

HE TALKED TOO MUCH.

And When He Got Through There Was a Revelation That Surprised Him.

The man was watering the front yard grass with a hose. He was in his shirt sleeves and smoked a cigar. A cadaverous, middle-aged man came along, leaned against the iron fence and mopped his forehead, relates the Washington Post.

"Giving it a drink, eh?" said he to the man with the hose. "Yep," said the latter, good-naturedly. "Wetting her down a bit."

"Next little bit of lawn, that," said the man outside the fence. "Uh-huh," said the man with the hose. "Jollied the landlord into re-sodding it this spring. Then after that my wife wheeled him into scattering clover seed all over it, so that I've got it into pretty good shape now."

"Must have an easy landlord," commented the man leaning on the iron fence. "Easy," said the man with the hose. "Well, say, that old gazabo is just pie, that's what he is—pie. Only way I can account for the easiness of that man is that he's looney, or that he's so rich he don't know where to blow himself first."

"Go 'way," said the man outside. "Surest thing you know," said the man in his shirt sleeves. "I've only been living in this house about seven months and if that old lunatic hasn't spent \$350 in repairs since I've been here he hasn't spent a cent."

"Well, I swear!" said the man outside. "Fact," said the man with the hose. "And the beauty of it is I only pay \$45 a month for the house, whereas all the folks up and down the block, living in exactly the same kind of houses, have to cough up their little \$55 as regularly as the moon goes round."

"That's right. I first moved in here—let's see, yew, it was the third of December. Knew I had a bargain in the house in just the shape it was in then, but I believe in getting all I can in this life, and so I s'ems my wife down to the old idiot's office to make some demands for repairs. First she tackled him for an entirely new furnace, and blamed it if he didn't come right to the front in a jump, and inside of ten days I had a furnace plant in this shack that's just a picture. Keep us so hot during the cold weather that it like to drive us out of doors."

"Well, well!" said the cadaverous man. "Uh-huh!" said the man in his shirt sleeves, biting off the end of a fresh cigar. "Then that having been so easy, I told my wife she might as well hit the old corder up for gas logs both upstairs and down. She hit him up. Was it easy? Well, it was just like drinking chocolate ice cream soda on a hot night, that's all, and the man with the hose smiled very broadly.

SECRET REMEDIES IN AUSTRIA

Consul General Hurst Says Their Importation and Sale is Strictly Forbidden.

In reply to many inquiries addressed to the United States consulate at Vienna, regarding the importation and sale of patented medicinal and chemical preparations, Consul General Hurst, at that city, submits to the state department a report in which he says that the sale of "arcanas" or secret remedies has always been strictly forbidden in the Austrian kingdom. He notes that trade in such medicines and advertisements of the same are under strict surveillance of the law.

Further, those medicinal preparations of which the prescriptions are not open to inspection by physicians, or in the prescriptions of which the substance of the medicinal ingredients cannot be definitely recognized as to kind and quantity, may not be kept for sale in apothecaries. Only those manufactures may be considered as pharmaceutical specialties that contain drugs acknowledged to be medicinal remedies, as, for instance, balsam copaiba, oleum santali, and the like; or pharmaceutical preparations, as extractum filicis maris, extractum cubebae, and the like; or simple mixtures of the same in a new and more practical form of application, or more pleasing to the sight, smell and taste, such as capsulae gelatinosae, amylicae, glazed, sugar-coated or other kinds of pills, gelatinas medicatae, saponas medicati, etc.

Every new medicinal preparation intended for use by the public must be reported to the authorities, and its sale may not be begun until said authorities have found no reason to prohibit the same.

There are certain limits placed on the importation by druggists of patented medicinal preparations, in reference, principally, to secret specialties and nostrums. Altogether excluded are cosmetics that by their labels, wrappers and advertisements are affirmed to be efficacious in the removal of personal blemishes—impure skin, freckles, liver spots and baldness—and are, therefore, qualified as remedies.

