

ANGELL AVOIDED THE TRAP

Tells of His Duel of Wits With a Spy of the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople.

In the diplomatic service, a man must always keep his wits keen and ready for use.

The spies of the sultan were everywhere. A Turk told me that the spy business was the most prosperous of all.

He was a handsome, dignified Arab, who had been in England long enough to talk English fairly well.

He regretted—so he informed me—to find that the government was so corrupt that he had no hope of securing the concessions except by bribing a whole row of officials.

Supposing his object to be to draw from me some remark derogatory to the Sultan, which he could report to my disadvantage.

He seemed surprised, and proceeded to eulogize republican government.

The conversation ran on in this way for half an hour, when he bade me adieu—but, as I flattered myself, without any game for his bag.

STRANGE COUNTRY IS OMAN

Something About the Sultanate at the Southeast End of the Arabian Peninsula.

One of the least known countries of the Arabian peninsula is the sultanate of Oman, which occupies the southeastern extremity.

Paid Good Price for His Cutlet.

The Brazilian nabob, Baron Fereau, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions.

Drawing a Fine Distinction.

Floorwalker—They've reduced your salary, have they?

ALDRICH IN THE OLD DAYS

How the Author Appeared When He Had Just Become Editor of Atlantic Monthly.

I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a briar pipe that was oftener between his fingers than in his mouth.

He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds, the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring.

"I'll have an elegy ready for him before breakfast, and try to get ahead of Edgar," said Frank Saltus, referring to Edgar Fawcett, as the lights went out in Oscar's and we dispersed.

MAPS OF THEIR HOME STATES

Exiles Keep Them Hanging in Their Offices Because They Get Very Homesick.

To that general information bureau, the elevator starter, went the man who wished to see a large map of Wisconsin.

"Where can I find one?" he said. "There is a Wisconsin man in business on the eleventh floor," said the starter.

"How does it find one?" he said to the Wisconsin man. "That all you men from other states keep a life-size map of your native state hanging up in your offices for a year or two after migrating to New York?"

"Partly," said the Wisconsin man. "And partly for the accommodation of visitors from back home. I guess you are right about every last one of us exiles clinging to a home map for a while.

Financier.

A small boy was given a penny to spend. Now, although his stomach craved a lollipop, he also wished a banana he had seen on a fruit stand at the corner.

"How much is them bananas?" he asked. "Six for five cents, or a penny apiece."

"Six for five? Well," the youngster said wistfully, "gimme six."

The fruiterer counted out half a dozen and handed them over. "A penny apiece?" questioned the boy, taking them.

The man nodded. So the boy counted out five bananas and gave them back. "There's your five cents' worth," he said. "I don't want 'em."

Before the merchant quite saw the value of the lad's act, the boy was on his way to the candy store, a banana in one hand and his cent in the other.—Judge.

Her Idea of Art.

An old gentleman who owned a fine estate not far from the country seat of the duke of Devonshire (which is open to the public when the duke is there) one day drove with a party of friends to this famous residence.

A Possible Derivation.

"Words are terribly funny things, aren't they?" said Mrs. Jones. "Take the word gargle—how on earth do you suppose they ever got that?"

"Very simple, my dear," said Mr. Jones. "Just look at yourself in the glass some time when you gargle and then look at a gargoyle, and you'll see."

NOTED POET WELL GUARDED

Paludan-Muller Was Kept From All Social Intercourse by His Eccentric Wife.

The famous poet of Denmark, Paludan-Muller, was closely guarded in his later years by an eccentric wife, greatly his senior.

If we could secure him for a night convenient to him, writes Mr. Gosse, all that was brightest and best in Copenhagen would be constrained to come, too. But fortune was against us.

The answer came at once: "Impossible, my dear lady, impossible! I could not sanction it! Mr. Paludan-Muller is weak; he is good-natured; he is only too ready to go into society. It is my privilege to prevent it. I say to him, 'You are too delicate, my dear, to mix with others. You must positively consider your health.'"

Miss Fog feebly asked whether the poet might not himself be appealed to. "Such old friends! so small a party! so early an hour!" the lady was quite obdurate, however.

PUTS OUT PETROLEUM FIRES

Caustic Soda Solution Mixed With Alum Is Found to Be Most Efficacious.

