

DIVORCE POPULAR IN EGYPT.

Separation of Couples There Involves No Disgrace.

There are few men in Cairo past the age of 20 years who have not been married at least twice, and the majority of women over 16 have made a half dozen or so matrimonial experiments. There is no disgrace attached to divorce in Egypt. If mutual admiration wanes with the honeymoon there is nothing more natural to the Egyptian mind than that the dissatisfied party take steps toward another trial.

Marriage is universal in Egypt. There are no old maids; widows remain widows but a short time, and as a rule, no young man is considered fitted for business or entitled to the confidence of the community until he is married. These numerous marriages and their attendant celebrations make it extremely interesting for the stranger from the west who journeys through Egypt. Toward the end of the tourist season, when money is considerably more plentiful than it is just before the travelers invade the country and begin to scatter plasters along the Nile, there are hundreds of marriages. In Cairo they average during the month of April from 10 to 20 a day of the elaborate ones—with brass bands, processions and feasting—and any number of the less showy ones.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

HIS WORK TIRED CARNEGIE.

Employs of Millions Had Been Too Industrious.

Several men achieved great wealth by association in business with Carnegie, amongst them being Andrew M. Moreland, who at one time acted as secretary and treasurer of the Carnegie company. Prior to this he was auditor of the company, and while acting in this capacity he was summoned one day to consult Mr. Carnegie, who set wine before his guest at dinner.

"No, thank you, I don't drink," said Mr. Moreland.

Later on Mr. Carnegie brought out the cigars.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," said Mr. Moreland.

Still later in the evening Mr. Carnegie proposed a game of cards.

"No, thank you, I don't play cards," said Mr. Moreland.

Mr. Carnegie looked at his guest.

"Tell me why you don't do any of these things," he dryly requested.

"You've kept me working too hard all these years; I've had no time to learn," was the reply.

Mr. Carnegie thought a moment.

"Andy," he said, "I'm going to give you a three months' vacation. Now, for heaven's sake, go off somewhere and learn to do something besides work."

Turnip Whiskey.

"Try this, mon," said the Scotch host, pouring an inch or two of whiskey from a jug.

The guest tried it, reddened, coughed, choked.

"Gee," he said as the other pounded his back.

"Aweel, mon, tell's what ye think o' it."

"It warms me," said the guest. "It warms and thrills me. But it is not a little rough, a little hot? It went down, I confess, like a torchlight procession or a string of chestnut burrs."

The Scotchman laughed contemptuously.

"Ye've got no throat," he said. "Ye'll never make a whiskey drinker. Loah, mon, that is the purest an' most potent spirit ever passed yer lip—an' ye choked on it. It is pure turnip farm it made on ma brither's farm at Craignepitlock."

"Made out of turnips, hey?"

"To be sure. All over bonny Scotia they mak' whiskey out o' turnips. They're thrifty there. Nought goes to waste. Here's to ye, mon."

In "Good Queen Bess" Time.

There is an amusing letter written by the Earl of Leicester to Lord Burleigh as to the lack of sufficiently strong ale for the queen at Hatfield.

"There is not one drop of good drink for her here. We were fain to send to London and Kenilworth and divers other places where ale was; her own beer was so strong as there was no man able to drink it."

Ale and bread were the chief items of the royal breakfast. The quantity of ale consumed by ladies at breakfast in these days was considerable, for in the reign of Henry VIII the maids of honor were allowed for breakfast "one chet of ale, one manchet, two gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine."

A lady Lucy made a mighty tonic of the national brew. Her breakfast was a chine of beef, a loaf and a gallon of ale, and for her pillow meal a posset porridge, a generous out of wutton, a loaf and a gallon of ale.

For Married Folk.

A great physician, who had a big reputation not only as a clever doctor, but also as a healer of matrimonial disagreements, once told Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, the secret of his success. He used to order the husband away to one place, under the pretense of its being necessary for him to drink the waters, and send the wife somewhere else. He declared that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if the husband and wife could be prevented from seeing each other for six weeks, when they met once more there was a remarkable increase of affection.

"The only thing has been that they could not stand seeing each other so much," he explained.

THE CHILD LABOR QUESTION.

