CURED OF SOLITAIRE PLAY I

How One Wife Put Stop to Her Husband's Preoccupation With the Game.

My husband used to be a solitaire feed," said a woman the other day. "He used to come home nights and play several games while I was prejaring linner. After eating-and he would harry that he would rush to This card table and play until late at 'night. If this had happened only once 'a week it would have been different ,and I would not have said a word about it. As it was, he would play every night we were not going out together

"I like card playing, but when it comes to making the game of solitaire 'an occupation, I draw the line.

"I worried and fretted about the 'proposition as I thought it was doing 'my Lusband larm, as well as keeping him from being sociable, until I thought I would have gray hair. I remonstrated, argued, fought and shed tears, but all to no avail. Finally I hit amon a scheme

As I was an unusually poor card player my husband had criticized me several times for my ignorance, good humoredly, of course, and I decided to dearn to play solitaire also. I bought a pack of playing cards and one even ing at dinner I told the solitare fiend that I wanted him to teach me the igame. He was delighted to think I at last had come to his side and he said be would instruct me that very night.

"Accordingly, after we had tidied up the dining room-he helped me that time-we started in on the single handed game. My husband sweated and almost swore at times and he called me a bonehead and several other names that mean the same thing. Finally he gave it up in disgust and he has not played cards since.

THOUGHT TIN WAS SILVER

Chinese Pirates Meet Bitter Disappointment After Risking Their Necks for Loot.

It was a surprise to the Chinese pirates who looted the Pacific Mail liner Asia, wrecked in Oriental waters sometime ago, when what they believed to be slabs of silver turned out to be nothing but tin. They were more than disappointed in view of the fact that they had risked their necks sto get the supposed precious metal and had conveyed it a great distance in sampans to dispose of it.

According to W. W. Pipkin, conmected with the Chinese maritime customs service, who arrived the other day of the liner Persia, there were at least 100 small Chinese fishing boats that put in at various places laden with tin. In their haste to get away with the cheap but shining metal the pirates had overlooked the more valuable silks and other rich far eastern products which were in the Asia's

There is nothing now visible of the old Pacific mailer, according to pasmengers on the Persia, which passed close to where her sister ship went to her doom on the treacherous crags that seem to beckon mockingly out of the mist that incessantly hangs over them. What portions of the steamer swere not broken up by salvers were dismembered by the beating seas.-San Francisco Chronicle.

The Word Raid in Italian. A correspondent seems to be jamused because the Italians, borrowing the English word ride, in a special mense, choose to spell it phonetically In accordance with their own sound #ystem.

But this surely is neither abourd mor unusual. In French, for example. we have rosbif, raout, bouledogue, and other words which illustrate the same principle; and in English there is breeze, from the French brise (or Spanish briza); junket, from the Italian gluncata; coracle, from the Welsh cwrwgl; reel, from the Gaelic sighil, in all of which and in many, other words an attempt has been, made to represent the foreign sound by a more or less phonetic English spelling.

The word raid is not quite new. however, in Italian. I find it several times in an Italian newspaper of more than four years ago which I happen to have at hand, e. g. "il raid Pekino (Parigi."-From a Letter in the Spec-

Minerals in the Human Body. The human body contains, among sther constituents, about two pounds of phosphorus, which is esesuital to the bealth of the bones and the vigor of the brain. This phosphorus, if exkracted and put to another use, would make up about 4,000 packages of fric-

Besides phosphorus the body con-Rains a few ounces of sodium and half an ounce of potassium. The quantity mf the latter would be sufficient for many experiments in a class of chemistry.

ition matches.

In addition to sodium and potassium abore are a few grains of magnesium. issough to make the "sliver rain" for a family's stock of rockets on a Fourth of July evening or to create a brilliant light visible at a couniderable dishance.—Harper's Weekly.

> Not Disappointed. "My wife reads the marriage no-Moss carefully every day. Wouldn't mine a day for worlds." "Why not?"

"Oh, about once every six years pomebody gets married that she KROWS."

MYSTERY OF LAKE BAIKAL

Budy of Water Remote From Ocean Contains Many Organisms Apparently Marine.

The riddle of Lake Baikal, in central Asia, is similar to that of Lake Tanganyika, in central Africa. In both cases a large body of fresh water, remote from the ocean, contains organisms apparently marine. Both lakes, again, contain a very large number of species not found elsewhere. Lake Baikal contains numerous salmon and, seals as well as three species of herrung - It also contains a few mollusca of apparently marine forms.

One of the most remarkable features of the lake, perhaps, is that, although it is frozen over for about five months in the year, the animal life is extremely abundant and varied. This may be partly accounted for, perhaps, by the existence of hot springs.