There are no fires more disastrous than those in which petroleum mineral essences, benzoin, etc., play a part, on account of the difficulty of getting them under control.

An experiment was lately tried in Germany to establish these facts beyond question. An improvised fire-extinguisher over four cubic millimeters was extinguished in less than two minutes by an eighty-per cent. solution of the above mentioned substance.

Kept Its Ministers Long.

"The town of Lancaster, Mass., in which I live," said Mr. Harold Parker, "is a place of little size—not over 2,000 population—and yet it has enough of individuality and quality, not to speak of history, behind it to make its inhabitants very proud of living there.

Just His Job.

Joakley—Now, there's a fellow who doesn't do anything but pick up pins all the time.

Coakley—Well, well! that's a queer superstition. Joakley—Oh, no; it's not a superstition, but an occupation. He's employed in a bowling alley.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Every City's Pride.

"No matter what city you strike," remarks Senator Gore, who travels all over the United States each year, "somebody is certain to confide to you: 'There are more automobiles used here, for the population, than anywhere in the country. That's one fact about his own town that every man firmly believes.'"

PERFUMER'S DAY WILL COME

Then He Will Have Odors That Will Move Mankind Most Profoundly.

A perfumer was talking shop. "When will my trade," he said, "develop as it should? When will perfume sway men's minds as drink and fame do now?"

"I have a dog. Often in the country my dog will spy a dead, rotting, sun-dried bird or fish. The odor of that carcass fills my dog with ecstacy. He rolls upon it in a delirium. It is difficult, even with a club, to make him stop. Well, there, just there, is the perfume that sways dogs, and a dog perfumer, patenting it, would become a billionaire.

"The serpent arum is a plant of strong odor. The arum has, indeed, a stench. Well, this stench attracts to it from miles around all those insects that fed on carrion. If you look into the cup of the serpent arum you are sure to see a very inferno of insect drunkards—hundreds of them, intoxicated by the arum's odor, whirling and leaping and spinning in a mad dance. For the serpent arum's odor is the odor par excellence of dogs.

"Have I any perfume that sways mankind like that? No, none. Imagine my new-mown hay drawing a lady from her milliner's or her pet pianist! Imagine my girdle drawing a man from his beer or his jackpot!"

"Yet the day will come, I am convinced, when we shall have perfumes that will move mankind as profoundly as the spoiled fish perfume moves a dog and as the serpent arum perfume moves the Dermestes and Saprinidae. In that day my address will be Riverside drive, Newport, Jersey Island, Monte Carlo and Los Angeles."

WOULD HAVE MISSED FIRE

Julius Kahn's Story of Hoosier Who Locked Himself Into His Hotel Room.

Julius Kahn had just been re-elected to congress by a very small margin, and one of his political supporters was reminding him of the service he had rendered in the campaign.

"What would you have done if it hadn't been for me?" he asked.

"Why, I would have been in the position of the Hoosier in the hotel," replied Kahn. "He and two companions occupied one large room together. After a day in the metropolis devoted principally to following fire engines in the hope of seeing a conflagration, the cement sidewalks proved too much for feet that were accustomed to plowed ground, and he retired. When his companions returned a few hours later they found the door locked. They kicked on the door until they awakened him and asked for the key.

"I threw it over the transom," he replied. "When they had found it and unlocked the door one of them asked: 'What would you have done if there had been a fire?' 'Why, I wouldn't have went.' Saturday Evening Post.

Plants That Go to Sleep.

Plants have a mind of their own on the subject of winter sleep, and gardeners have tried various methods of waking them up prematurely, to furnish blossoms at a time when they are scarce and costly.

Art.

Art is the great and universal refreshment. For art is never dogmatic; holds no brief for itself; you may take it, or you may leave it. It does not force itself rudely where it is not wanted. It is reverent to all tempers, to all points of view. But it is willful; the very wind in the comings and goings of its influence, an uncatchable fugitive, visiting our hearts at vagrant, sweet moments; since even before the greatest works of art we often stand without being able quite to lose ourselves! That restless oblivion comes, we never quite know when—and it is gone! But when it comes, it is a spirit hovering with cool wings, blessing us, from least to greatest, according to our powers; a spirit deathless and varied as human life itself.—John Galsworthy in the Atlantic.

