

**ING IN FRANCE.**

Don't Pay Up, Then Life is Made a Burden.

We pay pourboires in France simply because if we didn't we'd be worth living. Here comes the waiter who gives the waiter: After a cognac he summons the waiter and gave him the exact price summation. Then he rose before he had time to leave the waiter tripped over a saucer and fell on his face. He was carrying a tray with a glass of sticky cognac. The clumsy waiter made things worse by seizing the waiter's coat and rubbing the waiter into the coat. Supervisor, but does not tip his content. It is the result? This—that brings up the waiter at all and it when they arrive; that is, you are not at home. The waiter's matter of fact you are for them. If you grease the waiter from time to time there is no difficulty in allowing the waiter to go up to your room as soon as the tips are stopped. Most irritating regulations that have been heard of will be enforced by the grocer's and the butcher taking up your orders, and the waiter will be done to make your waiter.

Servants may go out every week and all night, but tip the concierge with your money or wine you will never know when it is not the concierge or servant that make your existence comfortable. It is the blanchisseuse, who washes the collars that don't belong to somebody else's pajamas and edged handkerchiefs. But the most annoying annoyances are the London Globe.

**GATHERED TYRANTS.**

Fowls of the Air Dread the Muscicapa Birds.

The work is the strangest of the world in the world of birds. In central Europe the muscicapa birds police the air, posted on high wires. Black, with heads and wings with orange fillets, these flycatchers are dreaded by the fowls of the air. Eagles, falcons and all the feathered strong men shrink from an encounter with this tyrant. When the tyrant finds wires to perch on he is on a pole. When stationed on a pole or a pasture he perches upon the back of an ox. He lives by hunting insects and attacks all birds, even the most unequal struggle. All the fowls of the air fear the police bird, and the most active plagues of the fowls of the air when under the eye of the Muscicapa tyrannus. In winter the tyrant takes possession of the warm shelters prized by the fowls in the nests. The tyrant is a thief and sows terror among fowls and enemies alike. Even the fowls banded to fall upon a field of grain when they see the black coat of the tyrant hold his power by his cruelty. All animals yield to the tyrant of courage, a quality special to the Muscicapa birds. The tyrant bird is small, but his attitude commands respect.—Harper's Weekly.

**Curious Anticipations.**

Many peculiar anticipations have been cited against patent applications. One time a congressman took to the patent office a lock invented by one of his rural constituents. The lock was an exact copy of a lock figured in "Price on Locks," showing the lock used on a gate of ancient Thebes thousands of years before Christ. The congressman after examining the illustration, which was shown him by one of the officers, exclaimed that he didn't know who that fellow from Thebes was, he certainly stole it from his constituent. On another occasion an application for a patent was filed for a paper basket whose construction corresponded in detail with the Scriptural description of the ark in which Moses was placed in the bulrushes. Which, we are told in the second chapter of Exodus, was an ark of bulrushes daubed with slime and pitch. This is also probably the first recorded instance of a re-enforced concrete structure.—Scientific American.

**They Were "Hung Up."**

"I like you, Jim," said the practical girl, "but you've been a bachelor for so many years that I fear you have fallen into disgraceful habits. You must be awfully careless, for instance, about your wardrobe."

"My dear," answered the suitor, "I give you my word that every rag I am not wearing now is hung up."

She believed him and accepted him. But what he meant by "hung up" and what she understood by it were two different things.—New York Journal.

**Wasted Time.**

"You want that book bound, str? Yes, str. It will cost 3 marks. But there are pictures in it. That will make it 5 marks, str."

"But why is it more with pictures?"

"Oh, you see, str, my helper will waste so much time looking at them!"

—Fliegende Blätter.

**He Was Modest.**

"Tramp—Kin I get a bite to eat here?"

Woman—Yes, if you'll saw that pile of wood. Tramp (sitting up the job)—I ain't askin' for no ten dollar a plate banquet, lady.—Boston Transcript.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

**SWITCHED ON SUFFRAGE.**

Bill Changed His Opinion After a Talk With His Wife.