One of the latest attempts to answer the riddle of Lake Baikal is that of the Russian investigator Berg. Of the 33 specimens of fish found in the lake he finds that 14 are peculiar to it, while 19 have a wide distribution in Siberia and Europe.

Many of these peculiar species are without near relations anywhere. Of the moliusca 90 per cent. are peculiar. Berg does not think the facts demand the hypothesis that the lake was once marine. He believes that it has always been fresh and that the fauna peculiar to it have had a twofold origin. A part has originated in the lake itself during the long ages of its existence, and the rest is a portion of the prehistoric fresh water fauna of Siberia which it has preserved.—Harper's Weekly

PUPILS PREPARED FOR HIM

Member of School Board Finds They Need No Lesson in Pronunciation From Him.

The member of the board of public education who was visiting one of the schools in the primary department had made a little speech to the children on the importance of correct pronunciation. Picking up a chalk crayon, he wrote the word "heinous" on the blackboard.

"To give you an example, boys and girls," he said, "I wonder how many of you know how to pronounce that word.

"Haynus!" shouted the children in concert.

"Miss Guernsey," said the visitor, turning suspiciously to the teacher. "how did you know I was going to try them on that?"

"I didn't know it, Mr. Judson." she answered, "but I am something of a crank on pronunciation myself, and we have frequent drills on words. You will find that these children know to pronounce exquisite, despicable, demoniacal, misconstrue, coadjutor, naivete, sacrifice, genealogy. program, gerrymander, discipline, paresis, caoutchouc, exemplary and hilarious, together with many others that do not occur to me just now."

"I see," said the official visitor, uncertain whether to be crestfallen or elated, "that those youngsters don't need any lesson on pronunciation from me, anyhow," and he took his hat and and departed.—Youth's Companion.

Swedish Court in Days of Bernadotte. If Lady Kilmarnock were to wear Scottish dress when she arrives in Stockholm she would be like the wife and family of our ambassador there 80 years ago, who were afterward told by the maids of bonor that they mistook the tartan for a livery of the servants and wondered when the ladies would appear. Court dress when Bernadotte was king was sometimes black and sometimes gray or white. but it always included a particular slashed sleeve, and the master of ceremonies fetched the minister to court in a glass coach. In winter both the king and the queen had a habit of turning night into day. She went out driving after dark and dined after the play, and he undermined the health of his ministers by engaging them all through the night or summoning them at 3 in the morning. And sometimes the king remained in bed for weeks at a time, fearing poison, and sustaining himself largely on apples in consequence.

Simplified Spelling.

"We find in the letters we receive," said the correspondence clerk, "some marvelous examples of simplified spelling, some of these unconsciously phonetic, some evidently deliberately intended, some that, though they serve their purpose wonderfully, verge on the comic. For instance, we received yesterday a letter from a man who starts off in this way:

"What fx would follow-" and so "Of course, the meaning of that was

perfectly plain, but the bookkeeper and I had to smile over it for a moment, and when we showed it to the stenographer he said that the man who could write words like that ought not to stop at simplified spelling, he ought to go right ahead and invent a new shorthand system."

Finical.

"I am told that your new play is drawing crowded houses and that you turn hundreds of people away every

"That is merely newspaper misrepresentation, sir. We don't turn anybody away. We tell them in the kindest possible manner that every seat in the house is sold, and they turn away themselves These lying jour-Dallats make me tired"

HOW INDIANS MADE HISTORY

Only in Tradition Does History Live and Only One Version of Story is Ever Heard.

If we could only get at the facts of the history of our Indian tribes, it would be of interest to compare these with what is related as the fortune of most civilized nations. It is only in tradition that the history of the Indian lives, and only one version of the story is ever heard. Sometimes this is so true to nature that no room for doubt can be found. Such is the following chapter from the annals of the Beavers, a Canadian tribe.

One day a young chief shot his arrow through a dog belonging to another brave. The brave revenged the death of his dog, and instantly a hundred bows were drawn. Ere night had fallen some eighty warriors lay dead around the camp, the pine woods rang with the lamentations of the women; the tribe had lost its bravest men.

There was a temporary truce. The friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog yet numbered some sixty people, and it was agreed that they should separate from the tribe and seek their fortune in the vast wilderness lying to the south.

In the night they began their march; sullenly their brethren saw them depart, never to return. They went their way to the shores of the Lesser Slave Lake, toward the great plains which were said to be far southward, by the banks of the swiftrolling Saskatchewan

The tribe of the Beavers never saw this exiled band again, but a hundred years later a Beaver Indian who followed the fortunes of a white fur hunter found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades; they were members of the great Blackfoot tribe, whose hunting grounds lay south of the Saskatchewan. Among them were a few braves who when they conversed spoke a language different from that of the others; in this langlage the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue.-Harper's Weekly.

