

MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Autograph Fend an Easy Mark for the Unscrupulous.

W. E. Collett, secretary of the Colorado Prison association, was talking in Denver about 50 autograph letters from widows that he recently received wherein each widow offered gladly to marry one of Mr. Collett's proteges...

He smiled and went on: "An autograph fend who collects mere signatures is rather a fool, and he is very easily taken in."

"According to this story, an autograph fend walked into an old curiosity shop and said:

"You advertise that you have autographs of Washington and Shakespeare for sale. If your terms are reasonable, I should like to purchase specimens of each of those autographs."

The proprietor bowed politely. Then he went to the back of the shop and said to a man who was painting a large canvas on an easel:

"Put away that Rembrandt for the present, Jim, and write me out an autograph of Washington and one of Shakespeare. Gentleman waiting outside."

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

Dairy Product is So Sold in City of Cambridge, England.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridge-shire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound.

The butter women, who in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares.

Constant practice and experienced eyes enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped product. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for being served to the students in the daily commons.

Cut in conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a staid portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at breakfast and tea.—The Sunday Magazine.

Music Von Moltke Loved.

Arthur M. Abell in his sympathetic memorial article on Joachim tells the following interesting story of von Moltke and the great violinist. A more ardent lover of music than Helmholtz von Moltke never lived.

He was an intimate friend of Joachim, and the great violinist was a frequent guest at his house. When the two illustrious men were quite alone Joachim would take his violin and play Spohr adagio for hours—for Moltke would bear nothing else on such occasions.

Once, Joachim, after having played Spohr to him for two hours, said: "Wouldn't you like to hear a couple of Hungarian dances for a change?"

"No," replied von Moltke, "I prefer Spohr adagio; if you don't tire of playing them, I never tire of hearing them." So the violinist kept on with Spohr until far into the night.

Are You Left-Eared?

"Left-eared" said the physician. "Most of you girls are."

"Left-eared?" said the young lady from the telephone exchange.

"Yes, left-eared. The same as left-handed. That is to say, is your left ear better at its work than your right one?"

She did not know, so he tested her, finding, sure enough, that her left ear was a little the better of the two.

"It is a natural thing," he said. "You girls use the left ear exclusively all day long in your telephone work, and the right ear has nothing to do. Hence the left, like a muscle, develops; the right atrophies."

"Indeed," he added, "if the telephone comes into much greater use we shall have not merely left-eared exchange girls, but we shall become a left-eared nation."

Second-Hand English.

Swede (to Englishman at Colorado Springs, noting that the Englishman's accent was unlike that of the other inhabitants)—How long do you bane in dese country?

Englishman—Nine months.

Swede—You bane spake de language putty good already. Ven you bane in dese country two years you vill spake as well as de people here.

Englishman (amazingly)—Man alive! I am from the country where this language is manufactured. What you are learning to speak is second-hand English.—Judge.

Worse.

"It is a pity that there are so many people who tell falsehoods."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but think how much worse it would be if we had to accept all the gossip we hear as positively true."

DOLLARS LOOKED TOO NEW.

Caused Scare in the Business Circles of California.

There has been a funny counterfeit scare out in southern California, especially in Los Angeles and San Diego. All at once a large number of silver dollars dated 1878 made their appearance in business circles.

They seemed to spring out of the ground. It was not long until nearly everybody had some of the money. Then some one started the story that all the money was counterfeit.

Because the money was all new-looking, as if it were just out of a machine, a great scare resulted and people refused longer to accept the dollars. The police got busy and an appeal was made to the secret service.

Several specimens of the alleged counterfeit were sent to Chief Wilki, who at once pronounced them genuine—as good as Uncle Sam ever turned out in his life.

It was discovered that many of these dollars had been lying in the subtreasury at San Francisco for years without being put into circulation. The subtreasurer died some time ago and a new man was appointed in his way some of the money got into circulation.

KITCHENETTE IS THE LATEST.

Up-to-Date City Apartments Must Be So Supplied.

"There is a great unsatisfied demand at present for apartments and rooms with kitchenettes," said a woman real estate agent who caters to tenants in the theater and hotel district.

"A real kitchenette is a perfectly appointed kitchen on a small scale, fitted rather prettily for the use of tenants rather than servants, with plenty of light, ventilation, porcelain sink and ice box, and provided with drains, electric cooking apparatus and fans, or else an up-to-date gas range.

"But the average kitchenette that one finds in the reconstructed dwelling is merely a small room or else a large cupboard and some means for cooking.

