

CALF ENTERED AN OBJECTION.

Why One Milking Machine Was Never Put on the Market.

Juvenile genius seldom achieves success at the first attempt. A half-grown boy in Pennsylvania, who had devoted his leisure hours for many months to the making of a milking machine of his own devising, at last succeeded in making a trial of it. Without saying a word to anyone he carried his machine down from the attic, where he had wrought patiently day after day to bring it to perfection, and took it out to the barnyard, where old Cherry, the family cow, stood placidly chewing her cud with her mouth full of hay. He stepped up to the machine and, with a study call playing round her, he commenced to operate it. A few minutes later his mother saw him trying to re-enter the house unscathed. He was covered with dirt from head to foot and in a state of demoralization generally. In his hand he was carrying something that looked like the wreck of a toy battleship. "For mercy's sake, Jud," she exclaimed, "what have you been doing?" "I've been trying my milking machine on the cow," he said. "Your milking machine! Good land! Did the cow do all that to you?" "No," answered Jud. "Old Cherry would have stood for it all right. It was the calf that—kind of—seemed to object to the machine."—Youth's Companion.

CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION.

Chronic Bachelor Makes a Few Remarks About the Modern Hatpin.

"There ought to be a law against women carrying concealed weapons," growled the chronic bachelor at the club. "That I haven't been stabbed to death or maimed for life before this is due to a combination of agility and good luck, I'm convinced. I tell you, it keeps a man dodging nowadays to avoid blood-letting when he's traveling in a crowded conveyance with women, or even walking on a crowded thoroughfare. A woman is positively a menace to life the moment she gets outdoors." "Why outdoors especially?" "Hatpins! Hatpins! Foot and a half long, some of 'em. They stick out from both sides of a hat like spears. Every time a woman turns her head these wicked-looking spears sweep around in a two-foot radius; and every time she bows her head up and down she takes a chance of raking the nearest person here and there. Suppress the woman or the hatpin, I say." "Let's make it the hatpin," suggested the married man, gently.

Laughter Makes Beauty.

The art of laughter should surely be cultivated; in fact, all of everything that leads to joy. The wish to be happy, the love of gladness and beauty is a thing to be desired, consequently it is worth a little cultivation. Play is as essential a factor in men's lives as work. Philosophers tell us that no man lives his own life until he plays. Work comes from the experiences of life, from the "musts" of the world, which often push men along different paths to those which they would choose to travel by from inclination or capacity. Play is, however, his recreation, and here at his leisure time comes out his whole soul; his power and choice of play, his greater or lesser necessity of it, to recuperate mind and body from the strain of daily work. Laughter is a gift that makes man akin to the gods, that walks some of the best and brightest of his nature.

Wild Boar a Hard Fighter.

For sheer devilry and insane ferocity the boar stands pre-eminent and for courage he has no equal among animals. A wild boar charging has been known to bring an elephant down on its knees, and one well authenticated fight is recorded between a boar and a full grown tiger in which the boar more than held its own. Tigers have the greatest respect for wild boars and treat them accordingly. In matter of speed the horse has not yet been foaled which can catch a boar in its first burst. I have seen a man on a thoroughbred Arab try to cut out a boar in breaking back to cover, and the boar literally walked around him.—Recreation.

Art of Boiling Potatoes.

It was St. Nova whom St. Patrick, "out of his own head," taught how to boil a potato; "a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few." The first named saint left no recipe as a legacy, says a writer in the London Express. This seems a pity, for, according to Sydney Smith, in a letter to Arthur Kinglake, written in 1837, "frequently it is that those persons whom God hath joined together in matrimony shall cook joints and badly boiled potatoes have put asunder."

Hardware Man's Secret.

"I'll tell you a secret about mending your own steel knives," said a hardware dealer to one of his customers. "When the handles of steel knives and forks come off they can be easily mended with rosin. Pour a little powdered rosin into the cavity in the handle. Heat the part of the knife that fits into the handle until it is red hot and thrust into the handle. It will become firmly fixed by the rosin when it becomes cool. Protect the blade from the heat."

The Practical Joke.

"I've killed my wife," said the doctor out of a job, "and now it would take many a roll to fill me." "You're kidding," said the man who had made a joke, "he said it for enough to put the undertaker to rest."

SONGS OF A GENERATION AGO.

In the Majority of Them the Heroines Always Passed Away.

It may not be generally known that Fanny Crosby, now spoken of only as a hymn writer, used to drop into week-day verse, supplying words for songs more popular in their day than any of the new things heard by music lovers of these later times, says the New York Post.

