

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Alvinza Hayward, the California millionaire and mining king, still wears the style of the heavy silk hat that was in vogue 50 years ago.

There are still in England two representatives of the old-time fox-hunting parson. These are Rev. E. A. Milne and Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who are respectively masters of the Cattistock and Coniston packs.

When a waiter in a San Francisco hotel was offered \$40 a month, with board and lodgings, to go into household service in Honolulu, his answer was that he could not afford the change, because his tips far exceeded the proposed wages. — Chicago Times-Herald.

Most anything seems to be good enough reason for bringing divorce proceedings. A Washington woman has sued for freedom on the ground that her husband is not as strong politically as he thought and said he was, and a Leavenworth sister has just burst her matrimonial bonds because her husband would not take her to church.

A letter has been published in Moscow from Sven Anders Hedlin, a traveler, in which he mentions an excursion into Tibet in a direction never before attempted by Europeans. He succeeded in reaching Lake Lobnor, on the shores of which he discovered the remains of an ancient city. The ruins were magnificent and were intersected by broad roads.

A citizen walking past a butcher shop in Beatrice, Neb., saw the butcher and a customer rolling over the sawdust floor in lively rough-and-tumble fashion. He tried them apart and then learned that the customer had come in to buy some dog meat. The butcher monochalantly asked: "Do you wish to eat it here or shall I wrap it up?" Then the trouble began.

Walter Crane has designed a tablet to designate the house in Chelsea where the painter Turner died. It was during his residence there that Turner took the name of Booth. The old sailors of Chelsea called him "Admiral," because of his blue coat and brass buttons, while the boys dubbed him "Fuggly Booth." Steps have been taken to preserve the quaint old cottage.

In Colorado it is not necessary that judges of county courts shall be lawyers. The result has been that decisions of such tribunals, when appealed, are reversed in almost half the cases. It is found that in nearly all cases county courts get at the equity all right, but err as to technicalities, and it is suspected that more or less unscrupulous lawyers lay traps to bring about just such results.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

One Stable Will Keep a Large Neighborhood Supplied for the Season.

If you burn insect powder in an old tin pan it will kill mosquitoes. A person, I mention no names, tried it to kill flies, says Harvey Sutherland in Almslee's. It made the house smell like Fourth of July, though quieter. The flies went about their business as usual, and never so much as coughed. Two or three alighted on the edge of the pan. "Hello!" said one. "What's this? Something new? Say, where were you yesterday? I was lookin' for you all over." It never feazed them. Lavender flowers, they say, will discourage flies. Don't you believe it. They won't do anything of the kind. At the soda fountains, though, where otherwise the sweet slops would attract flies by the millions, the druggists scatter essence of sassafras. It is rather amusing to watch a fly sail in the door and make for the counter. "Lemme see, now, you can almost hear him say, 'I think I'll take vanilla ice cream—' and then he strikes that sassafras and cries: 'Pue! Let me out of here, quick!' Flies do not like sassafras at all. It is rather an insistent perfume, and I do not know that I myself should care for it for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for weeks all through fly time.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The armies of flies are to be discomfited only by attacking the base of supplies. It is an old saying that if you kill one fly, 40 will come to the funeral. These little skirmishes with fly poison and sticky paper are useless. To fence ourselves in with screens is hardly worthy of civilized people. It is like living in forts besieged by savages. It is sometimes said that the old-fashioned housekeeper who is forever cleaning up is bothered with few insect visitors of any kind. But I put up an umbrella against the storm of indignation sure to break over my head by declaring that the most scrupulous cleanliness will not avail when there is a stable near. One stable will keep a large neighborhood amply supplied with flies daily in the season. It is possible by throwing the manure in which they breed into a pit and covering it with quicklime to kill the eggs and larvae, but where one man is thus careful nine hundred and ninety-nine will not take the trouble. So great has been the progress of the trolley car, the bicycle and the automobile that everyone has confidence in the ability of invention to give us horseless travel, but we shall look long and look in vain for the day of cowless milk. Till then we shall have to endure, with Pharaoh of the Exodus, the plague of flies.

A New Domestic Arrangement. "How do your folks manage with the family wash, Giddings? We haven't room in our flat to hang a clothes line."

"Oh, we hang ours in the kitchen over night."

"But do the clothes dry?"

"Yes, my wife sits up all night and fans them."—Buffalo Morning News.

COURAGEOUS OLD MAIDS.

Two West Virginia Spinners Battle with and Conquer a Pair of Catamounts.

