

WHEN NAPOLEON'S STAR SET.

Pathos in Last Address of Fallen Emperor to the Troops Still Loyal to Him.

It was at Fontenoy-leau that Napoleon... He was at Fontenoy-leau that he imprisoned the pope...

For 20 years," he said, "I have been well content with you, and you have always been with me on the path of glory..."

"I might have died—that would have been easy, but I would not. I prefer to follow the path of honor, and to write the history of our exploits."

"I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, dear Napoleon. Bring me the eagle! Dear eagle. May these kisses find their echo in every brave man's heart!"

"Farewell, my children!" That, surely, is the most pathetic, as it is also the most dramatic, scene in the whole history of Fontenoy-leau.

STRANGE ACTION OF MEMORY.

Scenes of Other Days, Thought Forgotten, Are Suddenly Flashed Into the Mind.

Often suggestions out of all keeping with the surroundings come, and it may be asked, "What made you think of that?" Frequently we are positive that no conscious train of thought has brought up the idea...

Animals Are Poor Sailors. The polar bear is the only wild animal that likes a trip on the waves, according to a French scientist...

Oxen are heroic in their attempts not to give way to sickness. Elephants do not like the sea, but they are amenable to medical treatment.

City Life is Lopsided. "I sometimes think," says Mr. Markham, "that only men with lopsided brains love to live in the city..."

Drawings and Paintings. The first sketch from nature which a great artist makes nearly always has a freshness which he only labors away in the picture he bases on it...

About Corn. "I can't understand about the corn in this country, you know," said the Englishman. "It is the best vegetable you have here, you see what I mean?"

The Diver's Habit. "How long will it take to get my divorce?" asked the woman. "About two months, I think," replied the lawyer.

A Little Vindictive. "Do you want the privilege of voting for people of whom you approve?" "No," answered the suffragette. "I desire the satisfaction of publicly refusing to vote for people whom I don't like."

ODORS OVER THE TELEPHONE.

Perfume of Carnations Clearly Wafted From One Booth to Another Far Away.

The other day a prominent business man of this city went into a drug store to buy a telephone. Just before him a young woman with a large bouquet of carnations had been using the phone...

"Hold the phone just a minute," said the man at the other end of the line, "and I will find out if there are any of the flowers in the store."

HAD NO TIME TO BE AFRAID.

Italian in Deadly Peril Saved Himself by Feat That Few Could Duplicate.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing to the man who handles dynamite. Italian laborers who never read up on explosives and have no superstitions about them seldom are injured through any faulty handling of their own.

Some Italian laborers were digging a well. They got down about a dozen feet and struck rock. The foreman improvised a ladder, drilled a hole and inserted a half pound of dynamite.

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IS NOT A MILITARY EMBLEM.

Fashion of Wearing Cockade Originated in Strings That Served a Useful Purpose.

The cockade originated simply in the knot of ribbons or strings by which the broad flaps of the seventeenth century round hat were "cocked" or drawn up to the brim in fine weather...

It naturally became the custom for military men to "cock" their hats with the livery color of the prince they served, and as the Hanoverian color was the convenient one of black, the "black cockade" became associated in the minds of the people with military uniform.

DAME FORTUNE WAS SULLEN.

Man Had Grateful Remembrance of Service, but Was Unable to Repay It.

"When I was a farmer in Illinois," says a representative in congress, "there came to me one day an interesting looking individual, whose face, though he was a stranger in those parts, seemed oddly familiar to me."

"The man had stopped to water his horse. As he waited, he said: 'About ten years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in.'"

"I gazed at the speaker, puzzled. 'Your kindness to that poor boy was most exceptional,' continued the stranger. 'You fed him, encouraged him, gave him clothes and two dollars and sent him on his way feeling pretty fine. He observed at the time he would never forget your generosity. Do you remember?'"

"'Not precisely,' I replied, but I had a vague remembrance of the occurrence. 'He said,' went on the stranger, 'that if he prospered, he would see that you would never have occasion to regret your kindness to a struggling boy.'"

