

SIGN PAINTER'S TRIUMPH

Wrote His "Ad." on the Grand Canyon Locks with a Sponge and Two Fishpoles.

"What was the hardest job I ever tackled, did you ask?" said the sign painter to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter. "It was an 'ad.' for smoking tobacco I painted on the side of the Grand canyon on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. I was working for a Buffalo concern that had a contract to put up 5,000 landscape signs for a tobacco company, and a gang of us traveled over the country looking for good, effective locations. This place in the canyon was as tough a proposition as any sign writer ever went up against. The side there went straight up about 200 feet, and at the top there was a big, overhanging ledge. It was easy enough to let down a ladder from above, but on account of the ledge it hung at least 40 feet out from the face of the rock. "After studying it over for awhile I spliced a couple of fishing poles together and fastened a soft sponge to the end. That was my brush, and by lying flat on the ladder I managed to do a very decent piece of work; at least, you could read it like a book from below, and that was the thing we wanted. When the railroad people found out what I had done they were as mad as blazes, especially the chief engineer, who was an aesthetic sort of a gent from Boston, and he tried for nearly a month to get it off, letting down Chinamen with scrubbing brushes on poles, but they only made it all the brighter. At last he got some brown paint, about the color of the rocks, and smeared it out, but it took at least a dozen coats and cost a heap of money. If they had only let that sign stand it would have been a great addition to the canyon."

ARMY RULES ENDANGER LIFE

Standing Up Under Fire Not the Only Absurd Regulation in the British Army.

The "unwritten law" in the British army which forbids officers from seeking shelter when under fire is not the most absurd regulation of the service. There are other "unwritten laws" which are just as Quixotic, and which lead to just as great mortality among the men who are most valuable to the service. One of them is illustrated by a little known circumstance with regard to the famous "charge of the High brigade" at Balaklava. It is a rule, no less stringent because inefficient, in the British cavalry that when riding to attack only a certain rate of progress is permissible. The regular formation must be kept up, even though greater speed would minimize the chances of loss of life. When the Seventeenth and Thirtieth hussars were nearing the Russian artillery at Balaklava in face of a fire which caused men to fall every moment Capt. White, who was in the second line, spurred his horse with the idea of reaching the enemy as quickly as possible. This brought him to a level with Lord Cardigan, who was in the first line. Lord Cardigan, although he believed that certain destruction awaited the whole brigade, laid his sword across Capt. White's breast, peremptorily forbidding him to ride any faster than the others. White apologized and obeyed, checking his horse at once. Had the hussars been allowed to ride at full speed it is probable that the casualties among them in the course of the charge would have been decreased by 50 per cent.

RUSSIANS FOND OF TEA

Rich and Poor Alike Drink Large Quantities of the Beverage on All Occasions.

Probably the greatest tea drinkers in the world outside of China are the Russians. They consume an enormous quantity annually—many times what Americans manage to dispose of. The poor people and the Russian people are the poorest in existence—use the so-called "brick" tea. This is the cheapest sort, being mixed with the stems and compressed by some adhesive gum into dry cakes of various sizes, resembling in its appearance "plug" tobacco. This tea, which would probably prove poisonous to anyone else, is consumed by the Russian working-man at the average rate of about 20 satakan (or tumbler) a day, the Russian satkan being equal to five of the little thimbles of cups used in America at afternoon teas. Taking into consideration that black, sour or bitter, brick-like bread, raw onions, garlic, dried leather fish and strongly salted herrings are usually the chief articles of food of the people at large, one must not wonder at the enormous quantity of hot tea needed to quench a Russian's thirst and help on his digestion.

Cheap Literature in Germany

A publishing house in Germany, the object of which is to supply good literature to the masses at a low price, has sold in the last 25 years 650,000 copies of Schiller's "William Tell," more than half a million copies of "Hermann and Dorothea," and 300,000 copies of "Faust" at the price of five cents each. Among the translations Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has had a sale of 225,000 copies.

Laundry Sterilized

One of the standard trade journals recently noticed a new antiseptic, which is intended to sterilize clothes when being laundered, thereby preventing contagion. A formaldehyde solution is solidified, and this is used by the laundries.