The matron who is now being "courted again in her girl's" will, if she has a good memory, recall a doleful song that her Charlie and his rivals used to ask for when she wore ringlets and broad-brimmed gypsy hats: "In the Hazel Dell My Nellie's Sleeping," the words of which were written by Fannie Crosby, under a pen name. This same matron had not been married long enough to give up her music when "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower" (words by the same author) had all sentimental young people weeping because "she" was "gone."

It was the fashion in those days for song heroines to die young, and Miss Crosby wasn't any more murderously inclined than other song writers. At that time "Sweet Alice," under her slab of granite so gray, was still popular, and listeners were informed that "Gentle Annie" wouldn't come any more because she was "gone too," though "Fair Eulalie" appeared sometimes as a spirit robed in white.

We had not long given up weeping at "Little Blossom's" tomb when "Sweet Belle Mahone" went to wait for her lover (rapturous critics had it that she waited in vain) at heaven's gate. While "Katie Darling" was still being mourned for the angels began to clear the way for "Nellie Gray's" faithful affianced to join her up above. "Kate Darling" had probably a longer season of belshipp than any other dead girl, but she was closely followed by Miss Crosby's "Rosalie."

The little beauty, "Belle Brandon," was another young person of the "Prairie Flower" genus, but in spite of her early grave she was never so popular as were some of her rivals. To be sure, the old songs were somewhat nimble-pliminy and they were doleful to a degree, but, nevertheless, they were what the young people craved for in those days and they were doubtless unobjectionable. The words were all more or less of the "Mary in Heaven" order of verse, and surely Burns was at his best when he lay on the grass, watching "yon lingering star" and dreaming of one without the memory of whom he had, perhaps, never been a true poet.

Not According to Creed.

It often takes the mirror of another's opinion to show up the inconsistencies of practice. The idea that gloom should be associated with death in the mind lighted by the hopeful torch of Christianity seemed a strange thing to the young Indian girl mentioned in a book on "The Indian Alps."

Heat Tests of Clothing.

An interesting experiment, made in June by a physician, proved conclusively that for the sake of coolness only white should be worn in hot weather. The physician spread out in an intense sunshine a large piece of white cloth, another of dark yellow, another of light green, another of dark green, another of blue and another of black. Then, with the help of six thermometers, he made the following table of the various heats which each color received from the sunlight: White, 109 degrees; dark yellow, 140 degrees; light green, 155 degrees; dark green, 168 degrees; blue, 198 degrees; black, 208 degrees.

Thus the physician proved that in July or August the man in white is a little less than twice as cool as the man in blue and a little more than twice as cool as the man in black.

Carpet of Ivory.

The carpet, at a distance, seemed of cream-colored silk, but as the Indian merchant unrolled it, it rattled slightly, for it was a carpet of ivory.

"An ivory carpet," said the sallow and thin dealer, "it does not belong to me, but to a certain rajah. He has commissioned me to sell it to one of your millionaires, whose wealth and liberality are world-renowned."

The carpet, though very heavy, was quite flexible. It glistened like satin. It was eight feet long and six feet wide.

"Over 6,000 pounds of tusks were required for this carpet," said the Indian. "Only the finest parts could be used. The strips were shaven singularly thin. See how flexible they are."

"But three such carpets exist, and they all belong to India. The largest and best is in the treasury of the Maharajah of Boroda."

At the Theater.

"So that's the actress who was kidnapped the other night?"

"Yes."

"I can understand the management's putting up such a job, but why did they permit her to be brought back?"

RECLUSE WAS RICH

LIVING IN SEEMING POVERTY, WOMAN LEFT \$30,000.

London Police Are Seeking in America the Heirs of Miser of Peculiar Tastes Who Has Just Passed Away.

Thirty thousand dollars worth of personal property awaits the heirs of a remarkable old woman recluse who has just died in Chiswick, a London suburb, says the Kansas City Star. Her next-of-kin are believed by the police to be living in different parts of the United States—one of them, a niece, having been last heard of in California—and advertisements addressed to them by name will shortly be published in America.

When they come here they will find an assortment of treasures, for Mrs. Jane Chutton, the dead woman, appears to have had peculiar tastes. Although successfully posing as the poorest of the poor, living in a dilapidated old house, with a dog for her sole companion, her death revealed the fact that she had stowed away in a back room \$8,000 in bank notes, \$4,500 in government bonds, diamond rings, brooches, bracelets and other jewelry worth about \$15,000 and a great store of valuable silks, rare Indian and Paisley shawls.