"'Well, well!' I exclaimed, as the full remembrance of the incident came to me in a flash. 'It's like a story, isn't it? You of course, were that boy?'"

The Sargasso Sea. In the middle of the North Atlantic there is an area of comparatively still water almost equal to continental Europe in extent and more or less covered with floating seaweed. It was known as the Mar de Sargasso to Columbus and the early navigators...

The floating seaweed was formerly supposed to have grown near the Bahama and Florida shores, and to have drifted to its present position. It is now, however, known to grow and propagate itself where it is found. In it are found globular masses of weed containing fish eggs and known as fish nests.

We Would Resign. The story is told of an English army examiner who once had before him a stupid candidate. The candidate being apparently unable to answer the simplest questions, the examiner finally grew most impatient and in a burst of sarcasm demanded: "Let it be supposed, sir, that you were a captain in command of an infantry; that is your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides of you there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy outnumbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?" "Sir," responded the applicant for military distinction, "I should resign."

Personality in Politics. In life, in literature, there is no magic charm like that of personality, but politicians are afraid of it in their business. Of this they sedulously cultivate the idea that it must be conducted by committees and parties, never by individuals. Everything is collective, nothing personal. Intrigue and subterranean management are the prime forces, and the old practitioners of the art are always aghast when some man of native vigor comes forward with open methods and direct appeals.

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WILLING TO LET HIM DRAW.

Artist Withdraws Complaint Against Fellow Member After He Had Heard Him Talk.

Pellegrini was an artist with an exceedingly liberal vocabulary, upon which he would draw freely for the edification of the beefsteak club, of which he was a member. There was one fellow member of the club, says J. C. Carr in a book called "Some Entertaining Victorians," who was wont to entertain the table with little impromptu sketches, which he executed with a certain degree of facility.

This innocent display of artistic power offended Pellegrini, who, possibly moved by a measure of jealousy, that any one should encroach upon his special province, insisted with some vehemence that a club was not the place for such exercises.

"I like the boy," he said to me one evening, "and when he talks, I listen, but 'tis pity he draw."

It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of the crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's unceasing flow of conversation.

In a momentary pause he turned to me, and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment: "Joe, I've made big mistake. 'Tis better he draw."—Youth's Companion.

PUTTING OUT FIRE ON WATER.

German Invention Probably the Best That Has Yet Been Devised for That Purpose.

It falls to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

But that many a man can, and does, set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting out those very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions, which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The soapsuds appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.

No Good for Charity. A clergyman strolled into a grocery store kept by an enterprising German.

"My good man," said the pastor, "can you give me anything in the line of groceries as a contribution to the Woman's Missionary society? You see, we have done good work among the poor people of this section, and as there are still many hungry mouths to feed, I wish you would try and help us out."

The big Teuton studied a moment and replied: "Well, I tell you, dot I know its something gut; but, you see, do only things rot I sell here less good goods, so dey wut be so gut vor charity."

The minister went out the door after recovering from the shock, and perhaps is still wondering why guaranteed goods are not to be dispensed to charity workers.—Philadelphia Times.

Spider Colonies.

Our native spiders are notable for their extreme unsociability. Of those which are spinners each one constructs its web apart from those of its kind. And those which hunt pursue their prey alone, says the London Globe.

In other countries, however, there are spiders which live in communities, and one such, a native of Mexico, is described by M. L. Duguet. It is known as the moqueuro and makes a large nest in oak and other trees. Here the spiders live gregariously and along with them in the nest is found a minute beetle and another species of spider. The beetle is said to act as scavenger. Parts of the nest of the moqueuro are hung up in the houses during the wet season to get rid of the flies.

Memorial to Mary Anning.

Lyme Regis church, which like many another building in that quaint old Dorset seaport, is in danger of slipping into the waves, has comparatively little of interest for tourist or townsman to loiter over. Its most remarkable memorial is the stained glass window to Mary Anning. This was the schoolgirl who, in 1811, disturbed the lost rest of the saurian monster—Ichthyosaurus Platyodon—whose remains now lie in the Natural History museum at South Kensington.

