

ASSASSINATIONS.

Crimes That Have Changed the History of the World.

Step by step throughout the world's history assassination has been a factor in determining the course of events and in molding the life of nations.

Probably one of the most important and early assassinations was that of Philip of Macedon, which occurred in the year 336 B. C.

Philip of Macedon then was at the height of his power, and the battle of Chaeronea had made him the undisputed master of Greece.

Olympias, his former wife, was said to have aided in the conspiracy. This assassination, one of the earliest in point of time, bore a strong resemblance in its surroundings to that which claimed President Abraham Lincoln's life.

In the history of ancient Rome there stands out one political assassination which marks the first occasion on record in which the conflicting economical interests of different classes in a republic were settled by resort to the weapon of the assassin.

At the time of the assassination of Julius Caesar the Roman people had reached a degree of perversity and degeneracy almost impossible of modern comprehension.

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An eminent singer of foreign birth whose appetite is such that it almost rivals the fame of his voice dined at a table where all the women were reasonably mature, with the exception of the nineteen-year-old daughter of his host.

Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was simple and unaffected and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the cardinal.

"How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him in evident surprise.

"How's your son making out in business?" asked the first capitalist.

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

The Zambezi, a great river two miles wide, falls sheer 420 feet. Niagara is only 158 feet high and about half a mile wide.

A BILL IN CONGRESS.

The Method by Which a Measure is Transformed into Law.

On a day set for the consideration of the bill the house goes into committee of the whole. A chairman appointed by the speaker presides.

When the bill has been gone through and all amendments have been voted upon, the committee rises and the chairman reports the bill back to the house, with the amendments.

The clerk takes the bill to the senate, by which body it is referred to the finance committee. In due time the committee, if it sees fit, and not otherwise, reports the bill back to the senate, with propositions to amend.

As the two houses are not agreed upon the bill, a committee of conference, usually consisting of three members of each branch of congress, is appointed. The committee, when it has come to an agreement, reports to each house, and the acceptance of the report is the final stage of the bill in its passage.

Congress is notified that the bill has been approved, and the original copy of the act is deposited in the department of state.

At the different army stations in the west it is the practice for the officers on leaving their post for some distant station to sell off everything they do not care to keep.

There was a very estimable woman living at the garrison, a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. She told us of some jewelry she had lost, and among the things was a topaz chain with a beautiful "pendulum."

"Your suggestion," said a depositor to the bank receiver, "offers very cold comfort. It is a bachelor's comfort—that is to say, no comfort at all."

"What," said a bachelor to a Benedict, "only married a year and already so blue?"

"The bachelor patted the blue married man on the back in a consolatory way."

What subsists today by violence continues tomorrow by acquiescence and is perpetuated by tradition till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages.

There is a great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as low as these.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire.

Wait is a hard word to this hungry.

LITERARY BULLS.

For Instance, the "Groat That Gurgles From the Slain."

Macaulay once reviewed a poem in which a climax of absurdity was reached with this line:

The poetic license which lets a groan gurgles from a slain man is capable of letting him walk into town from the field of battle, collect the amount of his life insurance policy and hand it to his widow.

Had I been running a race for the world's record I am sure I should have won the prize. It was amazing to me how fast I could run, as I confess my blood turned perfectly cold when I could feel the horse blowing trunk of the elephant only a few rods behind me.

His back view was a great relief to me. He had come to within two or three yards of where I had fallen and, having himself sunk in the soft mud, had turned around and struggled away, leaving big circular footmarks, regular holes four or five feet deep in the mud.

To the mind of the average farmer nothing which walks on two legs is quite so stupid as a hen. He is mistaken, though, for there still remains that beautiful, graceful nincompoop, the common swan.

The stupidity of the swan in this respect is emphasized by the intelligence exhibited by ornamental ducks when the weather turns cold.

Neither is the common swan a good fighter. The black swan, although one-half its size, is invariably the victor in the combats which are sometimes engaged in and generally kills its antagonist.

How sensitive to pain are fish? A correspondent writes: "I have a small pond which is stocked with trout. I keep an accurate account of those I catch and note when I lose any."

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SAVED BY THE MUD.

Exciting Elephant Adventure in the Heart of Africa.

During a hunting trip in Africa A. Henry Savage Landon had a narrow escape from two elephants which he was stalking. He had got to within ten yards of the male elephant and, taking careful aim, pulled the trigger.

The cartridge never went off, but unfortunately my kresh, who relied on the effectiveness of my weapon, fired at the same moment with his matchlock. We were such a short distance from the animal that he actually hit him in the head.

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CURES FOR LOVE.

Sages and Writers With Widely Differing Prescriptions.

Absence is one of the means of curing love. Two thousand years ago Ovid advised his readers who wished to cure themselves of an unlucky attachment to flee the capital, to travel, hunt or till the soil.

"Love," said Coleridge, "is a local ailment. I am fifty miles away and not half so miserable."

But other men have found that absence increases love. La Rochefoucauld probably hit upon the truth when he said that "absence destroys weak passions, but increases strong ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle, but blows up a fire."

