

MORE INTERESTED AT HOME.

Panama and the Canal Zone Were Secondary Affairs.

The man with the profound look on his face, and who had been silent for half an hour, suddenly brightened up like a man who had solved a mystery...

RICHEST WOMAN IN BRITAIN.

Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot of Wales Has Distinction.

It will probably surprise most people to learn that at the present moment the wealthiest British woman living is a Welshwoman; more, that she is single...

Man's Common Trend.

John Selden in his table talks said: "Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing poorly, caused the people for whom he was making music to laugh at him..."

Hoyle on Whist.

Hoyle was the first writer on whist. His short treatise on the game was issued in 1742, in manuscript, at a guinea (\$5) a copy...

Waxed Paper Handy.

So many uses can be made of waxed paper that it is good economy to save every scrap that comes into the house. Large sheets of this may be saved from cracker boxes and many small cardboard boxes containing candy, seedless raisins and other fruit are lined with a very good quality of waxed paper...

Brave Lighthouse Keeper.

While his plucky wife kept the light burning in the Cedar Island lighthouse, her husband, compelled by the exhaustion of their food, made a painful trip over treacherous ice to Sag Harbor, a distance of several miles. The bay was filled with ice and intense cold prevailed, but nothing daunted he set out on his trip. Several times he broke through the ice, but struggled on until he reached the mainland, exhausted. After securing food he set back, the cold having relaxed, and arrived safely.—Boston Herald.

The Reason.

In a Fifth Avenue Sunday school, Teacher—Why must we always be kind to the poor, Ethel? Ethel (slightly mixed)—Because among the sundry and manifold chances of this wicked world we don't know how soon they may become rich.—Lippincott's Magazine.

CHILDREN FOND OF SNAKES.

Revere, Mass., Youngsters Have Fancy for Queer Pets.

Probably as peculiar a set of toys as any now chronicled was presented to children in Revere, Mass. When the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus J. Brownell tumbled from their cribs last Christmas morning to see how Santa Claus had dealt with them each found coiled in his stocking a baby boa constrictor. Michael Gonzola, of Calcutta, India, one of the largest reptile dealers in the world, was the Santa Claus who gave the children these strange gifts. The infant constrictors, which did not exceed nine inches in length, were sent from New York to Revere in season for the occasion. They were packed in straw in a ventilated box of oak. Mr. Brownell is a dealer in all kinds of snakes. His four children—Donald, aged two; Wendolyn, four; Maud, five and Kathryn, nine—seem to have inherited from their father a liking for reptiles. "The baby boas," Mr. Brownell says, "will be perfectly harmless at this early stage of their career, and for a few weeks will make interesting playthings for the children. They like snakes as well as I do, and even Baby Donald is no more afraid of one than he is of a cat. When the snakes begin to put on inches and manifest a desire to tie knots around the table legs I will put them into my snake room and keep them there."

LEARNED CAUSE OF WARS.

Harry Asks Papa and Soon Finds Out.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Harry. "Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain. They came near getting into war because a Spanish mob tore down the German flag." "No, my dear," put in Harry's mother; "that wasn't the reason." "But my darling," said Mr. M., "don't you suppose I know? That was the reason." "No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans tried—" "Mrs. M., I say it was because the—" "Peeleg, you know better. You are only trying to—" "Madam, I don't understand that. "Peeleg, you know better. You are your opinion was asked in this matter, any way." "Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus." "Be here, you impudent!" "Put down your old cane, you brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me or I'll—" "Never mind," interrupted Harry. "I think I know now how wars begin."—Lippincott's Magazine.

To Preserve Poe Cottage.

The president of the woman's auxiliary of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation society has sent a communication to the board of estimate and appointment urging that the city take steps looking to the purchase of the Edgar Allan Poe cottage, in Poe park, Fordham, which is now occupied by a private family. In this cottage, small and inconspicuous, but still in a remarkable state of preservation despite its many years, the poet spent the greater part of his life, and in the petition to the city the historical society recites the necessity for preserving the house of historical interest, which has up to this time been totally neglected by the city. The communication was referred to Comptroller Metz for approval and action.

Something in It.

