

SAYS DON'T WED ORIENTAL

Princess Hassan Points Out Fatal Mistake After Five Years' Trial.

New York.—"Never marry an Oriental—it's a fatal mistake," said the beautiful Princess Hassan, who, before her marriage to a cousin of the khedive of Egypt, was Miss Oia Humphrey of California, an actress.

After five years' absence from her native land, the princess has arrived from her home in London and she will remain a few days at the Knickerbocker before going to join her mother in Oakland, Cal.

The princess spoke feelingly and somewhat knowingly on the subject of marriages between members of the Oriental and Occidental nations, for her life as a member of the khedive's immediate family was one that was far from romantic and happy.

"To begin with," she said, "an American girl is far too independently brought up and too spoiled by her own countrymen to be dominated in the manner an Oriental expects his wife to be. You see, my meeting with the Prince Hassan was so romantic and I was so overpowered by his great manner and his magnificence that I married him impulsively after two months' courtship.

"I have always been impulsive and I shall always be so. My marriage with Prince Hassan should have taken some of that quality out of me, but it hasn't.

"I know, however, enough to give advice to other American girls and the advice is never to marry people of Oriental origin or with Oriental strains in the blood. They can never understand each other and the woman will be the one who suffers.

The princess was wonderfully attired in a new Parisian frock and ermine toque trimmed with sweeping veils.

The skirt of the frock, by the way, was made simply of a wide border of lace over nothing but chiffon. No petticoats were worn underneath.

"All the frocks are made in that fashion in Paris and London now, and no petticoats are worn," she added.

CHILD GENIUS WAS A FAKE

But the Wonderful Youngster Stirred All Vienna—Marvelous Verse.

Vienna.—The alleged fake discovery of a child genius is causing a controversy here. Herr Hupfer, who writes on politics, recently brought back from near Bozen, in the South Tyrol, a "child George Sand."

The child, Anna Schärer, is only three years old, but could write marvelous verse in both German and Italian. Italian, it was explained, she had learned owing to her being near the German-Italian language frontier, where Italia Irredenta begins.

Hupfer brought the child to Innsbruck and later to Vienna, where she was shown to learned men, who examined with bewilderment her hideously scrawled but wonderfully mature and finished verse. Newspapers published her "My Stars" and "My Heaven" with notes of exclamation. A lady Maecenas named Gaspard got interested in little Anna's future and promised to give her a good education.

But when separated from Herr Hupfer and planted on a farm near Pressburg, the child's genius seemed to evaporate. She produced no fresh poems and showed rather less than ordinary intelligence. Her disgruntled patron sent her back to Bozen, where her father is a miller's assistant.

The finder of the genius is now charged with having concocted a literary hoax in order to revenge himself on one of the learned men with whom he had had a quarrel. He denies this charge and pleads that someone else hoaxed him. Anna has been unable to throw any light on the mystery, and when asked whether she wrote the poems answered yes, but refused to explain whether this refers to the original composing of them or only to her scrawled copies.

HAND IS 6,000 YEARS OLD

Once an Egyptian Princess, but Now Prized Property of Painter of Venice.

Milan.—Much excitement has been occasioned in Venice over the recent discovery of a human hand during dredging operations in the Giudecca canal. Experts declared that the hand, which was found hermetically sealed in a wooden box, had belonged to a female child eight or ten years old.

SPARE THE TIME TO LAUGH

Even in Depressing Circumstances It Is Man's Duty to Strive to Be Cheerful.

It is the duty of mankind, even in depressing circumstances, to strive to be cheerful. It is the general belief that if a man is not naturally light-hearted, he cannot make himself so.

Yet this is far from being the case, and there is many a man who is at present a weary burden to his relatives, miserable through the carking care of some bodily ailment, perhaps, or some worldly misfortune, who, if he had grown up with the idea that to be cheerful in all circumstances was one of the first duties of life, might still see a pleasant enough world round him.

The worries of a morose person will shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangements provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets.

On the other hand, the man who can laugh keeps his health. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind, the habit falls, and a half smile is the most that visits the thought-lined mouth of a modern man or woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulation of knowledge and with the weighty responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh.

HOW TERM "MUG" ORIGINATED

In the Days of Old Faces of Men Were Fitted Upon the Ale Jugs.

