WHISKED FROM STEEL BARS TO BRIDAL SUITE

Remarkable Experience of Young Woman Who is Charged With Being Forger of Checks.

NOW SHE IS WIFE OF VISCOUNT WHO IS INFATUATED WITH HER

Furnishes Bond of $1000 for Her Appearance and Hurries Her to Office of Justice of Peace.

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 25.—Whisked from behind steel bars in the county jail, through the office of a marrying justice, to the most luxurious county justice, to the most luxurious bridal suite of the Hotel Alexandria, where she gasped, rubbed her eyes and found out that she really is the wife of the Viscount Denman Clanorvon Campbell of England, was the fairyland experience yesterday of Nettie S. Putnam,

Mrs. Putnam was a pretty divorcee. She won the heart of Campbell, who claims to be a scion of Lord Clive of Stratford-On-Avon, a descendant of the Clive of British Indian fame, who was touring America.

Before leaving Los Angeles for San Francisco recently Mrs. Putnam passed some checks that later were questioned. She was apprehended in San Francisco and returned to Los Angeles, the adoring Englishman in her wake. Campbell cabled his relatives home, whereupon he announced that within two days he would return to his lady's assistance. The second day ended at noon yesterday.

Upon the stroke of the clock the viscount rushed into the jail with an order for Mrs. Putnam's release. He had furnished her bail of $1,000, which he pelled from a roll of yellow and green as thick as his neck.

Through the jail corridors Campbell rushed the girl, and within ten minutes Justice Forbes had married them. The trip to the Alexandria was made in a taxicab in record time. The couple, Campbell said, start for England January 2.

JABS AND JOLTS

We find some good in everything,
whatever it may be,
And if we probe but deep enough,
some virtue we may see.
The six-day race, for instance is a pastime dull and drear,
But, like the merry Christmastide, it comes but once a year.

After considering the comparative popularity of various sports among the undergraduates, Yale has decided to call its new stadium the Bowl.

No matter what happens to Larry McLean, he will always occupy a soft spot in our heart. He once refused to become a white hope.

Yagottahandit to Burt Kennedy, who coaches a Lake Forest, Illinois, team. He picked an all-star eleven and only six of the players are Lake Forest men.

It is said that Ad Wolgast conducts a farm in Michigan when not engaged in making matches and calling them off.

Billy Gibson has decided not to match any more heavyweights. He does not care to have his fight club further contaminated by the effluvium of camembert.

The report that Charley Murphy intends to start a ball league in Scotland must have been due to a misprint. It should have been a bull league.

George Carpentier and Bombardier Wells fought in London for the championship of something, but we can't make out just what it was.

We were about to suggest that Roger Bresnahan be traded for Joe Tinker, but we couldn't develop sufficient hardness of heart. Roger is too good a fellow.

The air is filled with breezes chilled,
And storms of bleak December,
While far away the athletes stray
Where sunlight smiles the livelong day,
But where the Sox and Giants play
I cannot quite remember.

If Billy Papke can hurt his hand on a punching bag, the only way he can make any impression on George Chip is to use brass knuckles.

Mr. Gilmore of the Federal league gets a column of advertising on the strength of a story which he threatens to spring next week. Mr. Gilmore is a follower of the Murphy school of bullthrowing.

Corsets and booze have been hammered longer and harder than anything else on earth. That's the reason you find them everywhere.

DIFFICULT NAVAL FEAT.

Landing Big Field Guns on Shore by the Trolley Route.

That the landing of field guns and munitions of war on shores which vessels cannot approach closely is one of the exciting tasks for the men on the warships of the world's great navies is thrillingly demonstrated. The maneuver is especially necessary in the navies of the colonial powers, which must be in readiness to land fighting forces on any of the unapproachable shores of their colonies. British, German and French sailors have long been trained in making such landings, and since the United States has become a colonial power the crews of American battleships are likely to be called upon for similar service.

The battleship or transport carrying the guns anchors as near the shore as possible, and a cable is stretched from the vessel's deck to a tripod derrick on shore. A two wheeled trolley from which are suspended the various parts of the guns is drawn along the cable by a rope running to the men on shore. The guns are dismounted, and several trips are necessary to land all the parts of one gun. The most thrilling part of the work is carried on by the men who ride on the load to keep it from swaying or becoming unfastened from the trolley.—Popular Mechanics.

SECRET OF GOOD BREAD.

