

FORCE OF GRAVITY.

It Makes You Fall Faster in Boston Than in Mexico City. Did you know that you "drop" faster in Massachusetts than in Mexico? For instance, if you were to fall from a twenty story building in Boston you would descend a lot faster than if you fell from the same height in the City of Mexico.

The principle of this is quite simple, even if it does seem a bit startling. It is merely that as one goes toward the equator the force of gravity gets less and less and the quickness of descent of a falling body slower; and, while doubtless you would feel just as uncomfortable falling that distance in one place as in another and the results would be just as disastrous, there are times and things in which the difference is not only perceptible, but worth a notice.

In Boston if you were to fire horizontally with a rifle and your gun were sixteen feet from the ground the bullet fired would reach the ground one second after it had left the rifle. But if you were to take that same rifle to the City of Mexico and fire it off the same distance from the earth it would take one and one-half seconds to reach the ground.

So it is easy to see how when hunting in different parts of the world it is necessary to calculate time from this same shifting standard of reckoning.—New York World.

NEUTRAL WATERS.

River Stretches Where Fishermen Only Waste Their Time. According to old fishermen, there is what might be called neutral ground, or, rather, neutral water, in rivers, where there is no use of trying to make a catch unless it be that some fool fish with a piscatorial brainstorm snatches bait as an insane human might grab a redhot stove.

This neutral water is the part of the river where its flow encounters the saline impregnation of the salt water of the bay or ocean into which it finally empties. With the ebb and the flow of the tide the salt water of the bay runs up into the river for miles, and on the reverse the fresh water descends several miles again to the bay leading into the salt sea.

There is a midway between the salt and fresh water points, however, that very seldom shifts. Around this midway shad and blue and other salt water fish, if they visit at all, will hover on the ocean side. On the fresh water fringe will loiter such fish as inhabit currents that are devoid of the saline ingredient. If the fisherman happens to cast bait in this neutral zone he is not likely to get either one kind or the other.—New York Sun.

Obedy the Dream. Life is sometimes veiled by dream warnings. Take the case of Dr. Harvey, the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood. When he was a young man he set out from London to go to Padua, in Italy, the seat of the famous university where he wished to study. When he got to Dover the governor refused to let him enter his packet to cross the channel, but declined to give any reason. The next day news arrived at Dover that the packet had been lost with every soul on board. Then the governor explained his strange conduct. He said that he had had a dream of overwhelming force, in which he was forbidden to allow a young man, whose face appeared to him, to enter the boat. When Harvey presented himself the governor recognized the face seen in his dream.

Daniel O'Connell. After a dinner at Lord Dungarvan's, Lady Morgan writes in her diary: "I met the redoubtable Dan O'Connell. Dan is not brilliant in private life, not even agreeable. He is mild, silent, unassuming, apparently absorbed and an utter stranger to the give and take charm of good society. I said so to Lord Clanricarde, who replied: 'If you knew how I found him this morning! His hall, the very steps of his door, crowded with his clientele. He had a word or a written order for each, then hurried off to the law courts, thence to the Improvement society and was the guest here today. Two hours before he was making that clever but violent speech to Mr. La Touche, and now no wonder that he looks like an extinct volcano.'"

A Literary Cynic. "Some day," said the novelist, "I'm going to write something big—something that will make the world remember me." "Ah, yes," his friend replied, "but when are you going to do it?" "Just as soon as I have turned out enough trash to make me independent."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Primeval Reproaches. Adam and Eve were leaving the garden of Eden. "It's all your fault," said Adam. "It isn't either," replied Eve. "It's your fault. You ought to have had us put under civil service so we couldn't be turned out."—Washington Star.

Not Exactly Playing. Bellows—Does your daughter play on the piano? Fellows (in tones of deep disgust)—No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it, rolls over on it, but there's no play about it, sir.—London Telegraph.

To Get Rid of Him. Lord Algy—Really, don't you know, I can't live without you. Geraldine—Well, perhaps papa will pension you for life.—Judge.