"Kitchenetting is a good deal of an art, though, and not so much of a picnic as it seems. It does not go on of itself, for instance, but requires a little thought and care and planning to be a success."—Chicago Journal.

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl, five years old or so, living in an inland town up the state, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. Near her home there was no river, nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York, and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay, and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth, white sand. You stand on it and look out upon the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

"The child sat trying to picture it, then, in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"

Secrets May Not Be Hidden.

Lord Esher, deputy governor of Windsor castle, is a confidential servant of the British crown, and was intrusted with the selection from the correspondence of Queen Victoria. Besides this, at the instance of King Edward, he is busy framing an amendment to existing law concerning official secrets, which shall place stringent restrictions on those retired servants of the state who make copy and money by writing books out of things they have learned in the service.

and, in fact, shall "muzzle" these indiscreet gossips. And yet it remains true, that word of Scripture that "Nothing is hidden that shall not be made known"—and the archives of Simancas and the papyrus of Egypt tell their stories.

Earthquake-Proof House.

Colonel Henry E. C. Kitchener, Lord Kitchener's eldest brother, who resigned from the British army several years ago to become a banana planter in Jamaica, is now in England purchasing material for the construction of an earthquake proof house on the "Kitchener" model, says the Cement Age.

Colonel Kitchener's residence in the suburbs of Kingston was badly damaged by an earthquake. He has decided to build a house with walls composed of rows of drain pipes placed on end and filled with cement, with layers of cement between, with a casing of cement on the outside and thin wood inside. He declares that this combination will resist any earthquake.

The Syrian Cigarette Lighter.

For lighting their cigarettes the native population of Turkey uses a kind of insect manufactured in Syria in Austria. It consists of brown paper impregnated with saltpetre, each strip of which is perforated so that it may be torn easily into small slips, and is provided with a match head. About \$30,000 worth is imported each year.

Famous Speech Explained.

"Don't give up the ship!" exclaimed Lawrence.

We never can realize how he felt. Evidently there were souvenir hunters in those days.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CAUSED MEN TO LAUGH.

But Women Saw No Reason for Levity in Ruined Headgear.

Men's sense of humor is peculiar. For example, every man in the vicinity of Broadway and Spring street chuckled gleefully the other day over an accident that reduced the women present to a state of tears.

A small, one-horse wagon loaded with parking cases was run into by a heavy truck. The small wagon was hit so hard that several of the cases were jolted off and broken open, scattering the contents over the street.

The demolished merchandise consisted of women's headgear. There were felt and velvet hats, feathers, flowers and ribbon. Most of the hats were bent and crushed into even more ridiculous shapes than had been designed by the milliner, and the feathers and flowers were crushed. That was what tickled the men.

"Women's hats, by George!" exclaimed a strapping young fellow who carried two suit cases. "Somebody's finery has gone to smash, and some poor devil of a man has escaped paying a tremendous bill."

At that exhibition of alleged wit every other man of high or low degree laughed uproariously, and continued to laugh until the wreckage had been scraped up and the little comedy of the streets was played out.—New York Press.

FIRE FORTY-TWO SHOTS.

A Lengthy and Harmless Duel Between Two Italians.

A remarkable duel was fought in Naples recently. It arose out of a quarrel between two Neapolitan aristocrats, to settle which a duel was arranged. When, however, the combatants were facing each other, sword in hand, a reconciliation was effected.

Then a fresh dispute arose between Signor San Malato, one of the principals, a noted fencer, and Signor Basillone, one of the seconds, with the result that a second duel was arranged between them, to continue until one of them was incapacitated.

The weapons were to be pistols. Both parties, though famed as fencers, proved very bad shots, for at 65 feet distance 41 shots were exchanged without the shedding of blood.

At the forty-second shot, however, San Malato grazed his opponent's cheek, making a slight abrasion.

The seconds then intervened, honor was declared satisfied, and the duellists embraced each other amid the report says, a touching scene.

Both combatants were congratulated upon their coolness under this hail of bullets. The affair lasted exactly three hours and a half.

He Just Threw.

A boy working in a garden in the village of Grifton, O., saw a dog passing along the street and, of course, he picked up a stone and took a throw. The stone hit the dog, and the canine ran under the feet of a team of horses. The horses ran away and dashed into the front of a store.

A man in getting out of their way fell and broke his leg. A man and a woman in the store were badly hurt. The damage to the store was \$100. One horse was killed and the wagon smashed, and that counted up \$200 more.

