

THEY'RE MOSTLY LIKE THIS.

Beautiful Faith of Woman in the Man She Loved.

"People think that because I am a woman," said Mrs. Hetty Green, "I can be imposed on; but usually they find out their mistake."

She was talking about a lawyer when she had disputed her lawyer's bill, and this topic naturally led her to the topic of women's trustfulness.

"There's a case in point," said Mrs. Green, smiling grimly, "about a young and pretty school teacher. She once asked her class for an original definition of the word 'wife'."

"A wife is a rib," said one little girl.

"Wives are guiding stars," said another.

"A comforter," said a third.

"An inspiration," said a fourth.

"Altogether the definitions were rather prosy and commonplace, but finally a child of 11, smiling archly, said:

"A wife is a person for a man to find fault with when things go wrong."

"Good!" cried the pretty teacher, laughing. "Good! That is the best definition of all. The best, the truest."

"But that afternoon on the way home from school, the little girl whose definition had so pleased, tripped demurely up to the teacher and said:

"Are you not going to marry that tall, handsome young man I see you with nearly every night?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Well, then, if my definition of a wife was true—"

"Ah, dear, with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

MAKES PLEA FOR GAME.

London Journal Condemns Suggestion of Slaughter.

We remember the saying attributed to Huxley that the single ladies of old England are to be thanked for the superiority of our beef, because they kept cats to destroy the mice that would otherwise exterminate the humble bees that fertilize the red clover on which our cattle are fed.

Now some one is writing the Spectator to propose the slaughter of game in the Zambezi valley in order to prevent the spread of sleeping sickness. The proposal hinges on what we consider to be the mistaken statement by Mr. Austen of the British museum, that the tsetse fly cannot exist long without mammalian blood.

The other step in the argument is no more sure—namely, that the tsetse fly is indispensable to the spread of sleeping sickness.

The evidence is not sufficient to condemn the game of even a portion of the Zambezi valley. The animal that demands mammalian blood is, we fancy, far greater than the tsetse fly, and the fact that, unlike the deer, he is capable of writing to the papers, must not be allowed to prevail.—London News.

Philanthropy Did Not Pay.

"It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," Sir Thomas Lipton was saying the other day, apropos of one of Andrew Carnegie's book bounties. "I remember when I was starting in business, I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of 14, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel. There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me. "Dad's out of work, and it takes all of my wages to pay the rent. I thought the matter over and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother in the street and asked her the reason. 'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said, 'courtesying. 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him around town to-day to see if he wouldn't get a better job.'"

Carpet Hold Tenants.

"Have you rugs or carpets?" asked the landlord of a prospective tenant. "Carpets," said the woman. "I'm glad of that," said the landlord. "I've got so I always ask that question and whenever possible I rent to the people who are so old-fashioned as to cling to carpets. There is nothing else a carpet to hold a tenant in a place. A lease isn't half so effective. Carpers are cut to fit the floors and it will require pretty big inducements to get their owner to pull up stakes and go some place else where the carpets will have to be made all over again. The advocate of rugs is held down by no such considerations. Rugs will fit any floor and the person using them will move every time he feels like it. Therefore, give me tenants with the carpet habit."

At the Play.

A young man was arrested in a Manhattan theater recently because he laughed at a part of the play where excuse for mirth was supposed to be entirely absent, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He was convicted and fined, but we trust his case can be carried higher up, on appeal. It would be a joy to have a definite and decisive ruling as to the public display of the individual sense of humor. If to laugh when others would be silent be a misdemeanor under the law, how would it do to jail and fine some of the "paper" clique who applaud a dull play that their editors desire to damn?

HORSE THAT COULD REASON.

Physician Tells of Animal's Conduct on a Stormy Night.

The best story told in an evening of amusing talk at the Winship club meeting this week was that of Dr. Paul about his partner in business for a score of years or more, his horse. When the doctor and he were 20 years younger in practice Dr. Paul received a "hurry" night call from one of the best families in his circle. They lived a mile or more away in a rural neighborhood and although it was late at night and storming the doctor rushed out there at full speed.

On arriving in the yard at the house he threw the blanket hastily upon or, rather, at the horse (who never required hitching), for it was found afterward lying on the ground at his side, and dashed into the house with his case of instruments. It turned out that the aged grandmother of the family had had a fall, that her shoulder was dislocated, that ether had to be administered the pain was so great—in short, the doctor could not take his hand off his work for three hours. All this time a driving sleet storm, the moisture freezing as it fell and giving everything a coat of ice, was beating upon his partner out in the yard.

When the doctor finally emerged in the small hours it was to find the horse where he had left him, except that the rig was headed round for home. A daylight examination revealed the truth through the marks of the hoofs and wheels of the buggy that during his long wait of three hours in a pelting and freezing storm, the horse had a score of times made up his mind to go home and had gone down the road sometimes a quarter, sometimes half of the way, and then had thought this hard on the doctor and had turned back to wait as in duty bound.

