

THE FIGHT FOR FAME.

Mar's Heroic Effort to Clutch the Priceless Jewel.

His way was in a bloody lane where clanking caissons splashed along, his goal the line where blazing guns laughed out their song of death.

Another in a garret sighed for fame. Crusts were his portion and his raiment only rags. Hermit-like he toiled alone, nor could nor hunger ever daunted him.

Both fought the fight, each in his way, one for a heroic shape of bronze, one for a speechless marble face, each for the epitaph, that all the ages in the dust of time might know "he did and died."

YOUR UMBRELLA.

A Simple and Effective Method of Marking It.

Name plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas. But there is a way by which you may so mark your umbrellas that the finders and borrowers thereof will be reminded of your name and address every time they stealthily sally forth with your umbrella over their heads.

You will thereupon find the white letters of your name standing forth immaculately against the black background of your umbrella cover. The cornstarch paste is applied to keep the oils of the paint from penetrating the umbrella cover and showing on the outer side.

An Error in Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia.

Hay on Church Floor.

A curious custom is annually observed at Old Neston church on St. Swifth's day. The church is dedicated to St. Swifth, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay.

Ancient.

"You never give credit for the jokes you print." "Well," responded the editor of the Punkville Palladium, "I don't know whom to give credit to. Noah failed to carry those records into the ark."

He Apologized.

Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to excuse me."

Wholesale Wealth.

"He is not rich as wealth is measured today." "Measured, eh?" murmured an elderly philosopher. "I guess that's a modern term. They used to count the money in the old days."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Bachelor's Button.

"What is a bachelor's button?" "One that ain't there."—Cleveland Leader.

Insomnia and Alarm Clocks.

The patient complained of insomnia. "You must get an alarm clock at once," said the physician. "The patient started."

"I mean it. What time do you waken usually in the night?" "Two o'clock lately."

"Set the alarm for fifteen minutes before 2. As soon as it strikes, get up, dress for the day and take a walk of not less than two miles. Do not go to bed again that day under any circumstances, nor take a nap, even sitting in your chair."

"The next night set the alarm at a quarter past 2. You will sleep until it wakens you. Get up as before and take another two mile walk."

"The third night you can venture to set your alarm at 3. Repeat the walk. If you are not cured by that time, you will be a more difficult case than any I have had heretofore, but if the habit of lying awake is not broken begin back at 2 o'clock again and repeat."

Wonderful.

Two sailors noticed that a shark was following their ship. Not knowing how to get rid of it, they threw a chair overboard.

The shark swallowed this, but still followed.

The sailors then threw a box of oranges overboard to it.

The shark swallowed this and still followed.

The men seemed completely beaten for a moment what to do until one of them said that those on board should draw lots for who had to satisfy the shark.

It fell to an old woman. So the sailors tossed her overboard, and the shark ate her at one bite.

This did not content the fish, which still followed. So the sailors harpooned it and dragged it on board.

On opening it they found to their surprise the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges "three a penny."

Fresh Water From the Ocean. Manama, the principal port of the Bahrein islands, the center of the pearl fisheries, gets its fresh water from the ocean.

Visitors often note boats anchored a few hundred yards from the shore, the boatmen engaged in drawing fresh water from springs at the bottom of the sea. These springs well up strongly at a considerable depth, and the entire water supply of the town is obtained from them.

The Mere Formality Won.

"Yes, sir," said the pale, youthful suitor; "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lilies, charming."

"Is that Mary you're talking about?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know, this asking for your daughter's hand, but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Mary's papa stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?"

"You may, sir," replied the young man simply. "It was Mary's."

Paraguay's Sweet Plant.

A herb called by the natives can ebe, but botanically Eupatorium rebaudianum, grows wild in Paraguay. It is remarkable for its sweetness. Indeed, the native name means the "sugar plant."

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the twelve," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning. "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. Whenever we dropped into a doze they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

"And you had to submit, I suppose, for they constituted the majority?"

"Yes. They were a rousing majority," said the hollow eyed juror, with a pensive attempt to be facetious.—Chicago Tribune.

A Life Note.

"Life is what we make it," said the philosopher.

"Alas," exclaimed the practical one, "that we can't make it a million!" We ask Providence to make us thankful for what we receive and then go to figuring on just how much Providence is going to send us.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Present.

