

PARSON'S SAVING CLAUSE

Instance of the Funny Little Breaks Preachers Occasionally Make In the Pulpit.

A party of genial spirits were gathered in a hotel the other afternoon talking about preachers and the funny little breaks they occasionally make in the pulpit, when Francis B. Lee, lawyer and historian, of Trenton, told how a good domestic friend of his once threw an unintentional jolt into a well known and popular secret organization.

"The secret organization," said Mr. Lee, "was about to have a public service, and the committee in charge asked his preacher friend to deliver one of the prayers. The domineer readily consented, and, knowing that, among other worthy things the lodge prided itself on its charity, he decided to make that a feature of the prayer. "Needless to say, he did the thing beautifully. He painted a realistic word picture of the widow and orphan and showed the helping hand extended in generous relief. In almost every phrase and sentence he referred to the charity of the organization. In fact, the whole prayer breathed an atmosphere of charity. He—

"Well, if he did all that," interrupted one of Mr. Lee's hearers, "where in the deuce did the jolt come in?"

"In the windup," smilingly answered Mr. Lee. "There is where he jumped the track and before he could get back on it again he had said: 'And you all know, my brothers, that charity covers a multitude of sins.'—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CLEANLINESS OF THE TURKS

Wonderfully Fastidious Habits Practised by Some of the Women of Constantinople.

The habits of the Turkish women of Constantinople are wonderfully fastidious. For instance, when they wash their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin the fair ones will let the water run until a servant shuts it off, inasmuch as to do this themselves would render them "unclean." They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean. One of these fastidious women was not long ago talking to a small niece who had just received a present of a doll from Paris. By and by the child laid the doll in the lady's lap. She was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it and no servant was near and the lady would be landed by touching a doll that had been brought from abroad, the only resource left her was to jump up and let the doll fall. It broke in pieces.

Another Turkish woman would not open a letter coming by post, but required a servant to break the seal and hold the mixture near her that it might be read. Also, should her handkerchief fall to the ground it was immediately destroyed or given away, so that she might not again use it.

For Stained Fingers.

The days of preserving bring stained fingers. A weak solution of oxalic acid used after preparing berries or discoloring vegetables is a quick stain remover.

As the acid is a poison, label the bottle plainly and keep it away from children. Where stains are under fingernails wrap a bit of absorbent cotton on end of orange wood stick and dip in solution.

For minor stains lemon juice is helpful. Run ends of fingers into half a cat lemon.

Tamatoes will also remove stains, especially those of paring potatoes or other slight discolorations. It is a whitener and softens the hands.

The fumes from a lighted match or two held under the fingers dampened in water without soap, will remove strawberry and other fruit stains.

When all else fails to remove fruit stains, try rubbing with liquid ammonia, then with pumice stone.

Ancient Rome.

For the last year systematic excavations have been made at Ostia, the ancient harbor of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber. The ruins of a large city, built probably by Hadrian over the old republican town, have been uncovered. Archaeologists consider the discoveries as important as those of Pompeii. Heretofore it has been believed that Ostia was founded by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, that it was destroyed by Marius during the civil wars, rebuilt during the republic, sank into insignificance, and was buried in the sand and deposited in the Tiber when Trajan built the new port and city of Portus. Instead of this it is now certain that Ostia not only continued to flourish under Hadrian, but that the old level was raised six feet, and that the republican town served as a foundation for a model city, with rectangular wide streets, temples, fora and squares.

All Signs Favored It.

It was the first anniversary of their matrimonial career.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peckem, "did you really expect me to accept you the night you proposed?"

"I had every reason to believe you would, my dear," replied Henry. "On my way to your house I walked under a ladder, saw the new moon cross my left shoulder, a black cat crossed my path, and I heard a dog howl three times."—Chicago News.

Crushing.

Softly (timidly)—Do you believe in the mind cure, Miss Sophy?

Miss Sophy (meaningly)—Yes, when the cure has something to work on.

NO CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD

Pathetic Spectacle of a Youth Showing His Card Tricks to a Bunch of Girls.

Is there anything in the world so pathetic as the spectacle of a young man showing his favorite card trick to a bunch of girls? The slaughter goes like this—man speaks first:

"I used to know a clever trick with cards, Miss Ellen, choose a card from this pack."

