WEAKNESS OF GREAT STRENGTH.

Perfect Health Not Consistent with High Muscular Development.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record-breaking powers. I was privileged to see, on several occasions, Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight-lifting records. He weighed 320 pounds, and was all solid bone and muscle. I saw him hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand. I saw him raise a 300-pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. I saw him get down on all fours under a platform beari 4,000 pounds of big men selected t the audience, and he raised the platform with his mighty back. Yet this remarkable man was muscle-bound and crippled at 37, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers.

Kennedy, the oarsman, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor, absolutely without apparatus, a 1,000-pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was 40. Dowd, professional strong man and teacher of athletics, wore himself out and died at 47.—Metropolitan Magazine.

MAIDENS NO LONGER ROMANTIC.

"Prince Charming" of To-day Must Have Fat Bank Account.

There's no romance left in the world, anyway. Time was when girls dreamed of Prince Charming, and didn't bother about anything less important than the color of his eyes and the way he tied his cravat. Now they're thinking of a bank account so large that almost any man will be quite indistinguishably hidden behind it. They're doing worse than that. I overheard two mites of girls, neither of them older than 13, exchanging confidences recently. The shorter one said she meant to be an architect, and earn her own living.

"But if you'd marry a rich man you wouldn't have to," objected the taller girl.

The midget screwed up her face shrewdly.

"You can't never tell about money," she said. "He might go and lose it, and then where'd I be with him to support if I couldn't work?"

"And would you have to support him?" asked the first girl, a bit awe-struck.

The other nodded.

"I'd give him car fare every morning and 15 cents for lunch," she said, magnanimously.—Washington Herald.

Water as a Headache Cure.

"The best cure I know of for a headache is to wash your face," said a bright looking man. "Yes, I believe suddenly to cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that braces me right up. My head when it aches gets hot and throbs, and the water makes it cool and fresh. I have a theory, too, that people don't wash their faces nearly enough, anyhow, in these days of dusty asphalt streets and soft coal smokes. People will be much better off with their pores kept open and clear of all dust and dirt, and there is nothing so good for the skin as soap and water."

A Ready Answer.

The captain of a schooner that trades between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every occasion that offers he looses his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of its target. Sooner or later, the stringer gets stung, and this chronic pun artist is no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from New York, he approached a group of sailors who were washing the forward deck, and, singling out a big raw-boned Irishman who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked: "Can you steer the main mast down the forecastle stairs?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "Yis, sor; I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

Revised Version.

The mother of a little four-year-old had thought that her son should have some religious instruction, so she explained carefully what she thought he would be able to understand about such matters and then taught him the children's prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep." She said it over and he repeated it after her and then she started to say it again.

"Oh, no, mamma," said the young religious enthusiast; "let's not say that one this time. Let's say, 'Took him by the hind legs and frew him down the stairs.'"

Accomplishments.

Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill—they are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity, and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—Sidney Smith.

VIOLINIST HAD HIS REVENGE.

Humiliated Millionaire in Recompense for Tactless Action.

Prince de Sagan, talking about music with one of the French correspondents in New York, mentioned the violinist Ysaye.

"The plump, pale Ysaye," he said, "with his lock that hangs down over his face to his chin, is very, very proud.

"A millionaire bootmaker invited Ysaye to dine with him last year in Nice.

"After dinner the millionaire brought out a violin and asked Ysaye to play. The musician bit his lip, but, taking the instrument, he played several beautiful morceaux.

"Afterwards, in Paris, Ysaye invited the millionaire to dinner in his turn. There was a distinguished company present. After dinner, as they were all at coffee in the salon, a servant brought the host a pair of old boots.

"Ysaye took the boots and handed them gravely to his millionaire guest.

"'But what am I to do with these?' the guest demanded, holding the boots awkwardly in his lap beside his cup.

"Ysaye smiled vindictively and flung his long lock behind his ear.

