

WAYS OF THE SPENDTHRIFT.

Popular Means of Purchasing Immunity from Boredom.

An epigrammatic Frenchman once said that God showed His contempt for wealth by the kind of people He gave it to. A number of young spend-thrifts have started New York this season by new forms of folly in the waste of money. One young man created a passing furore by tying \$5 bills to the tails of dogs. Evidently he did not realize when he began the extent of the canine census in the metropolis and he was compelled finally to disappear.

Schopenhauer dwells upon the two great torments that afflict mankind—the fear of want among the poor and the dread of boredom among the rich. The fantastic expenditure of money is one way of purchasing immunity from ennui.

On one occasion a New York clerk, unaware of the resources of the seemingly peevish guest, demanded payment in advance for the room, as the visitor had no trunk.

"In that case," said Coal Oil Johnny, "I'll have them sent around." Then he went to a railway warehouse, where unclaimed trunks were stored. He bought 300 of these, had them loaded on trucks and returned with them to the hotel.

"Here is my baggage," he said to the astonished clerk, "take care of it." A new field of usefulness might be opened to men of imaginative minds if they would devote for people more favored with money new forms of spending it.—Harold Bolce, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

THE SPICE OF DANCAIRE.

Polite Frenchman Ready to Accommodate English Guest.

"No," said the self-assertive Englishman, "I must say the foreign idea of sport is something I cannot understand. You are all right in a ballroom or on the tennis lawn, but my idea of real enjoyment is something with a spice of danger in it. Ah, when I was in Africa, after lions and tigers and elephants, that was a time of real, unsaturated bliss for me."

"Oh," said his exceedingly polite French host, "monster prefers the spice of danger—is it not so?" "Most decidedly I do, the more danger the better I like it." "Then I think I can oblige you. To-morrow you must come out with me to shoot. The danger is great—it is magnificent. Ze last time I fire I did shoot mine prudder-in-law in sevatyou-call-it—petite Mary!" —Pearson's Weekly.

REBUKED BY THE "CORPSE."

The Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, which has just been making the flesh of all of us creep, ought to go to Ireland for a lesson in prevention. It was the practice until quite recently, when funds were short, to expose the body of the corpse before the door of the house to which the death had taken place. Then passersby, desirous that the dead should have a right good burying, dropped money on the ready plate, and so made adequate provision. This afforded time for a revival, if revival were humanly possible. Sad to say, however, the practice led to imposture. Needing a holiday instead of his "wake," a man would lie out and feign death. Thus it happened that a man was stretched flat before a cabin door, and the familiar receptacle invited the gifts of the charitable. A lady passing dropped in a sixpence, and stooped to gather up avenge change. "Arrah, ma'am," expostulated the corpse, "be generous wance in your life, and don't mind the change." —Tatler.

EFFECT OF LIGHTNING ON AIR.

The slightly pungent odor noticeable in the air after a particularly close flash of lightning is not sulphur but ozone. Ozone is a modification of oxygen which contains three atoms of oxygen to the molecule, while ordinary oxygen only contains two. One way of obtaining ozone is to subject oxygen or air electric discharges and the section that takes place when a flash of lightning passes through the air is exactly the same. The change from oxygen to ozone is nothing but the rearrangement of the atoms in the molecule; yet ozone has a number of properties which are absent in oxygen. Due to the readiness with which it parts with its extra atom of oxygen to combine with other substances.

ADVICE FROM "JOHN D."

"Don't be afraid of work. The sturdy, hard-working men make our country great. And don't reach forward too eagerly. One of the great evils of the day is the anxiety of young men to get to the front too rapidly. Lasting successes are those which are carefully, even painfully, built up. Life is not a gamble, and desirable success cannot be won by the turn of a card. Be satisfied with small results at first." —Cosmopolitan Magazine.

CRAFTY RURALITES.

"I told the old farmer they were making collar buttons up in town out of old potatoes," whispered the city boarder who had just arrived. "You better be careful," whispered his friend. "Why so?" "Well, the farmers won't admit that the city folks can get ahead of them. Next thing he will be trying to make potatoes out of old collar buttons."