He was an amateur author, and was in the seventh heaven of delight, as his last effort at playwriting was in a fair way of being accepted. "There's something in it," the manager had said, and told him to call the following week. He did and was ushered in. "Yes," said the deus ex machina, "the play's pretty good, but—" "Then he took out the manuscript and told him to cut it here, slash it there, and obliterate it somewhere else, till little was left. The author was flabbergasted. "But," he objected, "you told me there was something in it." "Yes, I know I did," blandly replied the manager, "but it's got to come out."

Supplying the Flat.

"You can't go in the flat in the dark, you know," the Bohemienne explained, as she carefully drew the box of matches out of its small gilt stand in the center of the cafe table and slipped it into her bag. "So I'll just have to take these. I take a whole box," she explained further, "because these are funny matches. They won't strike on anything but the box." "Why don't you take the little gilt stand that goes with the box?" asked the man who was with her in sarcastic vein. "Oh," she answered, "I took one of those a long time ago."

To Fit the Crime.

"I've told you five or six times," said the customer, irritably, "that I don't part my hair on that side." "I beg your pardon, sir," apologized the barber. "I don't seem to be able to commit your part to memory." "The man in the chair made no reply, but he omitted the customary tip.

MORGAN AND THE BORROWER

City Promoter Not Shrewd Enough for Great Banker.

A promoter widely known in Wall street as a clever but untruthful speculator was in financial trouble. He was going to fail and the fact was known in banking circles. Everybody knew it but the promoter. If, he reasoned, he could borrow enough money, he would win out. Finally he appealed to J. Pierpont Morgan, who knew the exact status of affairs, for a big loan. The financier thought for a moment and said, "Bring whatever securities you have to my office in the morning." The next morning the promoter and a negro carrying a tin box appeared in the Morgan office. "Let me see what unencumbered collaterals you have?" The promoter selected them, and was asked to place a value on the lot. "No," said the financier, "I won't make a loan, but I'll buy the lot." The promoter sorrowfully accepted the terms, but he had hoped for a loan, believing that if he could get the loan, he could follow it up with a demand for a second one to save the first. But the big banker, knowing his man, saw through the scheme and protected himself, at the same time helping the promoter by taking off his hands some sound but temporarily unmarketable securities. The promoter failed.—Sunday Magazine.

RICE LANDS WORTH MUCH.

In Twenty-Five Years Increased from Ten to Thirty Times in Value.

Horace Greeley to-day might be tempted to amend his advice and suggest to the young man to go south, says Country Life in America. According to the government reports, the rice industry has increased marvelously since 1880. The number of rice mills has increased 264 per cent.; of capital 363 per cent., and value of products 178 per cent. Land on the gulf coast of Texas and Louisiana, which 15 years ago sold for \$1.50 an acre and was sometimes held at 25 cents, to-day is worth \$12.50, some lands being worth \$30 or \$50 an acre. The use of machinery adapted to rice production, the perfection of irrigation, the study and application of the Japanese methods of rice growing and the use of the Japanese rice have made rice growing an exceedingly profitable undertaking, and one that will undoubtedly be increasingly lucrative with the rapidly growing population.

Optimism in Missouri.

A Missouri politician tells a story illustrative of western optimism. There had been a dreadful flood in Missouri. One old fellow, who had lost nearly everything he possessed, was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along. He was gazing pensively out over the waters when a man in a boat approached. "Hello, Bill!" "Hello, Sam!" "All your fowls washed away, Bill?" "Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man, with a faint smile. "Peach trees gone too, eh?" "Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow." "I see the flood's away above your windows." "That's all right, Sam. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—Sunday Magazine.

When Street Clocks Freeze.

If somebody will only secure a patent for a clock that will not freeze up in cold weather, when exposed, he will earn the gratitude of the traveling public and make his fortune at the same time. There does not seem to be any of them at present. So far as most outdoor clocks are concerned, time stops during heavy storms. Icicles depend from their faces, insinuating frost clogs their wheels, and the hands stand still, pointing to almost any old hour. This temporary derangement of public works makes people realize what important pieces of furniture these street clocks are.

Kaiser William a Matchmaker.

One day the kaiser was walking in civilian dress when he was recognized by a corporal. The emperor, noticing that the man's face wore a troubled expression, questioned him. For some time the corporal hesitated to reply, but at last confessed that he was in love with the daughter of his sergeant major, but the marriage was impossible since the girl's father would have none less than a sergeant as a son-in-law. "Do you really love the girl?" inquired the kaiser. "With all my heart," was the reply. "Very well, then; go and tell your sergeant major that the kaiser has made you a sergeant."

An Unavoidable Incident.

"My daughter tells me that you are anxious to become my son-in-law?" "No, sir." "Why—ahem—I understood her to say you wished to marry her." "I do—that's just what I wish. The fact that so doing will cause me to be your son-in-law is merely unavoidable."—Houston (Tex.) Post.

Slightly Misapplied.

Nurse—How did all the water get out of this water bottle? Patient (Rafferty)—I drank it av course; didn't y' tell me to put it on me stumick? "Was turrible hot an' near burnt th' throat av me."

TOURISTS WELCOME IN SPAIN.

Government to Systematically Encourage Foreign Visitors.

The Spanish government has created a national commission—with authority to expend generous sums of money—whose sole duty it is to encourage, by whatever means are at its disposal, the visit of foreigners, either those coming for pleasure or for improvement. Taking their cue from the example and success of America and Switzerland the Spaniards are beginning to appreciate the commercial benefits resulting from a thriving tourist trade, thus furnishing evidence that this ancient nation, which has heretofore held itself aloof from foreigners, has awakened to the need of cultivating a wider intercourse with the outside world. Among the methods to be inaugurated by the committee is the preparation and circulation in other lands of itineraries for travel which will best give opportunities for visiting the principal natural and artistic monuments, landscapes and marine views and other points which may most readily and profitably interest foreigners. The commission will also invoke the aid of the railway companies and seek the inauguration, by systematic and co-operative methods, of special passenger rates, comfortable trains and other conveniences of modern travel, so that the traveler may arrange his tour from the seaports through the interior, on the most attractive routes, even before he leaves home. The expenses of the commission and its work will be borne by the government, and the members are instructed to co-operate with municipal authorities, town councils, commercial and other bodies in doing everything legitimate to attract and retain the subjects of other nations.

WHY THE BABY CRIED.

Pussy Drank All the Milk and 'Twas a Long Time 'Till Morning.

A Manchester (Conn.) young man had a tired look the other morning, and many thought he was ill. To a friend he confided his story. There was a baby in his house, only a few months old. There is also a cat. Sunday evening, as it is the custom each evening, the baby's milk supply for that night was put on a stand in a place where it could be conveniently got in the night. About one a. m. that morning the baby awoke. The milk bottle was empty and when a fresh supply was looked for on the stand it was found there was no milk there. In a moment the fond papa realized where the milk had gone. The cat had come into the room while they were asleep and had drank it. The baby cried the remainder of the night, and he and his wife took turns carrying the baby around the room. That's why he was tired.—Hartford Courant.

Horses with Snowshoes.

Horses wear snowshoes in Dakota in winter. Thus equipped, they trot lightly over drifts wherein they would otherwise sink out of sight. In many parts of Dakota the snow lies all winter long eight or ten feet deep. But a crust forms on it and with snowshoes men skim over it easily. Lately their snowshod horses have also skimmed over it. The equine snowshoes are made of boards 20 inches long and 14 inches wide. An indentation to fit the foot is branded on each board with a hot horseshoe and the contrivance is fastened on to the hoof with an iron clamp and bolt. After a day or two of practice a Dakota horse becomes an expert snowshoer.

Chess Player a Freak.

Careful men do not regard a clever chess player as a man of powerful intellect except in playing chess. The mightiest masters of the game have been great only at chess. On the other hand, whilst calls for more intellectual free-lance play, acting on the trained inspiration of the moment, as occasion requires. Chess is worked mechanically by established rule, and can be learned thoroughly; but whilst as James Payn said, can never be learned thoroughly, new and totally unexpected leads and plays cropping up at any moment, and you must "rax" your brains to meet them and, if smart enough, beat them.

Good Jobs in the Navy.

The big vessels being added to the United States navy must be manned and their crews must be trained. While it is generally known that the navy offers excellent opportunities for good life places, it is not so generally understood that it is not absolutely necessary to be appointed to the Naval Academy in order to reach commissioned rank. The present training service is a consolidation of the old landsman and apprentice training systems, and has been in force since last fall, with excellent results. Now all men without previous sea service, or without any special trade or calling, are enlisted as apprentice seamen, at \$16 a month, as compared with the old rate of \$9 at entrance.

Useful in an Emergency.

"Ma!" "Yes, my son." "What is an emergency brake?" "An emergency brake, my boy, is when the waitress lets a plate fall on the floor just as your father is about to swear at the meat."

JOHN HAD BEEN RETRIEVED.

Friend Told Good Lie and Stuck to It, But Without Avail.

This being a true story of a recent occurrence the prominent politician will be known as Mr. John Brown, and his intimate friend, a politician of less prominence, as Mr. James McCoy. It seems that at about noon Mr. Brown was unduly exhilarated when seen by his friend, and after exacting from him a promise that he would at once go home Mr. McCoy went to his office. About three o'clock in the afternoon he was responded to a telephone call, and was just a little hurried on learning that Mrs. Brown was at the other end of the wire. "Have you seen John to-day?" she asked. "I did, Mrs. Brown. He was called away on important business this morning, but just a little while ago I got a message from him that he would start back on the next train. He'll be in town in about an hour." Mr. McCoy was still at work in his office at five o'clock when again he was called to the telephone. Again it was Mrs. Brown. "Has John got back yet, Mr. McCoy?" "Yes, but he had several important matters to attend to, and just started for the street car a few minutes ago. He'll be home in three-quarters of an hour at the latest." "I am very much obliged, Mr. McCoy, but I put John to bed half an hour ago." All of which goes to show that there are times when a lie well stuck to is not as good as the truth.

WHERE AMERICA IS SUPREME.

Traveler Praises Coffee Served in This Country.

"It is refreshing to me," said the smartly gowned woman, "to get back to America, where I can have water and good coffee to drink with my meals. "Oh, yes, of course, one can buy bottled water in Europe, but somehow one seldom does; at least not to use on the table. One drinks according to the country over there, and the natives seem as ignorant of the uses of water, internally at least, as a Kentucky colic. "In England I drank ale and tea; in France, claret; in Italy, Chianti; in Germany, beer and Moselle and Rhine wine, and in Holland, coffee. "No, I did not like the coffee; they make in France, notwithstanding we hear so much in our own restaurants about French coffee. Neither do I care for Turkish coffee. In fact, America and Holland—or, I should say, New York and Holland—are the only places in the world where I can find coffee to suit me."

Cremation of the Dead.

Cremation is one of the most ancient methods of disposing of the dead. Before the beginning of the Christian era, cremation prevailed among all civilized nations, except the Jews, Chinese and Egyptians. Later, however, this form gave way to earth burial. Cremation has had a revival during the last few years, and from one crematory in existence in 1880, there were over 50 in 1890, and since then others have been added to the list each year. Cremation is common in Japan, where 47 per cent of the dead are incinerated. The first crematory in the United States was built at Washington, Pa., in 1876, by Dr. Le Moyné, and the first incineration there was that of the body of Baron de Palm, which took place in December of the same year. This was the only crematory in the United States until 1884.—Sunday Magazine.

Mount Kosciusko Park.

A hundred square miles of country around Mount Kosciusko, one of the highest peaks of the Australian Alps, has been proclaimed a reserve by the government, with a view of the formation of a national park. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," according to the poet Campbell, and this peak was so named by a brother Polish patriot, the late Count de Strzelecki, a political refugee, who spent several years in Australia and did some valuable exploring and geological work. He was probably the first discoverer of gold in Australia, but at the request of the local government, which feared an outbreak of the convict population if the news became known, he made no public announcement of the fact. He spent the closing years of his life in London and was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Bible Drove Him to Drink.

Abram B. Cartridge, very drunk, was picked up by the police force from the gutter on South Main street, says a dispatch from Waterbury, Conn. In his hand he clasped an open Bible and he spoke to the officers strangely in Biblical phrases. In court Abram said that study of the Bible had driven him to his fall. "It is so full of inconsistencies," he declared. "I learn its truths and am uplifted—then, I discover that its truths are false, and I sink to the depths. How can I deliberately stay in my right mind, judge, when I find that the foundation of salvation is bulged on sand, and good liquor, which will make me forget it, is so cheap?" Cartridge was sent to jail for 30 days.