"That's a very fine purse you have, Henry."

"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Indeed! Anything in it?"

"Yes; the bill for the purse!"

One Exception.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

Turn thyself to the true riches and learn to be content with little.—Seaver.

GLOUCESTER.

The Greatest Fishing Center in the United States.

Everything smells of fish in Gloucester. It is not an odor to which any of the natives object. Nor do visitors find in it anything of which to complain, for it is the pungent ozone of the sea, the smell of fish freshly caught.

Gloucester has really never known anything else, for since its beginning, approaching three centuries ago, it has always had fishing for its chief industry, and today it is the greatest fishing center of the United States and, according to the belief of many, of the world.

When a two masted schooner, laden to the gunwales with its cargo of fish, comes into the wharfs the fish are carried in great tubs. Over these stand a company of experts, men who have cleaned hundreds of thousands of fish and who can make the quick cuts and do the scraping with incredible speed.

Running to each tub is a hose, and after the waste has been removed an instant under the high pressure of water from the hose cleans out the fish completely and makes it sweet and ready for the next step in the operation. Codfish is dried and salted before being sent to the market, and the work is also done on the wharfs.

INSOMNIA.

Curious Way in Which it Affected a Woman's Imagination.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," said the nervous woman. "If the patient in the next room to mine, No. 22, doesn't keep quiet at night I must change my room or leave the sanitarium altogether."

"What's the trouble?" asked her physician.

"She has one of these squeaky old wooden bedsteads, and every time she turns over it awakens me. Last night she did nothing but toss to and fro, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

"I'll see to that at once," he assured her. "A woman in your condition certainly must have absolute quiet at night. I'll have the patient in No. 22 sleep on the roof. The fresh air will be better for her anyway."

The next morning the nervous woman appeared in the consultation room of the sanitarium in radiant mood.

"How did you sleep?" asked the doctor.

"Perfectly," she replied. "I'm so much obliged to you. It made a great difference."

"I knew it would," he said gravely.

He was telling the truth, because he knew the power of the imagination in disease, especially of the nerves. As a matter of fact, No. 22 had not been occupied at night for three weeks. The patient had been sleeping on the roof all the time.—Exchange.

Got Quite Pleasant.

The mistress of a hospitable home in New York recently had to employ a new second girl whose work she liked, but whose blunt and forbidding manner she liked not at all. She talked to the girl and urged her to be pleasant and agreeable whenever she had to say anything to other people, particularly visitors.

A great surprise for the mistress followed this admonition. The next day the girl happened to attend the door, and she opened it just as her mistress was passing through the hall. To the astonishment and bewilderment of the latter the girl reached out and, catching the caller by the hand, actually dragged her inside the door, expressing her pleasure at seeing her, and then hastened to announce the call to her mistress.—New York Sun.

Canaries of Paris.

The vender of chickweed in Paris is a well known figure. The sellers are numerous, and their cry is one of the most noteworthy of those that resound in the morning in the streets of the French capital. According to the Bulletin des Halles, there are about a hundred thousand canaries in the capital, and the daily consumption of chickweed is estimated at \$2,000. This sun looks large, but it allows only 2 cents for each bird. A Paris contemporary points out that a goodly portion of land between Suresnes and Courbevoie is set aside for the cultivation of the weed.

The Excitement.

"How fast do you usually travel?" "I don't pay much attention to that," answered the motorist. "I get most of my excitement in watching the rapidly with which pedestrians move out of my way."—Washington Star.

Feminine Nerves.

There are nervous women, there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that.—Wellington Free Lance.

Sticks to His Word.

"He is a man who sticks to every word he says." "Is that so?" "Yes; he stutters so."—New York Telegram.

Necessity is stronger far than art.—Aeschylus.

Smyrna Figs.

Smyrna figs ripen by the beginning of August. They are not picked, but when they reach a certain maturity they begin to dry, and consequently they drop on the ground. In the morning everybody on the plantations goes around with buckets gathering the fruit, which they carry to a certain place where the ground is covered with dry leaves and straw (sergel) and on which they spread the fruit.