VERY ANGRY WAS MR. JENKS

Laundry Had Not Come Home and He Proceeded to Explode via Telephone.

It was Sunday morning and Mr. Jenks' laundry had not come home. Angry is no name for the condition in which Mr. Jenks found himself! Giving utterance to language which would be entirely unfit for Sunday reading, he rushed to the telephone and hastily looked up in the directory the number of the laundry. "Give me 41144 Baxter!" he shouted fiercely to central

"Hello!" came the response a little

"This is Mr. Jenks and I want my shirts," he replied wrathfully. "Your shirts?" questioned the voice.

"Yes, my shirts," shouted Mr. Jenks emphatically. "I won't be trifled with any longer. Let me have those shirts within haif an hour-do you hear!"

"But I haven't got your shirts," answered the voice with exasperating calmness. "Why do you think I have?" "Why do I think you have! Great Scott!" cried Jenks furiously. "You haven't sent them home. Where are

they, if you haven't got them?" "I really don't know and I-really

don't care," replied the voice. "You-" began Mr. Jenks fiercely, and then bethought himself. "Isn't this the Washup laundry?" he inquired more mildly.

"No," responded the voice, "this is a private apartment."

Muscle Saver. The woman who lives on the sixth floor of a no-elevator apartment house ordered some things of the grocer and begged that they be sent right around in a hurry. Soon the rattle of ropes in the dumbwaiter shaft proclaimed that the groceries had arrived. The woman took off the basket that held them and emptied the stuff out on her kitchen tubs. Then she followed the usual custom of setting the empty basket back upon the "dummy" and shouting "All right!" to the grocer's lad in the cellar. As she closed the dumbwaiter door a small voice piped up through the shaft. The woman listened a moment and then put her head into the shaft and called "What's that?" The small piping treble continued: "Trow de basket down, will yer, Mrs.? Me arms is near broke." And as the basket went hurtling down, the "Mrs." couldn't help but admire the lad's labor-saving idea.-New York Press.

How Long a Lantern Will Burn. A merchant at Olathe filled a lantern with oil, lighted it and placed it. in his show window, offering the lantern as a prize to the one who made the best guess as to the length of time it would burn.

A young woman guessed forty-five hours and won the prize. The lantern burned forty-four hours and thirty-three minutes. One man who went to the trouble to work out the problem to a mathematical certainty, after figuring for an hour, gave the answer as three hours and eight minutes.-Kansas City Star.

Last Resort. Matrimonial Agent—Yes, sir, I think We can suit you perfectly. Ah-our preliminary fee is five guineas. The Client-Five guineas? My dear

faddie, don't be farcical. Why ever should I want to marry if I possessed all that money?—London Opinion.

WHY SHE CHANGED HER MIND

Where Wifely Ignorance is Husbandly Bliss Twere Folly to Put Her Wise.

Mrs. Blithers had not always found herself in an approving mood in respect to the so-called sports of the sterner sex, and her opinions concerning golfers who spend Sunday on the links, or sportsmen who shoot pigeons, were so very decided that Blithers invariably looked around for cotton to stuff in his ears when she begun to deliver them. One can imagine his surprise, the other night. when the good lady suggested the idea of his taking her to a horse race some time. The notion that she could bring herself to approve of such a diversion had never occurred to Blithers, and he gazed at her in simple amazement

"You don't mean to say that you approve of horse-racing?" he demanded. "Well, I didn't use to," Mrs. Blithers replied, "but now that I am coming to know more about it I think I do I've been taking the trouble to read about the races that are allowed to be run latterly, and I have made up my mind that there's more good in those racetrack men than we've given them credit for."

"Well, well, well!" laughed Blithers. "Wonder of wonders! What has brought about this remarkable change?"

"Well, I've discovered how kind those men are to their horses," said Mrs. Blithers. "I noticed last week that every time a horse wasn't feeling well enough to run, his owner, instead of going out and beating him with a whip, has in every case gone out and scratched the poor animal!" -Lippincott's Magazine.

SHE WAS DESPERATE WOMAN

Indignation and Anger Allied With , Keen Despondency in Tragedy of Separation.

Her locks were in wild disorder. Her face was flushed, and her eyes flashing. She clenched and unclenched her fingers in an agony of despair. Unless her looks belied her, she was a deeply-injured and desperate woman. Her indignation and anger were allied with keen despondency.

