

WHISKY A HIGHLAND BEVERAGE.

Practically Unknown in England Until the Year 1745.

Up to about the middle of the eighteenth century usquebae, or whisky—a purely Highland or Celtic beverage—was almost as unfamiliar on the lowlands as it was in England...

FAR BEYOND ALLOTTED SPAN.

Records of Men Who Long Evaded the Reaper's Scythe.

In these days, when a man is considered "too old at 40," it is refreshing to learn that there is at Constantinople a veteran called Hadji Raouf who is still young enough to earn his living as a saddle maker...

Unearthed Confederate Treasure.

More than \$1,000,000 in confederate currency and about \$4,000 in gold coin and bullion was unearthed by the prong of a plow on Bret Knox's farm near here by the planter, who had just taken the reins of the mule in hand in an effort to show a negro hand how to "ditch" a trough intended to carry the accumulation of water from the plot of ground in cultivation...

Six O'Clock Folk.

How many know what a "six o'clock man" is? Miss Sprurgeon, one of the lecturers in English at Bedford college, Baker street, London, has a country cottage and an old "Ralph's Mill" in the middle of Westleton Heath, Saxmundham. The other day a non-Suffolk woman told her that her gardener's wife had said that "We are six o'clock people," and she had taken it to mean "early risers."

Spiritualist and Sportman.

Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist and author, presents the rather impressive aspect of a Spiritualist who is at the same time a sportman. Sir Oliver is a constant golfer, a member of the Sutton Coldfield and Felixstowe golf clubs, and, in fact, has played the game for 30 years.

Fell Down.

"Squibb, you've made a remarkable success as a writer of ads. It must take a peculiar talent to do that sort of work."

MIGHT HAVE PUZZLED SOLOMON.

Decision Over Which Country Squire Is Still Deliberating.

"That is a complicated question," said a statesman of a certain practical proposal. "It reminds me of a question that was once put to old Squire Briggs. 'The squire was noted for his long, Solomon-like head, and he was frequently asked to settle disputes. 'Squire,' said a farmer to him one day at the tavern, 'there's a difficult point I want you to settle, and whatever you say I'll abide by.' 'Well, fire away,' said the squire, good humoredly, 'and I'll see what I can do for you.' 'It's like this,' said the man. 'Blankson wants to trade farms with me, but we can't agree on terms. His land is better than mine, but I've got twice as many cranberry vines; his corn is all stacked and mine ain't, but I've got screes to four windows and two doors to the shack. There's less stones in his meadow land than there is in mine, but there's more bog.' 'The man paused and took breath. Then he went on: 'Now, I won't tell you which is which, but one of us thinks Blankson's pointer dog ought to be thrown in, and the other one thinks that my heifer would just about even things up. Now what do you say is fair?' 'At last accounts the squire was still deliberating.'"

DIPLOMACY SURELY HIS LINE.

Bridegroom Knew the Value of a Few Honeyed Words.

They sat in the express, billing and cooing. Now and again they would shake themselves like damp dogs and tiny particles of rice would scatter on the carpet. "Sweetheart," said the bridegroom at length, speaking in tender but manly tones—"sweetheart, would you mind if I went into the 'smoker' for a bit?" She pouted. "What?" she exclaimed. "To smoke, love?" He cast up his hands. "Oh, no, no, no," he assured her. "I may smoke, but that is not why I wish to leave you. I only want to suffer for a brief space the agony of absence from your side so that I may subsequently experience the intense joy of my return."

A Kissing Acquaintance.

As Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States senate, was walking along a Boston street, in company with a friend, he was suddenly accosted most familiarly and affectionately by a woman who, without further warning, proceeded to throw her arms round his neck and kiss him on both cheeks.

The Shanghai Judgeship.

Just judges are appreciated in Shanghai, and, indeed, the need of their being men of fearless integrity may be said to increase with the square of the distance from home, since here there are many judges and possibilities and facilities of appeal, while in remote places all may depend upon the decision of a single judge. Let it be known that the American judge at Shanghai does strict and impartial justice, regardless of fear or favor, and that he is supported in so doing by the government at Washington, and every honest American sojourning in those parts will feel more secure and will take greater pride in his citizenship before the world.—New York Tribune.

