LAWYERS THEN AND NOW.

Old-Timers Had Little Difficulty in Entering Profession.

The young man who wants to be a I's lawyer nowadays has a much harder rould to travel than he who wished to adopt the honorable profession in days gone by. As a rule, he has to take a several years' course in one of the law schools of the state, then pass the state bar examination, which is not planned to fill the profession with blockheads, "Formerly," said Mr. John P. Poe, now the oldest instructor -in point of service-at the University of Maryland Law School, and former attorney general, "all a young man had to do was to read law in some lawyer's office. Then he went before the examining committee, which asked him a few questions, after he had been vouched for by the lawyer under whose guidance his 'studies' had been pursued. These questions, as a rule, were kept in the pigeonhole of the judge's desk, and if the aspirant for professional honors was very ambitious he could go and see them beforehand and prepare himself for them. When my father went up for examination he was asked two questions, 'How many volumes is Blackstone bound in? which he answered satisfactorNy, and 'Can you tell the difference between whisky and brandy? He professed ability to discriminate and was passed. The men who became great lawyers in those days did so because they were naturally lawyers, not because of the training they received."

DBEYING THE NEW ORDERS.

Conductor Tried to Soften the Blow to the Poor Senator.

Shortly after the railway companies abolished the pass privilege a certain United States senator who had held his office many years and had carried m pass all that time boarded a train for Washington. He had forgotten to provide himself with the necessary ticket. Presently the conductor came along. He was one of the oldest men on the line, and the senator, who had made many a trip with him before, cordially extended his hand. "How are you, Gregory?" he said. "First rate, senator, answered the conductor. "Glad to see you looking so well." "Thank you, Greg. But why are you offering me your left hand?" "Because I don't want my left hand to know what my right hand is doing." "What is your right hand doing?" "It's reaching for your fare, senator," said the conductor, with a grim smile.

French Working Women. Of the 37,730,000 population of France, statistics record a working population of 19,750,075, of whom 6,-805,510 are women and girls. The number engaged in agricultural pursuits is 8,1%5,569, of whom 2,658,962 on Of the 1 882 620 people engaged in commerce, 689,999 are women, and of the 1,015,039 people employed in domestic pursuits 791,176 are females. Those engaged in industrial pursuits furnish employment to 5,819,855 people, of whom 2,124,642 are women. The percentage of females employed in four branches of labor is: Agriculture, 28; commerce, 35; domestic pursuits, 77, and learned profesrstons, 33.

-Youth's Companion.

O'Donagan's Tact. A story Earl Stirling, of the Players' company, repeats frequently is of an Irishman who prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where the Irishman worked, he told the men to leave everything in his hands; he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done. He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty. "Good mornin', ma'am," he said. "Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid." "Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch." "Sure, an' that's lucky." said the diplomat, "fur twinty tons uv rock just fell on him."

Charcoal an Antidots.

Japanese physicians declare it is impossible for internal poisoning to occur if powdered charcoal be swallowed as soon as the gastro-intestinal disturbance is felt. French physicians have tested the power of charcoal, and proved that it is the most active of all known antidotes. The charcoal must be taken as soon as the poison taken begins to show its effect, and the doses must be large. Charcoal is in no way injurious, and as much as a soupspoonful may be taken in divided doses mixed in water.

"In Korea," said a tailor, "needle and thread are unknown to tailoring. Their place is taken by glue." "Glue?" "Glue. A peculiarly fine, strong glue made of fish. Making Korean clothes the tellor does not bring two edges of

Glued Clothes.

"Glue. A peculiarly fine, strong glue made of fish. Making Korean clothes the tailor does not bring two edges of cloth together and then slowly and painfully unite them with fine stitches of the needle. No; he overlaps the edges slightly, brushes on a little glue, presses the seam together and sets the garment away to dry. I wore glued clothes in Korea and found that they laxted almost as well as sewed ones."

The Real Grip.

Pat had been very ill all winter. An old friend meeting him on the street one day asked what had been the matter with him. "I've had the grip," answered Pat in a weak voice. "The grip? Begorry, and phwat's that?" asked his friend. "It's a disease that makes you sick six months after you've got well," explained Pat.

