

CUSTOM OF ORIENTAL NATIONS.

Salute by Kissing the Foot Is as Old as History.

The custom of kissing the feet of persons whom it was desired to honor originated with the ancients.

The ancient Egyptians got this custom from the Assyrians, and later the Greeks adopted the habit from the Egyptians.

The story will be remembered of the old Briton ruler who appeared to do homage to a Roman monk after the conquest of Briton.

The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips.

HAZY AS TO THE CHAUTAUQUA.

May Be Doubted Whether Country Visitor Was of a Serious Mind.

Down in Georgia the citizens of a thriving town of about 6,000 people arranged for a Chautauqua assembly last summer.

"Well, Erry, I suppose you are in to the Chautauqua."

"I shore am. Just come from thar now."

"How'd you like it?" asked the townsman.

"Fine ez a fiddle. I rode on the dern thing nine times."

Word Curiosities.

An interesting word group in which the entire alphabet is put into seven words, and only 32 letters are used.

Two intelligible sentences, however, of eight words and 32 letters apiece have been found. They are:

"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

The first sentence is often used in testing the types on typewriters, on account of the shortness and the fact that it includes every letter and has the advantage of making sense.—New York Press.

Hypnotism.

The actual foundation of modern hypnotic suggestion was discovered by Liebaud of Nancy, the famous "father of the therapeutic application of suggestion."

Cheap Home-Made Barometer.

A weather man described the other day a cheap home-made barometer. He said it was only necessary to take a piece of string about 15 inches long and to soak it several hours in a strong solution of salt and water.

If I Quake.

We boast of our emancipation from many superstitions; but if we have broken any idols, it is through a transfer of the idolatry. What have I gained, that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove, or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate, that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic purgatory of the Calvinistic judgment day—if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it? If I quake what matters it what I quake at?—Halph Waldo Emerson.

Those Early Marriages.

But she clung to him and trembled. "Darling," he whispered, "What fearst thou? Are we not wedded, no more to part?"

BELONG TO TEMPERATE ZONE.

Four-Fifths of the Horses of the World Are Found There.

Of the 100,000,000 horses known to exist in the world, 80,000,000 or four-fifths of the entire number are found in the temperate zone and nearly all among the occidental people.

According to the National Geographical Magazine, the remaining 20,000,000 scattered through the tropics are largely employed in the service of temperate zone visitors or residents and are but feeble representatives of that animal as he is known to the people of Europe or America.

In the United States and Canada we have 1 horse for every 372 persons; in South America, 1 for every 7; in Mexico, 1 for every 30; 1 to 40 in Turkey, for 50 in the Philippines, for about 150 in Africa and 200 in India and Southern China.

The llama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds, an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds.

HIS TROUBLE WAS NOT ORGANIC.

Official's Ailment One Comparatively Easy to Cure.

Gen. Jonbert Pleisar was talking to a Washington reporter about a West African official.

"It is in that man's territory," said Gen. Pleisar, "that the blacks are still branded. The man neglects his work. Well intentioned, but lazy. In his ignorance he suffers all sorts of iniquities to go on among his people."

"Yes, he is lazy and neglectful. In the last heat he was taken sick and a physician was sent for."

"I want you to tell me frankly," he said to the physician, "what is the matter with me?"

"The physician frowned at the fat, flushed face and, frankly enough, replied:

"The trouble with you, sir, is that you are suffering from underwork and over pay."

The Teacher's Creed.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance; in the efficacy of schools; in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the pages of the printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school room, in the home, in daily life and out of doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith; in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and all its opportunities; in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.—Edwin Grover.

Life Judged by Failures.

Life is often best judged by its failures. What we attempt is frequently much more important than what we do. The result of the famous Charge of the Light Brigade was more glorious than if they had captured some strong position in disobedience to the commands of the officers whom they had sworn to obey. It is not necessary to go as far as Stevenson did when he said that, whatever else we are meant for, we are not meant to succeed. But it is necessary to recognize that we are meant to be true, successful or no success. It may be a nobler thing to lead in vain a forlorn hope than to plant our colors on the very citadel of the enemy. Failure to be faithful is the only failure.—Sunday School Times.