CITY HAS NO CEMETERY.

Metalline, Wash., 22 Years Old, Never Had a Death.

Spokane, Wash.—Twenty-two years a city and yet no cemetery within a radius of 40 miles, is the claim advanced by the residents of Metalline, Wash. To make the claim even more remarkable, the city has been dead for 22 years, although it had great mineral at its finger tips, awaiting its awakening. But within the last week it has shown signs of coming to its own.

Metalline is unique in many respects. The absence of a cemetery is a case in point. Colville, 40 miles distant, is said to have the nearest cemetery. It was solemnly told by old-time citizens that there had been no funeral there since the city was founded, and that not one person had died of illness. "One must go away in order to die," is the way they put it to one. They claim sickness is almost unknown there. "Dead Man's Reef," below the falls, has five graves along the shore, but this is occasioned by drownings that have taken place up the river toward Newport, the bodies floating to this point, where they are thrown on the reef and are placed in the ground without funeral or casket.

Indications point to a great future for Metalline. It is now wholly dependent upon the steamboats that ply regularly between Newport and Lone, a distance of 50 miles. The boats can not go below Lone, which is five miles above Metalline, the rapids impeding further progress.

HOUSEKEEPERS FORM UNION.

Will Resist Exorbitant Demands of Servant Girls and Fix Wage Scale.

New York.—To resist what they regard as the exorbitant demands of house servants, the women of Norristown, N. J., are planning to organize a Housekeepers' Protective union, and a meeting for organization will shortly be held. It is proposed that the women shall each promise not to pay more than a certain price for certain classes of servants. In this way it is hoped either to drive out the high-priced servants or to make them agree to a new scale of wages.

"The servant question," one woman gossamer interested said, "is now one that brings no good to any one except the intelligence office and the undertaker. It is emptying our pockets, breaking up our homes and making our lives such a burden that it is breaking down strong women." "The servant problem must either be solved so that people in ordinary circumstances can employ them or else we will become a people absolutely without home life."

The women say that in 1901 waitresses received \$12 a month, while the same class now demand \$20 to \$25. In 1891 it was said a cook who would do the laundry work received \$14 and now the cheapest wage a cook will work for is \$25 and she will not do laundry work.

QUESTION OF HEN'S IDENTITY.

Man in Court Released When Mother Proves Fowl is Her Property.

Boston.—Upon the identification of a hen, a big, buff-colored cockin and eight fluffy little chicks, depended the fate of John Cullen, of Hyde Park, in Dedham court, where he was arraigned on a charge of larceny. A number of hen fanciers were in court. They sized up the hen's legs, examined her bill and looked over the chicks with a critical eye, while Cullen waited in anxious expectancy. The hen was finally identified by Mrs. J. P. Cullen, of Gardfield street, the defendant's mother, and he was discharged.

Cullen was in Dedham with a hen under one arm. A suspicious peeping sound attracted the police. "I hadn't seen nuffin' or no chickens," said Cullen when accosted. In spite of his protests one of the officers thrust his hand into the man's coat pocket and found a number of chickens.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOUT VICTIMS.

London.—Sufferers from gout need not abstain from any of their favorite foods with the idea of humoring their enemy, was in effect a statement made by Dr. Hale White, a London physician at the medical congress at Exeter. He contended there was not an atom of evidence that any particular food influences chronic gout. Physicians sometimes forbade sufferers to eat proteins, he said, including, of course, meat, but how was it, he asked, that gout is greatly less common now, while the consumption of meat has enormously increased? As to alcohol, how was it that teetotal patients suffered from cirrhosis of the liver that could not be distinguished from that ascribed to alcohol.

TRUTH NOT IN A CHINAMAN?

Los Angeles, Cal.—After 690 venturers had been called a jury of 12 men has been found who will hear the evidence of Dr. G. S. Chan, a Chinaman, charged with practicing medicine without a license. Nearly all of the 678 venturers who did not qualify declared they could not believe a Chinaman under oath.

ENGLISH LEAD NOW DRUMMER.