The hotel in which she was found dead had been her home for many years. A neighbor brought her food and old friends visited her now and then. A love romance in the back-ground may have had something to do with her solitary life. In 1851 she married John Chutton, a butler who had passed himself off as a man of means and whom she found "too inquisitive about her affairs." This was the only reason she ever gave for leaving him at the church door the day of their marriage and for never seeing him again. She seldom left her house and her visitors were few and far between.

For several days her neighbor, one Elizabeth Camp, had knocked on her door and was unable to get any reply. So she summoned the police, who forced an entrance. They found Mrs. Chutton lying dead on the bed. A search of the house was made. In one room were hundreds of yards of silk worth \$2.50 a yard, rare shawls and wraps. There were boxes full of beautiful old-fashioned clothing, and many costly ornaments lay scattered in the dirt. Packed away in an old trunk was a stocking containing the \$8,000 in bank notes and \$4,500 in government bonds. A tin box revealed a heap of diamond rings, brooches, bracelets, gold watches and precious stones.

The only food in the house was a small piece of bread. The coroner said that he had once attended her, but had not charged anything because he thought she was a poor woman. The police have taken possession of the dilapidated house and all its precious contents, and they are waiting for the American relatives to reveal their whereabouts.

Wants All Houses Painted Green.

It was had enough for doctors to scare bridge players by finding germs on playing cards and to assert further that virulent bacilli lurked in uncurled mustaches, as did a Berlin physician, who may have been stabbing his war lord, but there is a source of fresh worry in the assertion of a London eye specialist that among town dwellers sight is steadily deteriorating on account of the color of the buildings and the lack of horizon. "If I had my way I would have every house in London painted a fresh foliage green," says this eye-sharp. "Soon we should have a brighter, happier London than ever has been known. Looking at the color green actually causes the formation of a chemical mixture in the eye. Colors have a marked effect upon temperament. Red excites and afterward depresses. A red-painted room will drive some men and women almost mad. Green, on the other hand, soothes and improves the eyesight."

Had Chips to Eat.

"I had an amusing experience recently while traveling over my road in the Far West," remarked a New York railroad man in the club the other day. "I had some friends with me in my car, showing them the sights of the country, when it was proposed that we have a game of poker. In some unaccountable way I found that my poker paraphernalia had been left behind. However, we had cards, so I wired ahead to the station agent at the next town to have some chips ready for me on the arrival of our train.

"When we reached the destination of that telegram a good-sized box was put aboard and we went on our way rejoicing, but wondering just why the agent had thought we needed so many chips. The laugh was on me, when, on opening the box, the contents were found to be chips—but not the red, blue and white variety. They were potato chips."

Too Bad.

Little Edgar had been reading about the beautiful paintings on the ceilings and the walls of some of the great cathedrals of Italy. Looking up from his book, he said: "It was too bad, wasn't it, father?" "What do you mean?" "About Raphael and Michelangelo and those other painters not having money enough to buy canvases to paint on."

MEDICINES THAT ARE HARMFUL.

Combinations of Drugs Dangerous if Not Used at Once.

Just one year from the time the medicine was lost it showed up again at the drug store. A woman brought it in.

"This bottle was left at our house by mistake," she said.

The clerk read the name on the wrapper and the date on the label, then he called to a man who sat leaning against the cigar counter with his head propped up in his hands.

"Captain," he said, "there is that medicine we had such a time about. I don't see," he added, turning to the woman, "why you didn't bring it back sooner."

"I didn't think of it," she explained. "The maid took it in one day when we were all out. She thought it belonged to somebody in our house. It has lain around there in a cupboard all this while. It never occurred to us to return it until just this morning, and then it struck me you might be able to use it."

The man by the counter lifted his head out of his hands.

"Use it?" he said. "Of course we can. I had the grip last year when it was put up and I've got the grip now. I can take that medicine as well as a new bottle full."

"No, you can't," said the clerk. "Some druggists might permit you to, but we won't. It might upset you for a month. Some medicines never lose their healing power, while others not only fail to produce the desired effect, but become positively harmful after standing a few months. The length of time a medicine retains its efficacy depends upon the ingredients. Some combinations of drugs keep on good terms with each other indefinitely, while others get into a row after being mixed together for a while, and the man who swallows a dose of the stuff is apt to feel a good deal worse than before he took it. As a rule medicines that are quite sweet keep their curative virtues longer than those that are acid or bitter. Most any medicine can be taken in safety six months after compounding, and many will be all right six years hence. Those that are not good generally take on a curdled, milky appearance; but that is by no means an infallible test, and the person who wishes to save his system uncomfortable complications would do well to let old medicines strictly alone."

