Mr. Spiegelhausen's Idea of Postal Carde, However, Worked Very Well for a Time.

Mr. Spiegelhausen found it hard to remember at home certain things he had thought of in business hours, and conversely matters that occurred to him at night would escape his mind before he reached the office next, morning. After trying various unsuccessful methods of memory cultivation, he hit on the plan of writing postal cards to himself and addressing them to the other place from which ever he happened to be in at the moment. Thus the last mail would bring to the house one or more cards with such a memo, scrawled upon it: "Remind Mrs. S. to give my coat to cleaner," and vice versa the first mail downtown would remind him: "See J. T. W. in re. thou-

sand lot umbrella canes." For a time this served the purpose, but presently his precise and farsesing mind began to anticipate and work more and more in advance, so that on a Monday night he would mail a card from home saying: "Be sure to send card from office tomorrow to remind yourself of dinner engagement Tuesday." Then he got to jotting down appointments on postal cards a whole week ahead, sending other cards to warn himself when to drop them in the letter box, and finally his harassed brain refused to work any longer on such a strain.

One evening his wife asked him whether he had thought to attend to the season tickets for the opera, and he replied with a sheepish attempt at laughter: "I suppose that was on the pile of cards on my desk this morning. I saw the postman bring them but I forgot to turn them over an see what they said."

RECORD OF CRIMINAL LIVES

Book Which Would Be Condemned Today Read by Men and Women a Few Generations Ago.

One of the scarce books which has to be sold at an approaching auction sale in this city bears this fascinating title: "The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals. Who Have Been Condemned and Executed; for Murder, Highway, House-Breakers, Street Robberies, Coining or Other Offenses; from 1720 to the Present Time." The "present time" referred to in this title was only the year 1735, so that the whole period covered by these thrilling and numerous criminal lives was only 15 years. It must have been a great time for criminals, for between the covers of the book are the stories of Jack Sheppard, Kennedy the Pirate, Jonathan Wild, Mrs. Griffin, Edward Burnsworth, William Barwick and several other quite celebrated criminals. Cheer up! Those were worse times than ours for criminality—and those were the days, too, when men and women were hanged for burglary, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, and even poaching and smug-

An odd thing about that time, too, was that hundreds of books were printed which contained full and harrowing details of murder and robbery, and that almost everybody, including clergymen and delicate ladies, read these books eagerly as fast as they came out. The oldest public libraries in New England contain, in the book collections which were spread before the youth of the community, many such criminal lives.—New York Mail

Muscles and Brain.

Experiments conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, if is.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Was Not Popular in 1763.

A description of a model country rector's household in an issue of the London World for 1758 shows that ten-drinking was then far from general: "His only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they neldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth."

A few years prior to this the Female Spectator declared that the teaitable "costs more to support than would maintain two children at murse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good house wifery, and the source of idleness."

Blind Potatoes.

Everyone knows, of course, that potatoes have eyes, but it may be news
that they are sometimes afficted with
iblindness. A recent publication of an
English agricultural authority makes
the assertion that some potatoes are
afficted with blindness, and says the
disease is so called on account of its
completely destroying the eyes of tubers, making them worthless for seed.

WEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kanese City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental sur-

geon will support him in his claim.

The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first grial."

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge.

"I'll get that tooth the very first time I pull it."

"Bet you the drinks you don't," was the patient's retort.

"Done," said the doctor.

The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation.

There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said:
"If that thing had only had another root, I'd have won the drinks."—Kap sas City Journal.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When It Would End Hostlities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings, not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown, Casey and Riley determined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd.

play it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started.

After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him un

mercifully, when Riley shricked out several times, "Enough!"

As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say that

he's got enough?"
"I do," said Casey, "but he's such sliar you can't believe him."—Londor
Tit-Bits.

Worried High Official. Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties undertaken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the plane, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling. A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should be conducted. He spelled it "juvanil" first, then "juvenil," and finally "juvanile;" three trys, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat jug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wisconsin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped on his forehead.—New York Mail.

Protection During Fogs.

Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acting as "ears" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine fact long by five feet in diameter set to aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other isound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for said direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by semail light the direction whence the sound may be

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Gut

Wealthy Through Shady Deals

In South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibili-

ties." This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor. Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keen-

ly.

