

THINGS LETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Striking Examples of the Art of Talking Without Thinking.

Some people are perpetually giving offense in the most unconscious way, says an exchange.

Now, do let me propose you as a member of the club," says Smith. "But suppose they blackball me?" replies Brown.

"Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club who knows you, even!"

A lady, very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor:

"My husband is 40; there are just five years between us."

"Is it possible?" was the unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word you look as young as he does."

An unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: "You have never taken me to the cemetery."

"No, dear," he answered; "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation!"

It is related of a portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just stepped in to see what was going on in the studio exclaimed:

"It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother!" calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" from the critic, in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"

On a similar occasion a facetious friend, inspecting a portrait, said to the artist:

"And this is Tom Evans, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear!"

CALLED FOR A "SANWEESH."

Being What Puzzled an American in a Railway Restaurant in Spain.

The American went into the railway tienda at Valencia de Alcantara when the midnight train stopped there for refreshments on the way from Lisbon to Madrid. He was hungry, and most of all he wanted a sandwich.

The thing that tormented him was that he did not know the Spanish word for sandwich and he was afraid that if he did not see one in the restaurant in the border town he would have to go without.

Sure enough, there were no sandwiches on the counter. But the American was game. Summoning his limited Spanish, he tackled the waiter. With a wealth of gesture, he asked haltingly: "What do you call what you make when you cut a roll in two (indicating a slicing motion) and you put inside slices of meat (showing how the meat should be put in), waiter?"

The waiter let it soak in and then, with a gleam of intelligence in his eyes, said: "Oh, sanweesh."

The Whistling British Boy.

The whistler, oddly enough, is English, though the name has been made famous by an American.

Among all the noises you hear in Paris—surely the noisiest city in the world—the whistle is not prominent. In New York—sufficiently noisy—you seldom hear a whistle, though it is the first great offense. But in London the whistle is insistent.

It is not only the cab whistle, two for a hansom, one for a growler, with frequent "encores." It is the boy.

This is a fairly quiet flat in a fairly quiet neighborhood. But there is a ceaseless whistling moment in which you cannot detect the sound of the boy and his whistle—London Chronicle.

"Tired of Jim."

Occasionally something amusing happens that hasn't the element of the sick incidents one runs across in this world. As for instance, when Mrs. Upton expostulated with Lucinda because she would get a divorce from her husband and whose convincing remark was that she was "jest natchelly tired of Jim."

There wasn't a thing to say to such an argument and Mrs. Upton realized that Lucinda was only taking a leaf out of the matrimonial book of her society. Lucinda had plainly been sitting in the top gallery of the "New York Idea" and reading society journals.

Plow That Grubs Out Trees.

A large 300-pound plow for grubbing purposes, attached to a large ob-horse-power traction engine, cuts a furrow 20 inches wide and ten inches deep and is at present demonstrating its value on the farm of O. L. Rosensteel near this city.

The plow grubs out trees and clears a strip seven feet wide as it proceeds. Last week an entire field of stumps was successfully cleared with this outfit.—Corpus Christi correspondence San Antonio Express.

Truth About Lie-Tea.

Nothing of tea leaves is wasted by the Chinese. The Scientific American tells us. They may be dried and pressed into bricks to be used as fuel in firing pork. The ashes of the fuel are used as fertilizers. At other times the spent leaves are stewed, or allowed to stand a long time in water to extract the tannin, which is used in tanning leather and for dye. Sometimes the old leaves are used for food, or they may be mixed with new leaves to form what is known as lie-tea.

ALTOGETHER ON THE SQUARE.

Magistrate Gives Proof, at Least, of His Own Honesty.

"I would like," said the new reporter, "to ask you a question, if I may."

"Go ahead," replied the old-time police magistrate. "A great many of the people who are arrested give ball for their appearance in court, do they not?"

"Yes. Almost everyone who is arrested gives ball."

"And a great many of those people who are under bonds to appear when their trials are called run away, don't they?"

"Well, yes. A good many of them do so."