"I am to choose? Which one?"

"Any one you like."

"But how can I tell, when you show me only the backs and the backs are all exactly alike?"

"Just take one at random."

"Oh, is that fair? Well, here—I've got the queen of diamonds."

"Oh, you mustn't tell me what you have. I'm to tell you that, you know. Put it back and take another."

"Why can't I keep this one? I can remember it better."

"There wouldn't be any trick. You see, you are to take a card that I don't see, and then I'm to find out the one you looked at."

"Oh. Why, I don't believe you can do it! All right, I've another one."

"Look at it and put it back in the pack."

"What part of the pack shall I put it in?"

"Anywhere you wish."

"But I should think you'd want to know so you could tell which card it is. Well—there!"

"Now I shuffle them, so. Presto! Is this the card you chose?"

"Oh, I don't know—I forgot to look, and see what one I took. Oh! Here's May—now there are enough to play bridge. May, you should have been here sooner—Mr. Jones has been showing us the most wonderful card tricks!"

WHY MEN ARE NOT PRETTY

Investigation Ascribes Lack of Good Looks to Mental Labor and Close Attention to Business.

A British investigator is ungallant enough to state that the reason why women are as a rule a beauty not attained by man lies in the fact that they are more indolent and not so prone to "aggrandise their brains" as men are. Intellectual labor and assiduous attention to business are, according to this authority, matters extremely prejudicial to the development of physical beauty.

In support of his theory this Briton points to the Sarcos, a tribe of British India. Among them, it appears, women hold the place that in other countries is pre-empted by men. The Sarcos woman manages the affairs of state, engages in business on her own account and does not restrict herself in the narrow field of woman slavery. On the other hand, the Sarcos man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after the children. The natural result of all this, says our scientist, is that the men of this singular tribe are "very pretty" and the women unusually plain.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON WANE

It is Reported That Amateurs Are Showing Decreased Interest in Societies and at Exhibitions.

Complaints are rife of decreased interest in photographic societies and in photographic exhibitions. There are certainly fewer of the latter than there were six or eight years ago, and societies, if not actually less numerous, are on the whole weaker both in numbers and in enthusiasm. In the United States their numbers have decreased 50 or 60 per cent. at least. It is easy to deduce from this a decay of interest in photography and a lessening of the number of amateur photographers, and, indeed, this easy opinion has been performed. Simple deductions on complex questions should always be regarded with suspicion, and in this case suspicion develops into incredulity when it is found that side by side with the degeneration of the photographic society an increased and ever-increasing business is being done in plates, films and papers.

Big Shipment of Bullion.

Here was a rare opportunity for an ocean "bold up." Bullion of the total value of \$10,212,100 for the Bank of England was shipped in the liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which sailed from New York recently. The freight consisted of 500 bags, each containing \$50,000 in gold, and 500 bars of silver, each worth \$500. The treasure was stored in a steel-lined room, eight by ten feet, and was in the care of a special guard night and day.

Well Equipped for Scorching.

A hen, the property of an English gentleman, has hatched a chicken with quite a superior scorching equipment. The happy bird has three legs, the third of which has two feet, and the toes total 13. Despite this unucky number, the chicken so far appears to be strong and healthy, and uses each of its three legs effectively.

No Doubt.

"Professor Smart is a man of large mental caliber, is he not?"

"He certainly is a big bore."—University of Minnesota Minnehaha.

Never Heard It.

"How did you like the opera?"

"I don't know a thing about it."

"But you were there—I saw you."

"Yes, but I was in a box party."

CURIOSITIES OF LIGHTNING

Origin of the Electrification Manifested in a Thunder Storm is Still Unknown.

A young girl in charge of two children, sheltering under a tree on Chislehurst Common, says the London Sphere, was struck by lightning and killed—one of those dreadful instances of the sort of personal touch with which lightning seems to select its victims, for though one child is reported to have been thrown down, neither, apparently, was injured. There are many instances of course, of cases, probably, to some accident of clothing. There is a well-remembered case which happened some years ago at Cambridge, when three young men were walking across an open space of ground, and the middle one of the three was struck dead, while the others were untouched. The inquest showed that the young man who was killed had nails in his boots, whereas the others were wearing boating shoes.