Flour Should Be Aged In a Dry, Well Ventilated Place.

Here is a secret that many housewives do not know and even some professional bakers do not understand. Flour should be kept in a dry, well ventilated place. The temperature should be about 70.

To make good bread flour should be aged—that is, it should be kept dry and preferably where the air can reach it. Some persons warm a sack of flour and think that this will dry and age it, but such treatment does not reach the middle of the flour.

Experiments show that when flour is aged properly there is a slight loss of moisture, but the flour will absorb more water. In one test a freshly ground sack of flour after sixty days lost a little over one pound in weight, but it gained so much in absorption that it made a gain of several pounds in weight of dough over the original weight. The gluten, which is the life of the flour, also becomes more elastic, and the flour grows whiter.

There is no better way for the housekeeper than to keep a barrel or sack of flour where it will be dry and exposed to the air and also to keep a quantity of flour sifted and ready for use.—New York Sun.

Trivial Cause of a Bloody War.

In the year 1654 a Polish nobleman became obnoxious to the laws of his country by reason of his having committed a crime. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Casimir, king of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, demanding the surrender of the criminal. The king of Sweden on reading the dispatch noticed that his own name and titles were followed by two "et ceteras," while the name of the king of Poland was followed by three. The missing "et cetera" so enraged the king of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. The war was carried on with great bitterness until 1660, when a peace was signed at Oliva, near Danzig. A contemporary writer (Kochowsky) poured out his lamentations on the war in these terms: "How dear has this 'et cetera' been to us! With how many lives have these two potentates paid for these missing eight letters! With what streams of blood has the failure of a few drops of ink been avenged!"

Oh, Wait Till He Returns!

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the good friend on finding Mrs. Newed in floods of tears, "what is the matter?"

The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be inhumanly calm.

"Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away for a week."

"Yes, dear," helped the lady friend.

"Well, he writes to me regularly, and in his—his last letter he tells me he gets my photo out and kisses it every day."

"But that is nothing for you to cry about!" exclaimed the good friend.

"Yes, it is," cried Mrs. Newed, bursting into tears afresh. "be-because I took my picture out of his ba-bag before he started ju-just for a jo-joke and put one of mo-mo-mother's in its place!"

Not Guilty.

A woman said to her grocer:

"I'm going to stop dealing with you. You mix bad butter with your good."

But the grocer, looking very much hurt, replied:

"Oh, madam, how can you misjudge me so? It's true I sometimes mix a little good butter with my bad to make it better, but I'd never dream of mixing bad butter with my good to make it worse!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cited Her Authority.

"Now, children, can you name any other creature that belongs to the brute creation?"

"I can, teacher."

"Then name the creature."

"My papa. My mamma says so."—Baltimore American.

Not Studied.

Louise—Does your husband treat you with a studied indifference? Julia—No; his unconcern is quite natural.—Judge.

Deferred duties, as a general rule, mean neglected duties.

Getting Around It.

The members of a party around a table in an exclusive club in a downtown skyscraper were much amused the other evening by a controversy between their waiter and another employee of the club.

One of the party had ordered sirup. What the sirup was for has nothing to do with this story. Going to the dumb waiter, the servitor shouted in his best ordering voice:

"Sirup!"

"I don't getchu," came the response down the shaft.

"Sirup!!" this time with two exclamation points and rising inflection.

"Come again," was the imperturbable response.

"Sirup!" It went up the shaft like the blast of an explosion.

"Aw, spell it," said the echo.

"S-u-r"—the waiter had his feet planted firmly—"s-u-r"—he had tightened his vest and taken a deep breath—"s-su-r. Say, bring some one to the shaft that can understand me, will yuh?"

And he waited with some dignity the coming of a person with sharper ears. —Pittsburgh Post.

Courtship by Flowers.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiance, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves. Another method which exists in the canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flowerpot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple. Sometimes a fickle girl will keep a young man waiting a day or two for an answer, but whatever it may be it is final.

When Buttons Were Big.

Bachaumont writes in his "Secret Memoirs," Nov. 18, 1786: "The mania for buttons is today extremely ridiculous. They are not only of enormous size, some of them as big as six pound crowns, but miniatures and pictures are made upon them, and this ornamentation is extremely costly. Some of them represent the medals of the twelve Caesars, others antique statues and still others the Metamorphoses of Ovid." Isabey, in his biographical notes, says that when he came to Paris he worked for a living by making copies of Vanloos and Bouchers on the lids of snuffboxes and that for these medallions he was paid from 6 to 8 francs each. "As it was still the fashion," he said, "to wear buttons as big as a five franc piece upon which cupids, flowers and landscapes were cut in cameo, I went into that business. I got 12 sous for each."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Act of a Monster.

