

ENOUGH FOR TWO LOADS.

Senator Hale's Story Gives Next Rebuttal to Congressman.

Senator Hale had been inveighing at a dinner against long speeches. "But, senator," said a congressman, "you can't accuse me of ever having made too long a speech, can you?"

MORGAN AND THE STUTTERER.

Farmer Relaxed at the Clever Retort of the Latter.

A young reporter on the New York Sun, who stuttered fearfully, was sent away to try to get a statement from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

A Calumny on Anglers.

"The fishermen," said Havelock Morley, California's famous fly-caster, "are continually being accused of intemperance. The accusation is false. No intemperate man could ever cast a fly."

Encouragement.

It is a great mistake to take a good action performed by some one else as matter of course. If people would but realize that they are better served when they themselves are kind and considerate the world would be the better.

Then and Now.

In the days of old when knights were bold and wore sheathon shirts and vests, they battled for the right to hold fair maidens to their many breasts. They went to war and risked their lives to get the girls they wished to win, and when they claimed them their wives supported them through thick and thin. But in these days when every man appears to think he ought to try to get as wealthy as he can, and love is something he can buy, his wife's partner that he takes in business for a year or two; then one or else the other breaks the ties and looks for something new.

Washington's Irish Army.

In a volume just issued by a Manhattan publisher, statistics compiled by the cleric author indicate among other data that three-fourths of Washington's army contained only Irish men or those of Hibernian descent. The statement is made that authoritative records prove that in a single regiment upward of 150 fighters each bore the Christian name, Patrick. The claim is also set forth that Gen. Warren, of Hunker Hill fame, came of Celtic ancestry.

Modern Artificiality.

We certainly should be downcast at the wholesale artificiality of the age. Most of the people one knows are in reality entirely different from what they seek to appear. To take anybody seriously is well-nigh a heinous offense, and it seems to be regarded as a much greater triumph to produce an imitation that "defies detection" than an enduring work of art. The classes are compounded of shame, the middle classes delight in them.—World.

MILLIONS FOR MUSIC.

What Americans Spent Last Winter to Gratify Their Taste.

An industrious calculator has estimated that \$10,000,000 were spent last winter by the people of America for the enjoyment of serious music—music, that is to say, as it is known in our concert halls and opera houses; not the music of the comic opera stage and the vaudeville house. The figure is more likely an underestimate than an exaggeration. Few social phenomena of recent years in this country have been more remarkable than the enormous increase in the popular demand for music of the better class. Ten years ago the works of Wagner, of Beethoven, of Schubert, of Schumann, of Tschalkowsky were relegated, in the average mind, to the vague and unattainable limbo of "classical" music; to-day, one catches one's carpenter whistling the "Siegfried" motive from "Der Ring des Niebelungen"; and the little dress-maker from the suburbs discourses intelligently upon the revolutionary art of Richard Strauss.

IN HARNESS AT 100.

Amazing Energy Displayed by an English Clergyman.

In days when a man is considered obsolete at 60, one learns with amazement that Rev. Thomas Lord, the doyen of Congregational ministers, is still able to conduct divine service, although to-day he celebrates his hundredth birthday. This remarkable old gentleman, who was cradled the year after Pitt and Fox died, and was a full-grown man while George IV. was still on the throne, has been preaching for more than three-quarters of a century. Mr. Lord has, however, a formidable rival in Rev. Richard Formley, who has been a Methodist minister for 81 years, and is now within three years of his century. Only a few weeks ago Rev. Hugh Pritchard, of Anglesey, completed his hundred years, and until recently was a keen sportsman—fishing, hunting and shooting being his favorite pastimes. Mr. Pritchard was ordained 77 years ago, when Queen Victoria was playing with her dolls.—Westminster Gazette.

Saint of Elba.

On the island of Elba there lately died a man named Melani, who, although a millionaire, had for many years lived as a guest in a peasant's family.

He had, it seems, completely lost his memory, and had certainly forgotten that he was so rich. He always lived as a poor man, passing his time in meditation and prayer, so that the fishers of the island regarded him as a saint.

M. Melani bequeathed everything he had to his kindhearted hosts, who, as can easily be understood, were surprised beyond measure when they heard how rich their former guest had been. At Pistoja, in Tuscany, M. Melani owned a magnificent mansion, which had been kept closed since 1856. On opening the house after the owner's death it was found that all the furniture and artistic objects had disappeared, nobody knows how or when.—London Telegraph.