Moisture, Heat and Mildew in India. The rainfall in India, which all takes place within four or five months, contributes largely in giving to the climate its peculiar character. The effect of heavy and continuous rain in the tropics is to produce a dampness in the air quite unknown in Europe and which is very destructive to many articles of European manufacture. The moisture and heat combined set up all kinds of fungoid growth and decay in goods which are quite unaffected by the climatic conditions of Europe. Mildew attacks textile goods, leather, books and stationery. Arms, cutlery and metal work require constant supervision to preserve them. European furniture of wood is soon spoiled by swelling and shrinkage or by borer worms. Perishable goods soldered up in tin lined cases are not safe if they have been packed in Europe in wet weather. The heat of the ship's hold in the Red sea or that of a closed iron wagon on the Indian railways, when the iron may acquire a temperature of 100 degrees in the sun, will start mildew in the case by the aid of the moisture within it.—New York Post.

Enlivened the Scene. One night the father of Kitty Stephens, who afterward became Countess of Essex, went on the stage between the acts and was standing close to the drop scene, with his back to it, when the stage manager gave the signal for the raising of the curtain. Slowly the cloth went up, and as it rose the coat-tails of Mr. Stephens became involved in the roller, and, feeling himself caught, he began to struggle for freedom. His efforts were unavailing, however, and when the roller reached the top there was he in full view of the audience, suspended by his coat-tails, his head and feet downward, his figure resembling a half open knife. Then the stage hands became alive to the situation and the drop scene was lowered again amid the boisterous merriment of the audience, the sounds of hilarity increasing as the victim, almost black in the face, landed on his hands and knees on the stage and crept into the wings.—London Mail.

Queer Eskimo Customs. Every ten years the Eskimos hold the dance to the dead, when ghosts are supposed to come out of their coffins and visit the Kos-ga, where they are given a feast, and retire well filled for another ten years. Sometimes the food is taken to the burying ground to save the spirits the trouble of moving. When a child is born among the islanders it takes the name of the last deceased member of the family, and on it devolves the duty of feeding its foster father's spirit. The Eskimos have a horror of being childless because their spirits will languish and their name be forgotten. As they say: "S'pose no mik-a-nina (children)—ghost plenty hungry." Often an Eskimo will beggar himself, giving a great feast in honor of his illustrious ancestor, but he gains great renown thereby and places all his visitors under lifelong obligations to him.—Wide World Magazine.

The Poor Little Girl in the Story. "Time was," said Lucinda, "that the poor heroine in the story when she had a bid to a party got out her one poor old white dress and wore that. It was old, and it was worn and shabby, but she let out a tuck or two, cleaned it and pressed it and put on a new bow, and in that poor dress thus refurbished she was the belle of the ball." "But the poor girl couldn't do that now, No, no. In these days she would simply have to be in the fashion, and everybody nowadays, rich and poor, seems to have good clothes, too—good, as well as in the style. I don't know how they do it, but they do. Oh, my, no! The poor girl couldn't wear that old dress now. But I love to read about her in the story."—New York Sun.

Gasoline Evaporates Rapidly. One pint of gasoline left in an uncovered basin in a room at a normal or average temperature will entirely evaporate within twenty-four hours. As gasoline vapor is denser than the surrounding air, unless disturbed by active air currents, its presence in the room may be detected for many hours. One pint of gasoline will make 200 cubic feet of explosive mixture, and this mixture is seven times more powerful than gunpowder.—Popular Mechanics.

Familiar. Yeast—Did your wife read the riot act to you last night? Crimonsback—No. "Why, you thought she would when you got in late, didn't you?" "Oh, no. She doesn't have to read it to me now; she knows it by heart."—Yonkers Statesman.

Comforting. She—Here's a story of a man who bartered his wife for a horse. You wouldn't swap me for a horse, would you, darling? He—Of course not. But I'd hate to have any one tempt me with a good motorcar.—London Tit-Bits.

Corrected. Teacher—If I should say, "Your two sisters are coming," would that be correct? Johnny—No, ma'am. I only have one sister.—Exchange.