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

Quarreleome Individual Asserts Man Has Much to Learn.

"It's queer how little most people know about little things," said a quarrelsome man not long since. "Some day I am going to start a school where only the minutiae of life will be taught-how to button the coat when you put it on, how to brush a hat, and so on. Not one in a hundred persons knows it is a mistake to button the bottom of a coat first. The top button should be the first one, otherwise the shape of the coat, even if it is carefully tailored, is seriously affected. This little pointer alone would save many persons a lot of money. A hat should always be brushed in the direction opposite to the hands of a clock. Otherwise the pile of the felt is taken out and the hat given a cheap, poor appearance. Of course, with straw this does not apply. In the care of paste, too, it is odd how little is known by most people. The best way to buy paste nowadays is in the water-well jars put up by all large manufacturers. Then when such a jar is gotten keep the well always half full of water. If paste becomes hard, too, from lack of use stir it with a stick until it has proper consistency. If obdurate add a little water. If still obdurate after this add a little glycerin and water. This will put it in good condition. Altogether, if people only knew more about the little things of life and less of the pretentious and immaterial ones, it would be a far happier place to live in-this world we have down here."

LOOKED LIKE CLEAR CASE.

Appearances Very Much Against Innocent Man.

"It's an imposition for a woman to ask her husband to do errands for her in the stores," said the subdued looking man. "I never fail to get in wrong, somehow, whenever I get something for my wife. The other day I had a bad five minutes on her account. She had given a teaspoon to me, one of our wedding presents it was, to get engraved. I shoved it into my side pocket and thought I would wait till I went out to lunch d turn it over to a jewelor friend of mine down near where I eat. I had my luncheon first, and forgot about the spoon. While the lady cashier was getting my change I pulled a handkerchief out of my side pocket and that infernal spoon fell to the floor with a big rattle. I could hear people near me saying, 'Funny a decent duck like that would try to get away with a spoon.' Of course I squared it with the cashier all right by simply showing her the spoon, but I've always been ashamed to go back and take a chance on meeting some of the same crowd there again."

Entertaining in an Insane Asylum. Did you ever entertain an audience at an insane asylum? Those who have usually are able to tell experiences quite out of the ordinary. The Litchfield trio have had several amusing experiences at such places. In one case Mr. Litchfield spoke to a patient at the asylum-"nice day; rather muddy underfoot, but nice overhead." "Yes." answered the patient, "but nobody gets up there." In the course of the entertainment Mrs. Litchfield gives on the violin an imitation of the church organ. That it was well done was evident, for as she finished there came through the stillness in clear, ministerial tones the voice of an inmate of the asylum: "Now let the collection be taken up."-The Lyceumite and Talent.

Loss of a Good Thing. Formerly a telephone had stood on the bracket in the corner. The bracket had been made expressly for the 'phone. It had been so exceedingly convenient to call up her friends that the woman immediately noticed the change; for on the bracket in place of the telephone stood a statuette that she didn't much care for. "What have you done with it?" she asked of them. "The company tried to coilect the bill," they said. "I am sorry," the woman sighed, because at that moment she thought of about a dozen to whom she would have liked to telephone. "So are all our friends," said they pointedly.

What He Missed.
One of the officials of the Indian office at Washington was visiting a reservation in Montana on government business when a certain chief, who had taken a fancy to Uncle Sam's agent, invited him to attend the wedding of the Indian's daughter. The Indian office man was, to his regret, unable to be present at the festivities, but the Indian laconically described the function subsequently, in order to indicate what the agent had missed. "Five dogs," said file chief, "and plenty pie."—Harper's Weekly.

Maximilian and "La Palema."

The memory of Maximilian of Mexico should still be preserved wherever that haunting air "La Palema" is played. It is still to be heard in the London restaurants where music is thrown in with dinner. And Maximilian's final request was that "La Palema" should be played while he stood up to meet his doom. He died with the tune in his ears—the courage in his face—and his wife went mad with the shock nearly 40 years ago.

"Come on down town, Grace." "But I have no money." "What's the diff? Two can shop as cheaply as one."—Pittaburg Post.

