

RECALL OLD RECORDS

AMERICA HAS HAD HORSES OF RARE RENOWN.

Interesting Comparison of Those of Eighty Years Ago With Jerry M.'s Recent Remarkable Race in Ireland.

Carrying 175 pounds and racing over turf, making many jumps, Jerry M., an Irish thoroughbred, covered a distance of four miles in ten minutes flat.

The Dutchman, in May, 1836, on the Centerville (L. I.) course under saddle and at the trotting gait, went four miles in 10:51.

When it is considered that the Dutchman worked at the trotting gait, the performance is all the greater.

The record for runners for four miles made previous to 1842, was held by Fashion, who won over Boston, a nine-year-old, in 7:32 1/2 or 1:15 1/2 for each mile covered.

The wonderful prowess of Eclipse and other horses of the time was established by the fact that they could repeat the same long distance on the same day, though not in time as fast as the first heat.

Tracing the lines of the thoroughbreds back into history, how many times we see the name of Eclipse mentioned; his blood intermingles with the very select of the present day.

Still, It Seemed Warm.

A Cherryvale merchant came home from the breeze of an electric fan and three loaves cakes last night and said peevishly to his wife: "You can certainly get this house good and warm."

High Prices for Pictures.

I have before me the catalogue of you went through it with me we should mark the general increase in prices, and we should see how fashion is a particular and powerful factor in some cases.

Rats and the Plague.

There is a theory that the old brown rats aided the spread of plague in Europe, because the flea which infest them are more likely to take up their abode on human beings than are the parasites of the Norway rat.

In These Days.

"All the world's a stage, you know." "Yes, but not all the men and women are actors. Some have to sit in front and look at the moving pictures."

HAD PHONOGRAPHS IN EGYPT

Reports Are That Babylonian Tablet Also Shows That the Wireless Telegraph Was Known.

"We think we are a great people," said the retired army officer, taking off his glasses, "and we feel that we are progressing at a tremendous pace, but here's a newspaper account saying that the French government has unearthed in Babylonia 46,000 tablets, giving a history in full of the reign of the ancient kings."

There is a record that the first turbine engine was invented by the Egyptians, and that Archimedes devised this mechanical contrivance by which the fields could be watered when the Nile was low.

Is the Same Old World.

In reviewing Professor Frank Frost Abbott's new book, "The Common People of Ancient Rome," a critic says: "It should be something of a corrective to modern conceit to note how little we have advanced since paternalism first became dominant in Rome and since the Roman government prided itself on opening public baths and washhouses for the people."

Market for Sharks' Liver Oil.

It has been proposed to start in Malaysia a small export trade in shark's liver oil. This oil is refined in Europe and sold as cod liver oil. In October the ocean sharks come into the lagoon, between the barrier reef and the atolls, to pair.

New York Alimony Club.

The Alimony club in New York, a name adopted by a coterie of men who are undergoing imprisonment there for default in payment of allowances to wives from whom they have separated, held a banquet in jail on Christmas day.

Oldest Newspaper.

The "Tching Pao," which is the official gazette of Peking, and has just celebrated its thousandth anniversary, is the oldest newspaper in the world. Ever since its inception, a copy of each issue has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Peking palace.

Fraud of Pet Swan.

Captain Peacocks, of Los Angeles, whose name might indicate a sympathy with the feathered race, has a pet goose of the handsome variety known as "Russian swan."

AT RISK OF HIS LIFE

REV. DR. PALMORE VISITED THE TOMB OF AARON.

Mosque Is Nothing Much to See, but Religious Fanaticism of the Natives Makes the Journey One of Great Danger.

Rev. Dr. William B. Palmore of St. Louis, who has just completed a tour of Europe and the Orient, said that his most remarkable exploit was a recent nocturnal expedition at the risk of his life to the tomb on Mount Hor, in Arabia Petraea.

Late on the last night of his stay in Petra Dr. Palmore silently stole out of the city, attended by his guide and soldiers.

When the little party at last stood alone on the mountain top and saw the desert sleeping far below they found the mosque to be a ramshackle building of white stones rudely piled together and surmounted by a round dome.

"I had little time to waste, for I was confident that if the Arabs in the valley discovered my departure and traced me to the mosque they would kill me. In one corner I discovered a hole in the floor, revealing a flight of stairs cut in the rock and leading downward."

"Holding my candle aloft, I descended the steps and found myself in an unlighted cave of no great size. Like the mosque, it was bare and rude. But across one end were stretched two chains like sentinels against intruders and behind them hung a tattered curtain."

