

DRY READING FOR A CHILD.

Decidedly Grown-Up Book Little Virginia Had Perused.

Virginia is five years old, and has learned to spell cat and dog. The other day, on her return from kindergarten, she decided to call upon her mother in the adjoining flat. Her mother was busy writing, and Virginia, being a well-trained child, did not interrupt. She played awhile with the kitten and her hostess, being still absorbed with her writing, she said: "I think I'll read until you get through."

FEE FOR THE LAWYER.

Jury Had Reason for Adding Money to Damages Claimed.

During a term of the superior court in an Eastern county the jury awarded one cent damages in several suits, to the winning party. One morning when the jury rendered its verdict in one of these cases, Dennis A. Maher, one of the best known jury lawyers in the city, said it recalled a verdict he got in a case several years ago. He had sued a man for a claim of \$1.25. The judge in the municipal court decided against his client, and Dennis appealed to the superior court. When it was tried, the jury, the foreman of which was a great friend of Attorney Maher, reversed the decision of the lower court, and brought in a verdict for \$6.

Timber for Wine Casks.

The growing scarcity of timber suitable for the manufacture of staves is a problem that confronts two continents and in which all the wine drinking world is concerned.

Indian Keeps His Pledge.

Devotion to a pledge is not a myth; it survives to this day. At the May term of the court at Vinna Charles Helling pleaded guilty before Judge Parker at Sallisaw. He was sentenced to 60 days in the federal jail and to pay a fine of \$25, says the Kansas City Journal.

Women in Parliament.

Protests by women in parliament were not unknown during the Middle Ages. Stow tells us approvingly of a group of stout dames who had the courage in 1428 to check a great feast in open parliament.

It Would Depend.

"What would you say," he asked, "if I were to propose a trial marriage to you?"

What Would She Say.

A certain young teacher in one of the schools in Springfield, Mass., was recently more or less annoyed by the attentions of one of the masculine sex who holds a position of principal in the same school.

Overtaken by Retribution.

William H. Berry, state treasurer of Pennsylvania, was talking in Harrisburg about graft.

Art of Nature.

She had just turned from the blackboard where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a "sum" which to her very youthful pupils seemed difficult.

Twain and the Office Boy.

In his early days Mark Twain used to take his "copy" round personally to various editors, which gave rise to a rather good story of him told recently.

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GOLD NUGGET A BEAUTY.

Alaskan Mine Has Probably the Largest Ever Found.

It is not an uncommon thing to see men who have enough greenbacks to choke an elephant, but it's not often that one meets a man with a gold nugget large enough to make even a horse sick if he had to try to eat it without having it run through a quartz mill. There is a man in Los Angeles, Cal., however, who has the nugget, and he is the Klondike king, Clarence Berry, who has come from Alaska on a visit to his brother. The nugget might be likened to a man's hand with the palm turned upward, for it is over six inches long, almost four inches wide, is an inch thick at the thickest part, and weighs \$1,510.

WHAT SHE WOULD SAY.

Young Teacher Evidently Had Her Opinion of the Principal.

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SCOTCH LAD GOT EVEN.

He Turned the Joke on the Yankee Tourist.

An American tourist on a visit to Glasgow, on emerging from the railway station, was accosted by a lad with the familiar shout of "Carry your bag, sir!"

Organ to Save Woodpile.

A number of years ago a village in the eastern part of the town of Middleboro was very much wrought up over the introduction of a musical instrument in their church service.

Wires Need a Rest.

"Messages," said a telegraph operator, "always slide over the wires better on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their Sunday rest."

Proper Coat of Arms.

John Thomas Brady got in to-night from St. Louis. John Thomas stopped a little while in Pittsburg on his way here.

Continuous Performance.

Well-Meaning Friend—Why have you never reformed? Mr. Highball—Never reformed? Why, I reform every morning.

Quicker Action.

"Here's an article which says that family jans eventually kill love." "Family jans kill it sooner than that,"—Houston Post.