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS SAID.

Great Writer's Remark to Small Boy Lingered Long in Memory.

Mr. Henry C. Robinson, a witty lawver who used to live in Hartford. Conn... once told the following anecdote one evening when he was introducing an English author to a Hartford audience. "The first famous Englishman whom I ever saw was Charles Dickens, who lectured here in Hartford when I was a young boy. I had read some of the stories of this great writer, and I was most anxious to catch a glimpse of the man himself. So on the afternoon when he was expected to arrive I walked up and down the street in front of the hotel where I knew he was to stay. The hotel was built close to the sidewalk, and the long windows of the parlor were so low that the passerby could easily see into the room. I soon realised that a gentleman was sitting within, reading a paper. I stepped close up under the window and pressed my face against the glass, eager to get a good look at the stranger. Yes, it was he! It really was! I had seen his picture often, and couldn't be mistaken. I stared and stared, anxious to impress every feature upon my memory. After a few moments he turned and saw me there, the little, eager Yankee boy, gazing up at his face; and then the famous man, laying aside his paper, actually spoke, so that I really heard the voice of the great Charles Dickens himself, and he was really talking to me!" Here Mr. Robinson paused impressively, and some one on the platform inquired, "What did he say, "He said,' replied Mr. Robinson?" Mr. Robinson, in subdued tones, "Go away, little boy! go away!'"

PAPA'S IDEA OF ECONOMY.

All Right When It Only Affected Pleasures of Others.

Not long ago we heard a man's little daughter say to him: "Papa, can't I have a nickel to buy some gum?" He was a good, kind man, and he didn't refuse her roughly. He patted her on the head and said: "Daughter, your old dad can't afford such things. It takes all our money to buy bread and meat and keep you and mamma in shoes. She looked disappointed and walked away. Presently he started home. He felt as if a hot-one would help his appetite and put him in a more cheerful frame of mind in which to greet his family, so he walked in and put his right shoe upon the foot-rail. "What'll you have, boys?" he asked. Some of them took 'er straight; some took it diluted with seltzer. Nobody condescended to take beer. Our friend planked down a dollar. When the barkeeper rang up the register it showed 65 cents.-Lamar Democrat.

Haydn's Grave. The city council of Vienna has ade formal overtures to the authorities of Eisenstadt looking toward the removal of the bones of Josef Haydn to Vienna, "where," the city fathers say, "a fitting resting piece will be provided by the city." This will be near the graves of Beethoven and Schubert. Haydn was 77 years old when he died in Vienna in 1809. He was buried in a little cemetery near the Hundsturm line, and at the head of the grave was placed a small stone, at the expense of his pupil, Sigmund Knight of Neukomm. The stone bore only the name "Haydn," and the inscription "Non omnis moriar." In 1820 Prince Esterhazy had the body removed to Eisenstadt, where Haydn had been music director from 1760 to 1790, and there an elaborate monument with ample inscription was

Hard Water. A farm woman in Pennsylvania once said: "I never hear anyone sing 'The Old Oaken Bucket' without a shudder." For 15 years she had done the cooking and washing for a family of six with no other water supply than what she had hauled out of a well nearly 30 feet deep by means of a bucket. Baths in winter were almost out of the question, and even in the summer they were regarded as an occasion of more than ordinary importance, for which preparations had to be made hours ahead of the great event. A cubic foot of water weighs 621/2 pounds, and in all these years the number of tons this woman had lifted had made poetic - allusions to "ironbound" and "moss-covered" buckets a good deal like saying "rope" to a man about to be hanged.—Farming.

Man's Walk Shows Age.

"You can tell a man's age by his hands," said one of the girls. "They get knotty and veined and terrible. They get old sooner than his face."

"You can tell it most of all, I think," said the woman, "by his walk. I know a man who has been one of the brightest minds of his time, who is still the best company I know; but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home along the hall it made me awfully sad to see the heavy, old, old way in which he walked."

Honeymoon Literature.

