

GATHER UP THE STOPWATCHES.

Device of Racing Judges to Prevent Too Accurate Timing.

"There's tricks in every old game," tritely remarked John G. Fisher, county commissioner and horseman, the other day.

"Down at Rockport track they used to have a great system of preventing a fast horse from getting a low mark too early in its career. Whenever a heat is about to be raced and it is desired to let a horse step a fast mile without giving him a correspondingly fast mark the ones on the inside set to work to get a corner on all the stopwatches about the track. Those stable boys know every man that owns a stopwatch, just the same as they know every man who owns a rapid horse. The boys are sent to the owners of watches to borrow them, one by one.

"Then after the heat is over there's nobody to stop the time. Those on the inside merely give the time as about ten seconds or so slower than it really was, and that's the end of it. But they're always particular to have an absolute corner on the watches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LONG WARS DUE TO WHISKERS.

Trivial Incident Led to Three Hundred Years of Fighting.

For ages beards were the delight of ancient beauties. The sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion. To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis VII. of France cropped his hair in a pompadour and shaved off his luxuriant whiskers. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him with this uncommon appearance very ridiculous and very contemptible. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, who shortly afterward ascended the French throne, and gave him as her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France and which cost the French nation 3,000,000 men. All of which, probably, had never taken place if Louis VII. had not been so rash as to shave off his whiskers, by which he made himself so disgusting to the fair Eleanor.

Holly Berries as Medicine.

"The holly berry has a value other than aiding in making the Christmas decorations beautiful," said Lawrence Beech of Cullman, Ala., at the Tulane. "If one will take holly berries when they have ripened thoroughly and stew them for about two hours the finest medicine on earth can be had for burns and chaps and skin diseases. The juice of the holly berry has been used in my family for years with greatest success. When my mother was living she used to get a lot of holly berries every winter and stew them. She would take the fluid and put it up in jars. When one of us children got burned right badly, and chapped lips from going out in the cold too much, or had any kind of skin irritation, mother would always get down a jar of holly berry and doctor us. And when I get a home and have children I shall have save the year round."—Nashville Tennessean.

South American Inns.

A traveler who recently returned to Philadelphia was narrating some of his experiences in South America at a banquet of globe trotters. He had skirted the entire coast of South America and had found the inns or hotels in most sections very poor. So bad were they in Peru, he said, that one American who had been thrown into jail pending some dispute over his papers and after his release had sought the hotel of the town, returned the next day to the jail and begged that he might be taken in.

The most curious sign he had seen was in the window of a restaurant in Buenos Ayres, which read: "American cafe—champagne and fried potatoes."—Philadelphia Record.

Oriental Wisdom.

We bow to the gods; but even they are under the sway of tremendous fate. This should we reverence fate; but even fate can give the reward only for this or that special work. Since the reward depends on the work, of what use to us are gods and fate? Honor then to works, over which not fate itself has power!

Many know the faults of others, a few their excellences; it hath not yet appeared that any man hath known his own faults.—Sunday Magazine.

Couldn't Keep Track of Them.

Martin Littleton is one of a family of 13 children, so they say, born to a heritage of poverty and pluck. When he was a small lad down in Texas he fell into the creek one day and Michael, the next youngest brother, ran whimping to Littleton, the elder: "Dad! Dad! Martin is drowning!" "Martin! Martin!" repeated the father of 13. Then he turned dubiously to his wife. "Morr," he inquired anxiously, "have we a Martin?"—Denver News.

Met Their Fate.

As the echo of the clanging bell died away, the man in somber garb arose to his feet. "Are you ready?" he asked. "I am," answered his companion in a firm tone, as he, too, stood up. "Then come. The worst will soon be over." Closing the door behind them, they descended the stairs and entered the dining-room of their boarding house.

ADVICE FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE.

Exercises by Which System is Refreshed and Invigorated.

For relaxing tense nerves there is nothing like a tonic bath and this special relaxing exercise.