"What becomes of the money that their bondsmen pay in such cases?"

"Say, young man, don't get impertinent. The name of the bondsman is, as a rule, forgotten before the case is called. Don't you dare to insinuate in your scurrilous sheet that I ever took a penny from a poor, down-trodden bondsman and failed to properly account for it."

"How much do you collect in the way of forfeited bonds per annum?"

"Nothing. We generally find that the bondsmen are no good. I hope you are satisfied now that I am on the square."—Chicago Record-Herald.

LONG FIGHT FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

Suit for Small Strip of Land Settled After Sixty Years.

Dragged through the courts for over 60 years, the lawsuit of Andrew Camp versus William Zimmerman has been finally decided in court here, says the New York Herald's Allentown (Pa.) correspondent. The litigants were leading farmers in the upper end of Lehigh county, and the dispute arose over a strip of land worth about five dollars. It is 1,800 feet long and in width from four to 23 feet.

The suit was over the ownership of the land, and the litigation began when Zimmerman cut down a chestnut tree on the property. The men and their families, although neighbors, have not spoken together for half a century. The case has been in the supreme court at least three times, and no less than \$30,000 has been spent in lawyers' fees and other costs in the litigation.

Since the last suit was brought Zimmerman has died, as have also his lawyer, John Rupp, and the principal witness, Peter Kunkle. The widow, however, fought the case to a finish, but she lost, the jury deciding that the property belongs to Camp. When suits involving the question of damages were tried the verdict never exceeded six dollars.

No Growing Pains.

An eminent specialist claims that there is no such thing as "growing pains." We have been taught that when a child has stinging pains in the limbs, shoulders, or other parts of the body it is an indication that the body is growing, and therefore most parents welcome the news of such suffering in children.

The physician referred to above claims that growing pains are muscular rheumatism, and should have immediate attention. Something is wrong, and steps should be taken at once to learn why the child's blood is not in perfect condition.—Health.

To Preserve Youth.

One woman says that there is only one thing to remember, one thing to forget, if you want always to be young. The first is the power of right thinking, which can rebuild and remodel one's life and character, and the things to forget are—"regrets." Nothing is so truly useless or such a handicap as regrets of any kind, and it is the first thing one must learn to eliminate if one wants to be fifty years young.

Horrible.

Bilkins—So you didn't go to the fancy dress ball? Wilkins—No. I made a fool of myself there last season, and I didn't care to risk it again. "Eh? Didn't drink too much, did you?"

"No, but when the masks were removed I discovered that I'd wanted a whole evening spooning with my wife."—London Tit-Bits.

His 53-Year-Old Coat.

John P. Ledyard of Clinton township, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, is wearing an overcoat the wool of which was pulled from the pelts of 53 sheep, carded and spun, and the cloth was cut and the garment made 53 years ago by his mother.

The coat is without a rent or break and as perfect as when made, with the exception of showing a slight fading with age.

The Artistic Wink.

The effectiveness of fine eyes can be immeasurably enhanced by a really artistic and expressive wink. Without their hereditary genius for utilizing their eyelids, Spanish women would lose half their charm.

Our ancestors relied upon tears in various sentimental emergencies, but it didn't catch on, and now women cry as rarely as men.

Reason for Security.

"Are you aware that the man you have challenged is an expert swordsman?" said one Parisian. "Certainly," answered the other. "The fact gives me confidence. He is not likely to do anything clumsy, and unexpected that might result in serious injury."

LIGHT DAWNED AT LAST.

Then Pharmacist Got Clue to Identity of Patient.

The late A. J. Cassatt at a dinner at the Philadelphia Country club was once asked his opinion of the new fashion of women riding horseback astride.

"I don't altogether favor this fashion," said Mr. Cassatt, smiling. "I think it leads to confusion. I was driving one afternoon on the Lancaster pike when a rider was thrown violently from a spirited bay horse. Luckily the accident happened in front of a pharmacy. The pharmacist ran forth with his clerk. He propped up the head of the unconscious rider and seeing a gold cigarette case lying in the road he took it up and read the address. 'P. S. Browne, 1817 Walnut street.'"