The young couple drove to the railway after the wedding, accompanied by the best man, who had once been in love with the bride. Just before the train started he handed a book too the bride, saying: "You will find that a capital book to read on your honeymoon." After the train had started the young husband said: "What book is that Tom has given you?" Together they looked at it. It was Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey."

A REWARD OF FAITH.

Conclusion Drawn from the Destruc-

· A congregation in a hilly district in Ohio bought a small tract of land and erected a church building upon it, says the Youth's Companion. Then the question of insurance came up. Mr. Sipes, the wealthlest member. fish nadt evem beindirinee bad odw the money needed for the new structure, declared that he did not believe in insurance, "This is the Lord's building. He'll take care of it," he said. His view prevailed and there was no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost totally consumed by fire. Another one was erected, Mr. Sipes contributing the greater portion of the fund as before. This time the demand was almost unanimous that it be insured, but Mr. Sipes again objected on the same ground. "If it burns down again, brethren," he said, "I'll agree to rebuild it myself." Again he carried his point. In less than a month the new church was struck by lightning again, and although strenuous efforts were made to save it, the loss was almost total. "There must be some reason for this, brethren," said Brother Sipes. "I am going to find out what it is." Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the twice destroyed church. Within a few days a rich vein of iron ore was found and the church property was sold for many times the amount needed to buy land in another locality and build again. "I tell you, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "it pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

CURE FOR MORBID WOMEN.

Work and Laughter Will Exorcise Demon of Discontent.

When people have real trouble to contend with they do not sit down and analyze their emotions and remember whether this person or that person looked to the right or to the left when they spoke to them, and exactly what the tones of their voice and the elevation of their eyebrows meant, as the morbid woman does. Morbidness should be accounted a wicked demon that can be driven out. Healthy companionship, laughter, long walks in the sunshine and plenty of work will exorcise the wicked little imp Discontent and make its victim the happy, healthful, hopeful, woman she should be. Form a resolve not to be constantly thinking of self, and you will be surprised to discover how

Old Church in Alaska.

upon existence.—Exchange.

much less complicated is your outlook

In Sitka, Alaska, is one of the most ancient and historic churches in the dominion of the United States. It was built many years ago when Russia ruled there, and the site of a Grecian spire overshadowing the simple shrine in the wilderness was dear to homesick Russian hearts. Solid silver candlesticks, stx feet high. guard the altar and a massive chandeller of rich silver hangs from the dome. On the walls hang paintings from masters of the old world, the altar vestments are encrusted with priceless lewels, and the robes of the priests, displayed to interested tourists, are richly embroidered in precious stones. The church has no pews, the worshippers standing in groups about the church while the two hours' service is in progress.

Driving Into Nets.

In the old days every southern gentleman had his net for quail. The drive was an event in the county. Our youth of te-day may never enjoy such sport. In the proper season the neighbors were invited. All came on horseback, for while quail will rise from the approach of a dog or man, they will run along the ground ahead of a gentle horse. Much skill was required to drive a covey into the net. As many as 30 horsemen would form a semicircle and slowly, patiently, allently make the round-up, all driving toward the common center, yet from one general direction only, and that always against the wind. The net had been set facing the wind. An impatient man on a fractious horse might destroy the work of half a day by flushing entire coveys.

"That fortune-teller got all mixed up on my husbands," said she, as they left the tent. "He said I had had two; then he wouldn't say I would have three. I thought that was mean of him. Instead, he kept on saying what a nice husband I had now what a

Fortune Teller's Blunder.

him. Instead, he kept on saying what a nice husband I had mow, what a fine man he was and all that idlocy. Why, my husband is the meanest little brute that ever lived. I haven't laid eyes on him for two years. Now, why do you suppose the fortune teller kept on saying he was such a nice husband?" she demanded. "That's easy," said he. "He thought I was your husband and he'd get to tell my fortune when he had finished with yours."

One Use for Catalogues.

The American consul at Nankin utters a caution to his fellow countrymen, who spend lavishly on illustrated catalogues on thick paper, handsomely bound, which appear to be highly prized by the Chinese at Nankin, where the supply is at times unequal to the demand. As the English language is not yet a general accomplishment among the citizens, the consul made inquiries and discovered that the leaves of the catalogues were being used as inside soles for shoes.