Some Comments by a Writer Who Knows the Subject.

Making children self-supporting at ten is the horrible suggestion of a Chicago pedagogue, comments a writer in American Medicine. A farmer will not let a horse be self-supporting until it is near the adult period. We have called attention to the fact that children have always helped to support themselves, and that the work, until the deadly modern factory arose, was invariably wholesome, more or less outdoor exercise, in a rural environment.

Work of itself is normal, and believed to be needed for development. If we do not impose it, children invent it for themselves. We have also mentioned the fact that the modern poor man still needs the child's assistance if the family is large. If the law demands schooling, as it undoubtedly should—to some extent at least—then the instruction should be of a character to enable the child to help its parents as soon as possible. There is a growing impression that we must modify our schools to this end, by introducing the training features formerly part of the home life, but now impossible in crowded industrial communities.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

Newspaper Man Was Casting an Anchor to Windward.

Although Joseph Pulitzer still keeps in active charge of his great newspaper the New York World, his son, Ralph Pulitzer, has taken over some of the burdens of editorial and business direction.

There is a baby in the Ralph Pulitzer family, a small son, who is the pride of his grandfather as well as of his father. A short time ago there was an editorial conference at the house of Ralph Pulitzer, and John Slaght, one of the star reporters on the World, was called to attend. While waiting to go before the council Slaght sat in the hall of the house, before an open fireplace. The nurse came in with Pulitzer Third.

"Nurse," said Slaght, "do you want to do something for an ambitious, hardworking and honest young man?"

"Sure," the nurse replied.

"Well," instructed Slaght, "when that baby begins to talk, you teach him to say, first thing, 'Slaght; grand man; great reporter.'"

A Successful Prophet.

Across the water are the handsome residences upon the "Neck," the settlement of which marks one more epoch in the history of the town.

Marblehead Neck is a small strip of land containing some 300 acres, and a half a century ago it was used for pasturing of cattle, being fit for little else. The land was barren and rocky, and it is small wonder the good folk of Marblehead laughed when its owner stoutly declared that it would one day be covered with gold dollars, and at the less preposterous statement of one of the smaller owners who declared that when his claim was worth \$10,000 he would sell it. It seemed preposterous enough in those days, but the Neck today is worth a fabulous price, and the summer residences which cover it represent small fortunes in themselves.—Travel Magazine.

The Private's Complaint.

The late Gen. Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the civil war, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a schoolhouse.

It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its presence after its well-known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Dey shleeps and I vakes, und I haf got to schmell it all!"

Greatest Linguist.

Father Erasmus Hering, the world's greatest linguist, died at Landshut monastery recently at the age of 70.

He had been a monk in the monastery for more than 50 years, and he had absolute command of 33 ancient and modern languages, an unprecedented intellectual achievement.

The celebrated Giuseppe Mezzofanti, who died in 1849, was reputed to be able to speak 52 languages, while Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who died last year at Milwaukee, Wis., is said to have known 70 tongues.

A good many of these languages, however, were merely dialects or modifications of other root languages.

Not Elegant But Strong.

"Tell me," said the new reporter, "do you say 'the smart set is' or 'the smart set are'?"

"I never bother to be grammatical," replied the sporting editor, "when I have anything to say about the smart set."

Restrictions.

The alien was in jail for having shot a fellow countryman.

"And this," he said, bitterly, "is what you call the land of liberty!"

Irascibly biting a piece out of a bar of his cell he contemplated his wrongs.

MAKERS OF SAFES UNEASY.

Modern Science Seems to Have Made Robbery a Trifle.

The confidence of German manufacturers of safes in the resistance of their wares against ordinary safe-breaking operations has been rudely shaken by the recent achievements of a single unaided robber in Dresden and other cities. The details of his last operation are as follows:

In a hotel a room was secured, which was situated immediately above the office of a money changer. At night a hole was pierced in the ceiling of the office. By the use of a drill and saw a circular piece of the flooring was easily raised. Beneath lay a thick layer of cement. A small orifice was made in this and an umbrella shoved down into the space below. The umbrella was attached firmly from above, and when opened received without noise all the fragments of cement which were dislodged as the hole was enlarged so as to allow of the easy passage of a person. By means of a rope ladder the descent was readily made into the office below.

