

MONEY TALKS; LIFE LISTENS

Man Boasts of Owning Wealth. When He Is Really Its Abject Slave.

Money talks and life listens as it listens not to the tongue of men or of angels. But when money, the means of life, becomes the end, the end to all intents and purposes it is. Then does the man of means, king of a vast realm, abdicate in favor of the slave. None is so poor as he that is possessed of his possession; none so contemptible as he that abjectly serves his servant. Money is an old servant of man's, forever forgetting its place and going unrebuked. Never to have taken orders from it or "back talk" is to be a master indeed.

SWIFT POSTMEN OF VENICE

They Are Clever in Dodging the Canals and Know Every Street in City.

Probably the letter carriers of Venice are the most ingenious in the world. They know how to dodge every waterway, turning up on their routes with a precise regularity that convinces you they have mapped every scrap of the damp city's dry land on their brains. If you go to your destination by gondola they can beat you thereby by a good bit of time. What they know about canals has been applied by them to navigation on land and they know every tiny street in the city.

Coating of Vaporization.

Electroplating calls for a cell, a current and a conducting surface. A new process invented by a Zurich engineer gives coatings not only upon metal surfaces, but upon plaster, glass, celluloid, wood or paper. It is adapted for producing a veneer of tin, lead, copper, aluminum, or even gold or silver. The metal or its solution is vaporized under a pressure of 40 to 60 pounds per square inch, and the vapor is allowed to escape from a small orifice, when it cools instantly, projecting solid particles of the metal against any surface with such force that a homogeneous solid coating is formed at once and may be made a quarter of an inch thick in a few seconds. This coating may be made adherent, for decoration or protection, or detachable, for reproductions, etc. Coated objects of metal, wood and paper have been shown in Zurich, and the process promises to become important.

Joke on Policeman.

A Dublin eccentric a short time ago entered a purveyor's shop and bought a ham. Having paid for his purchase, he requested that it should be hung outside the shop door, saying that he would call back for it. The customer then paced up and down outside the shop till a policeman came in sight, and just as the man in blue caught his eye he grabbed the ham and bolted. The constable, however, soon collared the thief, as he thought, and hauled him back to the shop. Having explained the nature of the alleged crime to the shop assistant, he asked the latter to charge the offender. "But," said the assistant, as he realized the joke, "it's his own ham! He was quite at liberty to take it in any circumstances he chose."

Fighting the Mongoose.

In Jamaica there is a premium on the head of every mongoose. Like the English sparrow, the Indian mongoose was imported to Jamaica to drive out snakes, but the agent became, in turn, a pest itself, and the mongoose, in addition to killing snakes, killed chickens and practically every small thing that came within its reach. Consequently, its doom was sealed and a price set upon its head. The United States was forced to follow, and the mongoose can only come into this country by the smuggling process, unless directed to a zoo.

Harder Still.

Laudibly (smilingly)—Are you aware that you slept in a real mahogany bed last night, Mr. Howells? Howells (merrily)—Was that what it was? It felt like lignum vitae!—Puck.

HEARD IN A SOUTHERN HOTEL

Little Girl Explains That Young Lady Is "Her Papa's New Step-Wife."

It is said to have happened in a southern hotel, where those who seek perpetual spring spend the winter. The usual number of idle and curious old ladies sat upon the great veranda, discussing everybody but themselves, and attention was suddenly attracted by a handsome couple that passed through the hotel corridor, followed by a little girl, who, small as she was, appeared to be too old to be the daughter of the lady in the case. The handsome couple entered a motor car, and waving an affectionate goodbye to the little girl, sped out of the hotel grounds with a loud whirr and disappeared on the distant roadway. The little girl watched them until they were quite out of sight, and then turning around she sought out a chair not far from the group of gossip. It was not long before her loneliness was noted by one of the ladies, who called out a pleasant greeting.

BEING OBLIGING IS A HABIT

Much To Be Said in Its Favor but Justice Often Is Sacrificed to Generosity.

