

Removing a Minute. The author of "Two Years in the Forbidden City," the Princess, Der Ling, was a lady in waiting at the court of the famous empress dowager of China. Her majesty, the princess tells us, had an excellent estimate of herself. "I have often thought," she once confessed, "that I am the most clever woman that ever lived and that others cannot compare with me."

Meeting a Queen Cow! Rhone valley, Switzerland, an annual ceremony is carried out. This is the choosing of a queen cow, over 200 are assembled in a field to select their queen. The queen cow is which is strong enough to fight the other cows off the pasture and a possession of it herself. The cow is not allowed to be owned by any one, but is owned by the local herdsmen. Do everything they can in order to bring their beasts well on the day of battle many herdsmen feed them a week or two beforehand on bread and the cows descend from a fight and are always eager to have the "election" of the queen. The election of the queen lasts the greater part of the day and is watched by crowds who come from miles round.

Sad Case of Jane Hobbs. Long ago a Lancashire road sold his wife to another man. The transaction was legal because he had placed a round her neck, the end of which was put in the hand of the purchaser. The money had been paid. The wife rises from the custom of the market place with halter round her neck and sold to the best bidder. It was this custom which the humorous ditty which runs: "The shoe-maker, John Hobbs, he had a wife, Jane Hobbs, she was a tartar, Jane So he tied a rope to her, Jane and like a lamb to the slaughter field he brought her; but bought her, Jane Hobbs, 'Oh, what a wife!' cried Hobbs; 'but they tell us those wife traders were all of them sellers.'"—London Spectator.

On Bidding by Electricity. Market gardeners do not take to the "middleman," but to come to them and purchase. They have co-operative auction and the produce is sold by electricity, at which quanted by the Grocers' Co-operative Society. At the auction not a bid beyond the announcement of the electric push below each seat communicating with the numbers on it. The dial face is set going, reaches the figure some merchant willing to pay he touches his pointer stops, and without a word of mistake and without the clerks knowing the bid, the goods change hands.

A Patient Man. The patience of the music lover has often been tested. One of Wagner's long operas has often been common, but perhaps not more than in London. Well up the stage was a burly figure in an evidently a Scottish farmer come to London to see the bear the sounds. After sitting three long acts he murmured, "Twas a patient man all this!"

Impertinent. The word "impertinent" merely "not belonging to." A life said that there were in this world who were not earthly lords; he did that they were "cheeky," that they had no masters. Shakespeare, "Impertinent to mean 'irrelevant.' " Some ago it was defined as "absurd, silly, idle."

The Wrong Ones. Sophronia and her family were sitting there the other day, you may recall, when the Baltimore American.

Admission Failed. The lady I saw you were deceiving and planning on my behalf was not successful Pioneer Press.

Appropriate Advice. "Get into some occupation that is not peddle rat traps!"—Aristotle.

Wrongly Labeled. The author of "Two Years in the Forbidden City," the Princess, Der Ling, was a lady in waiting at the court of the famous empress dowager of China. Her majesty, the princess tells us, had an excellent estimate of herself. "I have often thought," she once confessed, "that I am the most clever woman that ever lived and that others cannot compare with me."

Don't Be Too Expert. Having graduated from a business college with honors, the young man thought himself competent to tackle any problem in banking that could be learned without actual experience, but the old clerk knew better. "Can you make an erasure so neatly that it would take an expert to tell where it had been done?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said the young man, with conscious pride. "Well, for heaven's sake don't tell your prospective employer so or you will be looking for a job this time next year," the old clerk said. "Employers are afraid of too much skill in that direction. It gives such enormous opportunities for fraud that they will fight shy of hiring you. I found that out in my young days. I also was an expert with the ink eraser and proudly proclaimed my accomplishment. Finally when I found myself toiling the starvation mark I ceased to boast and have held a good position ever since."—New York Times.

Advertising Brought Up to Date. The president of a Pittsburgh savings bank called in his advertising man one morning and said: "What this institution wants is some striking advertising material, something that will catch the eye and command the mind. Fix me up an ad. that will make a hit when it is published in the morning papers."

No Answer Handy. This is only worth the telling, writes a correspondent, because it contains a retort which, though a triumph of inconsequence, seems to me quite unanswerable. I happened to be reading some obvious newspaper proofs in a train when the good natured man next to me, with the intention no doubt of making himself agreeable, asked, "Ah, are you connected with the press?" I intimated briefly and perhaps not over-cautiously that it was none of his business. He persisted that it was a quite civil inquiry, which I met with the remark that I had not asked him whether he was a clerk or a shop assistant. As he was obviously neither, this nettled him. "If I knew," he said, "what newspaper you belong to I would never buy it again."—London Chronicle.

Thackeray and Dickens. This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

Bonus. "Bonus" ought to be "bonum," since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing" and therefore should be neuter, not masculine. The word is found as early as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it, though conjecture assigns it to the London Stock Exchange.

