PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The stoutest of European monarchs is the king of Portugal, who is only five feet six inches tall and weighs 286 pounds.

A tablet marking the site of the house in which Samuel F. B. Morse made his home for many years and died has been placed on a ten-story business block in Twenty-second street, New York. It was formerly on the house itself, which was torn down to make way for the larger building.

Berlin last year for the first time registered over 1,000,000 strangers who had visited the city. Vienna, which formerly had more visitors than Berlin, counted only a few over 900,000 in 1899, and was surpassed by Munich with 600,000. Dresden had over half a million visitors; Hamburg, Leipzig and Zurich each about 400,000, and Stutgart, Basel and Dusseldorf each over a quarter of a million.

When the present czar of Russia was czarowitz he made an extended tour of the orient, returning by way of Siberia. What he did and saw has been recorded in one of the most magnificent books ever printed. It has been done into English, and the second volume made its appearance a short time ago. The work is splendidly illustrated, and altogether is the most superb book of its kind in existence.

Frederico Degetau, of San Juan, chosen as the first delegate from Porto Rico to the United States, is a lawyer, having studied in the University of Madrid. He is a member of several scientific and philanthropic societies and was one of the founders of the Societe Francaise pour L'Arbitrage entre Nations. Mr. Degetau has written several books. He was one of the four commissioners sent to Spain in 1896 to ask for autonomy.

Lord Rosebery is an ardent admirer of the genius of Napoleon. For 12 months he has been writing a study of the great Frenchman. He gave especial attention to Napoleon while he was at St. Helena with his hands behind him and his eyes looking up at the stars and out over the sea. It was there in confinement on the lonely island that Lord Rosebery finds this "grand, gloomy and peculiar" character most interesting.

WORTH MORE THAN GOLD.

Attar of Roses Sells for $100 an Ounce, as That Is Weight of Essence of 50,000 Flowers.

"Here y'are, gents! Here y'are!" yelled the street fakir. "Here y'are, gents; the real, genuine otter, the only living animal besides the muskox that gives up perfume for the handkchif! Here y'are. Otter of roses, fresh from the otter! Five cents a bottle!"

The reporter became seized of an idea. He went to the nearest drug store.

"How much is attar of roses a bottle?" he asked of the druggist, says the Chicago Tribune.

"It'll cost you $100 an ounce," said the drug man. "The genuine India attar of roses is worth $100 an ounce."

"What makes it cost you so much?"

"Well, one reason is," replied the druggist, "it takes 50,000 roses to make a single ounce of attar. If you can buy 50,000 roses for less than a hundred dollars, then maybe you can knock the price of attar down. Attar of roses, young man, ain't milked out of cows. It is made in India, although if they only knew it, they could make it just as well in California. The same rose grows there from which the attar is distilled in India. I have seen huge hedge rows near Sanoma, in California, so dense with these roses that the odor from them on a warm sultry day caused a feeling of peculiar faintness and oppression to the passerby. This is the effect of the attar, which is distilled by the heat and moist air, and is held suspended, as it were, in the atmosphere.

"There is money in that cause of faintness and indolence; but in this country not only the sweetness, but the great value of the flower is wasted on the desert air. In northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in fields, and require no particular care. When they begin to bloom they are plucked from the bushes before midday. The work is done by women and children, who seem to regard it more as a pleasure than a pursuit of labor. The rose leaves are distilled in twice their weight of water, which is then drawn off into open vessels. These are allowed to stand over night, being covered up with cloths to protect their contents from dirt and insects. In the morning the surface of the water will be covered with a thin, oily film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed off with a fine feather and dropped into vials. This process continues daily until the roses cease to bloom. I don't see why any essence or oil that requires the distilling of 50,000 roses to fill an ounce bottle hasn't a right to have a good price set upon it. Do you?"

Ways of the Lord Bishop.

Dr. Mandell Creighton, the present lord bishop of London, gets about with remarkable alacrity, and crowds more work into a day than a smart journalist. He rarely has time to prepare his speeches carefully, and many of them are made up in his carriage while on the way. His letters average 60 a day, or nearly 22,000 a year, and these are all read and answered. Then there are committee meetings, ordinations—in fact, it would be easier to catalogue what the lord bishop of London does not do than what he does. He is not a teetotaler, he smokes, he likes a good play, and he spends his holiday in little Italian villages, where he throws work to the winds, and prowls about the hills doing nothing.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Satisfied.—"Did the bulldog pursue you far?" "No; he got all he wanted at the first jump."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They say that talk is cheap." "It may be, but I have said things that I had to pay dearly for."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Clara is much impressed with palmistry." "Yes; she takes it so seriously that she is really changing her character to conform to the rules laid down in the last palm book."—Boston Transcript.

