

TALE OF A TIGHTWAD.

Every Man Should Take to Heart the Moral It Points.

We once knew a man who was too stingy to take the newspaper in his home town and always went over to borrow his neighbor's paper.

One evening he sent his son over to borrow the paper, and while the son was on the way he ran into a large stand of bees, and in a few minutes his face looked like a summer squash.

Hearing the agonized cries of the son, the father ran to his assistance and in doing so ran into a barbed wire fence, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$4 pair of trousers.

The old cow took advantage of the hole in the fence, got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the stingy man's wife ran out of the house, upsetting a four gallon churn full of cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. She slipped on the cream and fell downstairs, breaking her leg and a \$10 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream into the parlor and ruined a \$40 parlor carpet. During the excitement the daughter eloped with the hired man, taking the family savings bank with them.

The moral is that every man should be a subscriber to his home newspaper.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE.

That Was the First Order Founded in This Country.

How many persons have ever heard of the Order of the Golden Horseshoe, the first order founded in America?

In 1724, when Virginia extended from the Atlantic into the unknown west, few of her colonists had crossed the Blue Ridge or the Alleghenies. So fall of dangers from savages and wild beasts and so full of natural difficulties was the passage of those terrible heights that Governor Spotswood, setting out to discover a pass, looked on the expedition as so hazardous that he took with him a guard of "soldiers, gentlemen and pioneers," armed and carrying provisions. Those scaled the pass with great hardships and perils and returned after the governor had cut the name of King George in the rocks on the highest peak.

He then constituted the society, or order, of the Golden Horseshoe. Each man who had scaled this high pass was made a member of it, and to each one he presented a golden horseshoe, or order, of the Golden Horseshoe. Each man who had scaled this high pass was made a member of it, and to each one he presented a golden horseshoe, or order, of the Golden Horseshoe.

Any man thereafter who could prove that he had read with his own eyes the name of the king on the height was entitled to become a member of this order.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Economical Hand Bag.

"I want you to see my lovely new shopping bag," said a certain lady to a caller the other afternoon. "My husband gave it to me for my birthday, and it's simply grand. And it's so economical! You see, you open this and there are two compartments, and you open the compartment on this side and there is a little pocket in that, and you open the little pocket and there is a cute little pocketbook for change, with one side partitioned off for street car tickets."

"I see," said the caller. "But why do you call it economical?"

"Why, it takes so long to open all the things and get to your street car tickets that by the time you do whoever's with you has paid your fare."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reported Verbatim.

Very few speakers are precise and accurate enough to stand well in an absolutely verbatim report. I have come across a verbatim report of a wonderful question addressed by Lord Chief Justice Hyde to an accused person, writes "A Man of Kent" in the British Weekly. If any reader can make head or tail of it I should like to hear from him. Here is the question: "You took a man in the dark by the throat, that man that was guilty of such a thing as when that you did let him go to call his companions to bring the money, being fellows to you single, I would be glad to know whether in this case they would not have knocked you on the head and killed you."

Running No Risk.

"What," asks the maiden aunt, "going to marry that Mr. Newsum? Why, you hardly know the man, Inogenes. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Kottrah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."

A Genius.

"Oh, doctor, I feel so discouraged—whispering cough, weakness, bumps and bumps, one after the other, and now my child is ill again!"

"Why, the boy's a genius!"

"A genius?"

"Too infinite capacity for taking pains, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

Soft.

"Should a man shave up or down?" asked a youthful clerk, and the barber replied with a grin:

"That depends. When I shave you, the hair, I always shave down."

Encouragement.

Jack—I am afraid that if I ask you to be my wife you will treat me as a joke. Molly—But all jokes are self-inflicted, Jack.

An Old Time Mermaid.

An amusing and detailed account of a mermaid seen in the Atlantic, written apparently in good faith, ends with the following description of the monster, which may possibly have been a seal or a sea lion. "That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and fawn, without any scales, all his motions are like those of men, the eyes are a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair and chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word he is a well shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Mortin and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two-and-thirty men." (An article from Bret in the "Memoirs of Trevoux." The monster was mentioned in the Gazette of Amsterdam Oct. 12, 1725, where, it is said, it was seen in the ocean in August of the same year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Read the Moon.