"Cruel one—oh, cruel one!" she cried, in anguished tones. "I have borne with you too long! You have injured me; you have tortured me. and yet I could not bear to give you up!

"When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me!" she contin-"When you became my very own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul! You have ruined my standing in society? If we had never met I might have walked in peace! So now begone! We part forever!" There came a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth, and a sharp sigh. It was all over. The tragedy was ended. By an almost superhuman effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

Wild Silk Worms.

The world is indebted to the Chinese for the discovery of the virtues of the silk worm. Its product was unknown in Rome until the time of Julius Caesar, and so costly was the material that even the Emperor Aurelian refused a dress of this lustrons fabric to his empress. Now it is nurtured in almost every country, and its

products are within the reach of all. Besides the several domesticated species there is a wild silk worm found in Central America, which weaves a baglike structure two feet in depth, that hangs from the trees. At a distance the nest resembles a huge matted cobweb. The insect makes no cocoon, but weaves the silk in layers and skeins around the inside of the nest. From Tegucigalpa there were sent to England some years ago six pounds of this silk. There it was made into handkerchiefs not easily detected from common silk

of equal strength and delicate texture. There is a curioues silk-producing spider in Central America, the arana de seda, which may be seen hurrying along with a load of fine silk on its back, from which trail numerous delicate filaments.—Harper's Weekly.

Bucking Horses. A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start, says the American Magazine, in an article on our western horses. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men. He pops down his head and levitates straight heavenward. While he and you are high in the air he arches his back and stiffens his body to iron rigidly. Thus he comes back to earth. The sensation to the rider is as if his spinal column had been struck by a piledriver. The impression is not analyzed at the time, for the horse goes into the air again immediately. He swings to right or left, or he "changes ends" completely while in the air, and you come down facing southward, whereas you were facing northward When you ascended.

An Injunction Wanted. "Do you favor limiting the powers of the courts?"

"Just now," replied the statesman, "I'm in favor of extending them. What I want is some way to get an injunction that'll prevent publications from putting all the funny stories into print before I get a chance to tell 'em to my constituents."

WAS HISTORIC GLD BUILDING

Mint at Philadelphia Was the First Building Erected by Authority of Congress.

In removing the foundations of the coinage building of the old mint, at Nos. 37 and 39 North Seventh street. some quaint specimens of oldtime building construction, including several curious vaults, were uncovered. The cellar in which the vaults were located was reached by heavy stone steps, supported by brick or stone arches, a method handed down from mediaval times. One of the vaults in which bullion was stored consisted of a vault within a vault, and was designed, it is said, at the time of the war of 1812 to conceal materials which could not be readily transported to other hiding places. Several small windows in the cellar were protected by heavy hand-wrought iron bars. These have been preserved, and will be added, along with other relics, such as locks and hinges, to the collection in Independence hall. In digging out an old well in the yard a number of copper coins, bearing the dates 1816 and 1818, were found, as well as a quantity of scrap copper from which the coins had been cut. From old papers relating to a lawsuit. found by Frank H. Stewart, president of the company which owns the property, it was ascertained that five buildings were originally included in the old mint, all of them grouped around the coinage building. It is an historic fact that this old structure. which was the last of these buildings to be razed, was the first building of any description erected by authority of the United States congress.-Philadelphia Record.

CLOCKS AFFECTED BY COLD

Change in Weather Causes Oil In Bearings to Get Gummy and Hard.

Two or three times in the course of a month this man's clock had stopped with no apparent reason, for when be swung the pendulum R would start off again and run all right. But it also now began to display another eccentricity; occasionally it would strike once about 15 minutes before the hour and then strike the rest of the strokes for that hour at the regular time. So he thought be had better take it to the clockmaker.

There on a shelf behind the counter he saw ranged along a dozen or more clocks of almost as many styles.

"All patients," said the clockmaker, "and most of them with slight allments like yours. We always have many clocks brought in with colds. They run along ail right, but when nasty weather comes the oil on the bearings gets hard and gummy and then the clock is liable to stop. It needs cleaning and reotling.

"It is always so; we have more clocks brought in to us when the weather is bad than at any other sea-

Wanted-Cheap Corks.

If any ingenious person can invent a substitute for corks in champagne botties he may be sure of a very comfortable fortune, for champagne corks are expensive, a really good cork costing as high as ten cents.

The reason for this high cost is principally the length of time that must elapse before a cork grower can realize on his investment. Champagne corks are made only from the finest Catalonia corkwood. After the tree is planted 30 years must elapse before it is ready for the first stripping, but this bark is too coarse for champagne corks, as is the second bark, taken off eight years later. Another eight years must pass before a champagne cork crop is gathered, making in all 46 years that the grower must wait before he can get any material return from his trees.