If this is not a demonstration not only of reasoning power but also of moral consciousness, what is it? It is needless to say that the doctor respects his subhuman partner and would no more think of parting with him till death doth them part than he would with any member of his family. His back is bowed with the weight of 27 years; he is no longer the handsome trotter he once was, but he is the doctor's "fidus Achates," just the same, and he will not be supplanted, in spite of the public's smiles.—Boston Transcript.

RAZORS THAT COST MUCH.

Some Gold Handled That Sell for \$50—Handles of Silver and of Ivory.

If a man were content to shave himself with a razor having a hard rubber handle, as indeed most men are, he could buy one with a blade of very excellent quality for a dollar; but there are razors far more expensive than this.

Thus, there are sold razors with handles of 18 karat gold, and of plain smooth finish, that bring \$50 each—a pair of such razors in a plain silver box can be bought for a hundred dollars.

But \$50 is not the limit of what one may pay for a gold handled razor. If the handles were elaborately chased its cost might mount up to twice that, or \$200 for a pair.

There are also sold, among those more expensive, silver handled razors, which range in price from \$6.50 to \$30 each; \$6.50 being the price for one with a plain silver handle, while those more costly have their handles more or less elaborately chased or carved.

A man who did not altogether like a hard rubber handled razor might find his fancy suited with one having a handle of ivory, and an ivory handled razor need not necessarily be expensive; a razor with a plain ivory handle can be bought for two dollars. Of course any carving would add to the cost.

Costly razors are usually sold for gifts.

All Cutting Sawing.

Knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws; the grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin it is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife, used on meat, is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel, and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be, it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down.

A razor, however, with its paper-like edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure—it is a wedge dividing the fibers of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibers of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade.—St. Nicholas.

Willing to Try.

"Remember," said the lawyer, "you have undertaken to tell nothing but the truth."

"I'll do my best," answered the expert witness, "but I won't know how far I have succeeded until I'm through with the cross-examination."

A Good Reason.

"Do you believe old Milliyun's young widow is really grieved over his death?"

"I know she is. Black is awfully unbecoming to her complexion."

ON THE USE OF A \$5 STAMP.

Several Officials Didn't Know What They Are Intended for.

If you came into possession of a five dollar postage stamp what would you do with it? The five dollar stamp is the highest denomination the government manufactures. They are on sale at all first-class post offices, says the Kansas City Star.

Harry Harris, treasurer of the post office, was exhibiting a bundle of them which had been received recently.

"Very pretty," said the visitor. "But what are they used for?"

"Why, postage, of course—no—wait a minute."

Mr. Harris pondered.

"The weight limit on first-class postage, which is the most costly, is four pounds," he said. "At the established rate of two cents an ounce a four-pound package would require only \$1.28 in stamps. Couldn't we use the five-dollar stamp there, could you?"

"It might be used on a third-class matter where the rate is one cent for each two ounces. The limit of weight on this class is four pounds except it be in the case of a single book."

Mr. Harris did some figuring and ascertained that the book would have to weigh something like 65 pounds in order to use the five-dollar stamp.

"But, of course, anybody would send the book by express for 50 cents," he reflected. "Darned if I know what they use 'em for. Ask Reilly."

Mont. Reilly, assistant postmaster, was puzzled and he checked up the question to Joseph Harris, the postmaster. The P. M. wouldn't even hazard a guess, except that they were used in the post office when the regulations called for a large cancellation of postage to cover matter sent out under the second-class rates.

A five-dollar stamp, he admitted, couldn't be exchanged for cash or for stamps of smaller denomination. Then Mr. Harris summoned A. F. Meador, chief clerk of the stamp division.

"We sell about 100 of them each year for use as postage on first-class matter, mailed to foreign countries," said Mr. Meador. "The foreign rate is double that applying to domestic matter. The stamps are purchased principally by corporations having stockholders abroad. Reports printed in book form are mailed as first-class matter to these stockholders."

THE WORST PART OF IT.

Comments on Broken Mirror Much Worse Than Actual Cost.

There was a cigar store opened up town the other night, and as the building was not provided with steam heat a gas radiator was supplied, says the New York Press. Three hours later a huge plate mirror directly behind was cracked from top to bottom by the unequal expansion in a tight frame.

"Bad luck to have a mirror break," commented a customer as he stood at the cigar lighter. "You'll have seven years' bad luck."

"I don't mind the glass breaking," the cigar man explained to a friend. "I can pay for a new glass, and I'm not superstitious, but I can't have the new mirror for a week, and meantime every man who comes in here is going to tell me it's bad luck to have the glass smashed. Sure, it's bad luck. Don't I have to stand here and pretend I'm hearing that fool remark for the first time? I'm liable to kill some one before the glass is replaced. I've heard it at least 50 times so far, and this is only the first day."

