

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

But One of the Mourners for Great Man Had Solace.

The great man lay dead. The newspapers rang with his praises and men passed them from mouth to mouth...

BOY WINS NOVEL SUIT.

Members of Court Maybe Marked Back to Their Own Youth.

According to a recent decision in the Mississippi courts, electric light companies must insulate trees as well as poles...

WHEN TO WIND A WATCH.

The Morning, Not the Evening, the Best Time, the Watchmaker Says.

"Most people," said the watchmaker, "wind their watches at night; but it would be better to wind them in the morning..."

Men Shun Gew-Gaws.

"There is one thing that no real man will stand for," said the tall girl. "He positively will not carry an umbrella..."

He Got the Job.

A traveler just returned from Japan tells the following story: A mercantile firm in Tokio, having extensive commercial relations with the United States...

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

"If you want to bring flowers in town from the country," said the girl who goes out occasionally...

The Locksmith's Chance.

On the park bench sat two lovers. The passing locksmith dropped his kit and laughed long and uproariously...

Brilliant Display.

The Romeo of 1910 gently steered his air yacht to the vine-covered balcony. "Darling," he whispered, romantically...

A Marsh Reminder.

"Of course," said the serene statesman, "I am the logical candidate." "Perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum...

OLDEST BANK IN THE WORLD.

One at Nineveh Seems to Be Entitled to the Distinction.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents...

HAND GRENADES OF 1812.

Old Time Ordnance Found at Fort McHenry—How They Were Used.

While examining the contents of the ordnance storehouse at Fort McHenry, Lieut. J. L. Holcombe, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth coast artillery discovered several boxes of old hand grenades...

A Great City is a Great Solitude.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures...

A Hopping Match.

A match, 20 hops for ten guineas, took place at Loughborough, Leicestershire, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and a person named Moore, of Leicester...

Stanley's Cat.

It is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent." He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room...

Wit.

A witty man is a dramatic performer; in process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air...

Effect and Cause.

"He has an apprehensive look about the eyes," "Yes, his wife has just entered the room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SPEEDING UP THE BEES.

One Keeper Who Has Brought Modern Methods to Bear.

"Ye kin speed up a bee the same as a man," said the graybeard, chuckling cruelly. "Why, I git twice as much agin out o' them thar 600 hives o' mine as I would if I didn't speed 'em."

"One way to 'speed yer bee is to bring the flowers close to the hives. My flowers, ye see, surrounds th' hives, crowds 'em in. Each a sight gives the bee a fever. Before sech plenty he can't work hard enough. 'Nothin' must be lost, an' he gathers the honey, by gosh, till he fair drops. I'm speedin' him unbeknownst."

"The young bee likes to stay home an' make ome instead o' goin' out after the honey. Well, I speed the young bee by puttin' artificial comb in the hives. The bees leaves him nothin' to do—an' he'll 'ver loaf—but go out honey-gatherin', an' so, with a sigh, out he goes."

"Another way to speed yer bee is to keep the combs always nearly empty. That worries him. He sees winter comin' on, an' doubts his efforts to prepare for it."

"I've heerd o' speedin' a bee by keepin' electric lights burnin' about the hives, so that the little critter would think it was still daylight, an' would work on 20 or 21 hours a day instead o' the usual 17. Electric speedin', though, I don't believe in. It damages the health of the bee. It burns the candle at both ends."

KITTENS WITH GREEN HAIR.

Baltimore Woman Proud Owner of a Litter of Freaks.

It may all sound like a fairy tale or an echo of the nature faker discussions, but the fact is that Mrs. Rachel Carter, of 1834 McHenry street, Baltimore, is the proud possessor of five eight-day-old green kittens, not yellow, nor brown, nor tortoise shell—these kittens are really green, of such a shade as the inside of a half-ripe cantaloupe or the plumage of many canary birds when, instead of yellow, their coats take on a delicate tint of green.

That the cats are purely a freak of nature seems certain, as the mother of the litter of five kittens is coal black, and there is nothing apparently in the environment to account scientifically for the variation from type.

The kittens have black hair on their backs, extending down the sides, while underneath the green hair begins to extend over the whole under surface, exactly as many animals possess white hair shading from a coat of black.—Detroit Free Press.

The Woman of the Period.

Hurry and excitement are the dominant features that characterize the woman of the period.

She rarely has time for anything—little duties are forgotten, little brothers and sisters overlooked, while her family is worried to death by her nervous, irritable temper.

She cannot take life quietly, but rushes up and down stairs as if pursued by a legion of horrors, and knocks at the door and pulls at the bell with force enough to arouse the dead.

