

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

In what way did he lose his self-possesion? "Very simply. He gave himself away." Philadelphia Times. "What you do now, Eben?" "I'm barbering." "Well, I always said you'd be a barber ever since you was a little shaver." Indianapolis News. "Tact—Wear your wig." "Dey ain't no such a thing as a hydrophobia." Will Wentworth. "Aw, I'm on ter youse; youse wanta me ter tackle de house where dey got dogs, don't yer?" Ohio State Journal. "By, Madge," remarked her slinky brother, "if I tell you a secret can you keep it 'way down in your boots?" "Yes," she replied, demurely. "If it ain't a very big secret I can." Philadelphia Record. "Delays Are Dangerous." "It's time, Sam, that we thought of Hilda's getting married. She is already 18 years old!" "Oh, let her wait till the right man comes along!" "Why couldn't I do it?"—Fliegende Blaetter. "Did She Accept Him?" "Yes—He proposed to her in rather a growling way." "Why, I understood he merely asked her to share his fortune." "Yes, he asked her if she would care to share his lot. They were walking in the cemetery at the time."—Philadelphia Press. "Bethers and sisters," concluded Mrs. Washington Johnson, "I had demonstrated abstractly that de Lord takes a thief—that he is not to be propitiated by no offering, thefo' I say de pusses or pussions who stole de pastor's hog to make no contribution at de circulation of de offerery platter." Note: The collection about all previous records.—Princeton Tiger.

SILVER OF THE NAVY.

Charles Fawcett Tells of Beautiful Silver Services That Are Kept on Uncle Sam's Battleships. In Woman's Home Companion. Charles Fawcett has an article on "Presenting a Silver Service to a Battleship." He not only describes some of the most interesting pieces of plate, but goes into the details of the presentation. The following is an extract: "The method of procedure when a sovereign state undertakes to procure some handsome tableware for the daily use of its navy is an interesting one. It is customary, almost as soon as the navy department has announced that one of the battleships building or projected will bear the name of a certain state, for representatives in congress to hold a meeting and launch a project for presenting the vessel with a silver service. Next prominent naval officers have to be consulted with regard to the number of pieces considered desirable, and as to their design and finish. It is notable that the authorities consulted under such circumstances are certain to be almost unanimous in their advocacy of simplicity of design. The naval officers are also very likely to suggest the desirability of securing massive ware and pieces large enough to prevent their being easily lost. The regular committee, which has meanwhile been appointed, embodies this advice in a circular, and invites all the leading silversmiths of the country to submit competitive designs. Not infrequently these sketches are all completed and an exhibition long before the funds have been raised. Thus there is ample opportunity for the thorough discussion of the artistic merit of the various suggestions. Then comes the award of the contract, and finally, after a year or two, the formal presentation ceremonies, which are attended by prayer and music and much speech-making. The presentation address is made by the governor or some other state dignitary, and the captain commanding the new vessel endeavors to express the gratitude of the ship's company."

INSECT PESTS OF HAWAII.

Many Destroyers of Humanity's Peace Have Come to the Islands from Other Lands. No spot on earth has suffered so much from the importation of insect pests as the islands composing the Hawaiian group. Time was when it was a pleasure to live there because of the absence of such plagues; now it is different, says a recent report. The two chief products of these islands are sugar and coffee, while a considerable amount of fruit is also grown. Along with the imported trees came their insect enemies, notably the scale insect and the aphid. In the course of time these increased so prodigiously that they threatened to destroy the industries of the country. Man is doomed to a constant struggle against nature and he is often compelled, so to speak, to fight her with her own weapons. So it was in this case. The trees were being destroyed by insects; remedy, import more insects. So in 1889 a certain ladybird (predator) was sent over from Australia. It became completely naturalized and increased prodigiously, feeding on the scale insects, which it soon reduced in numbers until they became comparatively scarce. But there were other insect plagues—aphids and others of different orders. The government therefore employed a naturalist to import more insects. These were brought from Australia and many of them were ladybirds. Several of them have established themselves and done good service. One of the most useful is a ladybird which feeds on the aphids, which had seriously attacked the sugar canes. It has done such good work that there is every prospect of the canes being speedily cured.

