

HAVE TO HAVE MERCURY.

In Guatemala Natives Steal It from Thermometers.

The thermometer registered 87, and looking at it, the two men wiped their red, wet brows. "Pieve, it's hot," said the visitor. "But why have you got your thermometer all incased in heavy iron wire?" "Because," replied the host, "it is a Guatemalan thermometer. In Guatemala they are all incased in wire like that."

TWO VERY TALL STORIES.

Brought Into Light of Day by Contact Between Wits.

A couple of witty fellows were conversing together recently, and their arguments finally occasioned a bet between them. Each agreed to tell a peculiar incident, and the reciter of the stranger episode was to receive the stakes. No. 1 began and said he knew a woman who was "turned into wood."

Bull Goes Hunting. A full-grown black bull, says a Madrid correspondent, rushed towards a mill on the estate of Marquis Santabona. The animal set off in pursuit of the marquis, who had started for his mission to warn his family. He found the marchioness and his two daughters sitting in the open near the door. The bull was close behind him, and the marquis seized his wife and children and hurriedly fled through the door, which he slammed behind him. An instant later the bull's horns pierced a pane of the door, which held firm. The marquis seized a rifle and shot the bull from a window. Five bullets were needed to kill the infuriated animal.

Odd Reason for Bankruptcy. One of the oddest reasons ever given for bankruptcy was that heard about a year ago in a Malta court. A Maltese tradesman whose affairs were in hopeless disorder put it all down to the fact that he followed a creditor on board ship, and found himself an unwilling passenger to England, the ship having started while he was aboard. During his enforced absence his foreman collected all the available cash and decamped, leaving the shop to look after itself. When the owner got home he found himself a ruined man.

Scrap Book for Invalids. Save all the witty chippings and scraps in a small scrapbook. Often when one is not able to read lengthy articles something bright and witty will help brighten the day. It should be loaned and passed along only where it would be appreciated the most. Little pieces can be pasted on cards, and are held much more easily by persons lying in bed. Gay pictures, comic and otherwise, are nice for children, and afford amusement to the impatient little sufferers who must remain in bed.

Not Proud, But Strange. They all wondered at the big sociable table in the little cafe why it was he seemed so haughty. Some thought it was because he was so clean. Another because his nails had so evidently been through the hands of a manicurist. Another because his suit of clothes was so slick and span and new. At last one spoke as he passed the salt. The newcomer bowed and smiled at her.

Provident. A man on a Chestnut street car, searching his pocket for a ticket, found he had only one, and handed the conductor a nickel instead. "I wouldn't think of giving up my last ticket," he explained to a friend, "for I'm liable to blow in all my cash and want to be sure of getting home. I always keep one ticket on hand for cases of emergency."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PIGEONS WALKED BACK HOME.

Admiral Schley Uses Incident to Point a Moral.

Admiral Schley was talking about war and peace at Port Deposit, Md. "War must still go on," he said, "making it not yet highly enough developed to be peaceful. Yet I am in favor of peace societies and peace congresses, for these things help the cause of peace along. They bring the day of universal peace a little nearer."

CHANGE IN MUSIC METHODS.

Enormous Tax on Mental Vigor and Nerve of Modern Musician.

When we compare the thin-toned, delicately constructed spinets and clavichords with a modern grand piano we can only exclaim in astonishment. "What a change is there!" if we could have heard Paderewski give what was considered difficult music in those times on such an ancient musical box, noting what outlay of strength was requisite, and then hear the great artist in the "Sonata Appassionata" on his concert grand, we should be even more astonished at the contrast between the physical endurance required in those days and the modern standard of power. Not only is greater strength required of a performer, but, as Francis Morton points out in the musician, as a consequence of the increased range of tone of which a modern piano is capable the expressive power of piano music has been vastly augmented, making proportionate demands on the mental vigor and nerve force, in addition to the tax on muscular strength.