Everything belonging to her is chaotic, and her memory is so treacherous that her friends have learned by experience never to depend upon it.

It is the fever of unrest, in the train of which is the demon of discontent that has entered into many homes, rendering it a prison to the woman of the period.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mystery of Shoe Laces.

Probably no trade secrets are more jealously guarded than the modus operandi employed by manufacturers of shoe laces. The braiding process is the most intricate end of the work. Last counterfeiter should attempt to duplicate sections, there are no automatic shoe lace making machines placed on the market, either in this country or abroad. In order to insure protection against possible spies about the plant, different parts of the machine are wrought or cast at various distant points, whence they are shipped to headquarters and there put together. In the assembling of the divisional members the utmost care is exercised that no prying eyes are around the factory. In some instances the artisans are sworn to secrecy.

Bushy Brows a Nuisance.

Beauty doctors are now required to perform a new stunt.

"We are called upon," said one of these artists in real life, "to thin out eyebrows. That peculiar call for help comes from men, mostly from South American countries. Some of these chaps have eyebrows so heavy that they really look like a pair of mustaches shadowing the eyes. The owners of these extraordinary brows consider them a serious blemish, and they are willing to undergo torture to be relieved of eyebrows that many another person would undergo equal torture to possess."

The Simple Truth.

Tess—Miss Woodley tells me her grandfather was a real estate conveyancer.

Jess—Ha! ha!

Tess—Why do you laugh? Isn't it true?

Jess—Oh, yes, it's true. You see, the dump cart her grandfather drove was a conveyance for transporting real estate.

WAS WORTH TWO DOLLARS.

Traveler Reached Destination Long Before Uncivil Autist.

A story that is just coming to light is that of an interesting experience which happened to a member of the governor's party which visited Jamestown at the opening of the exposition, says the Baltimore American. One day this member became detached from the party and could not find them again. He hunted about for awhile, and finally decided that they had returned to Norfolk and that he had better travel the same road. It was impossible to get a vehicle, so he started out to walk. After he had gotten down the road a little way he was overtaken by an automobile, and he hailed the driver with the request to give him a lift. The latter, not having labored sufficient of southern courtesy, refused. So the pedestrian trudged along.

The next person to overtake him was a southern negro with a ramshackle "buggy." For a dollar he joyfully agreed to carry the unfortunate one to Norfolk. But a little way up the road stood the "red devil" which had so unchivalrously passed the pedestrian, and under it was its owner sprawled flat on his back and tinkering.

"I'll give you two dollars if you get to Norfolk before the automobile," said the gentleman.

"All right, sah, I'll do it if dis har mule can git thar."

And to make the story short, the mule earned the \$2 for all the gentleman knows the untid automobile may be lying on his back in the Norfolk road yet—and the old story of the tortoise and the hare received a modern illustration.

VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Life Made Up of Comparatively Insignificant Happenings.

Just because we may not meet the fellow-voyager on life's journey again should we miss the opportunity of leaving a pleasant, instead of a painful impression?

It is very trite to talk of making people happy by small kindnesses, but the person who thinks of anything save himself knows that life is made up of little hurts and little joys.

That the only way to confer happiness is to be careful in the small things as we go along.

One need not confide their innermost thoughts or secrets to casual acquaintances, but they can avoid wounding those they come in contact with by an excess of dignity, or a discouraging invulnerability of manner.

There is no position so exalted that does not render any human being ridiculous who assumes airs because of it.

There is no gift or talent so rare that they would not be robbed of half their worth if they lack the setting of gracious manners.

Starlings Egg-Stealers.

A correspondent, writing from Leith, England, expresses a strong opinion that the tatarlings rob small birds' nests.

Some years ago there was a large tree opposite my dwelling-house. There was a hole in the trunk of the tree about ten feet from the ground, and sparrows built their nests in the cavity. I have time and again seen starlings driving away the parent birds, enter the nests, taking hold of the eggs with their bills and flying away with them.

A gravedigger in Banffshire once told me that a yellowhammer had built its nest in the churchyard, and it contained four eggs. One day a starling attacked the hen bird as she sat on her eggs. The yellowhammer defended her nest and made a great noise, which attracted his attention, but before he got up to the nest the yellowhammer had been killed by the starling, and the latter was on the nest and breaking and eating the eggs. Forty years ago starlings were rare birds in many parts of Scotland, but now they are to be seen in thousands everywhere, and there can be no doubt they have some destructive habits.

Just Mad to Talk.

It was a real hardship for Judge Brown to have to keep silent for any length of time. Even when traveling he usually found some one who would at least listen while he talked. But on one occasion he found himself in a railway coach with only one other occupant—a stiff, dignified old lady, who did not deign even to look at him when he raised his hat upon entering the coach.

