NEW YORK CITY'S BIG DEBT.

Maletrepelie of the Nation is Decidedly Extravagant.

New York city is the master bill contractor in the world, and the individual citisen owes more as a citimen of New York than he does as a eitizen of the United States. Next to New York the 25 larger cities of the "United States, in the order of their population, are as follows: Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffsio, San Francisso, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, Washingston, Newark, Jersey City, Louisville, Minneapolis, Providence, Indianapolis, Kaness City, St. Paul, Rochester, Denver and Toledo. Their population, according to the census of 1900, was about 9,600,000, against 3,427,000 for Greater New York. It is not likely that this proportion has changed much. Now, the total bonded indebtedness of these 25 cities is about \$417,000,000, almost \$100,000,000 less than that of the metropolis. This means that the per capita debt of the citisens of New York is \$145.35, against \$43.45 for those of the other large cities. Boston with \$116 and Cincinnati with \$114 come the nearer to approaching New York's record, while Chicago and San Francisco, owing only \$12 per capita each, make the best showings -- Broadway Magazine.

BLAINE AND THE BORE. Statesman Had Method in Making

Strict Appointment.

A notorious bore came to see James G. Blaine when he was secretary of state. Mr. Blaine was busy. Still, he was polite. He was extremely sorry his engagements made it impossible to talk to the visitor, but he would be giad to see him next day, says the Saturday Evening Post. "What time?" asked the bore. Mr. Blaine made an elaborate consultation of his engagement book. "Come at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning," he said; "I shall be glad to see you then. You understand the hour, do you not? Ten e'clock, precisely." "I shall be here." said the bore. "Mark you," cautioned Mr. Blaine, "when I say 10 o'clock I mean 10 o'clock. You must be here wen the exact minute. Promptly at 10, then." "All right," replied the bore, and went away jubilant. "Blaine." asked William E. Chandler, who was present, "why did you make such a precise appointment with that man? You do not want to see him." "I know it," replied Blaine, "but I fixed the hour with exactness and impressed it en him so I shall know when to be wat."

> Medical Civil Service. Medicine has as its object the treatment of disease and the relief of suifering irrespective of the social status or financial position of the patient, says the London Hospital. Existing sonditions of practice make well-nigh impossible the attainment of this ob-Sect, and it is desirable alike in the inperests of the public and of the rank and file of the profession that some more satisfactory organisation of the conditions of practice should be found. Nothing short of a civil service will meet the requirements of the situation. There is a growing feeling, if we mistake not, inside as well ms outside the profession, in favor of this solution of the problem, and there is no question that this feeling will continue to grow as there is more full appreciation of the truth that, apart from humanitarian considerations, the economic advantages are vastly in its

Most Important Work. A reporter recently took a journey of considerable length for the purpose of interviewing a rising literary light es to his next novel. On reaching the house he discovered the author seated in his garden engaged in earnest conversation with a little boy who had a large towel pinned around his neck. The author received his visitor cordially, but seemed rather absent-minded. "Are you willing to tell me a little about your next important work?" naked the reporter. The literary man clicked a pair of shears and patted the bgy on the shoulder. "We were just talking about it as you came up," he said. "Willie thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it without. What would you advise? You see his mother has always cut it before, but she's away just now!"

Moter Lifeboats.

In place of 14 strong arms, pulling seven oars, with another pair at the steering oar, now a four-cylinder, fourcycle gasoline engine pushes the craft along at ten miles an hour. A solid 18-inch propeller, with a reversing clutch, propels the 34-foot boat. Two gasoline tanks, one with a capacity of 25, the other with 75 gallons of the coloriess fluid in which is locked up so much effort, admits, according to Popular Mechanics, a radius of 200

Something to Regret.

"Are you happier now that you own your own home?" asked the solicitous friend. "Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "there is a proud satisfaction in having my own place. But occasionally I can't help longing for the time when my wife kicked to the landlord for repairs instead of coming to

A Cruel Deception. "So your flancee deceived you?" "Yes; she told me her father was a dealer in stocks." "Isn't he?" "Oh, yes; he makes these dinky little wounes s collars."