The man looked at the bottle regretfully.

"And that was an expensive prescription, too," he said. "It seems a shame to waste it."

"Never mind," said the clerk. "We are willing to stand the loss. We would rather do that than to take chances on losing a good customer like you."

American Names.

If we have some growing sense of a desire to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly picnic grove atmosphere such as is given off by Lakewood or Riverside.

The rich sentimentalism of the real estate dealer has done what it could considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb, the chances are we shall be too lazily and flatly patriotic, call it Lincoln and be done with it, or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as Ivanhoe.

With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place with all its prospective labor agitations, and at the same time give a tinge of beauty to the situation forever by calling it Fretley. Or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night, why not call it Stroke Instead of naming it Smithville after the present chief stockholder in the concern?—Atlantic Monthly.

Collecting His Bill.

One day last summer visitors to a merry-go-round on a vacant lot in the outskirts of Philadelphia were very much touched by the melancholy demeanor of a long, lean, lank individual who, suffering greatly, persisted in riding repeatedly. At last some one said to him sympathetically:

"You appear to be in great distress."

"Yes," replied the man on the merry-go-round, "this continual riding round and round makes me seasick."

"Well, then, why don't you quit riding?" asked the inquisitive questioner.

"I can't help it," replied the poor man. "The man who runs this merry-go-round owes me money, and the only way I can collect it is by taking it out in rides."

If Odors Only Were Nourishing.

"If one could live on odors alone," said Mr. Flatdeweller, "it wouldn't cost much to live in a flat."

"For there's no odor of cooking known that you can't smell here. The dumb-waiter shafts and the various holes through floors and ceilings for steam and water pipes seem to make the whole building a sort of universal smell conductor in which no cooking odor is lost, in which all odors come to all."

MAY GIVE UP DRUM

FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR IS OUTSPOKEN.

Thinks Time of Soldiers Can Be More Profitably Employed Than in Beating Stretched Sheepskin, But Public May Differ.

For a generation the French ministry of war has intermittently threatened the drum—the pride, the symbol of glory, the solace and the epitome of the French army. Threatened lives live long and the drum is not dead yet. The latest threat is ominous, because it is indirect. The minister of war explains that the law of 1905 regarding the conscript's term of service to two years makes it more than ever necessary that the whole term should be given to military training proper, and consequently young drummers will not be placed in the hands of their practice must be conducted outside the hours of ordinary drill and training. The minister of war apparently believes that the drum will remain only a few regiments where enthusiasts make it a point of regimental honor and tradition. And he desires this result quite honestly, because he does not think that even the veneration of the French people for the drum, which has thrived through and above all the turmoil of their history, justifies its retention at the cost of making thousands of men simple drummers instead of soldiers.

Gibbon in his account of the capture of Constantinople remarks that the mechanical circulation of sounds in quickening the circulation of the blood and the spirits has more effect on the human machine than all the eloquence of reason and of honor. The side-drum is not an instrument of music, but a marker of rhythm. But the kettle-drum is a subtle thing which has been more and more studied and employed since Beethoven virtually prohibited it to be a solo instrument, and Berlioz wrote in its praise with enthusiasm. One of the inevitable sights of a military procession in London is the traditional flourish of a Life Guards drummer as he plays the kettle-drum at the head of the regiment. The very action of the horse makes it seem that he, too, understands the dignity and the potent use of the instruments he hears. But here we speak not of kettle-drum, but of the plain, banging foot-soldier's drum, which has been associated with his triumphs and agonies through generations.

It is easy for an official to say that bugle-calls are much easier to distinguish than drum-calls; that learning to play the drum properly is an unconscionable waste of time; and that the French army drums are a Moloch which require the sacrifice of 25,000 good fighting men. Two divisions of infantry—it is a tremendous official argument. On the other hand, there are the exhilarating drum-taps which as they come down the street make the citizen forget arguments and remember only that the skin of the French drum passed everywhere over the plains of Europe; that it was paraded in Spain and shrunk in the rains of Pomerania, and was covered with snow in Russia; that it was the furious encourager of gallantry and the muffled mourner for the dead; that it was the table for sparse meals in bivouacs and the place of judgment at drum-head courts. The intellectual may say with Boredeau that the drum blisters his ears, or the cynic with Gen. Gallifet that drums at all events do not make so much noise as retired generals. But will the French people, and the French fantasists, part with their venerated symbol, with the story of two hundred years' wit on the parchment of a drum?