Detroit, Mich.—Lord Sholto Douglas, descendant of the marquis of Queensbury, who framed the present prize ring rules, is now a traveling salesman for a Detroit jewelry firm. He has dropped his title as well as his money and is known as just Sholto Douglas, drummer.

OLD-TIME LETTER WRITERS.

Soared to Wonderful Heights in Talking of Plain Facts.

Another wonderful thing about the letter writers, especially the female letter writers, of this engaging period, is the wealth of hyperbole in which they rioted. Nothing is told in plain terms. Tropes, metaphors and similes adorn every page, and the supreme elegance of the language is rivaled only by the extravagance of the ideas, which is lost in an eddy of words. Marriage is always alluded to as the "hymenial torch," or the "hymenial chain," or "hymenial emancipation from parental care." When Mrs. Montagu writes to Mr. Gilbert West, that "miracle of the Moral World," to console with his gout, she laments that his "writing hand, first dedicated to the Muses, then with maturer judgment consecrated to the Nymphs of Solyma, should be led captive by the cruel foe." If Mr. West chanced not to know who or what the Nymphs of Solyma were, he had the intelligent pleasure of finding out. Miss Seward describes Mrs. Tighe's sprightly charms as "Aonian inspiration added to the cestus of Venus," and speaks of the elderly "ladies of Langollen" as "in all but the voluptuous sense, Armidas of its bowers." Dueling is to her "the murderous punctilio of Luciferian honor." A Scotch gentleman who writes verse is a "Cambrian Orpheus;" a Litchfield gentleman who sketches is "our Litchfield Claude;" and a budding clerical writer is "our young sacerdotal Marcellus." When the "Swan" wished to apprise Scott of Dr. Darwin's death, it never occurred to her to write, as we in this dull age should do: "Dr. Darwin died last night," or "Poor Dr. Darwin died last night." She wrote: "A bright luminary in this neighborhood recently shot from his sphere with awful and deplorable suddenness," thus pricking Sir Walter's imagination to the wonderpoint before descending to facts.—Harper's.

BASED FAITH ON QUANTITY.

Quality Here Was Evidently Out of the Question.

Dr. J. Allen Smith, of Seattle, advises the young not to marry until the present era of high prices is in some way bettered. Discussing high prices the other day, Dr. Smith said: "One gets for one's money now the same value that the man got from the drugist." "Give me, sir," said this man, bitterly, "ten pounds of your fly poison." "Ten pounds?" said the drugist. "That is rather a large order, isn't it?" "Yes, I know it is," said the man; "but you see, I liked that half pound I bought here yesterday extremely well. I gave it to a fly, and he seemed to relish it at first, but toward evening it made him quite ill. I propose to keep up the treatment for a week, for I think that in the end I may manage to kill him."

ETHER A FESTIVE DRINK IN RUSSIA.

The habit of ether drinking is extremely prevalent in some parts of Russia, as of East Prussia, and all the efforts of the authorities to combat the evil have hitherto been almost fruitless.

An idea of the extent to which the habit prevails may be gathered from reports given in the Russian newspapers of a recent accident which occurred at a place called Festivo. Ether is drunk by farmers on festive occasions, when it appears to be consumed in painful amounts. A farmer celebrating his son's wedding in the fullness of his hospitality got in two pills of ether. During the process of decanting the ether into bottles a violent explosion took place, by which six children were killed and one adult was dangerously and 14 others more or less severely injured.—Family Doctor.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD PREACHER.

Charles Wesley Shingler, of Lewistown, Pa., the six-year-old son of a poor farmer, who has not been in school a day in his life and can neither read nor write, has suddenly become an evangelist. Some time ago the boy accompanied his grandfather on a railroad trip. On entering the depot at Lewistown Junction some traveling men spoke jokingly of the old man. At once the boy mounted a bench and delivered a sermon on the Crucifixion of Christ, in which he gave advice to the traveling men against making light of their elders. One who heard the sermon took the boy's name and address, and assured him that he had an education that would fit him to preach before a bigger audience.

EASY TO FLEECE FOOLS.

