

FANTASTIC STONE ON GRAVE.

Memorable Memorial Erected by Father in Memory of Daughter He Idolized.

In all the cemeteries of the world there probably exists no more fantastic conception than in the rural graveyard of Pleasant Ridge, in England. To the memory of a daughter whom he idolized, Hannibal Clark, a wealthy but simple-minded farmer, erected this remarkable shaft of granite. He was so affected by her death that he had made provision for the erection of the monument. Not only did he stipulate what he wished engraved concerning his daughter, but also concerning his wife and himself. It was the freakish desire of the father to place upon the monument a replica of all that the girl loved on earth. He left instructions that no expense be spared to inscribe upon the stone a miniature reproduction of the objects upon which she lavished her affections. In obedience thereto, the stonemasons chiseled in bold relief no fewer than fifty symbols. Nearly every inch of space is taken up with these queer figures. They include a house, fence, plow, grain, cradle, rooster, hen, turkey, cow, horse, side-saddle, pair of scissors, thimble, violin, copies of love letters, owl, fish, etc. Everything that pertained to the farm, domestic life and outdoor pleasures was, where possible, reproduced upon this monument.

NUMEROUS CHANGES OF NAME.

Blonde Woman's Adventures on the Matrimonial Sea Evidently Had Been Many.

They met on the street car—the intrepid little woman and the much admired, plethoric blonde. Both evidenced that extravagant pleasure which comes of meeting by accident an acquaintance one has not thought of for months.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Gray?" panted the blonde, extending a plump, bediamonded hand.

"Why? How do you do, Mrs. Williams?" effused the other woman.

"Not Mrs. Williams," prompted the blonde, automatically.

"Oh, to be sure," the little woman apologized, "I heard you were to be married—Mrs. Str-Straoski, of course. I hope it isn't too late for congratulations."

"That's so, I was Str-Straoski," recoiled the blonde, "that musician—but now I'm Madam Theodore; he's a cheat."

"The little woman's chin dropped, and for half a block she sat with a face like an exclamation point.

"This is my corner," she announced, jumping to her feet as the car slowed up.

"Would you—would you mind, Mrs.—Madam Theodore, telling me what your name is the next time we meet?"—New York Press.

A Way Out.

A broker and banker, who was a member of the Russian relief committee that had in charge the transportation of food to Russia from Philadelphia a few years ago during a famine, likes to tell of an unusual experience he had while soliciting for the relief fund. In speaking of it he said: "I tell it because it shows the speed with which some people think. I called on a man who was always a generous contributor to charity. He was out of sorts when I saw him and after I explained my mission he said: 'You fellows are always begging for something. I was taken aback for a few seconds and when I recovered myself I asked, 'What would you do if the wolf were at your door?' He stared at me in a terrifying manner for a second and then blurted out, 'Why, you fool, I would eat the wolf.' I noticed when I was passing out the door he was still watching me sharply. I have never served on a relief committee since then."

Lysander John Up Against It.

The Lysander John Appletons live in a house of five rooms for many years, and were so crowded that none of their kin ever expected to be invited to visit them. But recently Lysander John made a little extra money and his wife had two rooms built on. "Have you heard the news?" was shouted through Kinville. "The Appletons have two more rooms." News like that spreads like fire in Kinville, and they began coming by twos and threes, and always with the dearest old man, loudest voiced old women and crossest baby they could find. This explains why Lysander John's limbs are tied in knots; he has been sleeping in a hammock for six weeks past, being crowded out of his bed by visitors from Kinville.—Atchison Globe.

The Cartoonist's Sting.

Signs and symbols seem to be just as effective now as in the early days of our race, when the primitive aboriginal chiseled in picture language the record of his doings. There are still enough undeveloped minds among us to give pictures, and the whiplash on the end of the cartoonist's facile pencil more and more frequently raises wails where the editorial and "spread" headlines cannot sting the thick hide.

Most Attractive.