"'In Nice,' he said, 'you asked me after dinner to play for you. Now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade, you know.'"

CALLS HIMSELF MAN OF PEACE.

John D. Rockefeller Refuses to Buy Ancient Relic of Warfare.

John D. Rockefeller has refused to buy for $500 a sword sent him by a young woman in England, with the information that the weapon was carried by a soldier in Cromwell's famous "Ironsides" troopers, and had been buried 150 years near a church. The writer said the sword had been dug up 150 years ago. The ancient relic did not appeal to Mr. Rockefeller, who declined it with the remark:

"I am a man of peace and have no use for a sword."

Annie Parry sent the relic over. After Mr. Rockefeller refused to accept the sword it was sent to the seizure room of the customs service.

The sword is about three feet long, has a curved blade, and has apparently had rough usage. If the sender does not endeavor to have it returned it will be sold next fall with other unclaimed merchandise.

Dish Not to His Liking.

An amusing anecdote concerning the proprietor of a famous Madrid restaurant is told in "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe," by Lieut. Col. Newnham Davis:

"Manolito is a small gray-haired Spaniard who has a twinkle in his eye; he says little, but what little he says is always to the point. A young Spaniard who owed him a large sum for dinners fussed so much over the ordering of the meal that he annoyed Manolito. 'I will bring you a dish, a most extraordinary dish, a dish that you have never seen before,' said Manolito, and disappeared, to return immediately with a large dish capped by a great cover. The dish was put before the over-particular Spaniard and the cover whisked off. On the dish lay the very long and much overdue bill.

All Wear Just Thirteen Garments.

The president of a mixed Thirteen club concluded a recent address thus:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to announce a gratifying discovery. We all wear just 13 garments. Males and females alike, our garments number just 13. A man wears two shoes, two socks, one undershirt, one pair of drawers, one shirt one collar, one tie, one pair of trousers, one vest, one coat, one hat. Total, 13. A woman wears two shoes, two stockings, one undervest, one chemise, one corset, one pair of—er—unmentionables, one petticoat, one skirt, one bodice, one belt, one hat. Total, 13.

Twenty-four hands beat together in boisterous applause.

An Unusual Privilege.

"I'm going to kick," complained Henpeck. "My wife doesn't let me have any money to spend at all lately."

"You poor fellow!" exclaimed Meekly.

"Why, my wife gave me $35 to spend only the other day."

"Oh, you're fibbing!"

"No, sir! She allowed me to call on the landlord and pay the rent."

Dickering.

"Yes," said the steamship agent, "that's our best rate for a second-cabin passage to Liverpool."

"But," asked the prospective tourist, "don't you make any rebate?"

"For what?"

"Well, say, for nine meals. I'm always sick the first three days out."

Very Soft, Indeed.

"I met some one to-day," said Tess, "who is very much stuck on you."

"Who was it?" asked Jess, after a thoughtful pause.

"Just think a moment."

"I am thinking; thinking hard."

"Oh! you'll never guess that way. Think of something soft."

A Proviso.

"Of course you won't object to me as a candidate because I'm a poor man."

"No," answered the cautious constituent; "not if you'll consent not to get rich quick after you get the office."

SEES FORTUNE IN SKIM MILK.

Ohio Man Extracts Substitute for Rubber from Fluid.

Mansfield, O.—Through the accidental discovery of a process by which a solid substance having the qualities of rubber can be produced from "skim milk" George W. Frye of Lexington, this county, has enlisted the interest of manufacturers to such an extent that three offers of $1,000,000 each are said to have been refused by him for all rights and patents in connection with it.

With four Cleveland and Pittsburg men he has organized a company capitalized at $10,000,000, to be incorporated under the laws of Delaware. It is proposed to establish districts of the country. Frye made the discovery in the operation of his candy and caramel factory.

While passing electric currents through milk to sterilize it he found in the milk a soft, white, elastic substance. This was the beginning of a series of experiments, resulting in the product for which he has now coined the name "omsite."