Away up near the head of Eagle creek, almost in the heart of the Flat Top mountain region, in West Virginia, two old maids, Misses Lucy and Samantha Hearst, live in a little one-story log cabin, miles from the nearest neighbor. They have lived alone since the death of their father, Alexander Hearst, about ten years ago, seemingly happy and content with their lot in life. The women are 36 and 42 years old, respectively. That delightful old gentleman, Judge Campbell, of Monroe county, puts it, they are God's gentlewomen. They take great delight in raising large numbers of turkeys, chickens, and other poultry, which they sell as occasion demands to the lumber camps scattered about the dense forests of McDowell and adjoining counties, for which they receive enough money to keep them in groceries and other articles.

Some time ago "varmints" began to raid the chicken house and turkey pens of the old maids, destroying and carrying off dozens of chickens or turkeys in a night. The prowlers they soon ascertained were two big catamounts and their progeny of half-grown ones. The women tracked the wildcats by the aid of their dogs to a cliff of rocks about three miles further up the creek, but they did not get a shot at them on either of the dozen or more occasions they pursued them. A few nights ago Lucy Hearst aroused her sister with the remark that "them pesky catmounts are in our henhouse again, Samantha." That was enough for Samantha, and in a few minutes the two women, Lucy, armed with a long pitchfork and her sister with a light ax, ran to the henhouse, in which a terrible racket was taking place.

Lucy had brought with her an old-fashioned perforated tin lantern, which, as soon as Samantha opened the chicken house door, she set down on the floor. In the corner farthest away from the door the woman saw two pairs of yellow, glistening eyes, and caught a glimpse of the gray coats of the intruders.

"Catmounts, two of 'em, now, you get ready with your ax, Samantha, while I stir 'em out with the fork," said Lucy.

"All right, I'm ready," replied Samantha, but the wild cats didn't wait to be stirred out. They both gave a scream and sprang at the women. Luckily one of the cats struck a hen roost in her spring and was thrown backward, or the women would have fared badly. As it was the biggest catamount landed close enough to seize Samantha's skirt in her claws, but a downward sweep of the short ax and a plunge of the long-pronged pitchfork made him let go and retreat without having done any damage except to the dress of Miss Samantha, which was torn. The catamount which had struck the roosting pole was now on her feet, and with a hiss and a scream she tried it again, springing squarely at the throat of Lucy Hearst. Quick as the wildcat was the mountain woman was quicker. She jammed one end of the long handle against the ground, and with the right hand turned the pronged end toward the oncoming wildcat, and held it firmly and steady as a Mexican tiger, and, like the tigress, she caught the brute fairly in the chest. The long prongs were sharp and the force of the spring added to the weight of the cat, forced the pointed steel clear through the wildcat's body. Then followed a terrible battle. While Lucy was trying to hold the wildcat down by recovering the pole of the fork Samantha was slashing at the infuriated brute with her ax. She had dealt it one blow, which, missing its head, laid its shoulder wide open, and was preparing to give it another when the larger catamount, having somewhat recovered from his rough handling, again made an attack. As before, the attack was preceded with a yell and a hiss. The cat jumped, but a wound he had received prevented him from springing forward, and to this diversion Samantha doubtless owed her safety, for instead of lighting, as the catamount intended on the women's shoulders, he missed and struck several feet to the left, landing in a nest on the top of an old hen, which flew out with a frightened cackle, confusing the cat long enough for the woman to get in a blow with her ax, which split the wildcat's head wide open, killing it almost instantly. Meanwhile the old female cat which had been perforated with the pitchfork and chopped so severely with the ax, made one more attempt to attack. Before Lucy was aware of the cat's movement, in the semi-darkness of the henhouse, the latter caught her by the sleeve of her dress and tore great strips, tearing her left arm from the elbow to wrist. The cat failed to get a hold with the teeth, but would have done so a second later but for Lucy's sister, who, seeing Lucy's plight, whirled the light ax over her head and struck the catmount just behind the shoulders, severing its vertebrae.

That ended the fight. Both catamounts were dead and the women escaped with a badly torn arm on the part of Lucy and two ruined dresses. A dozen chickens were lying dead on the floor by the side of the catamounts. The next day, with the aid of a couple of lumber cutters, a raid was made on the cliff of rocks and the catamounts' den was found. Four half-grown catamounts and five kittens were killed, entirely wiping out the catamounts of that region. Lucy and Samantha Hearst are now the heroines of Flat Top mountain.

Weapons of Afghans. The Afghans never leave their homes without having an arsenal of weapons in their belts. Arms are their ornaments.—Chicago Chronicle.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Passing Remarks.—Gotham Maid—"We have the best dressed men." Chicago Maid—"Oh, well, we have the best dressed beef."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

There Are Others.—Father—"You have spent a fortune on the races, and what have you realized?" Son—"That I am an idiot."—Brooklyn Life.

A Flight of Fancy.—Visitor—"Good morning; tide's very high this morning, eh?" Ancient Mariner—"Ar, if the sea was all beer, there wouldn't be no bloom in 'igh tides!"—Punch.

"Another one of those get-rich-quick concerns failed the other day." "That so?" "Yes; old Goldbond's daughter broke her engagement with young Wiloughby."—Indianapolis Sun.

Little Willie—"Paw, is ma a mil-crober?" Mr. Henpeck—"Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?" Little Willie—"Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a mil-crobe."—Baltimore American.

"What's this?" exclaimed the city editor. "The extremely happy young couple left at once for the south. Why do you say 'extremely'?" "Because," said the society reporter, who was married himself. "I understand neither bride nor groom have any relatives in the world."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Neighborly Reciprocity.—"How do you like your new neighbor, Mrs. Way?" "Not at all. She's awful stingy. Why, she borrowed our tack-hammer and a nutmeg early last week, but when I went over yesterday to ask her to lend me eight dollars to pay on the rent, she said she didn't have it to spare. Wasn't that small?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Billings—"In your club doesn't it sometimes come awkward to have to follow parliamentary rules and refrain from referring to a man by his name?" Gilroy—"Not at all. For example, when I speak of Breesley as 'that apologetic for a man whose gigantic prominence is his diminutive inferiority,' everybody knows whom I mean."—Boston Transcript.

TITIAN OF IMMENSE VALUE.

An Offer of \$1,000,000 Made for a Great Painting by That Artist.

The preposterous report that some one had offered \$1,000,000 for Titian's celebrated painting of "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese collection at Rome, is due in all probability to the universal hunger for astonishing people, although it may have some color of possibility to the imagination of kindergarten financiers. Insensate prices have been paid for Raphaels, that in the National gallery especially, which came from the Marlborough collection, also for the works of other old masters, but never any such incredible price as this! Yet it would be a hard matter to set the exact limit of value in the case of a sale of Titian, more particularly such an example as the absurdly misnamed "Sacred and Profane Love." If there exists in the world a picture worth \$1,000,000, who would be bold enough to deny the right of Titian, the potentate of painters, to be the author of that work? As to the picture known by the title of "Sacred and Profane Love"—a title which Titian did not give it, and which has needlessly puzzled many commentators—it is now generally considered simply as a fanciful or romantic composition, says the Boston Transcript.

But Franz Wickoff, a German critic, has evolved a theory, which has a good deal to recommend it, that this picture represents an incident in the seventh book of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea, the enchantress, daughter of Aetes, king of Colchis, unwilling to yield to her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who pleads for the lover and endeavors to persuade Medea to follow her to the wood where Jason is waiting. Titian has represented this scene as taking place in the open air; the dawn is just breaking and rosy streaks appear on the horizon. A young woman richly dressed, is seated on one side of the sculptured stone basin of a fountain, on the edge of which she has placed a costly casket. Her right hand is in her lap and holds a bunch of magic herbs. Deeply moved, she gazes fixedly before her, lending ear to the while to the persuasive voice of another woman seated near. The form of this woman, around which flutters a red mantle, is of a marvelous beauty. She rests her right hand upon the fountain's edge, and with her left holds on high a vase from which issues a light smoke. Between the two women the god of love is splashing in the water with his chubby little hands.

Mr. Wickoff maintains that in the beautiful nude figure Venus is easily recognizable, even were her son not there to indicate her presence. The woman to whom she speaks, and who, though unwilling to yield blindly, still feels herself drawn by an irresistible power, is Medea, who betrayed the king, her father, and followed Jason, the stranger and enemy of her people.

How Silk Equalizes Temperature. It is known to everybody that silk is electrified by friction. Acting upon the suggestion thus furnished, a French savant, M. Henry, has made experiments which show that the electrification of the air enclosed in a tissue of silk produces a circulation of its particles which tends to equalize the temperature. A similar effect is observable in wool, and hence the superiority of silk and wool for garments intended to protect the body against the vicissitudes of climate.

An Early Opportunity.