The bath is quite simple—nothing but alternate sprays of hot and cold water, given for from five to ten minutes. This is possible for any one who can afford a rubber hose with a spray attachment, which fastens on to the nozzle of the hot and cold spigot. It usually costs about \$1.

Follow the bath with this exercise, which stimulates the nerves without the expenditure of nerve force:

Stand with the weight of the body on the left foot, the right fixed lightly on the floor a little in advance of it. Raise slowly the right arm to the level of the shoulder, then move arm in a circle from right to left and reverse. The left arm is then treated in the same manner, with the weight of body on right foot.

By exercise of this kind the nervous system is refreshed and invigorated. It is important in doing the movements to relax so thoroughly that one forgets she has any muscles. In other words, the movement is to be quite involuntary.

REASONING OF CHILDISH MIND.

Little One Thought She Recognized the Work of Papa.

A short time ago a surgeon had three leg amputations in a week. The unusual number caused talk in the surgeon's household, and his little daughter, Dorothy, was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and little Dorothy were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerotype depicting a girl about eight years of age. The portrait, through a peculiarity of pose, showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her.

"Whose picture is that, mamma?" asked Dorothy.

"Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now."

"Did you know papa then?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I thought maybe you did, 'cause you've got only one leg."—The Delinquent.

Samos as a Birthplace.

Samos, the autonomous Greek island under Turkish suzerainty, which has once more been the scene of trouble, is one of the few lucky regions on earth that have no national debt. It is also one of the few places in that part of the world at which Homer was not born. But as a birthplace Samos nevertheless ranks high. As the home of the first tritremes it was the originator of sea power. Thence came the first bold Greek mariner who sailed out through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic. Above all, it was the birthplace of Pythagoras, of whom Samos is very proud to this day. Its great college, the Pythagorean, is attended by pupils from Crete and other islands, and has been called by a Samian writer "a lighthouse, spreading its light far and wide in the Levant."

Awkward Language.

Japanese "typos" have their troubles. K. Suqimura, library editor of the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun, says that he especially admires the linotype machines. "Unfortunately we are unable to use them in Japan, for our language has 47 letters, as well as over 3,000 Chinese characters, and such a number of types is, of course, beyond the capabilities of any machine yet invented. In the printing office of our newspaper in Tokyo the compositor must often walk the whole length of the room to fetch one character, instead of standing in one place before a single case, as the English or American compositors can do."

Habitual Criminals.

Most crimes—thefts, burglaries, assaults, etc.—are committed by a small number of professional criminals. They adopt crime as a career. It is their means of livelihood. They are caught, sent to prison and return when they come out to the same lawless career. They become so expert that they commit many crimes before they are caught. In prison they are artful hypocrites; becoming quite sanctimonious and earning good characters from the governor and chaplain—in order to get out sooner.—Lloyd's News.

Following Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. "Was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been told how to behave.

"Now, Ethel, should they ask you to stay and dine, you must say: 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Ethel," said the host, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the dignified little girl. "I have already bitten."

Birthplace of Icebergs.

We might call Greenland the world's ice box. If you glance at the map you will see that the state of New York, large as it seems to us, is not over one-twentieth of the size of Greenland, for New York contains only 47,000 square miles. Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the center of Greenland, really being crowded out of the island, it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all the icebergs that are so feared by the mariner.—St. Nicholas.

AND IT WAS SO VERY CLEVER.

Horace Walpole Figures in a Curious Case of Mistaken Identity.

"I heard a very funny story the other night about Horace Walpole," said Mrs. Blake. "I wish I could remember? Was it Mr. Bellairs?"

"No!" said Blake, stiffly. "It wasn't Bellairs."

"I wonder if it could have been Mr. Windsor?"

"No," repeated Blake, "it wasn't Windsor." Before Mr. Blake had a chance to express an affirmative or negative opinion of that hazard as to the source of the Walpole anecdote, Mr. Barton came in. Mrs. Blake, being by that time sure of herself, tried on him her recipe for winning universal affection.

"Oh, Mr. Barton," she said, "I am very glad to see you. I have hardly stopped laughing since I saw you the last time."

Mr. Barton, a cadaverous man with solemn eyes, looked rather foolish.