Few people can tell at a glance whether the moon is waxing or waning. Here is a whimsical rule to remember by. It is very simple to those who know Latin and is not difficult for those who do not. The first thing is to notice whether the moon is like a D or a C—that is, whether the full semicircular curve is on the right or the left. If the moon shows a D that naturally stands for decreet. "It wanes."

But then comes in the great principle. "The moon is always deceitful," and one has to understand the opposite of what the moon says, so that a moon which shows a D is a waxing moon, while a waning moon is like a C. Those who have no Latin will no doubt look to see whether the moon says it is "decreasing," in which case they will understand that it is waxing, while a waning moon will deny that it is "decreasing."—New York Sun.

Cost of First Class Traveling.

While on the Pacific ocean I met a life insurance man who told me that he traveled constantly and that his expenses, aboard and ashore, averaged \$11 a day. He kept no expense account, he said. At the end of the year he charged the company \$11 a day for expenses, and that was almost exactly what he spent. I made a calculation and found that the present trip has cost us \$11 a day each, almost to a penny.

If you want to know what traveling costs, here is an estimate you may depend upon. This means rapid traveling, by railroad and steamship, and sightseeing in the towns with the assistance of a guide. The estimate includes the purchases a traveler is compelled to make and cannot be reduced much unless you travel second class and deny yourself many things.—Ed W. Howe in His Travel Notes.

His Morning Duty.

Ministerial duties and increasing dignity have not robbed a certain minister of his cherished boyhood accomplishment of making fritters. He frequently exercises this skill at breakfast time, much to the delight of the younger members of the family. Edith, the four-year-old daughter, recently took tea with a member of the congregation. After the silent grace the little one, looking at her unmarried hostess, remarked with pity:

"You don't have any one to pray for you, do you?"

Said one of the ladies present, smiling:

"I suppose your papa prays for you three times a day."

"Oh, no, he doesn't," was the innocent and earnest answer. "He fries in the morning and prays in the afternoon."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Common Weakness.

An interesting light is thrown on the purely human side of the late Edward VII. of England by a story told of his inability to resist the temptation to appropriate a particularly good anecdote.

Some one told a delightful story to one of his majesty's young nieces. "That is capital," she said. "I must tell it to the king."

"No," she instantly added, "I won't, for if you tell uncle a good story he forgets in a day or two that it was told to him and goes about repeating it to every one as his own."

Information Wanted.

Stimmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking bees," he said to the young woman.

"Were you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?"

"Husking bees?" exclaimed the girl.

"How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Stimmons?"

Prophecy.

Small Boy Handling Druggist half dollar—Five five-cent cigars, and give me the change.

Druggist—But, Bob, your father always smokes ten cent cigars.

"Well, he isn't going to this time."—Life.

Her Bad Accident.

"Did you ever have a bad accident?" The lady chaffed her husband.

"I met my husband by accident," she admitted.—Exchange.

Just Too Late.

"When did you learn that he was one of the bank's most trusted employees?" The day after he absconded with the funds.—Detroit Free Press.

Be at war with your views, at peace with your neighbors and let every new year find you a better man.—Franklin.

Wagner Worship.

"There is no such worship of national genius in America as prevails abroad," said a recently returned tourist. "In Germany, for instance, at the opera the scale of prices varies according to the composer, Wagner, of course, commanding the top notch admission. But the most peculiar feature of this musical adoration is that it affects the toilettes as well. With the elaborate gowning of a New York audience, in mind, I approached our landlady as to the propriety of appearing at the opera in such a makeshift costume as my tourist wardrobe afforded. 'It depends entirely upon the composer you intend to hear, fraulein,' was her astonishing reply. 'For some your present attire would be perfectly proper, but if it is the great Wagner you are to hear'— She broke off, but an expressive shrug of the shoulders told plainer than words that it would be an affront to his ashes to appear in anything but the most stunning and up to date evening gown."—New York Tribune.

When Thanks Were Given.

Many years ago a noted chief of the tribe of Chippewa Indians while hunting wounded a deer and followed it for miles. The chase was long and very severe, and the Indian was in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue and lack of food and water when he found himself on the top of a wonderful mountain, at the foot of which nestled a beautiful lake crystal clear. From the surface of the lake trout leaped, and upon the shore lay the deer he had hunted. Here were food, water, fish and fuel for cooking.