Why They Fail. It takes some people so long to be sure they are right that they never get time to go ahead.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

We must make our election between economy and liberty or profusion and servitude.—Thomas Jefferson.

BE A MAN OF ACTION.

Don't Fall Into the "I'll Do It Some Day" Habit.

"Some day" is the one day of the 365 that has no place in the calendar and is still the most popular day for making disagreeable engagements. It is the day that every idle dreamer chooses to begin the monumental work that it is to make his fame and fortune.

Today is always huddled, crowded, too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. Today is out of the question. But "some day" lies in the far golden haze of the future that seems to have in it the infinite leisure of eternity. And so we defer till the more convenient season that never comes what ought to be done instantly, without taking heed of our own feelings, our plausible objections, and permitting the creeping paralysis of overmuch debate that keeps the arm from striking while the iron is hot.

These prophecies that begin with "some day" and a good resolution are rarely converted into the past tense. The man of action makes his plans soberly and takes the facts where he can get them that will help him to decide what to do. But when his mind is once made up he goes ahead without telling you much about it. He does not boast. He is too conscious of his own fallibility to be cocksure of brilliant and secure results.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVED BY QUICK WIT.

A Reply That Won Napoleon and the Duke of Modena.

In the French campaign in Italy, in which Napoleon I. first began to win the laurels which subsequently so abundantly crowned his career, a young Italian cavalry officer was taken prisoner.

Having serious doubts about his safety, it occurred to the prisoner to pretend he was a great personage. So he promised rewards to his captors if they would insure his good treatment, adding confidentially that he was the Duke of Modena.

He was exceedingly well cared for, and early next morning he was called before Napoleon, who was somewhat puzzled at finding two Dukes of Modena among his prisoners, for the real duke was also a prisoner. The real duke angrily asked his counterfeit what authority he had assumed the title of Duke of Modena. The young officer answered:

"Your grace, the peril of my situation yesterday was such that had I known a more illustrious title I would not have assumed yours."

The reply so pleased both the duke and Napoleon that he was forgiven his deceit.

Brittany's Hair Harvest.

It is at Easter time that the curious "hair harvest" of Brittany is "reaped" by the traveling merchants, who go from village to village buying the beautiful hair for which the Breton belles are famous. This is later destined to be made up into "transformations," "fringes" and other mysterious arrangements with which ladies less abundantly endowed by nature make up their shortcomings in the matter of "woman's crowning glory." The clients of the hair buyers are chiefly country lasses in the remoter districts, who are only too pleased to sell their tresses in order to obtain a little money to spend at the Easter fairs. The "harvest," however, is said not to be so good as formerly, as with the spread of education and the love of display many girls prefer to keep their hair.—Wide World Magazine.

When the Waltz Was New.

I have a letter in my possession written by a friend to my great-grandmother in the year 1817, at Christmas time, in which the lady expresses her grave disapproval of the "modern" tendency toward rapid dancing. The paragraph runs as follows:

"It was yesterday evening at your Cousin Betty's, where I was much struck with the new fashioned dances, which seemed to me at any rate, to be out of keeping with the propriety and modesty which we look for in young ladies of our class. I can only regret the disappearance of those 'mazurkas' and 'gavottes' as well as the 'minuets' and hope that these new dances or 'valsees,' as I think they are named, will quickly disappear from respectable society."—Letter in London Telegraph.

Not Him.

"Has my husband been in here?" inquired a woman of the bartender. "He's a tall, red faced man, no overcoat, soft hat." "A man answering that description got a bottle of whisky here about ten minutes ago."

"How big a bottle?" "Half a pint, ma'am." "Some other man," said the woman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Limit.

"And before we were married you said you would be willing to die for me." "I know it." "And yet you refuse to beat the rugs."

"Sure! Dying is my limit."—Houston Post.

Spoiled.

"His popularity is spoiling him." "What's the matter now?" "He's got so that he can't enjoy a banquet unless he's at the speakers' table."—Detroit Free Press.

