

DOOM OF MIGHTY LONDON.

About the Only Agent Which Can Cause Its Destruction. With hints of German invasion and of an approaching earthquake, the question "What will be the doom of London?" seems a not unreasonable one.

AFFECTION OF THE NERVES.

Stammering Not Always Due to Defects in Vocal Organs. "Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says Prof. B. L. Pavyer.

RISES WITH A COMPLAINT.

Alkali Eye Displeased with Vaudeville Performance. We went up to Houston to meet with the lumbermen, not that we air a lumberman at all, but we air more or less interested in the plan of makin' booze 'em sawdust, an' it was up to us to be astin' these ducks what they air axin' to present with their output; of they ain't drinkin' it up we'd like ter make them a proposition lookin' ter th' startin' of a distillery.

HORRORS OF DARK AGES.

Visions Conjured Up in Torture Room of Ancient Tyrant. The horror of horrors in all Italy is found at Padua, known as the torture rooms of that demonic monster of cruelty, Ecelino, a thirteenth century ruler of Verona, Padua, Vicenza and Brescia.

GREATEST OF ALL HARVESTS.

John J. Ingalls' Magnificent Eulogy of Grass. Grass is the forgiveness of nature - her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carriage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic, become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated.

DISEASES OF THE DECEASED.

Colored Man's Knowledge Might Well Have Puzzled Professor. Representative John Sharp Williams tells of a coroner's inquest in Georgia, wherein the coroner was endeavoring to elicit information from a colored witness named Ben Botts.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

By Their Own Testimony, Doctor Had Rejuvenated Patients.

A German doctor who claimed to have discovered the secret of restoring youth, advertised in London that he could in two days rejuvenate the most decrepit hag. This brought a crowd of senile dames to his house.

HAD TO GO ON IN AUTO.

Machine Wouldn't Stop and Owner Tried to Wear It Out.

John P. Julius, a prominent piano dealer, of York, Pa., and an enthusiastic automobilist, engaged with his electric auto in an endurance run, which he will not soon forget.

FATHER HAD HOPES FOR HIM.

Sumptuous Youth Got Benefit of a Little Plain Talk.

The following is related of a certain well-known New York business man and his son. The son had just left Harvard and was fired with ambitions which did not include going into his father's office.

ARE LOFTIEST OF MINES.

Worked by Inca and Now to Be Opened by New Company.

It is thought that the old Caylloma silver mines in Peru are probably situated at a greater elevation than any other considerable mines in the world. Their altitude varies between 14,000 and 17,000 feet.

A SCHEME OF JOHN'S.

Fear of Landlady Greater Than His Love of Sleep.

John was a sleepy-head, so celebrated, indeed, that he had never been known to wake up by what his family called a natural process. So when he went off to college it was only natural that he should be presented with alarm clocks from two of his numerous aunts.

CORNER STONE OF EMPIRE.

Horse Has at All Times Been Pivotal Factor in War.

From the earliest times the horse has been a potent factor in war, and today his education is a delicate and serious matter, undertaken at great expense by all the nations of the world.

How He Got a Drink.

An Indiana traveling man told a story the other day of an incident on the road. He was in the smoking car of an express train reading his paper when a man rushed in from the car behind the smoker, evidently in great agitation and said: "Has anybody in this car any whiskey?"

Not Equal to Luxuries.

A dapper young man took a seat on a bench in Madison Square Park, says the New York Press. Sunning himself at the other end of the bench was as fine a specimen of the genus hobo as ever disgraced a landscape.

With a Provision.

"When universal peace is finally established," said Alfred H. Love, the president of the Universal Peace union, in an interview in Philadelphia, "then many a man who now ridicules the peace movement will claim to have been its lifelong champion. It is always so. We thump and kick a poor, weak, struggling movement at its inception, and when it has succeeded and no longer needs our help, we give it the most solicitous support."

One Step at a Time.

It is wonderful how much practical wisdom about the smallest perplexities of daily life comes to men who keep both their feet and their wishes still until Providence—the world prefers to call it "circumstances"—clears a path for them. No doubt in all our lives there come times when we seem to have been brought into a blind alley, and cannot see where we are to get out; but it is very rare indeed that we do not see one step in advance the duty which lies next us.