WILLED AWAY THE LAUNDRY.

Remewhat Peculiar Transaction, But \_\_\_\_\_It Went

When a perfectly strange woman came for the soiled clothes three weeks ago the mistress of the house came to the conclusion that her own laundress had simply employed a new messenger, and made no comment on the circumstances. But when two weeks had gone by, and still the old laundress-known as Susan, no last name having been mentioneddid not appear, the mistress of the house felt that she would be lacking in her duty if she did not make some inquiry about her. "Where is Susan?" she asked the tall and boay structure who came for the clothes. "She has gone to Pennsylvania to live," yessum," returned this person, with composure. "She went to Pennsylvania some time ago, an' she lef good-by for yuh, but s'long es yuh didn't seem tuh notis I didn't say nuffin'." "But why didn't she come and tell me and allow me to make some arragements about my laundry?" asked Susan's exmistress. "Well, she lef yo' clothes tah meh. She made a will an' lef dem clothes tak meh. Wese allus been good frien's, and so w'en she lef she say I may wash yo' clothes long es I wush tuh, an' dere was no use use worrying yuh 'bout it, now was dere!" To which moderate and sensible question the mistress of the house could only remain speechless. -Baltimore American.

BOTH OF THEM SATISFIED. Business Man Had Joke and Book

Agent Practice. "I wonder," said the tall man in the suit of faded black, "if I could interest you in a new and cheap edition of the works of Anthony Troilope." "I don't know," answered the man at the desk. "Go ahead and let me hear what you have to say." The book agent began at once. "Every student of literature knows." he said. "that Anthony Trollope was one of England's great novelists. It is true, perhaps, that he wrote for a limited class." And so on, for ten minutes. "No" said the man at the desk, turning aguin to his work, "you haven't succeeded in interesting me a bit." "That's all right," rejoined the tall man in the suit of faded black, replacing the sample volumes in his valise with imperturbable composure. "I have just started out canvassing with these books, and I was only practicing on you."

Petitions to an Emperor. .. One of the most interesting features of the emperor's visit was the number of petitions which were, so to speak, thrown at him during his fortnight's stay. Scarcely once did his majesty drive out from the Hradschin without somebody attempting to present an eal. Usually the petitioner was a small child and occasionally a woman. Most of the requests were for pecuniary assistance. The emperor was always extremely courteous, and when, as frequently happened, the letter missed the carriage and fell into the road he invariably ordered the coachman to stop while the document was brought to him. The household chancery is now dealing with something more than a hundred petitions thus unceremoniously presented. All of them are carefully investigated, and whenever it is possible something is done for the applicant.-Prague correspondence Pall Mail Gazette.

A Needed Official.

In an interesting paper M. Moure and M. Bouyer relate the extraordinary care which Emperor Nere took of his voice. At night Nero lay on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach. He abstained from fruits and all dishes which could hurt his voice. In order not to damage the purity of its sound he ceased haranguing the soldiers and the senate. He attached to his service an officer specially deputed to take care of his voice. He talked only in the presence of this singular official, who warned him when he spoke too loudly or forced his voice, and, if the emperor, carried away by some sudden fit of passion, did not listen to his remonstrance, it was his duty to stop his mouth with a napkin.—Modern Medi-

The Nation of Shockespers.

Napoleon must have been right after all. We are a nation of shopkeepers. There is nothing in the shop we are not ready to sell at a price, says the London Saturday Review. We would no doubt sell the Great Seal if we could get a good enough offer from Mr. Pierpont Mor gan. Shakespeare folios, first editions of Walton, the portraits of Reynolds. of Romney-these and any other na tional heirlooms, only given a fat enough offer, we are happy to part with to any foreign nation that has the taste and money to buy them. We can put them up as coolly as Charles Surface did his forbears.

Her Favorite.

Margaret and her little playmate Elizabeth chanced to be overheard as they were walking home from school. "What's your very favoritest color?" Elizabeth was asking. Margaret looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, enthusiastically: "Plaid!"

His Ples.

Judge-Prisoner, have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced?" Prisoner-"I beg the court to consider the youthfulness of my attorney."—Harper's Weekly.