It's fun to throw a stone at a dog and see him get a hump on himself, but sometimes the thing doesn't end with a laugh. In this case the boy who did the throwing is in jail and wishing he hadn't done it.—Boston Globe.

Young Woman's Paradise.

"If some of the stories told about servant girls in California be true it may well be regarded as the young woman's paradise," says the London Chronicle. "A girl went to Los Angeles from England to cook and do general housework in a small family for £7 (\$35) a month. Going from a relative's house in San Fernando valley to begin her duties for the first time, she had to walk half a mile to the trolley cars. A rancher came along in his buggy and asked her to ride. Before the trolley cars were reached the rancher had proposed and, instead of going to work, the girl went to the parson and was married. She now milks five cows daily, cooks three meals, irrigates the garden and does not regret the quick courtship."

Artful.

A bank manager in charge of a country branch was a very good sportsman, and extremely fond of snipe shooting. A customer of the bank called in one day and asked him to have a day's shooting, which he accepted. The customer, standing with the door of the manager's room half open, said aloud, so that it should be heard in the bank itself:

"Well, that's all right, then?" "Yes, that's all right," repeated the manager, upon which the customer stepped up to the counter, and presented his check for \$500, which was promptly cashed, although his account was considerably overdrawn.

Corn.

If a tourist from the other side of the world should cross the United States in October he would be profoundly impressed by the corn fields. The straight rows of shocks on the immense farms in the west would excite the traveler's wonder as much as the rice fields of Japan, the tea plantations of northern India, or the wheat fields of the Nile astinsh and delight the American who beholds them for the first time.—Philadelphia Press.

HOW WORLD IS TO END.

Scientific Forecast as Made by a Learned Professor.

A scientific forecast of how the end of the world might come has been given by Prof. Ellard Gore. His theory is that final cataclysm may possibly be the result of a collision between the sun and some dark dead, derelict planet. Although astronomers have no actual proof that such dead suns exist, without life or light, and careering about in space, they believe it quite possible. The result of a collision between the sun and a dark planet would be that the former's light and heat would be enormously increased and the earth instantly destroyed by combustion.

Prof. Gore tells how we should be warned of our approaching doom. "When about 150,000,000 miles from the sun the dark body would begin to shine by reflected light. In about ten years it would have become so bright as to be visible to the naked eye. In 15 years it would be brighter than any object except the moon. Very soon afterward would come the great catastrophe of its collision, moving at 400 miles a second, with the sun moving at the same speed."

FELT HIS NEW DIGNITY.

Minister to Siam Realized He Had Position to Keep Up.

John Barrett, chief of the bureau of American republics, after various other experiments in diplomacy, came to Washington from Oregon during President Cleveland's second term to get anything he could.

He brought a bunch of Oregon boomers with him, and for a time they stayed at the best hotels. The job was slow in coming and they went from cheaper place to cheaper place, like Mark Twain's office-seeker, until they were forced to eat at one of the lunch places on Pennsylvania avenue.

One night, while they were eating dinner, word came that President Cleveland had decided to appoint Barrett minister to Siam. Barrett rose from the table and put on his coat.

"Hold on, John," cried one of his companions in misfortune, "where are you going? Aren't you going to finish your dinner?"

"Gentlemen," said Barrett, as he stalked out, "this is no place for the minister to Siam to dine."—Saturday Evening Post.

Worth Waiting For.

"I am proud of my business," says William J. Butting, the manager of Coney Island's Dreamland. "Life without wholesome amusement would be a dreary thing, as dreary as the town of Peebles. A drummer, after a hard day's work there, started out in the evening to look for some amusement. In the empty street he saw but one man, a very old man, and he said to this graybeard: 'What time does the theater open?' 'Theater?' said the old man. 'We have no theater here.' 'Well, the music hall, then?' The old man shook his head and frowned. 'No, no,' he murmured, 'there's nothing of that kind in Peebles. 'But, goodness, gracious,' exclaimed the drummer, 'have you no amusement at all in this outlandish place?' 'Oh aye,' said the other. 'If ye wait till eight o'clock ye can see them shift the freight train.'"

Chicago University Library.

The university has already collected a library of 460,000 volumes. Generous appropriations are made annually for the purpose of desired additions. The whole world is being drawn upon for rare books essential for completeness in a given line of study. Now publications in fifty departments of education are being bought. Files are being kept up to date. Already so far as size is concerned, this library ranks among the largest in the country, with every assurance of continued increase in its facilities. Taken with the other great libraries of Chicago, it helps to make 2,000,000 volumes available in the city. But its usefulness has been impaired sadly by the lack of adequate stack room and improved machinery of administration.