Infant Mortality

While the infant mortality in Sweden and Norway is not over 11 per cent, it rises in the German empire to 22 and in the Bavarian highlands to 28 per cent.

FLESHY PRIMA DONNAS

They Are Willing to Adopt Any Means to Take Off Superfluous Weight.

Getting fat is the great dread of all women opera singers, from the prima donna to the girl in the 'teenths row of the chorus, said a veteran theatrical manager, who was in the city a few days ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and when a singer sees the fatal symptoms begin to appear she is willing to resort to desperate measures to nip them in the bud. Callisthenics, dieting, practicing with clubs, Turkish baths and even straight-out starvation are a few of the things that are generally tried, but they are rarely successful. One of the few cases I ever knew in which a marked tendency to stoutness was successfully controlled was that of a very charming lady who is still an ornament to the lyric stage. Some years ago she suddenly took on flesh in an alarming fashion, and everybody predicted that her career was ended. Next season, however, she was as svelte as ever, and exactly how she did it has never been told. The truth is her system was very simple. During a summer vacation, spent in the country, she had her husband drive a dog cart every day along a quiet road while she held to the back of the vehicle and followed at a run. That sustained her and kept her from falling, and at the same time compelled her to take violent exercise. The horse went at a gentle trot, which was gradually increased as she became a better and better sprinter. Of course, it was very absurd, leaping along in that manner, and the country folks who saw her thought she was crazy, but the plan worked like magic, and she lost all her superfluous flesh and at the same time improved in health—a remarkable combination.

SOME ENGLISH CRANKS

Instances of Eccentric Conduct That Are Enough to Create Wonder.

When I lived at Newport, R. I., from 1864 to 1878, says Col. T. W. Higginson in Atlantic, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at what would now be called a gold suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in Punch who comes down thus dressed for church to the terror of his genteel cousins. In this case the visitor also wore a spyglass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment. Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening; which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lion's den and pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

CATS MADE OVER

The Ordinary Pussay May Now Have as Fine a Coat as the Best Persians.

"If you want a Persian cat bring me any common kitten you like, and within six months I will return it to you with a coat which would put to shame that of the shah's favorite pussay," said a cat fancier to the writer, reports the Cincinnati Enquirer. "No torture or fake is employed. Some time ago it was brought to my notice that the cats living in refrigerating chambers got coats of enormous thickness, and also that they grew to nearly double the size of the ordinary pussay. The idea being given, the rest was easy. I had a small refrigerator fitted up in my premises, and made an experiment. It was so successful that I have since made a profit, by turning common pussies into genuine Persians, of \$2,500 a year. Again, I now have only one cure for cats, never mind what disease they are suffering from. I freeze them, and am by this remedy able to return them to their owners, within a week, perfectly happy and well. "Again, for the last two years the majority of show cats have come to me in the early autumn to have their winter coats made by my method, so that they shall not catch a chill owing to any sudden change in the weather."

Hearing Restored by Violent Cough

About a year ago the hearing of a Leavenworth man became very defective. Various measures were taken to remedy the trouble without avail. He was preparing to take a trip to New York for the purpose of consulting a specialist, but just a few days ago, after a violent fit of coughing, his hearing was suddenly restored and is now as good as ever.

Getting Rid of Turkish Malecontents

They have pleasant ways in Turkey. According to a Constantinople dispatch to the London Leader, the latest invention for suspected malecontents when arrested is examination by a medical commission. The commission then gravely declares them to be lunatics and orders them to be confined in an asylum, a fate which usually means death.

Useful Dog

One of the most useful dogs in Pennsylvania has his habitat at West Lafayette, on the Schuylkill. He has been trained to act the part of a tugboat, drawing a little bateau to and fro across the river whenever told to do so. If his little mistress be seated in the boat, so much the better.

TROUBLES OF MOTOR MAN

Ways of Women in Street Cars Fasten Amusement and No Little Difficulty.