Sixteen pounds of omsite can be produced from 100 pounds of "skim milk," the latter having a market value of eight cents for 100 pounds. It is said to be impervious to acids, unaffected by heat or cold, an absolute non-conductor of electricity, fireproof and practically indestructible.

J. J. ASTOR HAS ROAD CLOSED.

Millionaire Accused of "Pure Cussedness" by Villagers.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The old town of Rhinebeck, where Col. John Jacob Astor has his country seat, Ferncliff, which has been the home of the main branch of the Astor family for generations, is fighting mad because Col. Astor has persuaded the town board to close the ancient highway, Tator hill road.

As Col. Astor owns all the abutting lands by recent purchase, the road will revert to him and be absorbed by his estate.

From a modest thousand acres "Ferncliff" has grown, by additions of farm lands within a few years, to five or six times that size. Col. Astor has agents employed all the time to acquire new tracts of land. As fast as the transfers are made farm buildings are torn down, settlements and communities displaced. The Tater hill road, which has been surrendered by the town board and will be fought by the Rhinebeck people, winds over an eminence, and for a mile and a half commands a beautiful view of the Catskills and the Hudson.

Calvin Rikert, the village liveryman in Rhinebeck, summed up the estimate of Col. Astor held by his neighbors in this phrase:

"It's a matter of pure cussedness."

LIGHTHOUSE TRAP FOR BIRDS.

Feathered Wanderers Hurl Themselves to Death Against Beacon.

York, Me.—One of the keepers who came ashore from Boon island recently tells the story of the strange death encountered by thousands of the migrating birds every spring.

Flying along the coast at night they are instantly attracted by the powerful light from the watch tower, as moths are drawn to a candle.

Thousands of these birds in their passage north fly with full force against the thick glass of the brilliantly lighted lantern. Stunned, they fall to death on the rocks below or scale away for a little distance and flutter helplessly into the water.

The light of morning sometimes reveals the rocks covered with the little creatures whose journey to their summer homes has met this sudden and fatal termination. Hundreds of species are found among the unfortunate little tourists. Most of them are easily recognized as belonging to the various common classes of song birds. But very often large birds of beautiful plumage come to their final resting place in this manner upon the bleak rocks of Boon Island.

On one occasion several years ago the thick glass of the lantern was shivered to atoms by the impact of some strange bird of powerful bill.

HOW TAFT, JR., GOT INTO Y. M. C. A.

Quentin Roosevelt Appealed to Him as Next President's Son.

Bellefontaine, O.—Gerald K. Smith, assistant secretary of the Washington (D. C.) Y. M. C. A., who is visiting here, tells a good story of how Quentin Roosevelt, son of the president, made Secretary Taft's hopeful join the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Smith was busy at his desk one day when he heard the following from young Roosevelt, who was dragging Taft, Jr., by the arm:

"I've got a new member; he's a-goin' to join."

"Naw, I ain't," answered his companion.

"You are, too! How'd you s'pose it'd sound that the son of the next president wouldn't join the Y. M. C. A.?"

Horse Turns Gas Gusher.

West Chester, Pa.—If the West Chester dairy does not lose a now sick horse with spinal meningitis, it will have an excellent night roadster.

When the veterinary in treating the animal inserted a tube into its spine to permit the escape of the accumulated gas, as an experiment a lighted match was held to the end of the tube.

Then it was discovered that the escaping gas from the affection ignited, and burned as freely as the ordinary illuminating gas manufactured from coal.

COULD NOT MISS OPPORTUNITY.

Couple Married While Carrying Food for Hogs.

"One Sunday afternoon," says Elder J. W. Cook, "as I was traveling along the road, I chanced to meet a young couple who were carrying a bucket of provender to the hogs.

"I knew they had been neighbors and sweethearts for years, and as I came up I could see that he was urging her to do something which she bashfully opposed.

