

EYE NOT PATRIOTIC ENOUGH

Oculist's Second Attempt Procures for Him Decoration From Haitian Emperor.

During the reign of Emperor Souleouge in Haiti one of his generals wrote to an eminent oculist in Paris ordering a glass eye. The oculist flattered himself that a successfully constructed artificial optic would secure for him a decoration of honor by the Haitian government, accordingly, he devoted his entire skill to the production of a work of art.

Six months after the shipment of the eye to Haiti, the oculist received a small box from Haiti. In his imagination he pictured the golden testimonial to his skill, so it was with horror that when he had unwound the folds of cotton in the box, he saw returned his work of art. A letter accompanied the box. Among other things it said: "The eye you have forwarded me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country."

PARROTS GUIDED COLUMBUS

Talkative Birds Entitled to Consideration in Selection of Our National Emblem.

Before the eagle was selected as our national emblem, Benjamin Franklin urged the claims of the turkey. It was purely American, he said, while the eagle was not; it was a proud and generous bird, and it was good eating. If Franklin had known more about our early history, he might have spoken for the parrot.

When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic he expected to reach Ziplangu, Japan. After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Ziplangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been two hundred and sixteen nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion, he yielded to the opinion of Alonso Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was influenced in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots, which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flock of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery—a widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that day, and the great navigator was thus guided to the new world.

Good Matrimonial Advice.

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friends to be the confidant of insight that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess and all will come right. Never let the morning sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good, and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.—National Magazine.

Curious Marriage Custom.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the frate amasones often insist on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

Accounted For.

"Where are our poets of today?" thundered the orator, looking over the vast audience that had gathered in the district schoolhouse, waiting a breathless moment or two to let his words sink into the minds of his spellbound listeners. "Was," replied Hiram Plunkett, from the rear of the room. "Our best poet here is down to Bear Run cutting timber for a steam sawmill company, as Marthy Baker, our next author, is in order, had to stay away tonight, much to her vexation, becuz her pap's got the roomeritis."

Townser's Loan.

"Hello, old chap," greeted the crowd at the club. "Back from your hunting trip? Bag anything?" "No," responded Chappy Badshot, wearily. "Well, no wonder. You're a back number. The idea of going hunting with a tailless pointer." "Oh, don't blame poor Beppo! He had a tail when we started."

LARGELY MATTER OF FAITH

Proof of Authenticity of Relics, Religious or Historical, in Most Cases Impossible.

The authenticity of relics, religious or historical, must in many cases be largely a matter of faith; proof is often lacking, often indeed impossible to procure. The number of couches notable from the fact that they have been slept in by good Queen Bess shown in manor houses is legion and the same may be said of many other historical heirlooms the real history of which is lost in the mists of antiquity. How many pairs of gloves were given by King Charles I as keepsake on the day of his execution? There are quite a number of claimants for the honor. One pair has recently been the cause of a law suit, and it was said in the course of the trial that they were given by the king to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold. There is yet another pair which has had a far stranger history than most Stuart relics, which have indeed little history, but a quiet passing from generation to generation in English country houses. They were sent by King Charles on the day of execution by a trusty hand to Speaker Lenthall "for amity's sake." Only one of the pair now survives, the other was burned in a bush fire in Australia. The precious gloves had gone there when the Lenthalls awhile ago left their homes and their lands and had, with Charles II's pardon of Lenthall, been cherished in many wanderings in Australia. The surviving glove and the pardon are now back in England, because happily the Lenthalls are back. It is quite likely that King Charles gave away several pairs of gloves, for gloves then were costly things—cities gave them to visiting sovereigns where no addresses or gold boxes are given. But in the days of the Stuarts gloves were costly enough at any rate to carry a sentiment, even a king's sentiment.

OLD SLAVE CITY IN AFRICA

Dr. Peters Finds First Actual Ancient Inscription Found in South Africa.

Dr. Carl Peters, the German explorer, tells of strange finds in South Africa. "I was fortunate enough to discover a tablet which, so far as I know, contains the first actual ancient inscription found in South Africa. Formerly discoveries have not been of proved actual inscriptions, but of stones bearing marks strongly resembling ancient Semitic writings. The tablet in question was found by one of my men in a slave pit to the south of Inyangas, north of Umtali. The district contains hundreds of these pits, from twenty to twenty-five feet deep, in which the ancients kept their slaves. The tablet was evidently made of cement and had been cast in two, clearly while it was soft, the letters on it being in no way damaged. The characters look to me like Greek letters, but other experts say they are Græco-Phoenician. I take it to be the half of an ancient passport, one portion of which was retained by the master and the other handed to the messenger.