Clara—"I promised to marry the first man who asked me." Louise—"Well, I wouldn't brag about it." Clara—"But not until I had been asked by five or six others."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Why was Gimpsum fired from that hotel clerkship?" "Well, it seems that he wasn't familiar with the room numbers and assigned a Russian guest to the bathroom by mistake. The guest took it as a personal insult and kicked."—Denver Times.

Uncle George—"Don't you think it would be wise for you to put by something for a rainy day, Henry?" Henry—"I don't know; I always noticed, Uncle George, that it is the pleasant days upon which a man usually spends the most money."—Boston Transcript.

"D'ye notice onny change since ye was here before, sor?" asked the native guide at the lakes of Killarney. "How do you know I was ever here before?" asked the American tourist. "Faith, sor, no man ever comes here thot hasn't been here before."—Philadelphia Record.

Borroughs—"Say, old man, got a $10 bill about you?" Hauskeep—"No, but I've got a $9 bill." Borroughs—"Come off! There isn't any such thing." Hauskeep—"I wish you were right, but my coal dealer has me down in black and white 'Dr. to one ton of coal.'"—Philadelphia Press.

LITTLE BESIDES HIS HOE.

The American Farmer of the Past Was Not Endowed with Wealth.

A few generations ago the American man with a hoe was the real thing. He was mighty lucky, by the way, if he had a hoe. For instance, in 1790, in Georgia, the hoes used were all homemade, and were formed of just a piece of roughly hammered iron and a sapling with the bark left on. The poor whites of the state ground their grain between two common stones. The plows which the Massachusetts farmers dropped to do a little farming on Bunker Hill with a musket were made of wood. In 1637 there were only 37 plows in the entire colony. Persons used to borrow the neighborhood plow, and often a single one had to do for a whole township, says the New York Press.

Those old plows were terrors. They were 12 feet long. Eight or ten oxen were required to pull it, a man had to ride on the beam to keep it in the ground and another had to walk behind it with a heavy iron hoe to dig it out when it got stalled.

In 1636 cows and oxen were so scarce in America that cows brought $150 and oxen 200 a pair—and mighty poor scrubs at that. Red calves were cheaper than black ones, because the farmers reasoned that wolves would mistake red calves for deer and eat them up. In Virginia they had an idea that housing and milking cows in the winter would kill them, so the cattle were left out of doors carefully, and still they were perverse enough to die.

In 1830 there was real excitement in Connecticut. It was caused by a daring man who drove the first light one-horse wagon. The fad "took," but it was well into 1840 before the new vehicle became common enough not to attract notice when seen on the road.

The first cast iron plow was made in New Jersey in 1797, but it was viewed with alarm, because the farmers had an idea that it would poison the land. Even in 1830 an assemblage of farmers in New Hampshire objected strenuously to the cast iron plow on these grounds.

And now the man with the hoe does not even have to cut his wheat with sickle or cradle, rake it and bind it by hand, cut his cornstalks with a knife and shock the stalks by hand, thrash his grain with a flail or drive horses over it to tread it out, scrape the ears of corn against a shovel or the handle of a frying pan. It is no longer necessary for him to dig potatoes or to cut his grass with a scythe and to spread it with a pitchfork that it may dry, or to pitch the hay from the wagon to the haymow in the barn or to pick the lint from cotton seed by hand. He's a machinist.

A Wild Bull's Swim.

The steamship Lord Iveagh, Capt. Minister, sailed recently for Cardiff with a full general cargo comprising 70,000 bushels of grain, 2,000 boxes of cheese, 700 standard deals and 380 cattle. The whole of the latter were ranch cattle and were so wild that it needed a nervy person to control them. One bull succeeded in jumping overboard, and for nearly one hour the bull swam around the basin, to the delight of about 200 persons. Finally the tug Collier put in an appearance and took the beast in tow to the vessel, where a cargo hawser had been fixed to the winch. The rope was dropped around the neck of the animal and it was lifted on board. The bull was none the worse for his immersion.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Wail from Experience.