Old Maid—Humph, so heaven has seven women to every man, and hell the reverse? I won't patronize you. St. Peter (importantly)—Yes, but you couldn't stand it down there, they use profanity, incorrect English, and— Old Maid—Splendid! At least I can teach in a man's college!—Brooklyn Life.

JUST A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

Old Man's Memory Was Good. But He Had Mixed Up Certain Facts of the Story.

The late Sarah Orne Jewett lived a great part of her life in South Berwick, and the quaint Maine characters of her native town interested her profoundly.

"Miss Jewett, at the Mayflower club in Boston, once illustrated aptly the unreliable quality of old people's memories.

"A young minister," she said, "born in South Berwick, was called in his maturity to one of the churches of the town. Everybody welcomed him. He had been away nearly 30 years. And the oldest inhabitant's welcome was the warmest of all.

"The oldest inhabitant, leaning on his stick, said in a high, tremulous voice to the young man:

"And you're Master Johnny Greenwood? 'ow time do you fly? Why, it seems only yesterday I traipsed in to the courthouse to see your poor old grandfather hanged."

"Everybody looked shocked. So there was a blot on the Greenwood family scutcheon, eh? But the young man said calmly:

"My good old friend, your memory is partly right and partly wrong. My grandfather was murdered, not hanged. It was two brothers of the name of Alden who paid the penalty of his murder."

"Well, that's what I said," crowed the octogenarian. "That's just what I said, ain't it?"

SPOILED CARD SHARK'S GAME

How "Pat" Sheedy, Famous Gambler, Fooled Trickster Who Thought He Had Easy Money.

The greatest delight of "Pat" Sheedy, America's premier gambler, according to Henry Stewart of the Stewart-Peck Sand Company, was to "double cross" the crooked card sharks. Mr. Stewart and Sheedy were old friends.

"Sheedy once strolled into a tough gambling resort in the west, where he was not known, and stood watching the games," Mr. Stewart relates. "One of the dealers was 'spelling' to several countrymen and had about convinced them to take a chance at his game.

"I'll bet you two to one that I can shuffle the deck and cut the ace of hearts the first time," he announced.

"I'll take \$50 of that if you'll let me shuffle the cards," Pat said.

"The dealer agreed and the money was staked. The countrymen also made small bets.

"Are you satisfied?" the dealer asked when the cards were shuffled. "The proposition is that I am to cut the ace of hearts the first cut."

"Everyone agreed. Then the dealer—he was a tough one—whipped out a big hunting knife and slashed the deck in two.

"But he didn't take the money. Sheedy had palmed the ace of hearts while shuffling the cards."

Looking Out for the Birds.

In some new houses which have recently been built at Knutsford in Cheshire a very pretty idea has been carried out to encourage the bird loving propensities of the occupants. The idea is to have nesting places for our feathered friends.

A local writer says: "Instead of filling up the holes left by the scaffolding the architect had closed them with a thin covering of stucco pierced with a round hole. The birds enter and build inside. Sometimes you may see a tiny step just below for the bird to alight on and a little cornice over the gap to keep out the rain. Other holes have also been purposely left in the brickwork for nests, and it is said that the birds understand it all perfectly.—Country Life.

Don't Ask for Sympathy.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has always been characterized by overflowing sympathy for the unfortunate, especially the unfortunate sick; nevertheless writing in Harper's Bazar on sympathy, she takes the point of view that it is a luxury all of us should learn to do without. "We have come to recognize absolutely the limitations of human sympathy, and it is something to have learned where it cannot follow us. After all, very few people in this world," observes Mrs. Phelps keenly, "are tender. Even among women the genuine quality is not common. Let us be content to assume sympathy in our friends. We shall not receive any less of it for believing in it."

Taking No Chances.

"Give me an egg phosphate," said the thirsty citizen of distinguished appearance who took a seat at the soda fountain. "Moreover, make the drink bouillabaisse by my very eyes."

The white-clad attendant obeyed. He broke an egg into a glass, showed it to the inquiring one, and then poured it into the glass intended for the drink. Then he broke another egg, exposed it to view, and placed it in the final receptacle.