Where is Carmania? Translate it into Kirman and a few who are up in the affairs of the middle east could identify the Persian province. Most of us know so little of that part of the world. But the chief town, Kirman, also known as Carmania, was the scene in 1795 of one of the most terrible events ever in the history of Asia. Agha Mohammed, founder of the Kajar dynasty, then besieged and took the place and, raging at the escape of his defeated rival, with three followers, ordered 70,000 eyes of the inhabitants to be brought to him. He counted them with his dagger point and said to his minister, "If one had been wanting I would have made up the number with your own eyes."—London Standard.

His Finish.

A politician was describing at the club the death of a rival.

"Yes, Jones is dead," he said, and, with a chuckle, he held his glass up to the light. "Yes, Jones is dead. He slipped on the parquetry floor of his library and killed himself."

The politician gave a loud laugh. Then he added:

"A hardwood finish, eh?"—Exchange.

Camels In Water.

The camel is about the only animal that cannot swim. It is an extraordinary fact that the moment the ungainly creature loses its footing in a stream it turns over and makes no effort to save itself from drowning. — London Answers.

Obeyed Orders.

Wife—Didn't you hear me ask you for $10? Husband—I did. Wife—Then why do you give me only $5? Husband—Because you told me yesterday to believe only half what I hear.

Scares Him.

We are not surprised that a man gets nervous at his own wedding. It is probably the first time he ever saw all the bride's kin lined up. — Chicago News.

He Shone Once.

Thespis—When were you a leading man?

Foyer—When the company had to walk back from Chicago.—Brooklyn Life.

Pertinent Query.

Teacher (describing her encounter with a tramp)—And then—I fainted. Little Johnnie Jeffries—Wi' yer left or wi' yer right, ma'am?—London Tatler

YOUR MISTAKES.

Study Them, Then Profit From Them, and Go Ahead.

Study your mistakes.

There are two kinds of mistakes. Those that happen from ordinary human misthinking and those that come from carelessness and petty unthinking.

Study your mistakes.

No one ever gets too big to make mistakes. The secret is that the big man is greater than his mistakes, because he rises right out of them and passes beyond them.

After one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, a young man came up to him and said, "Mr. Beecher, did you know that you made a grammatical error in your sermon this morning?"

"A grammatical error!" answered Beecher. "I'll bet my hat that I made forty of them!"

Half of the power of the forceful man springs out of his mistakes of one sort or another. They help to keep him human.

Study your mistakes.

But the mistakes that tear away the power of a man, weaken him and make him flabby are the stupid, the reckless mistakes. The clerk who forgets, the stenographer that doesn't care, the worker who neglects—these are the ones whose life blood and vitality are sapped and sucked away into failure.

Study your mistakes.

One of the great things of each day for you is to do your best, unmindful of mistakes. But after your work is done and you realize your blunders, don't shirk, don't whine, don't despond, but—

Study your mistakes.

Then profit from them, and go ahead!—From "You Can," by George Matthew Adams.

CRITICS AND GENIUS.

Carlyle Denounced Spencer, and Ruskin Ridiculed Whistler.

The good critic must in some way begin by accepting literature as it is, just as the good lyric poet must begin by accepting life as it is. He may be as full of revolutionary and reforming theories as he likes, but he must not allow any of these to come like a cloud between him and the sun, moon, and stars of literature. The man who disparages the beauty of flowers and birds and love and laughter and courage will never be counted among the lyric poets, and the man who questions the beauty of the inhabited world the imaginative writers have made—a world as unreasonable in its loveliness as the world of nature—is not in the way of becoming a critic of literature.

Another argument which tells in favor of the theory that the best criticism is praise is the fact that almost all the memorable examples of critical folly have been denunciations. One remembers that Carlyle dismissed Herbert Spencer as a "never ending ass." One remembers that Byron thought nothing of Keats—Jack Ketch, as he called him. One remembers that the critics damned Wagner's operas as a new form of sin. One remembers that Ruskin denounced one of Whistler's nocturnes as a pot of paint flung in the face of the British public. In the world of science we have a thousand similar examples of new genius being hailed by the critics as folly and charlatanry.—Robert Lynd in British Review.