Carter—I'll tell you what it is, old man, wife beating is an awful thing.

Marter—Maybe, but I don't think it's half as bad as having a wife that you know you can't beat.—Boston Courier.

FAMILY HONESTY.

False Conceptions Which Frequently Lead the Young Into Error.

There is no greater mistake than that which parents are constantly making when they allow their children's notions of what they should do to be formed on the basis of what some other family can afford, says the Home Magazine.

We want our young folks to be gratified. We are half ashamed to have been so unsuccessful in life, as to be unable to gratify them. Our pride comes in, and we often fancy we are keeping our children from cares with which they ought not to be burdened, when we are simply unwilling they should know our own great struggles and our small success.

Many a girl goes through her expensive and often useless education, and, afterward, through years in society, spending more money, wearing better clothes than she ought, simply because she never knew the truth concerning her father's affairs. Mother manages to supply her wants; mother goes over the accounts with a harassed and overburdened man, and the bills are paid, and more bills contracted, and the young girl enjoys her luxuries in happy unconsciousness of cost. Under the same severe strain upon his father many a dashing youth pursues his easy way through college, hardly guessing that the burdens which his young, strong shoulders are spared, are pressing heavily upon his father's life.

Under this false conception of the family resources, college boys and society girls alike come to feel indulgence to be a right. When the truth finally makes its way to their knowledge, it meets with as much indignation as surprise. They feel defrauded of a birthright, when in fact there was never any birthright or any other right to luxurious living. There was only the overweening pride and weak indulgence of parents who could not deny them, and could not bear to have them know they ought to be denied.

At the very outset this falseness of family life should be resisted or overthrown—if already it has taken hold of the home it should be overthrown. Every child of suitable age should be made to understand just what amount of money can rightfully be spent. The young folks, eager to begin their work in the world, and to fill their own place, will begin all the better for a closer relation to the life of the home, and a closer knowledge of its small worries and its trifling joys.

Before they become engrossed, either as men or women in the world outside, is the time to make them thoroughly familiar with the world within. Let the college youth find his way into the hiding place of his father's anxieties and hopes and cares. He has been the petted child; make him the trusted friend. Let him feel that some of the planning for the welfare of those younger than himself, some of the thought as to the comfort and protection of mother and sisters, is transferred to his heart, and that henceforth the father shares his business life with him. Let his mother get acquainted with him and make him her assistant and friend.

And what the son becomes to both parents, should the daughter be as well. Both should know the family life in detail; its resources and its needs, and together in nine cases out of ten, if really trusted, they would unite to uphold the parents' hearts and hands. There is nothing more destructive to youthful character and to home happiness than this separation of interests that begins with the school life. There are difficulties in overcoming the evil results of this drifting apart, but if the matter is rightly managed by parents the young folks will take the larger share of the effort, and count it only a part of the fun. Young folks are born reformers. If you doubt it give them a fair chance at the reconstruction of their own home.

Cloth Gowns.

Cloth street gowns are at present occupying the minds of tailors and dressmakers, not to mention the people who are to wear the costumes. It will not be many weeks now before it will be time to wear them. The first gowns that are turned out are quite simple in design, made with the plain skirt and smart coat, but the cloth gowns for winter wear are exceedingly elaborate, and grow more so every day, for the latest designs call for so much heavy trimming. The skirts slashed at the sides to show panels of contrasting color show also a mass of embroidery and braiding or rich cut work, or some material that is brocaded or has a pattern embroidered on it. The fronts of the waists that show through the open jackets are of lace or embroidery, or of satin or brocade, with beautiful designs of handwork, embroidery in colored silks outlined with silver or gold.—Harper's Bazar.

Dressy Black Gown.

A very pretty black crepe de chine gown was made with a flounce at the hem. This hem had a scallop of glace at the edge, united by black silk herringbone, a new and fashionable arrangement. The scallop was introduced also on to the bodice of the dress, being carried down the front which opened over some pretty tuckings edged with gold lace, revealing a soft vest in the immediate front. The sleeves were of the new form and the ruffle above the puff was edged with the glace and the silk herringboning.—Washington Star.

Reversed.

Mr. Simpkins—Give me a kiss, Bobby, and run up and tell your sister Jenny I have brought her a box of chocolate.

Bobby—Oh! When Dr. Dashing calls he always gives the candy to me and the kiss to Jenny.—N. Y. World.