"So you want to play the part of Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?"

"I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and try-

ing to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.
"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one."

That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know. What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither

Here are the words:

Opuscule, tobacconing, noddy, node, futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dziggetail, dwale, periotic, predicant younker, quintal, propense, quib, becket, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, soudad, incondite, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupertrine, caddis, fissle, calcar, fiinder, hopple, horary, thorp, usi-

tative, woof, arcolith, gaum.

All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme.
The Countess Szechenyi, nee Gladys
Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of
American women at a luncheon. She
ended her praise with an epigram
both striking and true. "The women
of all nationalities," she said. "can
make their own clothes, but only the
American woman can make them so
that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese.

Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$34,746,000.

THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept It for its Much Worried Owner.

At a big hotel not over half a mile from Eimes square, which may be further identified by the fact that some of the employes can afford to wear diamonds, a good-sized brilliant went begging for a time Friday morning. It was lost by its owner, found, thrown away, and then found again. The night manager owns a ring that has three diamonds in it. The middle one was said to have cost him

dropped out of its setting.

After things had got quiet, the man who cleans up the second floor saw something glittering on the carpet in one of the public rooms on thesecond floor. He picked it up and took it

\$200. Some time Thursday night it

to the night controller.

"Aw, that's nothing but a bit of glass," appraised the controller, who doesn't wear diamonds.

"But it looks like something," said the cleaner. "Rats! You're bughouse if you think that's worth anything. Throw it

away."

As the cleaner didn't have any other place handy, he threw the thing in a corner.

When daylight came the rays of the sun came in and fell on the diamond just as a housemaid was tidying up the room. She saw it and picked it up. The cleaner had not yet gone home, and she showed it to him.

"Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he assured her.

"Who told you it was glass?" she asked.

"The controller."

"Huh! he knows nothing about jewelry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket.

The night manager came to the hotel Friday night out of breath. He had not discovered his loss until he awoke in the afternoon. He immediately began an investigation, and finally it led him to the cleaner.

"Yes, I picked up something like what you say," he said.
"What did you do with it?"

"I threw it away."

The manager said some things, to which the cleaner retorted that the controller had been positive the thing

was nothing but glass.

The manager said some more things. Then the cleaner remembered that the housemaid had picked up the thing again.

"What did she do with it?"
"I told her to throw it away."

The manager thought of a few things he had left unsaid, but looked up the housemaid. No, she had not thrown it away. She looked up the working skirt she had worn the night before and there the gem still lay in the pocket.—New York Times.

Charm of Memory. The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it; firelight and silence. and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon." In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

Gen. Daniel E. Siekies, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of

numerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concern a captain in a South American war. "This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty

whenever there was a big battle in sight.

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, be became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about him-

self.
"'Juan,' said the first boy, 'we'd better order an extra supply of papers.
There's going to be some tall fighting

tomorrow.'
"'How do you know that?' Pepe, the second boy asked.
"'Captain Blanc,' was the reply, 'is sick again.'"

The Biter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work.

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic.
"It's absolutely worthless," the other replied, shortly.

"O, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."—Berlin Illustrated Times.

TEARS ALWAYS CLOSE

SEEMED STRANGE MINGLING OF HAPPINESS AND PAIN.

How the Tiniest Bridesmald and the Athletic Usher Came to an Understanding in Just 2 Minutes 21 Seconds.

He was the very largest and most athletic of the ushers, and she was the tiniest and most feminine of the bridesmaids. He was very tall, very self-assured and very strong. She was very slight, very shy and full of trembles. She had trembled all through the wedding, from the time the pink chiffoned maid of honor took the first step, at the organ's signal, and now she was trying bravely to

keep back the tears.

She was not sorry Adele was married—it seemed a good match; she was not sorry she was to walk with with the biggest usher, for she—well, she always thought him very grand, and now that he was out of college, and a real doctor—

And yet she wanted to cry!

That is like a woman, especially
the kind who are very slight, very

shy, and full of trembles.

The biggest usher had not trembled during the ceremony. He had occupied himself chiefly in wondering why in thunder people have church weddings in July, and calculating as to whether or not his collar would last until he got back to his room.