Thought He Was In India.

When Rudyard Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening, and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. 'Snake!' flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

Splendid, but Ladylike Golf.

I know now when a young lady begins to play "really splendid" golf, says a writer in the Glasgow News. Two young ladies entered our compartment at Whitecraigs, and, having placed a bag of shining clubs on the rack, one of them said to her companion, "Do you know, you played really splendid golf today." "Oh, how could you say that?" exclaimed the other in pleased tones. "You know I haven't long started." "Oh, that's nothing," explained the critic in tones that clearly left no doubt in the mind of the criticised one. "Didn't you only miss the ball three times in eighteen holes?"

Musical Test.

Mrs. Newrich (who has advertised for a pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement? Pianist—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Newrich—Well, sit down and play a couple of duets, so that I can see what you can do.—Yonkers Statesman.

Modest.

Muggins—Do you ever lie to your wife?

Buggins—Only when I tell her I am not worthy of her.—Philadelphia Record.

A man whose only motive for action is wages does a bad piece of work.—Charles Wagner.

Chum Saved Himself.

A little dog, unlicensed, had been found in the streets and taken to the pound. He was an affectionate animal and greatly endeared himself to all about the place. They called him Chum, and he joyfully responded whenever his name was spoken. As the days passed, other poor, homeless dogs were put to death. Finally came Chum's last day of grace, and no one had come to claim him. The next morning dawned, and the man who was to kill Chum called him into the yard. Chum danced and wagged his tail, no doubt thinking something good was in store for him. The man then said: "Well, Chummy, your time has come. You'd better say your prayers." Immediately the little forepaws were crossed, the little head bowed, and Chum said his prayers. As the little body was still in this attitude of reverence a step was heard. The attendant looked up and saw the superintendent standing there. There were tears in the eyes of each. Chum is still living, but instead of being nobody's dog he is now everybody's.—St. Louis Republic.

Proved His Profession.

In "Pierre Garat, Singer and Exquisite," is this story of the Parisian favorite: Out alone one evening in 1792 Garat was arrested by a patrol of national guards because he was unable to produce his card of citizenship, as decreed by the convention. And so he, Garat, "whose larynx was said to be a whole opera," was taken to the section house, and the officer in command began his interrogation as follows:

"Your profession?" "I sing." "That," retorted the officer, "is not a profession. I also sing!" "Possibly," drawled our hero, "but I sing better than you. The case is not the same." "Oh! You will have to prove that!" Garat, always fond of an innocent coup de theatre, immediately attacked one of the most florid romances of his repertoire—a thing of trills, roulades and "dying falls," a performance so astonishing in that grimy guardhouse that his captors not only released him, but escorted him home in triumph.

A Novelty In Strikes.

The management of a traveling theatrical company demanded 2 shillings for admission. The visitors did not propose to pay more than 1 shilling and after a hasty consultation outside the entrance formed a "theater goers' union." Pickets were stationed, and within a few minutes 278 people—practically all who were there—had agreed not to pay the 2 shillings.

The manager appeared at the doorway and refused to make the required reduction.

"I'll give you till I count twenty," said the newly elected president of the new union, "and after that our price will be sixpence instead of 1 shilling." He counted slowly to nine, and then the manager capitulated.

The strike was declared at an end, the quondam strikers trooped into the hall, and the union was dissolved after an existence of about twenty minutes. —Sydney (Australia) Mail.

The Eskimo Mind.

The difficulty of conveying the true idea of Christianity to the Eskimo mind is related by Vilhjalmur Stefansson: "Now, it seems that in Kotsebue sound, where the Christian doctrines of the Colville people had originated, fishing is by nets only. As fishing is practically the only work done there the missionary had probably said to them, 'Do not put out your fish nets on Sunday,' meaning thereby 'Do not work on Sunday.' However that may be, the prohibition came to our community in the form 'God has said you must not use fish nets on Sunday.' Accordingly the entire community pulled their fish nets out of the river Saturday night, fished with hooks all day Sunday and put the nets back into the water Monday morning."

Uncorker of Ocean Bottles.