Rillion aubdomadale y \$6.00.

LAMUSEMENT FOR THE BOYS.

Scientific Playthings Which Are Not Hard to Make.

"It is a great wonder to me," said an old chemist to a Philadelphia Record man, "why more boys do not take up chemical experiments as an amuse ment. Why, I can do things with the common materials of everyday life which really seem to be more magical to the uninitiated than any of the won ders that are ordinarily performed by magicians on the public stage. Some of them are so simple that by carrying them out at a parlor entertainment a bright boy could achieve the reputation of a magician. Now, there are those curious little bubbles of glass known variously as 'Prince Rupert's drops' and as 'Dutch tears.' Apparently they are little globules of glass with elongated tails made by heating a small glass rod in a flame and allowing the molten drops to fall into water. After they have cooled you may pound the thick part with a hammer or mailet, yet you cannot break them. On the other hand, if you break a little piece off their tails, or touch any part of them with a quartz crystal, they will disappear into the surrounding atmosphere quicker than snow will melt on a hot fire. To the person who does not know how this has happened the performance is so astonishing as to seem unpumny."

Good Joke on Official Who Had Prehibited the Song.

"The Wearing of the Green;" which Dion Boucicault used to sing in one of his Irish dramas at the old Aderohi theater, was sung for the first time in the house of commons last week on the occasion of the dinner given to the colonial premiers by the Irish nationalist party, says the Pall Mail Gazette. It reminds one of the joke practiced by the late Sir William Wilde (father of Oscar Wilde) on the then attorney general for Ireland, who had prohibited Boucleault from singing this same song when performing in Dublin with his company. It must be remembered that there is no licenser of plays in Ireland, but the "Castle" has often put its foot down in the case of songs with a seditious reputation. Shortly afterward Sir William invited Bouckault to dinner to meet "a friend." The dramatist came, and sang the terrible tune to the friend, who that morning had of: ficially prohibited it at the old Theater Royal, being none other than theattorney general himself.

Size of Central-American States: Very few people have a correct impression of the size of Central America as a whole, or of its states, taken separately, says a writter-in the Review of Reviews. California seems like a Targe state. It extends 770 miles along the Pacific and has an extreme width of 375 miles. If California were laid end for end on Central America it would cover it with the exception of Salvador, which, is just the size of New Jersey and on. cupies a little over 7,000 square miles. Stated in another way, if Central America were lifted bodlly and laid down on our Atlantic coast it would just hide all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In short, it has a combined area of approximately 167,000 square miles. Individually, aside from Salvador, already mentioned, the states couldbe compared as follows: Honduras to Pennsylvania, 45,000 square miles; Gautemala to Mississippi, 47,000; Nicaragua to New York, 49,000; Costa-Rica to Vermont and New Hampshire,

Smoke From the Sta:

One of the peculiar phenomens of the arctic regions is "sea smoke." the boiling kettle which rises from the water when the temperature is 15 degrees below zero.

At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies emit this vapor, which changes into tiny icide particles which fill the air and make a light noise like the rustle of silk.

At 40 degrees tree trunks burst with a loud report, rocks break up and streams of smoking water flow from great cracks in the earth's surface, knives break in cutting butter and lighted cigars go out by contact with the ice upon the beard.—Philadeiphia Record.

Love's Magic Power.
George had been away on business for a whole long week, and during that

for a whole long week, and during that time he had sent Clara ten letters, six postal cards and 42 picture postcards.

Why, then, was, there a touch of coldness in her greeting when he flew to her arms on his return?

"Dearest," he whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, George," she said, "you didn't send me a kiss in your ninth better!"
"My precious," he replied, "that night I had steak and onions for dinner, and you wouldn't have tiked a kiss after onions, would you!"—Stray Stories.

Be Not Afraid.

He has not learned the lesson of his life who does not every day surmount a fear. If you have no faith in a beneficent power above you, but see only an adamantine fate coiling its folds about nature and man, then reflect that the best use of fate is to teach us courage. If you have no confidence in any foreign mind then be brave because there is always one good opinion which must always be of importance to you—namely, your own.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MARE THE FOUR-EVED JUNK.