FATHER HAD DONE HIS BEST.

Boy's Training All Right, but He Seemed to Be Unlucky.

The colored boy was up in the children's court for the fifth time on charges of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father.

"Now, see here, Abe," said he to the old dandy, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm sick of seeing him here!"

"Ah, don't blame you, sah," returned the father; "ah's sick ob seein' 'im hyah too."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be comin' here!"

"Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly; "ah has sutenly showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keep gettin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Art of Begging Letters.

"Nowhere is the ingenuity of the present age more apparent than in the begging letters received by rich men," said a private secretary. "I have been reading letters of that kind by the hundred for the last 15 years. Formerly all begging letters sounded alike. So stereotyped were they that they might have been copied bodily from a ready letter writer. Now the writers display originality. They may want the same old thing that their predecessors wanted, but they ask for it in a different way. People in need have acquired the art of expressing themselves in a dramatic way. That is to their advantage. It may be unjust, but usually the letter that hits a rich man hardest brings the most favorable reply. The writer may not really need assistance nearly so badly as some timid supplicant who clings to trite phrases, but he gets the relief asked for every time."

How the Cow Helped Australia.

"Cora is king in America and the cow is queen in Australia," remarked R. J. Guthrie, agricultural editor of the Sydney Mail. "The cow has redeemed the country, and hundreds of farmers who lost nearly all they had by the drought of 1902 are now better off than they ever were, and it is all due to the cow. Australian butter ranks well up with the best butter in the world."

"Our butter making is all done by the co-operative creamery system. It has been years since the farmer made butter on the farm. We have little use for a dual purpose cow in Australia. That is, the dairy farmer wants a cow that will give milk ten months in the year, and he uses it for no other purpose, while those who raise cattle for beef have no thought of milk production."

Numerous Blocks.

After several sudden jerks and abrupt stops the Chicago man on the southern railroad became apprehensive. Calling the porter aside, he said:

"Sam, is this train safe?"

"Safe as any, sah," assured the porter.

"Well, is there a block system on this road?"

Sam's grin extended from ear to ear.

"Block system, boss? Why, we had de greatest block system in de world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were blocked by a cow and I reckon when we get further souf we'll be blocked by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, Ah should smite."

Guess David Would.

Four-year-old Joe is very fond of Bible stories, and evidently follows the example of his best-loved hero as to meditation "in the night watches."

He wakened his mother one night, after midnight, with the question—

"Mamma, where is David now?"

"In heaven, I guess, Joe."

"Will I go to heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, Joe."

"Mamma, the little voice was very eager now, 'do you s'pose when I get there David will just let me hold his sling-shot a little while?'"—Delinquent.

Figures That Lie.

Skeptick—Well, then if your oil company is so prosperous and straight what have its earnings been?

Boomer—Well—er—I can tell you in round numbers.

Skeptick—Well, then, if your oil company let the numbers be square, if you can.

WHEN HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Announcement About New Cook Seemed to Make a Difference.

Two prosperous business men met on a Broadway local, says the New York Times.

"Howdy do, old man, haven't seen you in an age. How's Mrs. Dayton?"

"Fine and dandy, Brown; and how are you and the madam?"

"Mrs. Brown and your humble servant are both well, but by Jove, our health would improve if we saw the Joseph P. Daytons ringing our door bell."

"Yes, yes, I admit we've been remiss. Mrs. D. and I both speak of you so often and reproach ourselves for our neglect. It's been fully a year since we dined with you."

"You're shy a few months, but we'll let that pass. Suppose you come over to dinner one night next week."

"Really, I can't just say. I think I heard Mrs. Dayton say something about next week being all taken up, and—"

"Well, old man, here is my station; better come; we've got a new cook; she's a dandy. Good night."

"Why, yes, Brown, we'll make the date over the 'phone," shouted Dayton, after the hurrying figure.

FOR THE USERS OF TOBACCO.

Assertion That Plant Was Certainly Placed Here for Good Purpose.

