

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The salary of the private secretary of the mayor of New York is \$5,000; the salary of the private secretary of the mayor of Chicago is \$3,600.

It is interesting in view of recent licensing legislation in England to note that between 300 and 400 public houses are owned by members of the house of Lords. Lord Derby is by far the largest owner, with 72 licensed houses. The duke of Bedford has half a hundred houses. One member of the cabinet—the duke of Devonshire—has 47.

One of Sousa's bandmen is quite a humorist. He was once a participant in a conversation where the subject of tipping arose. The bandman said that in Germany, where the waiters are satisfied with very small tips, he always gave a gold piece. "Because, you see," he added, "when you give a German a gold piece he falls in a fit and then you can take it away from him."

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, is the son of one blacksmith, grandson of another and learned the same trade himself in Mount Pleasant township, near Gettysburg, where he was born in 1855. At the age of 22 he went by boat to Winona, his present home, where he landed with just 25 cents in his pocket. Two hours later he was at work as blacksmith and machinist. He remained in the same shop four years, meantime studying law. He practiced for some time after being admitted to the bar and was then elected to congress, where he has been for nearly 12 years.

Lord Deedes owns an extensive estate in Ireland and is landlord of Brayhead, well-known to those who visit Dublin. His lordship occasionally closes the beautiful walk around the head in order to prevent right of way being established by its remaining permanently open to the public. One day an American tourist found the entrance gate closed. He had met with one or two similar experiences elsewhere. Glancing at the gatekeeper and then at the expanse of ocean below him he drawled: "Say, is there any day for closing the sea? I like to bathe, but I don't want to trespass."

The late George Ramsey, of Minnesota, was not only the last of the war governors, but he was the first of that historic band to make tender of a regiment to the United States. Happening to be in Washington when the news was received that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, he hurried to the war office and sought Secretary Cameron. "Mr. Secretary," said he, "I have the honor to offer you 1,000 men from Minnesota." With characteristic bluntness Simon Cameron said: "Well, hurry them up, governor. I am just going over to see President Lincoln." Gov. Ramsey telegraphed to St. Paul and in a few hours affairs were in motion in Minnesota.

HONOR AMONG ARMED MEN.

Meeting incidents of Military Life in the Border of France and Germany.

Relations between the French and Germans have considerably improved of late years and can even be described as cordial, but this does not mean that the lost provinces have been entirely forgotten on this side of the frontier, as the following touching story which the Patrie has just received from its correspondent at Sant Die in the Vosges will show, says the London Telegraph.

A detachment of chasseurs-à-pied was marching the other day close to the frontier, when it perceived just across the border a farmhouse on a bench of which a man was sitting. He was a soldier, too, and catching sight of the French sergeant he rose to his feet, stood at attention and saluted in accordance with the rule in such a case. Barely 20 yards away the riflemen watched him fixedly, taking in every detail of his uniform and accoutrements, and at last, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, they removed their kepis and waving them aloft shouted: "Vive la France!"

So moved was the German soldier by this demonstration that, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. The tall, fair-haired man, who looked barely 18 years of age, was an Alsatian and the sergeant, as soon as he had realized the fact, addressing the chasseurs in low and sad tones, said: "Come on, boys, let us be off. We must not tempt the poor fellow. Only towards desert." A moment later the detachment was leaving the spot, but the Frenchmen, as they looked mournfully back, beheld the man, who was still standing on the other side of the boundary, sobbing as if his heart would break.

Grossome Wedding Gift.

The penalty among the Hotentots for widows who marry again is a somewhat severe one. It is the rule among these people that, before so marrying, a widow must cut off the joint of a finger and present it to her new husband on the wedding day. — London Mail.

Love's Young Dream.

She—And what did papa say when you asked him? He—He said he didn't want any food in the family. "And he really doesn't know you at all!" "Except that I want to marry you." — Boston Transcript.

Commanding a Premium.

Miss Ann Teck One of my greatest treasures is a five-cent piece which was given to me brand new from the mint on my fifth birthday. Miss Speitz—I suppose rare old coins like that do become very valuable. — Philadelphia Press.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

It is Always Advisable to Make the Most of One's Self and Show It.