"Jack," the pharmacist shouted to his errand boy, telephone to Mrs. Browne, 1817 Walnut, that her husband has— But just then a tiny gold hand mirror with a powder puff attachment fell from the rider's trousers pocket and the pharmacist cried: 'I mean, Jack, to telephone to Mr. Browne that Mrs. Browne has fallen—'

"But at this point the clerk, who had been burning a feather under the rider's nose, felled her lips with it and she smiled and murmured, 'Jim!'" "And then the pharmacist shouted: 'Telephone Mr. and Mrs. Browne that Mrs. Browne has fallen off her horse.'"

GARDEN IN THE FAR NORTH.

Alaska Man Claims He Has Record in This Respect.

"When it comes to planting vegetable gardens in a far northern clime, I claim to have done more in that direction than any other American citizen," said Judge D. A. McKenzie of Alaska.

"Away up in the Koyukok river, 100 miles north of the Arctic circle, I have for the last two seasons raised fine crops of lettuce, turnips, radishes and cabbage, and I know that this is further to the north than any other American ever engaged in the business of growing vegetables.

"There is but a short period of summer up there, but in that brief time the power of the sun is so great that all vegetation grows with twice the rapidity that it does in temperate climates. The main thing is to learn what particular kinds of vegetables are of such extra rapid growth as to make them especially suited for those high latitudes. The time will surely come when the people of Alaska will grow excellent products and in a variety not now thought possible."

Deadwood Today.

"The impression that Deadwood, S. D., is a 'bad' town is a very grave mistake," said Col. W. H. Parker, representative-elect from that state. "I have lived there 30 years and I have never seen anything very different from other western cities. Some years ago there was a great deal of gambling, but it was never licensed, as it was in Montana and Wyoming. Now, however, there is little gambling, and Deadwood is one of the most orderly towns I have ever seen. I understand there is a popular belief that there was such a man as 'Deadwood Dick,' who was the head of many thrilling ventures. If he ever lived in Deadwood or South Dakota, I never knew of him. He was a creature of some writer's fertile brain.

"Deadwood is a growing city of about 6,000 people. It is separated from Lead City by an imaginary line. The latter city has 10,000 people, and it is not improbable that some time the two cities will unite."

Where the Priest Would Meet Them.

An ominous full of young Parisian students was rolling down the street when a quiet looking old gentleman in priest's attire got in. The students, angry at the interruption, began using bad language in the hope of driving him outside. But the priest took no more notice than if the bus had been perfectly empty. At last he rose to get out.

Then he turned and very politely said: "Will we meet again, gentlemen?" "Good-by, old chap," shouted one! "We don't want to see you again."

"Pardon me," replied the priest, "we are sure to meet again. I am the chaplain of Mazas prison."

Use for Bad Roads.

A farmer's wife wanted to send a lot of butter to market but she did not have time to wait until it was done, but she was equal to the occasion.

She poured the ripened cream into a milk can with a close fitting top and set it in her buggy, and drove in; the rough and rigid roads did the rest. Upon arriving, she took the lids off the can and with the ladle and butter tray she had provided, she dipped up the butter and had it ready for delivery in a jiffy. Even the rough roads can be turned into utility by the gumption of a woman.

Investigation.

"Where is the committee going?" "To St. Louis. The members are going there to look the ground over and decide whether St. Louis is the best place to hold the ship-ship tournament."

"Look the ground over? You mean look the sky over?" "No, I don't. I mean look the ground over—so soft spots where the accident can drop."

GREAT SEA BATTLE

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN'S RECOLLECTION OF DISASTER.

Commander of Warship Tells in Graphic Fashion of Experiences During the Fighting at Tsushima in Late War.