WORK OF VANDALS.

Souvenir Fiends Play Havoc with the Washington Monument.

Feetness of the Carvings Broken Off and Everything Within Reach of Climbers Defaced in Some Manner. The Washington monument is badly scarred by the depredations of the souvenir fiends. Inside the memorial slabs presented by the states in the union at the time of the monument's erection and by various societies have suffered most. There are more than 160 of these, and many of them are in a sad condition of mutilation. Missing heads, arms, legs and dappery bear eloquent witness to the manners of visitors. Just exactly what value, real or sentimental, the left ear lobe of the Goddess of Prosperity, for instance, can have for any person is hard for a sane man to understand. Somebody got it, however, says the New York Sun. Most of the slabs presented by the states bear simply names and dates in large, bold letters that defy umbrellas, and the like, and these remain untouched, save by pencils that mark their owners' names. But of the delicate carving there is little left. The handsomest slab, though one of the smallest, measuring 2x3 feet, is that presented by the American Medical Association, representing a group of the fathers of medicine. It is about midway up the monument, about where climbers rest, and about four feet from the floor, a convenient reach. Hence the condition of the figures, two headless and three armless. Two landings above is a slab representing a locomotive. The locomotive looks as if it had got the worst of a collision. The souvenir hunters did it. Not far away is a large slab occupying the center of one wall for a height of six feet. In its present condition it would do for a puzzle picture. Before the enthusiastic tourists got at it with their umbrellas and canes it represented a fire engine of the old type. A volunteer fire department of some city presented it. Probably the name of the city is in some old record. It isn't on the slab. Once it was, but the souvenir sharks got it. One thing they haven't got is the fine carving of a pelican, the symbol of the state of Louisiana. The reason is that instead of being a bas-relief the pelican is carved in the stone, intaglio fashion, and no predatory umbrella can dig that out. When most of the vandalism in the monument occurred no one knows, but it probably took place before the checking system was there, compelling visitors to leave all implements of destruction before going up the monument. At Mount Vernon there is a small army of guards on the lookout for the worker of souvenir iniquity. In Washington's old home there is one thing that strikes the eye by its contrast to the prevailing simplicity. It is the carved mantel piece of Carrara marble in the dining-room. Even with scratches in every room some individual managed to get in his work and knock off the head of a galloping deer in the center of the group. The animal remained headless for months. Then one day back came the head in a little box, post-marked Paris. The culprit had realized the evil of his ways. Said the accompanying note: "It did not occur to me in my own country, where everything is so perfectly preserved, the outrage that it is to mutilate historic places for relics. Here is nothing is preserved; everything is chipped and marred and broken by travelers like myself. I return herewith, etc." Signed—not at all.

Mistaken for a Tramp.

Appearance often deceitful and even monarchs may be mistaken for paupers. It is related that once, not long since, when King Edward of England was prince of Wales, he was staying with Leopold Rothschild near Leighton-Buzzard and followed the hunt one day. About lunch time he found himself alone near Berkhamsted, feeling very hungry and without immediate prospect of getting any food. Recollecting, however, that the Smith Dorrien's place, Haresfoot, was somewhere within easy reach, he rode over, found the house, and rang the front door bell. A footman appeared. "Will you kindly tell your master that the prince of Wales is outside and would like some lunch?" he said. "Walker!" answered the man and banged the door in his face.—N. Y. Sun. Edison's Deafness. The Electrical Review says that an ear specialist recently visited Thomas A. Edison and offered to cure him of his deafness. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Edison, "and give up the great advantage I have over you fellows? Why, I need it in my business—for, you see, my business is thinking, and, no matter what the rest of you are doing or how much noise you are making it doesn't bother me, and I am able to concentrate my mind fully upon the subject in hand without interruption. Give up an advantage like that! Not much, until, possibly, I get so old I cannot work any longer."

KANSAS, THE TENTH MUSE.

