

A GREAT WRESTLER.

His Encounter With the Czar and His Ignoble Reward.

One of the stories of Peter the Great which are current at the court of St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragoon. Once in the imperial palace—so the story goes—Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars! Is there among you one who will wrestle with the czar?" There was no reply, and the czar repeated the challenge.

No prince or nobleman dared to wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragoon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, orthodox czar," he said. "I will wrestle with thee." "Well, young dragoon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee, but if thou art thrown thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on these conditions?"

ATOMIC WORLDS.

There May Be a Billion of Them in a Speck of Dust.

How would you like to live in an atom—to be one of the millions of inhabitants of a world so small that you cannot even see it beneath a microscope?

The scientists tell us that each atom is a solar system, with its central sun and revolving planets in their orbits, and that little atom people live and love and fight and die there and never know but what they are just the biggest and most important folks that live. There are military atomites there, no doubt, who strut around and get tangled up in their swords and give orders in gruff voices; actor atomites who star in atomic theaters and are adored by lovely atomite maidens and criticised by the trenchant pens of the newspapermen.

There is every reason to believe that life in the atom is much like life in the earth and that the kings and emperors there make war on their distant enemies and have their peace conferences and their periods of financial stringency. The joke of it is that they probably take themselves seriously, and, though there may be a billion atomic worlds in a speck of dust, there is never an inhabitant of one of them that knows how small he is and how much he misses by not being a man instead of an atomite.—New York World.

Slow Mental Ripening.

Not infrequently those mentalities that ripen the slowest last the longest, and often the history of these great men has been persistent neglect and worldly coldness until forty or more years have passed before their greatness has been conceded by their contemporaries. Truly "the life history of a great genius is almost invariably one of a sad and somber tone, a walk apart from the beaten path." Such are the words of one who should know what the "doers of deeds" must endure. Be this as it may, it is now recognized that many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature and in all activities have been wrought by men long past sixty. Writes one, "No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability."—W. A. Newman Dorland in Century.

The Silkworm.

Upon attaining full growth the silkworm becomes restless, stops feeding and throws out silken threads. The silk is formed in a fluid condition and issues from the body of the worm in a glutinous state, apparently in a single thread. From this silk the worm constructs its cocoon, an interval of from three to five days being required to complete its imprisonment in the envelope. In order that the silken strands may not be subjected to the danger of breakage by the moth emerging from the cocoon, the cocoons are steamed till the inclosed insects are dead. After this the silk may be wound off.—New York American.

Exasperating, Truly.

Mrs. Higley-Clara. I must insist that you send young Mr. Granley away earlier. It was long after 11 o'clock last night when you closed the front door after him. Clara—I know, mamma, and I have made up my mind a dozen different times to make him leave early, but he has a way somehow of always giving the impression long after the shank of the evening has passed that he is just about to say something one has been waiting for. It's awful exasperating!—St. Louis Republic.

Idle Curiosity.

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?" "My friend Snigglebat assured me he'd pay me that \$5 today or break a leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."—Kansas City Journal.

Easy.

Lady (on street)—Do you know where Johnny Tucker lives, my little boy? Little Boy—He ain't home, but if you give me a nickel I'll find him for you. Lady—All right. Now, where is he? Little Boy—Thanks. It's him.—Judge.

Animals at Play.

Cats delight in racing about, but not so often, I think, in circles, as dogs do. They prefer straight lines and sharp turns with the genuine goat jump. This sudden flight into the air, which appears to take place without the animal's knowledge or intention, cannot here be preparatory to life in the mountains, but the cat finds the high jump very useful, not only in pouncing on its prey, but in escaping its hereditary enemy. Brehm records a movement of young cheetahs climb up to the perpetual snow they delight to play on it. They throw themselves in a crouching position on the upper end of a steep snow covered incline, work all four legs with a swimming motion to get a start and then slide down on the surface of the snow, often traversing a distance of from 100 to 150 meters in this way, while the snow flies up and covers them with a fine powder. Arrived at the bottom, they spring to their feet and slowly clamber up again the distance they have slid down.—"The Play of Animals," by Karl Groos.

The Anzias Story.