Next the robber brought down two cylinders of compressed oxygen and an acetylene generator charged with calcium carbide and water. With these he was able to produce a blowpipe flame of such intensity that steel fuses in it like lead in an ordinary gas jet. It required but a brief space of time to melt away so much of the door that all the contents of the safe were accessible.

ROMANCE OF TOLLIS-HILL.

Faithfulness and Keen Wit Displayed by Young Scotch Girl.

The "Tollis-hill" cottage on Lammemoor, which held upon the quaint condition that the tenant keeps a far of whisky for the sustenance of belated travelers, has another claim to fame. A correspondent says it was the residence of "Millaide Maggie," the wife of one Thomas Hardy, who some 200 years ago, was tenant of this Lammemoor farm. It then belonged to an earl of Lauderdale, who was a political prisoner in the Tower of London.

"Maggie" saved up the uncollected rent, and hearing that the earl was in need of money, baked the guineas in a barley bannock, and trudged all the way to London, where she attracted the earl's attention by singing "Leader" haughs and yarrow" under the bastion where the earl was confined. His request that he might see her was acceded to; and the contents of the bannock (which she presented to him) enabled him to regain his freedom.

On his return to Lauderdale he presented Maggie with a silver girdle or chain, which was handed down to her descendants—who are known to the writer. The girdle is now deposited in the Antiquarian museum at Edinburgh.—Leader.

Dog, Girl and Saloon.

A very large mastiff at one end of a leash and a very small girl at the other end formed a combination which attracted the attention of a casual pedestrian in a quiet Philadelphia street.

The little girl doubtless thought that she was taking the dog out for an airing, but the big animal himself appeared to have the impression that he was the leader of the expedition, and, beyond question, the balance of power was entirely on his side. He dragged the girl along, despite her scolding and expostulation, at a pace which kept her breathless.

Suddenly, either from a whim of his own or because somebody had been in the habit of taking him there, he darted through the swinging doors of a corner saloon. The little girl looked horrified, but clinging determinedly to her end of the leash, she followed her charge and as the doors swung shut behind her the casual pedestrian heard this exasperated remonstrance:

"Oh, darnfouned it! Don't you know ladies don't go there? It's only a place for mans!"

Comets Blamed for Much.

Has this year's comet affected the weather? A century ago the answer would have been yes. Thus, to the charge of the comet of 1811 were laid the facts not only of the excellent vintage and abundant crops of that year, but also that wasps were then few and flies blin', and that a shoe-maker's wife in London had four children at a birth. Besides such calamities as invasions, pestilences and the like, the comets of various years were considered responsible for many minor tragedies, including the destruction of a church clock by a meteoric stone, a fit of sneezing that became prevalent in Germany, and in 1668 an epidemic among cats in Westminster.

American Archbishops.

Of the fourteen archbishops in the United States, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is the oldest, and he is but 76 years of age. Cardinal Gibbons is 73. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who comes next in point of years, is 69. Archbishop Keane of Dubuque is 68, and Archbishops Farley and Riordan of New York and San Francisco respectively are 65.

On Papa.

"Mamma, what's the size of a dollar?"

"The sighs of a dollar, Johnny, is the noise your father makes when he gives me one."—Houston Post.

VERY PROBABLY HE WOULD.

Peggy's Excuse Almost Enough to Make Any Man Swear.

Peggy was the new telephone girl in an Indianapolis hotel. The second night after Peggy went to work a guest left a call with the clerk for 2:45 a. m. The call was turned over to Peggy with instructions "not to forget it."

Hotel life was new to Peggy, and she became so absorbed in things that went on in the office during the night that she forgot her duties.

About four a. m. Peggy woke up from a nap with a start. She felt as if something awful had happened.

"Gracious," she declared, "I forgot to call that man—whatever will I do?"

The clerk glared at Peggy and would have sworn at her had he dared. But Peggy did not lose her head. She rang the telephone in the guest's room.

"It's four o'clock," she said sweetly and gently.

"What's that?" roared the guest. "Didn't I tell you to call me at 2:45?"

"Yes," replied Peggy, with exasperating coolness. "You did."