Always take the short cut, and that is the rational one. Therefore say and do everything according to the soundest reason.—Marcus Aurelius.

An Appalachian Door.

Any one of tact and common sense can go as he pleases through the dark corner of Appalachia without being molested, says a writer in Outing. Tact, however, implies the will and the insight to put yourself truly in the other man's place. Imagine yourself born, bred, circumstanced like him. It implies also the courtesy of doing as you would be done by if you were in that fellow's shoes—no arrogance, no condescension, but man to man on a footing of equal manliness.

And there are "manners" in the rudest community—customs and rules of conduct that it is well to learn before one goes far afield. For example, when you stop at a mountain cabin if no dogs sound an alarm do not walk up to the door and knock. You are expected to call out "Hello!" until some one comes out to inspect you.

None but the most intimate neighbors neglect this usage, and there is mighty good reason back of it in a land where the path to one's door may be a warpath.—New York Herald.

Lured to Destruction.

The inhabitants of the Scilly islands in the old days looked upon the occurrence of a wreck as a blessing of providence, and stories are extant about thanks being offered for a wreck in various parts of the country.

Some of the stories told us by the islanders themselves, says Country Life, show that there was an almost diabolical cleverness in the way in which the storm tossed mariner was lured to destruction. For example, it was common to burn false lights, that were calculated to bring the ships on the rocks instead of warning them away, and worse, even, than this was done.

There was at one time a gang of wreckers, who, when a storm was brewing, fastened a bright light to the horns of a cow and sent her to graze along the cliffs, to the bewilderment and deception of the sailors. Needless to say, this spirit has entirely changed now.

London's Destructive Atmosphere.

The smoke and soot that are always in the atmosphere (there are 6,000 tons of soot hanging over London every day) contain lots of sulphur, and this sulphur when it meets certain substances forms sulphuric acid or vitriol. It was the vitriol in the atmosphere that brought the great roof of Charing Cross station down with a crash a few years ago. The engine smoke had eaten away the iron, which was insufficiently painted. And some years ago, before the London underground was electrified, it was a great joke at one of the stations for passengers to go and poke umbrellas into a certain iron girder, which at one point was nearly as soft as putty. Paint is in such cases the engineer's great standby. In some ways paint is more powerful than iron. Many London buildings might be said to be practically held together by paint, particularly railway stations.—Pearson's Weekly.

Lang Willie's Retort.

A Scotch caddie is almost certain to be a shrewd observer of men and things, and he is frequently gifted with a sharp tongue of his own.

Lang Willie was for many years a well known figure on the St. Andrews golf links. On the occasion of Louis Kossuth's visit to St. Andrews a public dinner was given in his honor, and Willie applied for a ticket to the baillie who was in charge of the arrangements. The worthy man curtly refused the application, saying to Willie that it was "no place for the likes of him to be at the dinner."

"No for the likes of me?" was Willie's indignant rejoinder. "I've been in the company of gentlemen from 11 to 4 o'clock maist days for the last thirty year, and that's wair than you can say."

Blowing Out an Egg.

To blow out an egg make a small hole in each end, bore the holes with a large darning needle or hatpin, pressing steadily, but not too hard, and twisting the point round and round until a small hole has been punctured; then enlarge the hole slightly with the sharp point of your scissors, being careful not to crack the shell in doing so. Make the hole in the large end of the shell a trifle larger than the one in the small end. Hold the egg over a bowl, put the small end to your lips and blow steadily until all the egg has run out of the shell.

Hardly Ever.

"Other things being equal," she asked, "don't you think a girl has a better chance than a widow has to get married?" "Perhaps," he replied, "but a widow hardly ever gives a man a chance to consider other things equal."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reason Why.

"You haven't many relatives, have you?" "Worlds of them." "I never meet any of them at your house." "No; they've all got more money than I have."—Judge.

Bound to Be Missed.

"Will anybody miss me when I'm gone?" "Plenty of people. There's the piano man with his dollar a week, the encyclopedia man with his dollar and the insurance agent with his 50 cents."—Kansas City Journal.