Capt. Vladimir Semenov of the Russian navy one of the survivors of the great naval battle of Tsushima in the war with Japan, writes of his experiences recently in a published volume. He was on board the Suvoroff, the Russian flagship. Capt. Semenov tells of "the stupor which seems to come over men who have never been in action before when the first shells begin to fall. A stupor which turns easily and instantaneously at the most insignificant external shot into either uncontrollable panic or into unusually high spirits, depending on the man's character." After the Suvoroff was fairly alight and completely riddled Capt. Semenov found himself enveloped in an impenetrable smoke. "Burning air caustic my face and hands, while a earched smell of burning almost blinded me. Breathing was impossible. How did I get out of this hell? Perhaps some of the crew who had seen me on the bridge dragged me out. How I arrived on the upper battery on a well-known spot near the ship's image I can't remember and I can't imagine." Finding a few signal men, Capt. Semenov set to work with an undamaged piece of hose on the fire. Then Lieut. Danochik came up. "Haven't we any stretchers?" he said. "For whom?" asked Semenov. "Why, for you. You are bleeding. Looking down he saw that his right leg was standing in a pool of blood.

Danochik seemed to be making an "unnecessary fuss." He wanted someone to go with Semenov. "Who wants to be accompanied?" said Semenov, angrily, and started to go down the ladder, not realizing what had happened. When a small splinter had wounded him in the waist at the beginning of the fight it had hurt him, "but at this time I had felt nothing," he writes. "Later, in the hospital, when carried there on a stretcher, I understood why it was that during a fight one hears neither groans nor shouts. All that comes afterward. Apparently our feelings have strict limits for receiving external impressions, being even deeply impressed by an absurd sentence. A thing can be so painful that you feel nothing, so terrible that you fear nothing."

Rojstvensky behaved well. Capt. Semenov says that, although wounded in the head, back and right leg, besides several small splinter wounds, the Russian admiral bore himself most cheerfully, going off to look for a place from which he could watch the fight. Proceeding to the starboard turret he received another wound, which caused him much pain. A splinter struck his left leg, severing the main nerve and paralyzing the ball of the foot. He was carried into a turret and seated on a box, but still had sufficient strength at once to ask why the turret was not firing.

Modern Boston.

The changed character of Boston's population could not be more typically illustrated than in the reading of the names of the committeemen of the Boston common council. As the Patriots' day committee, for example, President Barrett's execs Councilmen Rachowsky, Santososso and Purcell. When the descendants of the tribe of Israel, a race that for 2,000 years, without a country or a flag, has maintained its racial identity; of those brave peoples of Italy that during the varied vicissitudes of the houses of Savoy, Lombard and Guelph, and the never-ceasing conflict between church and state, have grown racially stronger century after century, and the hardy Celts, whose ancestors during the middle ages kept alive learning and wisdom in the world, and through subsequent centuries of oppression maintained burning the spark of race and religion, join together in making plans for Boston's Patriots' day, who will deny that they are qualified for the work, and that in them is incarnated the spirit of modern American institutions.

Not an Ordinary Memory.

The driver of the furniture moving van admitted that he had a very bad memory. In fact, he could hardly remember what work he had performed the day before.

"No, I can't recall just where it was that Mr. Suddenmoe had me take his household goods. My memory is very poor, sir," he replied to the bill collector.

"But you moved him only a week ago."

"Yes, sir, but you see we moves so many people that it's a hard matter to recollect."

The bill collector slipped a half dollar in the man's palm. "That ought to do your memory good," he remarked.

"It ought to," the man replied, "but you see this ain't no common, everyday memory of mine, and it has to be jogged considerable. Why, it cost Mr. Suddenmoe a dollar to make me forget."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Great Mistake.

Churchley—I hear that the Rev. Mr. Bigley was a failure at that church. Newell—Yes, he tried to bring the congregation into harmony with his ideas instead of trying to get himself into harmony with their ideas.

WHERE LINEN IS MADE.

Belfast the Center of the Trade of the World.

There is nothing prouder than a field of Irish flax in full bloom. The stems are about 20 inches high, says a writer in Truth. They are very slender and of a pale green.

