

IN STAMPS.

Man Insisted on His Government Bought Five... The drug store cash- down, picture side up... The customer confounded knowledge of a newspaper and headline: must be delivered gummy... said he. "By laying the way you did you are with germs. This win- be alive with germs. I shall carry them home off and maybe be laid all of sickness."

INATING SPORT.

ation Takes on Those ave Ever Tried It. sport that truly exem- the greatest Darwinian the fittest survive. It physical resources. It ous demands upon assets. It sharpens it develops one's fac- ment. It demands the an of the best type can the better the man, the ation sportsman. For on the sport has attract- the finest type that have in sport. It is for this that the world has been high intellectual type has embarked in this this reason I call it the sports.

has ever down an aero- induced to abandon it craving to fly will sur- man who has thrilled in the sensation of driving the strange, wild, al- exhilaration of rushing like a bird cannot be by a clumsy architect like the present writer. like D'Annunzio to tell erily.—Clifford B. Har- Life in America.

For Weddings. oned man who wished for the afternoon saw days which he thought to drive. have them," said the They are wedding

won't shy at old shoes of rice. Some horses d against matrimony. ose their temper if they t by any of the good that are fired after a and run away if they ace. Every lively stance. keeps two or more a more cheerful view state. Those bays are y are slated to head a sion for tonight and or the job."—New York

Worse Befall. ame downstairs one dlaner and displayed husband, embellished her all day skrimsh- ers' shops. ed, "how do you like know," he answered. at it?" I brought it home intend to take either one, which is \$5 more thought..." he interrupted, becoming hat I ever e. Telephone to them morning that you'll make sure they'll not else."—Youth's Com-

ent to impose. as walking along a as a bag on his back r taken by a cart the offered him a lift. e Irishman. He got take the bag off his n put down your bag, driver. "Well," said don't like to impose ure. You are giving ill carry the bag."

rong at the End. ot at all up to the tried to say some- but couldn't do it last I bade them h, then you did man- ing agreeable after Stories.

Wells. g wells was practiced than 4,000 years ago. t encountered Re- 1850 B. C.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next. The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1706 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-7 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 350 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record. Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal as well as Mayon has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1864, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.

LENGTHY VISITS.

The Unstinted Hospitality of Old Virginia. Virginia hospitality is a byword. The old time country house, says Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in "My Day," was built of elastic material, capable of sheltering any number of guests, many of whom remained all summer. In fact, this was expected of them. "My dear sir," said the genial master of Westover to a departing guest who had sought shelter from a rain-storm, "my dear sir, do stay and pay us a visit."

The guest pleaded business that forbade his compliance. "Well, well," said Major Drewry, "if you can't pay us a visit come for two or three weeks at least." "Week ends" were unknown in Virginia, and equally out of the question an invitation limited by the host to prescribed days and hours. Sometimes a happy guest would ignore time altogether and stay along from season to season. I cannot remember a parallel case to that of Isaac Watts, who, invited by Sir Thomas Abney to spend a night at Stoke Newington, accepted with great cheerfulness and stayed the rest of his life, nearly forty years, but I do remember that an invitation for one night brought to a member of our family a pleasant couple who remained for years.

Mozart's Musical Memory. Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of holy week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the strictest attention to the music and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

Picturing the Face. "Why do you photographers always photograph the left side of the face by preference?" "Because it's the best looking," was the prompt reply. "The left side of the face is always the more regular, and it always shows least the marks of time." "But," he continued, "if you want to bring out the real character of a face photograph the right side. There nature sets her print. There the lines are bold and unmistakable. There every defect, no less than every excellence, is stamped deep." "The left side, where everything is softened down, for beauty. The right side, where everything is well rubbed in, for character. Those are the portrait artist's two chief rules."—New York Tribune.

Her Importance. Herbert Spencer once told this story of a woman of his acquaintance: "Vain as well as vulgar minded, she professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare and was partial to reading his plays aloud and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: 'Ah, I often wish that he were alive and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation!'"

Sure to Know. "I understand that you have bought some remarkably expensive gowns here in Paris." "Yes, but what's the use? Few people know whether a gown is really expensive or not." "Wait until you reach the customs inspectors."—Pittsburg Post.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money getting.—Juvenal.

A FISH STORY.