MAMERICAN SLANG IN ROME.

Youngster's Expression Touched the Hearts of Wanderers.

The universal spread of American slang is amazing and the globe trotter meets with it in the most unexpected places. Last October two Americans wandering about the Plaza d'Espagna in Rome were accosted by one of the numerous small boys who sell postal card pictures of the Holy city. He held out a sheaf of postat cards and offered them for sale, stating the price in Italian. The Amerscaps did not care to buy, and, like his guild the continent over, he followed them and became a bit of a nuisance. But he was such a merry eyed little chap they had not the heart to speak harshly to him. At last, how-, ever, they felt obliged to say "no" decidedly. It was then that he surprised them and gave them a queer Metie pull at their American heartstrings, by saying, his black eyes snapping with fun and the magnitude of the achievement: "Skeedoo! Skeedoo! Twanta-thr-r-r-ree!" Then he vanished with a burst of laughter. But the sequel was equally interesting. Late that same afternoon the same couple came from the Catacombs into the white glare of the Appian way, five miles from the Plassa d'Espagna. They had hardly stepped into the street before the same urchin was at them again, and when he recognised them he was as amused as they. This time he did not offer them any cards, but simply said: "Skeedoo! Skeedoo! Twanty-thr-r-r-ree!" And he got his generous soldi, as he knew quite well he would.

PUSHING A "GOOD THING."

Almost Too Much Eagerness for Reward of Virtue.

The general manager of a traction system of a western city recently received the following communication, together with a five-cent piece: "I beg to advise you that a week or two ago I rode home on car No. 1999, of your Main street line. The car was very crowded, and the conductor, through no fault of his own, failed to reach me. When I left the car he was too far to the front to enable me to get to him. I, therefore, now remit you the amount of my fare, and beg to say that I would have done so sooner had it not been that I was out of town." This unusual occurrence was reported by the general manager to the road's board of directors, with the result that, by their instruction, an annual pass was sent to the honest patron, together with a letter couched in complimentary terms. The reciplent must have recounted his experience to his neighbors, for in a little while the manager received a letter from another patron, reading: "In view of the fact that yesterday I neglected to pay my fare on your line, I herewith inclose a five-cent piece Kindly forward pass to address be-

A New Pipe Fad.

The portrait pipe is a fad with certain wealthy young men, says a London paper. One of the most beautiful is owned by a well-known peer who was married to an American beauty a few years ago. He wished to have a pipe made bearing the likeness of his wife, and left several photographs and a statuette of her with the carver. A month later he received the pipe and a bill for \$800. A number of pieces of meerschaum had been tried, only to prove defective, and the last piece, which measured eight inches high, seven inches broad and 12 inches deep, was reduced to a pipe three inches high and 21/2 inches at its widest part. When completed the pipe had passed through the hands of 27 workmen.

All in the Picture. "It's a queer proposition photographing the average foreigner," said a Euclid avenue photographer. "If you take a picture of a foreigner and get only a side view it's no go. He has to have both eyes and both ears showing, and even both hands. I had to take an entire family group over the other day because two or three of them didn't have both hands showing. They told me that they wouldn't think of sending the picture to their friends across the water if there was a hand or an ear missing in the picture, as their friends might think something had happened to them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His First Trousers. Little Tommy was at Sunday school

in his first pair of trousers, and a picture of a lot of little angels was before the class. "Tommy, would you like to be a little angel?" asked the teacher. "No, ma'am," replied Tommy after a careful inspection of the picture. "Not to be an angel, Tommy? Why not?" inquired the teacher in surprise. "Cause, ma'am, I'd have to give up my new pants."

Time to Move.

"They're putting out an awful lot of good songs these days," said Mr. Staylate. "Yes?" queried Miss Patience Gonne with a yawn. "Yes; there's a new march song that's great. It's fine to march to—" "Indeed? I wish I had it. I'd play it for you."

Always Holds to That. "It's remarkable how often a woman changes her mind." "Oh, not always. There's one idea every woman gets that she never changes." "What's that?" "The idea that she's pretty." -Catholic Standard and Times.