Goethe said, "With most marriage it does not take long for things to assume a very piteous look."

But undoubtedly the best way to get rid of one love is to have another. "All love may be expelled by love as poisons are by other poisons," says Dryden. Heine says: "The most effective antidote to woman is woman. In such a case the medicine is often more noxious than the malady, but it is at any rate a change, and in a disconcerting love affair a change in the inamorata is unquestionably the best policy."

The instrument used for expressing this traditional idea is an old fashioned cocked hat. When the lord mayor or in his splendid robes of office enters the high court with his retinue in costume he solemnly lifts his cocked hat three times from his head and salutes the lord chief justice and the justices.

The judges always wear robes and wigs when in court. For lord mayor's day they have also a flat black cap, which can be slipped over the top of the wig. The lord chief justice and his associates return the lord mayor's salute gravely, but do not take off their black caps. If they were to do this, they would place the crown on a level of equality with the municipality.

The remark made on a prolix Scotch counsel when some one observed that he was "surely wasting a great deal of time" is among the wittiest of bar anecdotes: "Time! He has long exhausted time and has encroached upon eternity!"

It is seldom, to do the judges justice, that they encourage this failing in counsel. But in Cockburn's memoirs we are told how a dull and commonplace advocate was almost frightened out of his wits by an observation of Lord Meadowbank, who thought his style undignified: "Decline, sir. Why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly."—St. James' Gazette.

First Actor—I hear that the orchestra in your theater was sacked in a body the other night. What was the matter?

Second Actor—Why, they spoiled the best situation in the play. You know the court scene, where the hero is sentenced to death?

"Well, they were told to play something appropriate, and the judge had no sooner put on the black cap than the idiots struck up 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'—London Scraps.

"You're trying very hard to be a man, it seems," said the disgraced husband the other day to his wife.

"Well," she replied coldly, "don't you think we need one in the family?"—New York Tribune.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Danish Proverb.

TRIBE OF CRIMINALS.

The Maghaya's Greatest Pride is Successful Burglary.

The Maghaya is born in an arid field and schooled to theft from his infancy. He lives without shelter or food for the morrow, perpetually moving from encampment to encampment, chased by the police and execrated by the villagers.

Jail offers no terrors to the dom. It is merely the result of being a burglar at his trade. The first attempt to reclaim the Maghaya doms in Champaran was made by Mr. (now Sir E.) Henry. He found the greater number of the adult members of the tribe were in jail. Every police officer was held responsible if any doms were found in his jurisdiction, with the result that as soon as a dom was released from jail he was usually returned thither under the bad livelihood sections.

Agricultural settlements were established for the tribe, but they do not seem to have been very successful as civilizing agencies. The settlements serve as houses for the women and children, but the men are seldom found in them.

The females generally hawk stolen property in the villages and act as spies.—Bengal Gazetteer.

A terrible war was once caused by a window. It was in the days when Louis XIV, "Le Grand Monarque," was dazzling Europe. His minister, Louvois, was superintending on the king's behalf the building of the palace of the Tuileries in the park at Versailles.

But the minister had his revenge, for with the angry ejaculation that he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favorites, he embroiled France by his insolence in a quarrel with the powers, which only ended years later in the peace of Ryswick after a war which entailed the loss of many lives and the expenditure of large sums of money.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Are you aware," said the antiquary, "that there are certain church pews in which the contribution basket is never passed?"

"No." "It is a fact. These pews are in certain old churches in Philadelphia, in Boston and in a number of New England villages. They have been rented on a noncontribution basket basis for a couple of centuries. In the past, it is said, men slept in church. They even played draughts there, and the advent of the contribution basket would have been an amazing interruption to them. So for a very much higher rental they obtained pews that the collectors ignored. These pews in churches that like to keep up the quaint customs of the past are still maintained."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It was evening, and the conductor rang the bell violently as the omnibus crossed over at the bank. The driver drew up with a sudden jerk. No one stirred, and after waiting for a second or two the conductor ran up the stairs two steps at a time.

"Didn't you say you wanted the mansion 'Ouse'?" he demanded of a large and reprobular lady in front.

"Yes," she said without making any attempt to rise.

"Well," responded the conductor, "if you still want it you'd better come down, 'cause I can't shift it any closer for tuppence, and" (with cutting emphasis) "the 'osses is tired of waiting."—London Scraps.

One of the revising barristers in the north of England held his court under a tree in a vicarage garden, the village schoolroom not being at his disposal. This is not by any means the first court held in the open. Deborah in the book of Judges, it will be remembered, gave judgment under a palm tree. Admirals, according to Prynne, held their courts "close by the flux and reflux of the sea," and in the fifteenth century the admiralty court used to sit on a quay at Southwark.—London Law Journal.

"You never change your mind about anything, do you?"

"What's the use?" rejoined the epistolist. "I found years ago that I was just as liable to be wrong the second time as I was the first."—Washington Star.

Muriel—When you eloped with George, did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone? Gabrielle—Why, of course. If I hadn't how would papa have known where to send us any money?—Illustrated Bits.

"Miss Skivvle appears to have lost her attractiveness for the gentlemen," said one girl.