"When I reached them, however, she appeared to have been won over, for they dropped their pail, and the young man said:

"'Sallie's just said yes, parson. How'd it do to jine us right where we're at?'

"I suggested perhaps we'd better go into the house, but he seemed to be afraid she would change her mind. So I called a passing horseman—a stranger—to act as witness.

"The bride and bridegroom wiped their hands on their clothes and stood up there, with a field full of hogs for a background, and a wayfarer whom nobody knew as a witness, and were married as safely as in a house of wealth.

"The young man said, 'Thank you,' and kissed his bride. They picked up their bucket and resumed their errand.

"It just happened the girl had been over on a neighborly visit to the young man's folks, and by reason of my appearance at the critical moment the boy was able to sweep away her scruples.

"You see," the elder adds, with humorous appreciation, "in those days preachers were so scarce in the back settlements that whenever one appeared in a community they always expected him to do something."—Youth's Companion.

ARE UNABLE TO GROW TUSKS.

Elephants in Ceylon Unlike Those of Their Species Elsewhere.

It is a singular thing that Ceylon is the only part of the world where the male elephants have no tusks; they have miserable little grubbers projecting two or three inches from the upper jaw and inclining downward.

Nothing produces either ivory or horn in fine specimens throughout Ceylon. Although some of the buffaloes have tolerably fine heads, they will not bear a comparison with those of other countries. The horns of the native cattle are not above four inches in length.

The elk and the spotted deer's antlers are small compared with deer of their size in India. This is the more singular, as it is evident from the geological formation, that at some remote period Ceylon was not an island, but formed a portion of the mainland. It is thought that there must be elements wanting in the Ceylon pasturage for the formation of ivory.

Cheap Meals in New York.

The seven-cent restaurant in the basement of the six-story apartment house known as the Mayflower, in Clinton street, now furnishes evening as well as morning meals. There are 12 long tables in the restaurant, at which 120 people may be seated, or ten to each table, and the places are occupied from nine a. m. to one p. m. and again from five to 7:30 p. m.. The seven-cent meal is wholesome and clean, and the undertaking is receiving so much encouragement from men who derive benefit from it and save money by going there that the managers hope to make it self-supporting in a short time. A similar establishment in Chrystie street, where over 1,400 meals are served every day at six cents a meal, has been in existence nearly three years and is now self-supporting.—New York Tribune.

Box Parties' Manners.

Oscar Hammerstein praised at a musical given in New York the perfect order that box parties now maintain at the opera.

"It wasn't always so," said the great manager. "I remember, in the '80s, meeting an actor at supper on the first night of his production of Hamlet.

"'Well,' said I, 'how did your Hamlet go?'

"'Oh, splendidly,' he cried. 'The most sumptuous and artistic production seen in Broadway for years. And how it held the audience! Spellbound, every mother's son of them, from first to last. Why, sir, in the climaxes not a sound could be heard but the deep breathing of Polonius, the suppressed sobs of Ophelia and the laughter and conversation in the boxes.'"

Kissing Games Forbidden.

Kissing games are under the ban in schools controlled by the London county council, which has issued the following notice to the head teachers: "Attention has been drawn to the fact that in some of the schools kissing games are still practiced by the children. On medical grounds this practice is considered undesirable. Headmasters and headmistresses of London county council schools and managers of nonprovided schools are therefore to arrange that such games be discontinued."

Would Discipline Children.

One of the Pacific coast papers is aroused to the fact that the children of the present day have no discipline in their lives. They are not taught obedience and are submissive to no law. Such personal liberty is good neither for the child nor for the community, and stringent rules are recommended, if for nothing else than to have [illegible] obeyed.

ADMIRES NERVE OF FAIR SEX.

Masculine Observer Concedes Their Superiority in One Respect.