The phenomena of thunderstorms have been the subject of much study in America. But if thunderstorms can be classified, they are still not thoroughly understood. We do not yet know what are the exact conditions which lead to a discharge of electricity in the form of a lightning-flash from cloud to cloud or from cloud to earth. We cannot reproduce, thunder and lightning in a laboratory. We do not know what is the origin of the electrification manifested in a storm.

WAS A FIEND FOR FRESH AIR

Transatlantic Passenger Who Insisted Upon Having an Open Porthole Over the Dining Table.

A man who formerly was a waiter on a big transatlantic liner told this story the other day:

"On a certain trip over I had at my table an irascible old gentleman who was a fresh air fiend. No matter what the weather, he always insisted on having the porthole over the table open. It was no use to argue with him, but one day, when the seas were very high and the ship pitching and rolling, I ventured to remonstrate. He was up in arms in a minute. 'You are paid to obey orders!' he said tartly. 'Open that port!' I did. The soup course was served in safety. Then I asked him if he would have fish. 'Of course I will,' he snapped. 'And I'll have it in a hurry.' Don't keep me waiting all day."

Just at that moment an unusually big sea rolled by. That is, part of it did. A godly portion came through the porthole, soaking the old man and depositing on the table in front of him a live fish. No waiter on board of our ship had ever served an order so quickly before. But I didn't get any credit for it. The queer thing about that story," he added, "is that it isn't a fish story at all. I never told it yet to any one who believed it. But it is absolutely true."

Kitchen on Wheels.

A restaurant keeper in one of the poorer quarters of Paris has hit upon an original way of increasing his custom. He noticed that a large proportion of workmen had not the time to get their midday meal at a restaurant, and contrived for himself with an electric motor on the pavement. "If they have no time to come to me, I must go to them," thought this enterprising caterer, who thereupon had constructed a large truck on wheels provided with a chef in attendance, a stove and all the implements of a restaurant kitchen. With this he perambulated, the busiest thoroughfares looking for customers, and with so much success that, according to the Mundo, an Italian review published in five languages, he will probably be long ago having several imitators.

Not at Home in London.

The moving wonders of London, the greatest city in the world, do not commend themselves to every visitor. "I had never dreamed there were so many people in all the earth," said a mid-African visitor, recently. "You darken the face of the sky, you shut out the sun, and the cattle die in your presence." But I want to go home where the sun shines. And he stood erect and stretched out his hands, oddly enough, just in the direction where his country lay. "I want to go home," he repeated. "Home!"

New Competitors.

"But you must admit," said Reggy Snapp, as he toyed with his husband, "that I have a great deal of self-possession."

"How fortunate," replied Miss Tabasco, with a rigid twinkle in her eye. "I am sure so one else would care to possess you."—Stray Stories.

A Disquieting Report.

"Is it true," asked Plodding Pete, "that you is offerin' work to anybody dat comes along?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Coratoseel. "Jee' take off your coat an'—"

"Not me. I'm jes' a scout sent ahead by der other fellers to verify a terrible rumor."

No Argument There.

Diogenes once asked aims of a sour tempered man, who said:

"Try to convince me that I ought to give."

Had I Thought you amenable to reason.

said Diogenes, "I should have recommended you to go and hang yourself."

MAN WASN'T BLIND AT ALL

Why Philanthropically Inclined Persons Soon Come to Abominate the Professional Beggars.

Miss Mary Richmond of the Philadelphia society for organizing charity abominate professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said:

"As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a rascous voice say:

"Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!"

The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure on whose breast hung a card saying 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

"But the coin was dropped from too great a height, and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.

"The gentleman said in a stern voice:

"Confound you; you are no more blind than I am."

"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast and gave a start of surprise.

"Right you are, boss," he cried. "Blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb."—Topeka Capital.

THE STREWING OF FLOWERS

Ruskin Tells of the Deep and Delightful Undermeaning in the Old Custom.

Have you ever considered what a deep undermeaning there lies or, at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy?

Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses?

So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow.

But it is not thus intended; they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them; "Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy."—Ruskin.

Home Jays.