Noted Saloon Smasher Made It as Nasty as a "Meal of Meteors on a Tin Roof." There is a foolish English question or conundrum which runs: "Why is a mouse when it spins?" There is no answer to it. It is only a silly combination of words, and in this same spirit and by the same token one might ask: "Why is Carrie Nation when she smashes?" Why is she? Heaven know! Why does all the world stop its business and stand agape while this fat little old woman who until tea weeks ago had lived 60 eminently respectable years goes about waving her hatchet and talking in loud and excited tones? As the world has rolled along any number of ladies and gentlemen have arisen with axes or adzes or clubs and have lammed the daylight out of people who disagree with them. Saloon smashing has been done, and in recent years, by women who have been persecuted by the rum fiend. The matter has caused some neighborhood comment. It has even got into the day's dispatches. But the story was unimportant and trivial and "really of no consequence." But here comes this Kansas woman, from Medicine Lodge, Kan., the home of Jerry Simpson, and also of Congressman Chester I. Long, whose speech on the Porto Rican tariff was used more than any other speech on the subject by the republican national committee last year—here comes this little old Kansas woman and throws a rock heard around the world. Why does it resound? Would it have crashed through the glass doors of the House of Fame if Mrs. Nation had thrown that rock at Springfield, Mo., or Wheeling, W. Va., or Charleston, S. C., or Walla Walla, Wash., or Laramie, Wyo., or Ilion, N. Y.?

"No!" as the Fourth of July orator would say. "No, ten thousand times no!" The rock that Carrie Nation aimed at the rum fiend's slats rattled around the world like a moonful of meteors falling on a tin roof solely and only because Carrie Nation threw the rock in Kansas, writes William Allen White in the St. Louis Mirror. Kansas is the tenth muse—the muse of advertising. There have been socialists in America for a century, but until the Kansas populists appeared the socialists were without force or effect. There have been cyclones in the world since the morning stars sang together, but until the Kansas cyclone appeared the cyclone was without distinction or influence. God made grasshoppers before He made man, but until the grasshopper became hyphenated with Kansas he was a lowly bug, less known than the bedbug or the flea. Kansas refuses to allow her wares to become shopworn. She advertises. It is in the blood. When she found she had in Ingalls the best living American stylist what did she do? Did she hide him in a college as Massachusetts would have done? Did she start a magazine with him as New York would have done? Did she send him to the court of St. James as Ohio would have done? No, gentle reader. Kansas found the best billboard on earth and put old John J. Ingalls to writing advertising on Kansas there. Kansas sent Ingalls to the senate. Kansas gets advertising out of everything. Good fortune and calamity, riches or adversity, famine or feast—all times and seasons are reserved in the contract for top-of-column-next-to-reading-matter advertising for Kansas. Kansas is a wonderful state. If some night an earthquake should drop the whole ever blooming state into the bottomless pit before morning the inclosure would be fenced up with a billboard ten miles high, covered with the story of the glory of Kansas and every night from the crater of the pit the same enlightening and diverting, withal profitable, Kansas tale would be wigwagged from the blazes below upon the dome of the eternal stars.

A DEMAND FOR CHEMISTS.

Louisiana It is Reported is Greatly in Need of "Sugar Engineers." Most professions are overstocked. Young lawyers, doctors, newspaper men, architects and electrical engineers know that in their several fields of activity there are more aspirants for favor than there are business openings, even though applicants bring good recommendations and possess talent. But according to Prof. L. W. Wilkinson, who occupies the chair of chemistry in Tulane university, New Orleans, there is a growing and unsatisfied demand for chemists who understand the manufacture of sugar. In Louisiana it is common to employ in every sugar mill a man who has a sufficient knowledge of machinery to superintend the power plant and mechanical operations of the industry, but it is now becoming the custom to require of him a familiarity with the chemical problems involved also. Special courses of instruction are given at Tulane with this object in view. But that institution does not supply enough "sugar engineers" to meet the needs of the Pelican state. Prof. Wilkinson expresses the opinion that competent men from outside could secure positions there with salaries of \$2,000 or \$2,500. The boiling season is comparatively short, and in instances men make a three months' engagement for \$1,500 and have the rest of the year to themselves. Thirteen British life assurance offices decline proposals from unaccustomed persons.