Mme. Guertin, of Paris, has been prosecuted recently on the charge of getting large sums of money from Frenchmen on the promise of securing rich and beautiful wives for them. One disappointed suitor who said he had paid the woman \$7,000 testified that she offered to let him have his pick of a boy of wealthy heiresses. "At the open," he said, "she pointed to three young girls in a box, and remarked, 'Take your choice,' and I picked Miss Northcliffe because she was the youngest and the prettiest."

EXACTLY.

"How do you define the phrase 'as black as your hat'?" a father asked his son, as the latter had just used the expression. "Well," replied the youth, "I should define it as darkness that might be felt." —Casell's Journal.

LOYALTY THAT IS REAL.

True Friendship One of the Most Sacred of Earthly Things.

What is more sacred in this world than our friendships? One of the most touching things I know of is the office of a real friend to one who is not a friend to himself—one who has lost his self-respect, his self-control and fallen to the level of the brute! Ah, this is friendship, indeed, which will stand by us when we will not stand by ourselves! I know a man who thus stood by a friend who had become such a slave to drink and all sorts of vice that even his family had turned him out of doors, says a writer in Success Magazine. When his father and mother and wife and children had forsaken him, his friend remained loyal. He would follow him nights in his debauches, and many a time saved him from freezing to death when he was so inebriated that he could not stand. Scores of times this friend would leave his home and hunt in the slums for him to keep him from the hands of a policeman and to shield him from the cold when every one else had forsaken him; and this great love and devotion finally redeemed the fallen man and sent him back to decency and to his home. Can any money measure the value of such devotion?

WHEN LOVE BEGINS TO COOL.

Dire Significance of Wife's Failure to Meet Husband.

"William Dean Howells," said a magazine editor, "is one of the few men of mark and genius who admit that love—the love that exists before marriage—dies after it. It takes courage to admit this truth, for it is a sad one."

And talking rather sadly about it, I once heard Mr. Howells narrate a conversation between a young husband and wife of Long Branch.

"The young couple had been married in the winter in New York, and they were now spending the summer at the seashore. The pretty wife in her white gown, walking on the beach beside her husband, tossed her head and said:

"Well, what if I don't come to meet you every night at the station any longer, what does it signify?" "The husband smiled sadly. "That we have been married five months," he said."

THE RUSTIC WON.

The city man was killing time by wandering around the farm. Down by the mill bridge he sighted an old man gazing intently into the water.

"Looking for fish, uncle?" ventured the city man. "Nope!" replied the old man without looking up. "What, then?" "Poies!"

"But, my dear man, I can't see any poles down there."

"I can! Bet you my barlow ag'in your watch chain."

"I'll go you. Now what kind of poles are down in that water?" "Tadpoles! Always heard city folks was powerful green, straws."

And the old man pocketed the watch chain while the city boarder returned to the farmhouse, sadder, but wiser.

DIME NOVEL DAYS.

From Beadle's days onward most of the dime tales have been American. Names, scenes, atmosphere, are familiar. In reading them the American boy's soul soared and sang. This is why the average youth who found Rob Roy and Ivanhoe dull, was immensely entertained by Ellis' Bill Biddon, or Leon Lewis' Daredevil Dick, King of the Cowboys. Where these things all illusions? queries C. M. Harvey, in the Atlantic Monthly. Many of them were, yet they were pleasing illusions. Illusions jolt us every day, and which we would not want to read about. Some of us might like occasionally to see time's clock turned back to the days when the world was young enough and rich enough to have illusions that make us glad.

NATURE FAKS.

The chauffeur is a flying animal now to our fauna. Its original habitat is France, but it is hardy, adapts itself to all climates, and multiplies rapidly, so that it now abounds in most parts of the world.

Its habits are as yet undetermined. It flies by night as well as by day, toward the ground. It does not hibernate, strictly speaking, although it shows some preference for warm regions.

Its reason for killing its prey is still in question. It does not feed upon its prey, but since increase of speed in flight accompanies each death some have supposed that the chauffeur draws vigor in some way from the victims.—The Naturalist.

THE NAME FOR COMMON GRASS.

