumpet.

"I hope you've had a happy afternoon, girls," she said.

"I sh'd say," affirmed one of her visitors.

"What, my dear?" inquired Miss Newcomb, smiling sweetly and tilting the ear-trumpet toward her.

"I sh'd say!" shrieked the visitor.

"Yes, dear? What were you going to say?"

"I mean, we've had a fine day."

"Oh, yes. Well, now, let's make some fudge."

"Elegant!" agreed another girl.

Instantly the ear-trumpet came her way.

"An elephant?" asked Miss Newcomb. "Where was that?"

"No, not elephant. Elegant!" shouted the culprit.

"What were you describing?" asked the deaf one.

"I said—it—would—be—elegant—to—make—fudge."

Miss Newcomb laughed heartily.

"What an odd conceit!" she exclaimed. "I am afraid we shall appear anything but elegant when we get our hands and dresses smeared with chocolate."

"Ain't birch just great?" sighed an envious girl from across the hall, sniffing the odor from the fireplace.

"What?" inquired Miss Newcomb.

"I said birch is great."

"Oh, do you think so? A grate? Why, I like a fireplace ever so much better. And with birch logs in it it is so comfortable, and suggestive of home!"

"I said it was great!" shouted the girl.

"Oh, well, have it your own way," laughed Miss Newcomb. "I prefer my fireplace."

If it had been for any one but Miss Newcomb the girls would have given up, but she was so pleasant, so ready with sympathy and so free with her entertainment that they could not keep away. But when the young women went home for the holidays numbers of parents commented on their improved vocabularies.

"How did you learn to talk so well?" asked one mother. "Your favorite remark used to be 'I sh'd say!' and you have not said it once since you came home."

"I guess it is the ear-trumpet censorship," said her daughter. "I never realized how few things I said that were worth saying until I had to shout them out four or five times to make Miss Newcomb hear them."

After the holidays Miss Bangs sat in her study conning the letters which lay upon her desk, and smiling a very satisfied smile. Having read them all through, she filed them in a box marked, "Letters from parents."

"How well it works!" she said.—Youth's Companion.

GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.

Building a Railroad Over the Great Stretch of Florida Keys.

One of the most interesting pieces of railway construction now under way in the South is the Key West extension of the Florida East Coast Railway. This new line will follow the outlying Florida Keys for nearly their whole length, and about 30 miles of it will be over what is now open water. Two types of construction are required; one is embankment construction on land and in shallow water and the other is re-enforced concrete arch viaduct construction over deeper water. Altogether there will be over six miles of the viaduct work in four stretches varying from one mile to two miles in length.

The new line starts from the old road at Homestead Station, 28 miles south of Miami, and for 21 miles further continues on the main land. It then crosses to Key Largo, where it turns sharply and follows the line of outlying Keys southwesterly to Key West. The Florida Keys are separated by openings or channels varying in width from a few rods to several miles, and in depth of water from a bare wash to a score or more feet. It is the extent of these water crossings, some 30 miles, that is the distinctive feature of the construction work.

The deep-water crossings requiring viaducts are four in number, and the viaduct structures will be, respectively, 10,500 feet, 5,200 feet, 7,300 feet and 7,800 feet long. A standard arch construction in re-enforced concrete will be employed.

A Land of Smokers.

Belgium is a land of great smokers, but not all Belgians use the weed. This threatens to disrupt the Belgian labor party. The famous Maison du Peuple at Brussels is at present rent by a discussion more violent than any about mere politics could ever produce—to smoke or not to smoke. At the great meetings continually being held at the House of the People the workmen are in the habit of communing with their pipes while listening to the fervid utterances of their Socialist orators. Unfortunately, one of the most prominent of their leaders, M. Vandervelde, is an ardent non-smoker, and, after having addressed two meetings at the Maison du Peuple, was so overcome with the fumes of tobacco that he was confined to bed for two days. This instance of martyrdom stiffened the backs of other anti-tobacconists and they threaten a wholesale secession.

There is always a disposition in those who have them to claim that gray hairs are more a mark of suffering than of age.

Didn't Mind the Machines.

"I hope," said the renter of room No. 1197, "that the rattle of the typewriters in my office doesn't annoy you."

"No, sir, it does not," responded the crusty capitalist whose office was No. 1199; "but their gabble does annoy me exceedingly."—Chicago Tribune.

No Hope of Agreement.

"I am sorry to hear that Wrinklins and his wife can't live together in peace. There is too much obstinacy on both sides—that's the trouble, isn't it?"

"Yes; he's a standpatter, and she's a standpouter."

Wanted to Know.

"I had a tramp for dinner to-day."

"Is this some of him?" asked her husband, poking his fork into the meat rather suspiciously.—Houston Post.

Dainttily Expressed.

The author had been dragged fainting from a crowd of shoppers.

"Almost like my last book," he murmured, recovering his senses.

The listeners, being of delicate perception, knew then that the book had fallen dead from the press.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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