"I also discovered near Zimbabwe a brass figure of Pan, six and a half inches in length, very similar to the figures found at Pompeii, thus proving Greek influence in South Africa apparently at a later period than the tablet I have mentioned. These and other discoveries are to my mind further proof that in South Africa there has been a continuation of different civilizations.

"It has also been shown that during all these periods gold mining has been carried on. Apparently this was begun by natives of the soil, probably bushmen, and it seems likely that the first Semitic people who appeared on the scene were only traders in the precious metal."

She Keeps a Secret.

Coroner's Detective Frank Paul had an amusing experience recently and he has not as yet decided whether it was a joke or the truth. The circumstances are these: Paul was sitting in his office, meditating on the ways of the world in general. The telephone bell rang. "Hello," said the detective, in his best manner. "Come down here, quick," said an agitated feminine voice, "there's a murder being done." "What is the address?" asked the vigilant sleuth, "and I'll be down right away." "It's none of your business," was the snappy reply, and the receiver was hung up with a bang.

The Biographer's Art.

Even in the hands of a master it is difficult for a biography to escape being tedious at times; but the deadly dullness of the volumes put forth at the present day might be avoided. Critics frequently deplore the tendency to hero-worship in modern biographers—one would not surely quarrel with them for suppressing any fatuous adulation—but the fact remains that hero-worship is the feature of the great biographies of the world.

The Landmark.

"Ah," said the gray-haired wayfarer at the railway refreshment room, "this is the old place. I recognized yonder landmark at once." "What landmark?" inquired the barmaid, considerably. "Years ago, when I traveled over this line," said the stranger in a choking voice, "I carried my initials and the date on yonder bun. I see you have it still. Excuse an old man's tears."

REAL JUDAS FEAST AT TOKYO

Enmity in Division of Spoils and Tips Between Guides Leads to Tragedy.

Kosaku was the head guide at a big Tokyo hotel. He and another guide called Tomora, who also acted as policeman and incidentally as a spy on foreigners, were constantly quarrelling about the tips and spoils they extracted from globe-trotters, says the Wide World. Kosaku finally proposed reporting Tomora to the police authorities and so destroying his hopes of a pension. At the end of the year Tomora one day dressed himself carefully in foreign clothes, loaded a revolver, put it in his pocket, and invited the unfortunate Kosaku to a feast at a tea house. It was indeed a Judas repeat. The two men ate together and drank. One after another, as little stone bottles of sake were emptied, the former enemies swore in bibulous phrases that all was forgiven. Together they started to return to the hotel, both apparently full of happiness and peace of mind and resolved that in future they would fleece the stranger within their gates hand in hand, as beloved brethren should. Then, just by the bridge near the hotel—the untidy bridge where the trams meet—Tomora turned like a wolf and suddenly shot Kosaku in the neck and body—shot with unerring aim, for Kosaku fell dead without a moan. Tomora then killed himself on the spot. He had not forgiven, but was there not a supreme and cruel treachery in spending his last hours making merry with his victim?

THE LIMIT OF CAUTIOUSNESS

Liveryman Demands Proof of Honesty from Man Who Would Rescue Fire-Trapped Horse.

The man who refused to be saved from drowning because he had never been introduced to his would-be rescuer was an incorrigible bohemian compared with the liveryman the commercial traveler met on his last trip west.

One night the livery stable caught fire. The stable was old, the fire had made considerable headway before the alarm was turned in, and it seemed inevitable that most of the horses must perish. To the liveryman who stood in the street cursing and wringing his hands an athletic stranger rushed up and said: "Tell me in what part of the building your best horses are stabled and I will save some of them."

The liveryman ceased lamenting and eyed the stranger suspiciously. "Sir," said he, "can you produce proof that you are square in your horse deals?" "Square hell," said the stranger and dashed into the stable. With the assistance of a fireman he saved five horses, but not until they were safely stabled elsewhere did the liveryman cease to suspect the stranger of horse-stealing.

Not Ready to Be Finished.

