GRIM STORY OF MISSIONARY

Converted Dyak, Forced by Sweetheart to Hunt Heads, Brought Those of Her Relatives.

The missionary lighted a fresh ci-

"Yes," he said, "I have seen grim halpenings in my time. The grinmest I suppose, occurred among the Dyak head hunters.

"We had converted a young Dyak, and the lad had abandoned head hunting torever. But he met a girl,

a beautiful girl, and then-" The missionary shook his head and

Bigi. Hi. "The girl listened to his wooing, for Le was a handsome lad, but smoked beads to a byak maid are what jewels are to a chorus girl, and with a curl

of the lip she said: You vow you love me, but you bring me no heads to prove it.' "But I am a Christian,' he replied.

"When did a Dyak wooer ever go a wooing without heads?' said she. 'You are not a man; you are a girl!' "The young convert ground his teeth and left her. The next morning early he staggered into her presence

with bloodshot eyes. There was a bag on his shoulder. 'You asked for heads,' he said. "Look!"

"And he emptied from the bag onto the floor the heads of her father and her two brothers!"

The missionary smiled sadly.

"That wasn't playing the game," he said "It's the heads of enemies that the head hunter must bring in, not the heads of one's own brother tribesmen. They shut the young convert in a slatted cage of bamboo to starve to death. He died under his sweetheart's eye."

CALLED HER HIS ANGEL PIE

Negro Cook Didn't Permit Use of Such Language to Her, Especially Over Phone.

The telephone bell rang yesterday afternoon in a South Side apartment. The negro woman cook answered it. "Hello," she said.

"Is that you, cookie?" asked a man's voice at the other end.

"I'm Mr. B---'s cook, but I ain't no cookie."

"Don't try to fool me, cookie. I know your voice.

"Look beah, what you talkin' about?" "Now, angel pie, you fooled me

once, dear heart, that way, but you can't do it again. You are by little aweet cookie, aren't you?"

"You get away from that telephone. "You ahe talkin' like a fool." With that the receiver was slamr

on the hook with all the virtuous indignation of an insulted maiden. The head of the house was stand-

fing near. Turning to him she said still fuming: "Some man wanted to know of I wuz cookie. An he called me somethin' like 'angel ple.' I don' let no

man call me them names—specially oveh the telephone."-Kansas City

Primogeniture.

The law of primogeniture sends back its roots to the most ancient times. Away back in the patriarchai ages the first-born son had a superiority over all his brethren, and in the absence of his father was in every important sense the head of the house. Upon the death of the father he became, by the unwritten law, which could not be questioned, the priest and lord of the family, and naturally to him fell the property as well as the honors of the household. Primogeniture, wherever it is found today, is the lingering remnant of the ancient custom-a custom which common sense and justice pronounce to be as unfair as it is superstitious.

Mere Details.

A writer was describing a forthcoming work of his. He spoke most: enthusiastically of the progress he, had made on it.

The idea, he said, was clear in his mind-clear as crystal. All the situations were sketched out, everything, that was to happen in each chapter decided upon. Why, even the titles

of the chapters were written! Just as he was riding astride the high-water mark of his enthusiasm one of those clammy, literal friends that all men have suddenly remarked:

"I see. You have everything about that novel completed except the writing and the selling of it."

Irreverence.

You know bow it is when a man grows fat and the rolls of fat at the back of his neck are sort of piled one above the other, until stopped by the base of his skuli. Well, a man with the rear of his neck disposed that way was sitting at the theater one evening in a seat just in front of one who isn't reverent.

The latter contemplated the exuberant layers of flesh surmounting the Tat man's collar. Then, pointing to them, he remarked, solto voce, to the companion beside him:

"Look at the plate of buckwheat Cakeu!

Circultous Retribution. "Did you help elect that man be-

cause of his personal popularity?" "No." replied Farmer Corntossel. "I had my suspicions of him for a long time and wanted to shove him - along to where the muckrakers could ger a good go at him."-Washington.

MADE SOME GRAVE BLUNDERS

Embezzling Banker Admits He Oven looked Missionary Fund and Property of Orphan Child.

The embezzling banker's friends were congratulating him.

"How in the world did you keep it up so long without being discovered? they asked, breathlessly.

