

THE BLARNEY STONE.

An Old Legend Tells How It Found Its Way to Ireland.

THE MAGIC OF KISSING IT.

Origin of the Quaint Belief That It Imparts to the Lips That Touch It the Power to Utter Honeyed, Coaxing and Delusive Speeches.

The blarney stone takes its name from the village of Blarney, in County Cork, Ireland, near which stand the ruins of the famous Blarney castle...

The true stone is declared to be one in the castle wall, a few feet below the summit of the tower. To reach and osculate it is necessary for one to be held over the parapet by the heels...

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a franc fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay...

Of the blarney stone Father Prout, the Irish poet, declared that it was the palladium of liberty for Erin. He describes the stone and relates a number of legends regarding it...

As to the origin of the belief in regard to the qualities secured by kissing the stone, Crofton Croker says that in 1602, when the Spaniards were urging the Irish chieftains to harass the English...

The word found its way into literature in the last century. In the "Journal" of Caroline Fox, which appeared in 1835, there is this use of the word: "Mme. de Stael was regretting to Lord Castlereagh that there was no word in the English language which answered to their sentiment..."

"The blarney" so great a deceiver in one of his Irish novels. President James Buchanan wrote, "The general has yet to learn that my father's countrymen (I have ever felt proud of my descent from an Irishman), though they themselves do blarney others, are yet hard to be blarneyed themselves..."

The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship tries. And mumbles again the old blarneys and lies. The name of the old time castle and town has added a noun, a verb, an adjective and a participle to the language...

One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel...

Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimneypot hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame...

FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 73 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons...

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman. "There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin. But the "agent" refused to take it. "Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace..."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted. "Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?" "I do," was the reply.

"Good. You are fined 1 franc." "There you are, then." And the American again held out the franc. But the magistrate would have none of it. "You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw..."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a franc fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay, first of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 48 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 73 centimes. The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked: "In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

HE HAD TO PAY.

Half a Dollar That the Traveling Man Hated to Spend.

"The 50 cents I hated most to spend," said the traveling man, "went to the Canadian Pacific railroad. I don't mind paying for things I get, but this particular expenditure couldn't be indorsed for value received..."

"A number of us got into St. John, N. B., one night just in time to catch the night train for Boston. We got aboard only to learn that the train didn't carry a diner. Now, a long night ride without dinner isn't a pleasant prospect, so we besieged the conductor..."

"Why don't you start on the Montreal, which pulls out just ahead of us?" he said. "It carries a diner, and we can pick you up at Fredericton Junction." "No danger of our passing us? we asked, and he assured us that he couldn't very well, as there was only one track. So we all piled out after leaving our baggage in our Pullman berths..."

"It was surely a fine scheme we thought as we dined at our leisure in the Montreal train. After dinner we sought the nearest smoking compartment in a sleeping car and prepared to wait in comfort for Fredericton Junction..."

"Then along comes a much uniformed official and demands 50 cents each for the privilege of eating a meal and having a smoke aboard his train. We explained carefully that we belonged on the other train, had given up the price for Pullman berths, and, furthermore, that we had been sent aboard this train for the sole purpose of getting our dinner. Didn't the Canadian Pacific run both trains? we asked. "But it was no use. We had to pay."—Washington Post.

Bismarck's Appetite. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more; and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

Classified. One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel, and all of them know that they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.—London Tit-Bits.

Shameless. Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimneypot hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Half of our diseases are in our minds, and the other half are in our houses.—Ernest Seton Thompson.

One Fish Didn't Grow.

A number of men were telling of remarkable catches off Atlantic City, and one of them said that one day he caught a very small cod, and, not caring to take home such a little fellow, he took a piece of copper wire, ran it through the tail of the fish, and on one end of the wire he attached a copper tag with his name scratched upon it. "The next year when I was off there," continued the man, "I got a heavy pull on the line, and after five minutes' fighting landed a twelve pound cod, and there on its tail was my tag." "That reminds me of a similar experience off there," said another man. "I caught one of those small cod, and I wanted to hang some sort of identification on it, but I couldn't find anything in the copper tag line from one end of the boat to the other. I did find, however, a little tin whistle in one of my pockets, and, running a wire through the tail of the fish, I hung on the whistle and threw the cod back into the water..."