The physician of an uptown hospital in Philadelphia had a surprise the other day over a patient supposedly suffering from a fractured skull. He was taken to the operating room in a semi-conscious condition. Two of the surgical chiefs were there and one of them was just about to begin work on the man when a telegram was handed to him.

After reading it, he turned to the other with the remark: "My father is critically ill in New York; you must finish this fellow."

The man was sufficiently considerate to hear what was said and, misunderstanding the import of the word "finish," jumped from the table and rushed out.

Caesar's Lament.

The wild beasts gnashed their teeth and roared like a circus callopie; the gladiators shouted hoarsely; the arena was knee-deep with gore. In the amphitheater the pleasure-seeking populace clamored tumultuously.

"More blood! More death!" they yelled ferociously. Great Caesar in his private box heard their cry and sighed. "Would that I might grant their prayer," he muttered. "If only—and imploringly he raised his eyes heavenward—"I could pull off an automobile cup race!"

Great Caesar wept. For with all his boasted power he was unable to hasten the flight of time.

A Headache Cure.

The sick headache that is caused by indigestion may often be cured by dissolving a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in half a glass of hot water.

Charcoal tablets are also effective for a bad head or a teaspoonful of baking soda in a glass of hot water. Try these remedies or hot water and salt before resorting to medicine. The headache tablet habit is bad to acquire and worse to break.

Never take any headache tablet just on the recommendation of a friend. Many of them are injurious to the heart.

Her Anxiety.

"She grieved sincerely over his business failure." "What?" "What! After the way he abused her and drove her to the divorce court?" "Yes, after all that." "Well, what in the world is the woman thinking of?" "Her alimony."

ONE WAY TO BE MODEL MAN

Young Son of Thrifty Mother Lets Light in on Family Secret.

"There's more than one way of being a model man," remarked the young son of a thrifty mother to the girl upon whom he was trying to make a good impression.

"How so?" asked the girl. "It's more or less of a family secret, but ever since mother's chatty chum came in and found me arrayed in an up-to-date overskirt, with mother on all fours at my feet with a mouthful of pins trying to make it hang straight, I suppose the cat is out of the bag and you may as well get it from me." In the girl's eyes there was an expression of mixed consternation and mirth.

"I have always been slender, and since mother had no daughter on whom to hang her dresses and things, she's used me for a model for the last five years. All she did was to put her what-you-may-call-them that lace up the back on me, pull them up to her own size regardless of my discomfort and begin to dressmake with my sylph-like form for a model. But when I got home from college this last time my waist had developed to ladylike proportions and mother has been forced to buy herself a pneumatic form to take the place of her model son. I'm thinking of putting this requisite in with my specifications as a husband," he added half seriously.

MODEL CURIOUS TO KNOW

Tom Browne, Celebrated English Artist, Meets Suspicious Negro Glass Chewer.

Tom Browne, the celebrated English humorous artist, may be said to have had no education whatever in drawing. He educated himself. What he saw he drew, and his genius made it a picture. He did go to an art school at Nottingham for a couple of terms, and it was a good school in its way. Anyhow, he grew tired of the cut-and-dried methods obtaining there—of the restraint, as he once put it to me—and so with about a dozen other would-be artists he took a room over some stables and there drew and painted from "life." They took it in turns to procure models—a tramp, a newspaper boy, a flower seller, anybody who wanted to earn a quarter served their purpose.

One night Tom, scouring the neighborhood for a subject, lighted on a negro who earned a living by chewing glass in public houses. This nice gentleman was asked if he would come to the loft to be painted.

He looked at Browne earnestly for some moments and, evidently laboring under the impression that the natural hue of his body was to be altered, he demanded: "Will it come off, sah?"

When One Has Fever.

In cases of excessive thirst that arise from feverish conditions the juice of lime poured over cracked ice or mixed with charged water will give relief if slowly sipped a little at a time.

It is often found that very hot water taken by the teaspoonful will satisfy thirst more quickly than any other drink. The effect is heightened if a few drops of orange, lemon or lime juice is added or a half teaspoon of baking soda.

Mrs. Jones Knew Why.

Mrs. Smith was conversing with Mr. Jones. "Say," said Smith, "do you know why it is you are like a donkey?" "No," said Jones in surprise. "Why, because your better half is stubbornness itself," said the brilliant Smith.

Jones thought over the matter all the way home, and on arriving he looked at Mrs. Jones with the expression of a man who is about to do himself proud, and said: "Say, do you know why I am like a donkey?"

