

MAKING OF PLAYING CARDS

Supposed to Have Been Invented for Amusement of Deranged King of France.

The invention of playing cards has been variously attributed to the Chinese, Hindus, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Grignon, a painter in Paris, in the fourteenth century.

Cards seem originally to have been brought to England from Spain, probably having been introduced into that country by the Moors.

MILK IN THE COCOANUT

Delusion That Fluid Has Anything in Common With Real Milk Dissipated.

Probably everybody has wondered at times what kind of stuff the "milk" of the cocoon is. One inducement generally held out by the dealer to the prospective purchaser is that the nuts are "all milky."

More than half of the sugar present is mannitol, the sweet principle of manna which is sometimes found also in wine as a product of normal grape sugar.

Origin of Firewater

When the Hudson's Bay Trading company began its trading among the Indians it was found that by selling the Indians liquor they could more easily be induced to trade their peltries.

The first whiskey or intoxicant of inferior quality was distilled in England and brought to America in large barrels, but in transporting it overland it was found more convenient to divide it into small kegs.

A chief who had experienced the bad effects of whiskey among his people said it was most certainly distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women from the effects it produced.—Red Man.

Warning the Devil

An almost incredible case of superstition is reported from Rihal, near Grossworden, Hungary. The place has never before experienced an earthquake, but recently a series of violent shocks shook the neighborhood, some being so violent that the church bells rang.

What She Missed

"Is there anything worse," sighed the pretty girl, "than to be hungry and remember all the good things to eat you might have had but left on some other occasion?"

MARRIAGE IN EARLY LIFE

Franklin Thought Early Unions Had Best Chance of Happiness and Success.

Indeed, from marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff, and uncomplying, as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed.

Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favor, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it.

LEAVE THE PAST ALONE

Incident Which Shows How Unpleasantness May Be Avoided by Letting Past Die.

John B. Moissant, the well-known aviator, refused with a smile to discuss his turbulent past among the revolutionists of South America.

"Leave the past alone," he said to a New York reporter. "Thus you avoid unpleasantness. Let me tell you about Judge Hangar.

"Judge Hangar was spending a sunny autumn week at Atlantic City, and every morning on one of the piers he used to see a young lady whose face looked most familiar.

"The judge prided himself on his memory for names and faces, and yet somehow this young lady escaped him. But he was sure he knew her, and one morning, though she always studiously avoided his eye, he stopped and addressed her with courtly politeness.

Perch Feed on Trout Eggs

Dr. Tarlton B. Bean, New York state fish culturist, received a package of yellow perch the other day from the president of the Fishermen's club at Penn Yan, which forcibly illustrates the destructive capacities of perch in the spawning beds of lake trout.

Doctor Bean said he thought a mistake had been made in the past in planting perch in waters inhabited by trout, which had been laid in abundance in that section of the lake and every perch had a bellyful of lake trout eggs.

Christian Girl No Girl at That

The request for "Christian Girl" at the Congress hotel in Chicago the other night, and the calls by a page for such a person created general amusement among guests and employees until it was learned that "Christian Girl" was a traveling man from Cleveland, O., stopping at the hotel and was wanted by a friend on the telephone.

Too Many Bones

Bacon—Your dog is very fond of bones, I suppose? Egbert—Oh, yes. Bacon—The more he gets the happier he is, I suppose? Egbert—Well, can't really say that, for he does balk at shade.

SELF-RESPECT IS RESTORED

What Made College Girl's Spirits Rise During Discourse of Mrs. Society.

He was a fussy important society man, and he had no use for women of college education. But on one occasion he invited a young college graduate, the daughter of an old friend, to his house, to take afternoon tea.

"I agree with dear James," she said, "that a college education is not the best preparation for the future life of a young woman." She peered into the cups to see if the milk had left them in good order, and glanced at her guest, who covered in her heat, feeling intensely her disheveled condition, and dimly wondering if it were due to her college education.

Mrs. Society, seeing that the offending maid had left dust in the cups, frowned. "I think a college education usually unites young women for the finer duties of domestic life," she said, and blew first in one cup, and then in the other, to remove the dust.

At that the college girl felt her spirits rise to the skies. "For," as she explained afterward, in telling the story "we did sometimes blow the dust out of the cups, when we gave tea parties, but we usually did it before the guests got there."—Youth's Companion.