Relief in the Baby's Cries.

"Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when she cries?" "She used to, until she discovered that the neighbors preferred to hear the baby,"—Cleveland Leader.

COMEDY IN MODERN SMUGGLING.

An Incident in Europe That Was Very Funny.

Smuggling in these days is far removed from the grim realities which characterized it 70 years ago. A charming piece of light comedy which quite recently took place in the Gris-ons brings this fact into clear relief. The game is now so little dangerous that girls in their nonage can play it, even with the glamor of armed conflict thrown in.

Two sisters named Bacher, aged 17 and 19, were engaged in getting a quantity of contraband tobacco from the Swiss to the Italian side of the frontier when they were surprised by two customs officers in the Stilleer-Joch Pass.

Instead of being a ground for alarm, this was merely the cue for an episode worthy of light opera. While the elder of the two sisters pushed on as rapidly as possible with her load, the younger, with all the coolness of a brigand of romance, posted herself behind a ledge of rock and opened fire upon the officers with a rifle. It was not that she aimed at them with any serious intent. Bloodshed, indeed, was no part of the program. It was enough to burn powder, and plenty of it. The officers, finding themselves under fire, naturally took cover and returned it.

KEEN INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

A Story That Illustrates What Banks Are Looking For.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

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BRITISH MILITARY TRAINING.

Soldiers Play at War on a Vast Tract of Land.

England has reserved a tract of land several hundred square miles in extent on which her soldiers play at war, according to F. A. Talbot in the Technical World Magazine. The Russian-Japanese war served to emphasize the radical revolution which has taken place in warfare due to the remarkable improvements which have been wrought in the devising of long-range and quick-firing weapons, combined with improvements in explosives.

The result of this revolution in warfare is that a battle front may range over as much as 60 or 70 miles. Consequently a grave difficulty presents itself in the training of an army to comply with and to understand these new conditions, since it is essential that an army in peace should be brought to a high standard of efficiency which will enable it to cope with any peculiar difficulty that may present itself in actual combat. But to train an army upon this basis necessitates a vast tract of land, having a conformation of the most difficult nature and far removed from the influences of human habitations, to enable the men to have the fullest scope in which to practice the new conditions of their science.

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"But above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Capt. Hiram Cack of Gloucester."

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THE DARING DYNAMITE MAN.

Death May Come Any Time, but He Doesn't Fear It.

"Some day I guess I'll get me. We never know." J. B. Boone, professional powder man, dynamite and nitroglycerin handler, moved cautiously about a fire as he talked. At his feet lay 50 pounds of dynamite—frozen. Three feet away was a roaring fire. He was at a stone quarry at Courtney, Mo., where the night before 500 pounds of his materials had exploded. And he had built the fire to thaw out more.

"This is the dangerous part of the work," he said. "The jar of a cinder popping from the fire, striking this dynamite, would make it explode. A twig snapped against it or some object dropped upon it, would bring the end. Dynamite is not exploded by heat. It requires some jar—some friction. When it is frozen—and it freezes sooner than water—it is fairly safe to handle. But in thawing the warmer it becomes the more sensitive it is. When these sticks are warm a dime dropped upon them will make them explode. It's a dangerous business."

No screen was between the dynamite and the fire where "the powder man" worked. If he feared that fatal cinder popping from the dry sticks in the fire he did not show it. In a methodical, careful way, this grave, quiet man worked swiftly and silently by the fire.

"I began it with my father when I was 15 years old," he said. "More than 20 years now I've been a powder man, and—well, I'm here to-day, anyhow."

CUSTOM OF YUMA INDIANS.

Burning the Dead One of Their Interesting Ceremonies.

Burning the dead as observed among the Yumas is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed in logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered over and strewn about with dry fagots. The flames are applied and, while they burn, the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire. The horse of the dead man, however, is not burned among the Yumas, as is the custom with some Indians. A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned at all. The medicine men are still largely in control among the Yumas, and the government makes no attempt to interfere. Usually their patients grow sicker, so that they proclaim them doomed to die and their prophecy will almost always come true.