A Subject of Common Interest.

He had sent for the two sisters. They hadn't met before in years. There was a property division that necessitated their agreement.

When they came together in his private office he softly stole out and left them together.

Ten minutes later he returned and looked in. They were close together and talking animatedly. He listened. Were they recalling early days or were they considering the division of the bequest?

Again he listened. They were merely comparing notes on the best way to trim a black skirt.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Experience.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings.

"Yes," answered the skeptic, "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."

Getting Proof of It.

She—There's old Prof. Knowitall, the famous entomologist, always nosing about bugs and things. What do you think he's up to now?

He—What?

She—He is trying to smell out the social life of the insect tribes.

He—Well, there are moth balls.

GEORGIA GETS HONOR

FIRST TO NAME CITY AFTER FATHER OF COUNTRY.

Town of Washington Christened in 1779—History Proving Contentious of Resident Brought to Light and Fixed by Records.

Washington, Ga.—After much and long protracted discussion it has been settled when, where and how this town was named in honor of George Washington. These are the facts as they have been ascertained.

The name Washington was chosen by the people of Wilkes county for their new town in the year 1779, and confirmed by the general assembly in January, 1780.

Historians have been prone to doubt and question these dates, claiming that in 1780 was the "dark year" in Georgia and that no session of the general assembly was held in that year. Augusta had fallen, Savannah had fallen and the whole state was in the hands of the enemy. This is very nearly true, but not quite so.

The "ceded lands," which seven years previous had been bought from the Indians and called Wilkes, for John Wilkes, our friend in the British parliament, was one spot in the state not under British rule. This was due to our victory at the battle of Kettle Creek.

Stephen Heard, president of the assembly, was acting governor, because George Walton, the governor, was in Philadelphia attending the council there. And Wilkes county being the only spot free from British rule, Stephen Heard moved the state papers and records to the courthouse at Heard's Fort. Heard's Fort, therefore, became the capital of Georgia for the time being. And it was here that the only session of the state legislature or assembly was held in the year 1780. It was at this session that the act was passed confirming the name Washington chosen for the little town to be laid out around the site of Heard's Fort.

In Wilkes' latest, the oldest compilation of the legislative acts of Georgia, will be found the proofs of this statement, as follows:

"Section 19. And whereas it is essentially necessary for the convenience of suitors and ministers of public justice that the building of a small town in the county of Wilkes should be encouraged, be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that five commissioners be appointed by this house, and said commissioners so to be appointed, or any three of them, be empowered to lay out 100 acres of land circumjacent to the said place into a town and common, and the same be sold and granted in the manner pointed out in this act—and be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid that William Downs, Barnard Heard, John Gorham, Daniel Coleman and John Dooley, Esquires, be a board of commissioners for acting under this act, representing the town at the courthouse in Wilkes county, which shall be called Washington."

There you have the proof that the general assembly confirmed the name in the year 1780, for "Watkin's Digest," printed in 1880, is indisputable authority.

Now for the proof that the people of Wilkes had selected the name for their town in the year 1779. John Dooley, one of the commissioners mentioned in the act, was killed soon after the battle of Kettle Creek, in 1779; therefore the act appointing him commissioner and naming the town must of necessity be determined upon before his death, February, 1779.

The original plot of the 100 acres as laid out by the commissioners is still in existence, and is among the treasures of the Mary Willis library, in Washington.

CELESTIAL CALAMITY AT YALE.

Scion of Royal Family Plunged on Head in Deep Marsh Hole.

New Haven, Conn.—An international calamity marked the first of the Yale geological outings, when a number of the students under the guidance of Prof. Barrett started on an expedition to the quarries along Stony creek. With the party was Ponson Carlos Chu of Shanghai, a scion of the royal family of China, whose father is high in the government life of the country.

Riding to the quarries in a freight car, the students spent several hours, starting back through the marshes for a short cut to the railroad. Ponson is one of the dandiest sports Yale has seen in several years, and he nearly fainted at the sight of the marsh and looked at his new fall costume. Accepting the offer of Arthur Mullin, of Salem, O., to carry him across on his back, all went well until Mullin stepped into an ensen hole to his waist and was thrown head foremost, his head going deep into the mud and his princely legs sticking up in the air. He was rescued, but his face had changed from the Mongolian yellow to the sallow hue of the Ethiopian.

Ponson says geology is a hard course.

Gerónimo Bells War Bonnet.