The judge grew restless after they had traveled several miles. He drummed on the windows, coughed several times, then finally, in desperation, cleared his throat, and asked in stentorian tone:

"Madam, did it ever occur to you to wonder whether it had ever rained any before the time of the flood?"

The unusual question startled the old lady out of her dignified silence and the two old people were soon engaged in animated conversation.—Cleveland Leader.

Advice.

"Do you give your son good advice," said the solicitous friend.

"Yes," answered the somewhat sarcastic person. "I give him the same good advice that my father gave me and that my grandfather doubtless gave him. If we keep passing that advice along from generation to generation, perhaps we shall eventually find somebody who will take it."

IN THE WRONG FLOCK.

No Wonder Mrs. Philpots' Blue Ribbon Caused Smiles.

The temperance society was to meet that afternoon. Mrs. Philpots dressed in a hurry and came panting downstairs. She was a short plump woman. "Addie, run up to my room and get my blue ribbon rosette, the temperance badge," she directed her maid. "I have forgotten it. You will know it, Addie—blue ribbon and gold lettering." "Yes'm, I knows it right well." Addie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold lettering when she saw it and therefore had no trouble in finding it and fastening it properly on the dress of her mistress. Mrs. Philpots was too busy greeting her friends or giving close attention to the speakers at the meeting to note that they smiled when they shook hands with her. When she reached home supper was served, so she went directly to the dining room, where the other members of the family were seated. "Gracious me, mother!" exclaimed her son, "that blue ribbon—have you been wearing that at the temperance meeting?" A loud laugh went up on all sides. "Why, what is it, Harry?" asked the good woman, clutching at the ribbon in surprise. "Why, mother dear, didn't you know that was the ribbon I wore at the show?" The gold lettering on the ribbon read: Atlanta Poultry Show. First Prize. Eastam. —Youth's Companion.

THE LENGTH OF ETERNITY.

This Man Had His Own and Peculiar Ideas on the Subject.

Mrs. C. W. McCulloch, of Chicago, on taking up her new office of justice of the peace, told a Chicago reporter that in the performance of marriage ceremonies she proposed to omit the word "obey." "In these enlightened days," said Mrs. McCulloch, "the word 'obey' has lost its meaning in the marriage contract. The best wife does not propose to 'obey' her husband, any more than the best husband proposes to 'obey' his wife. Obedience is for dogs, horses—creatures without reason. So, I think that we should drop this meaningless word. For it is meaningless. As meaningless as a certain other word was to a certain boorish husband. The husband had been particularly nasty one rainy Sunday at home, and his wife finally began to cry. 'Eight years ago, she sobbed, 'you swore eternal love, and now—' Oh," growled the man, 'how long do you expect eternal love to last, any way?'

A Countess' Schedule.

The following division of the day made by the countess of Sheffield after she was the mother of four children may be profitably accepted by untitled mothers. Eight hours for bed and sleep, no more, no less; one hour for communion with myself, four hours to all necessary household duties, for if they cannot be finished in that time they may wait a day; four hours to the comfort and companionship of my children; four hours with my husband, music and books and the fresh air; three hours to friends and pleasures in which all may participate. So I have lived for 20 years, and so I hope to live until the end.

Japanese Flower Decoration.

In the Japanese method of flower decoration—to become a master in which a man must study for at least 14 years, seven years of hard work making him only fairly proficient—only few flowers are used. One beautiful flower is considered ample esthetic food for a day. The Japanese know that only one beautiful object at a time can be appreciated, and they aim at placing that object in perfect relation to its surroundings. A vase of flowers in a Japanese house is the principal thing in the room, near which the chief guest of the evening is seated.

The Lightning Rod.

The lightning rod was invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1752, to arrest the electricity of the thunder. When the information of the discovery reached Rabbi Saul Katzenellenbogen, of Wilna, he said that the theory was not new, because it was already known in Talmudic times, and he showed a passage in the Tosefta (third century) where it says that "On Sabbath it is permitted to place an iron nail in the henry to safeguard the fowls from thunder and lightning strikes." The Talmud vouches that "there is nothing superstitious about this belief."

Busybodies.

"I never saw such a rubberneck," sneered Mrs. Gable. "Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter." "Yes," replied Mrs. Naylor; "I wonder how she'd like the rest of us to be that curious about her. You know the doctor stopped at her house to-day, too." "You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Getting His Salary.

A colored preacher who had only a small share of this world's goods, and whose salary was not forthcoming on several occasions became exasperated. At his morning service he spoke to his church members in this way: "Brethren and sisters, things is not as they should be. You must not 'spect I can preach on with you an' board in Heben."