"Everything's O. K.," said the inspector, "and you may proceed with the manufacture of my drink."

From the Cynic.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"

"My son," answered the cynical parent, "appendicitis is something that enables a good doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."—Richmond Evening Star.

TONS OF WASTE PAPER DAILY

Stupendous Quantity That is All the Time Being Discarded as Worthless and Further Use.

Hearing of processes for the reclamation of waste paper brings to mind the tremendous quantity of paper daily thrown aside as useless. An office of ordinary size produces at least a ton of waste paper in a month, which is disposed of at a price ranging from \$5 to \$10. The purchasers of this office by-product feed it to machines that bundle the paper by a sort of hay-press process, and the magic of machinery returns the soiled scraps in pristine whiteness. Waste paper has become so much a matter of course that new offices are built with a papered, a contrivance for caring directly for this waste. In some businesses this product amounts to hundreds of tons in a year, and where the amount is large, as in a city printing office, it is gathered every day.

In addition to the paper of commercial and manufacturing concerns, there is the constant waste going on in every home, which would aggregate thousands of dollars every year if accounted for in the economics of the country. Possibly, when the conservation commission has disposed of its big problems, it will find means to eliminate this source of waste.—National Magazine.

CLIMBED LADDER TO SADDLE

Work of Mounting a Horse Something of a Feat for Ponderous Gen. Shafter.

"I see you had something about Gen. Shafter the other day," said the sergeant, whose service stripes reached almost to his chevrons. "I served under him many years, but I cannot remember when his waist line was less than the 44 mark. 'Pecos Bill,' we used to call him. It was a great sight to see him mount his horse. Sometimes he used to have a stepladder, and it often took two orderlies to hoist him into the saddle. When he was commandant at the Presidio he hit upon a device that put the stepladder in the shade and brought great relief to his orderlies. At headquarters the office opened upon a broad and high porch. Well, talk about strategy! Col.—he was colored then—Shafter saw the possibilities of the porch. One day he sent for a carpenter, who cut out a section of the railing. Then the orderly brought the colonel's war horse alongside the porch at this opening so that all the colonel had to do was to step into the saddle. After that it was up to the horse.

What Women Should Read.

We women would all be the better for the reading of Bluebooks. However loud the talk may be about emancipation and equality, the fact is that the training of girls remains mostly on lines which make for narrowness of outlook. It is nearly always confined to a knowledge of the circle of society in which their parents move. They are carefully guarded from meeting anyone with "views;" the novel is the sole medium available for information as to the lives of the sets of people both above them and below them. It requires a strong individuality to triumph over surroundings, and when I hear complaints of the intellectual inertia of the average woman, and that she cannot be got to read even the morning newspaper, instead of joining in, I always wonder how she has turned out as well informed as she is.—"Frances" in London T. P's Weekly.

Queer Perversity of Taste.

In the museum at Stuttgart the new section devoted to showing perversity of taste has become one of the popular parts of the institution. Writing about this unique educational feature, a Brussels paper says: "We can all sympathize with the authorities for exhibiting conspicuously bunches of flowers made from human hair. What could ever have induced people to devote time to learning how to make these impossibilities? The curator should be complimented on holding up to scorn the pin-cushions in the form of kittens and babies, because no child can see one of these constantly in use without having its sense of pity blunted. And the head-chiefs with Zepplins' portrait on them—they intended as compliments or otherwise?"

Virtuous Indignation.

"The reporter who came to see about the fancy ball was a horrid creature."

"Why?"

"He asked for my picture to publish with the account and I told him indignantly I did not care for such notoriety. Then I had to go out of the room a minute and forgot my picture, which was lying on the table near where he was standing, and—"

"He took it and put it in?"

"No—no, he left it there!"

An Unequaled Feat.

"What an ideal business manager old Charon would have made for a theater, instead of being wasted on a phantom ferry!"

"Why?"

"Because he could make even the dead-heads pay their way."

Less Dangerous.

"So you don't guide hunting parties any more?"