The majority of people only make the most of themselves when some stronger person comes along and by criticism and commands compels them to undertake what they have regarded as being impossible. In other words, they have held the wrong idea of what was the best they could do. They have underestimated their own ability and nursed quite a wrong conception of the merits of their daily work, writes Anna Woodward, in Chicago Daily News.

Don't get into the way of humbugging yourself. Take a look at your self-complacent personality from the other man's point of view. It may be that that he sees you as you are, whereas you have only seen yourself as you think you are. Whenever you have a task intrusted to you don't do it as you please, but as you would expect some one else to do it. Try the hard way and conquer the impossible impediment. Feel ashamed each time some one else makes you do what you have declared could not be done. There is not a living soul who can do things better than you if you will once cease underestimating your powers for the sake of saving yourself trouble. Whenever you are tempted to say: "Too much is expected of me," say instead: "I am falling short of what is possible."

Nothing is more unworthy than to feel aggrieved because a thesis are not satisfied with a too low standard which you are pleased to consider your finest effort. Nor does it seem unnecessary to point out that it is ridiculous to suffer on account of an imaginary self or state of feelings or because of our satisfaction with suppositions best efforts. It is also inconsistent to suffer on account of a real self that is preserved as a mystery and kept safely out of reach of communication with others. Nevertheless this is with the many a matter of daily occurrence.

There are those who foster with a species of delighted resentment the idea that other people—those, perhaps, closest to them by ties of blood or affection—do not realize their powers or appreciate their finer nature. Now I submit that this is not only a silly affectation but sheer stupidity.

Virtues and powers locked up in the vault of a man's consciousness are worthless; they become valuable only when they are put into circulation. No one cares at all for the jingle in your pockets. You are not worth a penny more than you can pay.

If this idea were more generally understood there would not be so many people who require explanation.

It is not until you have known Jones for a number of years, always regarding him as a stupid and surly creature, that Smith comes along and tells you what a good fellow he is. Acting on this information you proceed to draw Jones out, and you find that you have misjudged him. So you say: but I question the appropriateness of the remark. The responsibility is on Jones for not having appeared in his true colors.

If people only knew how they keep back what is best in them!

SILKEN CLOTHES-HANGERS.

They Have Advantages of Their Own and May Also Be Decorative.

Girls who like to practice new arts are making silken clothes-hangers for their men friends and themselves, says the New York Sun.

The ordinary wooden or metal hanger, it is found, rubs the lining of a fine coat or jacket often hung upon it. So the hanger is wound with soft silk or satin ribbons, applied so deftly as to completely cover the foundation, yet not add to the size.

A monogram embroidered in various shades of the same color or in a contrasting hue gives a fine finish to the implement. Thus a hanger wound in slate or dove color may have the decoration in silver; or, if wound in dark green, the monogram may be in light azure or delicate leaf green.

Girls of economical turn use bias strips of linen or holland instead of ribbons, embroidering the initials in linen floss instead of silk, and, if the hanger so covered is for feminine use, introduce a delicate perfume in the thinnest cotton wadding underneath.

Besides the dainty appearance of these domestic-trade hangers, they serve a real need in summer, when the wood or metal is apt to stain the light lining of dress waists, particularly of walking or dancing costumes which have been subjected to the heat of the body.

Very many dress hangers now are made of aluminum, light to carry about and noncorrosive. Others are nicked, even wardrobe hooks are nicked in order to prevent damage to delicate wearing apparel.

An Others See It.

"Thanks," said the barn-storming tragedian, as a shower of hen-fruit fell in his immediate vicinity. "Now will some kind-hearted person donate a ham?"

"You're it!" shouted an auburn-haired gallery goddite. — Chicago Daily News.

Meat Lost.

Two pounds of chopped beef, one pound of chopped pork, two eggs, four teaspoonfuls of milk, five crackers, roll fine, salt and pepper. Mix in loaf with six of butter on top. Bake one hour. — Good Housekeeping.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Proof.—Master—"Pat, I must say you're very contradictory." Pat (emphatically)—"I am not, sorr!"—Punch.

"Yes, Miss Gotrox employs a man to do nothing but bathe her terrier twice a day." "Indeed? He's a sort of skyscraper, eh?" — Baltimore News.