The regulations in Austria in regard to the advertisement of patent medicines are likewise strict. All laudatory notices in local publications of cures and remedies coming from abroad constitute a transgression of the trade laws, and, under certain circumstances, foundation for complaint of unlicensed medical practice. As, however, the importation of foreign medicines is permitted to druggists, a suitable announcement of the same in the papers cannot be forbidden if done in accordance with existing laws, all the more as the advertising druggists are responsible for any illegal action. The recommendation of any special remedy for general use—hence irrational application of the same for various diseases—cannot be sanctioned, as in such cases the remedy is falsely invested with the efficacy of an arcanum. But to the straightforward announcement of any admissible medicinal preparation, with mention merely of its direct effect—such as purgative, solvent, astringent and the like, Dr. Hurst says no objection can be made.

JUST ONE OF THE BOYS.

Colonel Burt Once Played Ball with the Boys and the Captain Followed Instructions.

One of the most popular officers in the army is Col. Andrew S. Burt, of the Twenty-fifth infantry regiment, an organization composed of colored men, says the Chicago Chronicle. He rose from the ranks and has never failed to take a fatherly interest in the welfare and happiness of his men. He believes the best way for them to pass away the tedious hours of garrison duty is to play baseball and other outdoor games. He often acted as umpire, and on one occasion, despite his gray locks, decided to take a hand himself. Stripping off his coat, he took the place of one of the players.

When called to the bat he turned to the captain of his team and informed him that for the nonce he was "just one of the players; not the colonel." The dusky captain did not immediately reply, but as soon as the colonel batted a three-bagger he was after him like a mad bull.

"Go down! Go down! Yo' skinny, six-footed, bow-legged little dobbie. Dat's right! Kick de stuff out'n dat second baseman; Run; whoop'em up! Yo' runs lak er cow; youse er wooden man. W'y don' yo' stir yo' foots? Run lak er cow! W'at's de name of de team?"

The stream of abuse, mixed with much profanity and with all the pet names belonging to a colonel, was continued until the dignified old colonel finally crossed the home plate. He said nothing until he had invested himself with his coat. Then he faced the dusky baseball captain, who gravely saluted: "Private—Johnson, I am now and from henceforth Col. Burt. Go on with your game."

"Profit in Shark Fishing." In all the equatorial islands of the North and South Pacific shark fishing is a very profitable industry to the natives, and every trading steamer or sailing vessel coming into the islands of Sydney or Auckland from some town of the mid-Pacific brings sharks. The principal markets for the former are Hong-Kong and Singapore, but the Chinese merchants of the Australasian colonies will always buy shark's fins and tails at from 6d to 11d per pound.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Czar Nicholas of Russia is one of the most industrious potentates in Europe. He works about 14 hours a day and seldom retires before one or two o'clock in the morning. With the exception of Secretary Root, Secretary Gage takes fewer holidays than any official in Washington. In 40 years of business life in Chicago Mr. Gage took 90 days in vacations.

At a rough estimate the total amount of income taxes which Americans in England are compelled to pay for John Bull's support is \$5,000,000 a year. All whose incomes are below \$800 a year escape free.

Prof. Hubert Herkmer, generally known as an Englishman, is in fact a Bavarian. A visitor to his home in Bushey, England, found his house surrounded by others occupied by his free pupils. The intervals between painting and teaching are given up to tennis and cricket, while Herkmer himself is fond of doing carpenter's work and improving his house.

Otojiro, the Henry Irving of Japan, who is now playing with much success in London, was originally a diplomatist attached to the Japanese embassy in Paris. On returning to his native country, having meantime become fascinated with the French theater, he began applying the lessons he had learned in Europe, and now has completely revolutionized the stage in Japan. He has made many excellent adaptations of European plays.

Austin Dobson, the English poet, who has retired with a pension from his position as principal of a department of the London board of trade, wanted to be an engineer and was being prepared for that profession when his parents persuaded him to choose the civil service. He entered the London board of trade in 1856 as a clerk, and the poems and biographical works which have made him one of the leading English writers of the day began to appear soon thereafter in English periodicals.

A VICTIM OF THE LAUNDRY.