A COLORED HEROINE.

Why Sophia Holmes Was Made a Government Employe for Life.

Old Sophia Holmes, the most interesting colored woman of her day, has left a little story woven around her memory which will long live, and a record of which her race may well be proud.

She died in Washington, on October 11, where she had won her mark of distinction as the first colored woman to be given a life position by the United States government, which was awarded by a special act of congress during Lincoln's administration, writes Edith A. Noble, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She was at that time employed as charwoman in the division of issues department, a position to which she was appointed by President Lincoln. One evening in 1863, in sweeping up after closing hours she found a chest of bank notes which had been carelessly overlooked by the employes, and left out of the vault. Not knowing what to do and fearing to call the watchman, of whose honesty she was not sure, she continued to sweep back and forth until it was dark, then she dragged the chest as noiselessly as possible to a place beneath a table and lay upon the top as sentinel.

It was past midnight when Gen. Spinner, then treasurer, made his nightly round. He had long made it a habit to sleep in the building and to make a personal survey at midnight.

The negress listened and realizing who it was called out to him and made her discovery known. Noted for his profanity, Gen. Spinner is said to have made good use of his powers upon this occasion, and expressed his wrath in fiery volume. The frightened woman at his command followed trembling to a room above, where at that unusual hour a committee meeting was called. She was absolved from all blame and allowed to return to her home, which she did rejoicing.

Congress acted upon her deed of bravery and valor, and subsequently appointed her to a life position in the division of issues department to carry packages of money from one employe to another, at the highest salary paid to laborers in the government employ, which is $60 a month.

This position she retained until her death, always carrying herself with dignity which won the respect of all her superior officers.

On another occasion she detected a man stealing $47,000 from the counting room of the treasury and caused his arrest and the return of the money.

Sophia Holmes was born in Georgetown, Va., and was married to Melchior Holmes, whose freedom she purchased with her own earnings. He lost his life in the civil war.

Sophia Holmes was over 70 years of age, how much she herself was unable to tell, for as much as she was associated with figures she had no memory for dates.

Mr. Sample, now treasurer of the United States, requested her to sit for a sketch, and as she did so she remarked: "I'm gettin' ready to die now, 'spees it's most time 'cause I'm gettin' my picture sketched—I've been honest and I'm glad to give the world that record."

A WIRE THAT TALKS.

The New Kind of Phonograph Is Just a Piece of Piano Wire.

Think of a phonograph without a cylinder or diaphragm, a phonograph that simply strings its records on a piano wire, as you might file so many written sheets of paper. That is exactly what a New Orleans electrician says he has invented, reports the Times-Democrat.

Its description is not difficult. When you talk over a telephone the vibrations of your voice send out a series of delicate electric waves. In the new machine a telephone is connected with an electro magnet, which is excited by the little waves as they travel through it in infinitely rapid succession, and at the same time a long piece of piano wire is drawn past its two poles, very near, but not touching. This magnetizes the wire, but as the magnet itself is continually varying in power, owing to the vibrations, there is a corresponding variation in the effect it produces. That is, the wire is magnetized in different degrees all along its length, as if it were divided into millions of very thin disks, each of a separate magnetic power. These disks are your record.

For reproduction a mild electric current is sent through the magnet, and the same wire is again passed in front of the poles. The irregularly magnetized wire breaks the current into exactly the same kind of waves that were originally sent out from the telephone, and when an ordinary receiver is connected with it you hear a reproduction of the voice, just as you now hear it over the telephone.

A Cruel Rejoinder.

A well-known business man who is afflicted with the unfortunate and too painfully common delusion that he possesses unusual literary attainments, especially in the line of poetry, is an inveterate smoker. The other day he was complaining of nervousness to a friend, upon whom he has inflicted many of his productions, and he attributed his condition to an overindulgence in tobacco.

"Yet," he added, "it helps me out wonderfully in my literary work. My old pipe is a great soother. Do you know that often when I am lost for an inspiration all I have to do is to light my pipe and the most beautiful word pictures come to me. Actually, I don't believe I could write without my pipe."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, stop smoking," quickly interposed the suffering friend.—Detroit Free Press.

PATROLMAN'S PREDICAMENT.

How He Was Persuaded to Work When He Had a Day to Himself.

There was a persistent pop, pop, pop in the alley back of the house, and Mrs. Flynn put her head out of the kitchen door to see what was the matter, writes Elliott Flower, in the Century.