Not a Presbyterian—"Brindley believes he is destined to marry Miss Billings." "Then why doesn't he?" "She doesn't believe in predestination." — Philadelphia Press.

Waste of Time.—Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is a prodigious enterprise?" Pa—"Telling hair-raising stories to a baldheaded man, my son." — Chicago Daily News.

An Example at Hand.—"Do you believe in luck?" "Sometimes. See that fat woman with the red hat over there?" "Yes." "Twenty-two years ago she refused to marry me." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wise Girl.—Mayme—"Jack has been awfully reckless, but he declared if I married him he would blot out the past." Edyth—"And are you going to marry him?" Mayme—"Not yet! I'm no blotter." — Chicago Daily News.

What's the Answer?—He—"Here's a puzzle for you." She—"Let's have it." He—"Give a woman a bunch of photographs to examine, including one of her own, which one will she look at the longest, and why?" — Philadelphia Ledger.

City Editor—"Did you say he had nothing to say?" Reporter—"Not at all. I'm sure he did have something to say, otherwise he would not have said to me that he had nothing to say. If he hadn't had anything to say he wouldn't have hesitated to say it." — Philadelphia Press.

THOUSANDS OF HAPPY WIVES.

The King of Cambodia Has Solved the Matrimonial Problem Very Nicely.

The king of Cambodia has solved the problem of how to be happy, though married. It is to be always in the presence of one's wife or her image.

It would be more or less awkward for the king of Cambodia to be always in the presence of his wife, as there are 8,000 of her. "A man who had 8,000 wives, always tagging around him would be handicapped. When he went traveling he would have to charter 15 or 20 trains, and nobody would ever think of inviting him to dinner. A little stroll on a moonlight night would be for the king of Cambodia, if his wives were with him, like leading a St. Patrick's day parade, and simply saying: "Dear wife, may I buy you a new hat," would awaken a tumult of excited shouting that would be heard from Phnang to Mandalay. So the king of Cambodia has contented himself with having all of his 8,000 wives photographed and the pictures hung on the walls of his palace. Needless to say, the palace walls have quite disappeared from sight. Which ever way the king turns he sees pictures of his wives, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Wives to the right of him, wives to the left of him."

The king ordered the papering of his palace walls with the photographs of his wives, thinking to do something that would please them greatly. But the incident has caused a terrible row throughout Cambodia. In the first place, the photographers had to make numberless proofs before each one of the 8,000 queens was satisfied that her picture was more beautiful than that of any of the others. Then when this was settled, there was great difficulty over hanging the pictures. Each queen wanted her picture to hang in the center of the gilded throneroom of the palace. The queens who found their pictures out in the royal billiard hall or downstairs in the royal bowling alley made a terrible uproar and threatened to sue for divorce. Of course, if they had done this it would have kept the courts of Cambodia tied up for years to come, and the king had hastily to order the royal billposter to make a different arrangement of the pictures.

Cut Out for the Navy.

A sailor belonging to one of his majesty's ships returned home rather unexpectedly.

"Why, what's up, Jack?" asked his old father when he saw him.

"Had to put back; too rough, dad," said the tar, jocularly.

"Too rough? Well, that's yer modern navy, is it, with yer quick-firers and torpedo-catchers? Too rough, eh? Why, Jack, me boy, I members when I was in the old Grampus we was in a gale, and it did blow! Well, it blowed so hard, the skipper gave orders to cut away the mast, and no sooner did the carpenter appear on deck than of 'is saw."

"That's nothing," said Jack. "Yesterday the wind happened to veer round and caught our guns end on," and it blowed the breeches clean out of all of 'em."

"Jack, me boy," answered the old man, "give us yer land; ye was cut hout for the navy, I see, and I'm right proud of ye!" — London Tit-Bits.

War Balloon Test.

The difficulty in launching a war balloon in midair was recently shown by tests made in Austria. The experimenters anchored a balloon at a height of 7,000 feet and had gunners who had not been given the distance try to discharge it. It required 22 shots to find the range, even approximately, and not until the sixty-fourth round was the balloon hit. It then sustained but a slight tear, which caused it to descend slowly. — Chicago Chronicle.