The most approved name of the common blue grass that adorns our lawns was: Gramen pratense paniculatum majus, latiore folio. Poa Theophrasti. Other names of the same grass were Gramen vulgus cognitum, Gramen pratense majus vulgatum and Gramen alterum et vulgare. In the first publication by Linnaeus, it appears as Poa coliculata ovatis compressis muculis. I think that Linnaeus and his contemporaries had much more cause than we to exclaim: "Those horrible Latin names!" —Journal of the New York Botanical Gardens.

WHERE HE LOST OUT.

Question That Killed the Romance of Love's Young Dream.

There is a certain maiden near Pikeville who had an experience the other evening that threatened to be thrilling and was only flat. Boarding at the same cottage where she is with her family there is a very nice young gentleman—in fact, a very estimable young man—and this young man has been paying her a great deal of attention.

The other evening he invited her to take a drive, and she accepted. The moon has been particularly lovely recently, and on this evening it was exquisite—everything seemed most romantic. The route taken was beautiful, passing through "woodland glens," as the girl afterward described them, where the moonbeams filtered through the branches of the trees, and one could just imagine Cupid was lingering around every turn.

The silence had been fraught with meaning for sometime. "What would you do if I should kiss you?" he inquired.

"Why, Mr. Smith, I hope you would not do such a thing," was the proper, and, as the girl afterward remarked, the only thing she could say. Then they drove onward.

"I don't think much of a man who deliberately asks you if he can kiss you, anyway," pouted the girl after she had arrived at the stage where she could see the humor of the affair.

COULD PROVE HIS ASSERTIONS.

Young Man Really Had Gained 175 Pounds, as He said.

Prof. L. C. Marshall of the Ohio Wesleyan university, who attributes race suicide to excessive immigration, said on this subject recently:

"But in the summertime the effect of immigration is largely offset by the vacation's effect. Nothing encourages marriage of the good, honest, fruitful sort like a summer vacation at the seashore or on the mountain tops."

The other day I met a former student of mine, a prosperous young business man. He looked brown and fit.

"Hello," I said. "You are the picture of health."

"Yes," said he. "I am just back from my vacation. I gained 115 pounds."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "I don't believe it."

"Don't you?" said he. "Well, here it comes now, anyway. Wait a minute, and I'll introduce you."

SATISFACTORY FIRE.

During the discussion of the Madison bill for cheaper gas Congressman Legare told the following story of a cook he had once brought from home with him, says the Pittsburg Press. She was a splendid servant, but she didn't know anything about gas to cook with, so he went to the kitchen with her to explain about the range. So that she could see how it operated, he lit each of the many burners. While still explaining, a message called him from the kitchen, and he left her, saying: "I guess you will find that it will work all right now, Martha." He didn't see the cook again for four or five days, then upon entering the kitchen he said: "Well, Martha, how's that range doing?"

To his utter consternation she replied: "Deed, sir, that's the best stove I ever did see. That fire when you kindled for me four days ago is still a-burning, and it ain't even lowered once."

LORD MAYOR WAS A DRUMMER.

When the present lord mayor of London, Sir William Treloar, president of the London branch of the United Kingdom Commercial Travelers' association, attended the annual dinner of that organization he told a story of his early traveling life.

"Forty years ago," he said, "I called on an upholsterer in Southampton, whose daughter, a very nice looking girl, rang the bell for her father. As soon, however, as she recognized the visitor she gently called up the stairs."

"You need not come down, pa; it's only a commercial!"

"When she returned to the shop the girl remarked, with a pleasant smile, 'I took you for a gentleman.'"

"I apologized," added the story teller, "and expressed my regret that my appearance should have deceived her. And so we became excellent friends."

ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT.

Mrs. Rosa Lewis, favorite chef of King Edward, has written on the subject of how to cook for kings and incidentally gives some good advice that other cooks, who only cater to the appetites of plain men at the John and William order, may do well to follow. You can't work in kid gloves, she says; a statement some of us might be willing to contest, and she advises the new cook not to aspire to make original dishes until she has mastered the elements of her profession. She says sensible-cooking is more demanded than ever and there is more intelligence on the subject.

JUST DOUBLE.

Patron—What is that, professor? Phrenologist—Why, that is a 44 measurement of the heads I have been examining this morning.