"What are ye doin' out there, Barney?" she asked.

"Practicin' wid me gun," answered Barney.

"Oho!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn. "Practicin' wid yer gun, is it? Ye're a new man on the foorce, an' ye think ye've got to be blazin' away at ivery barn door in the wa-ard. Tell me, now, isn't there an orjinance forninst shootin' in the city limits?"

At this Patrolman Flynn thoughtfully scratched his head.

"Right ye are," he said at last; "but 'tis for the gazabo widout the shtar that the orjinance was made."

"Does yer book tell ye that?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

Patrolman Flynn pulled a summary of the principal ordinances and the rules and regulations of the department from his pocket and looked through it slowly and carefully.

"Does it tell ye," demanded Mrs. Flynn, again, "that an officer of the la-aw kin make a shootin' gallery of the alley bechune his house an' the one next behind it?"

"It does not," admitted the patrolman, regretfully.

"Doesn't it tell ye to pinch the man that shoots in the city limits?"

"Mary, I'll not lie to ye," answered Patrolman Flynn, after a moment of reflection; "it says that same."

"Then 'tis for ye, Barney Flynn," asserted his better half, decisively, "to take yerself to the station an' cha-arge yerself wid disorderly conduct."

Patrolman Flynn winced. The reasoning was clear, but he objected to the conclusion.

"I rayfuse," he said, at length, "to go wid meself."

"Oho!" cried Mrs. Flynn. "Rafuse to go, is it? Here ye are caught by yerself vi'latin' an orjinance, an' ye rayfuse to be arristed. Barney, ye'll be after havin' the cha-arge of raysistin' an officer ferninst yer name, too. 'Tis for ye to bat yerself on the head wid a club an' jerk yerself off to the station whether ye will or no."

"Twould be a sha-ame, Mary," protested Patrolman Flynn, "for me, bein' the fri'nd to meself that I am, to be that rough wid meself. Ye'd not have me be too ha-ard on a fri'nd, would ye?"

"Oho!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, again, by way of answer. "Derrylickshun av juty it is! I kin see ye, Barney, walkin' the ca-arp-et in the capt'in's office, an' be tellin' ye something av juty an' fri'ndship, an' that ye're laid off foor days widout pay."

"Anyhow," persisted the patrolman, "I'm not shtrong enough to arrist meself. 'Tis too tough a job. I'm a desp'rate man when I'm roused, Mary, an' 'tis not the likes of me nor annyone else that kin lay the hand av the la-aw on meself widout havin' to go to the doctor."

"I see ye now, oh, I see ye now, Barney," went on Mrs. Flynn. "I see ye readin' a notice on the board at the station, an' it says that Barney Flynn is discharged from the foorce for cowardice. That's what it says, Barney; an' it says more. It says that Barney Flynn is charged wid disorderly conduct, an' shootin' in the city limits, an' raysistin' an officer, an' corruptin' the foorce by wo-orkin' the fri'ndship racket, an' that anny officer meetin' him will call the wagon an' run him in."

Patrolman Flynn heaved a deep sigh.

"Mary," he said, "ye wanted me to do a little wo-ork in the house the while I'm off juty."

"I did, Barney," she answered.

"I'll do it," asserted Patrolman Flynn, with another sigh. "'Tis a tight hole I got meself in, Mary, an' me head's swimmin' wid all the troubles an' the rules. 'Tis likely a little wo-ork'll make things easier for me."

"'Tis likely it will," retorted Mary, grimly; and Patrolman Flynn put his official dignity and his revolver in his pocket, and tackled the plebeian task of mending a wash tub, meanwhile muttering to himself something about a woman who had "a reg-lar la-awyer's head on her."

Why the Oyster Crop Fails.

It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous—the Saddle Rocks, for instance—have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years, and in many cases become absolutely worthless, in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble, and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish. For this trouble the defilement of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster plant must have, or it will perish, is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and at the same time the inflowing tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

No Need of Bait.

Crabshaw—I don't see where woman acquires her extravagance in dress. Eve wasn't that way.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Of course not. There was only one man in the world then and she had him.—Puck.

WAYS OF THE TRIGGER FISH.

An Odd Creature of the Aquarium That Likes to Lie Down at the Bottom.