COMMUTER MADE, NOT BORN

Contrary to General Belief, He Is Not Merely Man Who Lives in Suburbs.

The commuter is peculiarly a product of modern civilization. He is made, not born. Contrary to the general belief, a commuter is not merely a man who lives in the suburbs, but a man who, living in the suburbs, must use the railroad regularly in going to and from the city.

It requires great executive ability and perfect self-control to be a successful commuter. One must be able to sleep serenely until 7:30, get up, dress in dignified leisure, Fletcherize his breakfast, chatting pleasantly to the while with his family, and then saunter down to the station without the slightest fear that he will get there either ten seconds too early or ten seconds too late for the 8:02.

The men one sees waddling running for the train, watch in one hand and a mutton chop in the other, and the men who get to the station five or six minutes too soon never cut out for commuters. They should move back to the city, for they will never be successful. They are neophytes, tyros, bunglers, failures.

Every college in the country should have its course in commuting, for there could be no better training for a young man who is about to enter business, with its many exactions in the way of method and system.—Judge.

John Bright and the Carpet

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her new book, "Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M. P. whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments.

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon his floor, and getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

Official Oath in Siam

If any form of oath is calculated to impress one, that which is prescribed to the state officials of Siam is likely to do so. Each official has to say: "May the blood flow from my veins, may crocodiles devour me, may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms. After death may I enter the body of a slave. May I suffer the harshest treatments during all time in years as numerous as the sands of all the seas. May I be reborn deaf, dumb and blind and afflicted with dire maladies. May I also be thrown into Narok—the lower regions—and tortured by Free Yam, if I break this oath."

Tempting Salad

A nice salad, suitable for a luncheon of dinner, is made by taking little round peppers, making a slit in the side and carefully extracting the fiber and seeds without breaking the sides. Fill the peppers with English walnuts, broken in small pieces and moistened with French dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

WILL BE SADLY MISSED

Not Many Sons Would Care for Their Poor Old Mammy Like the Deceased.

"Luella was hired Monday, but last week it was Thursday before she came to do the washing," said an uptown housewife. "Laundresses are hard to get, so I didn't presume to ask her reason; late in the day, however, she offered it."

"I been over in Brooklyn stayin' with a pore ole lady that lost her only son," she explained. "Intended comin' back las' Sunday night, but she was feelin' so powerful bad I jes' couldn't bear to leave her. She misses him terrible. She's eighty-two, you see, and she hadn't any husband nor child but him. He was powerful good to her—wouldn't let her do a thing for herself an' took fine care of her. Poor ole auntie! They ain't many sons like hers was!" and Luella wiped a tear away.

"Too bad," I said; "and wholl support her now that he's gone?"

"Oh, his goin' don't make no difference that way," she answered cheerfully. "Auntie'll go right on takin' in laundry work. He never earned nothin', but I tell you, every afternoon when five o'clock comes round, an' he ain't there to get up from his chair an' make her a cup o' tea an' bring it to her, she'll miss him somethin' terrible. They ain't many sons would take care of their pore ol' mammy that way. I kin tell you!" and Luella shook her head dimly over the filial depravity of her race.

CURIOUS CROWD IS STUNG

What Eager Mob Saw After Trailing Patrol Wagon Loaded With Policemen.

In the midst of the noon hour rush Saturday a patrol wagon changed down the street loaded with half a dozen policemen, turned into a cross street and stopped in front of one of the big department stores.

The patrol sergeant jumped out and hurried into the store, while a crowd of curious persons congregated around the wagon and a dozen of the bolter ones rushed into the store at the sergeant's back. The rumor quickly spread that the store had been raided, that the store was afeared, that a masked burglar had tried to hold up the manager, and a large portion of the tide of pedestrians up and down the street was diverted to the patrol and the sidewalk of the department store.

The sergeant came out again, jumped up beside the driver and held a whispered conversation. Then he returned to the store, and the patrol drove slowly to the rear entrance of the big building. The crowd saw the ruse and surged behind. The wagon backed up to the curb, the policemen jumped out and entered the rear door. The crowd waited breathlessly. In a few moments the police came out with arms burdened down with bundles of winter uniforms.

"Stung," muttered the sergeant, as the patrol drove away again.—Philadelphia Times.