Patron—Great Scott, professor! You told me the average circumference of the human head was 22. Phrenologist—Yes; but you see I have had as patrons a bunch of college graduates.

NOT ELKS' TEETH AT ALL.

Commercial Article Made from Bone, Declares Fur Buyer.

Kansas City, Mo.—Local hide and fur dealers are laughing right loud over the news from Philadelphia that the Elks adopted the plan of discard the elk's tooth as the emblem of the order so "that there may be an end to the wholesale slaughtering of the elk."

Jewelers who handle elk's teeth say the stocks are low, and that they have not been added to in the last two years, but that the price has jumped from 50 cents to \$10 per pair for the teeth. M. Lyons, who has been buying furs in Kansas City for a quarter of a century, declared that 50 cents a pair would be robbery for the commercial "elk's tooth" of to-day.

"Because the supply is so great" was his reason. "The Elks need not worry about the supply running out so long as Armour is running and has a bone pile. Armour sorts the bones for knife handles, piano keys and elk's teeth, among other things. The 'Best People on Earth' may weep as they sit in their lodges, for the slaughter of the poor elk that the members may have their watch chains, their coat lapels, and in their pockets, but it would be going too far to stop the industry of hunting the elk's tooth. The clubman who thinks the elk's tooth is hunted in the far north might be shocked to learn that it is hunted in the bone pile. The dentists might tell him something about the porcelain elk's tooth."

"About how many elk hides a year does your house get?" was asked, expecting the reply to be several thousand.

"Not over a couple," it was thought. "How many elk hides are sold annually in the entire United States?"

"Not over 100." "How many are shot by private hunting parties and the hides carried home?"

"Not over 200 elk a year are shot on the continent," the fur buyer declared ruthlessly.

"That means not over 400 elk's teeth available for the clubmen?" was suggested.

"It does not mean anything of the sort. Half the number of heads are mounted intact, keeping the teeth in them."

FINDS LOST TEETH IN PLUG.

Walters Aid Hotel Guest In Search For Missing Molars.

Chicago.—A guest took a chew of tobacco in the Victoria hotel the other night and started trouble that reached to the furthest limits of the hostelry.

It all came to a focus in the cafe when the guests and waiters regarded with curiosity a guest who suddenly struck a match held under the table and began a careful search for some lost article.

All the other guests stopped to see where the torchlight procession was heading. The waiters flocked to aid the guest in the hope that they might recover a tip-provoking diamond.

"Done dropped er d'imun, cap'n," queried the head waiter.

"No, confound it, I've had two teeth."

The waiter showed a double row of them, not as an alibi, but because the grin required it. The grin did the trick.

Mad as a hornet the guest ran out to Clerk McHenry, who is as noted a peacemaker as ever stayed away from The Hague.

"I'll make you pay for them," he shouted.

"What?" asked Mr. McHenry. "My teeth," said the guest.

By this time everybody in the house knew that two bridge teeth, belonging to a well dressed man, had disappeared mysteriously. The whole house was searched.

"Have you seen two teeth?" became the question of the hour.

Finally the guest pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and started to take a bite. There, in the side of the plug, nestled the two missing teeth.

"Here's where we dodge a law suit," said McHenry.

BOYS TO PAY FATHER'S DEBTS.

Sons of Ohio Forger Will Devote Lives to Work.

Kenton, O.—The two sons of former Mayor Black, who declares part of the \$28,000 proceeds of his confessed forgeries went to defray the expenses of the boys in college, will dedicate their lives to the repayment of the entire defalcation to the victims, Miss Harriet Stanley and Dr. Sepp.

"I will see that every cent of the money is paid back," announced John Black, 22 years old. "This shall be the first aim of my life."

"It shall be my duty likewise," declared his brother, William. "We will work together to remove the debt. I shall not rest until it is all discharged."

John Black has ended his junior year at Wabash college, Crawfordsville, Ind. He had planned to enter the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania this fall. Instead he will sell molasses and calico over a Bucyrus counter.

The younger brother had planned to return to Miami university. He had completed his first year there.