"Then why in the devil didn't you do it?" retorted the irate guest.

"Because," said Peggy, "I didn't think it was good for you to get up so early."

"Well, I'll be —," but Peggy snatched the receiver from her ears before the sentence was finished.

"I really believe he would have sworn at me," said Peggy innocently to the clerk.

And Peggy continued to hold her job.

MANY GOATS IN EUROPE.

Their Milk is There Considered a Valuable Product.

A quarter of a century ago there were on the continent of Europe, it is said, 17,000,000 goats; the goats in Switzerland and Norway being in the ratio of one to every 14 and 16 inhabitants. Since then the keeping of goats, whose milk is considered a valuable product, has very generally increased, though no exact returns on the subject have been made even in England, where the agricultural census makes no mention of them. Swiss goatkeepers have long had the encouragement of the state to develop the milking powers of the flocks to the utmost degree, and in France, also, intelligent interest is being taken in goatkeeping. The membership of the Goat society is growing, and the exhibits of goats at dairy and agricultural shows nowadays is quite imposing. The use of milk from the poor man's cow" by the children of the poorer classes is said to have excellent effects from a hygienic point of view, and for that reason philanthropists recommend its employment as an article of diet.

Hindu "Life Stone."

When a Hindu is cremated in western India one of the mourners picks up a stone near the place of cremation, known as the "life stone" which is supposed to be a refuge for the ghost, and to which food is offered.

The pyre is prepared, and the corpse is laid on it, with its head facing the Himalayas. Butter is dropped into the mouth, eyes, nose and ears, and balls of flour are placed around. When all is ready the chief mourner walks around the pyre in the course of the sun and sets fire to it. When the skull bursts the mourner pours water upon it to cool the ghost. The final act is the collection of the bone fragments, which is usually done on the fourth day. The Hindu believes that when the soul leaves the body it assumes the shape of a manikin, exposed to injuries of all kinds. In order to protect it it is necessary to furnish it with a sort of intermediate body, interposed, as it were, between the gross body which has been destroyed by fire and the new body, which, under the law of metempsychosis, it will by and by assume. If it be not furnished with this intermediate body it will wander about in the form of a preta, or evil spirit.

One Result of the Summer Girl.

A minister whose pastoral duties bring him in contact with many young men who have become stranded in New York makes a point of inquiring closely into the derelict's reasons for leaving good homes in the country for a precarious existence in the city. In more than a third of the cases where he has gained the entire confidence of the young men he has found that the cause of the wanderlust was the summer girl. She had boarded at the farm for a fortnight or maybe for a month in the summertime, the country boy had been swept off his feet by her charms, and when she returned to New York he followed. Not once, according to this minister, has the acquaintance begun in the country been continued in town, but the mischief of luring the young man away from home had been accomplished and one more unit had been added to New York's floating population.

D'Annunzio a Stronous Writer.

Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio is credited with having in hand simultaneously the probably unprecedented number of five separate works widely differing in character. Two are comedies of modern life. Two others are tragedies—one, "La Nave," is really an apotheosis of the sea power of Venice, and the other upon the legend of "Tristan and Isolt." Then he is well under way with a short romance entitled "Perhaps, Yes; Perhaps, No."

HUMOR THAT DIDN'T PAY.

Friends of the Deceased Were Wholly Unappreciative.

"Once in my early career," said a well-known New York magazine editor, "I owned and edited a more or less thrifty weekly newspaper. One of my features was country correspondence, and I prided myself on the accuracy of my rural aids. In one issue, from the best point on my list, I received a notice reading as follows: 'Mr. John Grady, having purchased a plot of ground in Macchpelah some months ago, has now gone into real estate body and soul. John was always an enthusiast. The item looked all right to me, and sounded quite enterprising, I thought, but a day or two after the paper had got around among the subscribers I received a letter of indignity,' which almost took my breath away. In it I was duly informed that Mr. Grady was dead and buried in the Macchpelah cemetery, where he had purchased a plot some three months previously. In conclusion, I may say that my correspondent at that point has since risen to prominence as a humorist, and I suppose most of you have read his stuff in various publications. But that item was not very funny for him, or for me, because he had to get another job far away, and I lost a dozen good subscribers."