BEING BORN LUCKY.

The men around the table were telling stories about being born lucky or vice versa, says the Detroit Free Press. "And," concluded a Chicago drummer who had been telling of an unlucky friend of his, "what did he do at last but gather together what little money he had left and buy a lot in a western oil district, before prices boomed. He started to sink his well, with just enough money on the mortgage to finish it, if he had luck, and he struck a rock before he had gone 20 feet. He drove away at it and kept driving for a hundred feet, breaking drills and costing money, till he finally threw up his hands, gave the property to his creditors and killed himself. The creditors investigated the boring and found that my friend had struck a petrified tree, upright in the earth and had bored for a hundred feet right into it. They moved the drill only four feet to the right and within two weeks had tapped a well that was good for 300 barrels a day." There was a chorus of sighs at the sad fate of this unlucky one, and a Philadelphia railroad man began something more cheerful. "I had a friend," he said, "whose luck was just the reverse of the gentleman's whose history we have listened to with so much pleasure—I mean sorrow—the Philadelphian was getting mixed. "That's all right," laughed the Chicago man. "I know what you mean." "And he made his ten-strike on a case of boring, just as the other one did not. Which shows that fortune is truly a fickle goddess. My friend Smith, I'll call him, had luck always as a boy, and as soon as he graduated he got a good job, although he was not a brilliant man at all. Which, however, is no sign, because some of the best jobs—that pay the best, I mean—are held by men who get them by luck and not by genius. He became a promoter and schemer later, and went in for himself, coming out of every undertaking with more or less success, and never losing money. It made no difference to Smith what kind of a proposition came before him; if he thought there was anything in it, he did not let it get away. The one particular instance I have in mind was the driving of a tunnel on a south-western railroad. He didn't know any more about that sort of business than a pulpit knows about practical politics, but he thought it was a chance to make something, and he went in with a contractor, who had only done small jobs. Their bid was so low that if Smith hadn't had rich and influential friends he would have lost it. He had made considerable money in his ventures and he put that up also as his backing. The tunnel was to cost about half a million dollars and Smith stood to win \$50,000 at his own estimation, and to lose a hundred thousand, according to estimates of the contractors who had put in higher bids. There was to be a hundred dollars a day bonus for every day ahead of time that the tunnel was completed, and a forfeit of the same amount for delay. "Well, he got everything ready and set his men to work at one end of the tunnel only for the first month. Then he expected to put on a night and day force at both ends, for Smith was a hustler. However, his luck was with him as usual, and it wasn't necessary to hustle. Before his sap- pery had gone 50 feet into the hill, and they began almost at the face of a cliff, he was jiggered if they didn't break through into a cave 40 feet high and 20 wide and running that size half way through the hill. It got down small again for a hundred feet, and then widened again and ran big to within 50 feet of daylight on the far side of the hill. There was some work to do to pull into shape, but it hardly amounted to anything, as tunneling goes, and Smith not only made a big thing on his contract first, but the bonus on extra days was nearly enough for a modest man to retire from business on."

"And yet," said a man of years, "you hear people say that there is no such thing as luck in the making of a man's success." Albert Edward Unchanged. He is one of the heavy swells and struts. Nothing pleases him so much as to hold forth eloquently before new acquaintances. Old ones can't bear him. He had just returned from Europe, where he won something over 12,000 "puns" over the "Darby." He said to a delighted audience at the club that the impression sent abroad that the king is not the same old prince of Wales is erroneous. "The whole world seems bent on making him a second Prince Hal-Henry V. It is said that he has gone back on his old falstaffs. Not a bit of it. He is the same Albert Edward. When I met him the other day he treated me just as he always did." Some one at the pool table was mean enough to ask: "How was that?" To which the plunger "over" the "Darby" replied: "He didn't notice me at all."—N. Y. Press. Many Are Built That Way. "My aim," said the confidence man, "is to give happiness. In one way I may claim to be a philanthropist." "A philanthropist?" exclaimed the listener. "Certainly," was the answer. "If you have followed the various fakes and swindles of the present day, you surely must have noticed that some people are happy only when they are being properly humbugged."—Chicago Post.