Deceptive Mirror.

One's reflection in a mirror never does one justice. Comfortable thought for the plain and pretty alike! Complexion, expression and color are all really better than the shining glass makes them appear. Let not her to whom nature has been sparing of her charms despair.

Happiness.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it, but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves, "Here it is!" like the chest of gold that treasure-seekers find.

False Signal.

"You don't believe in romance, eh?" said the old boarder. "You bet your untie I don't," sighed the young man with the bandage around his head. "I had my share—how was that?" "Well, you see I was forbidden to call on my best girl and every night she would sit out on the balcony and at a certain hour strike a match. That would be the signal for me to stick my head through the vines and kiss her." "Ah, very poetic." "Yes, but the other night I saw the match flare up, stuck my head through the vines and got the worst thrashing I ever received. You see, the old man happened to be out there lighting his pipe."

Dog Jealousy.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the new-comer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.—Outing Magazine.

To Satisfy a Grudge.

Mr. Thomas Lipton, progenitor of bachelorhood and marriage, said in an after dinner speech in Chicago: "Bachelors, I admit, are villains, but it is a shame to play such tricks on them as it is customary everywhere to do. A nasty trick was played on a bachelor friend of mine at a dance. A woman was reproaching him for never having married, when her husband, a little bored, perhaps, said gruffly: 'He says he could have cut me out and married you if he had wanted to.' The woman started, 'Indeed!' she cried. 'Why didn't he do it, then?' 'He says he owed me a grudge,' the husband explained, with a chuckle."

Flew Too High at First.

The mistakes inexperienced music teachers make in mapping out courses of study for their pupils are almost incredible. A young girl came to me for lessons recently, says Robert D. Brain, in the Etude, and I found that the course she was studying was as follows: For exercises she had the entire list of Beethoven sonatas in two volumes, having already "been through" the first volume; for a solo she had Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2. She could not play any of the scales, and had to be put back to easy studies and a simple waltz by Darsend.

Real Hard Cider.

John Fair, a highly respected citizen of Montgomeryville, Armstrong county, has at his home a small keg containing several quarts of cider which was made by himself 51 years ago, says the Philadelphia Record. Altogether there were several kegs of the liquid, but now only a few quarts remain, and Mr. Fair is guarding that jealously. The cider is so old that it has turned black in color, and so strong that less than a teaspoonful will put a drinker in the Happy Land.

Apples Preserved in Ice.

J. C. Braunbeck, of Wallis Run, Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, adopted a unique method of preserving his apples last fall. He built a bin in the orchard seven feet wide, 14 feet long and three feet high. In the bottom of this he put straw, then filled it with apples, putting straw on the sides and ends. Then he placed straw and corn stalks on top. He dug a ditch around it to keep the water from standing there. Some water, however, found its way through the top and formed ice about each of the apples, but they were not disturbed until the ice had all melted. The apples were sound, crisp and without a wrinkle.

Pan Economy.

The merchant before filling his ink-well dropped in two or three old pens and poured the writing fluid upon them. "Thus," he said, "I practice pen economy, prolonging three or four times the life of all my pens. You see, the corrosive power of the ink, which is immensely strong, vents itself on the old pens kept in the well and has little or no strength left wherewith to attack the pen I have in use. Try this scheme, young man, and you will find that your pens will practically never wear out."

How She Prepared.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of 38 and 38—a blonde preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce the discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the winter and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."

Battle with Fierce Rats.

In a battle with rats, Abraham Hunsberger, of this place, killed 28 which had attacked him, while as many more escaped. When the fight began he struck at one huge gray rat with the hoe; the animal squealed, and in an instant the loft was full of rats, which attacked Hunsberger, grabbing at his legs and tearing his trousers with their sharp teeth, others jumping on his back and snapping at him. Hunsberger dropped the hoe, frightened, and endeavored to get out of the loft through a trap-door. The door had "caught," and, spading he could not get it open, he again grabbed the hoe, and, with part of the handle as a weapon, fought the infuriated little animals.—Lansdale (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Some Champagne Popular.