Women as a general thing are painfully slow in getting on and off the street cars—especially off, said an intelligent motor conductor the other day. They seem to lose all their agility as soon as they put foot on a car step. They pull themselves up as if they were hoisting tons, and they let themselves down the same way. Of course when they get off they invariably turn their faces toward the rear of the car, thus insuring a hard fall if the motor should happen to start. I don't mean the elderly ladies exclusively, but ladies of all ages. And it's no use to say "Step lively, please," to them; they're bound to take their time. If the heavens fell, it couldn't hurry some of them. I had an amusing experience with one of these aggravatingly slow ladies the other day. I was collecting fares on a crowded platform when the bell rang. I signaled the motorman, and a moment later leaned out to see if the passenger had alighted. All I saw was a rather stout middle-aged woman on the lower step with her back to the curb and a hand grasping each handrail. I jumped down and ran to her, and putting my hand under one arm, lifted her hastily into the car, and springing up after her, rang the bell. As I looked at the stout woman I saw that her face was crimson and that she was scowling at me in a most dreadful manner. "Young man," she screeched, "what do you mean by your ruffianly conduct?" "Ruffianly conduct, ma'am?" I echoed. "I don't understand you, ma'am." She almost exploded. "What do you mean," she cried, "by throwing me back into this car when I was trying to get off?" You see, she was so slow that I hadn't been able to tell which way she was going.

MARKSMANSHIP OF BOERS

An Englishman Who Has Seen It Believes They Have Acquired a False Reputation.

"I am inclined to think that the people who are forecasting the results of a war in the Transvaal are laying too much stress on the marksmanship of the Boers," said Mr. E. A. Broughton, of Liverpool, to a reporter for the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I have a brother at Port Natal, and during a visit which I paid him in 1896 I saw a good deal of fancy shooting, both at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State. I also heard numerous hunting stories, and in every instance the tradition far outclassed the performance. I dare say the original Boer settlers were fine shots when their weapons are taken into consideration. The popular gun of their time was an old-fashioned, long-barreled German rifle of about .44 caliber. For anything like long range they had to push up the sights, and they became very expert at judging distance for drop shots. Their skill in that particular gave them a great advantage over noted English sportsmen who came into the country after big game, and they acquired a tremendous reputation as marksmen. I am confident that the average British 'Tommy' could double discount them with a modern, small caliber, high-power rifle, and, as far as I saw, the younger Boers are very indifferent shots with any sort of weapon."

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLIN

The Mythological Story of the Instrument as Told by a Magazine Writer.

In the National Magazine is an interesting article regarding the history of the violin. The writer says: An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the Muse Kalliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher, Linos, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed to be the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound appeared, as if to meet him, till finally it rang at his very feet. Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews, shriveled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell and the wind as it listed touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and give forth the sweet, sad tones. Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph, Eurydice, enchanted by its magic, became his bride.

Buzzards' Feathers for Eagles

According to a writer in Science, the demand for eagles' plumes to adorn ladies' hats has suddenly put the turkey buzzard in great jeopardy; because the supply of eagles not being equal to the demand, buzzards' feathers are substituted for those of the nobler bird.

Jackies Fond of Ball

Whenever enough men from an American man-of-war can get shore leave, no matter in what foreign port they may be lying, they are almost certain to start a ball game. In the English navy cricket is even played on board ship.

Increase in Coal Exports

Exports of coal from the United States have increased from 227,918 tons in 1870 to over 4,000,000 tons during the past year.

HERO OF THE BRAZOS

A Texas Farm Hand Who Saved Many Lives in the Recent Floods.