Only to Be Seen at Night—Death and Pestilence in Her Waks.

If the ghostly proa is the South sease version of the "Swimmer," the following story might be considered as the Chinese or Japanese version of the Flying Dutchman, save that it lacks a motive for the course. It comes from out of the Yellow sea, where the water fairly sizzles with romance and devilment, says the New York Herald. The story of the Four-Eyed Junk is known in the islands of Japan, in the Philippines, down through the Malacca straits to India and even to Mauritas. Ah Foo, the three-eyed commands her.

mands her. A Chinese junk, she was originally manned by the ghosts of a rebellious mandarin and his bodyguard, who keep watch and ward over the pearl fisheries they guarded during their lives. Since the advent of the white man in those waters the crew was changed, and now she is freighted with a crew of Malays, "Chinks," Lascars and what not. All the offscourings of the seven seas have, in sourse of time, been added to her original complement. She is only to he seen at night, when she floats from moon-splashed wave to moonspinshed wave, all sliently, save for the rattle of primitive block and tackle or the eerie flap of the great mat sail. Death and postilence are inher path, so if you run across her inthuse seas beware.

TEMPTATIONS OF A MINISTER

Questions of the Day Thrust Upon-Him in the Publit.

The temptation to be other than a mere preacher comes to a minister, not only from within his own mind, from reading and observation, but the people of his parish and his neighborhood thrust other suggestions upon him. One parishioner wants his opinion on the Sunday closing law, another wants a book reviewed, another likes to see his clergyman quoted in the local newspapers, the local papers like to get the ministers to discuss public questions.

In this way, as well as by original thought, a minister has the questions of the day thrust upon him. Not only that, but there are many ministers of great success and great influence who have always faced the questions of the day, discussed them and fought for their interpretation of them.

So the minister who believes in preaching gospel and nothing but gospel is opposing some accepted facts as well as proposing a worthy theory.

—Seattle Times.

The Shortest Hour "What is your shortest hour in the day?" asked a business man of an noquaintance. "Don't say you have none. You have, although you may not know it. Everybody has. Of course, reckoned by actual measurements, each hour is somposed of 60 minutes, yet, notwithstanding that chronological exactness, the hours vary in length. My shortest hour infrom two to three o'clock in the afternoon. I find upon inquiry that that is the shortest period for many people. In my case, so swiftly do those 60 minutes hurry by that I try to growd into them as many of the diagreenble yet inevitable things of lifeas I possibly can. M I have to interview a bore I see him then; if I have to visit the dentist I do it then. That Hour is bound to slip away quickly, nomatter what happens, therefore theagony of disagreeable scenes seems: of shorter duration."

Q. E. D.

At a dinner given by a high officials at Washington a distinguished Frenchman, who was visiting this country as a delegate to a certain industrial conference, gave expression to extravagant praise of his beloved France. His neighbor at table, on the right, would smile and bow in polite acquiescence every time the visitor would mention an instance of France's superlimity above every other nation.

"The French," exclaimed he, "are the politest people on earth."

The neighbor at table again smilled

The neightor at table again smilled and bowed.

A little piqued by the other's allence, the Frenchman asked: "Amer-

icans admit, do they not, the superiority of the French in politeness?"

"O, yes," came the reply; that's
politeness."—Lippincott's Maga-

"Strong Even in Death."

There is a characteristic story of an American woman—formerly well known in London—that will bear repeating, says a writer in London Truth. The lady is said to have written the following letter to a royal personage:

"Sir—My medicinal attendants-have just informed me that I am in a hopeless condition. I should dis happy did I know that you would be represented at my funeral. I inclose a sheck for £1,000 to cover all expenses."

Bearchlights at Niagara.

Effective use has been made from time to time of searchlights at Niagara for illuminating the gorge, etc. Citizens of Niagara Falls now propose to make a regular installation for the purpose, and an illuminating expert is giving his attention to the subject. At night Niagara is not seen except under moonlight, and it is believed that some very beautiful effects can be obtained by throwing artificial daylight on the scene, with color transitions.

## L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS