

SECRET OF GOOD BREEDING.

It is an Inborn Possession Which is a Treasure of Untold Value.

From time out of mind we have heard the question discussed as to the cause and results of good breeding. Many hold that gentlemen and ladies, in the true sense, are born, not made.

That environments have no part at all to play in one's character; others think directly the opposite—that training is everything, and that without it there is absolutely no chance for refinement and courtliness, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Good birth is undoubtedly an important factor of good breeding. One's ideas, ambitions and aspirations, judging from one's surroundings, should be of the same order.

But there are many exceptions to this rule. Many a gentleman has been born in filth and squalor of degenerate parents and yet has managed to rise above his surroundings and prove himself a gentleman.

Again, many a son born of parents of wealth and refinement and noted for their good breeding has gone down to the path of sin to the bitter end, has sunk to the depths of degradation and iniquity.

These persons could probably boast of culture and centuries of noble ancestry, had received the best of training and yet had fallen after all. Such cases as these are not rare; they may be met with any day.

But before going further into the discussion it would be best to discover what constitutes good breeding, of what it consists.

Wealth is not an important element; in fact, it may be placed entirely out of the list of factors as a hindrance in many cases instead of a help. There is generally current a mistaken belief that wealth is all that is necessary to one's refinement, and on this ground many little acts and deeds are excused or overlooked every day that were they unaccompanied by the offender's wealth would bring him condemnation and censure.

Wealth covers many sins, and yet, in its place, can be used in countless good and useful ways. Physical beauty also cannot be termed a mark of good breeding, but the best bred people are always the most beautiful to the person who can appreciate them.

Another quality which can easily be dispensed with is haughtiness, an acquisition which has carried many a person past Seylla and Charibdis, while plunging about in the social stream.

The most potent factor of good breeding, the prime element, the first principle, is nothing more nor less than a condensation of the Golden Rule—unselfishness, kindness of heart. Nothing else can ever gain superiority over this great and noble trait of character, and without it no person can possess real refinement, perfect dignity and really good breeding.

Nothing can supply its loss and nothing can buy its possession. Unselfishness is inherent, innate and inborn; it is a mysterious something that cannot well be defined and yet may be found in the poorest and humblest of all God's creatures.

Good breeding is plainly a matter of instinct, an inborn possession that is one of the greatest of treasures. Many possess it, but a great many more fail to attain it, through lack of the necessary qualities essential to its acquisition.

We can more readily pardon the person who is perhaps not conversant of the usage of the various and sundry apparel necessary at social functions than the one who is dressed strictly in accordance with court etiquette and yet cannot so conduct himself in a manner befitting his station and the place at which he lends his presence. Clothes, unfortunately for some, are not all that they require to deserve the title of lady or gentleman, but there are a great many who fail to see the matter in this light.

Helping Him On. Bobbie—Sit down. Sister'll be in as soon as she gets done primpin'. You're goin' to propose to-night, ain't you? Mr. Smithers—Well, I don't know about that, Bobbie. I don't know that she would have me.

"Oh, yes, she will. Don't you hang back for that." "And so you think she loves me, do you?" "Nope, but she'll marry you, all right. She says she's getting to be such an old maid that she's afraid to take any more chances. She let her best chances slip, and will have to take anybody she can catch now. You've got a cinch."—Kansas City Journal.

Apple Toast. Take one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of brown sugar, or molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful baking soda, one pound of stoned dates, nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon to suit the taste and enough coarse whole wheat flour (or cold cooked cereal can be used) to make a stiff batter. Turn into a buttered mold or basin, cover closely and steam two hours. Serve with any pudding sauce.—Washington Star.

Cranberry Fritters. Take one and one-half cupfuls milk, one-half cupful flour, one egg, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder, mix beaten egg and milk together, add sugar, then baking powder and flour; lastly, stir in one cupful cooked, sweetened cranberries; with a spoon drop in hot butter on griddle. Serve with butter and powdered sugar. Home Magazine.

Cruel Healer. Hazel—Yes, I enjoy the society of Mr. Westside. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else. Helen—Really? Has he been proposing to you, too?—N. Y. Sun.