As curious a find as any that ever came to the net of a child on the beach. But Mary Anning possibly had that sort of thing in her blood for her father was the proprietor of a curiosity shop.—London Chronicle.

Anything to Please. "Hubby, I want to go to an exclusive resort." "All right, my dear," said the great magnate. "I'll buy you a mountain." "I prefer the beach." "Very good. John get me quotations on oceans."—Houston Chronicle.

LONG IN LIGHTHOUSE

Woman Has Saved Eighteen Lives in Her Career.

Miss Ida Lewis, Well Known in United States Life Saving Service, Is Still on Active Duty at Newport Harbor.

Newport, R. I.—Miss Ida Lewis, keeper of the Line Rocks Lighthouse, in the south end of Newport harbor, observed recently her fifty-second anniversary as custodian of the light.

The place has been the scene of many daring rescues by this fearless woman. She has been visited by many prominent persons at various times, including Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, Admiral George Dewey and Gen. Sherman.

Every mariner on the coast knows Line Rocks lighthouse and the Grace Darling of America who is in charge—the only woman in the United States holding such a position, and that through a special act of congress.

Medals for saving life adorn the neat and tidy castle on the rocks which Miss Lewis calls "home." She was made very happy in 1907 by receiving from the Carnegie hero fund a life pension of \$30 in recognition for her many brave acts. Her record of lives saved numbers 18.

No matter what the weather conditions, Ida Lewis is ready with her lifeboat to aid the unfortunate in the sea. She and her brother, Rudolph Lewis, are confined to the little space of less than half an acre for several days at a time, and when the harbor has been frozen over for days the inmates of the lighthouse must remain, but they have everything neatly stowed for just such emergency.

Miss Lewis is preparing to whitewash the lighthouse for the summer season, and the painting will follow. She will be 65 years old on next February 25, and likes hard work.

Among the medals and trophies Miss Lewis possesses is one of silver from the New York Life Saving association for rescuing two men from watery graves in Newport harbor on March 29, 1869, during a severe storm. Another trophy for this gallant rescue is a small boat which the citizens of Newport presented to Miss Lewis by popular subscription, including that of Gen. Grant.

The day the dory was presented an inspiring incident is recalled by Miss Lewis in connection with the gift. The dory was mounted on wheels and hauled through Newport streets by a large number of its most distinguished citizens, and on that night a public ceremony was held and Ida Lewis was presented with a copy of resolutions of thanks passed by the Rhode Island legislators.

For the rescue of two soldiers from Fort Adams and the act which made her famous the officers and enlisted men of Fort Adams presented Miss Lewis with a purse of gold.

A gold medal is shown in the collection at the lighthouse which was presented by congress in 1881 for rescuing 12 persons, and particularly for saving the two soldiers from Fort Adams.

The Massachusetts Humane society broke its ruling and went out of the state to honor Miss Lewis with a silver medal in 1881.

A marvelous silver tea set is included in the valuable collection which was given her by the troops of Fort Adams for rescuing two of their number who had fallen through the ice in attempting to reach Fort Adams from Newport during a cold winter afternoon. In all she has rescued five soldiers belonging to Fort Adams.

Miss Lewis became endeared to the summer residents by saving four young men of their families after they had been capsized in a small steep just before dusk in September, 1884, and in January she rescued three sheep herders who had one into the harbor to save their charges.

Miss Lewis receives \$750 a year from the federal government for conducting this important light, with coal and water supplies.

Each morning Miss Lewis is seen in her dory coming to Newport with her brother for their daily provisions, or on Sunday coming to church, attending regularly services at the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal church.

Sioux to Quit Dakotas. New Orleans, La.—That a colony of Sioux Indians will move from the Dakotas to an unsettled tract of land in Nicaragua is declared by Little Blount, a Sioux chief, who reached New Orleans from Bluefields yesterday. He went to Nicaragua to arrange for the concession with President Zelaya.

