

NOISES NOW UNNECESSARY

Ring of Bells and Blowing of Whistles Are a Thing of the Past.

One of the enterprising manufacturers of Connecticut has started a crusade against the excessive ringing of mill bells and the prolonged blowing of steam whistles.

It is rank heresy to declaim against the bustle of trade, even if it take the form of unnecessary racket, in a community which finds it difficult to differentiate between mere noise and progress.

There was a time when the people could not be assembled without the aid of a bell. Within recollection every schoolhouse was provided with one.

Then she frowned—frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs, happy tenants of the arches of her brows, would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling.

CHAT WITH THE BARBER.

He Says Man Don't Cut Their Own Hair, But Some Trim Their Beards.

"No," said the barber, "I never knew of a man that cut his own hair, but I know a man who trims his own beard.

"He wears only a short pointed beard on his chin, trimming the sides of his face closely. He never could get a barber to trim his beard exactly as he wanted it, and so he took to trimming it himself.

"You say you knew a man once that had 11 razors, one for every day in the month? Well, that's a good many razors more than I ever heard of.

"What about the idea that a man ought to have more than one razor so that he can use a razor one day, and then let it rest a day, that a razor improves by resting? Well, I don't take much stock in that idea.

"If a man's got a good razor, and he's got it in proper condition, it will cut and keep on cutting. I've got a customer who shaves himself with the same razor right along, day after day, for six months.

"Difference in razors? Why, certainly. Some razors wear well and keep their edges, and some don't. You might buy two razors at the same price at the same time, and out of the same stock, razors very likely probably in fact, made at the same time from the same bar of steel, and find them very different. It's in the temper."

Indicted for Snoring. In a small commune near Versailles, in France, the mayor formally indicted a citizen for the grave offense of snoring.

"Hullo, Mr. Riley, how's your rye doing?" "Fine, fine," replied the poet. "How much do you expect to clear to the acre?"

Tom—I asked old Goldman for his daughter last night. Dick—What luck? Tom—Well, it was what you might call a run of luck. I got away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN LOVE IS ANTISEPTIC.

Ways of Communicating the Tender Sentiment Without Scattering Microbes.

According to a French physician, the hand contains over 30,000 microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another.

Her mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the ancient regime, but then it was comparatively easy.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms towards her, longingly, like an amorous lover at the opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes in circulation than even impassioned speech.

She smiled and shook her head gently by persons with the slightest pretense of civilization, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy.

At last we seem to have found an excellent use for seaweed. A correspondent owned a summer cottage by the sea which, like the Biblical mansion, was built upon sand.

The French periodical, La Nature, publishes two photographs of a gigantic gorilla, the largest ever seen, which was recently shot in the Cameroons by M. Eugene Brasseur and a party of sportsmen on the banks of the Sangha river.

Riley's Eye Patch. James Whitcomb Riley was looking over a fence on his farm at a field of rye, when a neighbor who was driving by stopped his horse and asked:

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INDIANS' SACRED ARROWS.

Cheyenne Tribe Has Endeavored for Years to Recover Them from the Pawnees.

The Dog Soldier band of Cheyenne Indians from western Oklahoma lately completed a visit with the Skedee band of Pawnees, near Pawnee. The Cheyennes to the number of 300 came to recover two sacred arrows captured from them by the Pawnees many years ago.

The two sacred arrows were captured from the Cheyennes in battle on Platte river, Nebraska, about 60 years ago. A Pawnee who had previously been crippled, and who preferred death to the suffering caused by his wounds, had stationed himself far in advance of the other Pawnees in a clump of bushes.

Accordingly a bunch of Cheyenne warriors on horseback made a dash for the clump of bushes, their sacred arrow keeper in the lead. He had the arrows, four in number, fastened to a long spear, and as he struck at the Pawnee, the crippled man dodged to one side and grasped the spear.

About ten years later the Cheyennes recovered two of their sacred arrows by giving the Pawnees 200 ponies. In their negotiations here the Cheyennes were unable to convince the Pawnees that the two arrows still in the latter's possession should be surrendered at this time.

NOISES OF AN IRON HOUSE

Patter of Raindrops Sounds Like Cataract of Buckshot on the Roof.

"I had scarcely thought," said the middle-aged man, "that I should ever again hear the patter of the rain on the roof as I heard it in my youth, when I slept in the garret in the home of my boyhood.

"It was a lovely day on which we struck the place. As we sat on the veranda and looked out through an opening in the trees in front upon a broad and varied landscape of water, woods and mountains, and then up at a fleecy summer cloud, we thanked the good luck that had landed us there.

"It was the most responsive house, by far, in a rainstorm that I ever slept in. On the first night we were there we were wakened by the sound of what we thought at first must be a buckshot cataract falling on the head of a giant drum.

"Some Physical Facts. A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten.

Fishing by Telephone. Isaac Walton, reincarnated in the twentieth century, could further his knowledge of the finny races with a telephone.

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PREFER OUR BOOTS.

ENGLISH DEALERS GLAD TO HANDLE AMERICAN MAKE.

Trade of Great Britain in Footwear Is on the Decline Through Introduction of Superior Goods.

Consul Haman, of Hull, England, has made an interesting report to the department of commerce and labor on the boot and shoe trade of Great Britain. He quotes a correspondent in a leading Yorkshire paper to the effect that the English boot and shoe trade is on the decline, and points out pertinently the important part played in England and on the continent of Europe by American shoes.