"Nope," said the guide. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer."

"How do you earn a living now?"

"Guide fishin' parties. So far, nobody ain't mistook me for a fish."

LIVES IN PRINCELY FASHION

Dog Has Earned Much Money in His Time, and Grateful Owner Is Repaying Him.

To sport a collar with a \$200 diamond set in a heavy plate of gold, to occupy an apartment in an expensive hotel, to have perfumed baths, ride in automobiles and eat dishes cooked by a French chef is the fate of one Detroit dog who has made out for him by propitious Fortune. Ben Goldberg is his name, and he lives with his owner, A. L. Goldberg at the Cadillac, where his room is adjacent to his owner's and where he has a beautiful silk pillow to sleep on all night.

Ben was born in Monte Carlo more than two years ago. Then, like the scion of many a rich and noble family, he was given over to the care of a tutor. For two years Ben, who is a beautiful, big, fluffy French poodle of a bigger variety than is commonly seen, made fame and money by acting on the stage.

Always he was the star of every production, because he could hop across the boards, balance himself on his hind or fore legs, smoke a pipe, play the piano, sing, waltz and sit at table like any social lion without making a single blunder. Now his working days are over and Ben lives like a prince. Every day he spins about in a big automobile before his six o'clock dinner, which is served him in his own room. He is very popular in spite of the fact that he is a terrible snob and has small use for those who do not dress fashionably or who have common manners.—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE FLY BEATS SWALLOW

If Not Able to Create Season, He Easily Makes a Period of Great Discomfort.

"One swallow may not make a summer but," said Mr. Kwilkumbly, "I think we must all agree that one fly may make a winter, or at least a season of great discontent for us, and this at a time when naturally winter would be furthest from our thoughts; the single fly I refer to being the one that comes around and bothers us when we want to sleep on these early lighted summer mornings.

"We wake, say, at five o'clock and see the light of the sun already brightly marked around the borders of the window shades. We look at our watch and see that it is only five o'clock, while thanks to our good fortune we are privileged to sleep until seven. So then we stretch out in comfort and in the peaceful stillness, adjusting our head in such a position that those light streaks don't strike our eyes, and then with pleasurable thoughts of the two hours more of sleep to come we doze off—about three-quarters off. And then—"

"That one, single, loud-voiced, molasses-footed, viciously-attacking, persistently-sticking, fiercely-buzzing fly that on such mornings is always sure to harry us comes in; and at its coming all our happy dreams and anticipations of that lovely added sleep fade away.

"I am willing to concede that one swallow may not make a summer. I think that you will concede that one fly can make it very hot for us."

Makes Division of Day.

A curious habit is indulged in by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the well-known publisher. He divides his day in two literally going to bed, sleeping, and then getting up, changing his clothes, and beginning the second half of his day at nightfall. Not once does he break through this rule of retiring at 5:30 or six every afternoon, and sleeping until seven, and no important business matter or social engagement is permitted to interrupt or interfere with this rule. He does not take a siesta or snatch 40 winks, but sleeps soundly until time to dress for dinner. And he can sleep just as soundly when he turns in again at midnight or later.

The Maine Dog and Maine Mutton.

If there was only a way to submit to a legislature a certified list containing the name of every farmer in Maine who had either been driven out of or was prevented from entering upon the sheep raising business because of his neighbors' dogs the legislature would need no further argument for the passage of a law which would keep dogs confined. Maine is a prosperous state already, but she would be doubly prosperous if the state was swept clean of every dog that chases sheep. Sheep raising is a great industry and a profitable one. Why not swap our dogs for sheep and pocket the difference?—Kennebec Journal.

What is Popular Education?

There is a great discussion on popular education going on just now. The question at issue seems to be whether education is a process to develop the growing mind or one to hammer in youthful brains a curriculum passing the sardine system of packing. To the lay mind the question is a simple one, but to the educational expert the lay attitude is a rank mixture of ignorance, Philistinism and heresy. To the expert mind the only simple thing in the question is the lay duty in the matter—to pay the freight.—Baltimore American.