Reason for Thanks.

The impecunious author's wife was trying on a new dress and endeavoring to observe the hang of it by means of a round mirror on top of a high chiffonier. Every woman will appreciate what that means. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, as she thought with some pathos, "I haven't seen the bottom of my skirt since I was married."

Happened in Boston.

Party Hanging to Lamp Post—Say, am I sober? Citizen—Pardon me, my friend, I am not a judge of inebriety, but henceforth when you are confronted with the problem of transporting a consignment of that magnitude to your domicile I should at least suggest the propriety of going twice for it.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

A Use for All.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor." "Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."—Literary Digest.

JACK THE OLDEST DOG ALIVE.

He Was Born Nineteen Years Ago, But Refuses to Think of Dying.

Jack, a mongrel terrier, but a breed worth while, has been so used to fighting all his life that he will not die. Not he, he refuses to think of it, says the Boston Globe. His father was a cross between an Irish terrier and a skye terrier and his mother a smooth-haired fox terrier. Glorious combination, a terrier of the terriers. He was born in Newton Lower Falls in March, 1889. Bought for \$5, his owner, to keep the peace in the family of Noah A. Plympton of Wellesley Hills, said that he had brought him home for the baby. On those terms and on those alone was he admitted to the household, which he has ruled since to such an extent that the members are grateful that he does not know about the discussion which so nearly kept him from the place where he belonged. Faithful, affectionate, good to look at, with his expressive eyes and shaggy hair, intelligent to a degree, good-tempered, though quick to resent an insult like the accident of having moved one's foot anywhere near him, Jack has been a cheering companion and a devoted friend. And Jack has had the unique honor, of being present at a Wellesley college function, to which no man ever has been admitted. He came home decked out with ribbons.

CARRIES WIRELESS IN POCKET.

Boy Who Can Telegraph Home as He Walks Along the Road.

Walter J. Willenborg is a boy who has decided to conquer the problems of wireless telegraphy. He has his own laboratory adjoining his bedroom. He has constructed a wireless receiving station at the top of the house. Curious to see what could be done on a small scale, says St. Nicholas, he invented and made a portable telegraphic station that he could carry about in his pockets. From the top button of his coat he hung a slender wire that reached to the ground and so arranged that when he walked along a country road the wire would trail upon the ground behind him. In his pocket he carried a little battery. On a bit of board as big as your hand he placed a complete wireless transmitting apparatus, induction coil, baby sander and all, supporting this fairy telegraph station by fastening it to a belt around his waist. From this traveling station he sent messages from a country road to his folks at home eight miles away in town, telling them where he was and where he was going and that he would reach home in time for supper.

War Is Evil.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow creatures in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity while we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rancor when the communion of our country is dissolved.—Edmund Burke.

Arctic Dog Life.

Nowhere in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of way as in our most northerly possession—Alaska. In winter, when the more than 500,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact, they seem necessary to life itself. The aristocrats of Arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States government. They are to-day a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.—St. Nicholas.

Could Find the Way.

The theater was in an unfashionable, congested part, and the visitor from afar had much difficulty in finding it. To the man in the box office he made complaint. "You have no direction painted up to point the way. At the end of this villainous street is a notice. 'To the Baptist Chapel,' but never a word as to your theater." The man at the pay box weighed his words. "The chapel-goers may need directing; our patrons find the way easily enough." There may or may not be a moral to the tale!

Estimated Age of the Earth.

The highest authorities place the total number of years elapsed since, in the light of best geological evidence, men first appeared upon earth at 288,000. Of this, 78,000 belong to the pre-glacial epoch, 100,000 years to the glacial, 44,000 to the interval between the glacial epoch and the proto-historic and neolithic, 10,000 years to the two last named epochs, and 6,000 years to the time elapsed since the beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

Exempla Gratia.

