NO PLACE FOR AGED MAN Uncle Ranny Rameey, Who Is Palsied,

Must Be Kept Away From

All Auctions. "In the morning of our existence," philosocogitatorially remarked the Erratic Thinker, "when life stretches away and away ahead of us, and we; scamper on supple, care-free legs! through flowery dells, and all that,how little we reck that the first thing ! we know we will be in the midst of golden noon when the shadows fall neither to the right nor to the left. And eftsoon, with weary, stiffened limbs and defective hearing, we'll set out to promenade on the railroad track three minutes before train time. Then, let us be considerate of the aged and not let them know how much smarter we are than they were at our age, and-but you have no idea how much engineering it takes

on my part to keep my old Uncle

Ranny Ramsey from attending every

blamed auction he hears of, since

his palsy got so bad. You see, he sits

there and bobs his poor old head and

them sharp auctioneers knock down

to him everything they can't sell to

anybody else, claiming he bid on it.

And it kind o' flatters the old man to

think he is back in the hooraw of bus-

iness life again, and so they make it

stick."

WATER PORTERS OF QUITO

They Carry Big Earthen Jars on Their Backs and Bowing, Create a Cataract.

Around a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito assemble every morning the city's aguadores. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South American cities in carrying their jars upon their backs instead of on the backs of mules. Their earthen jars are deep, have a wide mouth, and hold about 40 liters.

The porter carries it on his shoulder fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his isr either to fill it or to transfer its con-

tents to that of his customer. He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water, listens to the sound of the water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Arriving at the house of a cuscomer, he goes to the household jar, makes a deep bow, and disappears behind a torrent of water. Foreigners can never receive, without laughing, the visit of their aguador, the respectful little man who bows to one behind a cataract of water.

Resourceful.

In the club they were comparing the resourcefulness of their wives in difficult social situations. The man who lives in a Harlem flat had been a good listener, but he finally found an `opening.

"Yes," said he, "my wife isn't bad at that sort of thing. We were having some people to luncheon one Sunday last spring, and just at an hour when all the delicatessens were closed she discovered that she needed some mustard and didn't have a grain of it in the kitchen. And she isn't the sort that will borrow from people next door that she doesn't know. It was a bad fix, all right. But she got mustard enough."

"Went to the delicatessen man's house and routed him out, I suppose?" suggested a member from the Bronx.

"Not much. Just went to the medicine closet, got down a box of readymade mustard plasters, put 'em to soak, and squeezed enough of the hot stuff off."

"Good night," said the man from the Bronx.—New York Globe.

Bonaparte as Schoolboy. The following is a copy of the certificate given to the great Napoleon on leaving school. It was handed to him for presentation to the king of France by the inspector of the College of Brienne:

"M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born the 15th of August, 1769. Height, four feet ten inches ten lines (five feet six and one-half inches); has finished his fourth degree.

"Of good constitution, excellent health, a character docile, frank and graceful and strictly regular in conduct; has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics; he is tolerably conversant with history and geography; rather deficient in polite accomplishments as well as Latin, having only finished his fourth course. Would make an excellent marine.

"Deserves to pass to the school at

Astrology. : It would be futile to attempt to determine the time and place of the origin of astrology. It is as ancient as history itself. When we first hear of human society we find along with it the "excellent foppery of the world," as Shakespeare called astrology. Astrology was cultivated by the Chaldeans, Marptians, Greeks, Romans, and all other ancient peoples. So strong was the art, or science, that it refused to go down in the general smash-us at the close of the old Roman rule, but held on and was powerful all through the middie ages. It was only with the advent of modern science and enlightenment as to nature's laws that the old seemes of the stars and fates declined.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE

Odd Superstitions That Are Prevalent Among the Inhabitants of European Countries.

In Spain the wedding is spoiled if one of the guests appears entirely in black or if the bride looks into a mirror after orange blossoms and weil are fastened in her headdress.

When a person's hair ends split it is taken by the superstitious for a sign that she is either a witch or has been bewitched. As blond hair splits more readily than dark hair, all witches, sprites and sorcercesses have blond or red hair, according to popular belief. Likewise, according to the standard of

On the marriage eve there is often much good natured rivalry between the groom and the bride in the Slav countries as to who shall blow out the candle, for the person who does will be "first to die." It is impossible to trace the origin of this superstition, yet it prevails in aristocratic society as well as in the peasant's hut, even as like this, that "to insure the life and health of the children" the woman must occupy the right side of the bed. In addition, she must not smoke before her forty-fifth year.

