

EUGENIE TO SELL PROPERTY

Farmer Empress to Convert Estate Into Cash to Save Prince Victor Napoleon Worry.

Paris.—Ex-Empress Eugenie, who is now in her eighty-fifth year, is selling all her property in the country over which she once held sway. In order that Prince Victor Napoleon, who was married the other day to Princess Clementine of Belgium, may have no difficulty in gaining possession of all that belongs to her after she passes away.

It is an open secret that she intends making her nephew, the imperial claimant to the throne of France, the principal heir to her great wealth, which has been estimated as high as \$30,000,000. To relieve him of a competition of those long drawn out and costly legal proceedings which worried her so much, forty years ago, when the newly formed French republic wanted to keep all the fallen emperor's domains, she wants to turn her landed properties in France into cash now, and leave him money.

Among the estates is that of the famous Solferino palace, in the south of France. That former imperial residence was to have gone under the hammer here recently, but the sale has been postponed, owing to a difference of opinion over the minimum sum which should be accepted. The empress does not want to part with the palace for less than \$120,000, but that is considered excessive by her lawyers in view of the dilapidated condition of the chateau.

Solferino was built less than half a century ago to commemorate a celebrated French victory in the war of 1866. Originally in a plain, part of the sparsely populated department of the Midi, a whole village has since sprung into being around its walls. The emperor was hardly ever in residence there, and all its fittings and furniture were long ago taken away.

CHURCH RUNS A MILK ROUTE

Morningside Presbyterian Looks Out for Many Sick Babies of Poor—Unique Charity.

New York.—A church that runs a milk route, the only church that does so in New York, was dedicated the other day. It is the Morningside Presbyterian, at Morningside avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-second street, and the milk route is for sick babies of the very poor. For two years this unique charity has been maintained, serving usually 125 babies a day.

With the milk goes a trained nurse. She sees that the milk is modified and then she teaches mothers the best methods for infant treatment. The nurse gives her services. When the work has started there was opposition. Some thought it undignified for a church to modify milk and then give it away, or even to sell it. But dignity did not find favor with Morningside church authorities. Now it is such a success everybody favors it.

The late John S. Kennedy left to Presbyterians a large amount of money, and \$30,000 of it went to the milk route church. The old building was rebuilt and a parish house erected. In this parish house are two assembly halls, a stage with scenery, a roof garden and many other things useful to serve a neighborhood. The pastor, the Rev. Allen W. McCurdy, said that if all of the useful appliances for service were not in the new building it was because nobody had been able to think to include them.

HORNETS CLEAN OUT STUDIO

Artist Hangs Up Nest Over Fireplace and Has Decidedly Interesting Time—Got Stung.

Whsted, Conn.—Robert Hamilton, landscape artist of New York, was routed from his studio in the Berkshire hills near Lee, Mass., the other night by hornets which had been brought to the place in cold storage by two women.

The nest, almost as large as a bushel basket, was found in the woods by the women. They cut off the limb to which the nest was fastened and brought the trophy to Hamilton, who placed the nest over his fireplace.

He was on his porch waiting for the hunter's moon to show over the eastern hills when he heard a roaring noise inside. Thinking the chimney was as he rushed in. The room was full of hornets, swirling in clouds. The warmth from the fireplace had awakened them. The artist pried open two windows and threw open a door to cool off the place. At midnight he ventured into the house, as the cold air had reduced the army to quiet.

At a o'clock the next morning Hamilton had cleaned house and buried a handful of hornets under the pines.

"Did you get stung?" was asked of Hamilton.

"H'm! In what way do you mean?" he spared. "Oh, by the hornets? No; not by them."

Fat Policeman Quits. Kansas City, Mo.—Herman Hartman, who weighs 305 pounds, quit the local police force the other day because he became too fat on his job.

"When I joined the force five years ago I weighed 260 pounds," said Hartman. "Regardless of my efforts to keep down to my normal weight I put on flesh. I am turning in my club and star and am going into the Ozarks, where I can train down."

One of Hartman's duties was to attend drill squad meetings. He quit just in time to miss one.

WEDDING CAKES FOR RENT

Showy Confections May Be Hired for About \$3 Each and Are Re-laced After Each Occasion.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said; it looked all right and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" some one asked.

"Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about \$3 a wedding."

ASK THE SALVATION ARMY

That Is What Many Do When They Want Anything, Even a Bonnet for the Horse.

A teamster who needed a bonnet for his scrawny horse applied to the Salvation Army.

"Why did you go to them for such a thing as that?" someone asked.

"Because I knew they had them," he said. "I saw one of their wagons go down the street with two strings of horses' bonnets stretched from the top of the cover to the tailgate, so I hustled down and asked for one before they were all gone."

"His case is typical of hundreds of others," said an army worker. "Our collection wagons are veritable curiosity shops on wheels. Household goods and clothing comprise the bulk of the load, but it is topped off by curious odds and ends. Penurious or poverty-stricken souls keep an eye on the most conspicuous contributions and when they see anything they want they simply follow the wagon down to headquarters and ask for it."

"Con" Knew His Duty as Usher.

The congregation of a certain church is not "exclusive," but some of its members were surprised at the appointment of a new usher. They said that he might be a very good young man, but he had not belonged very long to the church, and, besides, it seemed unlikely that a street car conductor would suit the etiquette of a house of worship. But the trustees said that he had been chosen for that very reason, adding: "We need a man of that kind to deal with the end seat hog. He is a greater nuisance in the church than in the cars. Early in the service he plants himself at the aisle end of a free pew and later comes when they are ushered into that pew all over him taking their places. It takes a man with grit to make him move along. This former conductor has the grit, and he has tact gained from experience. That is why we made him usher."

Odd Wireless Telephone.

Writing from German Africa, a tourist says: "We found here in the dense forest, among people who know nothing of modern scientific discoveries, a good and practical wireless telephone. The natives have for the purposes of ceremony, peaceful and warlike, drums of various dimensions made of wood, and these, when beaten, emit sounds of about an octave in range. Aside from the ceremonies the drums are used also as a means of communication. We had a proof of it one day. Our caravan was ready to start when our head servant stopped suddenly in his work, listened intently and then gave unmistakable signs of pleasure. We learned later that the indistinct sounds conveyed to him the news that a boy had been born to his brother in a neighboring village."

No Such Goats Now.

They must have had some pretty savage goats in Connecticut a hundred years ago. Under an old law if a boy was driving a goat along a highway and they met a traveler and the goat jumped on to the traveler and threw him down and bit him and otherwise harmed him, that boy could be sent to jail for three months and his father sued for damages.

The goat has improved in temper since those days. If one is being driven along now and meets a traveler he simply winks and passes on and the boy is safe.

The Cost.

Seymour—I don't believe that Wallman has a single enemy among all his neighbors; every one of them speaks of him as if he were the best man in the world.

Ashley—I guess that's right; but Wallman has to pay pretty high for their good opinion; every year he has to invest in a new law-mower.

A Terrible Creature.

"Father," said the little boy, "is there any animal more terrible than a lion?" "Yes, my son; a cow. If she isn't kicking you in the neck or purring you over the pasture to hook you, she's trying to send germs around to your horse in the milk."

SNAKES WERE HARD TO KILL

Reptiles From Brazil Were Frozen Stiff on Shipboard but Revived When Put in Warm Water.

A naturalist once told how, in a thicket on a mountainside he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding until it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist remonstrated the man said: "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half-dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck, and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed, the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage and, about 30 hours from port, a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition, he found them frozen stiff, and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes, and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

CARRYING GOSPEL TO MINERS

Pittsburg Evangelists Have Novel Plan for Religious Work in the Depths of the Earth.

The carrying of the Gospel hundreds of feet underground to miners toiling in the darkness and gloom with their picks and shovels is the latest scheme of the Pittsburg evangelistic committee.

This movement is without precedent in the history of the religious world. It will be enthusiastically backed by more than a score of men prominent in the business, financial and professional walks of life of that city.

No mine in the Pittsburg district will be overlooked. It is expected to have a large enough band of workers engaged to enable the committee to take the Gospel down the various shafts before long. It is expected to have the Gospel workers enter the mines during the mining hours and make their way through the various passages, leaving pamphlets and cards with the workers.