"It is not enough," said the man who was fond of moralizing, "that a man should be prudent most of the time; he must be so all the time. The foolish action of a few minutes may spoil the prospects of a lifetime." "That's so," put in Henpeck, "it only takes a few minutes to get married."

JUST THE WOMAN HE WANTED.

Farmer Saw Congenial Helpmate in Heroine of Senator's Story.

When Senator James A. Hemenway of Indiana was campaigning he delivered an address before an audience of farmers in a country schoolhouse. In the course of his remarks he reviewed the great agricultural prosperity of the country, and as an illustration told a story of a poor farmer who had died, leaving his wife the farm heavily mortgaged. He said that the widow set to work with a will and succeeded upon one year's wheat crop in paying off the entire mortgage. When he had completed his speech, the senator, as is customary on such occasions, shook hands and greeted the members of his audience. One middle-aged farmer finally approached him thoughtfully and began: "Senator, you told a story 'bout the widow raising a mortgage on one year's crop?" "Yes, my friend, that was a true story."

POVERTY THE BEST STIMULANT.

Good Thing for Any Young Fellow, Says Edward W. Bok.

"It always makes me smile," said Edward W. Bok in an interview in the New Broadway Magazine, "when some woman, a reader of our magazine, writes me and asks: 'What do you know about the needs, the life or the struggles of poor people—youth who were born with a silver spoon in your mouth?' Bless her heart, she little knows that I have been through it all. I know what it is to live on practically nothing; to stealthily leave the house at night, go to the lot and pick up odd pieces of wood because we had not the four cents to buy a bundle of kindling; to pick up the odd bits of coal; to go around afraid to stoop because of the patches in my clothes. Know it? Oh, yes, I know what it is to be poor. "And it was fine, I tell you," said this man unexpectedly. "Fine? You mean poverty?" I asked. "I do," he said, emphatically. "The finest thing that ever happened to me, the finest thing that ever happened to any young fellow is to be poor. There is no greater stimulant than poverty—not as a condition in which to stay, but as a condition to work out of."

Mid His Gold Too Well.

After a three months' secret search John Dahl, a resident of this place, finally has uncovered a pot of gold coin that he had saved and buried under his cabin more than two years ago. Dahl is one of the men who refuse to trust banks. When he hid his savings he thought he had marked the spot securely, but a number of months ago when he went to look he was unable to locate the money. Dahl then built a small shed over the ground where he thought the gold was located, and unwilling to allow others to know of the existence of the treasure, lest he be robbed, he set about digging in the evening by candle light. After long toil his search finally was rewarded and he emerged from his cabin with the coin.—Camp Crook correspondence to St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Demands of Genius.

"I am a poetess," said the lady indignantly, "not a geometrician. I furnish the soul for my lines—I would scorn to provide the purely mechanical construction." "I see," said the affable editor. "But as the meter of your poem is painfully irregular, I must decline to publish it." The lady glared. "Nonsense!" she said. "If the meter isn't right, make it so." "But that," the editor mildly observed, "is not in my line." The poetess picked up her manuscript and started for the door. There she turned. "I'd just like to know what you've paid to do?" she remarked with withering sarcasm.

Life on Island of Jolo.

Thomas F. Millard describes the island of Jolo as the most interesting island of the Sulu archipelago. In landing upon this island one steps at once into a warlike atmosphere. Orders stipulate that no American soldier shall ever be without arms. Mr. Millard met a party of enlisted men returning from a swim in the surf, each one with a revolver in his hand. "The reason for this extraordinary precaution in time of peace," Mr. Millard explains, "is the juramentada, a type of religious fanatic who occasionally gets it into his crazy head to draw his barong and run amuck. He exists in all parts of the Moro country, but Jolo seems to be his favorite habitat."

The Reason.