"The following year I got a most peculiar bite on my hook, and after pulling in the line I got the surprise of my life. There was the same little cod. He hadn't grown an inch, but hanging on his tail was a long fog horn!"—Philadelphia Press.

Put Through His Paces.

The wealthy Briton is confessedly the most fastidious man living as to the quality of his personal domestic service. The concentrated energy with which an Englishman will rebuke his servant for an offense so slight that the average American fails to observe it bears out the above statement. Those who propose changing servants are not content with references and a perfunctory interview with the man or maid under consideration, but insist upon a full dress rehearsal of both manners and appearance. The servant in livery is put through all his paces, must display the size of his calves, the haughtiness of his pose as well as breeding in handling a card, announcing a guest or serving at the table. Nothing is taken for granted. The master and the mistress sit by and discuss the points of groom or butler as they would those of a high priced horse or valuable dog. Domesticates are taken with great seriousness by the upper class Englishmen, and for that reason nothing is left to luck in peopling the servants' hall...

Wink at Some Things.

"When you have mastered the gentle art of winking," said Lord Beaconsfield, "you hold the key to success in your hands..."

Every one's personality is made up of trivial failings and trivial talents. Foster the good qualities in your friends and subordinates and wink at those failings so dear to their possessors. Not to see everything is a rule which will strengthen friendships and help you to get the best results from your fellow workers...

"He is no good," said the great Napoleon of one of his officers. "He is continually looking into the privates' stew pot!"

"I want a man who can keep his eye on the ultimate result and ignore little failings, never mind how aggravating," said Nelson. And General Gordon once remarked that the man who lost his temper because a private's boot lace was tied loosely on the day of a battle did more to lose the day than all the enemy's guns.

The Mysterious Gegen-schicht.

There is visible in the night sky, under favorable circumstances, a faint light, rounded in outline and situated always exactly opposite to the place of the sun. It is called the "gegen-schicht" and is one of the most inexplicable objects known to astronomers. According to a scientist, it may be a sort of cometary or meteoric satellite attending the earth. He supposes it to be composed of a cloud of meteors, situated about 1,000,000 miles from the earth and revolving around it in a period of just one year, so that the sun and the meteors are always on opposite sides of the earth. He estimates that the size of this ghostly satellite may be nearly the same as that of the planet Jupiter—viz, about 86,000 miles in diameter.

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the New York courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness." "Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted..."

Quick Change. "Who," she asked, "is that scrawny, bowlegged, ridiculous looking person talking to Miss Rockin'ham?" "That is Count Dria-pikanitzel." "Oh! What an aristocratic, noble bearing he seems to have now that he has shifted his position so that the light strikes him properly!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cowslip. "I saw a cowslip by the river's brim," said the long haired borderer who had just returned from a stroll. "I hope 'twan't one of my cows," said the practical farmer. "Did she slip clear in?"

A Surprise. When a woman calls her husband up by telephone without his knowing who she is, she is always surprised to see how politely he addresses her at first.—Somerville Journal.

Since time is not a person we can overtake when he is gone, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—Goethe.

A PEDDLER'S JOKE.

It Had a Sharp Turn That Took All the Fun Out of It.

One day a peddler of tinware stopped at a country house in New England and, leaving his horse and wagon at the gate, went to the door, where a big woman with a rather pleasant face met him. He told her what he had for sale and succeeded in disposing of half a dozen articles to her. Then she said that she had not money enough to buy more. "Well, ma'am," said the peddler, "I'll take rags if you have any." "I have none to sell," answered the woman.