At the noon hour an open air meeting will be held. Addresses will be made to the miners in different tongues by evangelists of their own nationality.

"Pins and Needles."

After being for a long time in a constrained attitude a peculiar numbness and pricking is often felt in the arm, leg or foot. This is caused by some interruption to the circulation and can usually be removed by rubbing or exercise.

The reason of the sensation, which is decidedly uncomfortable while it lasts, is that pressure for a certain length of time deadens the sensibility of a nerve. When this pressure is suddenly removed (as straightening out the leg after sitting with it doubled underneath the body) sensibility gradually returns to the nerve, and as each nerve-fiber composing the trunk regains its normal condition of sensibility a pricking sensation is felt, and these successive prickings from the successive awakenings of the numerous fibers have not inaptly been called "pins and needles."

Tough on the Germ.

Parents who own the mean little small boy with the frightful grouch of childhood, the little boy who screams when others smile and who kicks his fond parents on the shins and screams when they are trying to do something nice for him, the little boy who affects all other people with a burning, gnawing passion to smite him on the spot with an elmwood claspboard, not padded, should take courage. Their little boy, says Dr. E. L. Mathias of Kansas City, is the victim of the grouch germ. A real germ is pesturing on him, making him meaner than dirt and crosser than a tied-up dog.

Well, perhaps.

A Restricted Sphere.

Judge Bancroft Cox, in a speech in Cleveland against universal suffrage, concluded with this smiling peroration:

"Hail, then, to woman—woman, the morning star of our youth, the day star of our maturity, the evening star of our old age. Bless our stars, and may they ever continue shining—in their proper sphere."

Popular Admiration.

"What is it that the people admire in that man's speeches?" said one campaigner. "I don't know," replied the other, "unless it's his nerve in advocating such extraordinary opinions."

SIMILARITY OF MANY PEOPLE

Woman Says That Husband and Wife Who Resemble Each Other Have Same Thoughts.

The woman who is a close observer was discussing with a few friends the matter of resemblances.

"I often see very ordinary persons," she said, "who look almost exactly like some one else who is perhaps highly educated or intellectually brilliant or socially prominent. For instance, some man working on the streets as I pass may look like some college professor I have seen except that of course the expression of intelligence and ability will be lacking. In other words, they are the same type, but their environment and experiences have been different. It is not at all unusual for husbands and wives to look alike, especially if they are elderly and have lived happily together many years. The explanation of that is perfectly simple. Every body has seen such cases. On a few occasions I have been much amused at seeing a husband and wife who looked like some other husband and wife respectively. That is, the man would look like another man I knew and the woman would look like that other man's wife. In those cases I could see that the man in each case—perhaps a tall, dark man—had liked his opposite—a petite blonde. The action of thought had been the same in each case and had brought out similar results."

"Another thing that interests me is that people who look alike have the same diseases. I can sometimes tell, half a block away, what diseases a person will be likely to have. I know a croupy child the minute I see one. I do not mean I can diagnose a case of croup. I don't know a thing about medicine or physiology, but I know the look of a person who would be likely to have diphtheria if exposed to it and of one who might have rheumatism later in life. It's all in the way they think, you know—or perhaps you don't believe that."

WANTS MAN SHE PAID FOR

New Jersey Woman Asks a Commissioner to Hold Immigrant So That She Can Marry Him.

Commissioner Williams expects an interesting session at Ellis Island when the inspectors pick out a husky shoemaker of Trieste and hold him for the arrival of his fiancée.

The commissioner received a letter from a young woman of Jersey City, who described herself as an orphan, to twenty-eight years old, who had "to work all my lifetime for my first-ance."

She wrote that she received a letter several months ago from a young man in her native city saying that if she would send him the price of a ticket he would cross the seas and marry her.

She explained that the man was "a shoemaker and healthy." She sent a second-class ticket for passage on the Red Star Line, Vandalia, which arrived the other night from Antwerp. Also she forwarded the healthy member of bad soles \$28.16 in cash.

She learned recently, she said, that his relatives in this country had planned to steal him as soon as he arrived and prevent the marriage. She wants the commissioner to hold him and unite them in marriage as soon as she arrives at the island.

The Literary Man.