"The time I most admire a woman," said the gray-headed man, "is when she tries to get a bill changed. I admire her then for her splendid courage. Give a woman a ten-dollar bill that she wants changed and she will walk unconcernedly into any shop in town and request the proprietor to give her two fives or ten ones or whatever denomination she happens to need. She never offers to buy anything to compensate him for his trouble. I have known my wife to get change from a grocer, a butcher, a druggist, a stationer, a cigar dealer and a florist without spending one cent in their stores. And all those tradesmen were perfect strangers. She simply wanted change and walked in and asked for it.

"Contrast her calm serenity with the dishrag will of the average man in need of change. He would rather be shot than just ask for it. He will buy something as an excuse for the transaction, even if it is something that he couldn't make use of this side of doomsday and that he has to throw away the minute he turns the corner. In the matter of economy alone it is a pity he can't be as brave as a woman."

WHEN "CUB" SHOWED UP LATE.

His Excuse Was One That Few of the Tribe Could Make.

The average newspaper reporter is a young man generally not possessed of too much money and who considers himself lucky if he is able to square accounts from week to week. But there is one newspaper reporter in New York who does not have to bother about financial problems. He rides down to the office of his paper every day in his own automobile. The young man is the son of a wealthy iron manufacturer. He is a reporter of the common or garden variety on an afternoon newspaper and so far has managed to hold on to his job.

He showed up so late at his office the other morning that his city editor inquired, somewhat sarcastically, whether he thought he was working on a morning newspaper.

The cub tapped his highly polished tan shoes with his slender cane, flecked a bit of dust from his clothes and struck the city city editor dumb by replying:

"Well, you see, my man failed to wake me up on time."

The Freaks of Disease.

No medical man needs to be told that even disease has its freaks, and that recovery has occasionally been brought about by means inexplicably trivial. One of the most remarkable of these unaccountable eccentricities of disease took place at Halver, in Westphalia. The case was that of a boy who, as the result of a very heavy fall backward on his head while skating, had for a year and a half been deaf and dumb. One morning his brother went to awake him, and finding him sleeping heavily tapped him lightly on the forehead. To his amazement the deaf and dumb boy awoke with a loud cry. Both speech and hearing had been restored.—Kansas City Journal.

Not In Plutarch.

Caesar was not deficient in a rugged sense of humor.

After he had crossed the Rubicon he said to Caius Simplicimus: "Well, my gloomy friend, what do you think of this business?"

Simplicimus shook his head.

"Caesar," he bluntly replied, "I think you are on the wrong side."

The conqueror of Gaul laughed merrily.

"That's all right," he cried. "Just before I crossed I had a severe pain, and as I didn't want it on the right side—which might have indicated appendicitis—I crossed to the other side."

And still chuckling he gave orders to encamp for the night.

Caught Milk Thief on Fishing Line.

After numerous bottles of milk had been stolen from his window on the first floor of No. 318 East One Hundredth street, Henry Cantrowitz rigged up 40 feet of line on a spool, hooked one end to a newly deposited bottle and with the spool in front of him watched for a "bite."

When the spool moved rapidly across the floor to the window sill he followed. And as it danced down the street pointed it out to a policeman. Harry Wolg, on the other end, was fined two dollars in the Harlem court.

Source of City's Greatness.

Through the existence of mineral products in close proximity Pittsburg has become the emporium for coal, petroleum and iron. Three navigable rivers converge at this point; valleys sunk in a plateau provide natural routes for approaching railways. Natural and unnatural access, it may be added, are contrasted at Pittsburg by the fact that one railroad has recently been forced to expend $35,000,000 to effect an entrance to the city by overcoming a minor geographic obstacle. —Harper's Magazine.

Dealing in Futures.

Clerk (in book store)—That young woman wants to know if we will allow her clergymen's discount on some books.

Proprietor—Is she the wife of a minister?

Clerk—No; but she says she is going to work the leap-year privilege on one next Sunday evening.

FALSE HAIR WORN BY QUEEN.

Elizabeth Credited with Introducing Custom into England.