The price of the latter has been steadily advancing for about four years, and it has now reached a point never known in the history of the trade. Compared with 12 months ago, the cost of all classes of leather has increased by fully 12 1/2 per cent., which is an important item in the original expenditure of the now popular half-guinea boot.

The English public were never more neatly shod than to-day, and boots are being sold cheaper than ever, although the cost of leather is now fully 50 per cent. higher than, say, five years ago.

The correspondent doubtless outlines the situation correctly, with the exception, perhaps, that he does not give sufficient weight to American competition. One of the most popular stores in Hull sells nothing but shoes made in America or on American models.

The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering from the poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worse than an abscess at the point of penetration of the serpent's tooth.

Aerography in France. While wireless telegraphy in England is still in private hands, the first government station for public use has been opened in France.

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ALE "STUMP SPEAK"

Minstrel Man Once "Amongst Us" Is No Longer in Evidence.

The stump speaker, long a familiar figure on the minstrel and vaudeville stage, has gone, and has left no successor. He was a comedian, cracked up as a rule, and known instantly by his ill-fitting coat, large shoes, high collar, soft hat and cotton umbrella.

The stump speaker parodied the spread eagle political orators, would know an earlier period. He would enter from the wings in a condition of great excitement, and, placing his cotton umbrella upon the table and removing his hat, he would drink the water, explaining that this was the liquid which he had been looking for everywhere.

"My subject, ladies, gentlemen and fellow democrats, is the life the Indians lead on the plains, and as the first part of my eloquent discourse I will tell you what happened when I went down to a party in Thompson street the other night."

One of the most effective of the introductions was the one used by Bob Hart, which was as follows: "Entering your beautiful city for the first time yesterday, I alighted at the Grand Central depot in the company of one of your public officials, wearing a uniform and having on his chest a shield upon which were the words 'Metropolitan Police.'"

Unsworn originated many of the political allusions which have since been much quoted. One of them was: "Free wool! As a republican, I am in favor of free wool! Abraham Lincoln made more free wool by his emancipation proclamation than any of those who criticize us could do in many years."

STRANGE SNAKE-BITE CURE

Gall of the Reptile Injected as a Remedy Said to Be Effective.

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you," is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying pan into the fire, and it cannot certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times.

It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the old adage mentioned above—which thus serves a turn—an almost certain cure for snake bite is the injection of a small portion of the bile of the reptile which has attacked anyone, and which—the snake being generally killed on the spot—is naturally at hand.

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COINS OF PRIVATE T.

North Carolina Cash of a Certain Kind That Is Now at a Premium.

Prof. W. E. Hidden, of Newark, N. J., spent a week recently in Rutherfordton, as the guest of M. O. Dickerson, clerk of the superior court of Rutherford county. Prof. Hidden is an eminent geologist and mining engineer and his name will be recognized as the origin of the name of the beautiful stone called hiddenite, a valuable emerald green gem found in western North Carolina.

The interesting announcement is made concerning the visit of the eminent gentleman to North Carolina that he is here seeking data concerning the late Christopher Bechtler, who was a resident of Rutherfordton many years prior to the civil war, and there coined the gold mined in the mountain region round about.

The fact is they contained a greater ratio of gold than those of the United States mintage, but under the coinage laws of the government the Bechtler mint had to close shop. Thousands of dollars meanwhile had got into circulation, but many of the coins drifted to the United States mint at Charlotte, where they were reminted, while others fell into the hands of parties who preserved them as curios.

Prof. Hidden during his visits to North Carolina learned of Mr. Bechtler and his mint, and became greatly interested. He is gathering data to write a biography of Bechtler and a history of his coinage operations. It is stated, however, that he will get out an edition of only 250 copies of his book.

GRAND CANYON'S SILENCE.

Impressions from the Heights That Linger in the Memory Even Painfully.

The best possible view of the canyon is from the top, says William Allen White, in McClure's. There the atmosphere piles up over the crags and peaks beneath one's feet, and through this atmosphere, when the day is at its height, the actinic rays of the sun paint marvels in the huge, gaping furrow in the earth.

There are few curves in the stretches of stratified rock that make colored ribbons many miles long; and the human eye is not used to taking in so much. Over these vistas the dry air of the desert quivers with the heat. Perhaps it is the river mist rising, perhaps it is sheer delusion; but in the motion that seems to stir the radiant air, a white wraith floats, eluding the eyes that would locate it, yet ever present in the sunlight that falls upon the facing cliffs.

One is bewildered with the maddening thrall of pulsing air, and throbbing color, and beckoning lines all leading to dreams of infinite life; and against that—the silence of infinite death. Indeed, the spirit of the thing below seems to creep into a man's soul through his body and lay hold upon his heart and his nerves.

At night, as he lies in his bed, the terrible depths that strained his eyes by day reach up and grapple him. Many a man has clutched the bedclothes in a tremor of fright at the recollection of the scene. The phantasm of that red pit is real; as real as Nature's other manifestations that move her children.

Risk Versus Security. There never was a harder muster than the uncertain. "Nothing venture nothing win," is a true proverb, and sometimes it is a good guiding principle. If a single question and not a general principle were under discussion we might say that the conditions warrant a venture.

Continued He Was Sick. An Irishman had appendicitis. They took him to the hospital, laid him on the operating table, gave him ether, and tied a small monkey on a shelf where he would see it when he regained consciousness.

"Phwat's that?" "Sh—be quiet! That's what we took from you."

He uttered a groan and said: "Be ye child or devil, I dun know, but your mother is a very sick man!"—N. Y. Times.