VARIETY IN BREAD.

Many Kinds to Be Secured by the Use of Different Grades of Flour. One of the most important facts about our relish of food, says the American Kitchen Magazine, is its dependence upon a certain variety of flavors. Dyspepsia has been produced by the constant use of the same foods cooked in the same way, and cured by the mere adoption of a more varied diet. There is danger in pampering the appetite, of course, and surfeiting it with variety, but this lies principally in the pastry cook's department. A variety of breads is much less dangerous than a variety of pies and sweets. The old southern fashion of five daily breads for the table was a much more healthful one than the northern fashion of unlimited cakes and pies. That number of breads is, however, excessive. One may need five breads during a month, but certainly not at any one meal. Besides the many kinds of bread to be secured by the use of the different grades and varieties of wheat flour—spring and winter, high grade and low grade, whole wheat, graham, etc., there are corn breads, rye breads, barley bread and breads made from mixture of corn, rye, wheat, barley, etc. Having, then, an almost unlimited variety of breads to choose from, and bearing in mind what bread should yield to a well-considered dietary, we certainly should be unwise not to make our breads contribute, so far as possible, not only to the nourishment of the body, but also to the promotion of good health in the correction of such minor derangements of the system as may be reached by a judicious selection. A variety of perfect breads, not only breads with various flavors, but of different kinds, containing different amounts of those substances found in the wheat, would serve better than a thousand doctors to keep our country people in sound health. Qualities That Make Fruits Healthful. The acids mostly found in fruit are malic, tartaric and citric acids, combined with potash or soda, so as to form acid salts. Malic acid predominates in apples, tartaric in grapes and citric acid in lemons, oranges and grape fruit. The ash of fruit is rich in potash, lime, magnesia and iron. The agreeable aroma of fruit like oranges, strawberries and other fruit is due to the presence of essential oils and ethers. All fruits contain more or less pectin, cellulose and an insoluble substance called pectose, which by action of a ferment in the plant itself is converted in the process of ripening into pectin, which forms the main constituent of fruit jelly. Fruits are laxative, diuretic and refrigerant. The nutritive value of any fruit depends chiefly upon the starches and sugar which it contains. Dates, plantains, bananas, prunes, figs and grapes contain the most starch and sugar and therefore are the most nutritious fruits. Cherries, apples, currants, strawberries and grapes contain considerable vegetable acid, making them valuable as blood purifiers.—Ledger Monthly.

Perfumed Beds. Perfumed beds are a novelty exploited by one fashionable New York hostess. It is said that when she intends to entertain guests she contrives to find out what is the favorite perfume of each. When they arrive and seek their curled chair couches—downy ones being no longer the thing—they find themselves welcomed, so to speak, by a friendly perfume of violets, orris, rose or whatever it may be. This result may be obtained either by packing the linen away with perfumed sachets or by placing long thin sachets in the bed itself. Perfumes are said to have a decided effect on people's dreams. How to Be Happy When Traveling. In traveling, good-nature is king. The girl who can be jolly and helpful when the train is late in reaching the breakfast car; who doesn't get the fidgets and make every one around her fidgety toward the end of the journey; who is quick to overlook petty troubles, to excuse the mishaps, and appreciates all the efforts for her comfort even when they fail dimly—the girl who thinks first of others and last of herself is a treasure on a long railway journey. —Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion. Spiced Cherries. Take seven pounds of sour cherries (stoned), four pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful each of allspice, cloves and mace, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one pint of cider vinegar; make a syrup of the sugar, vinegar and spices; when it boils, pour in the cherries, cook until tender, skim out and pour in jars; boil the syrup until quite thick, then pour over the cherries and seal.—People's Home Magazine. To Preserve the Color of Flowers. An interesting suggestion for the preservation of the colors of pressed flowers comes from the workrooms of the New York botanical garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two, lay them in papers heated in the sun until the drying is complete. In this way, it is said, colors are preserved better than by any other process.—Youth's Companion. Where "Shutes" Are Made. Hewitt-Gruet is employed in a distillery, but he doesn't like to have people know it. Jewett—No; I understand that he tells people he works in a skate manufactory.—Judge.