The conclusion of the Bureau of statistics from the study of the champagne production in the United States is that the quantity of genuine fermented-in-the-bottle "champagne" wine produced in this country at present is nearly one-half as great as the importation of wine of the same general class, or, in other words, that about one-third of the genuine champagne wine now consumed in this country is of domestic production, and the proportion which the home product forms of the total is rapidly increasing.

An Explanation.

"Fat men are invariably honest," said the deep thinker, "and I believe it's because they are so sensitive about their fat." "I don't see what you mean." "Well, if they should be dishonest, and get caught at it they might have to wear convict suits with the stripes running in the most unassuming becoming way."

A Substitute.

Being very close-fisted Mason had never allowed himself the costly habit of smoking. He always felt himself a loser when anyone treated to cigars. But on one occasion, when the party he was with entered a stationery and cigar store, he made up his mind to have his share of the treat. "Won't you smoke this time?" asked the leader. "No, thank you," replied Mason; "but if you don't mind, I believe I'll take a pencil."—Harper's Weekly.

He Left the House.

While a lady was feeding a hungry tramp the other day she discovered he was pocketing her silver spoons. Opening the door, she exclaimed, "Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house!" "But, madam—" "Leave the house, I say!" screamed the infuriated woman. "Leave the house!" "I go, madam," said the tramp, as he reached the front gate, "never to return; but before I go I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house."—Illustrated Bits.

Light-Feet Gentry.

"The best pickpockets," said the detective, "are the Hindoos. You have to call them light-footed as well as light-fingered, for they can lift a watch or purse as easily with their feet as with their hands. Trained from childhood, these bare-footed rascals are wonderfully skillful with their toes. This gives them a great advantage. A Hindoo in a crowd will stand with his arms ostentatiously folded and sneak with his foot the wallet from your trousers pocket."

Pennsylvania's Disappearing Timber.

An idea of the rapidity with which the timber is disappearing from some sections of Pennsylvania can be obtained from the following figures, which refer to the timber cutting in the Hicks Run tract, in Clearfield county: Original size of tract, 9,000 acres; timber cut the first two years, 3,000 acres; still standing, 6,000 acres; amount of timber cut, 50,000,000 feet; amount standing, 200,000,000 feet; daily capacity of sawmill, 200,000 feet; daily shipments, 15 carloads; amount of timber in Hicks Run yard, 6,000,000 feet; time of operation, two years; estimated time to cut standing timber, four years; number of men employed, 800 to 1,000.

What a Question!

"I suppose that Bink's lawn will show be worth looking at; he told me to-day he'd just bought a new line of hose."

Faulty Statistics.

"The department of agriculture has figured out," he read from the paper, "that rats cost the people of this country \$100,000,000 a year." "John Henry," replied his wife, "I don't believe a word of it. Why, mine only cost 35 cents, some women make their own, and some wear their hair flat. Bah, can't tell me."

It's the Brogue.

"Why do we call a handkerchief a 'bracket'?" asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination. "Faith, because it is intended for arriet," replied the applicant. And he got the position at once.

Yes, But Will She?

Wedderly—"Can the girl you are engaged to swim?" Singleton—"I don't know. But why do you ask?" Wedderly—"Because, if she can, you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut."—Stray Stories.

Tragic Nine of Diamonds.

Carefully preserved at Stairs castle, the Aberdeenshire seat of the earl of Kroll, is a single playing card which recalls a never to be forgotten tragedy. It is the nine of diamonds (hence called to this day "the curse of Scotland"), on which the duke of Cumberland wrote his order for the butchery of the brave Highlanders who were taken prisoners at the fatal battle of Culloden.

No Answer Required.

Tommy—Paw! Mr. Tucker—What's the trouble now, my son? Tommy—Why is it that the magazines don't make their readers' matter as interesting as they do their advertising pages?

He Used to Be Fat.

Biggers—You look 40 pounds under weight; have you been all? Jiggers (sarcastically)—I have; don't I show it? Biggers—You certainly do, but you never looked so well in your life before.