Wiggins (to his new neighbor's son) —Where did you live before you moved here? Johnny—Louisville. We moved here from Memphis and before that we lived in Moline. "My! Your folks move around some, don't they?" "Yes. We're huntin' for a place where pa'll find it easier to work."—Woman's Home Companion.

Uncle Allen.

"It's next thing to impossible," spoke up Uncle Allen Sparks, "to be a candid friend, if you're candid you don't have any friends."

ALLIGATORS FOR THE CAMERA.

Amphibians Easily Managed According to This Story.

I have seen a barefoot boy, when the alligator refused to respond to his call, wade in the mud to his waist, explore with his toes till he felt the wiggle of the gator beneath them, then worry him to the surface, grab him by the nose before he could open his jaws and tow the creature ashore to be photographed. When an alligator that were hunting crawled into his cave I held a noosed rope over his mouth, while the boy poked a stick through the mud until it hit the creature in his hiding place, and soon I had him snared, ready to be dragged out on the prairie and tied, to be kept till the camera man was ready for him. Then we turned the reptile loose on a bit of prairie, and the boy and I armed with sticks, headed him off when he tried to escape, while the camera man, with his head in the hood of his instrument, followed the creature about seeking for evidence in the case of "Reason vs. Instinct." When the camera man was through with him the alligator was set free, a final shot being taken at him as he walked off. Our hunter boys could never be made to comprehend our reasons for restoring to the creature their freedom. They understood the photographing, but when this was done, why neglect a dollar for the reptile's hide? Their manner implied that to this question no sane answer was possible.—A. W. Dimock, in Harper's Magazine.

OF INTEREST TO THE JUDGES.

They Were Concerned in Authorship of Shakespeare's Work.

The question for discussion before the debating society that had met in the little schoolhouse belonging to District No. 13 was this: "Resolved, That the works published under the name of William Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon." The debate was fierce and prolonged, but, as frequently happens in such cases, the disputants on one side had informed themselves thoroughly, while the others, relying upon their having the popular side of the controversy, depended solely on their oratory. Hence the "Baconians," having learned all that could be said in favor of their contention, made really a very plausible case and had decidedly much the better of the argument. At the close of the discussion the three judges who had been selected held a brief consultation, and decided in favor of the negative. "Why did you decide against us?" subsequently asked one of the disputants. "You know we presented good arguments, while the other fellows didn't show any."

Romance and Reality.

"Let the youngsters have their romance—an' it'll be all the better for 'em if they git a purty good dose on it; but don't hide from 'em the fact that thar's somethin' in the shape of trouble a-waitin' for 'em up the road," said Mr. Billy Sanders. "Not big trouble, tooby shore, but jest big enough to make 'em stick closer together. It ain't no use to try to rub out the fact that life is what it is. It's full of rough places, an' thar are times when you have to leave the big road an' take a short-cut through the bamboo briars for to keep from slippin' in a mud-hole. The briars hurt, but the mud-hole mought amifflicate you. It ain't no use to deny it, trouble is seasonal. I never know'd it to hurt anybody but the weak-minded, the willful, an' them that was born to the purple."—Joe Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus Magazine.

In Plain Terms.

"The ignorance of many persons touching the 'good old Anglo-Saxon' speech we hear so much of in the magazines and newspapers," says a member of the faculty of Princeton, "is most amusing at times. A member of the bar in Philadelphia, a man more remarkable for the vigor of his dresses to justice than for his learning, was not long ago commenting on the proceedings of the other party to a suit under trial. 'I do not know what gloss,' said he, 'my learned friend may put upon this matter, but I will not mince my words. I denounce this thing in plain, downright Anglo-Saxon English as a nefarious and preposterous transaction of the most unprecedented kind.'"—Harper's Weekly.

To Keep Yale Boys from Broadway.

To break undergraduate students of the "New York habit," which finds expression in a week-end exodus from the campus, a committee of the Yale university faculty is making a study of conditions and causes with a view of keeping the students from the allurements of Broadway. "To break undergraduate students of the 'New York habit,' which finds expression in a week-end exodus from the campus, a committee of the Yale university faculty is making a study of conditions and causes with a view of keeping the students from the allurements of Broadway."