THE GARDENING MANIA.

In Some Respects It is Very Much Like Being in Love, Says One Who Knows.

"Love and the passion for gardening," says a Chicago man who, according to the Tribune, knows something about both halves of his subject, "are much alike. There are, indeed, numerous points of resemblance, as a momentary thought will show.

"The habit of either, once contracted, is seldom entirely forgotten, for one thing. The individual who has known love's varied sensations ever thereafter acknowledges a reminiscent sympathetic throb at sight or sound of the word; the individual who has successfully 'made garden' never thereafter thinks of rakes, and hoes, and spades, and seed bags, and the odor of freshly turned earth, without a keen pull at the heartstrings, although confined in gardenless apartments for the rest of the natural existence. Both passions, again, are alike in that, remaining latent all winter, they awake to renewed and vivid life with the first warm and sunshiny day.

"In the spring a young man's fancy," says the poet, "lightly turns to thoughts of love." In the spring the garden enthusiast fluds the thoughts turning, irresistibly, toward the garden. All winter long both lover and garden lover dream of their objects of devotion, feed their passion on borrowed sentimentality and books. No man makes violent love, it is said, in the cold weather, and no man makes garden under such conditions. But, given spring weather and half way favorable conditions, well who doesn't know all about the Easter and June crop of brides and bridegrooms, and about the nature-loving individuals who can't be kept indoors as soon as the sun really shines?

"Love and the passion for gardening, too, are alike, in that both are great levelers. Love laughs at lock-miths no less than at social ranks or restrictions; the garden fever makes light of dollars and despair. No human being is too young or too old, too poor or too wealthy, too sorrowful or too joyous, to be laid low by an attack of either. And in the case of either, the man or woman rejoicing in the attack cares nothing for the opinion of the entire world, if only the pleasant madness can be peacefully enjoyed. Better that the whole world should be sacrificed, indeed, than that premature involvement from the beloved toil or pain should be endured. Elizabeth of the famous German garden was by no means the only representative of the otherwise unselfish class of people who lose heads and hearts alike when gardening or in love.

"All sorts and conditions of people find mutual enjoyment and bonds of sympathy in regard to both love and the garden fever. People who would not for worlds be found holding social converse on any other topic or account will cheerfully foregather and exchange tender or gardening experiences or reminiscences. The best way to manage a better half or the ever present problems of hotbeds or no-hotbeds, roses or holly hocks, mignonette or sweet alyssum, are alike productive of unheard of friendships, intimacies, good results. As democratic social agents love and garden share equal laurels. 'The people people marry,' says Charlotte Perkins Stetson aptly, 'are the queerest folks of all' but they're not one whit queerer than the people people accept as gardening friends and mentors. And when it comes to the other side of the question—

"Love and gardening are alike, once more, in that they are so often productive of rivalries, jealousies, heart burnings. Two men in love with the same woman or two women in love with the same man are but little more jealous and unhappy than are two rival gardeners who perpetually strive for supremacy and the best results. And the happy man or woman who has just entered Paradise through love's gate treads on air only a little lighter than the other happy man or woman whose roses, or tulips, or peonies, or gladiolus are the handsomest of the neighborhood or street.

"Love and gardening, again, are each old as the world, or humanity, common to all times, and climes, and ages. Both have come straight down from our first parents and the Garden of Eden. Both are great comforters, most dear and tender consolers. Both can make themselves understood of other 'sufferers' without the aid of a common language or interpreter of any kind. Both will triumphantly endure when most earthly pleasures and conditions have proved themselves faithless, evanescent, utterly inadequate for comfort or relief. Both breathe of hope, good cheer, and the bliss of a new beginning; no failures are irredeemable or irremediable in either. In love, as in gardening, there is always room, time and space for a fresh start. Both are associated with the sweetest, best and highest impulses of the human race, in life, literature, art and common, everyday existence. And, while money and favorable conditions may smooth the pathway of both love and the passion for gardening, money is by no means necessary for the highest development of either, and the finest flowers of both orders are often produced in 'poverty row.'"

He Knew One.

"I have here," said the industrious book agent, "a volume which is especially helpful to business men. I'm certain it would benefit you if—"

"Can you mention any business man it has benefited?" broke in the skeptical one in the office chair.

"Sure. There's me, for instance. I get a big commission." — Kansas City Journal.

GUANTANAMO A GIBRALTAR.

Prospective Naval Fortness of the United States in the West Indies Well Located.

Guantanamo bay has been selected as the site of the principal naval fortness of the United States in the West Indies. Bahia Honda, the other Cuban port ceded on the north coast of the island, a short distance west of Havana, is likely to become merely a coaling station subsidiary to Key West, on the opposite side of Florida Strait.

There could have been no better location chosen for the projected naval stronghold than Guantanamo, says the Philadelphia Record, which was the base of operations of our fleet against Santiago during the Spanish war. Guantanamo bay is one of those bottle-shaped indentations which are so numerous on the Cuban coast, with a narrow and easily defended entrance and room enough inside to harbor an armada. The vicinity of Guantanamo abounds in small mountain streams and springs from which a supply of excellent water could be drawn upon for fresh beef and other provisions; a few batteries of high power guns would make the bay impregnable, and with a drydock, repair shop and a stock of coal, a fleet could operate from Guantanamo independently of a home base for years, if necessary.

On top of all these advantages, which are greater than could be afforded by St. Thomas or any other point in the West Indies that has been thought of as a possible naval base in that quarter, Guantanamo, has the advantage of being located in the strategic center of the Caribbean sea. It dominates the Windward passage between Cuba and Hayti, and an attack on the Panama canal by way of any other inter-insular channels leading into the Caribbean could be readily intercepted by a squadron issuing from Guantanamo, because this harbor is much nearer to the isthmus than are any of the passages through which a hostile force could enter that sea. An assaulting squadron coming from the other side of the Atlantic would be obliged to coal and revictual before venturing to engage our ships with their full bunkers and stores, and on the first news brought in by our naval scouts of the approach of a hostile fleet a line of battle could be drawn up to dispute its progress in the narrowest part of the American inland sea. Just as Gibraltar, and Malia are the real British defenses of the Suez canal, so would Guantanamo become the true point of defense for the Panama canal. It would be the Gibraltar to our Mediterranean.

BLOOD-SUCKING BAT.

Only Member of the Family That May Truly Be Called a Vampire.

Much has been written in the world of fiction about vampires and their awful doings in the way of blood-sucking. As a matter of fact, there is a practically only one blood-sucking vampire bat, although there is a smaller one which connects the common species with the other members of the family. The first one, the common blood-sucking vampire, measures only about three inches in length, is of a reddish brown color, and is found from Central America to southern Brazil, on the east, and in the west as far as Chili. From the structure of this bat it is more than probable that blood actually forms its entire food, says Collier's Weekly.

After a long, heavy sleep all day, this vampire comes out at night, hovers about in ghostly fashion until it has selected its victim, and then sets to work. In the first place it proceeds to shed the animal be woolly or thickly haired—to carefully shave away the hair or wool, with the thin part of the skin, by its peculiarly sharp upper incisor teeth. In this way the blood oozes slowly from the small capillary vessels, when the vampire bat at once begins to suck and goes on sucking the blood until its small body can contain no more.

Horses, sheep and cattle are often served in this way, and as the operation apparently causes little or no pain, the animals are not cognizant of what is going on; but should the attacks be repeated they become weak and thin, and finally become wrecks.

Although this is the only bat which subsists entirely on blood, it is possible that occasionally a few of the javelin bats may vary their ordinary diet in this way.

Nations That Eat Woe.

Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, Germans, French and Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and the Italians is notably less substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original. The Americans are, on the average, the greatest eaters in the world. Said Carlyle to Emerson: "The best thing I know of that country is, that in it a man can have meat for his labor." — Boston Journal.

Supporting a Dead Woman.

The city of Christiania long ago went to law on the question of liability for the support of an aged woman. When the case was settled recently it was discovered that the old woman had been dead for years. — Chicago Post.

Hoped He Could Do It.

"We have decided to raise your rent," announced the landlord. "Thank," replied the tenant. "If you succeed in raising it, I won't have to." — Chicago Post.

HANDWRITING OF NAPOLEON.

