

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR.



TYPHOID'S COST IS IMMENSE.

Common Sickness Measured Against Dollars and Cents. It is worth while, says H. E. Jordan, in Municipal Engineering magazine, to consider the cost of typhoid fever in order to get the importance of its prevention well fixed in mind.

WARNED BY THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Disciplinary Measure Adopted by Woman of Sense. "Above my desk," said the woman who does not lie about her age, "I keep an uncomplimentary photograph of myself. I keep it there as a disciplinary measure. It prevents frivolity."

REAL AUTOCRAT OF THE ROAD.

Commodore Vanderbilt Sole Ruler of His Railway Lines. Commodore Vanderbilt, at the age of 80, was the greatest railroad autocrat this country has known.

CREDITOR HAD BEEN WORRIED.

Over-Sensitive About a Debtor Who Took His Time to Pay Up. "Well, thank goodness, there's one man I can meet now without feeling uncomfortable," the man said.

SNAKE SCARED THE EMPLOYEES.

Poisonous Reptile Among the Archives of Portugal's Peers. Some time ago it was reported in the press that while workmen were searching for certain documents in the archives of the house of peers several snakes appeared from among the dust-covered volumes.

LETTER GOT TO DESTINATION.

But How It Did So Without an Address Is Not Explained. A New York man who belongs to a Brooklyn club had an experience the other day that has impressed him with the ability of the post office.

THE PUBLIC EYE.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged. "The Public Eye," shouted the megaphone man of our party. There were some curious people within the space, but even more curious were those just outside.

A QUEER CENSUS.

"When I was last in India," said the globe trotter, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable. In the Allahabad census 36 citizens described themselves as 'men who rob with threats of violence.' There were 25 'hereditary thieves.' There were 25 'howlers at funerals.' There were 145 'ear cleaners.' There were 76 'makers of crowns for idols.' There were 14 'hereditary painters of horses with spots.' There were nine 'professional false witnesses.'"

WHY MUSICIANS WEAR LONG HAIR.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to ache, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

JUST LIKE A MAN.

"Quer thing about the laughter of the average man," remarked the woman who observes things. "What's queer about him?" asked the sweet girl graduate. "Nearly every time he laughs it is at something he has said himself," replied the feminine observer.

BEING THE SHOW.

Ram Shubert used to tell this: "A rustic came to Buffalo and bought a ticket for the theater. Through blundering about the doors he found himself in the adjoining billiard saloon. Seeing the novel performance going on, with a big crowd witnessing the same, he settled himself in a chair and patiently watched the play for an hour or two. Having satisfied his appetite he left the room and, going out on the street, was asked if the show was over. 'Over?' Oh, no," he replied, "it's a-goin' on yet. They are knockin' away the all the world in that."

BIBLE FOR ANY RACE

SCRIPTURES NOW PRINTED IN 480 TONGUES.

American Society Reports That 600 Peoples Are Without New Testament—Bible for Blind Weighs 100 Pounds.

New York.—In a report of the American Bible society it is revealed that the whole Bible is now printed in 152 languages and dialects, and the New Testament, or smaller portions, in more than 480. It thus appears that there are not many races of people in the world now that have no part of the Bible in their own tongue.

One of the most recent translations is that of the New Testament in Navaho for use on one of the Caroline Islands. This was printed by native boys on a mission press and bound in San Francisco, the funds being a gift of the American Bible society.

The Bible society is nearly 100 years old. Its board of managers is made up of business men representing the different church denominations and the large interests of the society are carried on under the most approved methods. The object of the society is not commercial, but is purely benevolent, and all Bibles are sold at or below cost.

In 1816, when the society was organized, there were many homes in America without the Bible, because of the expense, and it was determined to issue the Bible in as cheap a form as possible consistent with good workmanship and material.