Go to church and hear the pastor, in his pulpit large and wide, tell about the dread disaster that overhauled the man who fled. It was Colonel Anzias, who in days long dead and gone, shocked his neighbors (who were pious) when he put the truth in pawn. Ah, he took the truth and hauled it through the cinders and the slack, and he slugged it, and he mauled it, and he split it up the back; so some bears came up and ate him, at the prophet's stern command, and the generations hate him as they march down the land. He was cast into a furnace that was full of coal and wood, and he muttered, "This will learn us" (for his grammar wasn't good). In the red sea's depths he wallowed, with his chariots and men, till a whale came up and swallowed him, and he felt seedy then. Let us therefore shun the fable and the foolish, futile lie; do the best that we are able, camp in heaven by and by.—Emporia Gazette.

The Glory of New York.

What other city is there of like size which matches New York in position? It is a seaside city; the salt water laves its feet. As the traveler approaches it he thinks of Venice rising from the sea or is perhaps reminded of ancient Tyre, which "stood out in the sea as a hand from a wrist" and of which the houses were impressively tall. "Impressive" is not too indignant a word for the skyscrapers of New York—clean faced, simple, original and audacious, they are characteristic of the land and of the people. They are not ugly concessions to utility, but a father grand adaptation of architecture to circumstances. The architect, harassed with dread of piracy, would not have dared to build a city like New York on the edge of a great harbor open to the sea. It is something which the modern world alone could have given us.—London Spectator.

Work of a Burmese Bud.

Instead of a coming out party as we know it, the Burmese girl's entrance into society begins when she has her ears pierced. As soon after this as she feels inclined she selects a husband and goes to live in a home of her own. The home is provided by the man, but it becomes his wife's as soon as they are married. All women, young and old, are addicted to the use of tobacco. The women seem to prefer the very large size black cigar. Often one meets a woman on the streets of a village with one of these huge cigars in her mouth and two or three more stuck in the holes of each ear.

Deceitful.

"Men are queer animals," said the pessimist. "They are all more or less deceitful." "Oh, I don't believe that!" replied the optimist. "I think there are plenty of people who strive to be honest. I know I do, and I don't give myself credit for being any better than the majority of men." "Then why do you ask me how my health is every time we meet and stand around and look bored if I tell you?"

Permanent.

Bride of Some Months—My tempers you say are trying. He—At times. "I would not have you worn out with them. If you cared to be released from—" "Oh, no; not at all; not a minute. I don't feel so even when I am cross. I'm no ninety day volunteer. I enlisted for the war."—Life.

Not Disappointed.

"A young friend of mine," remarked a humorist, "got married last month. He said to me the other day: "'When I married Mamie I thought she was an angel. But,' he added, 'I soon found out my mistake.'" "Disappointed? I asked. "'Disappointed? Not!' he cried. 'I found she was a good cook.'"

Doubly Exciting.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle." "What's that for?" "Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end and how it will begin."

A Chance.

Husband—My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees. Wife—Can't you introduce our daughter to him?—London Mail.

The average man's way to economize is to quit spending money on one thing and begin to spend it on another.—New York Press.

PSYCHASTHENIA.

A Physician Says This is One of the Causes of Panic.

The panics that start in Wall street often begin in the morbid financial fears of overstrained brains—psychasthenia. Psychasthenia makes panics, writes Dr. Clarence Hughes in the Alienist and Neurologist. "We once knew a mind overburdened, brain overstrained man suddenly conclude he was coming to want and would not be able to pay his taxes when his income was \$40,000 annual. He milked his own cow, he harnessed his own horse and cared for it (sold the others), dismissed all his servants and his wife's and had insomnia, but finally recovered completely. Others with less income or more fall through brain overtax into the same morbid way of feeling and thinking.

"One kind of insanoid is a man who under mental stress of any kind acts as though he were insane, but has not the disease of real insanity to excuse his actions.

"He hovers on the verge, but does not pass over into real mental aberration as he appears to be going. He does and says such odd, unreasonable and annoying things that his friends often wish he would pass into genuine insanity, so that he might be properly and lawfully restrained or that he might happily extinguish himself by suicide. Sometimes he does commit suicide or become really insane, and we then know where to place him."

A LITTLE BIT BEHIND.

The Old Man Was Not Very Well Posted on the News.

In the midst of the heated discussion on points connected with certain historical sensations which their teacher had sought to impress on them the two grandchildren appealed to their grandfather, who sat musing and puffing his pipe in the corner, for support.