From the earliest hours of childhood we are taught to be obliging. The little girl sitting at the table puzzling over fractions, is chided if she hesitates to run upstairs and get her brother George's gloves which he left on the top of his bureau. The small boy must, of course, run on errands for his big brother, and the mother of six thinks it her imperative duty to impress on the minds of each of her brood their obligation to be self-denying. In a way much is to be said for this peculiarity of early education, yet there is something to be said in favor of justice. There is no reason why children should, as a matter of course, be constantly interrupted and called from their special engagements that they may save steps for able-bodied folk who would be the better for waiting on themselves. The trouble is that justice is sacrificed to generosity. The too-obliging person comes home from business tired, and before he has time to take off his coat is requested, if he be a husband, to walk to the village and procure several supplies that ought to have been ordered in the morning, and that might just as well wait until another day. Perhaps there are not a multitude of men in the world who have the weakness of being accommodating. There are a few, and they are simply taxed by the thoughtlessness of their families until they are worn out.—The Christian Herald.

Mental Processes of Genius.

The distinguished French mathematician and physicist, Prof. Henri Poincaré, has been made the subject of a curious psychological study by Doctor Toulouse. The most singular thing shown by his observations, Doctor Toulouse thinks, is that Poincaré's discoveries have not been reached by concentration of mental effort, but have often come to him spontaneously, when his thoughts have been turned in quite different directions. Nevertheless, the mental concentration occurs, and the great mathematician, while engaged in his work, often becomes unmindful of matters of every-day life. For the faculty of suddenly conceiving new ideas when the thoughts have been turned away from the particular subject to which they refer, Doctor Toulouse proposes the name of "autoconduction." He regards it as especially characteristic of mathematicians.—Youth's Companion.

What Mother Goose Missed.

Mother Goose was in a high state of indignation. "A young chap was in here just now," she said, "asking if he might use some selections from my poems in an 'anthology' he was getting out, and I took the broomstick to him! When I'm ready to have my poems printed in a book I'll get it out myself, same as they do in Indiana!" Still under emotional stress, she sat down and dashed off that immortal lyric beginning, "Sing a song of sixpence. Pocket full of o'rye!"

The Reason.

He—Why do you say women would never buy votes? She—Because they couldn't exchange them.—Princeton Tiger.

Sympathy.

"Poor Machin has lost his wife." "I'm not surprised. He's so absent-minded he'll lose everything he has."—Pole Male.

HE WILL TAKE ALL OR NONE

That's What Citizens Thought of Honest Man When Seeking for a Treasurer.

Upon a certain occasion an eminent citizen was approached by a delegation of other eminent citizens, the leader of whom proceeded to say: "Friend, it must be known to thee that we have had dishonest men in office, and the taxpayers have suffered loss thereby!" "Truly the facts have come to my ear," was the reply. "We would further state that we are a delegation looking for a new man to fill the position of county treasurer." "And in me you will find an honest one." "That is to say, thee wilt not graft?" "Not the value of a cent." "There will be much cash to handle." "But it will be safe with me." "And there will be constant temptations." "But I shall withstand them all." "Hast ever handled public funds?" "No, but I again assure thee of my honesty." "Friend," continued the speaker for the delegation, "thou art honest because thou hast never been tempted. We are now looking about ten per cent. by graft. Let the office be given to an honest man and he'll either take all or none, and the chances are about even up. We will pass on!" MORAL The honest man of today is the rascal of tomorrow.

WOMEN DOCTORS NOT NEW

Knights of Malta Sent Lady to Florence Medical School in Eighteenth Century.

Women as doctors are not, a Paris contemporary observes, a product of modern "feminism." It seems that in the eighteenth century there was a lady student at Florence. She came from Malta under the patronage of the Knights of Malta. The administrator of the Major hospital was somewhat embarrassed with his new pupil, but he found a means out of the difficulty. The chief of the Order of the Knights of Malta in introducing his lady protegee to the professors of the Florence School of Medicine wrote: "It seems to me that the matter could be arranged without any great inconvenience if the young lady were boarded during the period she was studying at your medical school with the nuns in a neighboring convent, for which we would pay five crowns a week. In regard to her instruction, she should assist in operations at the women's hospital, notably those performed by Professor Mannoni. He should also give her some private lessons at the convent, for it appears to me that she should not be present in classes with young men." The council of the hospital, being well disposed to the Knights, adopted the suggestion. More than a century elapsed before another lady was enrolled in the schools of Florence. She was a Russian and was admitted to the schools of Santa Maria Nuova.—London Globe.

How He Judged.