Progress of the Pen

Many trades, sedentary in appearance, are the cause of a vast amount of motion. The carpenter who drives his plane over the plank, the polisher who leaves it shining like a mirror, the gardener who sweeps the paths, the carpet layer who drives his nails, the cellerman who puts the wine into bottles, the house painter who sweeps the wall with his brush, the wood cutter who wields his ax, the graceful typewriter who, in striking the keys of her machine, uselessly raises and lowers her delicate fingers—all these people move or cause movement in a part of their person. Add together all these rapid and apparently trivial movements, and you will discover that they cover at least once in the course of a lifetime the long route round the earth. It has been calculated, and the calculation is easy to verify, that the writer with a facile pen who blackens the paper for five hours a day at the rate of 30 words a minute will thus cover a distance of about 30,000 miles a year, by so to say, mere strength of wrist. That means a much greater distance than that of the circuit of the earth. And yet this unconscious hero has scarcely quitted his desk.

Old-Time Trotting Horse Men

There is no longer the old dyed-in-the-wool trotting horse men of our younger days. A few years ago at a sale a shabby old man bid and bid for a horse, running it up to more than \$1,800, at which price he bought it. On being asked for the cash he coolly peeled up his trousers, peeled up his drawers, peeled down his stockings, and from the double fold brought but two \$1,000 bills. They had been so long in the fold, creased, that the paper was cut through and the bills fell in eight quarters to the table. The treasury redeemed them all right.

Poverty in Old New York

Knickerbocker Gossip—Yes, that is the rich Miss Gullivers. They say her father bath five thousand pounds if he bath a shilling. Stranger—And who is the beauty with her? Gossip—A beauty, yes; but, alas, her face is her only fortune. She bath but a miserable ten-acre farm on Broadway.—Judge.

BALL GAME OF CHEROKEES

Important Function Is Preceded by Song and Dance Which Lasts All Night.

The ball game as played by the Cherokees is as important to them as football or any other popular game is to other people. The eastern band of Cherokees live on the Qualla reservation in western North Carolina.

The neighborhood in which I live, writes an Indian girl in the Red Man, is divided into four main sections, namely: Yellow Hill, Snow, Big Cove and Birdtown. The Indians living in one of these sections will challenge those living in another to a game of ball. They choose their players and agree upon the time and place for playing the game. It is generally played in an open field far different from the well-graded field upon which the game of football is played.

The evening before the game the Indians, the women included, hold a dance in their respective sections of the country. These dances are held in the open air, usually near some small stream. The women do the singing while the men dance. In their songs they make all kinds of remarks about those of the opposing side. These dances continue all night long. From the time of the dances until after the games the players are not allowed to eat any food.

The following day the people from the different sections gather at the appointed place to witness the game. They either sit or stand around the edge of the field. The ball players each have two sticks similar to those used in the game of lacrosse, only smaller. The ball is tossed up in the center of the field and the game begins. The object is to get it around two poles placed at each end of the field a certain number of times. They cannot pick up the ball in their hands. The players who succeed in getting the ball around the poles at the end of the field the greatest number of times win the game.—Red Man Magazine.

WOLF HUNTING WITH EAGLES

Kirghiz Train Great Birds to Hunt Gazelle, Foxes and Even Wolves.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm, declares a writer in the Wide World Magazine. Central Asia is the home of falconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the Crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings.

But they seldom, if ever, see themselves in this light, so they continue to map out their lives in the same narrow groove, until perhaps one day they awaken up, and to their amazement, find themselves left far behind people whom they looked down upon as ignorant. "A wise man changes his mind; a fool never," says an old proverb, and we should always keep this before us as a mental danger signal. "She simply won't be taught," I have often heard people say. Don't let anybody say it of you in future. It is the people who are always willing to learn who get on best in this world. If we keep our minds open as well as our eyes and ears we shall find that we are never too old to change our minds, and that we can learn something from everybody, even if it is only what not to do.—Home Chat

Hanged the Clever Forger

Of curious petitions against the death penalty being enforced, one recalls the eighteenth century case of William Ryland, who was sentenced for forging a bill for £7,114 on the East India House. The forgery was a work of art. No less than thirty signatures were imitated, and at the trial not one of the victims could swear that the signature was not his own. However, with the help of the paper manufacturers, Ryland's guilt was brought home. Then came the petition of his friends. So clever a man ought never to be hanged, they pleaded; his craftsmanship should save him. It gained a respite; he was allowed to finish a fine engraving he had begun, but nothing more. Though the engraver was a favorite of George III., that king quite failed to see how a forgery could be excused on the ground that it was a clever forgery.