ETIQUETTE OF TELEPHONE.

Novel Situations That Disconcert Conservative People in Communicating by Wire.

The telephone has been accepted without hesitation by the younger generation, but it has suggested uneasy questions to older persons who have not been accustomed to all their lives. Nowadays the apartment hotel has the telephone in the bedroom, and the same is true of many private houses. Thus it comes about that young men and women, or older ones for that matter, talk to one another under very informal circumstances. Only the older generation seems to be shocked thereat, says the New York Sun.

One question asked is this: Should a young woman who has just stepped out of bed talk to a young man who has called her up from his rooms? Such questions leave the more conservative persons who have not from youth been accustomed to the informal swiftness of the telephone.

Sometimes they are shocked by the familiar use of the telephone and there are families in which the telephone is relegated to the lower part of the house. There only a servant or some person fully clothed can answer it.

There are men and women who refuse to accept dinner invitations over the telephone, although that method of asking people has become popular. Maybe they foresee the rebellion against the telephone that comes from the conservatives.

"It's appalling," said an elderly aunt who was spending a week in town, "to see how they use the telephone nowadays. Only last night when there was a dinner party on, Mary, who was dressing, answered the telephone, which is in her room. And it was one of the men calling her up to say that he had been detained downtown and was dressing then as quickly as possible, but didn't want dinner to be kept waiting for him.

"There the two of them stood talking to one another just as if they were entirely dressed and had stopped for a little chat on the street! I tell you this generation is a little too much for me."

Nobody would insist that persons who talk to one another over the telephone should look just as they do in private life. That would be carrying prudishness to a degree almost incompatible with the conditions of life as they exist in New York. But there is a compromise.

Many men who would send a message over the telephone under informal conditions would ask for a servant and not the mistress of the house herself. That can be easily enough arranged. Usually it is more convenient unless the telephone happens to be in the lady's room.

A story is told of one man in New York who called up the home of a friend under just such circumstances from his own room, and was astonished to recognize the voice of the lady of the house. He knew from the time of the day that she must be in about the same state of undress that he was. So he put his excuses in the third person.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "very much regrets that owing to detention at a business today he will be somewhat late at Mrs. Jones' dinner."

That seemed to rob the interview of its too great informality and satisfied his scruples.

It was out of respect for them that the lady answered in French that she was Mme. Jones' maid, and would give her the gentleman's message. This was followed by a giggle, which showed that the lady had played her part in the comedy entirely out of respect to his feelings.

But there are persons who are pondering over the long distance intimacies that the telephone seems to produce.

Throwing Life-Lines. Capt. Andre, a Chicago life-saving official, has recently made an important improvement in the method of throwing life lines to wrecked or disabled ships. If the wreck happens at night a steel rocket is used which leaves a trail of light behind it and thus enables not only the life-savers to locate the vessel in distress but it also shows those on the ship where the life line has been cast. The captain has devised a combination of colored lights which will burn for almost a minute in a continuous trail of light. Under the old methods shot after shot is often fired from the shore without giving any knowledge to the crew that any attempt is being made to save them. With this rocket line there can be no doubt as to the whereabouts of the life-saving men or the location of the distressed ship. In the daylight Capt. Andre has devised a whistle to be used instead of the fire line at night. In the case of fog probably the whistle, attached to the projectiles, will be of considerable service to the distressed ship.—Philadelphia Press.

Bad for Both. An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?" "Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starvin' me in the face."

"Heorra!" exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of yez."—London Outlook.

Fair Warning. Wife—How thoughtful of you, dear, to get your life insured in my favor. Husband—That's all right; but remember if you drive me to suicide you won't get a cent.—Chicago Daily News.

FUN WITH GRAY SQUIRRELS.

As It Is Practiced in the South, This Sport Calls for First-Class Shooting.

In the woods of southern Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi at this season the squirrel hunter is having all the fun he can stand up to in a day. The leaf-shedding trees are bare, but the southern squirrel, unlike its northern brother, does not hole up in the winter. It is in evidence through all the daylight hours, says the New York Sun.