"Grandpa," cried the eager brother, "who was it killed Caesar—Cassius or Brutus? I say Cassius."

"Waal," replied the grandfather, suddenly becoming grave and taking his pipe from his mouth, "it war one or 'other. Let me see. Yes, I guess 'twar th' man you said."

"And sis says it was Marie Antoinette who got put to death in France," again cried the youth, triumphantly glancing toward his sister, "but I say it was Mary, queen of Scots." "Now, you may be right there, too," ventured the involuntary vindicator after fidgeting in his chair. "Come t' think of it, 'twar Mary, queen of Scots, that war electrocuted in France."

At this the young girl's eyes flashed. "Grandpa," declared she, stepping before him and eying him sternly, "you don't seem to know anything about it." The old man's head went up as if shocked. "Th' truth is, children," he then admitted as he passed his free hand over his head helplessly, "your grandfather ain't read th' newspapers very careful this week. I'm a leetle mite behind."—Bohemian Magazine.

An Unwelcome Gratuity.

An American merchant bitterly opposed to the custom of "tipping" public servants for each inconsequential service was astonished to find the practice in Europe more general than in America. While in London he had occasion to employ a cab and upon being driven to the desired destination drew forth a handful of change, counted out the exact fare and tendered it to the driver.

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed the cabbie in a tone of injury. "'Ow long 'ave ye been saving up for this 'oliday?'"

Suppressing his annoyance at the driver's affront, the tourist sought a restaurant and upon receiving the dinner check again tendered the exact amount of his bill. The waiter bowed, assisted his guest into his coat, then, selecting a bright new sixpence, offered it to his patron with: "Beasty weather, sir! 'Ere's coach fare!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Rat.

The rat's sins are manifold. The damage which he does in a year to crops, cargoes, stores, granaries, poultry and game, dairies and outhouses, foundations, walls and drainage cannot be calculated exactly, but it must be enormous. He is ubiquitous. He swarms in fields, hedges, coverts, farmyards, cellars, sewers, docks and ships. He is clever in getting out of difficulties, extremely courageous, able to exist on almost any kind of food and horribly prolific.—London Spectator.

The Retort Direct.

"See here," cried the artist, who had come to complain about the materials he had bought, "I can't imagine anything worse than your paints." "That's strange," replied the dealer. "Don't you ever use your imagination on your painting?"—Exchange.

Hopeless.

"We wish, madam, to enlist your aid in influencing your husband for the public good. He holds the key to a very interesting situation and—" "I don't see how I can be of any assistance to you. John never could find a keyhole."—Houston Post.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if your father had twenty dozen eggs in his store and found that eighteen of them were bad, how much would he lose? Tommy—Nothin'. You don't know pa.—Pathfinder.

The Mean Part.

Phil O. Sopher—Don't worry, old man. Chickens always come home to roost, you know. Discouraged Friend—Yes, after they have laid their eggs in some other fellow's barn.—Judge.

How a Hat is Sized.

C. writes that the size of a hat is calculated on a curious principle. It is the length plus the breadth divided by 2. Thus a head 8 1/2 inches long and 5 1/4 inches broad would require a hat size of 14 1/4 divided by 2, which is 7 1/4.—Gladstone's size.

Your correspondent C. is perfectly right in his description of the curious way in which the size of a hat is obtained, writes G., but his sample dimensions are slightly misleading. Such an "oval" as 8 1/2 inches by 5 1/4 inches would scarcely be met with twice in a lifetime. The normal difference between the length and width (technically called the "oval") is invariably through the gannet of sizes 1 1/2 inches. Thus an ordinary 6 3/4 hat would measure 7 1/2 inches long and 6 inches wide and a 7 1/4 (four sizes bigger) 8 inches long and 6 1/2 inches wide. The longest head I have measured in many thousands was 8 3/4 by 7 1/4, which is the equivalent of a 2 3/4 inch oval. Needless to say, the inside of the hat was the shape of a canalboat. — Manchester Guardian.

It Did Not Work.

Mrs. Billings was installing the new cook, a maiden from Finland, to whom the kitchen contrivances of America were new and wonderful. "This, Ina," said the lady, indicating a perforated wooden board that hung against the kitchen wall, "is the order list. See, it says 'butter, eggs, sugar, coffee, tea, molasses'—everything that we need to eat. Whenever we are out of any of these things all you need to do is to place one of these little pegs in the hole opposite the name and the things will be ordered."