False hair was first regularly worn in England by Queen Elizabeth, who had upward of 50 wigs of different kinds for her private use. After her death a few women adopted the French fashion of wearing wigs; but it was not until the Restoration that wigs, or more correctly speaking, periwigs, came to be extensively worn by the sterner sex. These were introduced in the court of Louis XIV., where a natural head of hair was not considered sufficiently luxuriant for the artificial tastes of the times. The term "periwig" is a corruption of the French perruque.

Wigs were originally adopted, not as a remedy for baldness, but in the interest of personal cleanliness. The laws of ancient Egypt compelled all males to shave the head and beard. This explains why turbans were not worn by the Egyptians, the bushy artificial hair being regarded as a sufficient protection against the heat of the sun. The Romans, on the contrary, wore wigs because they were naturally bald.—Sunday Magazine.

WIRES MEAN DEATH TO BIRDS.

Eagles and Cranes Climb Under Insulators and Are Electrocuted.

One of the most annoying difficulties in the operation of high-tension electrical transmission in some sections of the west results from the electrocution of the large birds. On the Kern River-Los Angeles line, for instance, the eagles and cranes climb up under the insulators at the top of the high towers to keep warm. "About the time an eagle gives a good-night yawn," says the Electrical World, "his wings come in contact with the wires and the king of the air is a dead one." As many as 42 dead eagles and 18 cranes have been counted lying about the bases of the towers. Wire guards are now being placed about the roosting places in the towers.

In a Single Night.

Henry Bergh was discussing in New York the prize that he has offered for a humane device for slaughtering animals.

"Some people think that animals are now slaughtered in as humane a way as possible," said Mr. Bergh, who is the nephew of the founder of the great American S. P. C. A. "That is a fallacy, yet it is a fallacy believed in very widely. It is as widely believed in as that other fallacy of which the two dog fakers joked.

"Two dog fakers were looking in the 'lost and found' column of a newspaper.

"'Here y'are,' said the first. 'Lost, a black poodle; $25 reward.' There's yer chance, Jim. Take 'em that there poodle ye collared yesterday.'

"'But it's a white poodle,' Jim objected.

"'Never mind. Tell 'em excessive grief has—and so forth—understand.'"

Kipling's Town Monument.

The naming of a new Canadian town after Mr. Kipling puts him on a level, in this respect, with Shakespeare. Not counting our own Shakespeare cliff at Dover, we find just one Shakespeare in the atlas, and that in Canada. Dickens scores four times in the United States, and Thackeray once. That is to say, they do if we may assume that the places in question were named in honor of the novelists and not after some obscurer individuals. Doubts of this kind increase in the cases of the 30 odd Scotts revealed by the atlas, not to speak of the 50 or 60 Miltons. But a good many of these and of the 20-odd Byrons must certainly attest literary enthusiasm, whatever we may think of the two American Bacons. — London (Eng.) Daily Chronicle.

Wages in Samoa.

A memorandum drawn up by the German colonial office, and attached to the estimates for the information of the members of the reichstag, contains a statement of the present condition of the labor question in Samoa, in which it is stated that the white population was formerly entirely dependent upon Samoan workmen, while now the major part of the work at most of the plantations is done by Chinese imported for this labor. Each Chinese laborer receives in wages $2.86 a month. The total cost of each, to the employer, the report states, including wages, maintenance, passage money, and medical treatment, is calculated at from $8.92 to $11.90 per month.

Anniversary of Porcelain.

The two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the secret for making hard or kaolinic porcelain—the "Dresden" and "Meissen" all the world admires—will be celebrated in Dresden in January next by a grand exhibition showing the historic development of porcelain making in Saxony, as well as France, England, Prussia and Denmark.

The Pleasures of Hope.

"This poem upon May day," said the editor, "is not at all bad—"

The attic poet flushed with delight.

"——, but since we have enough material on hand to last us for the next ten years, I am obliged to decline it."

The poet still smiled hopefully.

"But, sir," he said, "you will require something for the eleventh year?"

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