There is now an entire Bible that sells at 17 cents, a New Testament at six cents and the Gospels at two cents. The Oxford Company issues a Bible so small that it can be hidden in a closed hand. In contrast with this is the Bible that the society has got out for the use and benefit of the blind; published in 16 volumes, 12 1/2 x 15 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, and weighing 100 pounds.

The Scriptures for the blind are priced at about one-third of their actual cost and the 16 large volumes can be had for \$8. In the 92 years of the society's work it has issued more than 80,000,000 volumes. Last year the total issue of the society at home and abroad was 1,910,853.

In addition to maintaining agencies in the different countries of the world for supervision of the translation, printing and circulation of the Bible, the society co-operates with all denominations in the foreign field by making grants of Bibles and of funds to help carry on the work. In this country the Bible society has furnished the Scriptures in 60 languages of the immigrants and in ten of those of the North American Indians.

BURMAH HAS SMALLEST KING.

Sawbwa of Chen-fung Stands Four Feet Nine Inches in Slippers.

London.—J. Mackenzie has written from Burmah about a recent experiment when traveling through the Shan states in India. He had the "honor" of being presented to the smallest king in the world. He is the Sawbwa, or Myo'sa, of Chenfong, who is four feet nine inches high in his curly Burmese slippers, and was "the quintessence of regal courtesy."

His palace, continues the writer, was a thatched hut on stilts, close to the Salween river. He had several wives, who manifested great curiosity when they saw their lord in conversation with a white man. His retinue consisted of four-and-twenty men armed with the quaintest collection of old guns that ever came out of a curiosity shop.

"The little brown king held out a small, plump hand for me to shake. It was as soft as a woman's. He bade me welcome with a smile the most genial I ever saw, and begged me to accept a cocoanut. I knew that it was court etiquette to offer a gift in return, and was embarrassed to think that, traveling 'light,' as I was, I had nothing worthy of his acceptance.

"Suddenly I bethought me of a cork-screw knife, bearing the name of a well-known brand of bottled beer, which had been given to me as an advertisement in Calcutta a few months earlier. This I presented to him with due ceremony, and he accepted it with unfeigned delight."

NANNY GOAT KILLS RATS.

J. J. Kennedy's "Nanny" Rivals Terriers by Her Prowess.

Washington.—J. J. Kennedy, whose place of business is at the foot of Eleventh street, southwest, near the oyster wharf, has a nanny goat that drinks beer and kills rats. In fact, her owner says she is as fine a rat-killer as any terrier that ever walked on four legs. The goat is but a kid, being only about nine months old, and is a dainty little creature. When she sees a rat she goes after it like a terrier, seizing it with her teeth, shaking it and throwing it to the ground she cuts it to pieces with her four feet.

On several occasions recently rats have been caught in a trap and let out one by one and "Nanny" has pounced on them and killed them every time. The owner of the goat is preparing to have her exhibit her powers in the rat-killing line evenings.

GAS THAT WILL NOT BURN.

Silver Lake, Ind.—Scott Lawrence, a farmer living about two miles from this city, while driving a well, struck a vein of gas, or something quite similar to natural gas, when down about 18 feet. After a number of trials, he failed to ignite it. The odor was similar to natural gas, and it flowed from the pipe with considerable force, producing a whistling noise that could be heard for half a mile.

Although the gas was allowed to flow for several hours, there seemed to be no diminution in the force. Lawrence then continued to drive the pipe, and five feet below the pocket of gas he struck a strong vein of pure water.

DOG'S BONE IN MAN'S NECK.

Oil City, Pa.—If Henry Bemus of Warren leaves the hospital alive, and the doctors say he will, he will be part dog. Bemus fell from a tree at Riverside Junction and broke his neck. It was necessary to remove a vertebra from the spinal column and in its place was inserted one from the neck of a dog. The surgeons expect the patient soon will be ready to leave the hospital.

WHY FEW LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Oliver Wendell Holmes Has Well Portrayed Situation.