There is no place in the world so agreeable, these benign and transient mornings, as at home, sitting in a north room, with the windows wide open, and the fresh air sweetened by the sunbeams, lifting the curtains and strolling in like a spirit from the better world. It is a scene that has more lovable breath about it than ocean beach, mountain crest or trip on the river, for it has no anxieties, no forebodings, no sense of fading glory. One doesn't need anything else to make the experience happy—no friend, or fount, or book, or glimpse of sea or shore, only the tender grace of the morning, and its soft, cool hand on his brow, and it is the most beautiful gift of the year; a chalice filled with wine and honey which makes one forget his troubles and remember only his joys. And what is it called that does all this? The spirit of contentment, the serene ruler of these warm and fragrant days. Let us bow to its gentle sway.—Columbus State Journal.

Diplomatic Goals.

An English diplomat, at a dinner in London, said of Mrs. Langtry:

"When she was at the summit of her beauty and her fame—when crowds followed her in Bond street and the Bow—she met, at a semi-royal dinner, an African king."

"Mrs. Langtry, darning in her beauty, sat beside the king. She was in good spirits, and she did her very best to amuse and please him. And she must have succeeded, for, at the dinner's close, he bowed a deep sigh and said to her:

"Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible!"

The Children's Hair.

Some children are able to catch cold after having their hair washed. In order to prevent this the hair should be rinsed in warm water to which a few drops of alcohol has been added, and wrung as dry as possible.

The hair should then be divided and each strand wiped well with a dry towel. If the child is then allowed to sit in a warm room or go out in the sun for a few minutes the hair will dry very quickly.—Home Chat.

Evidence of Long Service.

"Of course you will seek to gain wisdom and efficiency in the discharge of your duties," said the member of congress.

"Yes," replied the government employee.

"But isn't it hard to be cautious about becoming wise and efficient? It may cause somebody to spot you for the superannuated class."

Cruel Comeback.

"I am doing my best to get ahead," asserted Choites.

"Well, heaven knows you need one," asserted Dolles.—Toledo Blade.

DINING OUT WITH FRIENDS

How a Boarding House Romance Began Between Two Homeless Lodgers Who Had No Acquaintance.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances, some of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant; and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced soul has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," lied the young man.

One night the man and the girl met in a 25-cent restaurant. They blushed, they fawned, they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man, "ain't we?"

WASTE OF FLIRTING EFFORT

Married Woman Who Acted on Magazine Advice Finds Her Husband Coldly Unsusceptible.

She had been reading that a titled Englishwoman advises married women to flirt with their husbands. As she finished the article her husband came home to dinner. She ran to meet him. "A little late tonight, duckdoodle-um," she said with a dimpling smile.

"What's that?" he growled.

"She looked at him archly.

"Don't you dare to kiss me," she muttered.

"Gee," he cried, "I don't intend to! What put that in your head?"

She half closed her eyes and coyly gazed him through the drooping lashes.

"Don't you want to sit here by me on the sofa?" she cooed.

"No, I don't. Why, you told me only yesterday that the springs were getting weak. Aren't you feeling well?"

She laughed softly and shot him a side glance and drew in her cheeks and flashed her white teeth and perceptibly winked.

He drew back suddenly.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Who are you imitating? Can't you make your face behave?"

She picked up the paper she had been reading and flung it into the decorated waste basket.

"There's nothing the matter with me," she coldly replied.

"Just mugging for fun, eh? Glad of that. Stimson was telling me today about a lot of trouble his wife is having with her facial nerve, and I was afraid you'd caught it. Ain't that ood-founded dinner ready?"

Discipline of Children.

For the good of the child, if for no other reason, discipline should begin as soon as a child is old enough to manifest its own will. That is earlier than many people suppose. Discipline should be enforced altogether to the good of the child and not to the comfort and convenience of the parent, although these also are to be considered.

Make a few simple rules for the government of the child, and enforce them. They can be added to as the child grows in strength and knowledge. And enforcement of these rules will be better through the means of commendation or reward for obedience than of punishment for disobedience. Lead the child onward rather than try to force it forward.

The Conservative Chinese.