"I love you more than anybody in the world," she whispered, as she sat on hubby's knees, her lips close to his ear. "Don't add hypocrisy to unfaithfulness," he responded sternly, pushing her away. "Why, what do you mean, dear?" she asked, ready to cry. "You care more for some other man than you do for me!" was the bitter response. "I don't know his name, but I think he is a Chinaman." "You must have fever, dear. Do let me call a doctor." Her face was white with anxiety and the tears were falling fast as she started for the telephone. "No. Sit down and explain—if you can. You wear a lock of my hair in your pocket—just one little lock?" "Yes." "And the entire queue of some Chinaman on your head!"—Puck.

Courteous to the Last.

A visitor to the jail in a New England city was much impressed by the manners of the few prisoners. "They seem so gentle and so polite," she said. "I knew there were no hardened criminals here, but I was not prepared for such courteous and cordial receptions." "Oh, they're cordial and courteous, all right," said the jailer, "but I'd rather have less manners, myself." "You would?" and the visitor was evidently shocked. "I would, ma'am," repeated the jailer. "Six months ago one of the politest men I had here escaped one night, and left a note for me saying, 'I trust you will pardon me for the liberty I take.'"

Story Got the Near-Sighted Man.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but," said the near-sighted man, "I fell impulsively for a story new to me this morning. 'Boss,' said the man as he looked at me, 'I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together enough money to buy another pair.' 'You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself and on that story I gave up without another thought.'"

LOCAL PRIDE IS HER MANIA

Woman From Iceland Even Asserts Fishermen There Bait Their Hooks With Anesthetics.

Local pride becomes easily a matter of mania and the further and more primitive the locality the greater the pride. A woman from Iceland, the wife of a well-known Icelandic scholar, was spending the winter in New York. Local pride gave her no rest. She held that day lost in which she had not pointed out to some one something that was better done in Iceland than in the States. One evening while she was dining with a friend the conversation turned upon the work of the S. P. C. A. "In Iceland," said the victim of local pride, "we have no need of humanitarian societies. Cruelty is unknown among us. We are naturally a race of humanitarians." "You are also great fishermen, are you not?" inquired a second guest. "Oh, certainly," she cried. "Great fishermen! You have no such expert fishermen in the States." "But what a cruel sport for an island full of humanitarians!" cried the second guest. "No, indeed!" explained the devoted creature without winking. "No, indeed. In Iceland our fishermen all bait their hook with anesthetics."—New York Sun.

THIS THE WIDOW REJECTED

Refused to Receive "One Housewife" Listed in Effects Left by Her Soldier Husband.

The regulation which provides that upon the death of a soldier a complete inventory of his effects shall be sent to his next of kin gave rise to an amusing incident at one of our southwestern army posts recently. Private Blank, recently returned from a two years' tour of duty in the Philippines, having departed this life, the officer in charge forwarded to his wife in a small Ohio town an itemized list of the property of the deceased, with a request that she check off the articles that she desired so that the balance could be sold. In due time the list was returned, asking that all the articles except the one erased be forwarded. That one item had been so scratched, erased and blotted out that it was entirely obliterated. The officer's curiosity was aroused, so he referred to a carbon copy, whereupon he discovered that the indignant widow had no desire to harbor her late husband's one housewife.—Lippincott's.

A Speaking Timepiece.

"The clock strikes one, we take no note of time," sang Young in his "Night Thoughts." Were Young living today he would get much more poetry from the speaking than from the striking timepiece. The new "time-talking clock," invented in Germany, announces the hours and quarters in "an agreeable voice." Its wheels actuate a stout belt, which runs over a roll connected with a sounding box. Upon this belt, or rather film, the hours, which have been recorded by a phonograph, are impressed by galvanization on a copper plate. The mechanism which moves the hands is connected with the speaking device, and this with a funnel which re-enforces the sound and projects it outward through a finely grated opening attached to the narrow side of the clock. At night a touch on a lever reduces the clock to silence. But if one wakes and wishes to know the hour without striking a light, an easily found button is pressed and the clock immediately states the time. The speech film is practically indestructible and occupies very little space since because of its elasticity it may be wound upon a very small roller.

Just Cause for Anger.