I understand we were speaking of love at first sight—I remarked, mildly. Now, as all a man knows about a woman whom he looks at is just what a picture as big as a copper, or a "nickel," rather, at the bottom of his eye can teach him. I think I am right in saying we were talking about the pictures of women. Well, now, the reason why a man is not desperately in love with 10,000 women at once is just that which prevents our portraits being distinctly seen on that wall. They are painted there by reflection from our faces, but because all of them are painted on each spot, and each on the same surface, and many other objects at the same time, no one is "seen in" the picture. But darken a chamber and let a single pencil of rays in through a keyhole, and you have a picture on the wall. We never fall in love with a woman in distinction from women until we get an image of her through a pinhole. And then we see nothing else, and nobody but ourselves can see the image in our mental camera obscura.—From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MEASURES HARDNESS OF METALS.

An instrument to measure the hardness of metals has been recently devised, more especially designed and found very useful in the manufacture of tools like twist drills, where the hardness has to be kept between narrow limits. It consists of a glass tube, within which a steel ball of 40 grains' weight, treated by a special process so as to have jewel hardness, falls freely. The height of the rebound of the ball measures the hardness of the metal it strikes. Were the area of contact between the dropped weight and the metal larger, so that no appreciable dent were made, the rebound would be a measure of elasticity rather than hardness. The height of the rebound is measured on a scale, of which 100 is the average hardness of carbon steel, which is also found to be the safety limit for steel tools after reheating and tempering ready for use.

LOG FAR UNDERGROUND.

Wood 404 feet underground in a perfect state of preservation was found at the Alabama stock farm the other day while boring for the second artesian well there. The drill had penetrated to a depth of 400 feet and had just been drilling hard rock when it suddenly struck a log which was five feet in diameter and in perfect state of preservation.

HOW A LOG COULD BE SO FAR UNDERGROUND.

How a log could be so far underground and underneath a ledge of rock in perfect condition is a question that is puzzling the officials of the bureau of agriculture.—Manila Times.

THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE.

"I must say," remarked the plain every-day man, "that I feel as if I had a cold in the head. And I'm so hoarse I can hardly speak." "I see," answered the scientist. "You are suffering from a slight catarrh, causing congestion of the mucous membrane and obstruction of the optical organs, and inducing a somewhat phlogistic condition of the plethoritis. Perhaps, however, you had better send for a physician."

SEND FOR A PHYSICIAN?

"Send for a physician? No, I don't want a doctor. Send for an interpreter."

LITERARY HIT.

"Did your friend make a bit at the literary club?" "I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Misérables' a brand-new way and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."

EVEN WORSE.

"A public man should be careful not to say anything he will be sorry for." "Yes, and yet, he's lucky if he merely says it instead of putting it in writing and signing his name to it."

THE PUBLIC EYE.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged. "The Public Eye," shouted the megaphone man of our party. There were some curious people within the space, but even more curious were those just outside. Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; they were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

THREE SABBATHS EVERY WEEK.

Morocco is a country of many Sabbaths. The first three days I spent in Tangier were all Sabbaths. Arriving on a Thursday night the next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, which was followed by the Jewish Sabbath—the Hebrew element in Tangier is considerable and strict in religious observance—and that in turn by the Christian Sunday. Subsequent comparisons, however, revealed little difference between any days of the week. On the Mohammedan Sabbath a black flag is hoisted on the minarets at the prayer of dawn, instead of the white flag that announces the time of devotions on other days. It remains up until the middle of the forenoon, by which time everybody is supposed to have found out what day it is.—N. Y. Post.

THE BETTER PART.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport. Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display. "How does this happen?" asked some one. "Where game is so plenty, the merit of a marksmen seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy. "So I fired between the birds."—Youth's Companion.

UP AND DOWNS.

"Matrimony has its ups and downs," remarked the scanty haired benedict. "What's the answer?" queried the confounded bachelor. "It keeps the wife busy trying to keep up appearances and the husband busy trying to keep down expenses," replied the other with a large, open-face sigh.