In those parts of the south which are still far removed from railways, the squirrel is hunted with the rifle, just as it was hunted 50 or 100 years ago. The weapons often are rifles with abnormally long, soft barrels and a caliber as small as .22, muzzle loading, of course, and some of them used to be fired with flints. These guns are wonderfully accurate, are fired with black powder and because probably they have so much longer barrels, hold up better than the shorter modern breech-loading arm of the same size.

A pinewood dweller in the south will take a squirrel's head as a target at 50 yards and enter it more often than he will miss it, the round bullet going very truly and hard.

Nearly all of the squirrels are of the small, active, mischievous, toothsome gray kind. Shotguns are generally used on these and they furnish sport. It is, of course, no trick to knock down a still squirrel with a charge of No. 6 shot, but they are not often still, and the men who hunt them would disdain to shoot them anyway.

They are taken when on the move, most often when running swiftly along a branch high up, or leaping from tree to tree, and there are many easier marks. It is not natural to man to shoot with a gun pointing at the sky, the branches interfere, the target is small, often exposing but little of its body to the shot, and it gets through the woods at surprising speed.

Persons able to make fair scores on flying birds in the fields are often surprised when they first go after gray squirrels. Taking a squirrel in mid-air when it is making some leap of 20 feet and hangs outlined for but part of a second requires quickness and accuracy.

Since the squirrels have a great extent of territory, a mild climate, breed frequently and never die from exposure, there are literally tens of thousands of them. On any sunny afternoon in a bit of forest back of a plantation on which corn has been grown close down to the woods a man will see hundreds in a walk of half a mile. It is nothing for man or boy to kill from 25 to 30 squirrels in half a day's shoot, then in bunches to the saddle strings and come riding out of the swamp with legs hidden in gray fur.

There are few more attractive sports, for the man has the deep stillness of the woods around him, the myriad life of the forest and he gets very close to nature. If he will smoke his pipe quietly while sitting on a log, the squirrels will race all around him, venturing close in angry daring, and scolding volubly, endeavoring to drive him away with noise; but if he will stay long enough they will cease after awhile and go about their business as if he were not there.

THEFTS IN PALACES. Quantities of Valuable Taken Each Year from the Drawing-Rooms of Europe.

Quantities of ornaments are lost each year at the drawing-rooms or courts at Buckingham palace, and only a very small proportion is recovered, says a London report.

A very strange story is still told about a diamond necklace which was found at one of the state balls some years ago. It happened that one of the queen's ladies in waiting picked up a diamond necklace from the floor. As she stood with it in her hand a lady came quickly forward and claimed it.

The finder was very firm, however, and declared it was her duty to give it in to the lord chamberlain's office, as this was the rule with regard to anything found in the palace. The lady protested in vain; but the oddest thing was that the necklace never was claimed and is probably still at the lord chamberlain's office.

The fact that it was quite a common sight to see ladies stuffing their handkerchiefs with sweets and cakes from the supper tables at the court balls may be regarded as an amiable fibble of dotting parents; but, according to some, lace handkerchiefs and jewels are wafted away in this fashion, and sometimes fur stoles and lovely opera cloaks have been secured as spoil.

It used to be a saying in India at the big viceregal balls that the first departure was sure of the best Rampore chuddah.

These beautiful white shawls are always more or less the same size, but the difference in price is enormous; as the finest kind, voluminous as they seem, can easily be passed through a ring, and are consequently very costly, while the coarse ones are proportionately cheap.

Negro Heaven. "Rastus—Ah dreamed ob heaven las' night. Zeke—Am dat so? An' whut did it look like?" "A monst' big chicken roost in de middle ob a wutamillion patch!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

The First Day Out. She—But if anything should happen to the ship! He—Well, if the worst comes to the worst we have plenty of empty bottles in which to send out messages.—Puck.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Lord Curzon is the twenty-seventh Governor of India.

A. A. Aal is a St. Louis merchant who uses but two letters in signing his name.

Men over 40 are being employed at Liverpool, England, to do errand boys' work.

Alfred Russel Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of establishing the theory of evolution, is now 80 years of age.

John Flannagan, the champion weight and hammer thrower of the world, is now a member of the New York police force.