"My friends," came an anguished voice from the other side of the bars. "I am unworthy of this laudation. have been guilty of grave tactical blunders. I failed to have myself elected Sunday school superintendent, and I did not show myself at prayer meeting more than once a month. I could have landed a \$700 missionary fund, but heedlessly I allowed it to slip through my fingers and go to an-

other. "Besides, I might have become the guardian of some poor, dead millionaire's child. I am ill-deserving of your well-meant, but misdirected, praise. My work has been coarse and amatenrish, indeed, or I could be free this evening to join you in our tri-weekly poker fest. Woe, woe is me!"

And they left him weeping bitterly. -H. M. Silvers, in The Sunday Maga-

WARM REBUKE FOR SARCASM

Western Senator Who Made Many Enemies Was Given Good Advice by a Friend.

For many years there served in the United States senate, from the west, a man of brilliant mind and fine qualities, but who was forever estranging many with whom he desired to be friendly by reason of his incurably sarcastic manner both of speech and ac-

tion. Once an intimate friend wrote the senator urging the appointment of another friend to a minor position in the government. The senator returned a most sarcastic reply, declining to recommend the appointment. It is said that he never forgot the merited rebuke he received from the friend who had suggested the appointment.

"My Dear Senator: I think it would be well for you to reserve your sarcasm for the rapidly increasing number of your enemies, instead of offering it to the decreasing number of your friends, of whom I am one."

Expensive Tree. We do not think much of trees in the United States, and let several million acres of them burn without getting excited, but in England small forests, and even individual trees, are maintained at great expense. If there is not actually an outlay of money, the trees occupy land that could otherwise be profitably employed.

Probably the most noteworthy tree in the world, so far as expensiveness is concerned, is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, in the city of London. This tree occupies a lot which would bring in ground-rent to the amount of \$1,200 per annum. It says much for the nature-loving qualities, and, incidentally, for the fortune, of the owner of that lot that the ancient tree flourishes safely year after year.

Respect Due to Rank.

Alica Wenban is a cliff dweller and. as such, accustomed to the whereabouts of the lordly janitor by whose kind permission her people live and have their being.

Right across the street they are building another apartment, an activity which greatly interests the young lady. She spends many hours in the contemplation of the job. The excavation filled her with breathless interest. The foundation proved even more exciting. And now, that the building is in a fair state of progress, she is quite beside herself.

And she wants to know you know. "Mother," she asked when the bricklayers began on the ground floor work, "they've built the janitor's house first. Isn't that funny?"-Cleveland Leader.

Out-Romancing Romance. The diver prowis over the ocean

bed bearing a water-tight searchlight and a water gun, one shot from which will blow the liver out of an octopus. His belimet telephone (more convenient and clear than yours) keeps him in constant communication with

the surface and directs his boat. Science has equipped him with a kit of deep-sea tools, operated by pneumatic pressure, with which he can accomplish prodigious amounts of work. Altogether, he has a very comfortable and interesting time of it.

considered a hair-brained dreamer! Unimaginative romance! How weak and short are threads of your fancy.—

And to think that Jules Verne was

What They Both Said. Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was as illegible as his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Gu take it back. What does the damned fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy; "that is just what he says."

Well Supplied.

Beggar-Please, mister, give me a dime for my three hungry children. Pedestrian (hurrying on) -Don't need any more, thank you.

TRUE ART OF ADVERTISING

Man in Burglar's Mask Was Only Introducing Patent Safety Alarm and Preventer.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe. The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my

face. "Throw up your hands!" he said.

I did so. "You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can in the present circumstances loot the premises at my pleasure?"

I confessed that he could "You realize that you are at my

mercy?" "I do." I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow you to kingdom come if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted. "Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlor window. Had it been equipped with Smith's patent safety burglar alarm and preventer this could not have happened. Installed, complete with batteries, for \$25. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good night, sir."

Then, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.

WHY THE PRICE WAS HIGH

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Notice of Sketch Made It Worth Vastly More, Said Dealer.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshus Reynolds to a picture dealer whose portfolio he was examining. "Twenty guineas, Sir Joshua." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean." "No, sir; I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if you think the drawing worth looking at all the world will think it worth buy-

ing." A London dealer who had made a few triffing purchases at a secondhand furniture shop in the country was leaving it, when he caught his foot in the string of a picture and fell. Having picked himself up, he examined the picture to see if it had been damaged. It had escaped injury, and he found, to his surprise, that in thus tripping he had-literally-stumbled upon a print of the duchess of Rutland, after Reynolds, by Valentine Green, in its first state. The dealer bought the print for £4 and afterward disposed of it for £1,000.—From Jernigham's "Bargain Book."

Wise Servant.

A woman in Trenton, N. J., who has been having a lot of trouble with her domestic help, was obliged recently to accept the temporary service of a ra recruit in the shape of an Irish girl just landed in this country.