When Love Is Young.

They had reached that stage of the engagement when there is usually more or less speculation as to the future on the part of the bride-to-be.

Sausage Secret.

Dr. John L. Morse of Boston, an authority on pure foods, said recently that the public could not expect pure food at a low price.

Condensation With a Vengeance.

A Kansas editor is said to have entertained extreme ideas with reference to the value of a "condensed style." On one occasion owing to lack of space he wielded his pencil at the end of a syndicate serial story with this result in the way of compression: "Reginald took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket and lastly his own life."

Underdone.

Bobby gazed critically at his new baby brother.

Might Head Her Off.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a photograph and talk into it, so that if I happen to die first you can still hear my voice."

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THEIR FAVORITE BEVERAGES.

What Some of the World's Great Men Preferred to Drink.

The entertaining author of "Collections and Recollections" has been writing on the favorite beverages of great men. Thackeray's choice was claret. He said that "our intellect ripens with good cheer and throws off surprising crowds under the influence of that admirable liquid, claret." Mr. Gladstone, to whom the other pleasures of the table meant nothing, was a stickler for port, a believer in it, a judge of it. Mr. Russell says that the only feeble speech he ever heard from Gladstone was made after dinner at an otherwise hospitable house, where wine was not suffered to appear.

Lord Tennyson drank his bottle of port every day, and drank it undecanted, for, as he justly observed, a decanter holds only eight glasses, but he could have his own way, drank port all through dinner, as well as after it. Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to complete his hundred years, drank a bottle of port wine every day after he came to man's estate. Mr. Finching, the wine merchant in "Little Dorritt," thought champagne "weak but palatable," and Lord St. Jerome, in "Lothair," was esteemed by the young men a patriot "because he always gave his best champagne at his ball suppers."—Town and Country.

WOMAN IN STRANGE FIELDS.

Exploration and Discovery No Longer Left to the Sterner Sex.

Not long ago the triumph of a woman who had ascended one of the Himalaya peaks to a height hitherto unequalled by any mountain climber was duly chronicled. A few days later a foreign news item announced the arrival in South Africa of an American young woman who seeks the jungle in order to study the language of the monkey tribe. She is alone in her daring quest and appears to have a full realization of its perils.

Still another venturesome woman is Margaret Solenka, of German birth, who is to head an important scientific expedition to Java in the early part of the coming year. She goes there in the endeavor to establish the identity of a fossil manape found on the island, as the so-called missing link.

It is evident that these women are admitting no handicap because of their sex. They are courageously entering regions that few men have penetrated and their action suggests that it may not be long before the supremacy of exploration and discovery will be very seriously questioned.

A Wonderful Country.

Eastern visitors to the west are generally prepared for any phenomenal showing in the line of agriculture, stock-raising and the like," says a Colorado man, "but once in awhile they are taken by surprise.

A New Hampshire man, who was spending his vacation on the ranch of a relative in Colorado, went one morning to inspect a large incubator in which the young chicks were hatching. In one corner of the incubator a neglected peach-seed, encouraged by the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tiny sprout several inches long was growing out of it.

"Suffering Caesar!" exclaimed the New Hampshire man, as this caught his eye. "Do you hatch out your peaches in this country?"—Harper's Weekly.

Fishermen Use Wireless.

The wireless telephone, it is claimed, has successfully entered into the deep-sea fishing industry. For the last week experiments have been conducted by the wireless telegraph station at Brant Rock, which is equipped with a wireless telephone, with a small vessel stationed among the fleet of the south shore fishermen 12 miles out in Massachusetts bay. Recently, it is asserted, the fishermen wished to learn the prices ruling in the Boston market. The operator on the wireless-fitted boat called up Brant Rock, and telephoned the fishermen's request. The land operator asked Boston, and the answer was forwarded back to the fishermen.—N. Y. Post.

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