Non-Committal.

"Young Mrs. Jenkins is a very hard woman to pump. She always gets out of giving you any information when you ask her anything."

"I heard she was very close-mouthed."

"You know, it was reported that she and her husband did not get on very well together, so when I asked her quite casually what her husband gave her the other day for a birthday present (to see if they were on good terms), I couldn't tell from her answer whether he had given her a handsome piece of bric-a-brac or whether they had quarreled."

"What did she say?"

"She just said, 'He gave me a jar.'"

A Vacation.

A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise the scientist is said to have unbent a trifle in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," he said, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not, sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."—Harpers Weekly.

Under the Stars.

"Don't be serious, Jack. Let's change the subject. What is that bright star?"

"That's Sirius, too, dear."

CHINA TO KEEP OLD CUSTOM.

Officials Refuse to Countenance the Spread of Western Ideas.

A Shanghai correspondent of a German paper writes: "The custom of arranging matrimonial contracts through agents or matchmakers has been practiced in China for ages. The business receives support from all classes, for although the high-caste men in some instances select their first wives themselves, the additional wives are all secured through the agents."

"This being so, it was only natural that a recently distributed proclamation, written by an unknown person urging the women to rebel against the old established custom, should have created more than a little excitement. The officials ordered the immediate destruction of the handbills on which the revolutionary creed was printed and the arrest of those who took part in their distribution."

"The empress dowager directs that further efforts in that direction should be punished severely, and we know what that means. She said that from what she had heard the French marriages were for the most part happy and that these were usually arranged by the parents."

HAS RESTING PLACE AT LAST.

Remarkable Vicissitudes Undergone by Stained Glass Window.

The east window at St. Margaret's, Westminster, England, wandered about for more than 200 years before reaching its present position, and was the subject of seven years' lawsuit. Henry VII. for whom it was intended, died before the window arrived from Lordrecht and it came into the possession first of the abbot of Waltham and then of General Monk. Stained glass was anathema in Puritan days, so the window was buried until the Restoration, when it was brought to light. Refused by Wadham college it was bought for fifty guineas and erected in a private house and years later was bought for 100 guineas by the committee charged with the restoration of St. Margaret's, and placed in position in the church. The lawsuit to which we have referred was brought by the registrar to the dean and chapter on the ground that the window contained superstitious images, but after seven years' wrangling the church wardens proved victorious and the beautiful window was suffered to remain undisturbed.

The Power of Habit.

The power of habit was strikingly illustrated not long ago in a Philadelphia shirt waist factory. One woman who had done nothing but sew up the seams of sleeves for four years was taken off that particular job and was asked to run up seams in the body of the waists. She complained that the change made her so nervous that she could not work.

"But what is the difference?" asked the foreman. "There is nothing but a straight seam here, just the same as you have been used to."

"I know," replied the woman, with true feminine logic, "but it isn't sleeves."

And it did indeed prove to be a fact that owing to her four years of steady work on sleeves it took her fully that many weeks to overcome her nervousness sufficiently to run the machine at her accustomed speed when sewing another part of the waist.

A Pioneer Orchard Maker.

"Johnny Applesed," who was John Chapman of Ohio, while the middle states were still the far west, sought out the best way in which he could help his fellows. Believing that the meager dietary of the pioneer militated against health and efficiency, he fixed upon a plan which, put into execution, would bring joy and help to the settlers. He spent many years in traversing all the region about the Ohio valley, in sowing wild and fertile land with the seeds of fruit, especially of apples. The trees grew apace and their fruit formed the one sole luxury upon the table of the pioneer. Many an orchard to-day growing upon the rich land of the prairie is the result of the largesse of that royal-hearted humanitarian. His native state is about to erect a monument in his memory.

Strict Sabbath Keeping.

Prescott, the historian, possessed a quiet and quaint humor. Mme. M. S. Van de Velde gives an instance of it in "Random Recollections." Mr. Prescott was taking a foreign visitor for a walk in Boston Common one Sunday.

The special object of the stroll was to see the fountain in the frog pond. When the two arrived at the spot they found the water shut off.

"Oh," said Prescott, disconsolately, by way of apology, "I knew little boys were not allowed to play on the Sabbath, but I did not know that fountains were not permitted to do so."

Love's Language.

Again he crushed her to him.

"Darling," he breathed, "this kiss tells you all that I would say."

Pause. Then: "Did you understand me, dear?" he whispered.

Blushing faintly, she rejoined: "No. Repeat what you said, please."