"He—Ah, how I love you! Would I were a knight of old, that I might fight for you this very day."

She—Perhaps you may, Clarence. Suppose you speak to papa now.—Philadelphia Record.

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Notion of a Cowboy Compares with the Lonely Sheep Herder.

In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study. The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, says Capt. J. H. McIntook, in Almslee's, in a man who daily coars feasts on the range that would win applause at a wild west show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling, he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and to man can be an efficient cow-puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness. The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Marzatal mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark startled the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the campfire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, uncultivated district, filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half-dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead, in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the "wrangler's bunch" in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and soiced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song. As a rule, the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a "single-barreled rig," which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double-reeched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys, or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting "baa" drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate. It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings, and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb, and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation.

Asia's Great Sink Holes.

While Asia has the loftiest mountains in the world, it also possesses the deepest and most extensive land depressions, several of them, as is well known, sinking below sea level, so that if the ocean could flow into them they would be filled to the brim. In the deepest parts of most of them water now stands, forming small seas. Others are destitute of water. Among these is the Lukchun depression in Central Asia, concerning which Gen. Tillo writes, in the "Proceedings of the Russian Geographical Society," that in places it sinks as much as 400 feet below sea level. This sink-hole in the middle of the largest of the continents is also remarkable for its meteorological features, the yearly amplitudes of the barometer being greater than are recorded anywhere else on earth. In summer the temperature rises to Saharan heat, a record of 118 degrees Fahrenheit having been obtained in July, while the air is of desert dryness.

Turkish Time.

A recent visitor to Constantinople reports one custom of the Turks which causes a vast deal of trouble and confusion. This is the Turkish system of reckoning time. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset; at that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of 12. As the sun has the same habits in presiding over Turkey that he exercises with regard to other localities, it may easily be seen that this system of reckoning time necessitates setting the clocks every day. It appears that a watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to a Turk.—Youth's Companion.

In the Darkest South.

"First Traveler—Dense population? Why, I understand it isn't over 20 to the square mile."

Second Traveler—No; but some of it is pretty dense.—Puck.

KNOWN AS FIGHTING JUDGE.

Maj. Pletcher Held Many Offices and Was Known as the Push-Hah.

"The fighting judge" is the title by which his associates in the Eighth United States infantry regiment know Maj. W. L. Pletcher. He is known to others as "the great American Push-Hah," for he has held about as many offices as usually fall to the lot of the American citizen. The major is a jolly bachelor, and in telling his experiences the other day he seemed to enjoy the novelties with which his career has been dotted.

"Well," the major began, "I suppose I will have to tell you first, now I'm started, about my administration as chief of the Havana police. When the Eighth and Tenth regiments took possession of Havana they found that the Spanish police system was even worse than that of Tammany in its most evil days. The Spanish patrolman sat on a soap box at the corner. If a murder or burglary occurred the only means of attracting his attention was to run out on the sidewalk and beat a rat-tat-tat on the flagstone. When the patrolman arrived he would size up the situation and rap on the sidewalk for another officer. By the time the force of policemen was sufficiently large the criminal had generally made his escape.

"The first reform was to detail 300 soldiers from the Eighth for patrol duty. The men were made to walk their beats, and they used their clubs when necessary—not on the pavement, but over the heads of the offenders.

VACATION EMPLOYMENTS.

How Some College Girls Occupy Themselves During the Summer Months.

Contrary to the general impression, summer is not a playtime for hosts of college girls—a large proportion of these young women working when the thermometer is at very unreasonable heights to earn the money to pay the next year's expenses.

Many and varied, too, are the employments they pursue, some of them acting as waitresses and maids at summer hotels and boarding houses, others filling the offices of manicurist and hairdresser at the seaside resorts, having taken a course in these branches in leisure moments during the winter, while still others who are adepts at facial massage make really large sums beautifying the summer maid when her skin has been hardened and cracked by exposure to the elements.

More interesting, though perhaps not easier, is the employment of a young woman who teaches whist to good-sized classes at a New England watering place.

Large numbers of college girls coach younger lads and lassies for high schools and colleges and pick up knowledge by the way themselves. These are only a few of the ways in which girls lacking a big bank account and anxious for a collegiate education manage to get sufficient funds together to fulfill their ambition. No doubt it sometimes takes a good deal of pocketing of pride to doff cap and gown and don the waitress' cap and apron, but the American girl is quite equal to such a pocketing; and she presents an imperturbable front to the world, no matter how menial her employment may be.