Mrs. Billings is not a methodical housekeeper. There were several consecutive days when she completely forgot the existence of the order list in the kitchen, but Ina labored with it faithfully.

"Meess," pleaded Ina, after struggling with the order board for three days, "I tank dose board must be out of order. I push dose peg in just so far as I can, but nothing will come—no eggs, no butter, no nothings."—Youth's Companion.

The Voice and the Phonograph.

A vaudeville monologue man met a friend in a Broadway car. After they had talked awhile the friend said: "I've been conscious ever since we began to talk of some change in you, but I couldn't make out what. I know now. It is your voice. You speak so much more distinctly than you used to."

"That is because I have been talking into a phonograph," said the vaudeville performer. "The surest remedy on earth for slovenly speech is to hear a little lecture of your own rolled off a phonograph record and find that about half the words have been pronounced in direct opposition to Webster and all the rest of the authorities. That was my experience. I practiced for two months hard before I could improve a speech that had been good enough for the theater up to the point where it would pass muster in a talking machine."—New York Sun.

A Curious Ear.

The catfish uses his lungs as an organ of hearing. The needless lung becomes a closed sac filled with air and commonly known as the swim bladder. In the catfish, as in the suckers, chubs and most brook fish, the air bladder is large and is connected by a slender tube, the remains of the trachea, to the esophagus. At its front it fits closely to the vertebral column. The anterior vertebrae are much enlarged, twisted together, and through them passes a chain of bones, which connects with the hidden cavity of the air. The bladder therefore assists the ear of the catfish as the tympanum, and its bones assist the ear of the higher animals. An ear of this sort can carry little range of variety in sound. It probably gives only the impression of jars or disturbances in the water.

More About Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe had just discovered human footprints on his island. He followed them up. They led him to a knoll overlooking the sea on which somebody had put up a billboard with this inscription painted upon it:

Use Bunk's Pills For All Liver Troubles.

25 Cents a Bottle. Owing to the avarice and greed of the publishers, however, who refused to incorporate this incident in the story unless paid regular advertising rates, it was omitted, and the book went to press in the garbled and incomplete form with which the reading public is familiar.—Chicago Tribune.

The First Monotheists.

So far as we know, the Egyptian priests were the first monotheists. There existed in Egypt two kinds of religious teaching, the "exoteric" and the "esoteric," that for the masses of the people and that for the select few, the little company of the "wise." The masses were polytheists, believing in a multitude of gods, while the few believed only in one god, of whom Osiris, head of the popular deities, was but a weak reflection.—New York American.

Stands For Many.

Boy—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary. "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin, with a grin. "For if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk the cow?"—London Express.

Some family trees seem never to bear anything but lemons.—Dallas News.

ASCENSION ISLAND.

One Place in This Busy World Where Money is Useless.

Now and then one hears of out of the way places where the conventions of life, as they are understood, do not exist. One of these is where money is useless. This is Ascension island, in the Atlantic.

This island is the property of the British admiralty and is governed by a captain of the royal navy. There is no private property in land, so there are no rents, taxes, etc. The flocks and herds are public property, and the meat killed is issued in rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farm.

When a fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guard room, where it is issued by the sergeant major. The only private property are fowls and pigeons. Even the wild donkeys are under government control. They are listed on the books of the paymaster and are handed over at stock taking.

The population consists of a few bluejackets, a company of marines and some Kroos from Sierra Leone.

There a marine can do anything. The muleteer is a marine; so are the gardeners, the shepherds, the stock men, the grocers, the masons, the carpenters and the plumbers. Even the island trapper, who gets rewards for the tails of rats, is a marine.—Exchange.

DEAN SWIFT'S CHANGE.

His Marriage of a Country Couple Caught in a Storm.

It is related of the whimsical Dean Swift that on one occasion when caught in a shower of rain he took shelter under a wide spreading tree, where he found a party of young people waiting for the storm to cease.

One, a girl, was sweeping, and the dean learned that she was on her way to church to marry a young fellow who was with her.

The party were walking, as was then the custom in country districts, but owing to the storm it seemed very much as if the ceremony would not take place that day.

"Never mind," said the dean; "I'll marry you."