"Late Again."

The late Lord Kelvin was singularly unpunctual at meals, and generally absorbed over the repeat in some scientific abstraction. In his own dining-room a favorite parrot greeted his appearance with "Late again, Sir William!" Yet he had a keen sense of humor. Simplicity of speech was not in his plan. As chairman at a public dinner, for example, he rose to announce that "the conversion of cellular tissue into chemical molecules may now begin. Gentlemen, you may smoke!"

What Becomes of Them.

Philosophers arise upon all sides—peasants, clerics, stoics, pythagoreans, epicureans, positivists, empiricists and intuitionists. They arise and flap their shimmering wings and they fade into inert innocuousness. The tidal wave of time—clammy, cruel and inevitable—surges o'er their forgotten biers. Their souls are absorbed in the thin ether of the illimitable cosmos. They speak their little pieces, dodge the ever-burbling egg, and then shut up forever. Alas!

Truly Popular.

Old Jerry, the butler, was very proud of the popularity of his young mistress, who had just made her debut in society. In describing the glories of the debut ball and the subsequent delights of the debutante's social career, he said:

"You, sah, yes, sah; she certainly is enjoyin' herself, sah. Why, every day she jes' has dozens ob roses and such like, and I jes' can't say how many boxes ob bon tons."

MAN'S TRUEST ANIMAL FRIEND.

Wonderful Love and Loyalty of Dog to its Master.

There was a time when the dog had no human friend, perhaps, but very early in the life of the world he and man came together, and the dog has stuck ever since, says a writer in the New Haven Register. Man has abused and neglected the dog. He has allowed him to accumulate faster than he can be matched with friends, and hence the dog has deteriorated. The friendless dog is the neglected dog, and the neglected dog becomes, not from his own fault but from the fault of man, the dangerous dog. Hence the laws to regulate dogs, which are as much in the interest of the dog as in the interest of humans.

To the ideal of "one dog, one country, one wife—at a time," might be added "one dog at a time." One dog is enough for any man. It is sufficient for ideal companionship. There is something inspiringly pathetic in the comradeship that sometimes springs up between the right sort of a man and the right sort of a dog. There is a fidelity that might shame many a man in the love and loyalty of a dog to his master. History and literature are starred with its brightness and beauty. Pity the man who can't appreciate a dog, even if he doesn't happen to own one. Surely his soul lacks something more essential than adoration of music—he's fit for worse than treason, stratagems and spoils.

CREAM PUFFS NOT SATISFYING.

Made Somewhat Meager Repast for Hungry Traveler.

"The hungriest I ever was in my life," remarked one Bert Foster, well-known Cleveland traveler and clubman, the other day, "was at a little station down in Texas one day where the train stopped five minutes for luncheon. I went in and grabbed up a couple of sandwiches—the last ones they had—and the only things I saw on the counter that were eatable, and then rushed back on the train, for if I missed the train I would have had to stay there over night. The sandwiches were all that stood between me and starvation, for there was no dining car on the train and the next stop where one could buy things to eat was about 150 miles farther on. You can figure it out for yourself how anxious I was to get after the two sandwiches. I bit into one of them and what do you think the sandwich was? It was a cream puff! Two cream puffs—that I had thought were sandwiches. That was all that I had to fill up the great void in my insides. I might as well have had a couple of hickory nuts. Nice jolly situation for a starving man, that, wasn't it?"

From Li Hung Chang.

Impertinent questions to others, or comments on their appearance, mark bad breeding, and lead to sharp rebukes.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinaman while visiting this country was known for the keenness of his wit and the fineness of his courtesies. One day when he was calling upon an American lady her little boy, who had been looking sharply at him, said:

"Say, mister, how few hairs you have!"