But when the ceremony was over and all the other bridesmaids had paired off and began pacing down the aisle, the tables were suddenly turned. As his arm felt the touch of the smallest bridesmaid's hand he suddenly realized that he was trembling.

As soon as the smallest bridesmaid felt this trembling her own stopped and she no longer felt like crying. She realized this dimly and wondered if it were not on the principle of homeopathy—"like cures like." But no—he was the other kind of a doctor. At least she had stopped trembling and she wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so sometimes with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.

The master of ceremonies, who had been timing everything with his watch in hand, afterward stated that the procession from altar to door took just 2 minutes and 21 seconds. But the biggest usher and the smallest bridesmaid would have sworn it took an hour—so much happened during that period!

And yet, what took place during that 2 minutes and 21 seconds was so very insignificant when one tries to set it down. It consisted of a few breaths, some in the form of sighs and others subvocalized; a slight movement of a black coat sleeve against a sleeve of white mousseline de soie; an almost imperceptible movement of the muscles of two pairs of eyes; a few nerve quiverings—and that was all.

At the close of the 2 minutes and 21 seconds of Mendelssohned marching, when the tallest usher was helping the smallest bridesmald into the carriage, he whispered one word to her and then, strangely, she wanted to cry again. She wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so, sometimes, with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Library of Artemus Ward.

As we sat on the old-fashioned porch at Waterford, Me., and talked with "Uncle Daniel" Browne, a cousin of "Artemus Ward," he revealed many quaint glimpses of his own career as village justice of the peace. His daughter owns the library of "Artemus Ward." In his will it was awarded to the brightest girl in the old Waterford schoolhouse, which he attended, and the prize was won by an own cousin. Thereon hangs the love romance of his life. The blue-eyed girl died a few years after the remains of Charles F. Browne had been brought to the old Elm Vale cemetery in Waterford, and thus ended the earthly love of the cousins. Today in the quiet cemetery the gravestones stand in stern military array and carry dates reaching back for more than a century. Under the granite shaft, beside his brother and mother, sleeps "Artemus Ward" under a simple slab on which the inscription reads: "Charles F. Brown, known to the world as Artemus Ward."-"Along the Androscoggin," Maine Edi tion, National Magazine.

No Nose for News.

The new reporter turned in his story about the church bazar, his first

story about the church basar, his first assignment. It was the usual story, with the usual names of committee women.

He lingered around the city editor's

He lingered around the city editor's desk as the hour for the paper to go to press drew near.

"Funny thing happened at that bazar tonight," he said casually, as conversation lagged.
"What was that?" asked the city

editor.

"Oh, nothing much—one of the booths caught fire and they put it

"Oh, nothing much—one of the booths caught fire and they put it out with lemonade.""

He never knew why he was fired.—
Judge.

Soaking Sapleigh Again.
Sapleigh—I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl, never.
Miss Pert—Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway.
Mr. Sapleigh.—Boston Evening Transcript.

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Toe Often Time is Wasted Considering Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going

ahead and doing it.

And here we make one of the most common mistakes in our lives.

When one is confronted by a severe task of duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause

to consider its difficulties.

Never mind how hard it may seem, nothing can be tolerated in the mind except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it.

The secret of accomplishment lies in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was energetically digging: "Get him? Why, man, I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't

no meat in the house!"

It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is

determined to succeed.

Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

Italian Meant Well, But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the

hand.

"She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She was go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an' she wan' go school."

"I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can she read?"

she read?"

The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reiterated, "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Floral Death Legends.

"By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Dane-weed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason. is called Danewort and Dane's blood.' -Suburban Life.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat. Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or oorn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw feed, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

Will the Films Step War?
The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen
how a battle, or the awful fringes of
a battle, will look upon the screen.
For assuredly films will come into
play. Soldiers have always said—
and correspondents have in a measure
agreed with them—that the truth of
war cannot be told. How if the truth
of war were now to be seen?

The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerrectypes they would perhaps be called) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could bear it, sometimes to those who could not—and they will never forget them.

"So you have won the American heiress, after all," observed the friend.
"Yes," fervently replied the foreign hobleman, "she is mine—a gold mine."

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