It is not many years since the high sounding post of uncorker of ocean bottles was abolished in England. News traveled slowly in Queen Elizabeth's time, and the first news she had of the taking of Nova Zembla by the Dutch was found in a bottle picked up by a Deal fisherman named Tonfield, who forwarded the message to the lord high admiral. Queen Elizabeth was struck by the idea and decreed that all bottles with inclosures found on the coast should be forwarded to the lord high admiral, Tonfield being appointed uncorker. The post survived for centuries.

Babies and Sleep.

Infants cannot sleep too long, but may be deprived of needed rest if placed in light rooms or awakened by noises. Nothing so unnerves the child as lack of rest, and the health may be permanently ruined if it does not sleep the fourteen hours or more that it should.

Help Expected.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter."

"I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."—Boston Transcript.

Just So.

Crawford—To do a thing well, you know, you must do it yourself. Crabshaw—But you miss the fun of seeing the other fellow work.—Judge.

No Rivals.

Nell—He says he has never had a rival in love. Belle—I suppose not. He has always been in love with himself.—Philadelphia Record.

There is no possible success without some opposition as a fulcrum.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ANCIENT MEDICINES.

Curious Drugs Were Used by the Doctors of Laodicea.

The city of Laodicea was noted for its doctors and its drugs. An especial and noted school of medicine flourished in Laodicea. We are told that "this school of physicians followed the teachings of Herophilos, who flourished about 300 years before Christ and who, on the principle that compound diseases require compound medicines, began that strange system of heterogeneous mixtures, some of which have only lately been expelled from our own pharmacopoeia."

The fearful and wonderful combination of drugs given by some modern doctors would seem to indicate that they still belong to this school of Laodicea. One of the medicines for which Laodicea was famous was an ointment for "strengthening the ears," whatever that may mean, while another medicine of still more interest to the student of revelation was the phrygian powder, made in part from a peculiar kind of stone pressed into tabloids, afterward powdered and mixed with some unguent to be rubbed on the eye as a cure for the various diseases which afflict the optics in eastern countries. The world famous Galen speaks of both of these remedies in his pharmacopoeia.—Christian Herald.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Don't Let It Interfere With Your Savings Bank Account.

It is quite possible that the American family is too optimistic. It is always going to have a larger income next year or in five years. It desires to keep up in social matters with the people next door or farther up the street. It buys pianos or motorcars or encyclopedias on monthly payments, but in most cases puts no monthly installment in the savings bank. It has no margin of security.

How much better it is to have a margin of resources than to be living continually on the ragged edge of nothing, as many of us do just because we are such devotees of the god of appearances.

While the high cost of living is one of the live topics of the day, a note of warning should be sounded—a warning against extravagance, a suggestion that every family make a deposit in the savings bank each month. The future happiness and prosperity of the average American family depend upon the proper adjustment of income and expenditure. It is not what a man earns, but what he and his family save, that counts in determining the ultimate success or failure of his life from a material standpoint.—T. D. MacGregor's "Talks on Thrift."

A Horse's Toenails.

Few persons realize that a horse's hoof is really the same thing as the toe nails of human beings or of animals having toes. The horn of a hoof grows just as a toe nail does. The hoof grows more rapidly in unshod horses than in those wearing shoes, and it grows faster in horses which are well groomed and well fed. But on an average the horn grows about a third of an inch a month. Hind hoofs grow faster than fore hoofs. The toe of the hoof being the longest part, it takes longer for the horn to grow down there than at the heel. For instance, the toe will grow entirely down in from eleven to thirteen months, while the heel will grow down in from three to five months. As the new horn grows out any cracks or defects in the old gradually work down to where they can be cut off, just as with human finger nails you can watch the progress of a bruise from the root to the tip.

Proud of Him.

Sandy McPherson started to build a small outhouse of bricks. After the usual fashion of bricklayers, he worked from the inside, and, having the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when dinner time arrived and with it his son Jock, who brought his father's dinner.

With honest pride in his eye Sandy looked at Jock over the wall on which he was engaged and asked:

"Hoo d'ye think I'm gettin' on, Jock, man?"

"Famous, feythur. But hoo dae ye get oot? You've forgot the door!"

One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking kindly at him, he said:

"Man, Jock, you've got a gran' heid on ye! Ye'll be an architect yet, as shure's yer feythur's a builder."

The Fateful F.

They are telling a story of a very smart business man who recently hung up on the wall of his waiting room a notice in black lettering on a white ground that read:

Tell Us What You Want.
We Like to Do Something For Somebody.

Occasionally he heard laughter coming from the waiting room, but it was only the other day that he discovered to his horror that some wicked person had carefully scratched out the "f" in "for."—Pearson's Weekly.