The Man Who Told It Said It Was Simply a True Narrative. A man who formerly was a waiter on a big transatlantic liner told this story the other day: "On a certain trip over I had at my table an irascible old gentleman who was a fresh air fiend. No matter what the weather he always insisted on having the porthole over the table open. It was no use to argue with him, but one day when the seas were very high and the ship pitching and rolling I ventured to remonstrate. He was up in arms in a minute. 'You are paid to obey orders,' he said tartly. 'Open that port.' I did. The soup course was served in safety. Then I asked him if he would have fish. 'Of course I will,' he snapped. 'And I'll have it in a hurry. Don't keep me waiting all day.' 'Just at that moment an unusually big sea rolled by—that is, part of it did. A goodly portion came through the porthole, soaking the old man and depositing on the table in front of him a live fish. No waiter on board of our ship had ever served an order so quickly before. But I didn't get any credit for it. The queer thing about that story," he added, "is that it isn't a fish story at all. I never told it yet to any one who believed it, but it is absolutely true."—New York Press.

HIS PLAN OF THE DAY.

Rigid Rules of Living Made by a Colonial Minister. An orderly arrangement of working hours is a desirable and time saving thing, but when one reads the plan of the day made by a colonial parson, he cannot help wondering where the good man's family life came in, and if the system held any possibility of relaxation. The record, quoted by William Root Bliss, in "Side Glances From the Colonial Meeting House," is taken from the diary of Thomas Prince, a minister of the Old South church, Boston. 1713. Oct. 30th. I marry. Nov. 10. We begin to keep House. My proposed order is: At 5 get up and go into Study. Pray and read in original Bible till 8, and then call up the Family. At 6 1/2 go to Family Prayers and only the Porringer of Chocolate for Breakfast till 7. 7 go into my Study till 12 1/2, then do something about the House till 1 to dinner, except on Thursday study till 10 1/2, then dress and 11 Lecture. At 2 Dress and go abroad till Candlelight. Except Wednesdays after Dinner do something about the House and Saturday afternoons visit at Dr. Sewall's till 3 1/2, then Home and study till Candlelight. Study till 9 1/2. 9 1/2 go to Family Prayers and go to Bed. N. B. I eat no Supper.

Dickens' Cramped Quarters. Bleak House at Broadstairs is of interest to the Dickens lover because the greater part of "David Copperfield" was written there. But it is not the Bleak House of the novel, which is definitely located in Hertfordshire. The novelist and his family appear to have been somewhat tightly packed in their Broadstairs home. When Lord Carlisle contemplated paying a visit to "our watering place" in 1851 Dickens wrote promising him the North Foreland lighthouse for a night light in his bedroom, and he continues, "As we think of putting mignonette boxes outside the windows for the younger children to sleep in by and by I am afraid we should give your servant the cramp if we hardly undertook to lodge him." During recent years the house has been transformed out of all recognition.—London Spectator.

His Own Joke. "I admit I was found in the possession of firearms," said the prisoner, "but it's only a joke of mine, my lord." "Explain yourself," said the magistrate. "Why, I put two pistols in my pocket when I go out to a friendly gathering. Then I start talking of aeroplanes." "Well?" "Then I say my life was once saved by parachutes." "Yes?" "And I pull out the pistols and say, 'Pair o' shoots.' Ha! ha! See?" "Yes, I see. Did you make up that joke yourself?" "Yes, my lord." "Two years' hard labor."—London Answers.

And All of Them Americans. An English visitor has recently been expressing his wonderment at the facility with which America assimilates its stream of immigrants. A friend with whom he was talking on the subject remarked, "My housemaid is a Norwegian, my grocer a Scotchman, my butcher is a German, my druggist is a Finn, my barber an Italian, my newsman a Jew, my laundryman is Irish, my fishmonger English, my florist Greek and my tailor Russian."—American Hebrew.

Correct. "It's easy to find out what time it is," said a married man. "If the hall clock says 5:20, and the drawing room clock says 5:50, and the dining room clock says 6:05, and my watch says 6:15, and my wife's little dinky watch says 6, it's 6 o'clock in our house."—Gas Logic.

Had the Moving Mania. Sunday School Teacher—What! Don't you want to go to heaven when you die? Little Emma—Well, you see our family couldn't think of living in one place the whole year round.—Puck Opportunity makes us known to others, but more to ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

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