The Ancient Sage.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion." "But the wisest men simply can't do it."

Bure Thing.

"Now, children," said the teacher "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?" "Do things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.

PULLED OFF THE BURNING HAIR.

Occasion When False Tresses Averted Dreadful Tragedy.

There came very near being a conflagration on Mount Royal Terrace the other evening—in fact, a small fire was started, but providentially it was extinguished just in time, says the New Orleans Picayune. A certain charming young married woman, whose coiffure is a work of art and the envy of her friends, was in her room fixing a little rent in one of her gloves, and was holding the glove and needle very near the gas jet, so as to get a good light on the article. All at once she noticed that the room brightened and the shadow on the wall told her that her head was ablaze from the gas jet. But presence of mind is one of the valuable assets of this lady, and in a moment the fire was extinguished. "How do you do it?" queried one of her friends to whom she later related the occurrence. "Why, I just reached up and pulled off all my puffs. I was so glad they came off. It would have been terrible if all my hair was attached to my head." "Yes, indeed, you might have been burned to death," sympathized the friend. "I might have been burned bald-headed," was the reply in such tones of horror as to indicate that death itself could have no greater terror. The moral of this story is that false hair has certain advantages.

BOUGHT ONLY HIS OWN SAFETY.

Book Tells Unpleasant Story of Husband's Cowardice.

A partly caustic, partly humorous book, entitled "The Irony of Marriage," has aroused a good deal of interest in England. The author, Mr. Basil Tozer, thinks that the supposedly attractive quality in a wife is a sense of humor, as being not only delightful in itself but as denoting a sympathetic nature. He thinks that humorous women abound—but not everybody agrees with him. One eminent literary man told the author that in the whole of his life he had met only two women with a sense of humor. "One," he said, "I married; the other is still at large." Mr. Tozer offers various unpleasant stories about husbands. Here is one of them: "The scene is a ship caught in a typhoon on the Pacific. A report has been spread that the ship was sinking, the man rushed down to the cabin in search of a cork jacket. Only one was there, and his wife had already secured it. In an instant he pounced upon her, and, in spite of her frantic struggles, wrested the jacket from her and bound it about himself. But the ship didn't sink. In point of fact, the danger had not been great. To this day the story is related in the club at Yokohama, and the hero of it, who is in the shipping business, is known among his acquaintances as 'Leon Hearted Peter.'"

Old Eli Pretty Young Yet.

One does not always remember that the first Spanish settlements in South America antedated the first English settlements in North America by nearly 100 years and that when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth there were already cities in South America that could boast of a longer history than Chicago can to-day. When Harvard, our oldest university, was only an idea in the minds of a few English colonists, the University of San Marcos in Peru was a well-established institution already older than Cornell is to-day. When Cornell celebrates her hundredth anniversary the University of San Marcos, still flourishing, will be getting ready to celebrate her four hundredth. When Yale was founded this ancient university of Lima was already 131 years old, or about the same age that Columbia is to-day.

Thrifty Pyrenees Giant.

Every now and then some one announces himself as the "tallest man," one of the latest to do so being Senor Firmin Arrudi, a native of Ballent, in the Spanish Pyrenees. He is seven feet eight inches tall. Naturally most of these big fellows go about the world exhibiting themselves, that ordinary mortals may wonder and incidentally pay for their wonderment. Senor Arrudi made a tour of South America, where he made in one year more than \$3,000. He was wiser than many freaks of nature, however, and after accumulating his money he returned to his native village, where he went into retired life, married and is living on the interest of his earnings.—The Pathfinder.

New Work for Women.

Women are being recognized as eligible for positions in law offices, not as future lawyers, but simply as law clerks, and these have most responsible positions requiring that attention to detail that a woman is so capable of giving. A lawyers' stenographer must not misplace even a comma, and a lawyer's clerk must be equally exact in all the work that is under her charge, and women have been found better fitted for the work than the average young man.