Old Bill Shiftless wandered in the other day to talk a little politics, says the Osborne (Kanz.) Farmer. Bill is somewhat interested in the woman suffrage movement. He is for it good and strong. Bill says: "My wife has as much right to vote as I have. She does half the work and owns half of everything and should have as much say as I have. Of course the old woman would also vote as I told her to, but that makes no difference. It would give me double power, and the Lord knows us poor people have little enough to say now about the way things are run. Then, besides, I want the old lady to have all the pleasure she can get out of this world."

That night old Bill was talking the question over with his wife. She said she would like to get a chance to vote the distilleries off the face of the earth. Bill stared up in a minute.

"That's just the way with the women," yelled Bill. "Give them half a chance and they would ruin everything. Look at the poor people around here who can't afford a doctor or a buy medicine. If they can keep a little liquor in the house it saves many a sick spell. Women have all they can do to look after things around the house without chasing off and voting."

Then old Bill chased himself to bed and left Mrs. Shiftless to bring in a bucket of coal and get kindling for the morning.

**BRUMMEL'S GHOSTS.**

Pathetic Picture of the Great Beau In His Decadence.

We are more familiar with the picture of Beau Brummel in the days of his prosperity than in his decadence. Here is a pathetic glimpse of the last phase at Caen, when the old man's mind had begun to give way under the accumulated stress of penury and ingratitude.

"Sometimes he thought he ought to give a party, so he would arrange the apartment, set out the candles and get the house attendant to be with him. At 8 o'clock this man would open the door of the room and announce 'the Duchess of Devonshire!' At the sound of this name Brummel would rise from his chair and greet the cold air from the staircase as though it were the beautiful duchess herself, making his most courtly bow and saying: 'Ah, my dear duchess, how rejoiced I am to see you—so very amiable of you at this short notice!' Pray, bury yourself in this armchair! Do you know, it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, she is now no more! Then, his eyes filling with tears, he would sink into his chair, looking vacantly into the fire until Lord Alvanley, Lord Allen, the Duke of Beaufort or some other old friend was ushered in. At 10 the attendant announced the carriage of each invisible visitor, and this ghostly party would conclude."—London Graphic.

**Auction Selling in Japan.**

Sealed bids are used in auctioning property in Japan. There is no shouting. The auctioneer announces to the audience that he has such and such a piece of property for sale and invites bids. Those who wish to bid write their bids and names on slips of paper. The paper is folded and placed in a box. When the auctioneer sees no more bids coming he opens the box and sorts out the bids. The highest bid takes the property. It is like a bond sale—no one knows what his neighbor bids. If a bidder is anxious to get the property he will not put in a small offer. On the contrary, he will very likely bid all the property is worth. For this reason an owner never puts up his property for auction unless he wants to sell it.—New York Sun.

**A Famous Dresser.**

Joseph Murat was in his day the best dressed man in the world. Born in 1767 in a village near Cahors, the son of a day laborer, he was sent to a Jesuit school to be educated for the priesthood. He ran away, joined the army, and sixteen years after he had become a lieutenant he was a field marshal, Duke of Cleve and Berg, with Napoleon's sister, Caroline, as his wife. Finally, by the grace of his brother-in-law, was created king of Naples. In all stations he paid the closest attention to his attire and wore in battle gold embroidered and jeweled uniforms which would have made him conspicuous at a court function and dressed himself as for a review when he was led forth to be shot.—New York Tribune.

**Strenuous.**

"Life is far from being monotonous at the Twiller home."

"How is that?"

"The family pets include a bulldog, a cat and a globe of goldfish, the problem being to keep the bulldog from killing the cat and the cat from catching the goldfish."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Careful About Himself.**

Husband—I say, how many 's in billions? Wife—One, of course. You told me how to spell it yesterday when I was writing. Husband—Ah, but I'm writing now, and that makes all the difference.—London Punch.

**Encouraging.**

Tragedian—My parents tried hard to keep me from becoming an actor. Comedian—I congratulate them on their success.

The hate which we all bear with the most patience is the hate of those who hate us.—Coffin.

**THE WORD "BUNGALOW."**

It Comes From the Hindi Bangla, Meaning a Thatched Hut.

The word bungalow is an Anglo-Indian version of the Hindi bangla, which primarily means Bengal, or of Bengal, and is also applied to a thatched hut, says Country Life in America. It may be worth while to explain how this trivial and merely local name came to be fixed on the Englishman's house in India.

Early residents there engaged in military, administrative or trading duties lived a nomadic life for the greater part of the year in tents. And since there was nothing in the indigenous buildings of Bengal suited to their requirements their first dwelling houses, designed by themselves and built of materials at site, were naturally planned on the model of the Indian service tents to which they were accustomed—that is, a large and lofty room surrounded by double walls of canvas enclosing space between them, with partitions at two or more corners for bath or store rooms.

It is probably, indeed, that in the beginning the tent itself was occasionally covered with the sun proof thatch or bangla. The name and the thatch were all that were taken, and now the origin of the name is forgotten even by most Indians, who accept the resonant, trisyllabic bungalow as the Englishman's own name for his own peculiar house.

**CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN.**

A Glimpse of Feminine Human Nature In Colonial Days.

That woman nature was much the same in colonial days is witnessed by the following from the diary of Miss Winslow of Boston in "Colonial Holidays": "I was dressed in my yellow coat, my black bib & apron, my pompadore shoes, the cap my Aunt Storer sometime since presented me with—(blue ribbons on it) & a very handsome loket in the shape of a hart she gave me—the past pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, my new cloak & bonnet on, my pompadore gloves, etc., etc. And I would tell you that for the first time they all liked my dress very much. My cloak and bonnet are really very handsome, & so they had need be. For they cost an amazing sight of money, not quite £45 tho' Aunt Sukey said that she supposed Aunt Deming would be frightened out of her wits at the money it cost."

"I had my Heddu roll on, Aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch & ach & burn like anything Mamma. This fashion roll is not made wholly of a red Cow Tail, but is a mixture of that & horse-hair (very coarse) & a little human hair of yellow hue, but I suppose that was taken out of the back part of an old wig."—Christian Science Monitor.

**Origin of Bridge.**

A great many people play bridge, and a few fortunate ones occasionally make grand and little slam, but a very small minority have any idea of the origin of the name of this pleasant but uncommon score, says a writer in an English magazine. Close to Boston, in the United States, is the outlying town and harbor of Salem. Certain prisoners kept here in confinement amused their weariness by inventing and playing a card game into which they introduced terms borrowed from the place names in the neighborhood. In the bay are two islands called respectively Great and Little Misery. These names were adopted for their game and have found their way into ours. We even have a game called misery bridge. It is rather curious to think of these Boston prisoners inventing these terms, which were destined to come into use again after all these days intervening. "Slam" is simply Salem abbreviated to a monosyllable.

**What It Taught Her.**

To top off an expensive education a young married woman of no particular ability in any one line took a course at a dramatic school. She never attempted to secure an engagement, so one day a close and candid friend of her husband asked what good all that training had done, anyhow.

"So far as I can see," the friend said, "that \$500 you spent on Ethel's education has been practically thrown away."

"Oh, no, it hasn't," returned the hus band mildly. "Oh, no, it hasn't. Her stage experience has taught her to dress in a hurry. Nowadays when I ask her to go to any place with me she can change her clothes in ten minutes. It used to take over an hour."—New York Sun.

**Platinum.**

Platinum was so named by the Spaniards on account of its silvery color, "plata," signifying silver. It was discovered in the sand of the River Pinto, in South America, and was unknown in Europe until 1741, when it was announced in Ulloa's narrative of his voyage to Peru. In 1827 Dr. William Hyde Wollaston rendered it malleable and ductile.

**Poetry.**

Poetry is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always, "What is it good for?" It is a question which would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.—Lowell.

**Jamaica.**

"Jamaica" a combination of two words signifying water and wood, from which the name Jamaica is derived, describes exactly the character of the island.

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