Collinsville, I. T.—Robert W. Bell, of Washington, bought the old war bonnet that Gerónimo wore in his last battle with Gen. Miles, paying the old chief \$100 for the buckskin and feathers. He says the bonnet will be given to the Smithsonian institution.

Citizens, and Whole County Converted.

Jewell City, Kan.—For converting the mayor of Jewell Evangelist Biederwolf was given a free will offering of \$1,000. The meetings lasted for two weeks, and 600 of the most prominent citizens of the county took their stand on the side of Christianity. The whole county was swept by an unprecedented revival.

SWAMP LANDS ARE VALUABLE.

If Reclaimed by Country, Would Pay National Debt Twice Over.

Washington—It is estimated that there are 77,000,000 acres of swamp lands in the eastern portion of the United States that can be reclaimed and made fit for cultivation by the building of simple engineering structures. Collected in one body, they would make an empire as large as England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales or as large as the New England states or as large as New York and half of New Jersey.

They would make a strip of land 133 miles wide reaching from New York to Chicago. Every state in the union east of a line drawn through North Dakota and Texas has a share of this un-reclaimed region.

The present value of this un-reclaimed swamp land is reckoned by government experts at eight dollars an acre, or \$618,000,000 for the whole. Estimating the cost of drainage at \$15 an acre, the total cost would be \$1,171,000,000. After drainage is completed the government experts figure the value of the land would jump almost immediately to \$60 an acre, making the total value of the 77,000,000 acres when improved \$4,620,000,000, leaving a net increase in value of \$2,849,000,000.

If the government should take these lands from the persons who own them at the rate of six dollars an acre, improve them at a cost of \$15 an acre and sell them again for \$60 an acre the profit would pay off the national debt twice over and leave enough to run the government for a year without the expenditure of a cent of the revenue now coming into the treasury. This balance would also complete the Panama canal and build the lakes-gulf waterway down the Mississippi if the usual revenue were used to pay the expenses of the government instead.

EATS NUTS; HAS FINE HEALTH.

Squirrel's Fare and Water Year Around Sylvester's Only Diet.

Boston—George B. Sylvester, of Roxbury, eats nuts and nothing else of the year round, doesn't drink tea, coffee or stimulants, the only liquid that Mr. Sylvester drinks is warm water that is taken after half of his meal of nuts is consumed.

Mr. Sylvester is a bachelor and lodges at 27 Montrose street, Roxbury. He is 61 years of age, and began to live on nuts two and a half years ago, finding it a cheaper way of living, and enjoys the best of health since he stopped eating other food.

Mr. Sylvester wanted some nutriment to take the place of meat, which was harmful to him in hot weather and didn't seem to agree with him in winter, so he decided to live on nuts, finding as much and more nutriment in them than meat. Peanuts, chestnuts and all other nuts in their season are eaten by Mr. Sylvester. The only time he breaks his diet is Christmas and Thanksgiving.

"Meal-eating is the most important thing in living on nuts," said Mr. Sylvester to the reporter. "If the nuts are chewed until no taste remains they are swallowed, they are the healthiest and best thing for a man to live on. They don't make you good looking, as you can see by me, that's why you can't have my picture, but for a man 61 years old I'm as healthy as can be found in Boston." Judging from Mr. Sylvester's looks his statement is right.

OWL FIGHTS LIKE EAGLE.

Huntsman Interferes with Its Pursuit of a Squirrel.

Allentown, Pa.—Adam Bohlinger, of Upper Millford, the other morning started for the Coleraine mountains on a squirrel hunt. He started early, so as to arrive just before sunrise, when the squirrels begin to feed.

Just as dawn was breaking Mr. Bohlinger saw a monster owl sitting through the woods, and the next instant it darted for a squirrel.

It missed and tried again. Then Bohlinger fired. It dropped and Bohlinger tried to pick it up and immediately discovered that instead of killing it he had only succeeded in breaking its wing.

The wounded owl fastened its talons in Bohlinger's hand and put up so desperate a fight that before the hunter succeeded in killing it his face and hands were torn and scratched in a frightful manner and he was totally exhausted.

A physician dressed and cauterized his wounds.

The owl is one of the biggest seen along these mountains in many years, and Bohlinger will have it stuffed and mounted.

Youth Makes Find in Skies.

Milwaukee.—J. L. Mellish, of Cottage Grove, Dane county, has discovered another comet, making the second comet he has located this year. Mellish is 20 years old and works with a telescope of his own manufacture. His discoveries are considered of great importance by Prof. G. S. Comstock, of the Washburn observatory, who has informed the observatory of the country of the exploits and discoveries of the youth.