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wife's building blocks, three spoons of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new wafers, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cook book and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of hand-made hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hair brush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and will write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double-crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.

They Do Things Better in France.

It is no easy matter to be married in France, says F. Berkeley Smith, in Success Magazine. One great thing in favor of so sacred a ceremony is that it cannot be hastily performed. It is an event requiring months of preparation, of the signing of endless papers, the certificates of birth and the consent of parents, until at last the wedding day, which has been arranged for to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned, including the legal authorities, arrives. If marriage is difficult, divorce is even more so. There are no such romantic and youthful adventures as eloping on a \$12 capital—handing ten to the accommodating parson and writing for forgiveness with the change.

Couldn't Understand It.

"This stock," said the promoter, "is fully paid up and non-assessable." "Well, if it's fully paid up," replied the man who was inexperienced in such matters, "I can't see why you want me to put money into it. Wouldn't that be unfair to the people who paid it up?"

VISITS QUEEN ONCE A MONTH

Bachelor Confided to a Friend the Reason He Doesn't Care to Mingle With Society.

"A bachelor friend of mine told me a little story when we were at the play, which I have hung up in my collection of mind pictures, and I think it is a gem," said Colonel Rivers. "I had made the charge that he didn't mix as much as he should. He replied that he did all his mixing with a two-year-old married couple and a pretty miss of 7 years. I asked him how that could be."

"The married couple have no children. They are not much on mixing themselves, but every fourth Sunday in the month they give a dinner to the seven-year-old miss, the only child of friends in the same part of town. To this dinner the bachelor is invited. When the repast is finished, the young miss is entertained with music and readings which the child understands. Then the bachelor takes the little one to her home. The bachelor's description of the child's beauty and dress, and his reports of the clever things she says, and what is said to amuse the miss, would make a pretty Christmas book if it were written by anybody who knew how to make word pictures."

"My bachelor friend assured me that after he had enjoyed one of these dinners he had no desire to mingle in what is called modern society. If, he said, I can get to what is described as Better Land, I shall ascribe my good fortune to the atmosphere in which I am a small factor every fourth Sunday in the month in which these grown-ups are the subjects of a child queen."

FEARING A DISTRUSTFUL MAN

Bunyan's Fine Description of Individual Who Had No Confidence in Himself.

Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whether he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he had heard anybody speak of that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for about a month altogether; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hand. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said, he should die if he came not to it; and yet was dejected at every difficulty and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way.

Well, after he had lain in the Slough of Despond a great while as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know but he ventured, and so got over, but when he was over he would scarce believe it.

He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him; or else he could never have been as he was.—From Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress."

A Dog and a Bum.

In a vacant lot at the corner of Eleventh and Larimer streets was an old white dog that wasn't well. He crawled over near a billboard and lay down. Lots of people saw him, but nobody paid any attention to him until a trampish-looking fellow came along. He was "Hard Times" personified. He went over and petted the dog.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked. "Sick?"

The dog seemed to appreciate the uncouth one's attentions. The man petted him a little more, he said.

"Wait, I'll get you a drink," he said. He went to a saloon near by and returned with a tin basin full of water. The dog lapped up some of the water and the man poured the rest on the animal's head. In a couple of minutes more the dog arose and slowly walked away, wagging his tail. He was much better.

Just an old dog—just an old bum—that's all.—Denver Times.

The Situation.

"One day a farmer drove into town with a load of produce and spent the rest of the day and part of the night with convivial companions. On his way home he fell asleep, and his wagon came in contact with a tree by the roadside, starting the horses into a burst of speed. They broke away and went clattering down the road. The farmer slept on. He was thus found next morning at daylight by a stranger on horseback.

"Hello!" called out the horseman. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

The farmer peered up and down the road in a dazed way. "Well," he said, "my name is Rogers and I've lost a blamed fine span of horses."

Then he got down from his seat and inspected the vehicle. "And if I ain't Rogers," he added, "I've found a blamed fine wagon."

Witticism Hearers Appreciated.

Simson Ford was discussing the ethics of speech-making. "It was a long and tedious speech, but I listened attentively. I like to have people to listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I listened, because if I hadn't I'd have missed one of the best windups I ever heard. And now," said the speaker, just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, "as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, 'I am drawing near my clothes.'"