The Poor Waiter.

Old Lady (who has been lurching with her sons)—Here, William, you left this quarter on the table by mistake. It's lucky I saw it, because the waiter had his eye on it.—Life.

RAVENOUS ESKIMOS.

They Eat and Digest Food That Would Kill an Ordinary Man.

We hear much of American dyspepsia, but there is one native race of America that is certainly not troubled in this respect. The Eskimo defies all the laws of hygiene and thrives. He eats until he is satisfied, but is said never to be satisfied while a shred of his feast remains unconsumed. His capacity is limited by the supply and by that only.

The Eskimo cannot make any mistake about the manner of cooking his food, since, as a rule, he does not cook it. Nor, so far as the blubber or fat of the arctic animal is concerned, is the Eskimo concerned about his manner of eating it. Indeed, he may be said not to eat it at all. He cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick and then lowers the strip down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

Despite all this the Eskimo does not suffer from indigestion. He can make a good meal off the flesh and skin of the walrus, provision so hard and gritty that in cutting up the animal the knife must be continually sharpened.

The teeth of a little Eskimo child will, it is said by those in a position to know, meet in a bit of walrus skin as the teeth of an American child would meet in the flesh of an apple, although the hide of the walrus is from half an inch to an inch in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the hide of an elephant. The Eskimo child will bite it and digest it and never know what dyspepsia means.—Harper's Weekly.

HIS FACIAL FOLIAGE.

Its Fate When Living Up to Its Dignity Was Suggested.

There is a comic artist on a New York paper who used to drink a little too much and a little too often. Also he wore a heavy brown beard of which he was very proud.

One morning he came to the office, showing signs of indiscretions the night before. His managing editor endeavored to appeal to his better judgment.

"Old man," he said seriously, "you're too old and too smart to be doing this sort of thing. It might be all right for a lot of smooth faced kids to spend the night over a bar, but you ought to remember that you're no longer a kid. You ought to try to live up to the dignity of that beard of yours."

This last suggestion seemed to throw the culprit into a brown study. He retired to his corner of the art room to think it over. In a few minutes he put on his hat and coat and slipped out, and he didn't come back for two weeks either. But within an hour after his departure the managing editor heard from him. A messenger boy brought in a pasteboard box such as florists use to pack flowers in. The managing editor cut the wrappings and opened the box.

There was nothing inside except a heavy brown beard, which had been newly shorn off the owner's face, with one lone rosebud reposing in the center of it.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

An Old Time Playful Prisoner.

Over a century ago there occurred in London what the Annual Register called "a most unparalleled atrocity." It was only the theft of a pocket handkerchief from a pocket, but the circumstances of the deed explain the vehemence of this denunciation. Four men were on their trial for assaulting a man in his house at Ponder's End, putting him in fear and stealing from him, and one of them relieved the tedium of the trial, which lasted eight hours, by picking the pocket of one of the turnkeys as he stood in the dock. An official had the presence of mind to order the restoration of the handkerchief, and the prisoner had enough presence of mind to obey "with the most careless indifference," but the court, we read, "were horror struck." Justice, however, pulled itself together sufficiently to sentence all four men to death.

The Changing Death Rate.

The last generation has progressed remarkably in saving the babies, but has let the middle aged people die. Below the age of ten the death rate has been diminishing. Above the age of forty the death rate has been increasing, at least in America. No increase is reported from Europe.

Intemperance in eating, drinking and working, especially working, is the most probable explanation of this peculiar and unfortunate mortality.

The nation has made great advances in community hygiene. It is time the people began to advance a little in personal hygiene.—Chicago Journal.

Looked Like It.

The small but observant son of a New York traveling salesman noticed when his father came home that he had had a front tooth filled with gold while he was away.

"Pop," said the boy, "you've got your tooth buttoned on with a collar button, haven't you?"—New York Sun.

Made Them Laugh.

"My friends," said a politician the other day, with a burst of ingenuous eloquence, "I will be honest."

The terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.—London Telegraph.