Near the city of Hempstead, in Texas, there lives a farm-hand who has proved himself a hero of peace, and whose name should be remembered by the people of his country with all the gratitude they willingly bestow upon the heroes of our armies, says Youth's Companion. One of the great rivers of Texas is the Brazos, a stream subject to great floods, which often rise so suddenly that the people living near it have no time to escape the rush of the waters. In early times a colony of Franciscan friars established a mission on a mound near the bank of the river. They built a church and a village, and taught the neighboring Indians. A hostile tribe, however, swept over the country, ravaging and burning, and there seemed to be no salvation for the friars and their converts behind the feeble defences of their mound. But of a sudden the waters of the river rose, and terrible floods swept away the savages and saved the little garrison. Then the friars, as the story goes, saw plainly the working of the Lord, and they called the river which had enveloped them Los Brazos de Dios—The Arms of God. But the Brazos is not always merciful. During the recent floods in Texas its waters played a mighty part in the destruction of life and property. One night, as the flood was beginning to overspread the farming lands a young man named Fritz McGee was awakened by the distant roar. He rose, hurried out, and after some difficulty, secured a single frail rowboat and started alone on the work of rescue. All through that terrible night he worked among the negro cabins scattered over the flooded bottoms, and before morning he had rescued 75 human beings, men, women and children, and had conveyed them to high and safe ground. It is doubtful whether a single man ever before saved so many lives, one by one, in so short a time. Fritz McGee, farm hand, rowing his fragile skiff through the darkness over the turbulent water, is a figure to stir the noblest feelings.

HUMANITY OF MODERN WAR

Boer War Furnishes Some Comfort in Showing an Absence of Savage Methods of Fighting.

It is pleasing to record the fact that the war in South Africa is being conducted by the Boers in a humane manner, remarks the Baltimore American. These people have been described as somewhat rough, but they appear to be square fighters. If they have followed the teachings of their Uncle Paul, who relies strongly upon the eighty-third Psalm, they must be religious. Gen. Kock, a Boer warrior, when he had before him some British prisoners the other day, was in such an unexcited state of mind and body that he ate a mutton chop while holding court. It may have been a chop of English mutton grown on the Transvaal soil. British officers captured were sent north on the railroad, traveling in first-class passenger cars with Uncle Paul's expense, of course, and two wounded officers had a whole compartment to themselves. There has been no report of the savage style of fighting. Even Kaffirs in these days are supposed to use the mauler rifle, instead of the spear and the assegai. All the world knows how poor Prince Napoleon was treated by the savages in Zululand years ago. Since that time the world has made progress, even in South Africa. If there must be fighting, everybody likes to see it done in a square, stand-up fashion. The men who lose in such warfare are not discredited by defeat.

USE OF THE HUMP

The Satisfactory Answer That Was Given an Inquisitive Stranger at the Zoo.

There are some men in this world who can answer any question that is put to them, and sometimes when they do not really know what they are talking about they will give answers that are not at all bad. One of these persons was once a keeper of the London zoo. He was pestered to death by the questions which people asked, but he always gave an answer. On a recent occasion a countryman strolled in, and, after looking curiously at the camel for a few moments, he turned to the keeper and said: "I say, mister, what's he have a hump for?" "What does he have a hump for?" repeated the keeper. "Yes. What's the good of it?" asked the visitor. "Why—er—it makes a camel of him, of course," replied the keeper after some hesitation. "People wouldn't travel miles to see him if he didn't have that hump. Fact is, without it, he might as well be a cow." The stranger departed very well satisfied.

Pencils Made from Slate Dust

Pencils from slate dust molded by hydraulic pressure are made in large quantities in Tennessee. They are much more popular than the solid-cut slate pencils. One concern last year made 25,000,000 molded pencils.

Changed Meaning of "Label"

Label once had no reference to anything offensive, but simply meant a small book or pamphlet. But pamphlet wars, which often were nothing but printed foul attacks, changed its meaning.

Most Odorous Rose

An analyst has made the discovery that California roses contain 80 per cent. more perfume than those grown elsewhere.

ALL HAVE SIX TOES

Stagular Malformation Which Appears to Be Hereditary in a Texas Family.