Disposed here and there upon the bottom of the tank at the Aquarium which is occupied by the trigger fishes and the gray snappers there are a number of rocks, placed as they might be found in nature. Included among these there is near the center of the tank a bunch of rocks made up of a rather narrow flat rock lying horizontally, with a rock on edge, inclining away from it, rising at one side, and another rock on edge and also inclining away from it, rising at the other side; the three rocks thus presenting a sort of trough-like formation. The trigger fishes in this tank use this rocky trough as a couch or resting place, lying along the flat surface at the bottom and leaning against one or the other of the flaring sides. The couch part is not wide enough to permit them to lie down quite flat upon it, for the trigger fish is, proportionately, very deep bodied and these are sizable specimens, weighing four or five pounds apiece.

It is a common thing for the trigger fishes to lie down in this trough apparently to rest, one at a time, for there is only room there for one; in this, though, the trigger fish is not peculiar; there are other fishes, the black fish for instance, that get into clefts in rock and that lie down on rocks just as the trigger fish does. One of these trigger fishes here in the tank may lie on this rock after it has once settled down entirely motionless, remaining thus for an hour or two; to rise then and sail away, giving place perhaps to another of the triggers. Sometimes another trigger fish will after a time rout out the one that is lying there, but this they rarely do; commonly a fish stays there as long as it wants to. Once vacated, the couch may soon be occupied by some other fish, or it may remain for more or less time unoccupied; it may be that the fish that had just left it will take a turn or two around the tank and then go back to bed again itself, this time, however, very probably, to stay but briefly.

Lying there as they do, perfectly motionless, the trigger fish may yet be seen occasionally to shift its eyes; looking about as one lying in a bed might look about in the room. And now and then the trigger fish turns over on the other side. Lying, it may be, inclined toward the back wall of the trough, it shifts so as to incline toward the front wall, bringing its other side against that rock.

This trough or couch ranges lengthwise of the tank, so that its side is presented to the spectator's view. As looked at from the front the rock rising on that side of the couch obstructs the view of the middle section of the fish that may be lying on it, the fish's head and a little of its body can be seen projecting at one end and its tail at the other. The couch is rather short for the fish, and at the tail end the fish's tail hangs down over the end of the bed limply. A trigger fish lying here thus has not infrequently been mistaken for a dead fish, and visitors who have been to the aquarium often enough to know the trigger fish's ways in this respect linger by its tank to listen to the remarks that are likely to be made by some of the visitors to whom its ways are unknown.

"Oh, see the dead fish!" one visitor may say to another in his company, indicating as he speaks a trigger fish lying down there in the trough; and then they stand and look at the dead fish. It may be that as they are looking at it the dead one comes to life and rouses up and nips at and starts off after some passing fish.

"Hm! Come on. I guess he's a good ways from dead yet," says the speaker, and the two move on to the next tank.

But while the trigger fish may start out in lively fashion, and is not a very dull fish, it is by no means as quick in the water or as much disposed to move about as the gray snappers are. In fact, the trigger fishes alone in this tank seem lazy and disposed to loaf; they alone lie down in the rocky trough. The gray snappers, graceful in shape, are pretty much always on the go and may be seen often scurrying about in company.

Trigger fishes are found in the waters hereabouts; they are, however, more abundant in the waters of Bermuda, whence these particular trigger fishes come, as did also their tank companions, the gray snappers.

Traditions of a Strange Bible.

The devil's Bible is one of the volumes in the royal library of the royal palace of Stockholm, Sweden. In this library there are 200,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts. The Bible is written on 300 prepared asses' skins. There is a tradition that it required 300 years to complete the work, from the eighth to the thirteenth century. But according to another tradition, quite as reliable probably, the book was copied in a single night, the devil himself assisting, and giving to the monk a portrait of himself for the frontispiece. The Swedes carried the manuscript from a convent in Prague during the "Thirty Years' war."—Chicago Chronicle.

It Would Fit.

"I am very much afraid," said the purchaser, doubtfully, as he surveyed himself and the clothes in the glass, "that this suit is too large for me."

"It is too large now," said Abraham Isaacs; "dat I will acknowledge, but ven you vears dat suit outside you vill feel so big dat it vill be a perfect fit."—Detroit Free Press.

Equipped.

Nell—Flora's going on the stage.

Belle—I didn't know she had any talent.

"She hasn't; but her aunt, the great actress, has died and left Flora her wardrobe."—N. Y. World.