PALWAYS TRUST THE GIRLS.

Standartohers AVIII Sourn Bribes Hather Than Betray Secrets.

Not long ago a Kansas City stenographer learned that the rallroad for which she was working had determined to extend its line. She had a friend living in the town through which the line was to run. A letter to him, with her savings; would have enabled him to buy at a low price the land the road needed, and the peculiar nature of the ground in that neighborhood would have enabled him to sell at a great profit. She did not consider the thing more than a minute, and then decided that it would be a dishonorable thing to do. Another stenographer in a large real estate office became aware of a deal in which \$150,000 was involved. Certain information she possessed would be worth thousands to the other parties. They made a few advances and hinted at rewards as high as \$5,000 for her betrayal of her firm. She indignantly refused, and told her employers of the scheme. Another stenographer was offered \$1,000 for copies of three letters which she had written. A lawsuit in which her employers were involved might have gone against them had the opposing party been able to secure the information contained in the three letters. The lawyer for the other side laid ten \$100 bills on her mother's table and told her they were hers for the permission to read the letters. The girl scorned the offer.

LONDON USES MUCH WATER.

Enough in One Year to Float the Navies of the World.

It has been calculated that if a cistern covering 850 acres and 345 feet high could be constructed and the water supply of London for one year turned into it, the warships of all the world's navies could ride at anchor there. The figures are given by Tit-Bits. It adds: "If we now dig a canal 100 feet wide across Europe. from the extreme north to the south, and empty our cistern into it. we shall find that the water in our canal, which is 2.400 miles long, will rise to a uniform beight of ten feet. Every drop of it is consumed by the inhabitants of Greater London within a year, while each man, woman and child living to-day throughout the world could draw 50 gallons from it without exhausting its contents. The mains through which these hundreds of millions of tons of water flow for the use of London are almost long enough to stretch a quarter of the way around the earth at the equator, while it would take a locomotive, traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, more than four days and nights to race from one end of them to the other.

Doing His Best The retirement of Col. Mathias, the when they stormed the heights of Dargai some years ago, recalls a curious story of how he came to join that famous regiment. The gallant colonel is not a Scotsman, but a Welshman, and it was owing to a slip of the pen that he joined the renowned Seventyfifth regiment. "I was intended," he says, "to go into the old Ninety-fifth regiment, but nine and seven are very much alike, and by a slip of the pen I was gazetted to the Seventyfifth." A story is told concerning Col. Mathias , when he was leading the famous charge at Dargai. "Stiff climb, eh, Mackie?" he said, breathlessly to the color sergeant by his side. "I'm not so young as I was, you know." "Never mind, sir," the sergeant replied, "ye're going verra strong for an aul mon."-Tit-Bits.

Could Point Them Out. "I have frequently noticed," said the Man Who Knocks About, "that the average native knows little or nothing about his native heath. As an illustration, last summer I was up in the White mountains, and one afternoon I chaperoned a party of girls for a walk. We met a gawky youth of about 18. 'Do you live about here?' I asked. 'I reckon, replied the boy. 'Have you lived here long?" 'Nigh onto 18 years,' with a smirk at his own smartness. 'Ah,' said I, 'then you can point out some of these mountains to us, can't you? 'Sure,' he said; and then added as an afterthought, 'but I don't know as I know the names of any of 'em.'

Sunny Sheffield.

The protest made the other day in our columns against the practice adopted in some London journals of libeling Sheffield on account of its smoke might have gone considerably further. Not only do the returns show that Sheffield is the "Sunny South," so to speak, compared with the metropolis, but eminent men who live in London are in despair over the state of the atmosphere in the latter city.—Sheffield (England) Daily Tele-

Safety in Numbers.

Old Uncle Abner, an ex-slave, was very ill, and the daughter of his former master had called to bring him delicacies and to offer consolation. "I hope, Uncle Abner," she said sympathetically, "that you are thoroughly acquainted with the goodness of the Lord." "Of course, I is, chile," the old negro replied. "Why, honey, I'se been converted bout 14 times."-Lippincott's Magazine.

Diplomacy. "Only three fingers, John. I'll measure it." "But three of your dainty fingers wouldn't make a toethful." This got him six fingers.