Proof of Good Memory.

"I got a shock from a electric battery terday," said the first hubo. "Gee! It's a funny kind of a feelin'; feels just like takin' a bath." "Say," exclaimed the other one, "you must have a great memory."

WAGON ROADS IN KLONDIKE.

There Are Already More Than Three Hundred Miles.

There are many miles of good wagon roads in the Yukon territory, especially in the region immediately tributary to Dawson. The construction of these ways of communication is due entirely to the enterprise of the government and assists materially in opening up the country. The building of roads in this immediate region has reached a total of just about 300 miles, not including the White Horse trail, which is intended only for winter use and is not a first-class carriage road. Stage lines are maintained on several of these roads, but they are open for the free use of vehicles of all kinds and are in constant use. They greatly facilitate not only the regular travel between Dawson and the creeks and between principal points on the different streams, but they assist greatly the movement of heavy machinery and afford a distinct economy in the working of prospect. The roads will not be less appreciated now that a railroad is being built through a part of the Klondike region. This railroad has now been constructed as far as Grand Forks and will be extended if the promoters carry out their plans.

NO STRIKING CLOCKS FOR HIM.

He Had One, but Its Erratic Methods Made Trouble.

"One thing I have always wanted is a clock that strikes," said Robert Mateer of the Wabash, according to the Kansas City Star. "Such clocks were a necessary part of household furnishings when I was a boy. Well, I found one on the table Christmas, bearing a card, upon which was written my name. Before I got the clock I was in trouble trying to see the time in the early hours without setting fire to the house. Of course, I expected the clock to put an end to my woes. The next morning after Christmas it worked all right and as I lay awake I heard it strike six and bustled out for work. "The next morning I was awakened by hearing the clock strike six and without further ado packed myself down to office, only to find I was three hours ahead of time, after waiting 20 or 30 minutes for an owl car to boot. "The following morning I again heard it strike, but as I counted off four strokes I turned over for another snooze. When I awoke I found I had overslept two hours. "I've reformed on the clock proposition," concluded Mr. Mateer, "and all I desire now is a strong, sharp ax."

Knitter's Romance.

Romance may certainly figure in many of the knitted waistcoats and gorgeous stockings worn by our undergraduates to-day, but these have not so romantic an origin as the first of these articles produced in this country, says the London Chronicle. For tradition has it that William Loe, who in the sixteenth century invented the knitting frame on which both stockings and waistcoats were produced mechanically, was driven to this piece of ingenuity by the cruel flogging of the lady he loved, who happened to be a stocking knitter. Enraged at his failure to make an impression on her heart, he sought to make it on her purse by killing her means of livelihood, and one is glad to read that all stocking makers combined to frustrate his cruel purpose, with the result that he fled with his invention to France, where he finally died of a broken heart, whether for love of his lady or of his spotted invention, tradition does not say.

Too Many Interested.

"I never get weighed in public places any more," said a thin woman in New York. "The ceremony draws too big a crowd. Just as sure as a person begins to dially around a weighing machine she becomes a magnet for all the idlers in the neighborhood. They cease their chatter and their aimless strolling and crowd around to read the figures. Then they keep up a fire of comments. 'Gee, says one, 'I didn't think she'd go that high.' 'I thought,' says another, 'that she'd weigh a little more than that.' For the person who strikes a happy medium these criticisms are perhaps not unwelcome, but for the one who overweighs or underweighs the mark the ordeal is not pleasant."

A Horrible Example.

Soph—Can you work a simple example in percentage? Freshman—Certainly. Soph—Well, get yourself ready. (Freshman gets paper and pencil.) Now, there was a 120-pound pig before a trough, and into that trough was poured 150 pounds of corn, two bushels of bran and four gallons of slop. Got that down? Freshman (figuring feverishly)—Yes. Soph (jeeringly)—Well, how did it taste?

Her Perversity.

"Come out this evening," said Subbubs, "and I'm sure you'll get a good dinner." "I thought you had no cook now," replied Clitman. "She doesn't leave until to-morrow. She'll do her best this evening just to make us realize how much we'll miss her when she's gone."