"The Old Greatman" is the title given to the late W. E. Gladstone by an Italian newspaper in an article on the English liberal party.

As a self-inflicted atonement for sins committed 30 years ago a Moscow beggar has ever since worn an iron chain from which two heavy weights depend.

Prof. Lawrence Bruner, state ethnologist at the University of Nebraska, has a collection of 60,000 grasshoppers, among which are to be found 20,000 distinct species.

John Newdick, a citizen of Kokomo, Ind., is of a strongly religious turn, but Mr. Newdick is a trifle unregenerate.

The other evening John announced family prayers, but at that moment it was inconvenient for his wife to attend, as her hands were "in the dough." John was already on his knees, but he arose and thrashed his irreligious spouse, after which he concluded his devotional exercises with all due reverence. Mrs. Newdick had him up before a magistrate next morning and his excess of zeal cost him \$25 and costs.

When William K. Vanderbilt was at Harvard he was one of the most democratic students there, carrying it so far as to be absolutely careless in dress. One day a Boston paper printed a story about a great golf links that the young millionaire was going to have for his own use. Next morning a youth who was described by the office boy as looking "like a guy what wanted a job," called on the editor and said: "I am Mr. Vanderbilt and I have come here for the purpose of denying a story that you published about me. I never played golf in my life and I hope that I never will. That account in your paper is simple rot and I wish it denied." Without another word the young millionaire walked out.

TYPEWRITERS FOR NATIONS.

One American Company Alone Sells Shuttles for Twenty-Six Languages.

How many typewriter operators know that machines have been invented for peoples using more than 25 different languages? The latest patent is the Arabic typewriter, with a keyboard no larger than the one we use in America, although the Arabic of textbooks is described as having 638 different characters. Up to date, says the New York Times, the Japanese tongue is about the only one in extensive use that does not boast its typewriting machine, but it is announced that a scholar of the language is now working on a keyboard arrangement, with a view to supplying the deficiency.

The difficulties of providing keyboard arrangements for a language having so many characters as the Arabic can be guessed at. That language's 638 forms, however, consist of variations of only about 30 letters, and the inventor had to do a lot of compromising with the variations. It is too early yet, according to men connected with the manufacture of machines, to tell how successful the latest addition will prove, but it is presumably to serve many thousands of merchants in Arabia, Egypt and Persia.

A single typewriter company of this city advertises "one hundred styles of type shuttles in 26 languages." Many of these languages, of course, have nearly the same characters as the English. For instance, the French, Spanish, and Scandinavian machines are like ours except that the keyboards contain certain accents that are not needed by us. The German, Greek and Russian keyboards, of course, have their distinctive characters, but the number of keys is practically the same in every case. There are special machines for writing Gaelic, and these the dealers speak of as "Irish typewriters."

One company makes a typewriter for Chinese. This one is necessarily very incomplete, for the language contains an almost unlimited number of characters, but it serves in ordinary business. There is another machine with a keyboard of Burmese characters, as well as one for the Siamese. There is no instrument for writing Hebrew, and this fact a typewriter maker explains by saying that, although thousands use that language, business operations are not conducted in it very extensively.

How He Kept Humble. Miller—You'll excuse me, but I never see your name in the list of subscribers for the poor of the village. Slender—Naturally. You see, it is this way. I pity the poor awfully and I am rather proud that I do pity them. If I should go so far as to give them money I'd be so vain there'd be no living in the same town with me.—Brooklyn Transcript.

An Epilogue. "What is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked. "That is fillet of sole, sir," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the diner, "and get me a nice tender piece of the upper with the buttons removed."—What to Eat.

WANTED THE PRINCE'S SCALP.

How Old Chief Spotted Tail Wanted to Avenge the Wanton Killing of Buffalo.

O. P. Wiggins was a veteran plainsman when Buffalo Bill was a baby. Yet even before the time of the venerable trapper there was a recognized need of the enforcement of measures to check the indiscriminate slaughter of the bison. As far back as 1846 Frances Parkman, in his "California and Oregon Trail," speaks of the indignation of the plainsmen at any wanton destruction committed among the buffalo cows; and to shoot a calf was a cardinal sin.