"I stepped over the chains and swept the curtain aside. The sealed entrance to a natural vault was revealed and this vault was the tomb of Aaron."

There was little time for sacred reverie, for, if day broke before he descended the mountain, his errand might be detected and avenged by the Arabs of the valley. So Dr. Palmore, after touching the sealed vault reverently with his hand, ascended the stairs, passed through the mosque and stood again in the open air.

His guide gravely locked the door and concealed the key once more in his garments. The party made its way safely back to Petra without discovery, and within a few hours was miles away on the return trip north.

Safeguarding Letters.

From the days of antiquity it has always been a problem suggested how to insure the secrecy of letters. A Frenchman named Phion claims, however, to have discovered the real method, which is as simple as the egg of Columbus.

Her Dislike Too Vigorous.

A woman in an English country town took an unusual way of expressing her dislike of the pastor. While the congregation was standing, during the singing of an anthem, she rushed up the chancel steps and began throwing hymn books at the minister, and finally exclaimed: "Take him from the church!"

Not a Strong Argument.

Said an advocate of woman suffrage during the recent campaign in California: "A point upon which a great deal of weight has been placed is the women do not want the suffrage and that it would be cruel to impose it upon them."

Eggshells in Surgery.

In a number of skin-grafting operations he has recently carried out, a Philadelphia physician has used the lining of egg shells instead of human skin. One of the patients he is reported to have successfully treated in this way was a woman, who had the skin burned off her back.

IMAGINARY TALKS IN FRANCE

Attitude of Rich Americans Toward French People Is Said to Be Thus Revealed.

Gil Blas reports an imaginary conversation at the Deauville Casino, the participants being William K. Vanderbilt, Frank Gould, Clarence H. Mackay and James Gordon Bennett, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"What attracts me to France," says one, "is the charm and ease of life the traveler finds here, which, however, is not at all real French life. Do you suppose all French people pass their time as we do during our visits, dining amid flowers and black coats?"

"Certainly not," replied the second, "French life, except at the gay resorts, is most quiet and well regulated—even economical. The French know how to live at home, and very prudently when it is necessary, but they know how to live outside of home amid elegance and gaiety when they choose."

"Then the real Frenchman is not here in Deauville?" comments the third member of the party.

"If only Frenchmen, such as we see here existed," said the fourth, "there would be no more France. This same Frenchman whom you see favored by fortune will go home in the evening quietly put on his slippers and dine on a round steak and a bottle of mineral water. The Frenchman knows how to enjoy life without going to extremes. I remember many restaurants in foreign countries where Russians, Englishmen and Germans ignore the art of bearing themselves with grace and neatness. Not so with the French. Amused, gay and frivolous at times in appearance, they never lose their gracious smile and air of distinction. Whether at a luxurious place like this or on the boulevard during a popular fete the Frenchman always preserves his good humor, for he knows how to live."

Gil Blas leaves the quartet, saying, "Guess which part of the conversation belongs to each?" and incidentally remarks that the expressions represent the combined wisdom of \$3,000,000,000.

Qualities of a Lady.

One of the first qualities of a lady is a low voice. Not a whispering voice, one must speak loudly enough to be understood. One reason why some people have to talk loudly in order to make themselves understood is that they do not articulate plainly. Pronounce your words clearly and carefully, round out each syllable and even though you speak in a low voice you will be understood. Do not talk too rapidly. A lady never gives the appearance of being hurried, and because she is leisurely the cultured woman never forgets the little courtesies which she owes to others. The courtesies are shown in a very quiet, unassuming manner, for the lady never cares to attract attention to her own actions. Neatness of dress is one of the hall marks of the lady. The girl who wears fashionable top clothes and torn, untidy underclothes need not expect to earn the title of lady. The refined girl keeps her person and her possessions neat, no matter if they are not seen by another person beside herself. She always dresses in good taste. Both her dress and her manner are quiet and reserved in public.—Exchange.

Laws Govern Austrian Servants.

A new law for lower Austria, containing various regulations concerning servants, has gone into force, replacing one over a century old. The first provision of the new law decrees that servants must no longer be called "servants," but "employees." The employer must feed the servant properly, and the servant is forbidden to chatter or gossip to other servants about the private affairs of the family. It is not stated how this provision shall be enforced. Girls are legally entitled to go out for seven hours once a fortnight. The mistress of the house is no longer forced to write a "character" of "truthful, honest and industrious" in the "book" of a dismissal servant. In the past failure to do this meant possible proceedings for libel. The mistress may now leave "character" blank.