When you call for a draught of ale in a chop house it is served quite as often as not in a toby, a jug modeled roughly after the form of a little old man in a cocked hat. This chop house toby of today was quite probably "made in Germany," but his ancestors came from England.

Most of them belong to Staffordshire and there is not a solemn one among the lot. In the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth famous men's faces were fitted to pitchers much as nowadays the likenesses of our national characters are cast in plaster of paris and sold in the shops.

So it is that we find Wellington and Drake, General Howe and Lord Nelson, hollowed into ale mugs for the greater glory of their deeds. It has even been asserted that here originated the unhandy term "mug" as the colloquial designation of the face.

From the collector's viewpoint there are two classes of toby, the portrait toby and the jug, which is merely a comic. The portraits may be of historic worthies or they may simulate ideal characters such as John Bull or mythical characters such as Punch or characters from fiction such as Falstaff.—Country Life in America.

Model Husband.

Wife—I saw the loveliest lace spreads today, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize and so I didn't get them.

Husband—That's too bad, my dear; you could have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and glids the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your æsthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half. New York Weekly.

Keep Memento of Great Artist.

On the facade of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, to the right of the central entrance, the profile of a man's head is traced on the marble, the authorship of which is ascribed to Michael Angelo. The story runs that he and a friend made a bet as to which of them would draw a head best with their backs to the wall, a bet easily won by Michael Angelo, for he traced a perfect profile, whereas the other produced only a wavering, imperfect outline. The story further relates that the tool used was a nail! Both drawings are carefully preserved.

Daniel and the Lions.

And it came to pass that Daniel was cast into the den of lions by order of King Darius.

Early the next morning King Darius went to the den, rolled away the stone, and called out: "Do the lions bite?"

"Not unreasonably," replied Daniel, who was well up in the legal vernacular of the day.

"Good," ejaculated King Darius as he rolled back the stone. Thereupon he went forth and proclaimed to the multitude that the lion question had been solved.—Puck.

Time Wasted.

"I will detain you only a moment, Mr. Hepperly. Are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, and more than I can afford; but I'm glad you dropped in. I have just taken the agency for a subscription book entitled 'The Voters Manual.' It contains the platforms of all the existing political parties, brief biographies of all the prominent political leaders, statistics relating to the internal revenue, congressional debates on the tariff question—together with—what's your hurry?"

EFFECTS OF DRINKING TEA

Consumer of High Quality Teas Runs Least Risk of Digestive Disturbance.

The Lancet publishes a concluding article upon tea which sums up the results of an investigation into the subject under the title of "The Chemistry, Physiology and Esthetics of a Cup of Tea."

The suggestion that an infusion of good tea consists chiefly of caffeine tannate is confirmed. It is pointed out that when caffeine and tannin are in a state of combination, neither being in the free state, the harmful astringent qualities of the tannin disappear and the bitter taste of free caffeine is not perceptible.

The teas of high quality yield as a rule a simple infusion of caffeine tannate, not of caffeine or of tannin. Such teas must be regarded as the most desirable from a physiological point of view. It is interesting to find that as a rule the expert taster picks out these teas as teas of high quality.

Good teas, in short, according to this inquiry, are those which on a five minute infusion yield only caffeine in the form of caffeine tannate to the infusion and bad or indifferent teas are those which yield on infusion a tea containing, in addition to caffeine tannate, either caffeine or tannin, but especially tannin, in excess. A good tea may be made a bad tea, but a bad tea can not be made a good tea except perhaps by very skillful blending. Excessive infusion will spoil a good tea, but even a short infusion of a bad tea may be as objectionable as an excessive infusion of a good tea.

On physiological grounds, therefore, the consumer of high quality teas runs less risk of digestive disturbance provided the tea is made properly.

HOW HE KNOCKED OUT COLD

Algernon Grappled With It in Time—He Explains His Never Failing Remedy.

"You seem to have a cold this morning, Algernon," said Mr. Topdoor, as the elevator "boy" responded rather gruffly to his cheerful "good morning."