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Wiggins, according to the Denver Post, "when old Chief Spotted Tail wanted Buffalo Bill's scalp and the scalp of Prince Alexis and a lot of down-east government officials. And I was willing to go and see him take them. I wish he had. We'd have had some Buffalo left if old Spotted Tail had had his way. Spotted Tail was a wise old chap. He knew more than a white man about some things. Just as a beaver knows more than a red man about cold weather. The way Buffalo Bill and his crowd butchered the buffalo was a shame. Bill brought Grand Duke Alexis and 40 other 'redfeet' out with him to the plains, and for three months those fellows shot an average of 37 buffaloes a day. They counted only those that fell, and as many more must have been wounded, which, of course, were left to starve and die. Each hunter fastened a piece of paper to the lapel of his coat, and every time he shot a buffalo so that it fell he punched a pin hole in the paper. It was plain slaughering."

"Old Spotted Tail was mad. The buffaloes were made for the red man, he said. He didn't want those 'pale face' butchers' to come into the Indians' hunting grounds to kill his meat and not even take the hides. Buffalo meat was too good for coyotes. The chief made a plain proposition to me and Bill Siler, another trapper. He was to take 300 warriors and quietly raise the scalps of Buffalo Bill, the prince and the entire vandial party. The old Indian was in earnest, too. He wanted three white men to go along as witnesses. Siler and I were willing to go. The third man was necessary under some law or other, I believe, if the thing ever got out. We tried two or three, but each one was afraid that the Indians would take his scalp, too. I knew better. All the Indians wanted for their trouble was the outfits and the scalps of the vandial party, who were laying waste their herds. The one man's backwardness spoiled the scheme."

It's a good thing for "Bill" and his friends that he had old Spotted Tail to deal with instead of that other Sioux redskin who, about that time, claimed the Black Hills region as his private hunting grounds. If Cody had had Sittling Bull to reckon with the sequel would have been different. Sittling Bull had a radical way of dealing with this kind of offenders. I remember when a party of Englishmen invaded old Bill's hunting preserve and were slaughtering the buffalo much after the manner of Buffalo Bill and his crowd, for "sport" not even taking a hide. These wealthy scions of nobility and too much leisure did not need the pecuniary benefits supposed to be invested in the slaughtered animals, as did the poor hide hunters. They were out for "sport" and not for subsistence on game. Sittling Bull became alarmed at the wanton destruction of his herds. He remonstrated. The white hunters were willing to the game necessary for the legitimate use of the company, but the chief condemned in no uncertain terms any indiscriminate slaughter in mere wantonness. The hunters paid no attention to Bill's complaint. Then he became angry and threatened. The vandals laughed in his face and went on with their butchery.

Sittling Bull was not built like old Spotted Tail. He did not seek long or far for white men to witness what he directly determined on. Bull was a wily old chap. He kept his own counsel and was careful that no evidence should be available to connect any of his young men with the tragedy which was shortly enacted in an isolated and lone-some valley in the depths of the Black Hills.

The chief removed his camp from the vicinity where the English crowd were operating—ostensibly to restrain his angry warriors from openly coming into contact with the white hunters, in reality to fortify against any suspicion of the real coup which he had determined to make. The sportsmen flattered themselves that the chief was afraid of them.

But suddenly the hunting party disappeared. The crack, crack of their rifles no longer echoed among the hills. Friends who sought the missing hunters several days later found their horses running at large on the prairie. Some of them were bridled and saddled. Later still, the score or more of bodies were found in a lonesome valley, mutilated beyond recognition by carnivorous bird and beast, but the scalps intact. The arms and property of the white man were also undisturbed. If murder had been perpetrated within the confines of that lonely valley it certainly had not been for the purpose of robbery. And whoever knew an Indian to slay without taking the scalp and the personal belongings of his victim?

Nothing ever came up that could connect Bull with the killing; the government could prove nothing, so it did nothing.

Wrecks of the Baltic. There are more wrecks in the Baltic sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.—Marine Journal.

COULDN'T LOCK THE DOOR.

Courtly Old Virginian Wanted Privacy at His Hotel and Had It at His Own Expense.