A Card to the Club.

Old Colonel Dick Bright of Washington was shaved for many years by a negro barber, who, not being blessed with the splendid longevity of the colonel, finally died. Bright went to the funeral, and at the dinner table that evening said he had put his visiting card in the old barber's coffin.

"That's the craziest thing I ever heard of," remarked a friend. "What on earth did you do it for?"

"Well," explained the colonel, "if he goes to heaven, he won't need it. But, if he goes to the other place, it will introduce him to a lot of good fellows.—Popular Mechanics.

HE WENT OVER THE WABASH

Story of Stuyvesant Fish's Futile Effort to Teach a Switchman to Be Polite.

Elmer T. Stevens of Charles H. Stevens & Bros. told the following story at the Association of Commerce luncheon at the La Salle hotel in Chicago:

"When Stuyvesant Fish was president of the Illinois Central railroad, he was sitting in his office one morning with the door closed, looking over some reports. The door was suddenly opened and in came an Irishman with his hat on his head and his pipe in his mouth, and walking up to Mr. Fish, he said: 'I want a pass to St. Louis.'"

"President Fish, somewhat surprised, looked up and said, 'Who are you?'"

"The man replied, 'I am Pat Casey, one of your switchmen.'"

"President Fish, thinking it was a good chance to teach the man a little lesson in etiquette, said: 'Now, Pat, I am not going to say that I will refuse your request, but there are certain forms that a man should observe in asking a favor. You should knock at the door before you come in, and when I say 'Come in,' you should enter, and, taking off your hat, and removing your pipe from your mouth, you should say, 'Are you President Fish?'"

"I would say, 'I am, Who are you?'" Then you should say, 'I am Pat Casey, one of your switchmen.' Then I would say, 'What can I do for you?'" Then you would tell me, and the matter would be settled. Now, you go out and come in again in a little while and see if you can do better.

"So the switchman went out, closing the door. About two hours later there was a knock on the door and President Fish said, 'Come in.' In came Pat Casey, with his hat off and his pipe out of his mouth. Pat said, 'Good mornin', are you President Fish of the Illinois Central?' President Fish said, 'I am. Who are you?'"

"Well, Mr. Casey, what can I do for you?'" "You can go to h—, I got a pass over the Wabash."

DEEP MYSTERIES OF LIFE

If We Could Fathom Them Little Would Be Left for Us to Do Here.

If we could fathom life's mysteries there would be little left for us to do on earth. If we could understand why the sun shines for some and the shadows deepen for others there would be no use to try to work out the problem of existence. It would be solved for us beforehand and the great questions which now quicken our souls into being would never rise to the surface. It is the mystery of it all, the uncertainty of everything save the existence of God, which makes life such a wonder puzzle, a puzzle to be picked out piece by piece and fitted together in his own good time. It is true that sometimes we grow weary of our work. We find the processes too slow to suit our impatient desires and the results not altogether equal to our expectations, but for all that we never lose our ambition to correctly solve the problem as it is presented to us for solution. We are in this world to work out our destiny and the means to this end are placed within our reach from the very outset, but it so happens that our very humanity binds us at times to our best interests, and we carelessly and even wilfully pass by the very things which would prove of most service to us. Because our inclinations lie in other directions than those for which by nature we seem best fitted we often make the mistake of beginning wrong, a condition which naturally forestalls any hope of success.—Charleston News and Courier.

Value of a Man.

The value of a man to the world is not measured by the wealth he possesses, or the business interests he directs. The world is poorer for the loss of the men who went down with the Titanic, not because a few of them were millionaires, or captains of industry, but because all of them were men, men with the heroism, the self-devotion, to help others—not their loved ones alone, but strangers—to safety, and then step calmly back to wait for death.

Poorer! Yes, but richer, too! It is not grief alone that brings tears to our eyes and lumps to our throats as we read the story, but pride and thankfulness, as well. There come times to most of us when, discouraged by someone's folly or weakness—perhaps our own—the world seems to us a sordid place, hardly worth saving. But we take heart again at every fresh revelation, such as this, of the divine in man.—Zion's Herald.

Above the Law.