Fate of a Man Who Sent a Friend's Shirt with His Own to Be Washed.

"Of course you have heard the tale of the shirt of flannel, the tail of which grew shorter and shorter with every wash, but this is a tale of a shirt that has caused me to make no end of explanations," remarked a gentleman to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "Years ago all my laundry was done by a Chinaman, who was the best washerman I ever knew. My linen came home spotlessly clean and magnificently laundered, and that Chinaman was a treasure in his line. One night a friend passed the night with me. I loaned him a nightshirt, and when he got up the next morning I put out one of my shirts for him. He wore it, leaving his soiled garment in its place to go out with my wash. The Chinaman failed to call for the soiled clothes as was his custom, and upon sending to his place the laundry was found closed and no one knew where the washerman had gone. I sent the bundle of soiled linen to a steam-laundry, and when my clothes were sent home every garment was marked with the initials of my friend who had passed the night with me and whose shirt I had sent to the laundry with mine. Up to that time not a spot of indelible ink had appeared on any of my clothes. Chinamen do not mark clothes, but use different colored strings to keep the clothes of their customers separate. But in steam laundries everything is marked in indelible ink, and as the shirt of my friend was the only garment marked his initials were put on every piece I had sent to the wash, notwithstanding my own name was on the laundry slip and my initials were nothing like those on the one marked shirt. Since that time I have never been able to escape the initials of my former friend. Go where I may, those initials still stick to my clothes, and every washable garment I own to this day is marked with my friend's initials. Since the day my shirt went to the laundry in my bundle I suppose I have bought 100 shirts, half as many suits of underwear and twice as many pairs of socks, collars and neckties, and invariably they have been marked with that man's initials, no matter in what part of the country I may be. I am strongly tempted to give away all the wash clothes I possess just to get rid of the initials of my friend which have so long stuck to me. I know no other way to rid myself of this laundry mark old man of the sea. As long as these initials stick to me I am in danger of being identified as some other man should I be knocked insensible in the street, be the victim of footpads or meet sudden death."

ALLOTTING PUBLIC LAND.

Methods That Were Employed by Ancients Compared with Those of To-Day.

Reference has been made to the rush which took place in Oklahoma for the new lands opened to settlement there. And nothing could more clearly point out the difference between the ancient methods of awarding public soil and those in vogue to-day, says the Philadelphia Times.

Of all old-time measures used in the division common then none seems to have a more curious origin than the Anglo-Saxon ox-hide, or, preferably, hide, though both terms are used interchangeably. It is differently given as ranging in dimensions from 80 to 120 acres, and would appear to go back not only to early Greek history, but even to the half fabulous period that preceded it. When Dido, the hapless heroine of Virgil's Aeneid, first came to Africa, the natives would not allow her to settle there. She said, however, she only wanted as much ground as could be covered by an oxhide, and they, seeing no harm in this request, granted it. Thereupon Dido cut the skin into the thinnest possible strips, and stretching them from end to end, claimed all the soil they inclosed. This inclosed ground became the harbor—from the Greek word meaning ox-hide—of the subsequent city of Carthage, and from it the hide as a land measure may have afterward, through the ages, made its way to England.

A story something akin to the Dido incident, and possibly growing out of it, is told of the first coming of the Dutch to Manhattan. The Indians refused to give or sell any of their soil. Finally they were asked for just as much land as might be covered by the leather breeches worn by the most portly of their visitors. This the savages acceded to, and by dint of careful cutting into thin sections the generously constructed garment was made to take in a considerable portion of the island. One of the strongest confirmations of the truth of this latter tale is that a pretty little plant, known locally as "Dutchman's Breeches," or squigrel corn, still visits yearly the unimproved parts of the island.

Discriminating.

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a sythe. After serving him the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle. "What is that?" queried the Irishman. "It's a machine to ride about the town on."

"And, shure, what might the price of it be?" "Fifteen pounds."

"I'd rather see £15 in a cow."

"But what a fool you would look riding round the town on the back of a cow!"

"Shure, now," replied the Irishman, "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"—London Tribuna.