Little Blount declares that he will immediately take 100 Indian families to Nicaragua and that this colony will soon be increased by the addition of several hundred other families of North American Indians.

Girl Preparing for Burial. Tacoma, Wash.—A geologist of New York city has notified Miss Irene Timmons, a young woman of South Seattle, that, as a descendant of a family of Massachusetts pilgrims, she has the right to be buried in an exclusive burying ground overlooking Barnstable bay, Mass.

Miss Timmons is making preparations to the end that whatever death overtakes her her body shall be cremated and the ashes forwarded to Massachusetts for interment in the ancient cemetery of the Wadsworth and Breed families.

NOT AN ECONOMICAL CUSTOM.

Why Mr. Zwozleton No Longer Seeks to Recover Stamps Pasted But Unused.

"Any waste of material or destruction of property is repugnant to my feelings," said Mr. Zwozleton, "but I find by experience that there are times when we may make more by throwing something of value away than we would make by keeping it and bringing it into use. You take for instance postage stamps stuck on letters that you don't mail. I used always laboriously to soak off such stamps, taking much time in the operation, and then use such stamps again, but now I find that I can make money throwing these stamps away."

"Working eight hours a day, or a shade over a cent a minute. For purposes of figuring we will call it an even cent. Now."

"To soak off from the envelope the uncancelled stamp of a letter not sent used to take me about five minutes; and then such a stamp had to be specially smeared with mangle before it could be stuck again. I figured that to bring such a stamp into use cost me altogether about six minutes' time. By this expenditure of time and labor I did recover a stamp of the value of two cents, and yet, as in that time I could have earned six cents, on the whole operation I sustained an actual loss of four cents."

"So now when I have a stamp on a letter that finally I don't send I just throw that good, unused stamp in the wastebasket and keep on with my work."

"It never pays to spend more on repairs than a new thing would cost."

COMPOSED OF MANY ISLANDS.

Monroe County in Florida Is Probably the Most Unique in the Whole Country.

Monroe county is the most unique county in the state, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands or, as they are called, keys, both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe county on the mainland is the Cape Sable country, the extreme south end of the United States on the mainland.

The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades, and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. What effect the proposed drainage of the Everglades will have in Monroe county is not known, but it is doubtful if any large areas will be drained because of the fatigues of the country and being so near sea level. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portion of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. All of these building sites are in full view of either the ocean, gulf or bays.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Great Soldier's Quick Thought.

Once during the Iron Duke's campaign in the Pyrenees, it happened that Gen. Picton's dispositions for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult displeased him. The danger threatened from in front, and the difficulty lay in delaying the attack until Wellington could effect the change he wished. He was, as usual, equal to the occasion. Waving his hat in the air, he galloped to the front of a regiment as if he meant to order a charge. The whole of Picton's line cheered tremendously, and as the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, half to himself: "Soult is a cautious commander, and will not attack in force without ascertaining the meaning of these cheers. That will leave time for the Sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." This was exactly what happened, and Soult sustained a bloody repulse where he might have won an easy victory.

The Fake Robbery Again.

It was a shaky looking story. The local agent of a New York corporation out in a Wisconsin town, handling its funds daily, reported a robbery. Two men had come into the office late at night, when he was at work on the books, and at the points of pistols he had yielded up \$5,000 of the company's funds. Two days later the confidential traveling agent of the corporation dropped into the town and talked it over with the local man in a quiet way. "In five minutes," he told Tip, "I knew there had never been any robbery. How did I know? Instinct. The story he told was too sweet. There wasn't a flaw in it. It was like a framed-up alibi. You know the best alibi, until you can knock it out, is the one that is invented for the occasion."

Engaged.

Merchant—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience? Boy—No, sir. I don't know how to do anything in an office. Merchant—I guess you won't do. Boy—I don't even know how to write. Merchant—Bring up your hat.

All On.

The Heiress—Have you seen papa? The Duke—Yes. It's all off. The Heiress—You don't mean to say that he refused to give his consent? The Duke—Oh, no. He said he'd give his consent—but not another cent.—Stray Stories.