Beitien sebenmedale i 28.00.

SALESMEN WHO LACK TACT. MY TAUGHT FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Two Glaring Instances of Inefficiency Put on Record.

"One of the most difficult things in our business," said the proprietor of one of the retail clothing stores, "is to get hold of salesmen with the requialte amount of tact. I believe more tact is required of saleamen in our line than almost any other.

"Not long ago we had a young salesman here who thought the unly way to please a customer was to keep up line of 'con' talk. One day a plain looking old man came in to look at a business suit. Well, as he was putting the coat on the old fellow the salesman patted him on the shoulder and told him in a low voice, 'That'll make you look like a real college boy, all

"If there was anything that the customer didn't want to look like it was a college boy, and he left without buy-

ing a suit. "Another time the same salesman nearly queered a sale with a poor, consumptive, emaciated looking middleaged man, who appeared to have one leg in the grave and the other one dragging. If there was any subject that should have been avoided it was that of his state of health. But the minute the salesman saw him he wanted to let him know that he remembered him from a previous visit to the store, and said, 'Well, how is your health these days, anyhow?"

That was enough to remind the man that he was probably there to buy his grave clothes."-Cleveland Plain-

EVIL IN THE TELEPHONE.

Does Harm in Keeping Women Too Much in the House.

A physician remarked lately...that the telephone was the means of more sickness especially headaches, than almost anything else. He explained that women who could do all of their ordering over the telephone seldom left the house to buy anything, and if they would only get out and take a walk early in the morning they would return to the house with brighter spirits and more animation for work. Undoubtedly it is an inspiration to get out and see that one is not alone in the day's work. A woman here cleaning her windows; another is sweeping her rooms; a bevy hurry by with packages under their arms after a visit to the stores and groceries. To see people busy and full of life and animation is an inspiration to any one, and this seems to be exactly what the physician meant by his remark. The most dejected, despondent and headachy women in the world are those who live back of locked doors and keep up the eternal grind of kitchen work from one day to another.

Measuring Eye-Strings. Physical skill, endurance and prowmanded respect in the wild west. And what mills of violence and torture the old melees were! To maul and batter a victim till he was jelly, to leave a life-mark of victory upon the vanquished, and then to celebrate the Olympian event by getting gloriously drunk with your friends, on new whisky-this was fame and sport. It was a tame fight in which one of the contestants did not lose a part of his ear, or have his nose bitten off, but the acme of skill and power lay in plucking out your opponent's eye. Indeed, "eye-gouging," as it was called, was a road to glory, and the threat "I'll measure your eyestrings was the highest taunt.-From "Simon Kenton, Scalp Hunter."

· A Royal Painter.

To the somewhat lengthy list of royal personages who have cultivated more or less of skill in the arts-must now be added the name of Prince Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen, second son of the reigning duke, whom the historiographers describe as a painter of fine talent. He is now engaged upon a canvas of large size, destined for the amphitheater of Jena university. The subject of the picture is the Prince-Elector John the Magnahimous, founder of the university. The painting will occupy the whole of one wall of the amphitheater in the new buildings of the university.—London Globe.

Profited by Errer. "When I opened the door," said the flat dweller, "my ice man stood there. He looked very meek and humble, to

my surprise. "I will fix that ice bill you thought was too exorbitant,' he told me. 'Perhaps it was. I will cut it down.' "He had gotten me mixed up with somebody else. I hadn't complained. but that didn't keep me from getting out the bill and letting him cut it down all right enough."

The Cow as a Machine. As an illustration of the efficiency of a good cow, as a machine for the manufacture of milk and butter from grain, the record is given of a Holstetin cow at the age of three years, which, during one year produced milk amounting to 18,573 pounds, or over nine tons of milk containing 620 pounds of butter. The net profit figured in maintaining such a cow is stated at about, \$156 per annum.

A Paradox Explained. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and yet she fought about taking the beauty prize," sneered the young

"My son," mildly replied the old philosopher, "that merely proves she was wise to the ways of man."

Long'Record of Usefulness for Massa-

chusetts School Teacher.