It is passing strange that, with all the experience at command, the physiologists are never in agreement as to the effects of the smoking habit. Even where lay opinion has been fairly well established by the apparently well digested views of the scientists with respect to certain phases of the whole problem, they are wholly liable to upsetting by the latest opinion. For example, two considerations have long been thought to be determined—that moderate indulgence in tobacco need not be denied, and that the lad not out of his teens would better abjure tobacco altogether. It may be asserted that man is not a smoker by nature; and certain effects of tobacco seem to indicate, without especial argument, that the longer the acquirement of the habit is postponed the better for the human system. At the same time the remote antiquity of the tobacco plant suggests that it is one of nature's unassisted growths; and, if it were not designed for man to enjoy in security, neither is it at all clear that it is to be classed with nature's productions.—Providence Journal.

A Noiseless Room.

For many physical researches a perfectly noiseless room is a desideratum. If such could be devised it would open out new possibilities of research. At the University of Utrecht the problem has been apparently successfully solved by the room designed by Zwaardemaker. The walls and ceiling of the room are 16 inches thick, and are formed of six separate layers. The first consists of a feltlike material of horsehair, known as trichopile, this is followed by a layer of porous stone isolated from the floor by sheet lead. An air space of about an inch is followed by wood, and then a course of ground cork, and so on. The final layer is of specially prepared ground cork, known as korkesten.

Woman Operates Alaska Copper Mine.

On the west coast of Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, little traveled and off the beaten paths of sea commerce, is a copper mine which for several years has been operated under the management of a woman. It has been a successful venture, made so from careful management, and the owner, Toia Wyman, is perhaps the only woman in Alaska who is shipping ore out of that territory. For two years she has been sending her product to the Tacoma smelter.

Farmer's Lot Should Be Happy.

If the farmer's returns are not great they possess a degree of certainty by which he is sure to keep the wolf from the door. The fallacy in all of this bawling the meager income from the fields and orchards of the land lies in the assumption that happiness depends upon rookly possessions. Diogenes, with his tub and shirt, asking Alexander to remove from his sunlight, incited the Macedonian conqueror to cry out: "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." The seat of peace, of content, is in a man's own bosom and not in the mine, the warehouse, the granary or bank vault.—Solon O. Thatcher in Maxwell's Talisman.

Not Equipped.

"You ought to try to take life more philosophically," said the man who means well.

"I haven't the raw materials for philosophy," answered Farmer Corn-tassel.

The raw materials?

"Yes. Most of the philosophy I have seen needed a foundation of fried chicken and trimmings and an easy chair and a box of cigars and a number of other things I don't happen to have handy."

A Believer.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" asked the mystical person.

"What do you mean by telepathy?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Thought transfer—the faculty that enables one person to know what another person is thinking about."

"Oh, yes. There's my old friend Mr. Skinboodle. I know what he's thinking about this very minute."

"What is it?"

"Money."

Improved.

"I suppose you've noticed a wonderful improvement in your daughter since she came home from college?"

"Improvement! I should say so. In fact, it's got so now that we have to call beef stew 'ragout of beef' before she'll eat it."

Development.

"Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it isn't so very many years since the telephone caused laughter."

"That's true," answered the man who has trouble with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."

A Matter of Suspense.

"I see Comeup has hung up your account for supplying him with his family tree."

"Yes; didn't like the crop I found it bearing."

"What was that?"

"Hemp."

WINE BATHS FOR THE JADED.

English Women Restore Their Looks by a Champagne Plunge.

London is responsible for the invention of the now famous "lemon baths" which are said to have done so much for the complexion of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. A well-known West End beauty specialist declares that she was the first to "try it on" her customers.

"But," she added, "for invigorating the system temporarily and doing away with fatigue there is nothing to touch a bath of champagne and eau de cologne. It will do as much as a week end visit to the country or a five-hour trip in a balloon. I give them on the premises, and they cost from five to 15 guineas. I sometimes use also big bottles of champagne and four quarts of eau de cologne for one bath. A little while ago I gave several of these to a prospective American bride who had been so utterly worn out with the gayeties of the season that all her beauty was gone. A couple of these baths restored animation to her face and brightness to her eyes. In her case, which was a very bad one, I also administered oxygen."