"You seem to have plenty of children," he said. "Maybe you might sell me one of them and take the pay in tinware." "What will you give?" said the woman. "I'll give \$15," said the man, "all in the best tinware." "Well, sir," said the woman, "it's a bargain; take your pick of the lot."

The peddler was surprised that his joke was working so well, but he kept a very serious face, and, selecting a very bright looking little fellow of six years, he took him up and put him on the seat of the wagon and then gave the woman \$10 worth of such articles as she wanted. "Never doubting that the mother would repent of her bargain and give him, to redeem the boy, \$10 in money the minute she saw him starting off, he climbed up on the seat, touched up his horse and drove off. He drove very slowly, however, for he expected every second to hear the woman call him back, for how could he think for a moment that a mother would sell her child for a lot of tinware?"

But she did not call him back much to his amazement, while, as for the boy, he was in high glee, for he was going to have a drive. Presently the peddler, fearing that the joke had been turned on him, drove back to the gate. Lifting the disappointed little fellow down from the wagon, he went with him to the door, where he found that the woman had just finished arranging her new tin nicely on her shelves.

"I think the boy will not do, after all," said the peddler, "and you had better take him back and let me have my tin." "No, sir!" cried the woman. "A bargain's a bargain, and you must stick to it!" "Why, ma'am," said the man, "surely you wouldn't sell your little son for a lot of tinware?" "Oh," answered the woman, "I have no children, mister. The boys and girls you see here are pauper children, and as you seem to be a good sort of man I'll sell you as many of 'em as you want for \$10 apiece."

The peddler stared at her for a minute in speechless amazement, and then, turning suddenly toward his wagon, he drove away as fast as his horse could take him. But he left his tin behind him.—Pittsburg Press.

His Modest Request.

Your regular "professional" tramp has a sharp tongue and is not slow to use it when occasion arises. A farmer's wife had curtly refused the usual request for a night's lodging from a gentleman of this fraternity. "Well, then, ma'am," said the tramp, "would you mind if I slept in that big meadow there behind your barn?" "No," said the woman in a magnanimous tone, "you may sleep there if you like."

"One thing more, ma'am," said the tramp, "before I say good night. Will you please have me called at 4 sharp? I want to catch the cattle train to market."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lacked Relish.

A good many of the Sac and Fox Indians do not talk much, and when they are in a store and see something they want they pick it up and pay for it. When Tom Hall was keeping a drug store an Indian woman entered it and picked up a can of varnish and paid for it. A few weeks later the same woman was in again and Tom asked her if she wanted another can. She said no, they couldn't eat the can she had.—Stroud (Okla.) Messenger.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a five-golf course on one occasion accompanied by an old caddy. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot. The caddy revolted instantly, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, gow's gow!"

Satin Ashes.

Small Nellie read aloud from her Sunday school lesson as follows: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes." This was a puzzle, and finally she said, "Mamma, what kind of ashes is satin ashes?"—Chicago News.

Fault Finding.

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint. Most people who rob Peter to pay Paul forget the last part of the contract.

Driven to Drink. Artist—My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist—Oh, no; it's a horse approaching a water trough!

No Heredity About It. Gerald—My father was an old salt. Geraldine—That's funny. You are a young fresh.

A covetous man makes no friends.—Cingalese Proverb.

A Bibulous Lord Mayor.

Any one with a love of queer names should study the names of past lord mayors of London. Besides one or two that are merely uncommon and did not belong to men of any distinction, not belong to men of any distinction, such as Sir Richard Spina, mayor in 1482, there are some that deserve notice also for the sake of those who bore them. There was Sir John Brugges in 1520, whose ancestor fought at Agincourt, when, curiously enough, the name had the more modern form of name had the more Alderman Mica Bradges. There was John the first Jay Perry in 1739, who laid the first stone of the Mansion House, and Sir Benjamin Hamet, who was fined £1,000 in 1797 for refusing to act as mayor—positively a cheap way of getting out of it.