Raising Funds.

"I've got a family of seven to send away for the summer."

"How are you going to do it, old man?"

"Durned if I know. I guess I'll have to issue bonds."—Louisville Courier Journal.

DIDN'T EVEN LOSE ONE LIFE

Carried Off by Eagles, Cat Kills Both Birds and Gets Home Comparatively Unhurt.

Some days ago two large eagles descended upon the town of Mills and carried off Biff, the big Persian cat belonging to Mrs. L. H. Ryder at the Silver lake hotel. No one ever expected to see her again, but Monday morning she reappeared outside of Mrs. Ryder's window apparently but little the worse for her experience.

Some of the long fur about her throat was missing and there were several scratches on her back, but she was purring contentedly and has taken her customary allowance of milk and sardines today without the slightest difficulty.

The final act in the drama was unfolded this afternoon when Dave Hutchinson arrived here from his Bee Pond camp with the bodies of two eagles which he found in the Ten Mile Shanty road about five miles from here. The head of one of them had been clawed terribly and the throat of the other had been torn open.

That they both met their death at the hand of the cat there can be no doubt. But how she managed to dispatch them without herself sustaining serious injury is a complete mystery which even Bill Meltride, the Houston mountain bee fancier doesn't attempt to unravel.—Kennebec Journal.

READY WITH A WITTY REPLY

In Repartee, Prof. Woodrow Wilson Rather Had the Best of President Butler.

The story has been told of a fall Prof. Woodrow Wilson once took out of President Butler of Columbia at a certain educational gathering. The man from Manhattan had been discouraging at some length on the life and alertness of Columbia, which he characterized as a busy university in the midst of a busy city.

To draw a comparison he is reported to have referred to Princeton as a sleepy little town in New Jersey where there was no hurry or bustle. He thought that Columbia was located in a place where a man was kept alive and was in no danger of falling asleep.

President Wilson was the next speaker. In his opening remarks he declared that possibly the sentiment of Columbia's president could be understood more readily when one recalled that it had been said: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

The "Garter" Snake.

The newest fad of Virginia girls has put a price upon the heads of vertebrates. For the brilliant skin of the garter snake is now to be utilized for its legitimate purpose of supporting the open work hosiery of Virginia beauties. Exactly where and when the fad originated appears not to be known, but jewelers have found it to be worth their while to prepare the skins of snakes to be used as bows and buckles on women's garters. The snakes are being killed as fast as they make their appearance. Many men are beating the woods as a summer business, slaying reptiles of the proper size and coloring to grace the pretty knees of Virginia women. Dealers in this necessary adjunct to apparel of women say that there is a growing demand for garter snake adornment.

Annual Kissing Carnival.

In the little Roumanian town of Helmsagen an annual fair is held on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from all the villages in the district; widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine, wreathed with flowers, in their hands. They kiss every man they meet and afterward present the jug to his lips for a "nip." As he takes it he bestows a small gift on the bride. Not to take of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to her and her family. She is, therefore, reserved toward strangers and only kisses whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns and in private houses.

Now the Turn of the Men.

Mr. R. A. Long of Kansas City says that women who are now leaders in the church and have performed that work in the past are not going to do it in the future. They have gone crazy over bridge parties and society events of that sort, he says, and it behooves the men to take up the reins of church work. "I believe there has been no time when it was more necessary for men to work in the church than to-day," he said. He thinks that with men interested in mission work the evangelization of the world will be easy.

A Good Provider.

"Have you ever noticed the kindly providence of nature?"

"What's on your mind?"

"I was thinking of the thoughtfulness of covering the trees with foliage so the cunning little caterpillars would have something to eat."

Raising Hedgehog on Battle.

Fred Wisland of West Hazelton, Pa., has an interesting pet in the shape of a baby groundhog that he captured alive in the woods. It is necessary to feed the youngster on milk, which it takes from a bottle like a child.

GO! START THROUGH "NERVE"

Reporter Who Bluffed John W. Gates Secured Fat Position from the Speculator.