The Trouble.

Discontented Twin—Pretty rotten luck on me! I shouldn't so much mind having a face like mine if it wasn't so beastly like yours.—London Punch.

Empty men are the trumpets of their own deeds.—Massinger.

She Raised All Her Fresh Vegetables.

"My wife raises all her fresh vegetables," remarked the professional funny man as he held his guest to spring beans and tiny young beets. As the apartment was on the top floor of a high building, the guest had visions of hotbeds and greenhouses on the roof. No window boxes producing fresh vegetables were in evidence, and the matter of fact guest was speculating as to the agricultural methods of the funny man's wife when the buzz of the dumbwaiter called her from the table.

"More fresh vegetables?" queried the funny man as she resumed her seat at the table.

"Yes," she responded wearily. "You see," she explained, "we're up so high that the market boy never sends the dumbwaiter high enough. It stops about two-thirds of the way. If I don't raise all we eat the people on the fifth floor'd get it, I'm afraid. That's John's 'raising my own vegetables' joke but it really isn't much of a joke after all!"—New York Times.

The Child.

The most sacred thing in the commonwealth and to the commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull faced mother of the hotel. The child of the dull faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the state. At its worst it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such who held high places in church and state. President Elliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he had known in many years' connection with Harvard university was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource in the state.—Walter Hines Page.

The Sunflower.

"The sunflower," said a naturalist, "is the most deceitful of all plants, for it has fooled six nations. Six nations believe that the sunflower turns toward the sun, and so thoroughly are they deluded that they call it by a name which bears witness to their error. Thus the French call the sunflower tournesol; the Spanish call it girasol; the Italians call it girasole; the Hungarians call it naptaforgo. Each of these words means 'turn to the sun.' The English and Americans don't go quite that far in admitting themselves to be the plant's dupes. They only call it sunflower. They mean by that name, though quite as much as the other names imply. The belief is general among six nations that the sunflower turns with the sun and always faces the luminary. As a matter of fact, there is only one flower that turns or keeps with the sun—namely, the sun spurge."

Ancient Mural Decorations.

It is probable that the earliest wall paintings were those of the Egyptians. Those people employed a distemper containing dissolved gum, and their principal pigments were white chalk, a vegetable yellow, ochers, Ethiopian clannar, blue powdered glass stained with copper and charcoal black. The walls of Assyrian and Babylonian dwellings were treated in much the same way, and the practice of painting on walls coated with plaster was certainly in vogue in Assyria. It has been believed that the Greeks understood true fresco work, apparently on the strength of a phrase occurring in Plutarch, "to paint on a wet ground." Vitruvius also speaks of a wet ground and says that colors placed upon a surface so prepared are permanent, which certainly is characteristic of true fresco work.—Harper's.

Caustic Whistler.

Most Whistler anecdotes have the inevitable caustic note. One day an English student was smoking a pipe when Whistler entered the smoking room. "You should be very careful," he observed. "You know you might get interested in your work and let your pipe go out." Then there was a Scotch student who succeeded in getting Whistler to examine his sketches, one of which was an old peasant woman, whose face was illuminated by a huge candle. He examined all the sketches carefully and then remarked: "How beautifully you've painted the candle! Good morning, gentlemen."

His Close Call.

"I had a narrow escape yesterday noon."

"How's that?" "Four of us ate lunch together and each of us insisted on paying the check."

"Well?" "For a minute or two it looked as though I had overdone the thing and the others were going to let me do it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Foreign French.

"Learn to speak French. Then things won't cost so much in Paris." "Oh, you can't make 'em think you are a Frenchman."

"No, but sometimes you can make 'em think you are a Russian or a Spaniard."—Washington Herald.

By the Card.

Gibbs—I say, old chap, what is meant by the expression "to speak by the card?" Dibbs—Oh, one does that when one exclaims, "The deuce!"—New York Telegram.

Only Safe Way.

Criggs—Can you keep a secret from your wife? Briggs—Not unless I keep secret the fact that I have one.—Boston Transcript.