"Of the 'flower' bath I also make a feature. Roses, mimosa, lavender and heliotrope all play an important part in it. Earlier in the year I used a great deal of wallflowers, which give forth an exquisite aroma. Though not generally known this odor has a highly sanitary effect of its own. I steep the flowers in a certain spirit which takes out all the essence and this is poured into the bath."

BURGLAR HAD TO MAKE CHANGE.

Bankers' Business Instincts Asserted Themselves in Emergency.

A group of his friends were discussing William Winslow Sherman, the old banker who died not long ago. "He had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said one. "Three or four years ago when Sherman was an old man and partially crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it. The thief had a big gun trained on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waived it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said, irritably. 'Let us discuss this matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he laughed. 'Now, you could hurt me if you wanted to, and might get away with some little knicks-knacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might be caught, and there's a slight probability that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash proposition to go away?' They talked it over in all peace. The burglar thought he ought to have \$10, but Sherman, after inquiring into the man's habits, said \$5 was enough. 'You see,' he said, 'you're a known thief. If this were your first offense I'd pay your price, but now the police have your picture you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.' The burglar finally agreed to take \$5. Sherman pulled out a \$10 bill. 'Give me \$2 change,' said he. And he got it, before he paid."—From a New York Letter.

Happy Ignorance.

Francis Wilson, the noted comedian, apropos of certain curios whereon he believed he had been duped, said with a light laugh:

"The collector, as he pursues his hobby, grows in knowledge. Then, reviewing his collection, he sadly finds many an instance where he has been duped.

"The one drawback to knowledge is that it reveals so many dupes and stumbles to us. One summer, for instance, I was doing Switzerland.

"In the neighborhood of Geneva, where the Swiss talk French, I climbed a little peak one fine morning, and on my arrival at the chalet at the top I heard the pretty maidens call in to the kitchen in excellent French:

"'Quick, mother, quick! Here's a tourist. Put some milk on the fire. You know they always like it warm from the cow.'"

Improved Electric Heating.

The ordinary parlor stove is used by Herr Gutsch of Berlin as a receptacle for an electric radiator, consisting of a wire or carbon of suitable resistance, and in this way is converted into an electric heater more satisfactory than those hitherto tried. Too great local drying of the air is a usual fault of electric heating. With the new arrangement the air circulation produced by the stove rapidly distributes the heat and at the same time gives ventilation and prevents excessive drying. The ordinary current consumption warms an average room in about an hour. With the large tile stoves so common in Germany the heat is retained a long time, and the cost of keeping the room comfortable is moderate.

Inventor of Portland Cement.

Isaac Charles Johnson, the inventor of Portland cement, is still living in Gravesend, Eng., and active, at the age of 95. He was born in the year 1810, when George III. was king and Jefferson was president, and when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. Mr. Johnson won an education under many difficulties, as his parents were poor. In early manhood he became an architect, and a house which he built in the Elizabethan style is still standing at Swanscourt in Kent. It was at this time that he first invented Portland cement, which was first introduced into this country by Levi P. Morton.

Future of the Chinese.

Sir Robert Hart, director-general of Chinese customs, declares that the Chinese are destined to become a powerful nation; but with such an immense mass the work must go slow, and by the time they are organized along modern lines, even if they were aggressive, which they are not, they will know how to temper their strength with wisdom. As to the "yellow peril," Sir Robert said he thought that, though the Chinese are likely to become formidable competitors in industrial and trading matters, they will not cause the world any special trouble.

Wisdom of Experience.

"Love is blind," remarked the quotation dispenser, who happened to be single.

"Don't you believe it!" rejoined the man who had been trotting in double harness for nearly a year. "After the honeymoon is over one gets wise to the fact that the blindness was only a blue."

Except for Cash.

Little Willie—Say, pa, when two nations are at war, what is meant by the strict neutrality of another nation?

Pa—It means, my son, that the other nation will not supply arms and ammunition to either of the contestants—except for cash.