Parimony Means Health. "Did you ever notice," said a prominent physical culture teacher of New York, "that parsimonious people almost always enjoy good health and long life? Eating has a great deal to do with it. We learn that one wealthy person lunches always on a cup of tea and a doughnut; that the great stand-by of another was apples. "It is not that they eat frugally that accounts for their excellent health, but that there is so much regularity in their diet. The first thing the economical person does, as a rule, is to reduce living to a system. He studies how he can subsist best for the least money, and then shows himself very little variety from the regular order of things."

House Eleven Hundred Years Old. St. Albans possesses the oldest inhabited house in England. This distinction is said to belong to the old Round House, now the Fighting Cocks Inn, which stands close to the River Ver. It is a curious structure, of octagonal shape, of early Saxon origin, having been built as a boathouse to the ancient monastery founded at St. Albans by King Offa about the year 795, and is thus over 1,100 years old. A subterranean passage, now blocked up, runs from the basement to the ruins of the monastery, a distance of about 200 yards. There is a shed at the back of the house where it is said Oliver Cromwell stabled his horse, himself sleeping under its roof during the civil war.

Revenue From Playing Cards. One result of the Austrian's love of gambling is the nice little sum of \$150,000 which the ministry of finance derived last year from the tax on playing cards. Ten manufacturers, employing 236 hands, turned out 1,573,000 packs of cards in 1906, an average of a pack for every two families in the country. These cards were of different varieties—162,000 for tarock, 765,000 for German games, 439,000 for piquet, 197,000 whist, and 113,000 for other games, including the Italian "trousetti." Of the total, 238,000 packs, about 15 per cent., were gamed so that they could be washed. An immense number of cards were exported, chiefly to Turkey, Africa and India.

Protected by Flowers. "You have filled your fire escape up so with your flowers that you'd never get out in case of fire, would you?" asked they. "No," she replied, "but they are a great protection from burglars, you see. Any burglar that tried to come up that fire escape and get in at that window would have to knock them down first."

The Outlook. Farmer Hayrick—What is the prospect for the summer? Farmer Cornerib—Flee. I've got ten cows for the railroad to run over and any number of boys for the auto fella. I oughter clear \$500.—Paak.

PILLOWS FOR THE SICK.

Have Plenty of Little Ones to Tuck In Around an Invalid.

There is no problem more difficult of solution than how to make a long stay in bed or a convalescing period comfortable for the patient. Pillows, pillows, pillows, a score or more of them, is the solution, says the Circle. Not full-sized heavy-feather pillows, but small light wool, down, hair, or even hair cushions are the comforts which ease the patient's tired muscles. They should be in sizes ranging from 10 to 18 inches in length and from 3 to 12 inches wide, or they can be made square. The larger ones are excellent if made of hair and tufted like a mattress. These little comfort cushions can be slipped under the neck, at the small of the back, under the knees or heels, and placed where a tired arm can rest comfortably upon them; this for the patient in bed. When the patient is sitting up the pillows can be tucked in all the hollows, and are especially useful in preventing that awful ache where the bend of the knees rests against the chair. These small pillows also fit nicely in the hollows of the regular bed pillows when the patient sits up in bed, and they are convenient for the nurse to rest her elbow or neck upon if she has to support the patient for any length of time. A good round dozen of these cushions will not be too many and they will be found an invaluable aid to both nurse and patient.

FELT HE HAD KICK COMING.

Shepper's Complaint About as Reasonable as Many Others.

While we were going down in the Subway the other morning we met a friend, says a writer in the New York Times. He was standing before an advertisement with a rapt expression on his face—no, gentle reader, that is not Teddie spelling for rapper—and the only greeting he vouchsafed us was "Read the last line of this advertisement." It was an advertisement for a certain make of rubber heels and the line which had, figuratively speaking, caught our friend's eye read as follows: "For sale at all good stores; 50 cents attached."

Motoring Over the Simplon. The Swiss passes are gradually being opened to motor traffic. The latest to abandon prejudiced ways is the Simplon, but coupled with this concession to progress the authorities of the Wallis Canton make certain stipulations, including the by no means agreeable one that when meeting pedestrians, cattle or horse-drawn vehicles the man at the wheel must steer toward the outer edge of the road away from the protection of the inner curve toward the usually unprotected side bordering on the precipice. Considering the dangerous nature of mountain motoring at its best, one may well be excused if this rule does not tend to alacrity in taking this way into Italy, more especially as non-observance of this regulation is punishable by the infliction of fines varying from 50 to 500 francs on first conviction and double that amount afterward. The permit of five francs (thirty Swiss) can be obtained at the gendarmerie at Brig and Grondo, on either side of the pass.