Thought Alike.

"I sometimes wonder if my life is worth living."

"So do I."

"Ah, then you have found your life a disappointment."

"Not at all; it is your life we were speaking of."—Houston Post.

Same Old Story.

"In the old days doctors used to bleed patients for most of the diseases."

"They still do it, my boy. They still do it."—Detroit Free Press.

"A Very Monstrous Great Ship."

In her "Life of James IV.," Miss I. A. Taylor says that James was untiring in his efforts toward the realization of a good Scottish fleet. In 1511 the building of the St. Michael, "a very monstrous great ship," was completed. "All the woods in Fife, save one, had been laid waste to build her," and material was also imported from Norway. According to Lindsay, this wonder ship, which was 240 feet long and 36 broad, "cumbered all Scotland to get her to the sea." Her sides were ten feet thick within walls of oak, and she cost the king, all told, some £40,000. He paid her daily visits when she lay in the roads, often dining and supping on board, and exhibiting her to the lords and ladies he brought with him. Henry VIII. was covetous of her, but when the singular request was preferred that James "would grant Henry the loan of the apple of his eye, the great St. Michael, the king's reply was to the effect that if he would make peace with France he might command all his ships." Six months after their king's death the Scottish government sold this desirable ship to Louis XII.

A Mystery of Diplomacy.

Of disappearances, most mysterious was the case of Benjamin Bathurst, who vanished on Nov. 25, 1809, while engaged on a secret mission for the British foreign office. Vienna was the young diplomatist's objective and, with a friend and valet in a postchaise, Perleberg, a small posting town in North Germany, had been reached. Here Bathurst supped and slept, awaiting the arrival of fresh horses. Waking, he asked if the horses were ready and passed out of the inn door to make inquiries. Eight people saw him go out, but none ever set eyes on him again. Various theories were set afoot—Napoleon's spies, robbers, illness. About three years ago, in the forest near Perleberg, a skeleton was discovered with a hole in the skull as from a heavy blunt instrument. Was it that of "the English lord," as Perleberg people surmised?—London Tatler.

The Illegible Writer.

A protest which Michelangelo once made to his nephew against his sending letters in illegible handwriting will arouse a great deal of sympathy in the breast of modern sufferers from the same form of rudeness. It is contained in a letter given in the "Life of Michelangelo."

"I never receive a letter from you without being thrown into a fever before I can read it. I am at a loss to know where you learnt how to write! Little love here! I believe if you had to write to the biggest ass in the world you would take greater care. I threw your last letter into the fire because I could not read it. I cannot therefore reply. I have already told you, and constantly repeated, that every time I get a letter from you fever attacks me before I succeed in reading it."

Insurance and Assurance.

They were talking, the little group of agents, about the words insurance and assurance, some claiming that the first and some that the second was the better word to use.

But with a scornful laugh a Boston agent in gold rimmed spectacles said:

"You are all very ignorant. Insurance is no better and no worse than assurance. Each has a special significance, and each is equally good in its place. The place for assurance is where precaution is taken against a certainty—against, that is, death. Life assurance, we should say if we spoke with perfect correctness. The place for insurance is where precaution is taken against an uncertainty, such as fire, shipwreck, burglary. Fire insurance, marine insurance, we should say."—Exchange.

When Macaulay Was a Boy.

At one period of his boyhood Macaulay's fancy was much exercised by the threats and terrors of the law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle and said very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'"—From G. O. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay."

Considerate.

Clubleigh (at midnight)—My wife is very ill, and the doctor says she must have no sudden shock. Clinton—Then what are you doing here at the club at this hour? Clubleigh—I'm afraid to go home before the usual time lest I give her a shock.—Boston Transcript.

Thoughtful Husband.

She—Are you wearing those pretty suspenders I gave you for your birthday, George? He—No, dear; I was afraid the nail I'm using as a button would rust 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Caution.

"Darling, I will tell you in poetry of burning meter that you are the light of my life."

"All right, but don't do it with the gas meter."—Baltimore American.

Easy Work.

He (bitterly)—I suppose you consider it quite a triumph to make a fool of a man? She—Oh, dear, no! A triumph is something done that was difficult of achievement.

Making Connection.

Knicker—Life is hard. Rocker—Yes; by the time your mother stops forbidding you to eat jam the doctor begins. —New York Sun