Raising his hand and facing the setting sun, the exhausted chief exclaimed, "Ish-pem-ing," which in the Chippewa tongue means "heaven" or "the place on high."

The story was remembered, and the name given by the Indian was adopted by the white settlers when the present city of Ishpeming, Mich., was formed. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Inexperienced.

In a boarding house for bachelors Amanda, a typical "mummy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style, so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he was laid up in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?" Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes.

"Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' 'bout takin' care of any animals."—Harper's Magazine.

Antiquity of Nagging.

No, if you are nagged you are not alone in your experience. Nor are the nagged persons of this age the only nagged persons of any age. Nagging is an old custom. They tell us that Adam, Job, Socrates, Aesop, Leonidas, Mischavell and many more distinguished historical personages were victims of nagging. This proves the antiquity but not the wisdom or the respectability of nagging. And if it is as old as it is claimed to be let it crawl away somewhere to die. For come to think of it, nagging is just as hurtful to the nagger as it is to the nagged. So why injure ourselves for the purpose of injuring some one else? Samson did that, you know, when he pulled down the temple of Gaza and broke his own back. Rather a poor example to follow, eh?—Detroit Free Press.

Wrote in Bed.

Mark Twain wrote nearly all his later books in bed. So persistent a "sluggard" was he that he had a specially contrived bed fixed up so that he could write without trouble or exertion while propped luxuriously among his pillows. He used to aver that most of his best thoughts came to him in bed and that the trouble and worry of getting up, shaving and dressing dispersed them all and left him in no mood for commencing his literary labors. He was of opinion that bed was the very best place for the author, and he acted upon his belief.

Careless.

"Have you made a special study of the subject on which you are going to lecture?"

"No," replied the gifted speaker. "I tried that once, and I got so interested in the subject that I didn't have time to write the lecture."—Washington Star.

Man's Love For Woman.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"Would you marry a man who has the reputation of being not more than half-witted?"

"No, but I'll be a sister to you."—Houston Post.

Cynical.

"My wife is an angel," said the book.

"How long has she been dead?" asked the grocer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Steth makes all things different, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.

In India the Natives Eat Bassia Tree Blossoms Uncooked.

In these days one would hardly call a dinner of rosebuds a feast, nor should we be inclined to accept an invitation to dine on the blossoms of the pumpkin vine. Yet some Indians, like the old Aztecs, used to esteem these flowers, when properly prepared, a great dainty.

So, in the same way, do natives of many parts of India depend for food upon the blossoms of the bassia tree. They do not need even to cook the flowers, but make a good meal of them raw. These blossoms are described as sweet and sickly in odor and taste. They are sometimes dried in the sun, when they are kept and sold in bazaars as a regular article of diet.

The trees are so highly esteemed that the forest of cutting down their bassia trees will generally bring an unruly tribe to terms. This is perhaps not to be wondered at when it is considered that a single tree will yield from 200 to 400 pounds of flowers. The Parsees cook the flowers and also make sweetmeats of them.

"Nobody would be inclined to deny that smoked fish and smoked meat are agreeable varieties to our bill of fare, but few, perhaps, would feel ready to plead guilty to a taste for smoked flowers. And yet, when we give to the clove its well earned place among flavorings we are making use of a smoked flower bud. The buds grow on a small evergreen and are plucked from the ends of the branches before they expand. Then they are dried in the sun and smoked over a wood fire to give them the brown color.—Philadelphia Press.

USELESS THINGS.

Ghosts of the Past That Were Formidable in Their Time.

"An enumeration of the useless," says Richard Jeffries, "would almost be an enumeration of everything hitherto pursued."

What a pile of junk the men of the world labored to produce!

Heap up all the books that are of no possible use, the contents of ancient libraries, books of heraldries, theologies and discarded sciences, books of wrangling and tedious arguments the world has willingly forgot, and the myriads of chaff products that pour like a ceaseless Niagara from the modern press; heap them up into one mountain, and from its top you could look down upon the Himalayas.