Tidy. "Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?" "Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

Strategy. Tommy—Pop, what is strategy? Tommy's Pop—Strategy, my son, consists of finding out your neighbor's weakness before he finds out ours.—Philadelphia Record.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.

Lighting the House of Commons. The house is very often sparring of the gas bill, remarks the Manchester Guardian. On a quiet afternoon the debate will go on in the fading light of day till members can hardly see one another's faces, and then the clerk of the house suddenly realizes that he cannot see the paper under his nose. He looks up and finds the house wrapped in shadows. He touches a bell, a servant comes in and receives the directions for the lights. The light is turned on in the attic above the glass panels with the rendering of the red rose. It arrives in the house like a shower of rain on a summer night. First a faint tentative stirring, a softening, a sponge in the face, then after that the deluge, and the room below is drenched in a mellow downpour. The dark spaces beneath the galleries drink it up like a thirsty land. The whole scene is refreshed. Strangers in the house look up into the roof and then they sit up and begin a more intelligent reading of the men and things below.

Dropping the English "H." In the days when pocket ships ran between New York and London a youthful passenger asked the English mate of the Christiana what there was in the leather tubing around the gunwales of the lifeboats. "Hair, sir," he answered. "Is there anything peculiarly buoyant about hair?" asked the American youth. "If you don't know that you don't know much," replied the mate, with a look of contempt as he moved to another part of the ship. The youth was humiliated and a few days later asked the captain why hair was so buoyant in water. That authority replied that he didn't know that it was and inquired why the youth thought it was so. "Why, sir, your mate told me that there was hair in the tubes of the lifeboats to make them float when capsized."

Where the Gray Hairs Came From. The attitude of the commanding generals of the north and the south toward each other, after the final surrender, writes Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his book on General Lee, is one that the world regarded with astonishment, and the Americans may forever look back upon with pride. In illustration, Mr. Page offers an engaging anecdote from Long's memoir of Lee.

Satisfying Honor in India. They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marwaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the thakur, or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

Giving Him a Choice. "I don't want oatmeal!" screamed the kid. "You must have oatmeal," said his father. "Never force anything on a child like that," interposed uncle, who has theories. "Always give the child a choice." "All right," said the father. "Now, kid, you can have oatmeal or you can have a clip on the jaw. Which is it?" The child took oatmeal.—Washington Herald.

In Doubt. Ethel (who is not famous for her good looks)—I don't see why you should call Miss Whitmore plain. I'm sure I only wish I were half as good looking as she is. Fred—You are, Ethel; you know you are. (And Ethel is wondering whether he meant to compliment her.)

Too Sweet. Mrs. Beach—Here is a letter from Charles. Mr. Beach—Read it. Mrs. Beach (reading)—My dearest, darlingest mother. Mr. Beach—Great heavens! The scoundrel needs more money.

His Resources About Exhausted. Father—Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Sutor—Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged.

Doing Right. Doing the right, or what you honestly believe to be right, breeds courage in accordance with natural law. It inspires a resolve, and in its wake come a host of minor virtues.

No one has any more right to go through life unhappy than he has to go through it ill bred.

Poetical Inspiration. Congressman K. W. Townsend of New Jersey, author of "Chimble Fadden," told a yarn of poetical inspiration which is weird, to say the least. He was paying his first visit to Honolulu, some twenty-five years ago, and was greeted at the wharf by Charles Dana Stoddard, one of his close personal friends. Townsend had decided to go to one of the local hotels and Stoddard tried to dissuade him, desiring him to live at a bungalow high up Nuuanu valley, which the poet had occupied for some months. He described its charms as follows:

"Ed, it's the most beautiful spot in the world. Sitting on the front porch you can look down the valley, over the wonderful flowering trees, groves of cocoanut palms and poincianas, to the sea, with its hundreds of shades of color, from gray to the deepest blue of heaven. And for poetical inspiration I can sit on my back porch, where I do my work, and throw the ashes from my cigarette on the graves of two suicides."—New York World.

Testing Tea by Burning It. "I bought tea the other day at a Japanese store," said the young housekeeper. "The proprietor saw that I had doubts about the quality, so he darted back to the rear of the store. I expected him to return with a cup of steaming tea, but he brought a small ash tray and match. He threw a pinch of tea into the tray, touched it with a lighted match and watched it burn. Then he applied the same test to another brand of tea that had claimed my half hearted allegiance. The first sample showed only a small flake of ashes, the second three times as much. "Which shows," said he, "that the first tea is the best. That is an infallible test. The better the tea the fewer the ashes. I invite all my customers to test tea that way before buying."

Telling the Time in Turkey. In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare, and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then, folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shade cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours there in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupil is round. At 9 and 3 o'clock it is oval, and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.—Buffalo Express.

The Criterion of Danger. The Duke of Wellington once drove Sir George Warrender from Windsor in his carriage. The duke drove so furiously that Sir George, dreading every moment that a terrible collision would occur, begged him not to drive so fast. "Pooh, pooh!" said his grace. "Where there is no fear there is no danger." "My dear duke," replied Sir George, "if fear is the criterion of danger for heaven's sake stop and let me get out, for I was never in such a funk in my life."—London Mail.