There is a superstition in this country and many others against burning a broom. The bud of birch broom is used in southern Germany as a preventive against erysipelas. These buds, a piece of yellow wax and some other articles, are inclosed in a pink silk bag, secured with red silk and worn on the back of the neck. The person must change his shirt every Friday.

ANCIENT STONE SUN DIAL

It Was Built Into a Church Buttress, Probably in the Thirteenth Century.

The stone sun dial, probably of the thirteenth century, which has just been placed in the south wall of the chancel of West Clandon church, is likely to be of considerable interest to antiquaries. The dial, which has unfortunately last its gnomon, was till recently built into the western side of a buttress, having apparently been re-

garded as a piece of stone of no value. The stone on which the dial is cut is of chalk and the dial is about a foot across. The engraving of the lines on the face is deep and sharp, the stone being in a good state of preservation, and the hole in which the gnomon had been fixed is wide and deep. At each of those positions on the face of the dial which in a clock would be called the quarters four dots are engraved, but these dots are arranged in different positions. Sun dials such as that at West Clandon are not at all rare and at one time they were probably placed on every church. Indeed, at Saltwood, in Kent, there are three close together, but particular interest attaches to the specimen at West Clandon from the fact that it is much nearer perfect than is generally the case.—The Guardian.

· Cave of Bones.

An extraordinary "bone cave" may be seen in the island of Teneriffe. It is situated near the summit of a lofty sea cliff near Orotava, close to the small plain of Le Paz, where peace was finally made between the conquering Spaniards and the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island.

Here the Guanches made their last stand, and the cave formed a shelter for the small remnant left of the tribesmen after the Spanish had finished with them. In former times the place had evidently been a burial ground of the Guanches, and when first discovered mummies were found in it; now, however, only a large pile of bones remains. Access is obtained by descending a rope through a hole dug in the roof, but the original occupants must have had a difficult and dangerous scramble down the face of the almost perpendicular cliff to the natural entrance.

Satisfied.

In a mill in the north of England an old Irishman and his mate were set on to replace a floor in a little shop which was used for a by-product of the business. They had just finished the job, and it was getting dark, when the old man bethought himself that a floor ought to be level.

Off he rushed to borrow a spiritlevel and soon returned, flushed and excited, to see how his floor stood the

He placed the level on the floor: and peered at it, but could not see! the bubble as it was too dark in the shop. So, picking the level gently up by both ends he carefully carried it to the door and exclaimed joyfully to his mate. "Fair in the middle, lad; the floor's as level as a die."-Weekly Telegraph.

One That He Forgot. Two black-faced minstrels were giving an entertainment on the sands of a certain seaside holiday resort recently. While one of them was telling funny stories about the humors of boarding house landladies, the other went among the crowd making a collection. He at length went up to a stern looking woman, who promptly snatched the tambourine from his hand and poured the contents into her lap. As she returned the empty tambourine to the astonished ministrel she exclaimed:

"Tell your friend who knows so much about landladies that I'm the one he forgot to pay the last time he was here!"—Weekly Telegraph.

DID GREAT THINGS AS BOYS

Notable Instances of Those Who Have Accomplished Much in Their Youth.

It is well for us to remind ourselves not infrequently of the historical fact that some of the greatest achievements in the world have been made by youth, and it will always be so in human history. David had experienced some of the greatest emotions before he was twenty, and was a king at the age of eighteen. Raphael had practically completed his life work at age of thirty-seven. He did no great artistic work after that age. James Watt even as a boy as he watched the steam coming out of the teakettle, saw in it the new world of mechanical power made possible by the old element turned and driven by a simple appliance. Cortez was master of Mexico before he was thirty-six. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, after having composed what may perhaps he called in some ways the most entrancing melody ever written. Charlemagne was master of France and the greatest emperor of the world at the age of thirty. Shelley wrote Queen Mab when he was only twentyone, and was master of poetry before he was twenty-five. Patrick Henry was able to shape the revolutionary history of a new country before he was thirty, and astonish the world by his oratory before he was twenty-six years old. At the age of twenty-four Ruskin had written Modern Painters, and Bryant, while still a boy of high-school age, had written Thanatopsis. The list of achievements of youth in all agesin all departments of activity-is endless.—Christian Herald.

Dryden's Wit.