Think of the ruined cities of the orient, the ghostly temples of Egypt, the broken fragments of castles by the Rhine and the Danube, the Coliseum, the Golden House of Nero, the Garden of Hadrian at Tivoli! Think of the useless sciences men studied, the faded religions they once believed, the inconsequential wars of history, the realms of antiquated law, the gold gathered together only to be misspent! Think of the useless passions, dreams, thoughts and desires of men!

One is sometimes tempted to think that we front the great questions of life, love and death as freely, with as little advantage from experience, as the cave man.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

No Promotion.

The late Bishop Doane of Albany, a strict conservative, had his own views as to woman's place in the world. No feminist this good Tory bishop, no advocate of "newness" of any sort.

Bishop Doane believed in marriage of the real old fashioned kind, and to bridegrooms at weddings he used sometimes to make a little speech.

"My young friend," he would say to the pale and nervous bridegroom, putting him on the back, "you are now embarking on a long, hazardous voyage, and I bid you remember the Finnish proverb:

"For the Finnish sailors have a proverb to this effect:

"The man who on the ship of matrimony signs as mate will never get promoted."—New York Tribune.

Better Than a Clock.

"My father," said the small boy to the lady who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" queried the visitor.

"Oh, when I hear out an' ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says it's time to get up. An' when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says, 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.' Oh, I tell you my father is a great man!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Forebodings.

"Why are you worrying, dear?" he asked after they had got things settled in their coming little bungalow.

"I was just thinking that if you turn out to be so great as I expect you to be and we have any children, they will have to take their places among the little ones."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not All Black.

"How about this shooting?"

"My client's mind is blank, judge. That ought to be sufficient excuse to get him off."

"I might consider it if the cartridges had been blank too."—Kansas City Journal.

Fear and Danger.

Narrowed Old Lady to lock hand on stomach.—Mr. Steamboatman. Is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand carelessly.—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm.—Ruffin.

Floored the Court.

London Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as lord chancellor in presiding in the court of appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A junior who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interlocutory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. —, why should we reverse the king's bench on a point like this?"

"My lord," rejoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my lord," said counsel; "I could not consent to that because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the court of appeal.

Neglected Neighborhoods.

You can find in almost any town a "neglected neighborhood." The easiest thing to do with such a neighborhood is to keep on neglecting it.

It is so easy for us to study these topics as if they were about other places and people than ourselves and our homes. Is there a neglected corner in your town or in your county? If there is, what are you going to do about it? Not "What have you been doing about it?" or "What ought you to do about it?" but "What are you going to do about it?"

If you can't get the committees interested do something yourself. Do not be afraid.

The thing is to get started. You see, as soon as you have started something the neighborhood is no longer neglected. And then it will be an easier matter to get some one to come in and help.—Christian Herald.

The Passing of a Type.

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long haired actors. The long haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the pianoforte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter of fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Swiss Navy.

Centuries before Germany was to be reckoned with as a sea power Switzerland possessed a fleet equipped for warfare. Eight hundred years ago, on all the larger Swiss lakes, armed galleys were maintained by the rival cantons. Skilled shipwrights had to be imported from Genoa for the construction of these vessels, some of which carried crews of 500 men or more. The largest of these flotillas was maintained on the lake of Geneva, when the inhabitants of Geneva were at war with Savoy. Since the neutrality of Switzerland has been guaranteed by the powers there has been no need for war vessels on the lakes. The Swiss, however, possess a mercantile navy which carries a considerable amount of trade over the 342 miles of navigable waterways in the republic.

Sorry For the Overworked Artist.

"Henry," said his sister at the breakfast table the morning after, "you shouldn't ask that young artist to work so hard when he and a party of your other friends visit you."

"Huh?" replied brother, coming out of a postmortem reverie of the big hand.

"You needn't try to deny it. I listened at the door awhile, and some one was always asking the poor artist to 'draw three' or draw some other number of pictures. At least you should have been satisfied to have him draw one at a time."—Kansas City Star.

A Complex Problem.

"Do you think worry makes a man bald headed?"

"It's hard to say," replied the man who gives every question cautious consideration, "whether you get bald because you worry or you worry because you are getting bald."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suspicious.

Ted—You don't seem to be as friendly with him as you used to be. Ned—No, I'm rather suspicious of him. He borrowed some money from me the other day and paid it back.—Judge.

