

CLOSE OLD PARIS RESTAURANT.

The Maison Doree, the famous restaurant of Paris, which has boasted for generations that it never closed for days at a time, has at last been compelled to close forever.

X-RAY FOR A MINT.

Japan has discovered a novel use for the X-ray, and soon a most modern machine will be working as a detective in the mint in the mikado's realm.

BALKS COVETOUS RELATIVES.

Disgusted by the bickerings and importunities of a horde of relatives, who insisted that he divide a legacy of \$40,000 among them, Benjamin W. Gist, a young farmer living near Fall City, Neb., drew the money from the bank in \$5,000 lots and gave it away to the poor.

SAFETY DEPOSIT STORY.

Complete mystery surrounds the finding of \$1,500 in a safety deposit box in Lincoln, Neb., the reater of the box being nonplused as much as every one else.

ABBEY INTERESTS AMERICANS.

American tourists are more than commonly interested in the cathedral of Ireland, and the one visited with most interest is the abbey of the Holy Cross at Tipperary.

ENRICHED BY DEATH DUES.

During the present year 206 persons have died in England leaving estates valued at over \$500,000 each, the aggregate being \$790,223,710.

FORUM FOR BOSTON CULTS.

A monster forum is to be established in Boston, where thousands may assemble every week to listen to distinguished speakers upon current topics and debate upon great questions.

KING BUYS MONTE CRISTO.

The island of Monte Cristo, which Dumas rendered familiar to thousands of eager readers, has become the property of King Victor Emmanuel III.

DR. HAGEN MAKES DISCOVERY.

Eminent German anthropologist unearthed skeletons in Croatia which tell of man's change.

DUMONT GETS A MEDAL.

The medal awarded to Santos Dumont by the president of Brazil as a reward for his aeronautic experiments and as a souvenir of the ascension in which he won the Deutsch prize, has just been received by the indefatigable aeronaut.

Possibility of Future.

Oil has been discovered in Africa. That continent, says the Chicago Record-Herald, may now prepare to get itself connected with us by pipe line.

BIG SPIDER CAUSES PANIC.

A big South American tarantula created a panic at Bonmaker's dairy, on Story avenue, Louisville, Ky., the other evening.

RICH MAN'S SON DISCHARGED.

Lesson taught Walter J. Hill, whose father is President of Great Northern Road.

WHO ARE FIT FOR MARRIAGE?

Enigmas are plentiful in this world, but none more puzzling than the query: "When should a man marry?"

MANILA ELECTRIC FRANCHISES

The bids for railway and light systems in the Philippine City to be opened March 5.

GEORGE AND CHERRY TREE.

A dealer in pigs in Weiden, Bavaria, was testifying in court to the honesty of his son, who was the defendant in the suit, and swore he never told a lie.

Long Trip for a Husband.

Miss Josephine Bates, of Taylorville, Ill., has left via New York city for Calcutta, India, where she will wed Dr. Bruce D. Schrantz upon her arrival there.

HUMOROUS.

Tommy:—What's the matter with you, Smith? What are you kicking about? Smith:—"Morse called me a donkey."

WHO ARE FIT FOR MARRIAGE?

This is a positing Enigma which Each Man Must Solve for Himself.

ILLS CAUSED BY HURRY.

To point to the hurry and stress of modern town life as the cause of half the ills to which flesh today is heir has become almost a commonplace in aetiological diagnosis.

Statistics of Education.

In education the three Slav countries—Roumania, Serbia and Russia—are the least civilized.

Too Much Water.

Little Tommy, when told that he was growing fast, answered:—"Yes, too fast. I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"

Revival of Dormant Seeds.

Turnip seeds have been known to be dormant for seven years through being planted too deep, and after that time to sprout.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The total income of Oxford university is about £410,000, and of Cambridge £350,000.

IDENTIFIED THE CALLER.

Amelia was slow at remembering. But she helped her mistress out very well.

TARANTULAS IN SEVILLE.

The Spanish City is suffering from a Plague of the "Dance-Compelling" Insect.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Josh bet Zeke that he could stay under water two minutes. Did Josh win?" "Yep!" "Where is he now?" "Under that yet."—Philadelphia Record.

"What is optimism, anyhow?" asked the inspired idiot. "Getting the best end of it and congratulating the people who didn't!"—The cynical coddler.—Baltimore Herald.

"It was funny that the Widow Way should hunt up and marry a man of the same name." "Not at all. She said she couldn't be happy without having her own way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Judge—Yes, Richmuds declares that he is a self-made man." "Fudge—" "That's true enough, if he only had stopped there." "Indeed?" "Now he's gone to work and made a fool out of himself bragging about it."—Baltimore Herald.

"Are they fond of their New York home?" "Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home!"—New Yorker.

"Auntie" said the judge to the battered lady of color. "Did your husband strike you with malice aforethought?" "Deed he didn't, judge," was the indignant reply. "He didn't hit me wid dat mallet afore he thought; he'd been figgerin' on dat 'er long time, judge, deed he had."—Baltimore News.

"See here," she said, "just tell that clerk I can't wait. I've got to catch a train, and he's been gone fully ten minutes looking for a pair of shoes for me." "Pardon, madam," replied the floor walker, "but the smaller the size the harder it is to find, you know." "Well—er—if he'll only hurry a little I'll wait for the next train."—Philadelphia Press.

A Georgia lady having in her employ a young negro whose strong point was not remembering names, one afternoon went away, leaving the colored woman in charge of the premises.

"Callers in that town were a ways so formal as to leave their cards and upon return Mrs. G. found that a visit had been paid her, but that Amelia had forgotten the person's name.

"Mrs. G., being a particularly individual, was anxious to know to whom she owed the courtesy of a return visit."

"Think Amelia!" she said, earnestly. "Think hard now," she said down opposite the girl, and waited for the process to go on.

"Nix!" said the darky, pathetically. "I can't recall that person's name to save mah life for glory."

"Mrs. G. gazed—visions of the angry caller, why, would receive her. "Amelia, now listen to me—what was he like—what did she wear—was he tall or short—had she dark eyes?"

Amelia was suddenly inspired. "I know what she was like," she said, solemnly. "She had box toes and rosy jaws."

In a flash Mrs. G. knew the fair visitor's name, and Amelia was vindicated.

The Spanish City is suffering from a Plague of the "Dance-Compelling" Insect.

In Seville, in addition to the many other things that bite, and those who have visited that wonderfully interesting place know they are not few, the townspeople and those who live in the neighborhood are suffering from a plague of tarantulas, reports the New York World.

The Sevillians do not mind the ordinary biting things, but the big spiders drive them frantic. The Spaniards believe that the bite of a tarantula produces a madness for dancing.

Although it has been scientifically proved that the bite of the tarantula is not really dangerous and does not of itself inspire the bitten with the dancing mania, it is impossible to disabuse the ordinary Spaniard of their ancient superstition.

As soon as the bite begins the sufferer believes that he is compelled to dance, and that his dancing impulses can only be allayed by the tones of the "tarantela-guitarre."

In Orsuna, as in other towns, there is a guild of tarantula players, who earn considerable fees by sending round their members to heal the sufferers from the tarantula bite. The victim lies in bed, and as soon as his musical physician begins the monotonous clang of the "tarantela-guitarre" the patient rolls about wildly in the bed until he has worked himself into a beated sweat, which carries the mild tarantula poison out of his body, and with the poison his mad desire to dance.

Teacher (taking customary school census at beginning of year)—Well, Fritz, what nationality are you? Fritz—Me? Why, I'm a black republican, every time.—N. Y. Herald.