

SAVED THE COLORS.

A Hero Who Was Buried Wrapped in His Flag by the Enemy.

During the Austro-Prussian war a body of Prussian soldiers came upon a ditch half full of wounded and dying Austrians. Among those who were badly wounded was a young officer. They found him lying on his back in the wet ditch. Touched with pity for him, some of the Prussians went to him and wished to remove him so that he might be attended to by the surgeon. But he besought them to leave him alone, telling them that he felt quite comfortable. Soon after this he died. Then when they lifted his body they found why he had begged them to leave him alone. He had been the standard bearer for his regiment. In the terrible battle of the day the flag had been torn into tatters, and when he was sore wounded so that he soon must die his soldier spirit was still strong within him, and rather than let the "bit of rag" fall into the enemy's hand he folded it up and placed it beneath him so that none might see it. This was why he would not let himself be moved by the kindly Prussian soldiers. He would die protecting the precious flag. His foes were so touched by his noble action that they would not take away the trophy, but wrapped it around him that it might be buried with him.

LANDS OF FIRE.

Yet Iceland and Tierra del Fuego Are Glacier Bound Regions.

It is rather singular that both of the "lands of fire" are near the cold extremities of the globe—Iceland, far to the northward, and Tierra del Fuego, remotely south. Iceland, to the eye, seems at first glance to be better named by the cold appellation. Its glacial fields are not only numerous, but in some cases these and the connected snow stretches are hundreds of square miles in extent. But only a little travel into the interior, say to the site of the ancient Icelandic parliament at Thingvallavatn, discloses miles upon miles of such desolation as is possible only in a "land of fire." It is a very island of volcanoes, and, while they have been exceedingly well behaved for a hundred years or so, the great hot springs in the neighborhood of Reykjavik, the capital, indicate that the subterranean heat, if passive, is still very much alive. Huge glaciers also mark the "cold land of fire" at the other end of the earth. Thus each of the two parts of the universe is properly named, whether the name be warm or cold.—New York Press.

How Frostbite Comes.

The first effect of cold on the skin is to contract the tiny vessels that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tauter. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are more or less paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated, and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

Oppressive Politeness.

M. Ernest Lavisse has turned aside from his historical labors to relate a bonnet by his friend Massenet. It was at a time when the musician was changing apartments and the historian inquired the motive of the change. "It was too well known there," Massenet replied. "Everybody was too oppressively polite. Only the other day I happened to buy a penny stamp in a tobacconist's shop. 'Pray do not trouble to carry it,' said the tobacconist. 'It will give us the greatest pleasure to send it round to you.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Evolution of a Play.

"They tell me that plays are built up. Is that so?" "It is," answered the playwright. "Here is the method. I cop a joke. I tell it around, and it goes. Next I make a dialogue of it. Then I add a character, and it becomes a vaudeville sketch. If it still goes good we make three acts of it, and then it's a play."—Kansas City Journal.

While He Waited.

Little Girl—Mr. Lingerlong, is a quietus something you wear? The Young Man—No, Miss Kitty. Why do you ask that? Little Girl—Cause I heard sister tell mamma the other day she was going to put a quietus on you the next time you came.—Chicago Tribune.

Would Help Some.

"What good does it do a woman for a man to be willing to die for her?" he grumbled. "He might carry a big life insurance, you know," she hinted.—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack (who has just settled a dressmaker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—London Opinion.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor and the fourth wit.—Sir William Temple.

FROZE A SOAP BUBBLE.

Then Broke It In Pieces and Floated Them on Liquid Air.

A frozen soap bubble broken in two and floating like an iridescent, transparent eggshell on the surface of a vessel of liquid air was one of the marvels exhibited by Professor Dewar in a lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain. The lecture was upon the subject of atmosphere and the curious effects of intense cold, the liquid air and soap bubble being adjuncts introduced to facilitate some explanations. A few spoonfuls of liquid air were poured into a vessel, and the intense cold caused by evaporation immediately brought on a miniature snowstorm in the atmosphere directly above the vessel. A soap bubble was then placed in the freezing stratum. Almost instantly there was a change in the color of the transparent globe, the bubble becoming much darker; the movements of the rainbows film grew slower; it contracted somewhat in size, and a little later it froze. A slight but dexterous movement of the rod upon which the bubble was suspended broke the latter into two pieces, which fell upon the liquid air and there floated for an hour, gradually accumulating a tiny snowdrift from the almost imperceptible precipitation constantly going on in the freezing atmosphere above.

STEVENSON'S GRAVE.

Its Romantic Site, in Samoa, Atop the Forest Clad Vaila.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Vaila, in the island of Samoa, that genial spot in the south Pacific that the gifted writer loved so well. The day after his death at Vallima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sixty sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief, Tusiuta. A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet. On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words "The Tomb of Tusiuta," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning: Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie.

The Parrot Fish.

There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking off the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "scarus" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its rumination. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

Doncaster Races.

Doncaster is one of the four places—the other three being Chester, Epsom and Lincoln—that claim to be the cradle of the British turf. In May, 1900, the minutes of the corporation record that "Hugh Wyrhall hath caused a stoupe," or post, "to be sett on Doncaster More at the west end of the horse-race," which was ordered to be "cutt down." A few years later, "for the prevention of suets, quarrels, murders and bloodsheds" it was agreed "that the race on Doncaster More be discontinued." Eventually the corporation, with the true Yorkshire combined love of "if brass" and sport, took the horse racing under its patriarchal care and turned the meeting into a source of profit.—London Standard.

The French.

The French were first mentioned as the Franks, a tribe of warlike Germans in the northwestern part of the region now known as Prussia. They came into notice about 249 A. D. and with other German tribes invaded the Roman empire in the fifth century and settled in the country now known as France. The word Frank, or Frankman, means freeman. After their conquest of Gaul they named the country Frankenrick, or Frank's kingdom.

Getting Him Inured.

"What makes Bliggins compel his boy to practice standing bareheaded in inclement weather?" "He has an idea the boy will be president of the United States some day and wants to have him well rehearsed for inauguration."—Washington Star.

She Agreed.

Mr. Gnuggs—I want you to understand, Mrs. Gnuggs, that I am no fool. Mrs. Gnuggs—For once I agree with you. A fool and his money are soon parted, and I have never been able to get a dollar out of you.—Philadelphia Record.

He censures that who quarrels with the imperfections of men.—Burke.

A MEETING WITH TURNER.

The Artist Simply Enraged the Man Who Longed to See Him.

A printshop in London, kept by a man who thoroughly understood and appreciated the wares in which he dealt, once displayed in its window a fine but much stained and damaged engraving—one of a set from Turner's pictures. Turner chanced to pass and notice it and promptly bounced into the shop and began to abuse the dealer. "It's a confounded shame to treat an engraving like that!" he blustered. "What can you be thinking about to go and destroy a good thing? For it is a good thing, mind you?" "I destroy it!" responded the dealer jolly. "What do you mean by saying I destroyed it? And who the mischief are you. I should like to know? You don't look as if you could understand a good print when you see one. I destroy it! Bless my heart, I bought it just as it is, and I would rather keep it till doomsday than sell it to you! And why should you put yourself out about it I can't think?" "Why, I did it!" said Turner. "Did what? Did you spoil it? If you did you deserve"— "No, no, man; my name's Turner, and I did the drawing and engraved the plate from it." "Bless my heart!" ejaculated the print seller in a changed tone. "Is it possible you are the great Turner?" Then his temper rose again. "Well, sir," he added, "I have long desired to see you, and now that I have seen you I hope I shall never see you again, for a more disagreeable person I have seldom met."

ODD USES OF WHALEBONE.

Wigs Are Made of It, and It Stiffens High Grade Silks.

The notion is popularly held that whalebone is derived from whales' ribs, although many persons believe that it comes from the tail of the big mammal. Both notions are incorrect. The function of whalebone in the life of the whale is of the utmost importance. The inner edges of the whalebone plates are frayed into innumerable hairlike processes, and the whole forms a sort of sieve whereby the whale may sift out its food from the sea water. It must be remembered that the food of this gigantic creature consists chiefly of minute organisms, crustacea, mollusca, etc., floating near the surface. When the whale opens its mouth and moves along a great multitude of these minute forms of life find their way in. Then the whale closes its mouth, and the water is strained out through the whalebone sieve, and the food is retained. The common uses of whalebone are known to everybody. It is, however, put to two uses not generally known even in England, where the fine internal fringes mentioned are employed in making of barristers' wigs. By reason of their lightness they retain the curl better than does ordinary hair. Fine whalebone threads are also sometimes employed to stiffen the tissue in high grade silks.—Harper's Weekly.

Feeling For Death.

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it. "I am looking for craps on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put craps on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."—New York Times.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What?" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

Genius and Work.

Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

The Literary Waitress.

"Will you have a cereal for your breakfast?" asked the waitress. "A cereal? No, thank you," replied the witty guest. "I should prefer some short stories."

A Mean Dig.

Miss Passow—I've had many chances to marry. Only a short time ago a man told me of his love. Miss Pert—Did he also tell you the name of the lady?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.—Mlle. de Scudery.

SYSTEM IN BUSINESS.

Advantage of the Man Who Knows Where to Find Things.

Among twenty clerks employed by a New York importing house it was no easy matter for one to attract the attention of the manager. And it was not with any such idea, in fact, that young Gaven kept his desk and the papers in his care in the most neat and careful order. He did it just because he had a systematic mind and liked things in place. He was always able at a moment's notice to put his hand on anything he needed. So when the manager happened to need a certain price list, copies of which had been given not only to Gaven, but to every one of the other nineteen clerks, it was Gaven who placed his hand on his copy while the others were just beginning to wonder where they had put theirs. There was no comment on that, but a few days later when the manager again needed certain papers Gaven found them first. "Aren't you the man who gave me that price list on Monday?" asked the manager. "Yes!" "Well, my private secretary has just been promoted, and I need a new one, a man who will know where to find things. Would you like the place?" There was only one answer to that. That was how Gaven got his first step.—New York World.

THE TINY HUMMING BIRD.

In One Species Its Bill Is Nearly as Long as Its Body.

All humming birds, though varying much in size and color, exhibit the same form of wing, legs and feet, the wings being strong (considering the small size of the birds, while the legs and feet are remarkably weak and delicate, a clear indication that these little creatures are intended to spend almost all their time in the air. In accordance with this we find that humming birds are never seen on the ground; that even when feeding they seldom trouble themselves to alight, but suspend themselves in the air before the flower on whose juices they mean to feed, the rapid vibration of the wings causing them to appear like two fans of filmy gauze and producing at the same time that peculiar humming sound from which these birds derive their popular name. The beak of most humming birds is long, delicate and slightly curved to enable it to reach the inmost recesses of the trumpet shaped flowers which abound in the tropical regions, but the shape of the beak is very variable, probably on account of the particular flower on which the bird feeds. In some instances it is nearly straight, and in one species, the sword bill humming bird, it is very nearly as long as the rest of the body.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bismarck's Mystic Number.

Bismarck held, with Pythagoras, that not 13, but 3, was the great and perfect number. Bismarck's associations with 3 were remarkable. He had served three masters. He had three names—Bismarck, Schoenhausen and Lauenburg. The arms of his family are a clover leaf and three oak leaves. He was concerned in three wars and signed three treaties of peace. In the Franco-Prussian war he had three horses killed under him. He brought about the meeting of three emperors and was responsible for the triple alliance. He had three children. His family motto was "In Trinitate Robur" ("Strength in Trinity"), and contemporary caricature pictured him with three hairs on his head. Three was the beginning, the middle and the end of Bismarck.

He Got Along Fine.

Thomas had never been able to carry a tune, and after he had been for a while in a class where singing was obligatory his mother felt curious to know how he managed to keep up with the singing.

Putting It to Good Use.

"I s'pose you've been very careful about th' books you let your children have." "Oh, yes, indeed! There's our Jim—we intend him for a statesman. Jim was raised on the Congressional Record."

The Song Bird.

They say the birds are timid. Great heavens, to be so small and lovely in a world of hawks and snares and yet dare to sing as if the gods were good! In all the wide creation there is nothing braver than the heart of a singing bird.

Yet Both Made Hits.

Director—Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on the pedestal marked Scott? Attendant—He must have got his base on an error, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Legitimate Question.

Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf as grandpa?—Chicago Plain Dealer.

THE PASTOR SPRINTED.

He Made a Good Run in Record Time With Plenty of Reason.

One of the traditional stories of the town of Fairfield, Conn., recounts a wild dash from the pulpit made by a worthy and beloved pastor of the Episcopal flock, Dr. Latimer. It was on a Sunday more than a hundred years ago. The service had been read, the prayers said, the hymns sung, and the person began his sermon. As he proceeded his gestures became very energetic. He brought his right hand down with great force. Then he turned pale, cleared the pulpit stairs at a bound, dashed out of the church door and ran toward the pond a short distance away. The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then, turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said: "Dear beloved brethren, I am not crazy, as no doubt many of you think, but yesterday at the drug store I bought a bottle of nitric acid and carelessly left it in my pocket today. My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing and rushed for the water to save myself pain." He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

FROZEN WITH HEAT.

A Remarkable Process Known as the Caloric Paradox.

Freezing is usually associated with cold, but water can be frozen on a red-hot plate. This pretty experiment has rightly been called the caloric paradox. If a drop of water is placed on a red-hot or white-hot metal plate it does not suddenly flash into steam under the influence of the great heat. It does not even boil. It simply evaporates quietly and slowly as it rolls about the plate. Now, suppose that the drop on the plate is a volatile liquid like sulphurous acid. It will evaporate, and this evaporation will produce cold. Let a drop of water fall in the sulphurous acid drop and it will be frozen in spite of the heat.

M. Boutigny thus froze water on a white-hot platinum capsule. Faraday carried this remarkable experiment even further. Pouring some ether and solidified carbonic acid gas on a red-hot platinum capsule, he formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly. He then brought some mercury into contact with it, and this was instantly frozen. Now, mercury requires a temperature of 40 degrees below zero to solidify it, and here it was frozen on red-hot platinum.

No "Deadhead" Trip.

One of the most famous of American shipping lines in the palmy days of our marine was the Cope line, which ran between Philadelphia and Liverpool, says the author of "Memoirs of Charles H. Crampton." By this line John Randolph of Roanoke determined to go to Russia when he had been appointed minister to that country by President Jackson. Entering the office of the company in Philadelphia, he said to a clerk in his usual grandiloquent manner: "Sir, I wish to see Thomas P. Cope."

Plucky Birds.

Compared with mammals, parental love is stronger in birds. In protecting their nests and young, birds often show courage and strategy, more or less of which is doubtless inherited. Even the so-called dangerous mammals, the bears, mountain lions, wild cats and other mammals that are best able to protect themselves, seldom make a stand against domestic intrusion. Rarely do they attempt to enter an enemy from their home by strategic means, but at the first warning of danger they either hide or watch the intruder from a safe distance. But there are very few species of birds that do not attempt to defend their homes in some way, and even the most timid evince more intelligence than most mammals.—Collier's.

Where the Audience Was.

A London actor appearing at a cheap theater in Salford found so small an audience that he sought out the manager for an explanation. "You see," the manager told him, "my people are at the Hall concert." "Oh," the actor said, surprised, "I should hardly have thought your patrons would care much for high class music." "No," the other explained, "to tell the truth, they go to pick pockets."—London Mail.

A Rank Offense.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked. The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied, with every evidence of offended dignity: "Madam, I command a regiment."

Neighborly.

Dobbs—So you're living in the country, eh? What kind of neighbors have you? Are they desirable? Hobbs—Desirable! Great Scott! We haven't a thing they don't desire, especially in the way of gardening implements.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Wind Month.

November was called by the ancient Saxons the wint monath, or wind month, on account of the gales then prevalent. It was also named the blot monath, or blood month, from the ancient practice of then slaughtering cattle for the winter provisions.

Society takes us away from ourselves.—De Lambert.