Followed the Lead.

Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

Conscience.

Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy? Small Tommy—It's what makes a fellow feel sore when he gets found out.—Chicago News.

Her Preference.

"Yes, I enjoyed the voyage," said Mrs. Two-kenbury, "but on the whole I think I prefer terra cotta."—Christian Register.

Out at Service.

A young housekeeper, if her cook is stupid, her nurse idle, her maid more given to flirtation than to household duties, sighs for the model servants of the good old times. But did "the good old times" ever exist historically, or do they only live in dreams and ballads?

Charles Dickens tells of the appalling stupidity of London kitchens. Sir Walter Scott mentions a genius who, fearing that all his master's bees would desert the hive, plastered the openings and suffocated all the inmates. Samuel Breck has grewsome accounts of burglars, highwaymen, pirates and murderers among the convicts sent over from England before the Revolution. Daniel Defoe's pictures of extravagance, carelessness, rascality and all that is undesirable among servants is a classic. Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" seems to forestall every story of negligence, or wastefulness, or dirtiness the present generation has heard.—Living Church.

The Top Hat.

Although the beginning of the "cylinder of civilization," as it has been called, can be traced back to the Elizabethan era, it is only about seventy or eighty years ago that the top hat of the present day reached its final shape. Since then it has altered slightly in the dimensions of the crown and the curl of the brim, but the hat itself has remained essentially unchanged. The top hat seems to have had its beginning in the habit of gallants in the Elizabethan period of cocking up one side of their broad brimmed, high crowned felt or beaver hats and securing them with a jewel. The French court later developed this into cocking up three sides of the hat and fastening it with a loop of ribbon. From this fashion came the cockade, now used only by grooms and footmen. The silk hat of today was born in France and supplanted the now nearly extinct beaver hat of practically the same shape, though considerably larger.—London Standard.

Blind Swimmers.

The man who is unfortunate enough to lose his sight or to be born blind is, says a medical authority, severely handicapped on dry ground, but he can, if he is a swimmer, find his way easily enough in the water. Blind people generally have a keen sense of hearing, and they can steer themselves in the water by sound as well as an ordinary man by sight. If they are swimming toward a certain point a whistle from time to time will enable them to reach it with unerring accuracy. This fact has been proved by some interesting experiments. A race between blind men and ordinary swimmers on a lake resulted in a victory for the former. Normal swimmers lose much time in raising their heads for the purpose of keeping their eyes on the winning post. This also prevents them from concentrating all their attention on speed.—Exchange.

Roses For Restoring Hair.

Roses form the chief ingredient in what is probably the earliest recipe for a hair restorer on record. According to Pliny, wild rose leaves reduced into a liniment with bear's grease make the hair grow again in most marvelous fashion." Pliny also recommends "ashes of roses as serving to trim the hairs of the eyebrows." Roses figured prominently in several old time strong drinks, such as rosa solis, which consisted of rosewater mixed with aqua vitae and flavored with cinnamon. The favorite morning draft among Elizabethan roisters was "rosa solis, to wash the molgrubs out of a moody brain."—London Chronicle.

Remote Origin of Alcohol.

No one knows when alcohol was first made. It is commonly taught that it was first distilled by the Arabians about the tenth century, but there is little doubt that they obtained the secret from Italian doctors, who had long been practicing it. Paul Richter in the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift shows that a knowledge of "aqua ardens," or "burning water," may be traced as far back as the second century A. D. to a Christian father named Hippolytus, who possessed a recipe analogous to those handed about during the middle ages.

Oldest Ball Game.

Tennis is pronounced the oldest of all the existing ball games. It is impossible to give its origin, but it was played in Europe during the middle ages in the parks or ditches of the feudal castles. It was at first the pastime of kings and nobles, but later it grew popular with all classes. The French took it from the Italians and the English from the French.—New York Press.

Unpleasant Reaction.

Bones—What is it that makes you look so downhearted? Binks—My employee's wife has endowed another million. Bones—What of that? Binks—Every time she does it the old man cuts down our salaries to get even.—Boston Post.

Involved.

Young Woman Applicant—Excuse me, but I suppose you don't know of nobody who