Hair-Raising. This is said to be a true snake story; it is told by an Anglo-Indian. In the next bungalow a little boy daily had his bread and milk on the veranda sitting in a child's high chair. He was as merry as a cricket; one heard him talking and crowing to himself, apparently, until one morning, to his horror, he saw him tapping the head of a cobra gently with his spoon, saying "Bobby, bobby" (naughty, naughty). The snake was quietly drinking the milk out of the bowl, paying no heed to the child's play. A sudden noise or movement on my part and the cobra would instantly have turned and bitten the boy. Presently down slid the reptile away into some bushes, and I got the men to go and kill it. The child cried bitterly, and said the snake had come every morning and helped him with his breakfast.

Mutations of Time. "How changeable you mortals are!" exclaimed a Cool Wave. "Why do you think so?" queried a man gratefully baring his brow to its touch. "It was here last April," continued the Cool Wave, "and never got the glad hand once."

Overpaid Austrian Official. That no sum is too small to be taken into account by the lynx-eyed Austrian officials is evident from an incident reported from Bregenz. The tax office there has just received a formal notice from the high court of justice at Innsbruck stating that an investigation of the accounts of the Bregenz tax office for 1906 shows an overpayment of one heller (one-tenth of a penny) in the salary of one of the officials. The notice directs that the official be required to refund this sum, which must then be duly entered in the state accounts for the current year. A Vorarberg paper publishes a facsimile of this interesting document, and gravely expresses the hope that the extra heller has not led the overpaid official into paths of extravagant dissipation.

Tree Doctors. Prof. George E. Stone, who is in charge of the work, writes as follows concerning the course in tree culture given at the Hatch Experimental station of the Massachusetts Agricultural college, Amherst, Mass.: "At the present time we have seven senior students who are taking work in a course which I term the 'Physiology and Pathology of Shade Trees.' So far as I know this is the only course given in this country or anywhere else, and we are turning out quite a few young men who are especially trained to fill intelligently such positions as city foresters or helpers in parks. "Many of our men at the present time have established firms for the care of trees, and all of them are meeting with remarkable success, some of them employing as many as 100 men. I started this course ten years ago at the request of students, and have been surprised at the way in which it has developed."—Park and Cemetery.

WILLIE HAD HEADED ORDER.

Garment of His Friend Tommy Jones Came in Handy.

There is a certain little boy who will be known to fame as Willie Smith, simply because his name is neither Willie nor Smith. He has a friend whom we will call Tommy Jones for the same good reason. Willie Smith is very fond of going swimming, and, tradition to the contrary, he goes with his mother's permission. His papa visited the "swimming hole," as such places are usually called when patronized by small boys, and certified that there was no danger, so Willie is allowed to go whenever he pleases. But one day not very long ago he developed a bad cold as the result of the bath. "With what did you dry yourself when you came out of the water?" asked mamma, who vaguely remembered that she did not remember having seen her small son take a towel with him when he went on the swimming expedition. "I used my shirt," he explained. And mamma realized that her young hopeful caught his cold by wearing the wet shirt the remainder of the day, so she told him never, never to do it again. The next time he went swimming fond mamma noted that no towel was brought home. "Willie," she said, severely, "I told you never to go without a towel. How did you get dried?" "Oh, I used Tommy Jones' shirt."

GETS EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

Daughter of Chinese Minister Is to Enter College.

Chinese women who have been educated in America will receive a distinguished recruit when Miss May Liang Cheng, the only daughter of Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, the Chinese minister to the United States, returns to her native land. Miss Cheng is a particularly bright young woman and has attracted much attention in Washington. It is announced that the piquant little Celestial maiden will be educated in Barnard college, although it is said Wells college, Aurora, N. Y., is a possible candidate for the honor of instilling the ideas of western civilization in the pretty Miss Liang's head. Wells college is the alma mater of Li Hung Chang's granddaughter, Miss Li, now Mrs. Brien. Miss Cheng is under sweet 16 and dresses in oriental style, as becomes the daughter of the Chinese representative to this country. She speaks English and has shown marked ability in music.—Broadway Magazine.