When John W. Gates a few years ago had the Chicago pit excited by his plunging in corn, reporters camped in vain on his trail for a week. A green reporter on a Chicago daily volun-teered to "get him." The city editor laughed, and told him to go ahead. The blisful optimist did not wait to deliver his card to the negro in livery at the door. Instead he walked straight into Mr. Gates' office. "What's the meaning of this?" asked Gates, rising angrily.

"I'm a reporter and I want an interview," said the intruder.

"If you don't get out of here I'll have you thrown out," thundered John-Watch-Me.

"Well, you'll have to call your army in, for I'm not going to move," retorted the reporter.

Gates went around the end of his desk and approached threateningly. "I'll throw you out myself!" he shouted.

"Now, Mr. Gates, take it easy," said the reporter soothingly. "You don't want a scene here, do you?"

Gates stopped, looked at the brazen fellow in wonderment, then gave vent to his bellow of a laugh. "If I had half your nerve, young man, I'd be boss of creation before a twelve-month," he said. "Sit down." Gates gave the interview, and the following day he hired the reporter at \$150 a week.

SURE HE WAS A DESCENDANT

Old Colored Man's Unique Claim to a Share in Revolutionary Glory.

An amusing incident which those of the descendants of the signers who witnessed it on Sunday morning will not soon forget happened when an old negro attempted to gain admission to Independence hall, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, on that day.

The room containing the portraits of the signers and relics and souvenirs of the revolution was thrown open for the first time on Sunday, but only "descendants" were admitted by the guard at the door.

The negro, seeing the visitors filing in the building, endeavored to pass in also, but was halted by the uniformed guard, who said to him:

"Are you a descendant of a signer of the declaration?" "Yes, Sah; yes, Sah," replied the negro. "I should jest think I was a 'scendant, I'm a 'scendant ob de man what wrote that declaration."

The custodian was amazed at the man's apparent belief in what he was saying, and asked him how he made that out.

"Why, Sah," explained the negro, "my name am Thomas Jefferson, an I must be 'scended from Mistah Thomas Jefferson, an he done wrote that declaration, didn't he?"—Philadelphia Times.

The Fagan Twins.

Martin Fagan, a well-known personage in the neighborhood of Tenth and Clearfield streets, was arraigned before a magistrate recently at the Germantown police station charged with being a habitual drunkard.

"Judge," exclaimed Fagan, when he heard of the charge preferred against him, "there is an injustice being committed. I surely am a bit intoxicated now, but not all the time."

"I sent you to the house of correction several days ago," explained the magistrate, "and I really don't know how you got out."

"You are mistaken, judge; that was my twin brother John. We both look so much alike that I am often mistaken for him, so, you see, I have to stand for his wrongs."

The magistrate sent Martin up to keep John company.—Philadelphia Times.

Cement in Panama.

An idea of what the Panama canal construction means to one industry in this country may be gleaned from the fact that almost a million tons of cement will be used in the gigantic work. Shipments have already begun in steamers owned by the government, which will carry about 8,000 tons at a trip. It is estimated that it will take about four years to deliver the 4,800,000 barrels of cement contracted for at the present rate of shipment. The government will profit by using its own vessels instead of chartered ships, as there will be no charges for demurrage in case loading or unloading is delayed by storms.

As They Do It in the East.

The east is the east. Here is an "imperial decree" from the capital of China: "In view of the importance of the offices and appointments of Grand Secretary Na Tung, who is in mourning for his parent, his incumbency of such is ordered to be changed to an acting capacity. He is commanded to attend to his duties as usual, after the expiry of a hundred days' mourning, and is earnestly desired to attune his feeling of filial piety with his faithfulness to the state, so as to satisfy the throne's reliance upon him."

Big Head.

"At Yale university there is a skull of a prehistoric animal which measures nine feet long and six feet broad," said the man with the blue hat band.

"Oh, well," replied the other, wearing a crimson hat band, "that's not the only thing in Yale with a big head."