The duke of Dorset, John Dryden, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield were in the habit of spending their evenings together. 'Twas in general "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." On one occasion, however, ennui had taken possession of the whole. At last it was proposed that the three aristocrats should each write something and place it under the candlestick, and that Dryden (who was at that period in very different circumstances) should determine who had written the best thing. It was no sooner proposed than agreed to. The scrutiny commenced; judgment was given. "My lords," said Dryden, addressing Bolingbroke aand Chesterfield, "you each of you have proved your wit, but I am sure you will. nevertheless, agree with me that his grace the duke of Dorset has excelled. Pray attend, my lords—'I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq., on demand, one hundred pounds.-Dorset." It scarcely need be observed that the noble with subscribed to the judg-ment.

Iron alloys containing a certain percentage of chromium are usually employed in the manufacture of articles and apparatus which should resist the action of acids. These compositions are, however, not absolutely acidproof. Recently the well-known German metallurgist, Professor Borchers, of Aix-la-Chapelle, discovered that by adding molybdenum to an iron composition containing more than ten per cent chromium, in amounts of 2.5 per cent, an absolutely acid-proof composition can be obtained. It is essential, however, that the iron be free farm carbon or at least nearly so. A composition containing 35 per cent iron, 60 per cent chromium and 5 per cent molybdenum, it is claimed, remains unaffected even by hot aqua regia. This alloy has the tenacity of cast iron and can be worked like the latter. Titanium and vanarium may be used instead of molbdenum, but the latter is preferable.

One Way With Late Husbands. At Steinach, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, a young married woman whose husband was unable to tear himself away from his favorite cafe in the evenings and was always very late for dinner, took the dinner and "planted" it before her husband and friends while they were playing cards in the cafe.

"Continue your game as long as you like, but don't return home and disturb me, for I am going to bed." she said, and walked out of the cafe. The young husband had to pass the night in the streets, as his wife refused to allow him to enter the house.

The critics have not proven that the plays known as Shakespeare's were not written by the Stratford man of that name. The Stratford man will has the field, and is likely to have it for an indefinite time to come. Of course, it is possible that the discovery of now hidden archives may suddeply demonstrate to the world that Bacon or some other man wrete the immortal plays, but as things stand today we must admit the Bhakespearean authorship or confess that we know nothing at all as to who their real author is.

Twins an Evil Omen.

Igorote women have a strange superstition about twins. They say that Anito, an evil spirit, is always present in one of the babes when twins are born. Napeek, twins are called, and their advent is looked on as an evil omen. Even wild buffalo-carabao-have but one calf, say the superstitious igorotes, so they take one of the twins, usually the larger, and quietly dispose of it.—Christian Herald.

LITERATURE FOR ALL MOODS

Personal Andreas Salar S

That is What Librarians Are Expected to Select for Their Exacting Patrons.

Infinite are the requirements and profound the judgment of librarians. The other day a little girl who does the family marketing rushed into a branch library with the appouncement that the sewing society was going to meet at her mother's house that afternoon and wouldn't the librarian please send around a book suitable for the elocutionists of the circle to read alcud while the others worked. The young woman appealed to sent the sequel to a particularly charming story that had beguiled the tedium of that same circle on a previous afternoon. In a short while the little girl returned the book. "Ma says this ain't the kind of a

story they need today," she said "They ain't workin' on baby clothes and shirtwaists today. They're darnin' men's socks and mendin' shirts,

and they want something suitable." There was a consultation of librarians. Just what kind of literature would fit the mental attitude of women engaged in darning socks and mending shirts was a question hitherto unconsidered. They decided on a woman's rights pamphlet called "Tho Eternal Warfare Apparently it suited, for the child did not bring it

TWENTY WORDS IN THE LEAD

Cleveland Lawyer's New Stenographer Kept Well Ahead of Him When He Dictated.

A Cleveland corporation lawyer has a new stenographer—the second new one in a week. Strange to say, he didn't discharge the first one because she was incompetent, but because she was too good. Let him tell it.

"This girl came to me well recommended, and when I dictated a test letter, I found her extremely rapid and accurate. So I employed her on the spot. She fell right in with the work, and I decided that I had found a treasure. But on the third day sho gave me a shock.

"I was dictating an opinion in a complicated infringement suit, and it was very important that it should be accurate in every word and phrase. This was the third draft I had written, in fact. At one place I interrupted myself and said to the stenographer:

"'Am I speaking too fast for you, Miss Jackson? Are you getting my words down correctly?'