There was a long silence from Mrs. Jones, and then she smiled pityingly, and said: "Why, I suppose it is because you were born that way."

Welsh Loyalty.

They tell a story in Onida county says the Buffalo Courier, to illustrate Welsh loyalty, of two Welshmen coming across to make their fortunes in the new land. They had many friends in Rennes, that Welsh stronghold north of Utica. Already they were enthusiastic and loyal because of the pictures painted in the letters which encouraged them to come to America. As they entered the bay the Greater City of New York stretched out before them. "That must surely be Rennes," said one. "No," spoke the other. "That's New York." The first speaker looked long and hard. There was awe in his voice when he replied: "Well, then, and what must Rennes be?"

An Observation.

"What says the voice of the people?" inquired the oracular alarmist. "My personal observation," replied Senator Sorghum, "is that the voice of the people is, as a rule, too closely occupied in giving three cheers for somebody to articulate anything very distinctly."

LINES OF LEAST RESISTANCE

Fallacious Philosophy Upon Which Most Parents Act in Training Children.

Many youths are trained along the lines of least resistance. Their careers are watched so that they may not run against obstacles and disappointments. They get all the money, clothes, idling, pleasures they want, without making a single effort to possess them. "We want John to have a good time now, for after awhile he may not have it," is the philosophy upon which many parents act.

It is great folly. The boy who is put on the lines of least resistance and meets with few if any adversities, gathers little strength of mind or character. There is no gliding forward. There is no step in advance that does not involve an effort. The boy whose path is made smooth and easy for him is like the pupil in school who studies arithmetic with a key. He got his lessons, but he died, at last, in an infirmary.

Just mark it down, oh rich and loving parent, that your boy, raised in ease and comfort and with every advantage ready at hand, provided by your bounty, will not amount to a hill of beans out in the world, where heroism is in demand and true worth is the test of manhood.

It is unfortunate for any boy not to have a struggle during the formation period of life, and a boy with a resolution to make his way is far better off than a boy with money to buy it. Stick a pin right there.

OLD AGE IS INEXORABLE

Men Find It Out When They Attempt to Frisk About in Boy Fashion.

If you ever doubt that you're growing old and sedate, you fathers, just take the kids out into the woods and see the difference between yourself of today and yesterday.

You see them plunging about with whoops of joy, and generally living gladly.

And you—well, when you try to sit down your knees creak, and the leaves beneath you don't seem as they once did.

The golden sunshine filters through the trees; the rustle of small living things resounds through the woods; the perfume of rich ripening things floats to you, and within you something is struggling to break loose.

You don't know just what it is, but it hurts. You are too old now to run and whoop and carry on like those kids. It would be beneath your dignity, but something within you seems calling to you, and your old body can't respond.

You want to yell and run—that is, you believe you do, but it's no use. Something is holding you back.

So there you sit and watch the children playing, and their happiness is as once yours was.

And it makes the heart ache to think of it—some day they will be even as you—longing to break loose into joy born of the autumn, but held back. Held back by something that we call old age.

Women Divers in Japan.

Among the many different methods employed in Japan for pearl fishing none is more interesting than that employed by the women divers who obtain the pearl oysters. Pearl fishing is conducted mainly by men divers in Australia and India and other countries, but in the region about Ago Bay, in the province of Shima, as well as in other parts of the country, women are employed in diving. The Mikimoto pearl farms lie at a depth of from five to thirty fathoms, with an average of ten fathoms. The women dive to the bottom without any special apparatus, and retain their breath while they remain under the water. They stay under the surface from one to three minutes. When they are chilled they return to the shore, and warm themselves at fires built in huts especially for the purpose, and then return and resume their work.

Coal Heaver Gentleman.

In the corner of the crostown car, by the door, sat a coal heaver. He was a small man, and the outside of him was exceedingly dirty, even for a coal heaver. Clothes and hat were covered with an all-pervading black dust, which upon his face and hands the rains had streaked in muddy lines. His eyes were heavy and his back bent. Alone out of that chivalrous company he rose and with his crumpled hat in his hand gave his seat to the lady of certain age. It was another coal heaver who turned one of the finest compliments to a woman in the English language as he stood transfixed before the beauty of Mrs. Recamier. "Lady, I could light my pipe at your eyes," said that gallant and impassioned coal heaver.

The Way of Life.