"And, my little man," said Li, patting him on the head, "how few manners you have!"

Fatal Explanations.

Nothing is more fatal to friendly relations than complaints and reproaches and demands for explanations. People must be judged in the wholeness of their conduct. A thousand subtle influences, unexpected and unforeseen events, have their action and reaction on life. A thousand things occur that can neither be analyzed nor defined. Many a temporary alienation is effectively overcome by silence. Reproaches, questionings, but widen the gulf. Leaving it alone, taking up other interests and ideas, bridge it over.

Unwelcome Gift.

Gunner—Why in the world is Harker looking so angry these days?

Guyver—Why, they had a wooden wedding down to his house about a month ago and he's been worked up ever since.

Gunner—What about? I thought a wooden wedding was a joyous occasion?

Guyver—Not this one. Some one presented him with a wooden snow shovel and his wife has been making him use it ever since.

Sincerity Gives Power.

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere) genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct. Sham and shoddy are powerless; only the genuine and the true are worth while.

The Necessary Requirement.

"Father," said the young woman, "I begin to realize that beauty is only skin deep."

"How's that?" questioned her pa.

"Nowadays," continued the girl, "a dowry is much deeper."

Whereupon her father resolved to add a little more water to the stock that a fund might be established to attract desirable young men.—Detroit Free Press.

SUBSCRIBER SACRED TO HIM.

Might Be Horse Thief, But Foreman Wouldn't Go Back on Him.

The Fourth Estate repeats a good story told by "Bob" Davis, on the editorial staff of Munsey's. While Davis was connected with a paper in a rough-and-ready western town, a shabbily dressed stranger walked in one day and asked for some old clothes, although his own were fairly good. The staff contributed, and, to the surprise of every one, the stranger pulled out \$8 and paid for a year's subscription to the paper. Then, having donned the contributed clothing, he hastily departed. He had been gone but a little while when the sheriff came in looking for a horse thief. His description fitted the stranger to a nicety. "He was in here," said the foreman, "and went up the street when he left. If you hurry you will catch him." Davis was surprised.

"Why did you say he went up the street when you saw him go the other way?" he asked the foreman.

"It," retorted the foreman, "with freezing dignity, 'you wouldn't have me go back on a subscriber, would you?'"

JOKE ON POMPOUS OFFICIAL.

Judge Evidently Was No Admirer of Red Tape Methods.

One of the secretaries to our embassy at London relates how a question arose as to the cost of heating one of the Irish law courts. A consequential treasury official was detailed from London to look into the matter.

When he introduced himself to the judge within whose jurisdiction the matter lay, the judge, who, by the way, frequently evinced a great scorn of red tape, smiled with suspicious blandness.

"Certainly," said his honor, "I will put you in communication with the person immediately in charge of that department."

Whereupon he scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and gave it to a messenger. In a short time an aged charwoman entered. The judge then arose and, as he left the room, said:

"Rosie, here is the young man to see about the coal."—Harper's Weekly.

Queen and Her Lover.

Essex street, London, derives its name from the ill-fated earl of Essex—the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. The earl's town house stood in Essex street and the queen often visited him there. The story goes that it was in the garden of Essex house that the queen gave her favorite a box on his ear, saying: "Go and be hanged!" and the hot-tempered young man swore that he would not have brooked such an insult from her father. A curious discovery relating to Essex and Queen Elizabeth was made by Lord Cholmondeley in 1770 at a house in Essex street which overlooked the earl's gardens. Scratched on a pane of glass in a top window were the letters "I. C. U. S. X. and E. R.," which has been interpreted as "I see you Essex and Elizabeth reign," and was probably the recorded jest of an inquisitive onlooker, who witnessed the meetings of the queen and her favorite.

Tricked of the Time.

A Philadelphia lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' Oim not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland never got justice yet."—Judge.

Those Perfect English Servants.