Where There's a Will. Where there's a will there's always one or more lawyers.—Chicago Daily News.

DIAMOND DIES NOW USED.

Brass Wire Made as Fine as Threads of a Cobweb by a Careful Operation.

One of the latest and most wonderful developments in brass making is the use of the diamond die by means of which ingot brass is to-day drawn down to wire of the fineness of ninety tenths of a thousandth part of an inch. Steel may also be drawn nearly as fine, and the two products when completed are as fine and soft as the threads of a cobweb, and are as waxy and glossy as human hair, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The brass hair is of a beautiful amber color, while the steel is of an iron gray. This wire is about as strong as a human hair, and is of value for mechanical purposes, being in great demand by makers of electrical apparatus. Never before was so fine wire drawn through steel dies. The development of the diamond die to its present stage of perfection has rendered possible the production of much finer wire. In fact, the size of the wire now possible is limited only by the ability to hold together as it comes through the die.

The diamond die is made of a fluke diamond looking not unlike a bit of sapphire. The hole through which the wire is drawn is drilled through the diamond and the stone is then stuck on a steel slab with glue, directly over a hole in the slab which is a trifle larger than that in the diamond. The wire to be drawn is then led through the diamond so that the stone bears steadily against the slab. This keeps the diamond in position.

The brass ingots from which the cobwebby wire is made are four inches square and long enough to weigh about 250 pounds. One of these will make miles of the cobweb wire. Its first pull through steel rollers is reduced to the size of one's finger, and then it is drawn by machinery through a set of steel dies, gradually decreasing in diameter, until it comes out in the shape of the wire of the fineness seen in the ordinary trades. Then it is put through a set of eight diamond dies, the diameter of the last being infinitesimal part of an inch indicated above.

Another curious thing in this brass-making country is the development of hydraulic rolls which are so scientifically adjusted that a copper cent may be rolled out under them to the size of an enormous platter, and to thickness that amounts to transparency, so that a newspaper may be read through the metal. The operation has to be conducted with great care. One of the cents thus rolled out was sent to Queen Victoria as a curiosity some time ago, and the queen returned a letter thanking the workmen.

LACK REASONING FACULTY.

Chinamen as a Rule Jump at Conclusions Without Respect for Logic.

The Chinese never reason by analogy. They seem incapable of it. A Chinese boy, if asked why his sister did not come to school, will answer: "My sister did not come to school," and consider it a full reply to the question. Ask why the Chinese build pagodas 13 stories high, and the answer will come: "The Chinese built them so." The idea of cause and effect is extremely hazy in the celestial mind, says a London paper.

The nearest approach to reasoning of which the Chinese mind is capable will be found in their expositions of religious doctrines. Here, naturally, there is much wisdom displayed, but little reasoning compared with other religions. In one characteristic passage a writer speaks of the fables of mythology and goes on to say: "Why, since the ancient books that described these times were burned by Tsin, should we misrepresent those remote ages and satisfy ourselves with vague fables? However, as everything except Heaven and earth must have had a cause, it is clear that they have always existed and that cause produced all sorts of men and beings and endowed them with various qualities." Otherwise the promising beginning and the absolutely illogical termination. Such consequences as these are common enough. The origin of all things is ascribed, not illogically, to dual powers, the yin and yang, representing the masculine and the feminine principles. This is developed into an ingenious philosophy and is intelligible to the western mind. But although in this idea Chinese philosophy bears a resemblance to that of the Egyptians and the Hindus, the likeness cannot be carried far, and it is safe to say that among civilized races there is no more illogical, no more unimaginative, philosophy than that of the Chinese.

Had to See the Boss.

"Jones—I say, Jim, will you go with us down to the shore to-morrow night? We'll get back soon after 12 o'clock, I guess."

Brown—I should like to go, and I don't know but I will. I can't tell you positively just now.

Jones—I understand. You want to ask your wife.

Brown—No such thing. I want to ask the janitor if he is willing. I live in an apartment house, you remember.—Boston Transcript.

Our loftiest Mountains.

The records of the geological survey in Washington establish the fact that the loftiest known mountain in North America is Mount McKinley in Alaska, about 200 miles from the shore of Cook inlet. The aboriginal name of the peak is Tralega. It is 20,464 feet high. This is not far from the elevation of Mount Chimborazo, the highest peak of the Andes, and is 2,440 feet greater than that of Mount St. Elias, which was at one time believed to be our loftiest mountain.