BEST RATTLESNAKE REMEDY

Strychnine Is the Only Positive Antidote for a Big Injection of the Poison.

Strychnine is probably the only positive antidote for a big injection of rattlesnake toxin, a bite or rather stroke such as a four-foot snake would inflict on the fleshy part of the body, as the calf or thigh. For such a bite, carrying as it does half a teaspoonful or more of venom deep into the flesh, all ordinary cures are unavailing. Hypodermically injected, however, in sufficient quantities surely to kill the patient were not suffering from the snake poison, strychnine is a certain counteractant. The greatest danger is said to be in administering too little strychnine. As a matter of fact, but few even of skilled physicians have enough knowledge of the subject to be able to act with any assurance in administering strychnine in such cases. That rattlesnake poison and strychnine are exact opposites has been shown by experiments in which animals dying of strychnine inoculations have been cured by injections of the snake venom.—Popular Mechanics.

FINGER PRINT WAS ENOUGH

Gully Peach Thief Thought It Was a Picture of His Corduroy Trousers, and Confessed.

All his ripe peaches had departed, disappeared, deserted. Some thief in the night had played havoc among the forbidden fruit, and Professor Pumpernickel could find no clue but a finger print left on an unripe specimen. Nevertheless, it was something, and he had his suspicions. Forthwith, the professor made an enlargement and shortly after met the suspect. "Ah, Jake," he said, "did you know someone robbed my garden the other night?" "Did you, zur?" returned Jake innocently. "Yes," nodded Professor Pumpernickel, "but the thief left his mark behind, so I'll easily trace him." He produced the enlargement. "Do you see that?" Jake's knees began to quiver. Then he burst into floods of anguish. "I see it ain't no good, zur," he sobbed. "I took the peaches rightenuff. But—it—it fair tells we 'ow yer got that picture of my corduroy trousers."—Answers.

The Conundrum Club.

It was during the prune course at the boarding-house breakfast table. The thin man spoke.

"I've got a new one this morning. Why is a one-cent stamp like a slooper?"

"Because," began the stenographer with her eyes on the ceiling.

"No, that's not the reason," said the thin man.

"My guess is because a sale make it go," suggested the fat boarder at the end of the table.

"Very good," said the thin man, "but not the correct answer."

"Well, we give it up," came in chorus.

"Because it's a single sticker," said the thin man as he began to dodge things.—Yonkers Statesman.

The First Club Sandwich.

A New York lawyer claims to have discovered the first club sandwich, which is now the popular treat of every tea room. He found it down in New Mexico ten years ago. He stopped at a small town and not being on the train with a dining car, went into the little eating place and ordered a dozen sandwiches, half of which were to be ham and half tongue. After he had boarded the train and opened the package, he found the order carried out to the letter. Every sandwich had a filling of one slice of ham and one slice of tongue. But the inventor of these sandwiches was not so far out of the way.

A Clear Case.

"I don't very well see," said the lawyer, "how you can sue your husband for a divorce on the score of desertion when on your own account he has been living quietly at home all the time."

"You don't eh?" retorted the indignant would-be plaintiff. "Well, if it isn't desertion for a man to take a taxi cab to the club and deny that he is related to her, just because his wife has been arrested on the dock for smuggling, I don't know what desertion is!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Long Veil.

The house of the Widow Barnes, at Beloit, Wis., took fire around the chimney in the night, and she sent her son Johnnie out to cry fire and arouse the neighbors. Johnnie's yell did the trick, and the fire was put out, but he still kept on yelling. As a matter of fact he yelled for seven days and nights before they could quiet him. The doctor said it was a nervous attack, brought on by his sudden fright. During that long week there was yelling enough to last the town for five years, and Johnnie will have a frog in his throat for some time to come.

The Idiot Again.

The turkey was not a very large one and Mrs. Pedagog's boarders began to be a little anxious on the subject of its going around. Finally the last bit was distributed and the idiot, glancing at his portion, observed that he had drawn the neck and the pope's nose.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog," said he, with a genial smile, "you are a wonder at making both ends meet!"—Lippincott's.