He took up his prayer book and there and then performed the ceremony. At the finish he tore a leaf out of his pocketbook and with a pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. Besides the names and the date, there was the following:

Under a tree in stormy weather I married this man and woman together. Let none but him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder. —Reynolds' Newspaper.

A Bungler.

He was a twentieth century hustling builder, and under his auspices cottages and buildings seemed to spring up like mushrooms. "Please, sir," said one of his foremen, rushing up to him one morning in a state of mental collapse, "one of the new houses has fallen down in the night."

"What!" he roared. "You mean to say that one of my well built, desirable residential houses has come to grief? Ah, I suppose you took the scaffolding down before you put on the wall paper?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, what can you expect, you rank outsider? Call yourself a foreman! Get off the works! You're sacked!"—London Globe.

Two Rights and a Wrong.

A Camden shoe man sold a pair of shoes recently to a woman and after she had left the store discovered that he had made the mistake of giving the customer two rights instead of a right and left, as is customary. Rushing after the woman, he offered to make the wrong right, but was curtly informed that the customer was satisfied, as she had a wooden leg on the left side anyhow and needed only rights. Now the dealer considers himself flummoxed, because for the price of one pair of shoes he has really supplied the customer with two pairs.—Kennebec Journal.

The Other Half is Waiting.

One of the most pitiable sights in the world is that of people who are using only a small bit of their ability while the rest of it is waiting to be used. It is still ineffective because of the many little weaknesses or peculiarities, the bad habits or the lack of preparation which handicaps and makes practically ineffective the whole life. How pitiable to see splendid talent, fine ability, everywhere tied down by comparatively little things!—Success Magazine.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar." "Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner." "Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Exchange.

The Omen.

Mr. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has sn her traveling gown.—Harper's Weekly.

In Nineteen Something Else.

The dead man found on the fifty-five story building is believed to have fallen from a neighboring roof. He was terribly crushed.—Success Magazine.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he can't buy.—Simmons.

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough, a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh and, with spirits thus renewed, continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—London Chronicle.

Cigar Smoke.

The stale smell of cigar smoke is peculiarly unpleasant and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains and to most of the articles of furniture which present any sort of an absorbent surface. It is not so to the same extent with cigarettes or with pipes. In the case even of a single cigar books, papers and textiles reek of its stale flavor, and the room requires abundant airing before that flavor is completely eliminated. This effect, we are told, may be traced to the fact that a cigar produces pungent aromatic oils in greater abundance than a cigarette or a pipe. With the cigarette oils are probably burnt even if they are formed, while in the pipe they condense in the stem. In the cigar they seem to be chiefly discarded into the air. In the form of a cigar tobacco would appear to produce more oils than in the form of a cigarette or when burnt in a pipe.—London Lancet.

Perry's Big Guns.

Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result—ah, that was the point. One old fellow, who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground, soon settled that point. Sprung up, he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! They are whipped! They are whipped!" "How do you know?" the others inquired. "Heard the big guns last!" Perry's guns were the heaviest.

Turning a Tight Screw.

Any one who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a very difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bite of the screw, which remains fixed as tightly as ever. With the aid of a pair of pinchers, however, the affair is quite a simple one. Place the screwdriver in position and then catch hold of the blade with the pinchers just above the head of the screw. Press the screwdriver firmly and at the same time twist round the blade with the pinchers. The tightest screw will yield immediately to this sort of persuasion.

Bird Dogs.

Bird dogs have been known as such for only about three or four centuries. So far as we know, the Duke of Northumberland, sixteenth century, was the first trainer of bird dogs. The duke was followed by others who trained dogs to "set" birds, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that any reliable record of a distinct brand of bird dogs can be found. The Gordon setter was founded by the Duke of Gordon about 1800.—New York American.

A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the cabbie, "Cabby, your horse has hemorrhage." "It's 'is tongue's too large for his mouth," said the cabbie and added sententiously, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

Good Terms.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the corner grocer. "No doubt of it, sir, especially," he added as an afterthought, "as the terms are cash."—London Telegraph.

Child Management.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding school-mistresses in the universe.—White.

Sleepless Paris.

Parisians do not know any longer what real deep, restoring sleep is. It is the lack of this which is giving modern generations their colorless lips, pale faces and feverish eyes.—Echo de Paris.