"'Oh, I'm getting them all right," she answered, smiling. 'And you don't speak nearly as fast as I can take. I'm about twenty words shead of you now!""

"There's such a thing as being too good."--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ivory Smuggling. Ivory smuggling is looked upon as a very serious crime in British East Africa, and this is only as it should be, for, in order to secure the ivory. the traders have to kill great numbers of elephants. The game preservation laws, particularly as regards elephants, are most severe, and wos betide the man who is caught breaking the game regulations or in pos-

session of illicit spoils of the chase. The smuggling of ivory, therefore, says the World Wide Magazine. is treated in the same manner as smuggling gems and clothing into the United States, illicit diamond buying in South Africa, or other forms of smuggling in England. The rigid laws, however, do not prevent the Araba and Indians from indulging in an illegal trade in ivory on a large scale.

Charms of Walking. "In Europe whole families go, off for tramps together; in England, every Saturday half-holiday sees loaded trains of walking parties starting out of London, making for Epping Forest, or Burnham beeches, for the hills of Surrey or the river banks. Not to walk on a holiday is the exceptional thing. A club of people meeting for regular walks finds it possible to have a delightful interchange of conversation amid the pure joyousness of the open air and beautiful woodlands. This community of thought and interest is, after all, the finest thing society has to give us."—Suburban Life Magazine.

Where the Weight Fell. Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him, at five years of age, a preacher. His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlor, while s taller chair, with a bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour. "Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?" "No, papa," wittily replied the boy-preacher; "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs."

Proper Yellow Feeling. One of John Quincy Adam's clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, found that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing boat except long enough to write a note to the judge, which read: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Isaak Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting, and I can't leave," And the judge, hav--ing read the note, announced to the court: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

LATEST WHIM OF JANITOR

Mrs. Audiey Learns He is "Superintendent" and Sees People Only by Appointment.

Mrs. Audley, who had moved into a new apartment, was driven to the verge of distraction by the persistent failure of the janitor to perform certain services which were essential to the comfort of herself and her family. One morning when her indignation had reached the boiling point she telephoned to the basement.

"I want to speak to the janitor," she announced emphatically.

"Do you mean the superintendent?" inquired the voice of a woman at the other end of the wire. "I mean the janitor; but if calling

him 'the superintendent' makes him do his work more promptly-the superintendent." "The superintendent ain't in his

apartment at the present moment." replied the voice, with unmistakable haughtiness. "Are you the ja-superintendent's

wife?" telephoned Mrs. Audley. "I am Mrs. Macbeth, the wife of the superintendent," admitted the

"Well, I am Mrs. Audley. Please send your husband to me as soon as possible. There are things that must be done in my apartment, and that it was his business to have done days ago, and I want. What! busy? He may just as well be busy doing the work I require as the work required by anybody else in the house," said Mrs. Audley hotly. "So, please tell him to come to my apartment without further delay."

"The superintendent never sees nobody except by special appointment," came the voice from the basement. "Oh." murmured Mrs. Audley, and, hanging up the receiver, sat down to

Magic of the Rainbow. The rainbow shimmering high in

the heavens is more than a mere arch of glowing colors. It is a royal ambassador from the kingdom of nature. a herald bearing a message of vast importance to mankind. Written upon its brilliantly-hued, shining archway is a truth that man has finally appreciated after the countless ages that have passed since the first rainbow glorified the heavens. And this truth is what? Nothing less than the revelation of the component elements that constitute the sun and stars and the dim-shining nebulae lost in the farthermost hiding places of the universe. By means of this truth, written large upon the raindrops, we know more about the composition of the sun, 93,000,000 miles from the earth, than we do about the world on which we dwell.-Popular Mechanics Magazine.

No Need to Worry. A lovely woman who lives on Roxford road. East Cleveland, is the proud mother of two boys. Reginald is six years old, while Ronald is not yet two. Both children are active and inquisitive, so it has become necessary to employ a young girl to watch them.

Mamma is subject to headaches. and mamma has discovered the sort of proprietary pills that will relieve them. One mustn't take more than one per hour. And the other afternoon mamma had a headache, took a pill and went to rest. After a while she got up to repeat the dose-and found the pill box empty. She summoned the maid.

"Frida!" she cried. "Did Reginald swallow all those pills. Answer me!" "No'm." answered Frida, with a smile. "Don't be scared none. He's a chenerous kid-he gafe half of 'em to der baby!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Dealer.