LONDON BREATHING SPOTS.

Some of the Modern Public Gardens and Playgrounds in the English Capital.

About the year 1870 the need for gardens and playgrounds in the crowded districts of London was becoming very urgent. The churchyards and burial grounds had been closed for interments for nearly 20 years. Over 100 had been built upon, but more than 800 remained, and it was felt that these grounds, at any rate, might be made of some use, says the Humanitarian. During the next few years the movement for converting the closed graveyards into open gardens gradually made progress, and there is one garden in London, the churchyard of St. George-in-the-East, which has been in daily use for upward of 25 years. Toward the close of 1882 efforts were made to gather together those who were interested in open space and to collect funds for dealing in a larger and more concentrated manner with the provision of breathing grounds in London. This was the beginning of the Metropolitan Public Gardens association.

The association has carried through over 400 successful undertakings, including the entire or partial laying out of 125 recreation grounds in London. It has placed thousands of seats in public sites and planted thousands of trees. It has given grants to 30 gymnasia, has erected about 30 drinking or ornamental fountains, has promoted schemes for acquiring large open spaces on every side of the metropolis, most of which schemes involved the collection of many thousand pounds; has promoted and opposed bills in parliament, and is recognized as the chief center for the diffusion of information relating to open-space matters by the public press, and by the public bodies in London, in the provinces, on the continent and in the colonies.

There are now in London and its immediate neighborhood 360 public recreation grounds, varying in size from Epping forest, which, with Wanstead flats, is over 5,000 acres in extent, to little city gardens and playgrounds measuring an eighth or tenth of an acre. These include 100 plots of ground, which have been used for interment, parish churchyards and other disused burial grounds, of which the largest is 11 acres and the smallest a few yards square. Among the recreation grounds are shady and well-kept gardens, with seats, flower beds and fountains; public playgrounds for children, provided with gymnastic apparatus, giant's strides, swings, bars, etc.; richly timbered private parks and estates that have been presented to or bought for the people; portions of the marsh lands and lammus lands of East London, which form such valuable grounds for football and cricket; little resting places under the shadow of the city churches, and vacant plots of land in odd corners of the metropolis which have been turned into recreation grounds, instead of being used as building sites or builders' yards. There is not a suggestion for beautifying the London streets or adding to the open spaces which is too small to be worth taking up, while no scheme yet put forward is so large that it can be considered to overstep the need for breathing space or fresh air which is increasingly felt by the dwellers in our ever-growing metropolis, where the builders, at any rate, never cease their activity.

FASHION NOVELTIES.

Line of Various Kinds and Designs Is Being Used on Up-to-Date Gowns.

This is eminently a lace year. The accordion-plaited gowns in woolen batiste or crepe de chine are rendered very becoming with white or ecru lace, guipure yokes and transparent sleeves, some with an empire rash draped across and falling in long ends on one side. A white wash silk lined with woolen batiste had the new wide wing sleeves of Valenciennes lace insertion and ribbon and much soft lace trimming on the upper part of the bodice. The petticoats, both in silk and washable hand embroidery, play an all-important part in the fashions of the hour. An aster mauve silk embroidered with black silk shamrocks had frills edged with appliques of black velvet shamrocks. Shot yellow pinks and other colors show crossway trimmings of chine ribbon or white silk insertions threaded with ribbon, recalling the color of the petticoat, mingled with white. White ribbon spotted with black makes a most effective heading to the shaped flounces and circular frills. The washable ones, all hand worked, display embroidered marguerites, and these as well as the underfounces are edged with lace. Some particularly handsome examples, reports the Washington Star, have a perpendicular heading composed entirely of lace entre doux. These are then slashed with points of French batiste, rendering the frill very full. The blouse slips in black oriental satin have deep guipure yokes, from which the fronts are finely tacked. Others in turquoise blue satin show broad insertions of guipure lace alternating with tuckings. Both these styles are carried out in white batiste, and all the work is hand wrought.

Corn Vinegar.