Something of a Comet on the Way. Those of us who live three years or so longer may expect to see a comet compared with which our present visitant is scarcely worth mentioning. This wonder of the skies is "Halley's Comet," which, after its mighty circuit through space, has for centuries paid us regular visits at an interval of about 75 years. On its last appearance, in 1835, its brilliant disc and flaming tail, spanning the heavens like an arch of fire, created the greatest excitement. Another remarkable comet of last century was that of 1811, which for several weeks blazed brilliantly in the northern sky. This comet, which was credited with a tail 200,000,000 miles long, more than long enough to encircle the earth 8,000 times, narrowly escaped a collision with the sun, only 32,000 miles separating their surfaces. The comet of 1861 was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the earth passed—without anyone being a whit the worse—through its tail.

Appropriate Name. Sitting at a window of their law office, which looks out on Willa creek, Attorneys Creed Wilson and A. T. Smith saw a shaggy little dog, swept by the swollen stream, scramble into a hole in the retaining wall on the opposite bank. They supposed it had reached safety. The next day the lawyers again saw the imprisoned animal peering appealingly from the hole, says a Cumberland, Md., special in the Pittsburg Leader. "Wilson, let's save that dog," exclaimed Smith. The two lawyers rowed across the stream. With a joyful yelp the dog jumped into the skiff and accompanied the men to the office, where he was fed. "We'll keep him and we'll call him 'Client,'" observed Wilson. "Client?" echoed the other, wonderingly. "Sure," responded Wilson. "Didn't we get him out of a hole?"

Character in a Hat. A German professor claims to read the character of a man by the angle at which he wears his hat. This would scarcely be possible in the case of a woman, the rakish tilt of whose headgear varies as the seasons, according to the mandate of her milliner. The German student in question does not let the women escape so easily, for he reads their character—by their heels. This idea is not a new one, for it is often claimed that both men and women may be judged by the condition of their footgear.

Enjoyed Talking. Patience—How is it you enjoy the German opera so much when you don't understand a word of German? Prudence—I don't have to talk in German, you know!

A Bad Season. "Yes," said the poet. "I published my book of poems about a month ago, but it isn't going very well." "Indeed?" remarked his friend. "You told me you expected it to sell like hot cakes." "Well—er—hot cakes don't sell very well this weather."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Considerate Man. "John." "Yes, sir." "Be sure and tell me when it is ten o'clock." "Yes, sir." "Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2:30 in the drug store across the street, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she comes."—Judge.

WATCHED "POP" STRIKE OUT.

Little Chap Had No Great Faith in His Father's Powers.

The little chap who was dancing up and down beside his mother at the ball game showed an unusual knowledge of the game for a boy so small, and he attracted the attention of every one around. "I guess he'll walk," he'd say judiciously when three balls had been called, and the crowd listened with wonder at such talk from a boy of only six. "Safe, safe," he'd yell, before any of the men around him could open their mouths, and the crowd's wonder increased, until it developed that he was the son of one of the players on the opposing team. "Which man is his father?" every one wondered, when the little fellow yelled suddenly as a man went in to bat: "There, there he is, mamma; now watch pop strike out." In vain his mother tried to hush him, but the little man continued to shout knowingly: "Now watch pop strike out." The crowd watched eagerly and as "one strike" and then "two strikes" were called, it laughed uproariously, while mamma's face grew redder and redder. When the third strike was called the little chap's voice rang out triumphantly: "I knew pop would strike out," and while the crowd howled with glee mamma discovered it was time to take her son home.

ROYALTY FORCED UPON THEM.

Roumanian Monarchs Had No Desire for Regal Honors.

Neither King Carol of Roumania nor his queen, known in the world of literature as Carmen Sylva, had any desire for regal honors, and when the assassination of Czar Alexander in 1891 forced them on Roumania's unhappy throne, they went protestingly. Carol finally consented to be king, but declared he would never sit upon a throne nor wear a crown. The chamber and senate at Bucharest insisted, declaring the people wanted and had a right to expect these symbols of royalty. Carol protested that a coronation ceremony would make himself and his wife ridiculous. "Like actors in a play," but was forced to yield and get himself a crown. But no headdress of silks and precious stones for him. He sent to the arsenal for one of the cannon captured from the Turks, ordered that it be melted down and from its steel a crown be made. In remembrance of the brave Roumanian blood shed for liberty. And with this he was crowned. Carmen Sylva said of her husband's crown: "No crown, surely, ever spoke as this one spoke in days gone by, when it roared and thundered night and day, and reeked with smoke and flame."

Surveyor and Panther. A surveyor employed by the St. Louis, Bartlesville & Pacific Railroad company, which purposes to build a line from Joplin, Mo., to Pond Creek, Okla., saw a remarkable sight through the glass of his transit instrument while running a survey on Sand creek, 15 or 16 miles northeast of Pawhuska, in the Osage Indian reservation, recently. The country at that place is broken and indented with canyons. The surveyor had turned his instrument to see the flagman behind him. The flagman was seen plainly, but beyond the flagman about 300 yards was something that caused the surveyor to gasp in astonishment. A large panther at the edge of a small clearing was gazing intently at the surveyors. Through the glass the panther's movements could be clearly seen. The surveyors shouted at the beast, which quickly ran into the timber.

Thatched Roofs in London. Every cabman knows that there is a thatched house in St. James's street, although the name is a bare tradition of a long departed roofing. Like wooden houses, thatched roofs are rare in London. There is a beautiful specimen in Chamberwell green, not far from Chamberwell green. Standing back from the street, it is embedded in the ribeser foliage and clad in ivy. The thatching is of ancient date, in good repair and evidently the work of a highly skilled thatcher. At the beginning of the grove is a very old inn called the Plough, which retains all the main features with which it was invested some 300 years ago—London Evening Standard.

Not Meant to Be Uniform. Expert Explains Why Clocks Fall to Strike Together. A man in New York whose business is clock winding, which includes also the regulating and cleaning of the family timepieces in his charge, explained the other day why it is hard to have a number of clocks strike together. "You see," he said, "some clocks are arranged to strike half a minute before the hour, some a quarter of a minute before, others a few seconds after, and so on. Now if I regulate them to strike at the same instant they will not be in agreement in point of actual time, and that is really a more important consideration. Of course, if there are a great many clocks in the house it is likely that several will happen to strike together. For instance, one house on my route has 20 clocks that I look after. Of these, five or six strike in unison and the others all within a minute, excepting one. I have orders to keep 19 of the clocks at exactly the correct time, but the little jeweled timepiece in the bedroom of the mistress of the house is to be kept always three minutes fast. I suppose she has some special reason for that. "No, I don't get rich at my business, but I make a living at it. The house I just spoke of is an especially profitable one, of course, having so many clocks. They pay me \$100 a year for my attendance there, which is given weekly, as it is to all the places I visit."

Pleasures of Farm Life. Delightful Occupation for One Who Loves His Work. It is the farmer's privilege to get as much pleasure—I do not say leisure—out of life as any one, if he loves his work, writes Jared Van Wageningen in the Country Gentleman. I have found much satisfaction in seeing what I could put into the farm in the way of improvement of the buildings, increasing the fertility of the soil and growing more abundant crops each year. The trees I have planted seem like old friends to me. To-day I have the pleasure of seeing them bowed down beneath their load of fruit. All these things have a value that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Yet we must get more cash out of our farms than we put into them or they will not be ours long. We have many of the conveniences of the city home and a good deal more air, sounder sleep and better digestion. I can see no good reason why I should desire to be anything but a farmer or cease to recommend it to others of like mind. I would not have any reader imagine for a moment that, as a family, we have not led the strenuous life or that we have felt it any hardship to do so. Rather I may say that we have enjoyed it.

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