Not Afraid. Recruiting Officer—You realize the danger before you? You are not afraid of having horses shot under you? Society Recruit—Me? I had two motor-boats explode under me, three autos start over me and an aeroplane fall with me during the past social season alone.—Puck.

A Dreadnought. "I was talking to Digby this morning about the latest Dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested." "I should think not! Digby married one."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Kindness. Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to journey—make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

His Obligations. Wigg—The trouble with Handspuds is that he doesn't meet his obligations. Wagg—Meet them? He wouldn't recognize them if he did.—Philadelphia Record.

Misunderstood. "Before you were married he said he would go through fire and water for you, didn't he?" "I thought he did, but I think now that I misunderstood him. I think he must have said 'fire water.'"—Houston Post.

What Makes a Nation. I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Crowns, coronets, miters, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air and not worth considering unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage, and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.—John Bright.

Funny Peasant Notions. The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, center and south of the empire is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and the moon and stars, of three constellations, of the Milky way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being. The moon, covered with ice and snow, is ever in flight from its brother, the sun. Upon its disk is portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death with a pitchfork. The lunar rays are malignant, and evil comes to those who sleep unprotected from them. The horns of the moon afford information as to the weather.

The stars are lamps or candles lighted and extinguished by the Eternal. A shooting star is the soul of one just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleonic war followed the great comet of 1811.—Exchange.

Painting Turkey's Legs. Among the many trades which exist, but which are not as a rule filled up in the census papers, are the "fakers" of all kinds, from the manufacturer of antique furniture and brasses to the bird fancier who can pass a sparrow as a canary. Perhaps the most curious form of "faking" is that which deals with turkeys, dead or alive, and which is principally practiced in France. The age of a turkey is told chiefly by its legs and beak. These are filed and treated with a special varnish by the "faker" two or three times a week before the bird is to be sold. It will then, to all appearance, have renewed its youth, and its owner is able to obtain a much higher price. The freshness of the dead birds is also largely told by the color of the legs, and for this, too, a varnish is used. The varnish was the discovery of a Frenchman, Pere Chapellier, who seems to have been a really remarkable man, as he had many lions in the fire and died worth a considerable sum.—London Telegraph.

The First Mountaineer. A Munich paper has been searching the records of history to discover who were the first mountain climbers. It gives the palm to Moses for his ascent of Mount Sinai and rules out Noah for his ascent of Mount Ararat because he made it in a boat. There is sufficient evidence to show that the ancients thought mountain climbing sheer madness. No one in the time of Horace or Polybius wanted to go climbing for a summer holiday. A Chinese emperor in the seventh century was the first to make climbing fashionable in the east, but the first true tourists in Europe seem to have been Dante, Petrarch and Leonard. Then came the Emperor Maximilian I., who used to hunt in the mountains near Innsbruck, and after him Conrad von Gesner and Josias Stmle explored the Swiss mountains. But climbing for pleasure such as we know it today was not thought of until quite recently.

Hardworking Dollar. "I noticed a statement in an eastern paper the other day that has disquieted me a good deal," said a Cleveland man recently. "The item called to my attention the fact that it takes a dollar at the usual rate of interest more than two years to earn a dime. You can see the effect. Every time I spend a dime I think of that tolling dollar spinning away in the dark somewhere. The dime I spend means more than two years of steady application, and yet I let it go as if it were of too small value to be at all considered. Why, it takes a dollar more than a year to earn 5 cents! Think of that when you slip the next nickel across. It really makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't read the stupid thing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Subsidence of the Bermudas. It is contended that the Bermuda islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, which has sunk into the ocean. The original island, it is asserted, had an area of 300 or 400 square miles, whereas the Bermudas of today are only about twenty square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, according to Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration.—Harper's.

The Largest of Their Kind. The greatest bank in the world is the Bank of England; the largest library is the National in Paris, containing nearly 3,000,000 volumes; the largest theater is the Paris Opera House, covering three acres; the largest bronze statue is that of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, weighing 1,100 tons; the biggest stone statue is in Japan, forty-four feet high; the largest colosseum is in Colru, with over 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

Getting Specific. Bitterly—When you and your wife were first married you used to call each other "birdie," didn't you? Me—Sweet—Yes, Bitterly—Do you still do it? Me—Sweet—Well, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she usually refers to me as a jay.—Exchange.

Cheerfulness. If a person determines early in life that a cheerful disposition is worth having and strives to obtain it and does so that person is a success in a fine sense of the word. Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—Alcott.

Easy. "Woman must be independent," said the suffragette orator. "But the question is, how can we get the same wages that men do?" "Marry them and be on the job Saturday night," suggested a meat man in the audience.—Exchange.

Qualified to Instruct. Mr. Green—What a lot I seem to have learned tonight! How I have benefited by this conversation with you, my dear Miss Roberts! Somehow your intellect seems to appeal to mine. Are you a literary lady? Miss Roberts—No, I am a teacher in an infant school!