Many prefer this to cider vinegar, and it is a good substitute for white wine vinegar. Take a gallon of soft water, fresh rain water if you can get it; add a pint of light brown sugar, or if you want the vinegar darker colored, use molasses, and a pint of corn cut from the cob. Put all into a crock cover with a cloth, set in the sun each day for three weeks. By this time you will have a good vinegar.—Washington Star.

Pineapple Pie.

Beat the yolks of four eggs very light; add one cupful of sweet cream, one cupful of fresh grated or canned pineapple, one cupful of fine granulated sugar, and lastly the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Pour in your pie and bake carefully in a moderate oven. Make a meringue for the top of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and two tablespoonfuls of the sugar.—Ladies' World, New York.

To Make Good Ice Cream.

Ice cream is buttery when it is churned before the cream is icy cold. Turn slowly at first until the mixture begins to freeze, then rapidly for a few moments until it is frozen.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WERE WELL FURNISHED.

Household Utensils of 2,000 Years Ago Not Unlike Those of the Present Day.

The modern housewife may with reason pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, but she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the rude makeshifts of days long gone by. She certainly would not do so if she were to spend a morning, as did a writer in the English Illustrated Magazine, in the National museum at Naples, and look at the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use 2,000 years ago.

Surely there was very much more of comfort than we are apt to suppose. Such, at all events, is the impression left upon the mind after an inspection of the relics of buried cities in Italy, which give to the Naples museum its unique attraction. Kitchen utensils not unlike those in use at the present day are to be seen there, although many have an elegance and coarseness that the modern housewife would consider extravagant. Saucepans lined with silver, pails richly inlaid with arabesques in silver, and shovels handsomely carved, figure among the household goods of those times.

An egg-frame that would cook 20 eggs at once and pastry molds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of 2,000 years ago. Gridirons and frying pans, tart dishes and cheese graters were in use then as now.

When we leave the kitchen and enter my lady's chamber, we find luxurious equipments equally prominent. The Roman lady's toilette table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hair-pins and even a hair net of gold wire figured there.

Bronze thimbles and spindles are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hair brush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass set into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the world was rich. Those found at Pompeii deprive modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.

BREAD AND CAKE BOXES.

Stoneware Crock Used by Many Housekeepers—The Objection to Tin Boxes.

There is some difference of opinion as to the proper place to store bread and cake, says the New York Tribune. A great many housekeepers, following time-honored precedent, still keep their bread and cake in large stoneware crocks, fitted with covers. The objection to these is that they are heavy to lift, and in summer are apt to invite mold, unless they are kept in a dry, upstairs closet. Such bread crocks should be scalded out every time they are filled, or as often as twice a week. Cake crocks need not be scalded out so often. They should both be cold and dry when they are filled again and shut up.

Bread crocks are so heavy and cause so much unnecessary labor that large boxes of tin enameled on the outside have been substituted generally for them. There are, however, more objections to tin than to stoneware. Tin is apt to give a "tinny" taste to any bread or cake kept in it. To avoid this some bread boxes are furnished with ventilators. This dries the bread. Sometimes drawers for cake and bread are fitted in storerooms. These are lined with tin, and are better than anything else, if furnished with linen cloths, in which the bread or cake is wrapped securely from contact with the tin, though they are not impervious, as nothing but an airtight, covered box would be, to attacks of kitchen insects, which in the city may sometimes invade the neatest and best protected kitchens. Housekeepers in the country do not always appreciate their blessings, one of which is immunity from insect pests when proper precautions are exercised.

Egg and Bacon Ragout.

Boil half a dozen eggs for ten minutes, throw them into cold water, peel them and cut them into halves; pound the yolks in a marble mortar, with about an equal quantity of the white meat of dressed fowl or veal, a little chopped parsley, an anchovy, an eschalot, a quarter of an ounce of butter, tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, a little cayenne pepper, some bread crumbs, and a very little beaten mace or allspice; incorporate them well together, and fill the halves of the whites with this mixture; do them over with the yolk of an egg, and brown them in a Dutch oven, and serve them on rashers of bacon.—Good Literature.