Some men think that money can do anything. A certain rich man sent for the doctor, who faked him over and then pronounced judgment. "You have been living too high." "Maybe so." "You have violated nature's laws." "I guess I have." "You must pay the penalty." "Pay the penalty? Oh, come now, Doc. Can't you get me off on a technicality or something?"

Afraid to Stay Away.

"Our culture club generally has a full attendance." "The ladies are brought through mutual admiration, no doubt." "No; through mutual distrust."

DEADBEATS OF ONE PATTERN

Veteran Credit Man Says They All Talk Alike and Try Same Tricks.

"Deadbeats," remarked an old credit man, "all talk alike. They are plausible to start with. They went on, 'and are so free and easy they deserve every one but the most astute credit man. When they are dunned the first time they make a frank and positive promise to pay on a certain date. They do this so unreservedly that suspicion is disarmed. Of course they don't pay—but they have some of the best excuses in the world. They have had a run of hard luck, for instance. If the merchant takes this well, they will ask for more credit. If the merchant is obdurate they will come back with the statement that the merchant is making it unnecessarily hard for them to get along by crowding them; they will hint, also, that others have been soliciting their trade.

"Right there is the time to come down on them hard. Shut off their credit. Usually it is useless to sue, for such persons are judgment proof. The next move is to let them think you have forgotten them. They always are on the watch for the man who keeps nagging them all the time, but they grow careless of the man who leaves them alone. Some day they will leave an opening so that something can be attached or levied on, and then is the time to jump in and get your money.

"A favorite trick of the deadbeat is to offer his note for the account. These fellows think nothing of giving their notes. They would buy the continent of Asia if they could give their notes for it, and would clean up a fortune and get out of paying the note. Just listen to one of these deadbeats talk, remember what he says, and when the next one strikes you his language will be identical. It is almost as if it were the fixed ritual of their order."

PARISH SPLIT OVER LATIN

French and Germans of Metz at War Over the Proper Sound of "U."

The proper method of pronouncing Latin has long been a matter of controversy among the learned, but it is starting to find an entire parish disorganized by the question. This is the case in the parish of St. Maximin's, in Metz.

The older clergy of Alsace-Lorraine were brought up under French influence, and are accustomed to pronounce the church Latin with the soft French "u." The younger generation has been taught in the schools to pronounce the "u" full, according to the German and Italian manner.

Yesterday the choir of St. Maximin's pronounced the Latin of the mass sung at mass in the German way, the parish priest, an old man, solemnly rebuked them, and they shut up their music books and left the church.

Probably the clergyman found the new pronunciation grated on his ears, and his outburst was due to the sensitiveness of a scholar.

The parishioners, however, are not scholars, and are now divided into two camps—those who maintain that, as Metz is now a German city, the church Latin should be sung in the German way, and those who hold that the choir is doing the work of German officials and attempting to destroy French influence.—New York Tribune.

The Slayer of Miac.

One of the most peculiar cases ever brought to the attention of the court of first instance recently came to light in Pangasinan Province.

Pedro Fabaira, with two others, was accused of the murder of Bernabe Laco, and on being brought to trial the first pleaded guilty, there being an aggravating circumstance of treachery, and was sentenced to 20 years in Bilibid.

Now it comes to light that the deceased was Miac, an outlaw, who deserted from the constabulary some time ago, taking with him various arms and accoutrements and who had engaged in outlawry since that time. There was a reward of 500 pesos out for his capture, dead or alive.

The question now is, Should the prisoner serve his term for killing a fellow-citizen, or should he be liberated and given a reward for killing an enemy to society?—Manila Weekly Times.

Captain Cook Statue.

None too soon, that renowned English navigator, Captain Cook, is to have a memorial in London. It will take the form of a statue of the explorer of the Northwest Passage, and is being executed by Sir Thomas Brock, R. A., the commission being the British Empire league. The statue is expected to be finished in November next, when it will be set up, appropriately enough, near the new Admiralty Arch, close to Trafalgar square. Many distinguished folk are expected to be present at the unveiling, which probably will be performed by the king, who, as a keen sailor, has taken a lot of interest in the memorial project.

Proof of Rhoses.

Patience—They say he was taken sick on the train. Patrice—Indeed? What was the matter? "Oh, he ate too much in a dining car." "Oh! he is as rich as that!"