The following "true story" is told by a correspondent of the London Opinion: A lady living in Doncaster ordered at Christmas a savory pudding to be sent in with the goose. On coming down to dine, no savory pudding was to be seen. "Jane, you sent in no savory pudding. How was that?" she asked the cook after dinner. "No, marm. There was only you in the house that likes it, so I thought I wouldn't make one. None of us in the kitchen likes it." The lady said nothing more, as the girl had been with her for five years, but she thought it the coolest thing she had heard for some time.

Turkish Women's Veil.

Very often the fashionable ladies have other costumes made like an elaborate opera cloak, and wear veils that are nothing more than transparent net. When they reach this extreme and they are seen by the dreaded spy, these ladies are reported to the sultan. At once an order is issued that no one is to wear anything but the old-fashioned "Terija," and a veil through which the face can not be discerned. This order is obeyed for about a year, when by degrees they begin wearing thinner veils.

Different.

She—You spend too much money on things you don't really need and that you buy merely because they are cheap. That is false economy.

He—Here's a lady's watch I bought to-day for \$10. I am sure it is well worth \$20.

She—Oh, thank you, dearest. How splendidly clever you are at picking up bargains.

ALLOWED TO CHOOSE MATES.

Privilege That Is Accorded to French Female Convicts.

French female convicts have one privilege that female convicts of other countries do not enjoy—they are allowed to get married. But the husbands must also be convicts. Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries calling upon all women who feel minded to go out to New Caledonia, in the South Pacific and be married to make application to that effect through the governor. Elderly women are said to be prompt in making such applications, but they are not entertained, as the candidates must be young and exempt from physical infirmities. The selected candidates have to sign engagements promising to marry convicts and settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions the government transports them and gives them an outfit and a ticket-of-leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts for them to choose from, and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of marriageable men to women is about three to one. Sometimes warden or free settlers have wooed a pretty female convict, but before being permitted to marry her must place themselves in the position of a ticket-of-leave man and undertake never to leave the colony.—The Pathfinder.

THOUGHT HE WANTED SNUFFBOX.

Suspicion of Piper Not Very Flattering to His Grace.

At a dinner given by the marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress, had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuffbox could not be found anywhere, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuffbox which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace," replied the piper, "I did, but I thought ye wushed tae keep it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sad-Colored Food.

Now that it has been discovered, or rediscovered, by an eminent physician that the colors of food have much to do with the appetite, a woman in town who is known for her novel entertainments is going to give a luncheon where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast. A London gastronomic expert, preaching along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, says: "Persons naturally avoid sombre-colored food. As an instance, a man will come home to dinner and see a gray-colored, overdone leg of mutton before him. He won't touch it. It is not the meat, but the color, which has turned him against the food. The same man will see a piece of red, underdone beef, and he fancies it at once. He is attracted by the color."

Health and Cooking.

Good cooking is rapidly becoming a lost art. They who prepare the food for the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough.

Cure for Criminals.

Physiological circumstances may totally change the character, as, for instance, mental disease, and even a slight injury to the brain. It is this latter class of criminals—vicious by accident—that has so far come under surgical treatment. There is no reason why we should not attempt the same operation on those congenitally deformed—that is, on the typical professional criminal, whom so far all methods of reform and all varieties and measures of punishment have failed to cure.—Dr. Hollander, in Strand Magazine.

Prudence.

"John," said the bride, as they were starting away, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"I don't think so, darling. What do you mean?"

"I didn't see you hand anything to the minister."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll pay him when we get back from our wedding trip. I'll know better then than I do now how much he ought to have."

A Master Stroke.

"Is your daughter as smart as her old dad?"

"Smart? Going to marry a duke."

"Is that smart?"

"In this case, yes. Love match; gets him for nothing."

GAVE HIS VANITY A SETBACK.

Business Man Not as Fascinating as He Thought He Was.

Speaking of absent-mindedness—there are a lot of men who don't notice things. They may not be absent-minded, but there are a lot of things that get by them.

The other day a prominent steamship man here in town passed an attractive young woman on the street. She bowed pleasantly and spoke to him. And yet he didn't know her from a bale of hemp.

"Huh! I guess I must be pretty good," he reflected. "I must be holding my age pretty well when strange young women begin to speak up to me like that. Well, I wonder!"

The next day the steamship man was riding down in the elevator with his partner, and that same trim little girl was aboard. Once more she beamed upon him.

"Say, I've made a hit with that little girl that was on the elevator," the steamship man confided to his partner after they got off. "Not so bad looking either, is she? I don't know who she is, but she's mighty pleasant and chipper to me. Funny how a fellow'll make a hit that way with somebody he never even talked to. Makes a man feel good to think that he still looks young enough for the girls to take notice of him, eh?"

The partner was looking at him with an amused expression.

"Maybe it would interest you," he suggested, "to know that that girl has been the telephone operator up in our office for about a year and a half. You've talked to her a thousand times and passed her 40 times a day."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COUNTRY AS MIND OF WEALTH.

Paid Agents Misrepresent Conditions to Secure Immigration.

"Misrepresentation on the part of paid agents is the chief reason for so much of the undesirable immigration to this country," said George F. Wagner of Chicago, who has recently returned from a trip to Germany and Austria. "The agents go among the peasant classes and tell them of the money that can be made by coming to America. The standard of wages is so much lower there and the money itself divided into smaller denominations that these promises are alluring. The agent, however, fails to tell them that living expenses are proportionately higher in this country. So the peasant sells what property he has, and with his family takes passage for America, the land of quick fortunes. Arriving here they soon discover that while the scale of wages is all that they have been promised and that work is plentiful, they can make no more and probably not as much in this strange country. Their idea of America is about the same as that of two Irishmen who came over not long ago. They had been told that in America gold was found lying around on the streets and all a man had to do was to go out and pick up as much as he wanted. As luck would have it they had no more set foot on shore than one of them did find a \$10 gold piece. Passing on they met one of the professional blind beggars. 'Here,' said the Irishman, 'You take this \$10 piece. I am not blind and I can look for more.'"

A Promising Fruit.

The persimmon has been a neglected fruit in the northern states, from a supposition that it is not hardy, says the Agriculturalist. I found the opposite to be true some 30 years ago, and had a tree at Clinton, N. Y. grown from Missouri seed, that never shows the slightest sign of distilling zero weather. It has stood 40 degrees below zero. Blossoming profusely every year, it remained entirely barren. I sent to the horticultural societies of Missouri and Indiana and Virginia for seeds. That grand old worker, Mr. Miller of Missouri, sent me four named varieties. The seeds took admirably well, and I have tested the four sorts, ripening from September until December. My tree is invariably loaded with golden balls, which are very beautiful after the foliage falls. The fruit is exceedingly palatable, if properly ripened.

Washington's Headquarters.

The headquarters at Newburg, N. Y., one of the most interesting of all the houses that Washington sojourned in, is very carefully preserved and its grounds are well kept, and the people of Newburg take great pride in it, while the state appropriates a sum for its maintenance from year to year. But the house has been made the receptacle for a great mass of manuscripts, relics and memorials of Washington and the revolution, and a request is now made of the legislature to build a fireproof building in which these may be kept. It is a small matter of \$30,000, and without doubt the appropriation will be made.

The Oldest Royal Goffer.

The king of England is the oldest royal goffer we have—not the oldest, merely in years of life, but in golfing experience. It may surprise many people to know that King Edward was driving a golf ball half a century ago, long before most golfers of the present time were born.

Lipton Turning to Hobbies.

Sir Thomas Lipton believes in fresh air, and to avoid sleeping in town will often drive ten miles at one o'clock in the morning to Osidge, his place at Old Southgate, in Middlesex. He is now a keen gardener and has of late been heard of as an orchid fancier.