Suppressing a Nocturnal Disturber.

There has just been enacted at Basel a piece of police prudery which the champion among the official martinetts of Berlin might have envied, says a Geneva letter to the London Pall Mall Gazette.

A journalist given to using his typewriter late at night proved himself somewhat trying to his fellow lodgers or occupants of the house, who, failing to procure a cessation of the annoyance by private protest, at last reported the matter to the police as a nuisance.

The case was not exactly simple, though it was certainly novel, but police intelligence finally overcame the difficulty. They summoned the journalist for creating a nocturnal disturbance, and the tribunal imposed a fine of one franc, with the alternative of four hours imprisonment.

Indian Philosophy.

The other day Elsie, the oldest living Tonkawa Indian, was making some purchases in one of our hardware stores, and the enterprising salesman called her attention to a washing machine which he said would make "Blue Monday" a day of pleasure. Old Elsie admired the gaily painted machine, but when she was made to understand for what purpose it was intended she sniffed the air in contempt. "Me no wash. Pale face wash, wash—all time wash. Wash Monday, Monday, Monday, heap wash. Indian no wash; all time dirty. Pale face wash; all time dirty, too."—Tonkawa (Okla.) News.

Providing for an Old Dog.

A Kentucky judge recently showed his affection for an old bird dog by formally committing him to the county farm, sending this order of commitment to the superintendent: "Dear Sir: You will please receive and safely keep the body of Dewey Johnson. He is a little old, but he has been raised a gentleman and has always kept the very best of company. His associates have been governors, generals, majors, judges, doctors, etc. You will please credit the old gentleman to magisterial district No. 8."

ARAB STEEDS SANS SPOTS.

Man Fresh from Desert Shattered Fond Tradition of Circus.

Homer Davenport, who is described in the woman's Home Companion as "fresh from the Arabian desert," declares there is no such thing as a spotted or piebald Arabian steed.

"Circuses are perhaps more to blame for the misrepresentation of the Arab horse than any other source," says he. "A friend of mine owns a circus, and I saw his posters a few years ago, claiming to exhibit 18 or 20 of the only Arabian horses brought to America."

"He said they were captured with great difficulty and brought to New York by a special permit of the sultan; that they were of the family known in history as the Eagle Feather horses, so much prized in the Queen of Sheba days; that they were snow white, with big markings in their spots of the tip of eagle feathers."

"We don't have to believe everything we read on the circus posters. In this case I am mighty certain these 'spotted Arabians' were bought at Albany, Ore."

"The most peculiar part of this spotted horse business is this, and it is not a very strange reason when you know it, that spotted anything is created by a mixture of different races, of different breeds, and that likely accounts for the fact that the Arabian desert in all its history has never produced a spotted or piebald horse; possibly from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood."

HAD TO BE ON TIME.

Dinner Giver Would Allow His Guests No Latitude.

Closely parallel to the flag end of the Euston road, and visible from it at various turnings is a street which belongs to few men's London. It is a dingy, granite paved, populous street of no attraction, the sort of street in which you might expect to see on a fine day a dancing bear.

Yet this street has known better times and eager guests. In the house he knew as No. 42, now obliterated by a big new warehouse, Dr. William Kitchener entertained his fellow wits and gourmets. He had ample means to ride his three hobbies—optics, cookery and music. His dinners were often elaborate experiments in cookery, and the guests had to recognize this fact.

Five minutes past five was the minute, and if a guest came late, the janitor had irrevocable orders not to admit him, for it was held by the whimsical "Committee of Taste," of whom Kitchener was "secretary," that the perfection of some of the dishes was often so evanescent that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the mediant of concoction will render them no longer worthy of men of taste.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Hire the Finner.

A Washington man, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, one day crossed over to the Virginia side of the Potomac to look at a small farm with a view to renting it, says Harper's Weekly.

"Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed when the question of hiring also the farmer's cow came up. It was an excellent cow, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give six quarts of milk a day."

"Six quarts a day!" exclaimed the Washington man. "That is more than my whole family could use."

Then, suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the pasture, he added:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire the small cow. She's just about our size."

Poker Game in Ice Box.

Several police officers were relating the other day how they avoided the police before they were themselves policemen. The conversation had drifted to poker playing.

"I've never seen a place as good to play in, without a chance of being caught by the police, as a number of young fellows had in Westport," said William Emmons, jester at headquarters. "Now, of course, that was a long time ago—when I played poker. In a big icebox, in a deserted butcher shop, there was room for a table and five men, and when we closed the door not a gleam of light escaped. The sides of the box were packed and we could make all the noise we wanted to without being heard outside. Cold feet? Never had them in my life in a game—not even in the old icebox."—Kansas City Times.