Raises Young to Eat

The paradise fish, one of the new wonders of natural history, raises its young to eat. The habits of this peculiar fish are also strikingly similar to those of a great many parents who show little more consideration for their offspring. The female drops her eggs carelessly anywhere she may be and the male gathers them up and places them in a bubble nest, which he blows, and awaits the hatching. When they are sufficiently grown he eats them, keeping them housed up until he needs them. Some of the little ones escape, of course, and as they are prolific breeders, the species is perpetuated.

A Similarity

"Queer names those South American soldiers have." "Yes. Calling the roll sounds a great deal like reading off the contents of a wine card."

SCANT ALLOWANCE OF SOAP

Captain Didn't Want to Hire Three Rooms to Get Hands and Face Washed.

When Fairmount Inn was opened, among its first patrons was Captain Stringer of Marshby. He had long been a friend of Captain Larrabee, the father of the young proprietor of the new inn, and he wished to "see for himself what kind of a tavern Eddy would keep."

He was taken to one of the prettiest rooms, where the proprietor's wife awaited his opinion. He looked silently at all the modern innovations, but when he was at last asked to admire the pretty bathroom adjoining his bedroom, he spoke his word.

"Is that little square cake o' soap all that goes with this fit-out?" he inquired, indicating the cake in its nickel holder.

"Why, yee," said the young woman. "One cake for each room, new for each guest, of course."

"Well, now, see here," said the captain, confidentially. "You and Eddy have got used to city ways, where it's all style, and save in what don't show; but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from Marshby and all around, that know the cap'n, and wish his young folks well. Now you furnish up a few rooms with some good liberal bars o' soap, such as we're used to."

"It'll cost ye a little more, but 'twill come to more'n it costs on advertising. You wouldn't want your father's old friends to tell that they had to hire three rooms at Fairmount inn to get them a good face-and-hands wash, now would ye?"—Youth's Companion.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

People Who Never Change Their Minds Have Magnified Opinion of Their Wisdom.

"I never change my mind," I once heard an old woman say.

And from the way in which she said it she seemed to be quite proud of her attitude.

The funny part of it is that the people who never change their minds nearly always have a magnified opinion of their wisdom. They would be very much upset if they realized that others probably much better informed than themselves considered them merely obstinate and foolish.

But they seldom, if ever, see themselves in this light, so they continue to map out their lives in the same narrow groove, until perhaps one day they awaken up, and to their amazement, find themselves left far behind people whom they looked down upon as ignorant.

"A wise man changes his mind; a fool never," says an old proverb, and we should always keep this before us as a mental danger signal.

"She simply won't be taught," I have often heard people say. Don't let anybody say it of you in future. It is the people who are always willing to learn who get on best in this world.

If we keep our minds open as well as our eyes and ears we shall find that we are never too old to change our minds, and that we can learn something from everybody, even if it is only what not to do.—Home Chat

From Near the Hub!

From some examination papers in a Massachusetts—we repeat, Massachusetts—town:

"Capillarity is when milk rises up around the edge of the bottle and shows good measure."

"The settlers gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians for their kindness and to the Lord for fair weather. They kept up their festivities for three days, eating all the time. A party of sixty Indian warriors came, rolling their warhoops down the hill."

"Henry VIII., by his own efforts, increased the population of England forty thousand."

"Esau wrote fables and sold them for potash."

"The Lupercal was the wolf who suckled Romeo and Juliet at Rome."

"Lascivious has a high forehead which is a sign of many brains.—Everybody's."

A Strange Situation

"Humer is a funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke; and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher. "Are what?" said Binks. "Blest if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

Three Great Danish Clans

The Danish government recently found it necessary to grant heads of families the privilege of changing their names if they feel so disposed without incurring any legal costs. This is a necessary piece of legislation, for the population of Denmark is divided into three great clans—the Hansens, the Petersens and the Soerensens. In one town of 25,000 inhabitants over four-fifths bore one or the other of these names. Many of these have taken advantage of the new law and assumed more distinctive names.