It is being said of an elderly man in business in Atchison: "He can't stand punishment as he formerly could." And there is punishment to be endured in making a living; don't forget it. Look over your own experience and you will detect punishment every hour of the day. If it isn't at home it is on the street or on the road. How many ways there are to punish a man who tries his best to get along and behave himself! And after a man gets old it is more evident every year that the poor fellow can't stand punishment as he could when he was younger.

EACH TO HIS OWN PURSUIT

Disposition to Deprecate What Is Not Ours Shows Deficiency in Appreciation.

The disposition to depreciate what is not ours is often shown with regard to pursuits in life. It is right and best that each person should follow some special occupation, in which he should strive for excellence. It is not supposable that he can know as much, or be equally interested in, any other pursuit. But, for this very reason, it is incumbent upon him to be modest and unassuming, willing to observe and ready to accord respect to that which is plainly out of his power to perform. On the contrary, how frequently are such avocations made the subjects of contemptuous remarks and slighting allusions! There are professional men who look down upon business as a mere money-making affair, and business men who look down upon the professions as offering no sure road to wealth. There are philosophers who despise the practical walks of life, and practical men who have nothing but contempt to give to philosophy. There are scientific men dealing only with established facts, who can accord no respect to ideas, and idealists who have no patience with the tangible details of science. There are men carrying the burdens of state who sneer at poetry, and poets who disdain all knowledge of politics. What does all this prove? Not certainly any superiority in one or the other, but a deficiency in the power of appreciation—not any peculiar depth in one direction, but a decided narrowness in another.

KNOWS FAMILY AS IT IS

Takes Servant Girl to Be Really Intimate With Members of Household.

Sometimes I feel as if no other folks on earth had quite as good a chance to know all the kinds of people on it as servant girls. Maybe policemen do—they're always going into unexpected places, an' seein' folks in what Miss Lena, which was the fourth from the last place I lived, called disabill'. It means not fixed up to receive company, with the parlor dusted, an' the lamps lit, an' high-heeled slippers an' silk stockings on, an' hair waved, but just bein' caught in your old shirt-waist with no collar, an' your shoes down at the heel, an' your quarrelin' with your mother about something. But, of course, you'd know what disabill' meant without my tellin' you.

Not even a policeman, though, sees the disabilled peepie the way we servants do. He comes when there's trouble an' everything is excitement, an' he can't tell whether they skimp on family dinners so as to have a caterer for company ones, or whether their underclothes are the cheapest things from the bargain counters so as they can spend more money on the outside ones. It takes a servant girl to be really intimate with all the little ways of a family, an' sometimes it's so interestin', ma'am, that you're half inclined to think you'll stay a servant girl all your life, just for the free entertainment you get, an' then again, you feel so tired of it that you'd jump off the pier if you thought you'd have to spend many more days in other people's kitchens.—Smith's Magazine.

Beautiful Girl!

"Beautiful girl!" cried the impulsive young man on the shadowy deck of the lake steamer.

"Nonsense!" laughed the pretty maid. "Beauty is but skin deep."

"Ah, would that thou wert a hippopotamus!"

"Sir!"

The lapping of the waves grew fainter. It seemed as though he was sitting on an iceberg, so frigid were the surroundings.

"That is, I mean—well, you know a hippo's skin—fudge! A hippo's skin is thick, deucedly thick, and if beauty is skin deep and you had the skin of a hippo, who—would you be much more beautiful. Do I make myself plain, Miss Evangelina?"

"Yes, sir, you make yourself out to be the plainest dame I ever saw. I shall never speak to you again."

Decay Gives Radium Power.

Uranium appears to have a decadent life history, breaking into other elements—of which radium is one—which, in its turn, yield the emanation, and other elements designated as radium A, B, etc.

The theory has been propounded that uranium, thorium and radium are undergoing atomic disintegration, and the heat that radium evolves is the direct outcome of explosions of the atomic structure. Elements of lower atomic weight thus result, and hence the appearance of helium. This would account for the presence of helium in the rocks and spring waters of the globe, where it has been accumulating for millions of years.—Dr. C. A. Doomes in Century.

A Woman's Reason.

"Here's the drug store. Didn't you say you wanted to buy some postage stamps?"

"Yes, but I always get them at the store on the next corner. They smell so much nicer there."

Strange.

"I can't understand that new peasant of mine at all."

"What's the matter?"

"She's lived in my house two months now and hasn't asked to have a single room repaired yet."