Down in Kimble county, TEX., said a visitor from the Lone Star state to the New Orleans Democrat, is a remarkable six-toed family, about whom, as far as I know, nothing has even been told in print. Their name is Higgins, and their family is composed at present of a grandfather (who must be over 90), four middle-aged sons and a drove of grandchildren, numbering 24 or 30. Old man Higgins, who is called "Mexican Bill" for some reason I was never able to learn, had six toes on each foot, and his wife, who is now dead, was equally well provided. They were cousins, and all their sons have six toes except one, whose feet turned in noticeably at the ankle, but are otherwise normal. All the grandchildren have at least six toes and several of them have seven, the extra one in each case being more or less rudimentary and not developed like the others. I can vouch for this personally, as I have seen the whole tribe on a number of different occasions, and in summer time they generally run around barefooted. "The Six-toe Higginses" is the name the family is known by among all the neighbors. Old Mexican Bill has told me that his parents were both six-toed and that the same peculiarity exists among his relatives as far back as he knew anything about. Relatives of great men still crop up out of the silence of neglect. A great-granddaughter of the immortal Scotch bard, Robert Burns, is a resident of Nevada City. She is Mrs. Susan Eleanor Andrews, the wife of Samuel Andrews, an old Californian, hailing from Londonderry, Ireland. Mrs. Andrews is the daughter of Robert Burns, one of the two sons of the poet. Robert Burns, the younger, had five children, four daughters and a son, named respectively in the order of their seniority, Mary, Susan, Elizabeth or Betty, Prudence and John. Betty married a Scotchman named Lamon and emigrated with him to America in 1835. Mrs. Andrews is one of the issues of that marriage. She was born at Nesquehoning, Pa., in 1844. John Burns remained with his father until the time of his death, in 1840, and after the death of his wife, in 1870, he likewise crossed the Atlantic to join his sister. He died four years ago, leaving four daughters, two in America and two in Ireland. Mrs. Lamon died in 1853, and four children survive her. "All that remains of the Burns family," writes Mrs. Andrews, "are my two brothers, one sister and myself, and four of Uncle John's children." Mrs. Andrews takes great pride in her relationship to Bobbie Burns, from whom she has inherited a talent for verse writing.

RELATED TO TAM O'SHANTER

A Great-Granddaughter of Robert Burns Still Living in This Country.

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SPANISH NEWSPAPERS

La Epoca, a Highly Conservative Journal, is Edited and in Part Owned by a Nobleman.

Madrid, the Spanish capital, has one or two papers which have a fair circulation, but they cannot compare in importance, as to their influence over their own country's population, with other first-class continental newspapers—with the best productions of Austria, Russia, or even Italy, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. Of the Spanish papers probably the impartial has the greatest sale among the people of Madrid, but the chief paper for influence among the better classes is La Epoca, which is a conservative journal of very old repute, having been established for over half a century. La Epoca has never supported any other party in Spain but the high conservatives. Its present circulation was taken as being about 12,000 daily, and it is edited by Marquis de Valdelella, who is also one of its proprietors. It is a four-page journal, whose columns are principally given over to news from Spanish sources, and its supply of foreign matter and doings, as we know them in this country, is but scanty. There is generally a leading article of importance in its first column, and the latter half of its fourth page is given to the "serial," which is as much in vogue in Spain as elsewhere on the continent.

Birds and Demits at War

You would hardly believe that moles, clumsy and almost blind, become perfect demons when they quarrel. No one knows what they quarrel about, but if they once start fighting one has to die. They will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to one another like bulldogs and burying their enormously strong jaws and teeth in one another's flesh. Hedgehogs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive-looking animal, not only fight, but always to the death, and when one is killed the other generally devours him. "Hares, on the other hand, are proverbially the most timid of creatures, yet they can fight. A fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight, as they skip and jump over one another. But a blow from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent. Among birds robins are the most pugnacious. More than one case could be quoted of two robins so frantically set on killing one another as to have allowed themselves to be picked up in the hands of a looker-on and there have laid with beak and claws deeply buried in one another's plumage.

More Impressive Than Niagara

The Sherappa falls, on the Sheravatti river, in South Kanara, India, are larger and more magnificent than Niagara. The water makes a clear drop of 830 feet.

WOMEN ARE NOT MECHANICS

According to This Item They Are Unable to Repair Their Wheels.