"Mrs. Timmore is so angry with her dentist she vows she will never pay his bill," says the neighbor. "Why in the world?" asks the caller. "Well, she got him to put in a bridge for her, and she complained to him that it did not feel tight, but he said it was all right and would not be noticed when she got used to it; and so she kept it, of course, although it seemed to make it hard for her to talk—kind of made her voice thick, you know. And yesterday she called up Mr. Timmore and asked him to bring home some shoes and shirts for their little boys, and Mr. Timmore kept her repeating it over and over to him the longest time, until he thought he knew what she wanted. And what do you suppose he brought home? A bottle of soothing sirup!"—Judge.

Washing and Microbes.

Bir Alroth Wright in a recent London lecture said: "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can ever get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method." And this from the land of the morning cold tub.

A Cure on Foot.

Physician—You must take exercise. The motor car, in a case like yours, gives the best exercise that— Patient—But, doctor, I can't afford to have a motor car. Doctor—Don't buy; just dodge them.

CRIME AMONG FRENCH YOUTH

Most of the Murders and Assaults Committed by Members of the Rising Generation.

There is considerable lamentation in France over the fact that most of the murders and dangerous assaults which are chronicled in the columns devoted to crime are committed by members of the rising generation, young people whose ages vary from 15 to 21. Now a small boy, no more than ten years of age, has suddenly emerged from obscurity as the ring-leader of a gang of thieves. This anything but promising child had already been brought before the police commissary of the neighboring township in which he dwells, on a charge of appropriating other people's property, but in consideration of his youthfulness he was sent back to his parents. The lesson was lost on him, however, as a few days later he organized a gang which promptly set to work with a will. Goods disposed for sale outside of shops in that township disappeared as if by magic, and every hour of the day one tradesman or another was hurrying to the police commissary with a woe-filled face to report his losses.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

ANCIENT CUSTOM IN MANCHE

Queer Procession That Marks Completion of Harvest and Repeat That Follows It.

An interesting ancient custom is observed in Manche at the harvest time. When the work is on the point of completion a sheaf of honor is made and decorated with flowers, which the farmer himself carries in procession, surrounded by the harvesters. Two of the party, under the pretext of sweeping the way, raise a cloud of dust. If in the progress the procession meets a stranger the girls offer him some corn from a pewter plate. If he accepts and makes them a small monetary present, the girls kiss him. But the principal ceremony is reserved for the repeat, in which curds occupy a prominent place. When this part of the menu is reached the girls each choose one of the young harvestmen and endeavor to force him to take a spoonful. If the attempt is a success, it is taken as an offer of marriage on the man's part.—London Globe.

House Built From One Tree.

The town of Elma, Wash., in the midst of the great fir timber belt on the west slope of the Cascade mountains presents a unique feature in the form of a two-story house, containing 14 rooms, built entirely of the timber from a single fir. This tree was a giant Douglas fir, and was felled west of Elma. It was wonderfully straight, and when scaled was found to contain 40,000 feet of serviceable timber. The tree was cut into six logs, the first or butt being 28 feet in length. Inside the bark the stump measured seven feet and nine inches in diameter. The distance to the first limb of this tree was 100 feet, and the total height of the tree was over 300 feet. At the standard then prevailing—\$25 a thousand—the lumber in this tree was worth more than \$1,000.—Harper's Weekly.

Tuft of Periwak Feathers.

On the apex of the crown worn by the prince of Wales on special occasions is a curious feather, or rather tuft of feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. The value of this feather is estimated at \$50,000, and it has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in human possession. Twenty years passed after the first hunter sent out to procure the feather before it was obtained, and during that period more than a dozen hunters had lost their lives in the quest. The costly tuft of periwak feathers and the extraordinary danger incurred in procuring it was due to the fact that the periwak, for some unknown reason, is to be found only in dense jungles in which tigers make their lair.

Maine's Deserted Villages.

Maine has had her deserted farms and now and then one can find her deserted villages. Such a one is Welchville, in the town and county of Oxford, where once the pulse of machinery kept life beating fast in a thriving little community. To day the population is scattering, on the farms, thereabouts chiefly, while the change in the value of the property is indicated by the story recently related of the sale of a 2 1/2-story house for \$175, which was worth \$1,500 75 years ago. But the number of such towns is small. Maine is building up fast. Her deserted farms are being taken up, sometimes by progressive young farmers, and again by summer people, and the deserted Maine villages promised a new lease of life.