Population of Rome.

According to the last general census of 1901 the resident population of the whole province of Rome was estimated at 1,142,525, and the fluctuating population, Italian and foreign, at 54,383. The increase since the annexation of Rome to the Italian kingdom in 1871 has been very considerable. At that time the aggregate population amounted to only 836,704, so that within the comparatively short period of 30 years the inhabitants of the province have increased by fully 305,822. According to the above census the number of foreigners in Rome in 1901 was 9,855, the Germans numbering 1,844, the British 1,739, and the French 1,386. The population of Rome is stated to be 529,196.—Westminster Gazette.

Breath Revives Bees.

"Your bees are doing well this spring. Here are a couple of dead ones, though," said the visitor. "Give 'em to me and watch me blow 'em," said the bee man. He laid the inanimate bees on a feather rail and breathed softly upon them. They stirred feebly, they kicked out their tiny legs, in a moment they flew away. "Nobtin' revives bees like human breath," said the bee man, chuckling. "It's better'n cordial to 'em." "They like it, do they?" "Like it? No. They hate it—hate it like pison. That's why it is, when a bee lights on ye, so long as ye hold yer breath 'twon't sting."

Substitutes.

"I've haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs." "Umph! I presume if you were out of mock turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" returned the diner. "Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—Harper's Weekly.

THEY FORMED A FLY TRUST.

Canny Kids Worked the Bounty Proposition for All It Was Worth.

Once in Hartford the flies were so numerous for a time, and so troublesome, that Mrs. Clemens conceived the idea of paying George a bounty on all the flies he might kill. The children saw an opportunity here for the acquisition of sudden wealth. They supposed that their mother merely wanted to accumulate dead flies, for some aesthetic or scientific reason or other, and they judged that the more flies she could get the happier she would be; so they went into business with George on a commission. Straightway the dead flies began to arrive in such quantities that Mrs. Clemens was pleased beyond words with the success of her idea. Next, she was astonished that one house could furnish so many. She was paying an extravagantly high bounty, and it presently began to look as if by this addition to our expenses we were now probably living beyond our income.

After a few days there was peace and comfort; not a fly was discoverable in the house; there wasn't a straggler left. Still, to Mrs. Clemens' surprise, the dead flies continued to arrive by the plentiful, and the bounty expense was as crushing as ever. Then she made inquiry, and found that our innocent little rascals had established a fly trust, and had hired all the children in the neighborhood to collect flies on a cheap and unburdensome commission.—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

AMAZING LIFE JOURNEY.

Champion Long Distance Traveler an English Engine Driver.

Between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 miles is the amazing distance said to have been traveled by Mr. James Guest, the doyen of Great Northern express drivers, who has just retired after half a century of honorable service. If this estimate is at all accurate, Mr. Guest is probably entitled to rank as the champion long-distance traveler of the world, although he has had a formidable rival in Mr. Benjamin Jeans, who, during his 54 years' service as guard on the London & Birkenhead express, is credited with having traveled 4,000,000 miles, or more than the equivalent of 160 journeys round the equator.

Mr. John Higginbottom, a veteran engine driver on the Midland railway, completed 2,000,000 miles on the footplate a few years ago, and Mr. Robert Maybank, who served 50 years as engine driver on the London & South-western railway, and who was fireman on the train which brought the prince of Wales to London 44 years ago to meet his bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, was credited with a similar record.—Tit-Bits.

Obliteration of the Defoe.

On April 23, 1731, there died of a lethargy, at a lodging in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, one Daniel Defoe, rebel, secret service agent, bankrupt, hosier, and author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." The old manor house at Mitcham where the famous classic was written is doomed to destruction, and in a few years we shall have little save memory and our gratitude to remind us of the worthy Daniel. Of his family there is none now living. Less than five years ago Miss Mary Ann De Foe, his great-granddaughter, died and was buried in Abney Park cemetery. About 15 months before that the last descendant on the male side, James W. De Foe, had passed away—in the workhouse at Bishop's Stortford.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hoarse, Not Deaf.

The man with a cold looked more irritated than the occasion warranted. "Good morning," he croaked to a neighboring commuter who dropped into the seat beside him. "What's worrying you?" shouted his friend. "You look as if you were ready to bite nails." "You would, too, if every fool you met beloveted at you," replied the man hoarsely. "See here old man, I don't want to be ugly, but will you kindly tell me why you yell at me just because I'm hoarse. It's no sign that I'm deaf just because my voice is foggy, yet every chump who's talked to me for two days has shouted at me. My eardrum is almost fractured from the noise."

Not Meant for Him.

"See here!" indignantly cried the transient guest, "there's a collar button in this beef stew." "O! that's a mistake, sir," said the bright waiter. "A mistake? Well, I should say—" "Yes, sir, we never give extras except to our regular customers."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Had His Boots.

"And you say the girl's father came looking for you the other night when you called?" "Indeed he did." "And you fed, I suppose, so his quest was bootless?" "Well, I didn't fly soon enough, and his quest was positively not bootless."—Yonkers Statesman.

Well Posted.

Ascum—Strange you don't know him. He says he's very well acquainted with you. Skinner—Ah! he knows who I am, I suppose, and—Ascum—More than that; he says he knows what you are.—Philadelphia Press.

STAGE SEAS.

Scene Shifter Destroys the Illusion of the Actor's Dilemma.

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular Gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, which leads me to a remembrance of others. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers" and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theater in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while exproting of thirst on a raft, the actor felt, to his annoyance, that the scene, intended to be most pathetic, was provoking explosions of unsuccessfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him, the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought then the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager, that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a back cloth of perilous rock, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of poppies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.

DOG KNOWS GOOD TOBACCO.

Foxy Man Lets His-Fox Terrier Select His Cigars.

"A stranger entered my place recently followed by a fox terrier," said a Columbus avenue cigar dealer. "The man asked me for a good cigar. I passed out a box of choice ones. He took out a handful, looked them over and put them back. He did this with a number of boxes. I noticed that each time he took out the cigars the dog would sneeze, whereupon the stranger would immediately discard the brand. Finally, I remembered a new and expensive brand. When the customer took a handful of these the dog began to bark delightedly. 'I will take a box of those,' said the stranger. 'As I was wrapping up the goods curiosity got the better of me, and I asked an explanation of the dog's actions.' 'I feared that dog in Havana,' he replied. 'Every time he catches the odor of good tobacco it seems to please him and I know that he has scented genuine goods. It is seldom that I get left when I let him choose my cigars.'—N. Y. Sun.

Wide Range of Wolves.

The range of a pair of wolves is an area of from six to ten miles square. When the hunter learns that wolves have been seen and heard in a certain locality he may take several days of scouting before the dogs can be got on the trail.

The hunter must look sharp for signs in soft or sandy places and along creeks and streams. The old lady wolf will, as a rule, go to the best water to drink when leaving the den, or go to get a drink as she returns from the hunt before going to the den, and her lair is often found on account of that habit. A wolf track can be distinguished from that of a dog, because the two front toenails are set further ahead, making the track more pointed. When wolves are running, and especially if frightened, these toes spread apart, making a track that at a hasty glance looks very much like the track of a deer.—Fur News.

Power of Imagination.

"Imagination has a great deal to do with some cases of sickness," said a doctor in St. Joseph's hospital, quoted in the Philadelphia Record. "There was a woman who used to come here regularly complaining that she had swallowed a pin and that it was stuck in her throat, hurting her dreadfully. Week after week we assured her that we could find no pin, but still she came. At last we determined to satisfy her, so we told her to open her mouth wide and shut her eyes. Then we placed a pin between a pair of long forceps and ran it down her throat. After fooling around a while we drew it out and declared that we had at last succeeded in extracting the troublesome pin. She got up, declared that she felt better and went away. I saw her later, and she declared that the pain in her throat had entirely disappeared."

Fire Damp Detector.

The fire damp detector of M. Hardy, a Frenchman, is an ingenious application of the microphone. Two pipes of equal pitch—one in the mine and the other above ground—are sounded simultaneously, and the sound waves impinge the microphones connected in series with a telephone. If both pipes are in pure air a clear note is heard in the telephone. If the pipes are in air of different density beats are heard and these give warning of the presence of fire damp in the mine.

Comfortless Furnishing.