He was an elegant old gentleman from Virginia. Anyone would have known that he came from that state without even asking. His aristocratic face and bearing, his white hair and mustache, his courtly manner and soft elision of certain syllables, all proclaimed him of a type becoming more and more rare with each ensuing year. No one was surprised when the clerk of the hotel which he had just entered addressed him as "colonel." The title certainly fitted him. The writer afterward discovered that he is a bona-fide colonel, having served through what was until recently called the late imperial army, relates the Washington Post.

"Well, colonel," said the clerk, who came from the old gentleman's town in Virginia, "you want the best in the house, of course?"

"Certainly, certainly, sub!" answered the colonel, to whom money mattered not. "About how much, sub, did you say per day?"

"Twelve dollars, sub." "Very good, sub," said the Virginian. "Perfectly satisfactory, sub." "Then he was shown upstairs."

After he had been at the hotel a few days his son, who happened to be in town, called upon the "governor" and found him in a very comfortable room, but nothing very elegant, at least not luxurious enough to be paying \$12 a day.

"I have nothing to complain of," said the colonel, "except that that stupid bell-boy neglects to lock this door leading from my room into that of the Lord knows who. So it is that I am obliged to fasten the door by chairs and things. It's a good thing I've served my time in the army, my boy. Who knows whether a burglar or some siren occupies that next room? I hid awake last night wondering who is in there, and whether he or she might get it into their heads to invade my room."

"I'll speak to the clerk," said the son, but by the time he had gotten down stairs his mind was fixed on other things.

Two or three days later the colonel asked the clerk for his bill. "And were you very comfortable, colonel?"

"Perfectly, sub." "And didn't you like the way your rooms were fitted up?"

"My rooms?" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, I only had one room, sub." "Oh, no, I gave you a suite. Parlor, bedroom and bath. What did you suppose you were paying \$12 a day for?"

Then light dawned upon the colonel and he understood all about the room that wasn't locked.

BETTER THAN DYNAMITE. Powerful Blasting Powders That Are Not So Dangerous and More Durable.

Blasting powders are now coming into use which are as cheap and powerful as dynamite, but safer. Dynamite is a mixture of nitro-glycerine, the true explosive agent, with a special kind of earth designed to give it body. It is not uncommon for the nitro-glycerine to leak out of the container. A single drop of the fluid, falling on a solid surface, will often cause an explosion. Dynamite easily freezes, and attempts to thaw it frequently result in overheating and explosion. Soaking in hot water or exposure to sunshine for several hours will rot it. When this deterioration begins, the stuff is more than usually sensitive, and a slight jar will set it off prematurely.

Some of the modern blasting powders are solid, so that there is nothing to leak out or to freeze, or to require thawing. They are practically uninfluenced by weather or exposure. At least one is so tough that it can be hammered on an anvil without igniting. The thrusting of a red-hot iron into this variety will cause it to burn, but not to explode. It can be fired only with a detonating cap. The Engineering News mentions another significant test. A stick of this particular powder was exploded in the proper manner outside and on top of a box containing 50 pounds more of it, and the latter was unharmed. The fumes left by dynamite make one sick, while other powders are less liable to do so. Wide-awake contractors, who have blasting to do, especially in winter, would do well to look into this matter. It seems to be possible to reduce the danger of their work by selecting proper substitutes for the means formerly employed.

Census of Bacteria. Dr. Ehrlich, a physician of Strassburg, Germany, has recently published the results of an examination, made at the University of Strassburg, of the colonies of bacteria residing on the surface of unwashed fruit, taken from the markets. He computed the number of bacteria found on half a pound of each of the fruits named as follows: Huckleberries, 400,000; damsons, 470,000; yellow plums, 700,000; pears, 800,000; gooseberries, 1,000,000,000; garden strawberries, 2,000,000; raspberries, 4,000,000; grapes, 8,000,000; currants, 11,000,000; cherries, 12,000,000. Dr. Ehrlich advises that fruit be cleaned by the use of running water.—Science.

No Shoes, No Colds. People who go barefooted and those who wear sandals, instead of shoes, rarely have colds in the head or any form of influenza.—Medical Journal.