Furthermore, champagne corks are cut by hand and not by machinery, as are less expensive corks, as they must be perfect in size and shape, or else the quality of the wine will suffer.-Harper's Weekly.

Apple Trees for Old Age. Easterners are prone to view with surprise the large-sized fruit which comes from western states, and even to wonder why similar orchard products cannot be raised in New England. Their wonderment should cease. Our farms can produce inscious fruit in abundance with proper effort, says the Boston Globe. A speaker at the New England fruit exhibition in Horticultural hall has said that there is no better insurance against old age than a good orchard. After a certain number of years ten acres of an apple orchard will be a steady source of income. The same authority believes that the shortsightedness of New England farmers is almost criminal for allowing this source of wealth to go undeveloped. We have the soil, market and climate, and should take advantage of these great assets.

Laugh Earned Reward. "I can't for the life of me see what a brilliant fellow like Skribbs saw to admire in that woman he married."

"It wasn't what he saw so much as what he heard." "What do you mean?"

"I guess you never heard that morry laugh of bers." "Do you mean to say that a brainy man would marry a woman just be-

cause she had a merry laugh?" "Well-yes. Didn't you know that Skribbs was a joke writer?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer

HE WANTED IT JUST RIGHT

Particular Young Man Had Ulterior Motives in His Purchase of Box of Candy.

The expensively dressed young man threw away his cigarette and entered the confectionery store. "Put me up a two-pound box of your best chocolates," he said to the clerk who waited on him. "Make sure that they are your very best; I don't want any mis-

"Yes, sir. These are the very highest grade."

"Come to think of it, you had better make it a five-pound hox, instead. The same kind as those you showed me.'

"Yes, sir, certainly." "And make it mixed chocolates and bonbons. And let me pick out a box I like. Haven't you something with violets on it? She is particularly fond of violets, and I want this to be just right. No. I like that design better, the one in blue and gold. Let me have that. Here, be more careful about the way you do it up No. there isn't any card to go. I will de-

package of it while you are about it." The clerk tied it up carefully, then," passed it over the counter. As he took the bill in payment, he smiled ever so slightly, and remarked: "The young lady should be very much pleased with that, sir."

liver it myself. Make a neat-looking

"Young lady nothing! That box is for my mother. I'm going to tackle dad for a new runabout tonight, and if I can get her over to my side I'll get it."

FAMOUS SONS OF COLUMBUS

One Rose to Distinction as an Admiral and the Other Was a Great Scholar.

How often do we hear of the sons of Columbus? Yet the great discoverer had two sons, one of whom, Don. Diego, rose to distinction as an admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar.

Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe and almost every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing 20,000 volumes, which he gave to the cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is so to this day. From books in his collection Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears upon the site of his tomb:

"What does it profit me to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat, to have three times crossed to the new world discovered by my ther, to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Guadalquiver and preferred my simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled round thee divinities from the source of Castalls and offered to thee the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if, passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory, or to myself a slight remembrance?"

Climax of Red Tape. This is a tale of a self-confessed murderer who wished to be arrested, as related by a writer in Le Matin

Paris. Some time ago a man named Berge was stabbed to death at Algiers. Three men were arrested on suspicion, but, as they proved their innocence, they were released and the matter was sbelved.

A few days ago a man called at the office of the local police commissary and said to that official: "My name is Marius Yvorra. I killed

Berges, and this is how I did it." The commissary listened to the man's confession and said: "You had better see my secretary."

The secretary also listened to the man's confession, and, after a little reflection said: "Now, look here, my good man, this is not the way to get arrested. You must write us a letter confirming the

shall be able to attend to you. Now. get along." The man left the office, and, perhaps because he was not a good writer, he has not been seen since in

oral statement made to us. Then we

War Time Coffee.

This was the formula of a coffee mixture that sold freely in the days of gross adulteration during and immediately subsequent to the Civil war. before matters began to right themselves, as they did without the help of food laws:

Best Java coffee, one pound; rye, three pounds. Carefully clean the rye from all bad grains, wash to remove dust, drain off the water and put the igrain into the roaster, carefully stirring to brown it evenly. Roast the coffee separately. Grind the mixture and pack in airtight containers. An essence of coffee was prepared by boiling down molasses until hard and then grinding it to a powder and mixing it with a half pound of goodground Java coffee, using four pounds of the powdered molasses.—From the

Just to Cheer. Young Hub-There's no need of further parley; the next war that

comes along finds me joining-Young Wife-Oh, George, George, don't!

Young Hub-in the cheers of vic-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS