

JUST KICKED AT A CAT.

Cure for Rheumatism Discovered by a Jersey Freight Clerk.

A clerk in a railroad freight office in Jersey City suffered from spasmodic twinges in his right leg, which he attributed to rheumatism. He consulted a physician and spent a good deal for medicine, but continued to grow worse. One morning recently the office tomcat in a spirit of friendliness arched his back and rubbed against the afflicted calf. The clerk gave a vicious kick with his bad leg and a gray streak shot through the air. He hobbled to a chair and sat down with a few stirring remarks about cats and rheumatism. A few minutes later he gritted his teeth hard and arose. He shook his leg and feebly smiled. Then he walked like a drum major across the floor and boisterously shook hands with himself. The sharp twinges had disappeared and there has been no recurrence of pain. The clerk's doctor corrected his diagnosis when asked for an explanation of the sudden cure and said that what he mistook for rheumatism was probably caused by a twisted ligament. The kick at the cat straightened out the twist and removed the cause of the trouble.

HAVE TO FIGHT PREJUDICE.

Salvation Army Unpopular Among Certain English Classes.

A woman on discovering that she had become sober while in the care of the Salvation Army held up her hands in horror, shrieking. Take me away from here quick, or I'll lose my reputation. This story was told by Gen. Booth. It is a true story, and illustrates how absurd is some of the antipathy which exists against us, said Gen. Booth. Some people whose prejudice we have to overcome look upon drunkenness as no stain upon their character, but think their reputations are besmirched if they attend a Salvation Army meeting. I can tell you another story. An old drunkard got fell into our hands. We looked up his record, and found that he had been sober for some time. He didn't remember much about himself. At last we discovered that he had deserted his wife. After much trouble we located his wife, who lived in a distant town. So we sent her this telegram: 'We have found your dear husband. In a few hours the answer came back: 'You can keep him.'

Sentiment.

A flag is no more to be classed as a strip of beating than the sword of Bunker Hill could be classed as a chunk of steel. Memories, traditions, ideals, loyalty, patriotism are not unreal because they cannot be measured with a yardstick or weighed on the scales of a coal yard. Loyalty to the flag is a force as real and far more permanent than the great lifting crane of the navy yard. Patriotism will move more, in the space of time, than the biggest engine in the freight yards. Ideals are more forceful than the biggest mound of radium that the civilized world can ever get together. Public sentiment has had more to do with the digging of the Panama canal than the heaviest shovels driven by steam in the Culebra cut.

Plan Excavations at Memphis.

An appeal is being made in England for funds to undertake the great task of excavating the ruins of Memphis. It is expected that England will now do for Memphis what the French government has done for Delphi and the Germans for Olympia. The sites of the four great temples are plainly marked, so that exploration can begin at once. This mass of ruins covers 100 acres, as much as the whole of the site at Karnak, and it is estimated that \$15,000 will be needed annually for fifteen years to accomplish the work. Important material is believed to lie within a few yards of the surface, so that results should be reached promptly.

Useful Candle Nut.

One of the oddest nuts in the world is the candle nut, which grows in the Pacific Islands. The name is derived from the fact that the kernel is so full of oil that when dried it can be stuck in a reed and used as a candle. The natives of Hawaii roast these nuts, and after removing the shell reduce the kernel to a paste, which, when seasoned with salt and pepper, is reported as making an appetizing dish. The husk of the nuts and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used in making an indelible ink with which tattooing is done—American Fruit and Nut Journal.

Victims of Poor Food.

At a recent military enrollment in Baden, Germany, of 604 young men liable to service, only 20 per cent. were found to be up to the physical standard. The peasants of this country were at one time among the most robust in the empire, but owing to the dearth of meat and the fact that the milk which once was a staple article of food is now sold to cheese factories their physique has degenerated.

Not in the Contract.

Husband—'Another new dress? Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it?' Wife—'You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.'

No Chicken.

Patience—'I saw her in bathing and it is a fact that she has weebred.' Patience—'There! I always said she was an chicken!'

HARDLY A CORRECT COSTUME.

Dean Stanley Once Entered Palermo Wearing a Nightshirt.

The voice of the church went forth full early against the proposal that La Mico should ride through the streets of Coventry in raiment too closely copying the birthday attire in which the original Lady Godiva rode. But the church itself was once in danger of being scandalized by one of its illustrious members in what appeared much the same way. The culprit was none other than Dean Stanley, who was driving with a friend from Monreale to Palermo. Both men were reading. Stanley suddenly discovered that he was shivering with a cold. He mentioned the matter to his friend. 'Well, hadn't you better put something on?' said the latter, pointing to the dean's bag, which was close at hand. Stanley thought it rather a good idea, and the friend went on reading. As they entered Palermo there were shouts of astonishment. Stanley was placidly reading. His friend found that the distinguished churchman had absent-mindedly drawn out a nightshirt from his bag, and put it on over his other clothing, and, thus arrayed, was riding triumphantly into the city.

WHERE ANIMALS BEAT MEN.

Many Species Are Incredibly Nice About Their Food.

'Nature faking aside,' said the zoo keeper, 'mice won't eat oleo. It is a fact Lay a pat of oleo and in the morning the butter will be gone, but the oleo will remain untouched. Oh, yes, some animals are incredibly nice about their food. The otter, when living wild, will only eat one piece, one mouthful, out of each fish he catches. He will land a beautiful trout, but only one bite of it, from the back, just behind the neck, is good enough for him. The rest he tosses aside. This picture often kills a dozen fine big trout to make one meal. Chimpanzees have very delicate tastes. A banana or a pineapple that to you seems delicious, to a chimpanzee may be revolting. His taste is keener. Grapes grown in hot-houses where sulphur fumes are used as an insecticide taste all right to a man, but a chimpanzee will have none of them. The ichneumon loves eggs. He can tell a fresh from a stale one simply by tapping the shell.'

Pottery of the Ree Indians.

W. R. Ferguson, while on a trip up the Missouri river recently dug up in old Ree village one of the few pieces of unbroken pottery work of the Rees. The piece is a bowl which will hold about a quart and is in a perfect state of preservation. Plenty of broken scraps of this pottery work of the residents of this part of the northwest before the coming of the Sioux are to be found at the location of their old towns along the Missouri river, but scraps are about all which the searcher can secure by digging and searching. The bowl in its present state is a rare find and will be presented by Mr. Ferguson to the state historical society to be retained in the collection of that society.—Pierre Letter to the St. Paul Dispatch.

Ring Sickness.

The clown staggered from the ring; he threw himself, groaning on the grass in the dressing tent. A shout of laughter followed him. 'Let them laugh,' the poor fellow muttered. 'They think because I ran out with my hands clutching my stomach, that I am joking. Little do they know the agonies of ring sickness that are now raging me. Pass that bottle, will you? Ring sickness is like sea sickness. You get it from continually running round and round and round a circus ring. Ring masters get it more frequently than clowns, and I have even seen horses with a touch of it.'

Buried Coffee Kept Hot.

During field operations of the British troops at Aldershot it was desired to serve hot coffee during the hours of darkness to the soldiers lying in the trenches. As it was found impossible to light fires during the night or early morning for fear of betraying the position to the enemy, the coffee was made in the evening, and, while still boiling, was buried in camp kettles with close-fitting lids a few feet in the ground and slightly packed with earth. When the pits were opened in the early morning the coffee was found to be still hot and ready to serve.

New Guinean War Canoes.

At Matupli is preserved the last of the great New Guinean war canoes. This is an immense and wonderful structure, 70 feet in length, which besides several hundred natives could carry 6 1/2 tons of cargo upon the deck joining the canoe proper and the outrigger. At either end is a quantity of carved wooden figurehead (or tail), covered with oasowary feathers, and the immense outrigger consists of a whole palm tree, hollowed out and sharpened fore and aft.

Easy When You Know How.

Have—'I tell you what, Young, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, the other day I gave her just barely enough money to go out and buy one dress, and if you'll believe it, she came home with two.' Young—'That is sharp. How did she manage it?' Have—'Why, she bought one, and the other she had on when she went out.'—Stray Stories.

THE ANTS' EGG TRADE.

Russian Gatherer Has Insects Help Him in Collecting.

Ants' eggs come in the main from Russia. They are the best food obtainable for gold fish, and canaries and other cage birds thrive on them wonderfully. They cost about 50 cents a pint, in the forests of southern Russia ant nests abound. The Russian egg hunter does not do his own collecting there—he makes the poor ants do it for him. Selecting a hot, sunny day, the man first erects little piles of twigs, a dozen or more of them, near the thickest colonies, and then he kicks open all the nests in the neighborhood. The ants, knowing their eggs, thus exposed to the sun would be made sterile in a few hours, and they take them up and hurry to place them under the nearest shelter. The nearest shelter is, of course, the little pile of twigs, and under each of these there are soon heaped the eggs from a hundred nests. The egg hunter, after a smoke and a nap, has nothing to do but gather up his spoil and dump it in his sack. He ships the eggs in hundred-weight bags, all over the world.

A SNAP FOR THE MICE.

'Beads' of Rice Furnished Forth an Appetizing Luncheon.

The wind shook the Japanese curtain of bamboo and glass beads, and as the strands divided the beach was visible—the white beach, the blue sea and the bathers bobbing up and down in the sun-warmed billows. 'These Japanese curtains,' said the host, 'are a fraud, some of them. No wonder you can see through them. They get thinner and thinner. For the glass beads disappear. The mice eat them.' 'Mice eat glass beads? Impossible!' 'So I thought at first. But, finding the beads on all my curtains disappearing, I investigated. And I found that these pretty pale beads were not made of glass at all. They were made of rice. They were translucent rice kernels strung beadlike between the bits of bamboo. No wonder they disappeared so fast. They made a fine lunch for the mice.'

Woman M. P.'s Mishap.

One of the women members of the Finnish diet met with a laughable mishap recently while attending the sitting of a legal committee. Bored by the proceedings she bestrode her chair and rocked to and fro with her feet clear of the ground. Suddenly she overbalanced and fell above the chair, with which she battled for some moments as she lay on the floor. The equality of the sexes is coming to be looked upon so much as a matter of course that the male members of the committee, not concealing their appreciation of the humor of the situation, are reported to have been ungrateful enough to refrain from expressing regret at the mishap.—London Mail.

Horns on Horse's Skull.

A recently acquired abnormality of the British museum is the skull of an English horse showing a pair of rudimentary horns on the forehead. Older specimens are a portion of a similar skull with the horns and models of the foreheads of two thoroughbred horses having horns. The skin extends uniformly over the horns, with no sign of thickening or hardening. Just what these hornlike growths signify is perplexing naturalists, as none of the ancestral horses or immediately related species were horned animals, and if there is no hereditary influence it is remarkable that so many freak appendages should appear in the same place.

Affection Between Senators.

There was sincere affection between the late Alabama senators, Morgan and Pettus. It is said that Pettus adored Morgan. He looked up to him as few men look up to other men. When Morgan passed away the fading old veteran lost all interest in life. These things sound unbelievable, perhaps, to a skeptical modern time, but Morgan and Pettus did not belong to a modern time. They were relics of an older age. They passed away almost together. The death of one preceded and the Alabama men say, brought about the death of the other. Together they lie in Selma, where, side by side, they lived for 40 years.

Strenuous Medical Treatment.

Although the Maoris of New Zealand have made considerable strides in civilization during recent years some of their barbaric superstitions survive. One of the most persistent is belief in the 'tohunga' or tribal medicine man. His patients sometimes succumb to his energetic methods of treatment. The latest case of that sort comes from Waitako. A girl, after having been immersed in cold water for some hours, was beaten with sticks to drive the evil spirits out, the 'tohunga' afterward gripping her throat to prevent their reentering. She died the next day.

Copperhead's Hiding Place.

While picking corn from a barrel Mrs. Irvin Showers thought the corn was being moved of its own accord, but upon closer investigation she discovered some shiny object in the bottom of the barrel. Suspicion was aroused and Mr. Showers' attention was called to the moving contents of the vessel. A pair of pinbars was secured and a large copperhead snake was drawn from between the ears of corn. Mrs. Showers had been picking close to danger.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

Husband Bravely Went Through Ordeal to Keep Pledged Word.

He stood gazing down at the water. 'It must be cold,' he thought, 'very cold.' He shrank back and shuddered involuntarily. 'My courage is failing,' he soliloquized. 'I can never do it.' For a moment he reflected. Then, clinching his teeth he cried wildly: 'But I must.' She laughed at me and said I would not dare. I must prove to her I am no poltroon. Again he gazed steadfastly into the water. So peaceful, so placid, it lay before him that had he been on some other mission he would have felt a sense of calm serenity at sight of it. Instead of being inspired with dread and terror. After awhile he continued: 'She will only be sorry if I do. And yet, I'll stand bravely. If I don't she will taunt me with my cowardice.' This thought thrilled him with a savage determination and with a mighty effort he gathered himself for the leap. A moment only he stood poised on the brink, then plunged into the cold, cold water. He uttered a sharp cry, but it was drowned in the splash. Then he struggled with the waves, striking out wildly with his arms, and a moment later leaped out and seized a towel. 'There!' he exclaimed, triumphantly. 'Next time I tell my wife I'm going to take a cold bath before breakfast she'll know it's no bluff.'

HATS IMPROVE WITH AGE.

Economy in the Purchase of First-Class Silk Headgear.

'A silk hat, like wine, improves with age,' said a clubman. 'The oftener you have it ironed the sleeker and more brilliant it becomes. It costs a good deal at the outset, but in the end it is the cheapest hat to iron. It lasts, you see, so long, and to iron it costs so little—a dime, or so. Some folks think the topper very perishable. If it gets soaked with rain, if some one sits on it and crushes it in to an accordion, they think it must be thrown away, the same as a Derby. But not at all. A silk hat can be taken apart and put together again like a watch, and if it gets crushed, nothing is easier than to melt off the silk, straighten out the frame and then put on the silk again. In England, the home of this hat, I have known men to wear the same topper for 10 or 12 years. And the oftener the old hat is ironed the brighter and finer it shines. Its luster increases with time and friction like the luster of good, antique furniture.'

Witness Neatly Tricked.

The chief witness against John Connor for the murder of a man in Cork was the accused's hat, which was found beside the corpse. The policeman who found the hat was cross-examined thus by Daniel O'Connell: 'You swear the hat now in my hand is the identical hat you found beside the body of the murdered man?' he asked the policeman. 'I do.' 'You know it to be the prisoner's hat?' 'I do.' 'You knew it from the name inside?' said O'Connell, looking into the hat and proceeding to spell slowly 'John Connor.' 'I did,' replied the policeman. 'Now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, just see for yourselves how much this man's oath is worth.' said O'Connell handing up the hat to the judge. 'There's no name at all inside the hat.' The prisoner won.

Gambling in Rain.

Like the Chinese, the natives of India are greatly addicted to gambling. They have, indeed, one form of wager which is peculiar to the country, and which consists in betting on the weather. This is called 'sutta,' and has one advantage over most forms of gambling in that there is no possibility of cheating, since there is no chance of controlling the results. The sportsmen make wagers whether it will rain or not, and also how much rain will fall, the latter question being settled by rain gauges. There is great excitement on cloudy days. The gamblers rush to the offices or 'dens' and record their bets with the book-makers. Then, if the expected down-pour comes, anxious groups assemble round the rain gauges. Even horse-racing, it is said, has not more fascination for some of the gamblers.

Use of Lion's Mane.

The lion's mane, like the human hand, serves a distinct use. The lion, without it, would soon die out. The jungle is the lion's hunting ground. Here he stalks the buffalo and other such creatures, leaping on their backs to slay them. They tear madly away, and in their flight strive to scrape off the lion against tree trunks and boughs. But his mane protects him. Without it the bumps and knocks he receives in that wild ride would infallibly make him fall unconscious to the ground. In fighting his mane also protects against the longest, sharpest claws.

Future Banishment of Disease.

I am certain it is safe to prophesy that the time will come when hospitals for infectious diseases will be empty and not wanted. I also look forward to the time when it will be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it will for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England. Very little, however, can be done by the legislature, but everything by the progress of medical science, and in a much larger degree by the intelligence of the people.—Sir Frederick Treves, in Leslie's Magazine.

VIRTUES OF CEDAR CHESTS.

Give Immunity Against Moths Only for a Short Time.

'The old-time cedar chests are coming into favor again,' says the manager of a department store. 'They have never been entirely discarded, though the call for them has not been brisk for many years. Still, once in awhile, a customer would come in and refuse to be satisfied with anything but a cedar chest. The idea was that the resinous odor of the cedar kept away moths, and that clothing packed in a cedar box was forever secure against any damage by destructive insects. The notion, however, is true only in part. A new cedar chest does confer partial immunity for woolen goods; but in the course of a few years, the cedar loses its fragrance and is no more of a protection than a box made of pine or any other wood. But the idea cannot be got out of the people's heads that the odor of cedar is the death of moths, and as long as they believe it and also use plenty of camphor, as most of them do, the belief in the efficiency of the cedar does no possible harm.'

TOO SURE OF HER CATCH.

How Young Woman Just Missed Hooking Prize of the Season.

Walter Rothschild, the richest bachelor in England, had a close call with matrimony when he was a young man. A designing mamma had managed to get the best of the Rothschild millions interested in her daughter, and the daughter did all she could to lead the interest up to the point of a marriage proposal. One night, at a watering place, after Rothschild had retired to his room, he heard voices under his window which he recognized as those of the young lady and her mamma. 'Has he proposed yet?' asked the old woman. 'Not yet,' answered the daughter, 'but I'll have him hooked before long, if only I can endure his conversation. Tonight he bored me almost to death talking about his kangaroo.' 'I am sorry,' said Rothschild, putting his head out of the window, 'to have bored you with tales of my animals. Forgive me, I shall never do so again. And he never did.'

Did Duty Under Difficulties.

A gatekeeper in the employ of the Heasian railway company was recently the hero of an amusing incident. His wife being ill, he went himself to milk the goat, but the stubborn creature would not let him come near it, as it had always been accustomed to have this operation performed by its mistress. After many fruitless efforts, he at length decided to put on his wife's clothes. The experiment succeeded admirably, but the man had not time to doff his disguise before the train approached, and the gatekeeper ran to his accustomed post. His appearance produced quite a sensation upon the officials of the passenger train. The case was reported and an inquiry instituted, which, however, resulted in his favor, as the railway authorities granted the gatekeeper a gratuity of 10 marks for his faithful discharge of his duties.

A Woman's Right.

Whether the right to go through a husband's pockets is guaranteed by a wife's marital endowment of all his worldly goods, or whether it is a constitutional right in the pursuit of happiness, or whether it is just because she needs the money and will have it, right or no right, law or no law, this essentially feminine privilege has long been accepted as one of the necessary evils of married life, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Few men would take the matter into court even with a chance of success, because the pocket graft is much cheaper in the end than alimony, and few courts with proper regard for their own dignity would prohibit wives from going through their husbands' pockets, since there is no earthly way of preventing them.

Bucolic Style.

'The farmers made fortunes on wheat, didn't they?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied the railroad official, 'and by a little strategy we are getting them to ride in our parlor cars. You know the farmers have always been prejudiced against parlor cars. "Why was that?" "Well, they said the cars didn't look anything like parlors at all. That set us to thinking, so we fitted up several special parlor cars with wax fruit, horse-hair furniture and old-fashioned photograph albums and now you couldn't pay the farmers to ride in any other car but the parlor.'

Pennsylvania Highways.

The highways of Pennsylvania have a length of 99,777 miles, according to figures collected by the office of public roads. Nine miles have been surfaced with stone under the direction of the state highway department, 1,051 miles have been so surfaced by various counties and townships, and 1,101 miles have been more or less improved with stone or gravel by turnpike companies. There are 2.21 miles of road per square mile and one mile of road for every 63 inhabitants.

Romance of Modern Trade.

The fact that a man to-day can sit down in a restaurant overlooking the Thames embankment, or at a table under the trees at the edge of the Thiergarten and dine on fresh salmon brought from the waters of California, Oregon and Alaska shows graphically how industrial efficiency has given romance to modern trade, remarks a London paper.

GRAVES NOW MADE LEVEL.

Radical Change in Cemetery Arrangements Meets With Approval.

Modern cemetery ideas that run contrary to deep-seated sentiment usually create dissatisfaction when they are first introduced. Just now, says Park and Cemetery, the lot holders in Cedar Grove cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., are agitated over the rule providing for the leveling of all grave mounds. Many of the lot holders who are now paying for annual care of their lots object to a notice to the effect that mounds on lots for which annual care is not paid would be leveled. Some resent it as 'a mean outrage.' Other cemeteries have had similar experience. In Lakewood cemetery, Minneapolis, when a new law went into effect regarding the lowering of grave mounds there were many protests, but in less than a year when the changed appearance of the sections made apparent the marked improvement in the landscape by lowering the mounds to an almost imperceptible rise over the graves lot holders began requesting this treatment of their lots and within a short period of time several thousand grave mounds had been lowered, the cost of annual care materially reduced and the general appearance of the grounds greatly improved.

FOR HAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

Good Manners Go Far to Preserve Peace and Concord.

A great many people seem to think that the marriage ceremony abolishes them from all further courtesies and attentions to the person whom they have wed. After that they are always in negligee, both as to manners and clothes, when they are at home. This is a fatal mistake. Because a woman is married is no excuse for her going sauntering about the house, and telling her husband home truths that hurt his vanity. Because a woman is his wife gives a man no right to say things to her he would not dare to say to any other lady who possessed a big, abided brother. Good manners are the preservation of peace and concord, and are essential to true happiness in any climate. The problem of how to be happy though married is really no problem at all. No mystery should ever have been made of it. It is merely fair dealing in fair partnership—giving the other party the privileges and perquisites you assume for yourself, and allowing the person you love as much consideration and civility as you would show a stranger.—New York Weekly.

Mixed the Infants Up.

At Southport, England, some years ago, births took place in two families living in the same house. In one case twins arrived, and a single in the other. The three children were being washed and dressed, and the father of the twins coming in, the three were placed in one bed with the idea of leading him to believe that his wife had given birth to triplets. The joke, for that was all which was intended, succeeded to the full—for the time at least—and then came the question of separating the infants and rearing them to their respective mothers. Here a difficulty presented itself, and the women in attendance were shocked to find themselves unable to say which was which. A Liverpool paper says the identification has not yet been satisfactorily established, and it is a case in which even a Solomon might be puzzled.

Keep Bills.

It is well to keep every bill, paid or not, for an indefinite period. One never knows when mistakes may occur or when dishonesty may be attempted. The steel bill files are all very well, though they are not remarkable for their neatness or order, but a better way is to use a large scrap book and paste the bills in alphabetical order, according to the names of those by whom they are preferred, therein, if possible, it would be well to prepare the leaves like those of an address book, so that it would be easy to find any bill at any time. Of course, this is only a cheaper home-made substitute for a regular letter file, which is the very best thing for the purpose.

'All In' Judicially Defined.

In the case of state vs. Hennessy, 90 Pac. Rep. 221, the Nevada supreme court gives a definition of the slang phrase 'all in.' The question came up in connection with the admission in evidence of a dying declaration, the declarant's statement that he was 'all in' being relied on to show that he was under a sense of impending death. The court said: 'The expression, "I am all in" is one frequently made use of in this western country, and when used under the circumstances in question may, we think, be taken to have meant that the speaker considered his life was practically at an end.'

How the Professor Was Affected.

'There's not a particle of ventilation in this room,' said the professor, suddenly stopping in his talk and looking about him. 'Can you boys tell me what it does to a man to be in a room when there is no ventilation?' 'I should say it filled him with hot air, professor,' replied one of the daring ones.

Womanly Enough for Him.

Miss Graduate—'What is your definition of the term "womanly woman," father, dear?' Her Father—'A womanly woman is one who is capable of manufacturing a pie like those your grandmother used to turn out.'—Stray Stories.