Excellent Penmanship of the French Conqueror Hinted for His Disastrous Defeats.

"Napoleon, according to Alexandre Dumas, lost such battles as he did lose because he wrote such a handish hand. His generals could not read his notes and letters, and the trembling marshals, afraid of disobeying, and striving to interpret the in decipherable commands, blundered, wandered, and did not come up to the scratch, or not to the right scratch. Thus Waterloo was lost," says a writer in Longman's Magazine.

Cannot you fancy roughly handwriting round Napoleon's notes on that sanguinary Sunday? "I say," cries the marshal to his aide-de-camp, "is that word Gemblox or Wavre? Is this Blucher or Bulow?" So probably roughly tossed up for it, and the real words, may have been none of these at which he offered his conjecture. Meanwhile on the left and center D'Eriou and Jerome and Ney were equally puzzled, and kept on sending cavalry to places where it was very uncomfortable, and did no sort of good.

Napoleon may never have been apprised of these circumstances. His old writing master was not on the scene of action. Nobody dared to say, "Sire, what does this figure of a centipede mean and how are we to construe these two thick strokes flanked by dots?" The imperial temper was peevy; the great man would have torn off his interrogator's epaulettes and danced upon them. Did he not once draw his pistol to shoot a little dog that barked at his horse? And when the pistol missed for the great soldier threw it at the dog and did not hit him.

Such was the temper of Napoleon, and we know what Marlborough thought of the value of an equable temper. Nobody could ask Bonaparte to write a legible hand, so his generals lived a life of conjecture as to his meaning, and Waterloo was not a success and the emperor never knew why. Of all his seven or eight theories of his failure at Waterloo his handwriting was not one. Yet if this explanation had occurred to him, Napoleon would certainly have blamed his pen, ink and paper. Those of Nelson at Copenhagen were bad. "If your guns are not better than your pen," said a Danish officer, who came under a flag of truce before the fight and was asked to put a message in writing, "you had better retire."

GORGEOUS GOLDEN TROUT.

Whitney Creek in Kansas the Only Water in Which This Variety is to Be Found.

"There is a variety of trout in Whitney creek, a tributary of Kana river, in Kansas, the like of which I do not believe exists in any other water," said a New York man, who has fished in Whitney creek, reports the Sun. "That trout has a shade of its own in the upper waters of the stream, and it is never invaded by any of the other varieties of trout which swarm in the waters below, simply because the abode of that particular trout can't be reached by them."

"The reason for this is that about six miles from the head of the creek there is a perpendicular waterfall 150 feet high. The rock down which the water tumbles is solid and smooth on its face from base to summit. There are no protruding ledges or hollows at short intervals on the rock by means of which the trout from below leap by leap, from ledge to ledge and hollow to hollow, can scale this watery precipice, as trout do in the case of thousands of high waterfalls elsewhere; and no trout or salmon that ever climbed from mouth to head of the steepest mountain streams can go up this sheer fall of 150 feet.

"Consequently, the trout above that fall have never been disturbed by interlopers of a different variety, and they live by themselves in the pure, cold water, the most splendid family of all fresh water fish.

"These trout are literally bespangled with burnished gold and dashed with spots of the brightest crimson. The first time I ever saw one of them I really believed it had been artificially ornamented with flakes of goldleaf, and that its red spots had been heightened in color by the brush.

"But this is their natural appearance, and when they are taken from the water and the sunlight strikes them they glitter as if clad in brilliant armor. They are well named the golden trout.

"Their habits are the same as those of the brook trout of the east, and they are as game fighters at the end of a line. As to their flesh, it is not as delicate as the brook trout. It is the beauty of these rare Whitney creek trout alone that places them at the head of the great piscatorial family noted for its beauty."

Reformed.

Mrs. Maloney shure, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made a good buy out av me Micky.

Mrs. O'Toole—O'm glad to hear that.

"Yes, it gave him a tender heart. Phoy, wud yez blame ut, when he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that luffed him 'Little Eva' foiled." — Chicago Daily News.

Matrimonial Deduction.

Judge How Swiggins and his wife must hate each other.

Fudge—Yes; they would not appear so loving in public if they didn't have some reason to throw their friends off the track. — Baltimore Herald.