The most appropriately named lord mayor seems, however, to have been the cheerful Sir Robert Viner, who entertained Charles II. and drank the king's health so often as to become unduly merry. The king tactfully sought to retire, but Viner plucked him by the sleeve and vowed he should "stay and take the other bottle!" Charles II., never at a loss, complied, murmuring, "He that is drunk is as great as a king."—St. James' Gazette.

Awed by the Beau.

When Beau Brummel, the celebrated dandy, was, in consequence of his fallen fortunes, residing at Calais, he had occasion to visit the consul at the kindness of the consul at the former place he was enabled to accompany a king's messenger to the capital and thus travel free of expense. When the messenger returned, the consul was curious to know how he and his aristocratic companion had fraternized upon the road. "What kind of a traveling companion did you find Mr. Brummel?" asked he. "Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Ah! And what did he say?" "Say, sir? Nothing! He slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way! Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored!" The messenger acknowledged that Brummel did so, but immediately, as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added, with great gravity, "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummel snored very much like a gentleman!"—Argonaut.

The Flight of a Great Nebula.

One of the most striking spectacles revealed by telescopes is that of the great nebula in Orion. In the complexity of its glowing streams, spirals and strangely shaped masses, intercepted by yawning black gaps and sprinkled over with stars arranged in suggestive groups and lines, it has few rivals in the heavens. The impression of astonishment made by the sight of this nebula is heightened by knowledge of its enormous size. The entire solar system would appear as a tiny speck beside it. Yet this tremendous aggregation of nebulous clouds and starry swarms has been proved by the researches of the astronomers of the Lick observatory to be flying away from the earth and the sun at the rate of eleven miles in every second. But so vast is its distance that a hundred years reveal no visual effects of the great nebula's swift retreat. If it were near by it would seem to become rapidly smaller.—Chicago Record Herald.

What He Did Know.

St. Thomas' Episcopal church, in Fifth avenue, has under its jurisdiction an east side chapel. One of the features of the chapel is a gymnasium, in which boys are trained in all of the branches of physical culture. Some of the boys are quicker in this sort of training than they are in the more polite talk of the west side boys.

The rector of St. Thomas, the Rev. Dr. Stres, visits the chapel frequently and is fond of talking with the lads about their work. He said to one little fellow who hails from near the East river: "Well, my son, they tell me you won quite a victory in your last contest with the boys of a rival school."

"I don't know 'bout that, but w'en we went up ag'in dat bunch from St. Pat's we put it all over 'em, and dey ain't never peeped since."—New York Sun.

The Ugliest Beast.

Probably the ugliest beast in the world is a monkey, a growsome looking animal called the bearded saki. This is so utterly grotesque a beast that it would scarcely be safe to let a child or nervous person see it. The ugliness is not of an amusing kind, but of an evil, sinister nature. The beast has a sort of beard and a countenance unlike anything else in shape and lines. The monkey itself is not particularly savage, but is so hideous that the natives of its country, South America, say that no beast of prey, however hungry, will tackle it. Even a hungry jaguar will starve in a cageful of sakis.

Missed a Chance. "But, Tommy," said his mother, "you asked for two cakes and I gave them to you. Aren't you satisfied?" "No, I ain't," growled Tommy. "You was so easy I'm kickin' meself now 'cause I didn't ask fur four."—Philadelphia Press.

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Libby Prison Diarrhoea Relieved.

Mr. Edward E. Henry, with the United States Express Co., Chicago, writes, "Our General Superintendent, Mr. Quirk, handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy some time ago to check an attack of the old Libby Prison diarrhoea. I have used it since that time and cured many on our trains who have been sick. I am an old soldier who served with Rutherford B. Hayes and William Mc. Kinley four years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and have no ailment except Libby Prison diarrhoea, which this remedy stops at once." For sale by all Druggists.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven, however, that Catarrh is not a local disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from two drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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