Their Probable Next Meeting.

Gen. Booth, of the salvation army, speaking in London of his visits to Norway and Sweden and Denmark, described his interview with the king of Denmark: "At parting we shook hands again and again and his majesty said: 'Gen. Booth, we shall meet again, and wherever we do meet I shall be very happy to see you.' 'Yes, your majesty,' I replied, 'we shall meet again—over the river, your majesty. I trust we shall meet over the river.' He said: 'Yes, over the river.'"

Girl Friends.

Neill—Did you tell her I couldn't come?

Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised.

Neill—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chickenpox?

Belle—Yes, that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CELTIC TONGUE IS DYING.

Preserved from Extinction Only by Efforts of Patriotic Societies.

Reports from Wales forebadow the passing of the sole Celtic tongue which has survived the twentieth century without the entire loss of its ancient birthright.

Gaelic is well-nigh gone from the Highlands and in Ireland it is preserved from extinction only by the efforts of patriotic societies. Cornish died in 1770 with the venerable Mrs. Dentreath, who alone could speak it. Welsh has remained the native speech of a considerable community and the Eisteddfod has kept alive traditions of the bards and rhapsodists.

But the dry rot is at work. According to the testimony of Welsh clergymen before the Westminster church commission English is fast replacing Welsh as the habitual speech of the children of Cardiff. All through South Wales a similar tendency of the young to abandon the parental speech is noted. In the parish of the vicar of Trelech, numbering 772 souls, only three aged persons speak the old vernacular. When the children give up a language it is doomed.

The passing of Welsh is merely an episode in a story of linguistic "degeneration and dissolution" which is one of the extraordinary things of history. Though the Celts have at all times stamped the impress of a vigorous personality on the world's politics, though they remain one of its prominent peoples, with the extinction of Welsh no living language worthy of the name will exist as a monument to them.

They were the first to leave the old Aryan home to invade Europe; they overran it from Russia to the Irish lakes; they established nations in France, Spain, Italy, Bohemia and Britain; they created great literatures, but when conquered themselves, they have invariably accepted the language of their conquerors as their own.

PUZZLED OVER CAT FIGHT.

Artist Couldn't Locate It Until He Happened to Think.

Everybody who is fond of pictures of tigers listening to birds sing and of cats sitting in the snow and looking at the moon, and the like, knows the artist of whom I am writing.

He is tall and broad of chest that few, to look at him, would have believed that he could have contracted such a cold. It was one of those colds which reached right down to the intercostal spaces.

He awoke the other night in his studio on the top of Carnegie hall, and he was sure that he heard far out on the roofs below the caterwauling of felines in nocturnal fray.

He had not seen a truly delectable cat fight in years, and in a moment he was at the window peering down upon the roofs for inspiration. He scanned the battleground up and down and there was not a cat in sight.

Hardly had he crept back into bed than he heard a long-drawn-out purr, then a snarl and muffled growls. The conflict had been shifted to beneath his bed.

He was sure of it, and so certain that he got up and peered beneath it.

"It all came over me like a flash," the artist said in telling of his experience later. "I was listening to a cat fight in my own bronchials. I had forgotten that I had a cold."

Some of his friends say that he is absent-minded.—N. Y. Herald.

King's Suite at Windsor.

To many people the most interesting parts of Windsor castle are the private apartments occupied by the late queen, and also by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The suite is approached from a small circular hall, hung round with the late queen's favorite family pictures, especially representations of all her children's wedding, which she always had painted as mementoes of the deepest interesting event.

In this gallery she kept all her most prized possessions, one of which was a crystal case containing Gen. Gordon's Bible, open at his favorite chapter. The late queen had always cherished the greatest admiration for Gordon, and was known to be deeply grieved over his fate. This Bible had been presented to her by Gordon's sister in private audience.

Another possession most dear to her, which was always kept in a sort of oak shrine, and only opened and shown to her most intimate friends, was the beautiful statue in pure Carrara marble of herself.

His Awful Threat.

A little son of one of the bishops in India was once restrained by his nurse from an action in her judgment highly improper. The youngster's judgment differed. How to bring the nurse to terms was a question he pondered seriously for a minute. Then a bright idea struck him, and he threatened solemnly: "If you don't let me do it right away I shall go out and worship idols!"

No Use for Them.

"I sent a set of knives and forks to my cousins." "Where do they live?" "In Chicago." "How wasteful of you!" "What do you mean?" "Why, you didn't need to send them the forks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Reason.

"And does your mother kiss you every day when you come home from school?" "Yes, sir." "She must be very fond of you." "No, she wants to see if I've been smoking cigarettes."

Strictly Literal.

Lawyer—Did you say that the defendant kissed you on his own initiative?

Prosecuting Witness—No, sir, I didn't say no such thing! He kissed me smack on my lips.