Rooms are furnished nowadays with a view to effect rather than to comfort. Furniture is charming, never has better taste been displayed, generally speaking, in furnishing, and yet it is rare, when one comes to think of it, that one goes into a really cozy "comfy" room, where the average man looks thorough at home, and one feels at once rested in mind and body.—London Ladies' Pictorial.

THE UMBRELLA CONSCIENCE.

How the Clever Business Man Secured a Rain Sheddor.

The following story is told of a New Yorker—a New York business man, to be exact and contains a suggestion which may be of great benefit to the reader at some period of his career. The writer has tried it several times with remarkable success: The business man in question was caught in a rainstorm without an umbrella, and being in too much of a hurry to wait for it to stop raining, he devised a brilliant and ingenious scheme for obtaining the desired article—an umbrella, that is. As soon as he saw a person who looked as though he might have a sufficiently guilty conscience, the business man rushed upon him abruptly, exclaiming: "I'll trouble you for my umbrella!" The other started guiltily and hastily handed over the umbrella with a few words of apology, while the business man haughtily walked off with his prize.

While the scheme is a good one, some discrimination must be used in selecting the victim. The writer disclaims all responsibility for its misuse at the hands of incompetent persons.

CHANGE IN COTTON GROWING.

Flat Cultivation Gives Better Results Than Hill Tillage.

Flat cultivation of cotton as introduced by the Arkansas experiment station is finding favor with the lint growers of that state over the old method of hill tillage, the advantage being in the saving of labor and economy of seed, and it is declared, a better yield.

Under old practice, says Southwest Magazine, the soil was thrown up in a furrow and the seed sown continuously in a drill. Later the plants were thinned to a single stand by hoeing the entire surface of the cotton row and cutting away 19 of every 20 stalks.

Flat cultivation consists of thoroughly preparing the seed bed and planting the cotton in checks 18 to 24 inches apart in a drill, to enable cultivation in both directions, a method that will naturally lessen the work of the chopper and save a greater part of the seed.

Millions We Burn or Gamble.

In all this huge country of ours we build about \$500,000,000 worth of new buildings a year; our fire losses, including cost of fire departments and insurance, exceeds that sum. Two hundred millions of dollars are actually burned up, gone into smoke; five departments, high water pressure and all that sort of thing mean nearly \$300,000,000 more; we annually pay out \$195,000,000 to the gentlemen who condescend to gamble with us on the question of fire in insurance premiums.

The sum of these amounts, writes W. F. Fitzpatrick, in the Metropolitan Magazine, is our fire cost, and we get back, after considerable trouble and some litigation, about \$95,000,000 from the insurance companies as a slight salve for our fire injuries!

Painful Feet.

Pretty feet are always painful feet. Shoes rarely fit ever fit them. Hence they carry their possessors helplessly and too often they must direct themselves toward the chiropodist's.

The high, arched instep, the pretty foot's essential quality, is yet in a way a deformity, for it causes an abnormal tightness of the tendons governing the toes, and the toes in consequence all turn under a little as though trying to grasp something. Turning under, the joints stand out prominently, just as the knuckles stand out when the fingers are closed. The leather of the shoe rubs and irritates these prominent joints and the pretty foot's owner pays the penalty in many a smart, in many a jumping pain.

Pittsburg Leads in Pig.

Of the total production of 25,207,191 gross tons of pig iron in the United States in 1906 Pennsylvania made 11,247,863 gross tons, and of this output Pittsburg district (Allegheny, Beaver and Washington counties) contributed 6,230,863 tons. In other words, says the Iron Age, the Pittsburg district last year made nearly 25 per cent of the total production of pig iron in the United States, and 55 per cent of the output in Pennsylvania.

South American Switzerland.

Presidential inaugural festivities have been the rule in South America during the past few months. Brazil has installed a chief executive with due pomp and ceremony, and the two Switzerland of South America—Bolivia and Paraguay—have likewise provided themselves with new administrative heads.

Fame and Fortune.

"That young physician is working hard." "Yes," answered the veteran practitioner. "He is on the track of discovery that will mean fame and fortune. He is trying to invent a new name that will make some old all-time fashionable."—Washington Star.

Best for the Poor.

"Surely," remarked the good man, "it goes without saying that honesty is the best policy." "It is," replied the wise man, "until you get prominent enough to drop policy; and start playing the stock market."—Philadelphia Press.