It was on Twenty-second avenue, Brooklyn, that an incident occurred a short time ago tending to show that even in these settled days of cycling there are women who are as ignorant of the ways of a cycle as they are of a locomotive, and, as much afraid of handling a wrench as most women are of a gun. There was a party of four standing at the side of the road, three of them gazing compassionately at the other one, and yet with an unmistakable look of vexation that told of a spoiled outing, says the New York Sun. As a lonely wheelman went past one of the women called out and asked if he knew where there was a repair shop. The rider slowed up a little and answered that he did not. Then he hastened on, for he had played the good Samaritan before, and he knew that to stop and offer assistance might mean anywhere from one to three hours of fussing. But his conscience troubled him, because he searched his memory, he recalled that there was no repair shop within three miles of where the young women were. So he turned back and overtook the party walking toward the Coney Island boulevard. The one whose wheel was in trouble had it up-ended and was pushing it along on the rear wheel only. The front one could not be turned except by a strenuous effort. A moment's examination showed that nothing had happened, except that the cone had slipped, and had not been set properly to its locking-pin and had run up so as to jam the bearings. It required only a wrench to fix matters so that the wheel was fit for a century, and yet the four women on account of their ignorance had resigned themselves to a three-mile walk.

THE KAFFIR'S WIVES

They Are Purchased for Ten Cows and Are Quickly Discarded.

The aborigines of this vast country were black men—the Kaffirs. They have lost dominion of the country and are but serfs to the burghers or citizens. The Kaffir, says an interview in the Columbia State, is a day laborer in the number of heads of cattle he may be able to acquire. He works for a couple of years until he can get 11 oxen or cows. Then he hires himself to the Zulus and goes east or to other countries controlled by black men, and there buys himself a wife. Ten cows is the price of a wife. The eleventh is killed for the wedding feast. The Kaffir remains a few months with his wife, then off to the mines he goes to earn the price of another. When he possesses half a dozen wives the Kaffir's mental tolls over and he becomes a gentleman. His wives plant the mealie (corn) and look after what cattle their lord and master owns. With a kraal full of daughters the Kaffir must become a rich and important person. The daughter of a chief costs 25 cows, and the daughter of a king 60, no matter how old or ugly. The chiefs are severely strict in their watchfulness over the morals of the Kaffirs. If one is found guilty of dishonesty he is fined so many oxen. The Kaffir is said to be better in his original state than when contaminated with what they call civilization.

LAND OF MEDALS

Frenchmen of Any Rank Cannot Hope to Escape Being Presented with One.

France is the land of the medal. Not taking into account the 30 odd military ones, all of which no soldier—ard, owing to conscription, every Frenchman is one—has been able to dodge, there are 13 labor medals and some 12 awards of merit. If you are a clerk, or have been employed in a commercial house for 30 years, you get a medal. All government officials, from doorkeepers to heads of departments, get a medal for being true to the republic. If you are a farmer—and anyone who owns one acre of land can call himself one—you are decorated with the Order of the Leek. Crossing sweepers also have their own badge of good conduct. Apropos of this they tell a story of a Frenchman who lay dying in Paris, yet, although he was dying of starvation, he seemed happy. His few friends, standing round his bed waiting for the end, asked the reason. "Ah!" he replied, "I have lived for 59 years without having received one medal!" Two days passed and still he lingered on the borderland. On the third, as he was fast sinking, a parcel came by post. It was from the Anti-Medal society, and decorated him with its badge of membership made in bronze!

Dangers of Rabbit Pie

In Longman's for September Mr. Rider Haggard in his article, "A Farmer's Year," relates the old "chestnut" about the danger of eating rabbit pie. A bicyclist had an attack like angina pectoris, and a London specialist stated that "his attack was brought on by eating cold rabbit pie, which produced some peculiar form of ptomaine poisoning. It appears that all pies if unventilated are dangerous, but that cold rabbit unventilated is apt to be absolutely deadly." It seems, however, hardly likely that the mere addition of a ventilation hole in the pie would be of any benefit. The attack was more probably due to some disease in the rabbit which was undetected at its death.

Seafaring Produces Rheumatism

According to a German journal, more than eight per cent. of all seafaring men are afflicted with rheumatism.