LIVING BY THE COMPASS.

New and Quaint Theory That is Held by French Mystic.

A quaint theory is that a French mystic, who holds that the four points of the compass have an influence on human health and well-being. Traveling westward, asserts this authority, induces melancholy, traveling eastward brings cheerfulness, southward jaundice and irritability, and northward calmness. It is a question of electrical currents, and the influence is felt not only when traveling but also when at home. The best posture for working is to face either north or east, says the Frenchman. In these positions you receive positive waves of electricity, the negative currents coming from the other two points south and west. Even the sleep is improved. It seems, if the foot of the bed be turned to the north or the east. To sleep in the contrary position induces nightmare and general uneasiness.

MACHINE WAS ALL RIGHT.

Figured So Well Merchant Decided That He Needed Two.

"Sir," said the man as he entered the office, "I wish to exhibit to you my universal calculating machine—a thing that should be found in the counting room of every business man. It will add, subtract, divide, multiply, and there is no such thing as failure."

"I have heard of it," replied the merchant, "but I never understood it was much of a success." "O, sir, but it is perfection! Give me any example you will, and I will guarantee a correct solution." "Very well, I bought two dozen leghorn chickens at \$3 each. I built a crop at an expense of \$31. In one year I bought \$15 worth of feed. In the same year I got six eggs. What was my profit or loss for the year?" "O, you paid out \$127 and got back about 20 cents."

In actual figures, your loss was \$125.50. I guess that's correct," sighed the merchant, "and you may leave me two machines. I'll keep one busy on my chickens and the other figuring out how much profit I make in raising my own celery and cucumbers."

Rained Sandwiches.

When hundreds of ham and chicken sandwiches fell at Easton, Pa., during a thunderstorm the other day folks wondered what miracle was being performed, which should cause food to drop from the heavens. For 20 minutes the sandwiches fell, with now and then a chunk of chocolate cake to vary the monotony. Some olives and a few pickles came along, and now and then a pie. It was explained a few hours later, when a church picnic party came along and told how a tornado had ripped up things at the grounds. The tables had been set and the dinner bell was about to be sounded when a rip-roaring wind came down through the woods and carried off every bit of food. Strangely enough several layers of cake were left behind, and the women who baked them were humiliated. They said that some kind persons might think they were too heavy.

Transformation in Ocean Travel.

The wealthy passenger for Europe does not now book a cabin of a steamship, but engages a suite, which is in reality a commodious flat, consisting of four luxuriously appointed rooms—drawing room, dining room, bedroom and bathroom—furnished and decorated in the most costly and artistic manner with a rare and beautiful variety of woods, upholstered with silks, damasks, tapestries and brocades. Every possible convenience is provided—even the blessings of the telephone have not been overlooked, so that passengers in their staterooms may call up friends in distant parts of the ship and make appointments for dinner, etc.—Leslie's Weekly.

Why is It?

The seals were in the orchestra, on the theater's left. "The left side of the house always falls out first," said the box-office man. "Everybody seems to prefer it to the right. I don't know why." "Bores, especially. We can sell two left to one right box every time. Nobody takes the right side for choice. And there is no reason for this. As such goes on in the right extremity of the stage as in the left—we proprietors always look after that—and you see just as much from the right as from the left side. Why, then, is the left side always at a premium?"

The Real Century.

Gunner—Harker says there were more wonderful inventions discovered in the nineteenth century and Brown says there were more discovered in the eighteenth. Which do you think has been the most useful century?" Gayer—"Don't know, but I can tell you which will be the most useful century 'any old time.' Gunner—"which?" Gayer—"Why, a century bill."

A Preposterous Suggestion.

"How many inhabitants has Crim-son Gulch, according to the latest census?" inquired the tourist. "There hasn't been no census in Crimson Gulch," answered Broncho Bob. "You don't suppose anybody would be fool enough to go through this town with a note book askin' all them personal questions, do you?"

She Knew Her.

"Your friend, Miss Passay, has become quite chummy with Miss Newcombe. I don't suppose there's much difference in their ages." "I can't answer for Miss Newcombe, but there isn't any difference in Miss Passay's age. She has been 21 for the past ten years, to my knowledge."