ORIGINAL TABBY CAT

EMBALMED KITTY OF RAMESES OWNED BY OMAHA M.M.N.

Is Over 3,000 Years Old and Undoubtedly the First Domestic Feline—Filled With Jewels Worth a Fortune—Maybe.

Omaha, Neb.—A cat 3,000 years old. That's going some, but in Omaha there is a cat of more than that age, and there are not half a dozen people who have ever seen it. There is one thing about it that may account for lack of knowledge of this, the oldest inhabitant of Catland, and that is it is so old that it is compelled to lay in a box surrounded with sheep's wool, and it never prowls about of nights with its unmelodious "mew-mew" dogging bootjacks and old shoes.

The particular cat which is the subject of this hitherto unwritten history, it is safe to say, has as many lives as any other cat. It was born in Egypt, under the shadow of the sphinx, and at the time Napoleon marched his army past the famous old stone joshor, the cat was probably sleeping off a jax within the sound of the voice of the little corporal.

That Omaha's ancient feline is the first and original domestic cat there can be no dispute. History does not relate what Egyptian breeder produced it, but the animal is supposed by some to be a cross between a Wyoming bobcat and one of the Rooseveltian mountain lions. Anyhow, it is a peach.

Three thousand and eighteen years ago this wonderful cat shuffled off its mortal coil in a tent on the burning sands of the great African desert. In other words, it is dead. Being the original cat its owner believed it a sacred object and called in the chief undertaker and embalmer, and Mr. Tabby was done up in the very latest embalming fluid of the packing house brand. Its insides were carefully removed and the inner lining of its body was coated with bitumen or asphalt. Spices were then placed inside and next its entire body was wrapped with 200 yards of mummy-cloth tape about a third of an inch wide, and Mr. Cat was laid to rest with the sacred ravens and canary birds.

Within the silent tomb the cat reposed until its rest was broken by some foreign archeologist with a trowel and a spade, and it was carried to one of the Egyptian cities and disposed of at a bargain counter sale in one of the leading stores.

Fortunately the mummy fell into good hands. It was purchased by Rev. W. H. Little, of Alnsworth, Ia., who gave it to George M. Welch, of Omaha.

There are some other interesting features about this, the original ancestor of the whole cat tribe. In the days when the undertaker laid it out it was a common practice for the owner to wait until he saw the embalmer go out after a drink. Then he would seal in and deposit in the empty stomach of the animal precious stones to the value of thousands of dollars. Now this cat has never been ripped up the back to determine whether it be thousands or only hundreds of dollars worth of jewels which lie under its wrappings. And speaking of wrappings, it will be noticed that those around the cat's body are similar in design to the old box cabin patch work quilts that grandmother used to make.

DEATH RECALLS LOVE MATCH.

German Prince Renounced Rights to Wed Girl of People.

Berlin.—The death of Salzburg Prince Charles of Hohenlohe-Langenburg recalls a princely love affair which had a long and happy sequel. Prince Charles was the eldest son of Prince Ernest and was heir to the headship of his spouse, but immediately after his father's death in 1863 he renounced all his right and the large family estate so as to be able to marry Marie Grathwohl, a girl of the people. His rights passed to his brother, Prince Hermann, now viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine.

The morganatic marriage of Prince Charles was solemnized in Paris in 1861. The couple lived in the greatest happiness for 40 years, the wife dying in 1901. The king of Wurtemberg ennobled her in 1890, conferring on her the title of Baroness Von Bronn. Prince Charles was born in 1829. He was a major in the Wurtemberg army and a knight of the Order of St. John.

DROP IN CANNED BEEF TRADE.

Exports Show Great Falling Off, According to an Official Report.

Washington.—Continued decrease in the exportation of canned beef is shown in a statement issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The falling off in this trade is not confined to any one country, but is general.

The exports of canned beef for April last amounted to 893,017 pounds, against 4,121,000 pounds in the same month last year. For the ten months ending with April the exportations showed but 13,032,703 pounds, against 56,730,873 during a similar period last year. This seems to indicate, it is stated, that the total canned beef exported in the full fiscal year 1907 will scarcely reach 15,000,000 pounds, while last year's total aggregated 64,600,000 pounds. The value of the canned beef exports will not exceed in the fiscal year about to end \$1,500,000 in value, compared with \$6,500,000 during each of the last two years.