On each stem is a flower in an exquisite tone of blue; something between a cornflower and a forget-me-not. The little flower is not of a very robust constitution. The petals soon fall, and then a seed pod forms which, when given time to do so, produces quantities of what we call flaxseed ("lin") is the Celtic name for flax). But when the flax is grown for the manufacture of linen it is pulled up before the seed has had time to mature.

After having been exposed to the air for a few days the flax is laid in water, and during the fortnight that this process lasts the odious smell with which it fills the air is of a remarkably powerful character.

As the local guides say: "Shure it's just the flax fermitin! It's a powerful smell entirely, but there's no danger in it, glory be to God!"

The soaking makes it easy to separate the straw from the fibre by bruising it between rollers and then suspending it through an opening in the top of a machine in which a horizontal shaft with wooden blades revolves at the rate of 250 times a minute. Parted forever are the fibre, flax and the straw, now tow.

Next comes the spinning into yarn, done in immense mills, and after that the yarn is woven into the fabric itself. Finally comes the bleaching, when the linen is laid out on the green field to be whitened by rain and sun and wind.

Those long strips of snow whiteness on the green turf surprise the stranger. He thinks it some sort of top dressing, spread upon the land to fertilize it. Belfast is the center of the linen trade.

Puzzled the Post Office.

The postal authorities of Rhode Island were puzzled a few weeks ago and being unable to find a solution for the case sent the matter to Washington, where it is still pending. Zebe Bradford Peterson, of the town of Rehoboth, Rhode Island, wanted to move his hen coop to another town, about ten miles distant.

Having received a goodly price from a recent sale of farm products, he purchased \$5 worth of five-cent stamps which he placed on the sides of the hen coop. When the collector came along he found the stamp-covered coop in front of a box, addressed. The wooden structure would not fit into his team. He was at a loss of what action to take so he returned to the village.

The postmistress wired to one of the cities but they could not find a solution for the difficulty.

A message was sent to Washington asking for advice, but no one there seemed to know, while Peterson went into the village and wanted to know "if this was a free country or not," and "what was the matter with the postal system."

The Servant Problem.

A Washington man was telling some one of the trials of his wife, an excellent housekeeper, with reference to the servant problem. Just about the time the mistress would get a new girl broken to the ways of the house, he would bid fair to become a model servant, she would decamp or enter the service of a neighbor.

One of these, a Mrs. B., had incurred the especial enmity of the first woman, for she had lately taken two servants from Mrs. Brown. One night in the winter Brown was aroused from his slumbers by queer sounds in the kitchen.

"Burglars!" he hoarsely whispered in the ear of his spouse, as he prepared to tumble out of bed and proceed downstairs.

"Edward," calmly observed the wife, "I'd give anything to possess your optimistic nature. Always looking on the bright side. I'll wager anything it's that odious Mrs. B.—woman trying to get Mary away from me!"

What to Do After Eating.

Should one lie down after meals, and, if so, should one sleep? Dr. Schulte, an assistant of Baumber at Freiberg, has analyzed the contents of the stomachs of two normal subjects removed several hours after an identical test meal of bread and distilled water, followed in one instance by sleep, in the other by simple rest in a horizontal position, says the London Post. Schulte shows that sleep during digestion always results in weakening the motility of the stomach and increasing the acidity of the gastric juice, a fact attributed by him to the irritation caused by the chyme's remaining abnormally long in the stomach. He has also remarked that simple repose in a horizontal position, not accompanied by sleep, stimulates the gastric function without increasing the acidity.

Changed His Tune.

"My dear," murmured the sick man to his wife, "I am hearing the golden streets. I hear strains of sweetest music, unearthly in its beauty.—" "John," said his wife, "what you hear is a phonograph in the next flat."

"So it is. Darn those people, anyhow. No consideration for their neighbors. Go and tell 'em to stop that infernal racket at once."

The Way of It.

Bella—Does she sew for charity? Della—Yes, her husband will probably have to accept alms when her gown is made.