New Potato Disease.

A serious canker disease is reported to have developed in the potato crop of Great Britain and Continental Europe, which is not only affecting the farmlands on which potatoes are grown, but is also decidedly injurious to the health of the consumers of affected potatoes. The disease is characterized by tubular excrescences, which are often larger than the potato itself. Boiling does not destroy the injurious properties. It is known that a potato canker has found its way into Newfoundland with potatoes imported from Europe, but no such disease has yet appeared in Canada, nor, so far as known, in the United States.

Woman's Misdirected Talents.

Ex-Chief of Police Byrnes, the famous New York detective, says that he "never knew a better man" than Miss Ellen E. R. Peck, which, translated from the police vernacular, signifies that in all his varied experience he never had to do with a more skillful swindler than the woman, now in her eighty-second year, whose latest sentence of ten years imprisonment was commuted by Governor Dix. She would probably have made a first class "captain of industry" if her talents had been so directed.

BILL NYE NOT APPRECIATED

Too Many in This Generation Neglect the Works of the Really Great Humorist.

There are too few of this generation who appreciate the humor of "Bill" Nye. The fame of Mark Twain unrivaled his. The two were entirely apart in their methods. Nye convulsed you in the twinkling of an eye. Twain draws your sense of humor with the deliberation of one preparing you for a treat. Nye was closer to the west than Twain, and he was later. Twain went west with the gold seekers. Nye followed the railroads. Twain followed the newspaper business with uneven success in Virginia City, Nev., and became discouraged with his own possibilities as a writer.

It was one of his early ebullitions of humor that lost Nye his place on one Laramie (Wyo.) paper, and induced his friends to launch the Boomerang. Some of these same friends helped defeat his ambitions as a lawyer. They thought Nye's accession to the prosecuting attorneyship would make a joke of the office. It is as likely that the responsibilities of a legal career would have turned Nye's talents into serious channels. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Nye's propensity for humor burgeoned early in his western career.

When he was a justice of the peace in Laramie his office was over a livery stable. At the foot of the stairway Nye nailed this placard:

"Twist the tail of the gray mule and take the elevator."

If his humor was spontaneous, his sense of justice was just as keen. Philosophy there was in his work. Humor is, in fact, largely philosophy.

"Men will fight," wrote Nye, "until it is educated out of them. Most wars are arranged by people who stay at home and sell groceries to the widows and orphans and old maids at 100 per cent advance."—Collier's Weekly

Women Should Keep Place.

At a meeting of a woman suffrage organization in Kansas City, Kan., it was suggested that the members talk to their servants and other women workers with a view to forming an estimate as to the suffrage sentiment in that particular locality. One member, who has employed the same washer woman for the last six years, reported that she put the question to this worthy lady:

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" the suffrage woman asked.

"I don't pay any attention to politics," the washerwoman replied. "I leave all that to my husband."

"Well, how does your husband stand on woman suffrage?"

"He doesn't stand at all. He believes in women staying at home and minding their own business."

"How many families do you wash for?"

"Six."

"And what does your husband do Mary?"

"He ain't doing anything right now—unless he found something this morning."—Kansas City Star.

Flying Over the Desert.

Flying over the desert is quite similar to flying over the sea, according to the experience of the Italian aviator; but, while at a height of 1,000 feet a fine view is obtained, if the aviator ascends 200 feet farther even the earth is generally concealed by a blanket of fog. It is, therefore, difficult to reconnoiter at a safe elevation. In experiments made to demonstrate the value of bombs thrown from aerial machines, it was found that generally the operator was unable to determine the amount of damage resulting from the bomb dropped and, therefore, it was regarded as advisable to have another machine to follow the first for the purpose of noting the conditions after the passage of the first.

Sure It Was Wednesday.

The lawyer was determined to discredit the witness. "You are positive this happened on Wednesday?" he demanded. "I am."

"Sure it was Wednesday?"

"Yes."

"Can't be mistaken?"

"No."

"Why couldn't it have been Thursday or Tuesday? How is that you can fix this day so positive in your mind?"

"Because," answered the witness with some spirit, "we had chicken that day. Chicken day is Wednesday where I board."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Almost the Limit.

Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard's English department is known not only as a student of the drama, but as a satirical critic of all local performances. At a recent performance Dr. Kittredge appeared even more disgruntled than usual. At one point the lights went out and the delay added to his annoyance. At the close of the performance he sought a late supper with a number of his club friends and was asked: "How was the play tonight, Dr. Kittredge?" "Disgrunting," replied the critic. "Even the lights went out at the end of the second act."

The Idea.

"Do you have had the new horse go, eh?"

"I positively had to do it."

"Didn't she understand children?"

"Oh, she understood the children well enough, but she knew absolutely nothing about bathing the poodle."

SPEAKS OF OLD SOUTH

RELIC OF OLD DAYS LOOMS IN DEPARTED GRANDEUR.

Finest Hotel "Before the War" Now a Pile of Crumbling Ruins. With Only Memories to People Its Desertion.

On the crumbling black and white marble floorings the water, indeed, was trickling into pools. And down in the halls there came to us wandering—strangest thing that ever strayed, through deserted grandeur—a brown, broken horse, lean, with a sore flank and a head of tremendous age. It stopped and gazed at us as though we might be going to give it things to eat, then passed on, stumbling over the ruined marbles, writes John Gainsworth in Scribner's.

For a moment we had thought him a ghost—one of the many. But he was not, since his hoofs sounded that scrambling clatter had died out into silence before we came to the dark-cryptlike chamber whose marble columns were ringed in iron, veritable pillars of foundation. And then we saw that our old guide's hands were full of newspaper. She struck a match; they caught fire and blazed. Holding high that torch, she said:

"See! Up there's his name, above where he stood. The auctioneer Oh, yes, indeed! Here's where they sold them!"

Below that name, decaying on the wall, we had the slow, uncanny feeling that some-one was standing there in the gleam and flicker of that paper torch. For a moment the whole shadowy room seemed full of forms and faces. Then the torch died out and our old guide, pointing through an archway with the blackened stump of it said:

"Was here they kept them—indeed, yes!"

We saw before us a sort of vault, stone built, and low and long. The light there was too dim for us to make out anything but balls, and heaps of rusting scrap iron cast out there and moldering down. But trying to pierce that darkness we became conscious of innumerable eyes gazing, not at us, but through the archway where we stood; innumerable white eyeballs gleaming out of blackness. From behind us came a little laugh. It floated past through the archway toward those eyes. Who was it laughed in there? The old south itself—that incredible, fine, lost soul! That "old time" thing of old ideals, blindingly blind by its own history. That queer, proud blend of simple chivalry and tyranny of piety and the abhorrent thing? Who was it laughed out of that old slave market, at these white eyeballs glaring from out of the blackness of this dark cattle pen? What poor departed soul in this house of melancholy? But there was no ghost when we turned to look—only our old guide with her sweet smile.

"Yes, she. Here they all came—'twas the finest hotel—before the war time; old southern families—bought their property. Yes, ma'am very interesting! This way! And here were the bells to all the rooms. Broken, you see—all broken!"

And rather quickly we passed away out of that "old time place," where something had laughed, and the drip, drip, drip of water down the walls was as the sound of a spirit grieving.

Something Reasonably New.

For those who say there is nothing new under the sun, it may be stated that society has a woman cigarette maker. She is Mrs. Frederick Conder Brenning, daughter of Charles Conder, lawyer, and widow of Baron Frederick Brenning, who left her with half a dozen small Brennings and little money. She did not keep her title, not wanting it any more than she wanted help from her wealthy relatives. At first she had two rooms in which she rolled cigarettes marked with gold monograms of society women who smoked. She had no trouble marketing her wares. Orders came in so fast that she had to open a large factory. She now employs several expert rollers and two or three girls as packers.

The Stuttering Child.

For many years the school authorities of certain European countries have conducted special schools for the benefit of stutters, says Harper's Weekly. These are of several types, some conducted during the summer, others utilizing an after-school hour, and still others taking complete charge of the pupil until he is cured. All of these are wonderfully successful. As a rule recovery is complete within four or five months, and only rarely does a case prove entirely intractable. When relapse occurs, as sometimes happens, the child is given a second course of treatment, or even a third if necessary.

Dog Valuable Fireman's Assistant.

The New York fire brigade is justly proud of Happy, the Dalmatian dog belonging to one of its members. Happy possesses the rare accomplishment of being able to climb ladders, and this feat and the dog's great sagacity were instrumental in saving three lives. During a serious fire in Third avenue the dog's master and two of his comrades were overcome by smoke and in peril of suffocation, when Happy ran up the fire ladder and called attention to the danger by barking furiously at the window of the room in which the three men were.