After a preliminary survey of the girl and a dejected sigh, the lady of the house asked: "What can you do?"

"Shure, most anything at all, mum," responded the newcomer.

The lady of the house glanced about the room. There was everything to be done. "Could you fill the lamps?" she finally ventured to ask.

"Shure, I kin fill the lamps!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Celt, as she grabbed one and started out. Then, with the air of one wishing above all things to suit the possible caprices of a new employer, she paused to query: "An' is it gas or oil ye'd be wantin' thim filled with?"

Judge's Severe Comment. Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, once had before him a man charged with having killed another man with a sand-bag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, but a verdict of "Not Guilty" was promptly brought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sand-

bag some of those jurymen; they de-

Brother Dickey Explains. "I got no sarmont ter preach today," said Brother Dickey. "The last time I put my presence in dis yer yer pulpit I preached a sarmont what wuz so powerful hit sont six sisters off in a trance, an' dey ain't come to not yit, causin' de law ter git after me, kaze dey ain't conscious enough ter rise up an' make a livin' fer dey husbands. Tongues er fire come down on me at dat time f'um de glory-lan', an' now some er you is oncharitable enough ter say dat de fire orter scorched me ter a frazzie! Dis is no time fer a powerful preacher lak' me!" -Atlanta Constitution.

Barred From House of Commons. An Irish peer was expelled for directing a lottery, while for organizing "Charitable Association" of shady habits Sir Robert Sutton and two others were shut out in 1730. Steele of the Tatler was prohibited the house for "maliciously instauating that the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover is in danger under her majesty's administration." But perhaps the oddest reason for closing the doors of the house of commons upon a man is to be found in the case of Mr. Asgill, whose sin was that of writing a treatise 'On the Possibility of Avoiding Death."-London Chronicie.

PEST VICTIMS LIE THERE

Grave of Five Who Died of Smallpox in 1811 Found in Bellerica, Mass.

Closely adjoining the site of the Boston & Maine car shops in Billerica, the surveyors discovered a gravestone marking the spot where 100 years ago five persons, victims of smallpox, were buried.

The stone is still in good condition, although mossy with age. The foot stone as well as the headstone is solid, giving evidence of careful work on the part of the ones who placed it there.

The grave was evidently chosen a century ago as a secluded spot, and when found trees, underbrush and shrubbery nearly hid it from sight.

The words on this headstone are: Erected in memory of and to designate the place where Asa Grost, Jr. Levi Frost, Eleanor Farmer, Sarah Hodgman and Samuel Batchelder were buried, who died of smallpox,

August, 1811. At first the Boston & Maine considered getting the consent of the state to remove the stone and the dust of the bodies, but it has been decided to let the grave remain where **i**t is.

So these five persons will rest where they are and their bed of the last century will not be disturbed. No relative of the ones buried seem at all concerned about the grave and it is doubtful if any descendants of them are living in Billerica or Lowell at the present time.

SOME ODDITIES IN SIGNS

They Do Not Mean Just What They Bay, but Certainly Attract Attention.

"Teeth extracted while you wait." is the rather superfluous announcement of a dentist; while another advertiser appeals to ladies in this seductive manner: "Ladies having old Teathers can be re-dyed and made equal to new" Equally open to misconstruction are the following notices: "All gloves in this window 50c per pair. These won't last long at the price." "Dine here once, and you'll never dine anywhere else;" and "A competent person wanted to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

But perhaps the best of these ambiguous advertisements is that of a Japanese laundry, which runs thus: "Contrary to our opposite company. we will most cleanly and carefully cheap prices as follows: Ladies, \$2 per 100; gentlemen, \$1.50 per 100.

After these one reads without a shock such notices as the following: Under a pair of hob-nailed boots-"Unwearable, \$3;" in the window of a small store in Portland-"New milk," and on a card immediately underneath -"our own make."

. Carrier C Izaak Walton.

The customer had waited fifteen minutes for the fish he had ordered. He was very quiet as he sat there, but internally there was a seething. At the end of the sixteenth minute

the waiter who had been in total eclipse for fifteen minutes and a half, bustled up. "That fish will be here, sir, in five

minutes." Five minutes elapsed three times Then the waiter bustled up again. "The fish will be here, sir, in a

minute." The customer turned to him. "Tell me," he said quietly, but with a certain emphasis, "what bait are you using?"

Masterpiece of Advertising.

A physician of Montpelier, France, was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with beat of drum, a reward of 25 louis to whomseever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very cirver fellow? He must be very rich, for he offers 25 louis for finding his dog." The dog was not found, but patients were.

Slow Progress. A friend met a youthful and lazy author on the street. "How is your novel getting along?"

he asked. "Oh, I've begun it," answered the author proudly The two did not meet again for several weeks. At the next encounter, the friend again asked: "Well, how's your novel?"

The author paused a moment. "Let me see," he said, "where did I tell you I was in it when I saw you the last time?" "You said you'd begun it," answered

the friend. "Well--I've still begun it," confessed the author, guiltily.

At the approach of the angel with the flaming sword Adam bent upon Eve a glance of profound consternation. "We are caught," be exclaimed,

Goods and Goods.

"with the goods on!" "Not dry goods, at all events!" giggled the first mother, nervously, as with a consciousness that it was too late for a bon mot, however clever, to save the situation.—Puck

CLEVER ESCAPE OF CONVICT

Prisoner in the Conclergerie Daringly Gains His Freedom and Astonishes All Paris.

A prisoner sentenced the other day at the Seine Assizes to eight years' penal servitude made a sensational escape from the Conciergeric early this morning. When the cells were opened about 7, and the prisoners emerged for exercise, Romeuf came out with the rest. Taking advantage of the warder's back being turned for a moment, he got a fellow prisoner to let him mount on his shoulders, and then, with marvelous agility, he managed to reach the top of the wall, nearly twenty feet high. The top of this garnished with a "chevaux de frise," but Romeuf, who is a plumber by trade, thought nothing of getting over it. By smashing a window, he made his way into a corridor, and thence into the Palais de Justice, which adjoins the Conciergerie, and in a minute he was a free man. The utmost astonishment is expressed at any one escaping from the Conciergerie. It is famous as the prison where Marie Antoinette and many other of the illustrious prisoners of the Reign of Terror were imprisoned before being led to the scaffold. In more recent times Prince Napoleon, in 1883, and the Duc d'Orleans, in 1890, were detained within its walls -- Paris correspondent London Telegraph

MADE TARGETS FOR ENEMY

Chinese Soldiers in Battle of Ping Yang All Opened Parasols When It Rained.

No one who has studied the military methods of China will be surprised to learn that "shells" of painted wood have been picked up in the German concession at Hankow. This is truly Chinese. Not so very long go each soldier was supplied with an oilcloth parasol, and a fan which he tucked up his sleeve. During the battle of Ping Yang, when the rain came on, the parasols were opened and the enemy found the men easy targets, especially as each one wore a large white disk bearing the number of his regiment on his breast and back.

At the arsenal at Nankin it was once decided to shorten a Krupp cannon which had arrived there because it was too long, and to make "solid shells" which would not burst. Green sprouts were also seen on the logs from which gun stocks were to be made. But the "limit," as one may say, was reached at Hankow when an Austrian warship entered the port and saluted the fort. The Chinese attempted to return the courtesy, but stopped short after five or six discharges. As the Chinese commander afterward explained, "When the third artilleryman had been killed we decided to stop firing."

Real "Tumblers." Originally a tumbler was far from what it is today, and its true meaning has been lost in the many graceful forms in which it is to be seen, What a "tumbler" really is may be inferred from an extract from a gentleman's diary, written in 1803, which also throws light upon the social customs of the times. The entry is as follows: "Had a few friends to dinner. Tried my new tumbling-glasses. Very successful; all got drunk early." These tumbling glasses, soon called "tumblers" for short, were made with a round or pointed bottom so that they could not be set down when they contained liquids without failing over and spilling their contents They were made as a sort of joke to conduce to rapid drinking.

Perfume Compounding an Art. The compounding of perfumes is a distinct branch of chemistry-a perfume maker may be regarded as an artist of chemistry, blending his ingredients with the care of one and the taste and skill of the other profession. Almost all perfumes have as a basis ambergris or civet, and while these materials are most necessary, great care must be exercised in their use, for a grain too much will make the perfume distressingly irritating to the user. The same is true of many combinations of scents, such combinations even producing hysteria in a mild or severe form. If indulged in at all but one distinct scent should be used.

Her Idea of Americans. A little highland Scotch girl had looked forward eagerly to the coming of an American cousin. She had never seen an American, but she had her own ideas about them. Her mother had to remonstrate with her for looking so hard at their guest after the American girl had arrived.

"It is very rude," she said. "Why, do you look at her like that?" "But, mother, her hair is lighter. than mine."

"Yes." "And her skin is white?" "Yes, but what of it?" "I always thought that Americans

were black."

The earliest mention of tea by an English-speaking writer is probably that contained in a letter from Wickham, an agent of the East India com-

Tea.

pany, written from Firando, Japan, on June 27, 1615, to Eaton, another agent of the company, resident at Macao, asking for a pot of the "best sort of chaw." It was not till 1650, or thereabouts, that the English began to use tea to any considerable extent-and with reason, the price of tea in Engiand ranging from \$39 to \$50 per

GREAT ROW OVER BEAN SOUP

Put on Menu of Banquet to Visiting President, it Was Denounced as Plebeian.

Denver has been stirred to its depths by the disturbance over the menu for the president at a banquet. Seven hundred citizens have put uptheir dollars and taken their dress suits out of storage. As incense rises from mothballs and tar paper, the clangor of controversy fills the air. As the banquet is to be held at night, the arbiter elegantiarum is not called upon to decide whether full dress suits shall be worn in the daytime. Discussion rages around the soup. The rest of the menu is settled. So far as we can learn, it includes celery, cigarettes, olive oil, cigars, cake, "mile-high" cocktails, oysters, ice. cream, lettuce salad, mashed potatoes, vegetables, cheese, radishes, nuts, broiled squab, beefsteak, crackers and champagne. So far so good. But when the husky, hearty mountaineers. proposed to serve bean soup certain mollycoddles who had crept into the committee objected on the ground that it was distinctly plebeian. That is considered a terrible accusation in Denver, where recherche is an insult. and creme de menthe a crime. "Bean soup is good enough for any man," spoke up the natives, "and no one who turns up his nose at it is fit to be the president of the plain people." At first, we gather from the confused accounts, the tendermots insisted upon consomme royale aux petit pois, but at last agreed to compromise on cream of tomato.

Do they contend that the tomato is. more aristocratic than the bean? It is an insult to Boston, a blow at Beverly Look at Massachusetts-there she stands, with a president on the one hand and a pot of beans on the other. If this be plebeian, make the most of it!--Baltimore Sun.

SHE HUSHED KING EDWARD

How Alice Nielsen Reproved His Mail esty for Speaking While She Was Binging.

One evening the duchess of Manchester entertained in honor of the late King Edward. Miss Alice Nielsen, the American opera singer, was present and sang Among others there was a request for Tosti's "Goodby to Summer," then in the first flush of its great popularity.

With the composer at the piano, the first stanza went with no strange or unusual occurence, but while Tost was playing the soft interlude to the second stanza, the king turned to one of his party with some remark, and his sonorous bass sounded out sharply through the room against the sof harp-like chords of the piano.

With exquisite during, Miss Nells looked straight at his majesty and be gan the line: "Hush-then an omi nous pause- "'tis a voice!" By this time the royal listener was all atten tion and looking straight into a pair of eyes dancing with ill-suppressed merriment. There was a moment o suspense, when the king saved the joke by starting the laugh in which the company joined. The royal gues took his gentle reprimand with true gallantry Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Spencer and Free Libraries.

Ruskin's dislike for public librarie was shared to the full by Herber Spencer. When the trustees of th British Library of Political Science asked Spencer to present his works t the library, he replied: "From tim to time I have had various applica tions akin to the one you make, an have in all cases declined compliance I disapprove of free libraries alte gether, the British museum included believing that in the long run the are mischievous rather than benef cial; as we see clearly in the case of local and municipal free librarie which, instead of being places for study, have become places for reading trashy novels, worthless papers, an learning the odds. I no more approv of free libraries than I approve of fre

interesting Point. At a spiritualistic meeting in Wich ta the spirit of Elijah Crosser called for. Elijah Crosser had die there many years before, but was membered for his immense statur six feet five inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah. you in heaven?" asked an old-time Yes," came the answer. "Are yo an angel, Lige?" "Yes." The que tioner paused, evidently having hausted his fund of questions, a then suddenly inquired: "What do ye

bakeries."

measure from tip to tip, Lige?" Professional Chaperons. In a girls' finishing school in No York they have professional chapero who do nothing but take young wo en out, walk them around and fet them back again. They take the charges to trains and meet them trains. They are paid, not by week or month, but by the job, much an assignment. And the curio thing about it is that they are bonds They are actually bonded. The gi themselves have never been able find out why they should be bonded.

So Sudden! Bleecker — Daisy Headliner promised to give me my answer

might. She -Baxter-(showing evening paper The press agent and the report have got ahead of you, old top; i

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