"BONE AGE" ON THE PRAIRIES.

How Many Settlers Lived While Getting Their Claims.

The pioneers of Kansas will never forget the "buffalo bone age." When central and southwestern Kansas were settled the prairie was strewn with buffalo bones. These were hard times in Kansas and the gathering of these bones enabled the early settlers to live while they were getting their claims broken out for the producing of crops.

Nine-tenths of the pioneers of that section of Kansas—and there weren't very many at that—had literally nothing but a team and a few household goods that they had hauled from the east in a single wagon, says the Kansas City Star. Of course there were no buffalo, for this was in the late '70s, but their bones strewed the plains, and these bones were the only thing that had a commercial value and they were utilized. They were hauled in great wagonloads to the nearest railway, often from 60 to 100 miles away, and sold.

The horns were the more valuable and they went first, but the rest of the skeleton soon followed. There were no fortunes made by these early bone hunters, for a large load of buffalo bones brought only from five dollars to eight dollars at the railroad towns, but the proceeds from a load enabled the settler to buy a little flour, coffee and occasionally meat and lumber.

CHINAMAN NEEDED THE RICE.

Sing Had Found a Whole Tribe of His Lost Cousins.

A Chinese cook in one of the homes across the bay from San Francisco was terribly worried about his cousin who were in the burning town. Sing knew that Chinatown had been destroyed. He had tried to go across to rescue his relatives, but nobody was allowed to land.

He went about his duties with lagging footsteps and mournful face. For two days he ate nothing, and the sympathy of the entire family was extended to him in his trouble. At last he appeared one morning at breakfast time with a face wreathed in smiles.

"We found cousins," he announced joyfully.

On being questioned he said that they were lodged in the two rooms which he rented for his own use in the lower part of the town. They were all well and he was "velly happy." He took 40 pounds of rice to them that they might not be hungry.

"But, Sing, how many cousins have you? Forty pounds seems a great deal."

He smiled his charming oriental smile and spread his hands. "Me 80 cousins."—Exchange.

"Big Tim" in a Baedeker. No sane man enjoys keeping a diary and no modern man writes voluminous enough letters to cover all the items of a foreign tour. But there is a way of having an indelible record of the journeyings, day by day.

In your guide-book, the faithful Baedeker or whatever, underline the hotel you decide on, with the comment, "good," or "bad," or "fair." Underline each castle, mansion, gallery, with the date, and short comment if desired.

As for instance, Blenheim Castle, then in writing, "August 6, 1905. Met 'Big Tim' Sullivan in front of a Velasquez."—Alfred Henry Goodwin in the Travel Magazine.

Very Thin Critter.

Binks was hurrying across the station yard wrapped in thought and a heavy overcoat when his contemplative mood was brought to a sudden termination by a cab almost running over him. "Cabby pulled his horse up with a jerk and gave his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked, with a withering glance.

"See it?" gasped Binks, looking contemptuously at the specimen between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," said Binks, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways."—Tit-Bits.

In No Danger.

Mrs. Minks (severely)—George, there is an account in the paper about a business man leaving his wife and running off with a pretty typewriter girl.

Mr. Minks—Indeed. "Yes, and it's the third account of the kind I've seen this week."

"That doesn't interest me."

"It does me. You have a pretty typewriter girl in your office."

"No, we haven't. My partner eloped with her last week."—N. Y. Weekly.

Monument to Jules Verne.

A monument to Jules Verne is to be erected at Amiens. The work will be executed by Albert Rowe. When asked if such a monument was to be erected to the famous author of books for boys a member of the municipal council replied:

"Surely . . . he is no longer here to be angry about it. So now we are able."—St. Louis Republic.

Endless Expense.

"How about these dukes?" inquired Mr. Struckle. "Are they purty expensive?" "You bet they are," answered Mr. Nuritch, who had bought one. "And you want to remember this, Hiram. The first coat is the smallest item."

Worth Trying.

Be pleasant until 10 o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself.—Fra Kibortus.