Good Excuse.

"Why ain't you at school, little boy?" "I stayed away on account of sickness." "Who is sick?" "The truant officer."—Suburban Life.

A Good Press Agent.

"Why do you never go fishing with anybody except Wisley?" "Well, his conscience isn't as sensitive as mine. I like to have him along so that he can do the talking about the day's sport."

EFFECTS OF INTENSE LIGHT

They Are Not So Serious When the Amount Received by the Retina Is Reduced.

It is not so much the intensity of the light focused on the retina as it is the quantity received by that sensitive organ that causes retinal fatigue or worse. In the great snow fields of the arctic regions the natives protect their eyes from the glare of the snow by goggles made of hollowed pieces of wood in which they have made small holes to look through. This, says the Optical Review, reduces the quantity of the light which passes into their eyes with consequent relief from the glare. So, too, if we look through a minute pinhole disc at the sun we can endure the very bright light much longer than when we look with the naked eye. If we look at a distant electric arc light there is no retinal fatigue, while if we look at the same light from a short distance there is great discomfort, and yet the two retinal images are of equal brilliancy, only in the first case this image is very much smaller than in the second case; that is the quantity of light is very much different.

Then there is the flaming electric light which is now to be found in all of the large cities of the country. This light is much less brilliant than that of the arc light, and yet its size is so great that this more than makes up the difference, and it is, therefore, very glaring and uncomfortable to look at. In skiascopy it is possible to use a very intense light if it is made small in area and for the reasons above stated.

SNAKES TO PREVENT PLAGUE

London Professor Urges the Domestication of Serpents to Kill Flea-Bearing Rats.

In a recent article on the plague, Professor Sombon, of the London School of Tropical Diseases, makes the curious suggestion that, instead of trusting to cats and dogs as animal assistants in the war on rats, we should take a lesson from antiquity and again make domestic pets of the big nonvenomous snakes. The professor even goes so far as to hint the Esculapian serpent was an object of wide-spread respect for the excellent reason that it killed the rats that brought the fleas that infected men—probably with more plagues than one. This theory involves the belief that the ancients knew a lot about the nature, cause and transmission of disease, and was afterward forgotten and only recently rediscovered. It will probably not be accepted by many, but whether true or not, Professor Sombon, whether seriously or not, does make out quite a case for the freese snake as a rat-killer. Judiciously selected, its efficiency would be beyond question, and it would not, like both cats and dogs, itself provide the fatal flea with convenient shelter and passage.—New York Times.

Lost—The Old Time Figures.

What has become of the old-fashioned man whose shoes squeaked as he walked cautiously down the church aisle, the Montgomery Adventurer asks. And the man who could hear a cowbell in the distance and determine by the sound of the bell whether Blossom was grazing or coming home? And the girl, wearing a bonnet—a real cloth bonnet, not a hat—who swept the yards Saturday afternoon, in anticipation of Sunday company? And the schoolboy who used a slate as a bookshelf between the schoolhouse and his home? And the housewife who knew how many holes a quilting frame should have? And the man who set a steel trap in the smokehouse? And the girl who never got on the left side of a cow to milk her? And the boy who carved his initials on a sweet gum tree and watched the letters disappear by the time he put on long pants? And the young man who tipped his hat to his elders? And the boy who went "possum hunting with a negro on Friday night, winding up in a forbidden cane patch about eleven o'clock?"

Were Not on His List.

The late Rev. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco was a man of large mind and noble powers, but more familiar with the world of intellectual and scholastic interests than with trivial and glibly things. His household was blessed with a charming daughter, who grew up tall and beautiful, commanding the admiration of all who saw her. One day a visitor said to the good doctor: "Doctor, your daughter grows more charming day by day. Why, she's a regular Gibson girl." "Ah, thank you, thank you," replied the doctor in his best manner. When the visitor had gone, turning to his wife the doctor asked: "My dear, who are the Gibsons?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Partnership.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion. "Alright," the latter said. "Where's Asia?"

Quick Changes.

Wife—Darling, I want a new gown. Husband—But you had a new one only a short time ago.

Wife—Yes, and my friend Ellen is to be married, and I can't wear the same dress I wore at her last wedding.

Flaunting Blaetter.