Maps and Charts. Anaximander of Miletus is generally supposed to have been the originator of geographical and celestial charts, about 570 B. C. Modern sea charts were trought to England by Bartholomew Columbus to illustrate his brother's theory of a western continent. This was about the year 1489. The first tolerably accurate map of England was drawn by George Lily, who died in 1559. Gerald Mercator published an atlas of maps in 1595, but it is only within the last 50 years or so that we have had really scientific charts of the earth's surface. It was, of course, impossible to have had such

Reportee.

maps in the olden time.

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen staying at the hotel heard of it, and one of them made a bet that he would say something Kenny could not answer.

A bottle of champagne was ordered, and the one who made the bet commenced to open it. The cork came out with a bang, and, not unintentionally, hit Kenny in the mouth. "Ah." he said, "that is not the way

to cork." "No," replied Kenny, as he soothed the injured part, "but it's the way to Kill-Kenny."

His Art Instincts Jones had invited a friend to dinner and asked him to carve a chicken that was placed before him. The guests set to work with a good will, but after a deal of muscular exercise was compelled to acknowledge himself beaten. "Where in the name of leather did you get that bird?"

"I don't know," replied the host. "unless it should prove to be the offepring of some hard boiled egg."- ORIGIN OF BARREL UNKNOWN

This Receptacle for All Manner of Things Has Been Used Since Time immemorial.

Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time

immemorial. Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines, and all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids.

The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts, or pins-it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chines. Although not calked, barrels are water-tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hogshead.

MULE DEVOURED THE PIANO

Animal Totally Wrecked a Musical Instrument Near Him on a Steam-... boat's Deck.

"Mule ate piano shipped. Send another next boat." This message was received recently by a local piano house from an "up-the-river" purchaser whose \$500 instrument had been forwarded via Mississippi river steamboat. In its usual pine box the piano was installed on the lower deck next to a lanky, sleepy looking mule bound for the cotton fields of the upper bends. Although provided with plenty of oats and hay, the mule ripped off a portion of the outer box. disposing of six octaves of black and white ivory keys, running the chromatic scale up to "G" in the treble clef. He had gnawed away the mahogany panels in front, masticated felt dampers and hammers by the dozen. completely wrecking the melodious "insides" of the instrument. Steamboat Bill, stoking a boiler twenty feet away, said the mule "must have had his foot on the soft pedal," as he did not hear a note. When discovered the animal was unconcernedly gazing longingly across the river at a grass covered levee. It will cost \$300 to repair the plano.-New Orleans correrondent Montgomery Journal.

Honesty in London.

Montenegro has a law ordaining that any found valuable shall be placed where the loser can find it. The fact suggests an anecdate told of Garibaidi's grandfather in Dickens' life of the famous clown. On one of his visits to Leadenhall market with nearly \$2,000 in gold and silver upon him, "he found that his shoe had become unbuckled, and taking from his pocket the bag, he placed it upon a neighboring post, and then proceeded to adjust his buckle." Having afterward to pay for a purchase, he missed his bag of gold, and hurned back to the post where he had buckled his shoe. Although more than threequarters of an hour had elapsed . . . there it remained safe and untouched on the top of a post in the open street!" That was in eighteent century London.

Peculiar Source of Income. A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuff-box. And this was the way of it: The snuff-box was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edinbourgh," about 90 years ago, by Baron James de Rothschild, as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it, 24 hours later, for 75 napoleons to the same jeweier from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer, still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Pride of the Family. "A Book of Scotch Humor" illustrates anew of a native of Annandale the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. "I ken them a'," said the rustic, speaking of the Carlyles. "Jock's a doctor aboot London. Tam's a harem-scarem kind o' chiel, an' wreats book an' that. But Jamie-yon's his farm you see owre yonder-Jamie's the man o' that family, an' I'm prood to say I ken him. Jamie Carlyle, sir, feeds the best swine that come into Dumfries market."

Stitch in Time. A Los Angeles brain specialist says that all Americans will be baldheaded within 300 years because of their intense brain activity. Editor Ake of the Iron County Register, at Ironton, saw the item, and with more or less caution tells his subscribers: "I will begin at once to curb the too, too lively tenor of the gray matter which fills my cranium. Forewarned is forefended, you know."—St. Louis Re-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS The feet of feet of feet of feet for the field to exhibite the feet of the fee