Everyone knows how intensely conservative the Chinese are. Nothing short of a charge of dynamite will get a new idea into his head, and though his rulers may be cautiously tinkering with innovations, like Chinamen themselves still jog contentedly along the old-fashioned paths. It is typical of the Chinese rural life that the farmer should use the primitive, inefficient wooden plow that has been in use in the country for thousands of years—probably without any attention of pattern. Such plows as these one may always see on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang river.

Prohibitive Reserving; Discovered.

Some interesting prohibitive remains have been discovered in a quarry near Dunfermline, Scotland. The skull was that of a man who had been remarkably well developed. The body had been placed in a recumbent position and built in with rough pieces of loose white rock. It is believed that the remains are those of an ancient chieftain. Many centuries must have elapsed since their interment, as the rock and earth have accumulated to a depth of six feet.

Wife's Math Chances.

The Prejudice—Whenever I wandered, father, there was one song I used to hear that always made me think of you. It was "Home, Sweet Home."

Father—I used to hear a song while you were away that used to make me think of you, my boy. It was, "If You Ain't Got No Money, You Needn't Come Around."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IF YOU WOULD KEEP YOUNG

Throw Off Mental Anxiety and Be Careful to Avoid Excesses of All Kinds.

Good sound advice is given evidently by one who knows. You see, the effects of one's mental attitude are encephaloid. The physical will take care of itself. Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race. Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to over-eating, to eating the wrong things and to irregular eating.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally, and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds. Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Form a habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.

CHILDISH LACK OF LOGIC

Often the Little Folk Succeed in Attaining Conclusions by Processes of Pure Reason.

A great deal is said, not always justly, about childish lack of logic. As a matter of fact, children often are highly logical, though not quite in the adult manner. They attain conclusions by those processes of "pure reason" which, being quite unbiased by the opinions of others, sometimes result in startling truths.

Almost everybody, for instance, has heard of the little lad who, listening to the question of an irreligious friend of the family as to what would happen supposing that one good Christian should pray for an east, another for a west wind at sea, innocently answered that of course there'd be an awful tempest, but not everyone has heard of the equally pertinent and naive solution recently offered by a thoughtful youngster for the ever-perplexing problem of "Are prayers answered?"

The child was talking with another, who asked the vexed and puzzling question, explaining at the same time that he didn't believe that prayers were answered, because he never got anything he asked for.

"You don't pray for the right things," answered little Mr. Wiseman. "Of course, all prayers are answered, but sometimes the answer is 'Yes' and sometimes it's 'No.'"

The Infallible Lady.

John Corbin, author and playwright, said recently that he had resigned the post of literary director of the New Theater because he disliked the superior air that such offices carry with them.

"You decline play after play," he said. "You make essays after essays. You pretend to be infallible, and the pose of infallibility is an ugly and unpopular one."

"Nobody, you know, wants to be like Blynn's wife."

"That wife of yours," said a friend of Blynn's sympathetically, "never admits making a mistake, does she?"

"Oh," said Blynn, with a bitter smile, "she occasionally allows that she made one mistake when she married me, but she won't admit even that outside the family circle."

African Boy Servants.

The "boy" servants at Nairobi in Central Africa, seem to have reached the limit of incompetence. "I used to impress thoroughly on my own personal servant," writes an English resident, "that he must never hand me anything except on a tray. I hardly expected him; however, to bring my boots in on one, and carefully covered with an afternoon tea cloth. But, after all, these boys were raw natives, perhaps a year before running about with a spear attending to their cattle. A good many of them, had not the faintest notion of what soap was, or how to use it. One very busy European mother told a boy to wash the child's face. He stumped over the child's face with soap and left it!"

Leading M/j's Face.

The old professor was very tired. He explained why.

"I have been sitting for four hours this afternoon," said he, "for my pen-trial. I'll never do it again. I am tired to death."

"I wondered from the first," said his friend, "why you should lend your countenance to a thing like that."

More Than Me Dars.

"Oh, love," sighed the sentimental lover, "I would these were the knightly days of old, that I might go forth and perform some brave deed to prove my love."

"But so you may, George," interrupted the girl. "Go forth and speak to father."—Stray Stories.

Old Fire Horse Dead.

"Old Major," the favorite horse of the Hull (Eng.) fire brigade, who was able to find his way from any part of the town to the fire station, has just died after 20 years' service in the brigade.