A headmaster for half a century in the Cambridge schools is the remarkable record of Ruel H. Fletcher, of the Thorndike school, East Cambridge. He has recently graduated his fiftieth class from that school.

For fifty-eight years he has taught school, beginning in 1849. He came to Massachusetts in 1852, taught school two years in Abington, two years in Quincy and then began his long serv. ice in Cambridge. That service was started in the Otis school, for which a new building was erected a few years after and the name changed to the Thorndike school, so that his service has been practically in the one school,

When the city of Cambridge erected two new school buildings four years ago, unknown to him the pupils of his school circulated a petition that one of the new schools be named in honor of the headmaster to whom they were so devoted. The decision of the committee to comply with their request was prompt and unanimous. The Fletcher school graduates its first class on Tuesday, and Mr. Fletcher will be a guest of bonor on that occasion.—Boston Herald.

BOOST PRICES OF LABOR.

Natural Result of American Demand for Dates.

For a long time the export of dates from the Persian gulf to America was in the hands of one or two firms. Now the field has been entered by others, and during the past season six concerns in Maskat were packing dates for American exporters. This competition serves to keep the price well up. as the date caravans come in from the interior and sell their cargoes at auction. Contracts for future delivery are often made with growers and money advanced, but even then deliveries are usually made subject to the prices prevailing at the time. There has been some difficulty experienced this year in securing labor to pack the dates for the American market This work is done by women, and the increased trade resulted in a scarcity of hands and an increase of wages. If the situation exists again next year it can probably be met by importing labor either from India or Baluchistan for the packing season, which begins in August and is usually over early in January at the latest.

All at Sea. forGentlemen," recently said a German professor, who was showing to his students the patients in the asylum, "this man suffers from delirium tremens. He is a musician. It is well known that blowing a brass instrument affects the lungs and throat in such a way as to create a great thirst, which has to be allayed by persistent indulgence in strong drink, Hence, in cou**rse of time, the disc** have before you."

Turning to the patient, the professor asked: "What instrument do you blow?"

and the answer was: "The violoncello."—Illustrated Bita.

A Ballet Girl's Costume. "My costume," said the pretty ballot. girl, "weighs just a pound and a half." "So much as that ?"

"Yes, truly." She put her foot on the seat of a chair, and bent over to fasten the silk en sandal ribbon about her ankle. She was all silk and gauze, all youth and grace, like a fairy.

"I had my costume weighed last night," she said as she rose, smiling and panting slightly. "These"-she touched her tights of pale blue silk-"weigh four ounces. These gauze skirts, there are five of them, but they are very short, as you see, weigh nine ounces. My slippers weigh four ounces. My bodice, stays and all, weighs eight ounces. Total, 25 ounces, or a little over a pound and a haif."

Korean Student's Hard Lines.

Koreans evidently want education. Recently one of them came up from the country and after all his money was gone he found it impossible to stay longer, so he cut his finger and with the blood wrote to the minister of education about his woes. We think be had better taken a jiggy and got to work and earn some money, rather than go about cutting his fingers to gain sympathy. If any attention were paid to this sort of stage play you would find Korean fingers covered with scars of combat. —Koréan Daily News.

Unreasonable Complaints. "Grimshaw is the worst kicker I ever saw. He moved out to one of the suburbs intending to raise chick-

"Were the eggs bad?"

"No, but his neighbors have had such poor luck with their gardens, on account of the wet and cold weather, that there has been little or nothing for his fowls to subsist on . To hear him complain you'd think the people around him were to blame for the climatic condition to which we've had to submit."

As the Romans Did. Manager of the Rome Nine-How about the game to-morrow? Augur (aside)-What's the private

advices from the All-Etrurias?

The Hostage from Gaul-There has been the grand shake-up and Bason Ballikrates, the Greek, goes in the box. His pitching is of a wildness. Augur—The auspices are favorable, Paius Bacchus Salarius.—Puck.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

"to etmandire un Louiziane se l'abonnementi un fanni i Bati de Such Er publicité effre donc in l'abonnement un l'abonnement un l'abonnement un l'anné i Bati de Contidienne Electric