WASHINGTON'S COACH

Its Use as a Chicken Roast Has Come to an End.

George Washington's family coach was a few days ago presented by Augustus Frey, a real estate agent, of No. 110 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, to the Ladies' Union of America, says the New York Post. Capt. Richardson, a well-known figure in Harlem, paid \$600 for the venerable vehicle at the centennial exposition at Philadelphia. He was famous as a collector of relics, and his home at Castle Eden, Morrisania, was a museum. Mr. Frey bought it of him. It will be shipped to Mount Vernon, where it will be placed on permanent exhibition with other Washington relics of which the union has become the owner. From the centennial to the present time Washington's coach has been rusting away in an old stable in Morrisania, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garbage. Many persons remember it as the chief of these parts of the centennial parade in New York, which put one in touch with the ceremonial time of our "republican court." "Everybody, American or European, great or humble, finds memorials of Gen. Washington an eternal bribe to cut sentiment loose and let it run," an appreciative member of the society which now has the coach said, the other day. "With what delight would the French take this graceful relic and array it in the Musee de Clugy. Beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so reverently? And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin. It would look interesting beside the stuffed skin of the horse that carried the hero of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it has been falling away with neglect in the careless care of a Scotch family." It was a coach of some grandeur in its day, and easy as the lap of luxury. Louis XVI. used one not unlike it. Its broad panels were cream white, its frame black, and around the edge of the body ran a pretty molding of gold. Black stripes were on the spokes and felloes, and the nuts of the axles and the handles of the doors were silver. Hitched to it wore six cream-white horses, wearing black harnesses with silver mountings, bright and jingling, and engraved with the arms of the punctilious gentlemen who owned, and who, in fact, designed it all. On the box, detached from the cradled body, sat two upright black men, and in the rear a black footman, while for extended journeys there were also brilliant outriders. Somewhat after this fashion did Washington go to his inauguration a down in Wall Street, through lines of people. His progress that day was like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, "kindling at every instant new successions of hurrying joy." It was magnificent as a spectacle. Hearts were dilated with patriotism, and a race used to the forms of royalty felt that they had not lost even the decorations of government by the stupendous change they had made. While he lived in this city, rain or shine, the president never failed to go for a walk or a ride or a drive. Was this the same coach which used to swing up the bowery and over the ancient Kings bridge on the 13-mile drive he liked so well? It was used in Virginia and was probably brought to here. And if so, Washington and his lady and her children passed many times on its leather cushions over a part of the same New York drives which are still popular, and the most gay with fine trotouts of any in the country, ranking, indeed, with the Cascade at Florence, the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, or London's Pall Mall. This always was a triumphal equipage. No English mail coach, decked with laurel and carrying the king's news of the victory of Salamanca or of Waterloo, could ever have been greeted or followed with more emotion than this which carried the serene, black-suited, glorified general and his family in those early days of the republic. Relic hunters have cut away the leather hammercloth of the box and clipped off scrolls at the corners of the moldings. The footman's holder is wholly gone. One could have found it until recently used as the hencoop, as it were, and the garret of the family occupying the premises where it was kept. This old coach will now get better stabling in Mount Vernon than it had at One Hundred and Sixty-fourth street and Sheridan avenue. If it were as beautiful as it was in its youth it would deserve a place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Not long ago Augustus Frey would have been glad to get rid of it for \$550. "Few are our property inheritances from the personal estate of Washington. Considering how finely proud other nations, who have in him only an abstract interest, would be of this legacy, we ought," declared the man before quoted, "merely out of self-admiration, to see that time uses this old coach of his with gentle and respectful attention."