Exposing it to the sun, allowing it to remain there from two to three days. It takes about three days to dry the fig if north winds prevail, as the atmosphere is then very dry. If, however, westerly winds are blowing, which means heavy dew at night, the fruit must remain exposed to the sun from five to seven days.

This is a dangerous period, as rain or even a shower might ruin hundreds of tons of fruit lying on the ground. Heavy dews sometimes are just as detrimental. The proper atmospheric conditions to insure a crop of large, sound, rich figs are west winds in June and July, followed by north winds in August, and from then on an occasional west wind every five or six days.

Not a Nursery.

"Before I got this job I had no idea so many funny things happened on street cars," said a new conductor, according to the Denver Post. "Every day I see and hear things that are amusing. For instance, a woman with a baby about two years old boarded my car and rode downtown. When we reached Fifteenth and California she rose to get off. The baby was tucked snugly in the corner of the seat. The woman hesitated in the aisle. 'Say,' she said to me, 'I'd like to ask a favor of you.'"

"What is it?" I asked.

"I've got some shopping to do," she said. "Would you please take baby around a trip with you? I don't want him with me. I'll be back when you return to this corner and take him."

"Madam," I replied, "I can't take care of your baby. Suppose he should get to crying, as he undoubtedly would?"

"Well, goodness me," she said, "you could slap him, couldn't you?"

The Complete Alpinist.

The young millionaire had climbed the Jungfrau, Monck and Eiger. "It is more dangerous work than motoring," he said, "and, dear me, how the climber is loaded down. He resembles a peddler more than anything else. He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ax wherewith to cut steps for himself in perpendicular ice walls, and he has a cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to help him up and down the steeps. In the sack on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of concentrated soup, tea, coffee, candles, socks, extra shirts, gloves, pins, brandy, meat extract, smoked glasses. And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes, without which in the hot August sun he would sink in the soft snow quite up to his knees at every step."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Walking on Your Hat.

"Nothing is wasted in this house" is the proud remark which you may often hear from the lips of an expert housekeeper. It is a boast, however, that few people could really justify. Take the case of a worn-out derby hat. In the majority of instances this discarded article of headgear finds its way to the rubbish heap or perhaps into the hands of a passing tramp. If only people were aware of the fact, the most excellent felt soles for the inside of their boots and slippers are thus being discarded. These soles can be cut from the sides of an old hat and are much more comfortable than the ordinary cork ones.

The Japanese and Their Prisoners.

The Japanese have a rather kindly way of treating prisoners who have not yet been convicted. The regulation prison dress is a kind of strawberry red colored kimono, but men on remand wear light blue as a sign that, although under strong suspicion, they have not yet been found guilty. When prisoners in this class have occasion to pass through the public streets curious extinguisher-like baskets are placed upon their heads.—Wide World Magazine.

Way to Marital Happiness.

"Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness," advises a student of the problem. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Penholder.

He had lent her his stylographic pen, and she commenced to write a letter. She—Oh, it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with this pen. He—I'm in love with the holder. She saw the point.

His Bluff Called.

"My dear, you grow prettier every day." "And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Miraculous Foresight.

Englishman (reading)—"Keep Out—This Means You!" Bah Jove, how did they know I was coming?—Judge.

The Power of Habit.

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said. "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

A Shrewd Doctor.

"This incident," said a doctor, "happened in France two or three centuries ago. In the days when public criers were always in evidence. There was a physician of Montpellier who used to go from place to place to practice the healing art. He employed a very ingenious trick to help him on his way. When he came to a town where he was not known he pretended to have lost his dog, which he declared was a very valuable animal, and ordered the public crier to roam about, beat loud on his drum and offer a reward of 25 lous to whoever should bring the dog to him. At the same time the crier was directed to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor as well as his place of residence. Of course it happened that the doctor was not long in becoming almost the sole topic of talk in the town. The people made up their minds that he must be a famous physician as well as a very rich one, as he could offer 25 lous for finding his dog. You might reasonably judge that the dog was never found, but plenty of patients were."

Winning a Juryman.

It is related of Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers in the last century, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument.

In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw that his practiced eyes that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect, but this man, in spite of all Lachaud could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

Lachaud continued with his work, however, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice on the curtain and was shining on top of the head of this jurymen, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle I am sure that the sixth jurymen would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate jurymen's heart and Lachaud's case.—New York Tribune.

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