"Yes, sah; I've got the ebudumces of a col', tank de Lo'd. I'm decidedly hoarsed in mah froat, but I don't tink de troublation gwain to 'mount to much. Yo' see, I done took it in time. I's raight bad las' night, but befo' I retire to mah bad I rub mah chest's an' froat good wif taller an' turpentine. Den I has a v-ery hot barf tub full wateh an' I steps into dat. Den I gits 'bout half pint o' whiskey an' puts dat into a glass wif some bilin' hot wateh an' sugah an' a lee-lee lemon jouse— Oh, no, sah; I didn't drink it all; I should say not. I give some ob it to mah wife an' some ob it to mah two lil' gals, an' de res' of it I takes mahself, an' aftr dat I go raight straight to ba'd an' sleeps like a bumm'n' top, an' dis mornin' I feels fus' rate. Dere's nothin' like taller an' turpentine an' a good hot drink o' whiskey fo' a col'.

It heal up de epiglottus ob de froat an' cleas' out de bronchial toobs raight 'way an' pvents yo' fom takin' consumption. Dat de mos' drea'fules' disease! How does I know 'bout it? W'y, I was down to de Amuseum Nat'ral Hist'ry de time dey had de 'tachmen' dere fo' showin' how consumption 'tacks de human body, an' I foun' out all 'bout it. An' eber sence den I bin scared o' mah life dat me or mah wife or mah chilens might git it, but I reckon af I takes de precautions ob de turpentine an' taller an' de hot whiskey de good Lo'd won' let none ob us git it."

The Prime of Age.

"I understand that Lemuel Holland has come back to Danby to end his days," said a former resident of the village to Peter Hobbs, the stage driver. "How old is he?"

"He's only 69," said Mr. Hobbs, "and I guess you've made a mistake about his ending his days here. He came home so he could get the new library started and the bank organized right up to date, and see to the drinking fountain that's to be put on the green."

"He calculates to spend a year or two with us, but he told me the other day he'd always promised his son out in California 't he'd pass the latter part of his life out there, and he's planning to go before he falls any so's to have the full enjoyment of the trip across the country."—Youth's Companion.

Unprecedented Length of Trial.

The difference in time consumed in criminal court procedures in this and other countries is illustrated by a trial reported from Chemnitz, Germany, in a German newspaper, in which the paper stated in astonishment that the trial lasted a whole week.

A woman was the defendant accused of poisoning her little daughter, whose life she had insured, and of arson to gain fire insurance. Both charges were submitted to the jury at the same time and acted upon. Sixty-three witnesses had to be heard, among them six experts. The jury condemned the woman to death.

No Room.

"Bertie," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday school treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?"

"I can't, I'm full!" sighed Bertie.

"Well, then, put some in your pockets."

"I can't. They're full, too," was the regretful answer.—Youth's Companion.

GIVES HER LIFE TO SAVE

Servant Suffers Burns in Order Not to Frighten or Hurt Little Ones, and Dies From Injuries.

Paris.—A striking case of heroism by a domestic servant, who sacrificed her life for her employers' children, has just occurred here.

The heroine was Mme. Jeanne Mounot, aged 64, who acted as servant to a family in the Rue Brunel. During the absence of her master and mistress Jeanne Mounot lit a small lamp in order to put the three children to bed, and accidentally set fire to her clothing. The children were playing close by. In order not to frighten them and to prevent them approaching her and themselves setting fire to their clothing, the woman with great sangfroid, refrained from calling for help. "It's nothing," she said to the eldest child, who looked on in terror as the flames enveloped her, "but don't come near me."

The children obeyed and the courageous woman seized a blanket and wrapped herself in it, succeeding in putting out the flames. Then, although her hands and body were terribly burned, with almost superhuman courage she put the three children to bed one by one and got them to sleep.

It was only then that she thought of seeking assistance. She had just reached the door of the apartment when she fell in a faint, without having uttered a cry. Her master and mistress found her lying there on their return. She was immediately removed to the Beaujon hospital, where it was found that she was terribly burned, and she died during the night.

Jeanne Mounot had been acquainted with Mme. Dollpowski, her mistress, since the latter was a little girl, and she was treated by M. and Mme. Dollpowski more as a member of the family than as a servant.

HAS LOST HUMAN HEADS

University of Pennsylvania Museum Has 200-Year-Old Smoked Heads.

Chickasha, Okla.—Prof. George B. Gordon, director of the University of Pennsylvania museum, has just received, through his agents in London, three human heads, which, although preserving the full contour of the features, are approximately 200 years old. They are the grotesquely tattooed heads of leaders of the ancient Maori of New Zealand, who were first discovered in 1770 by the famous explorer, Capt. James Cook.

Professor Gordon explained that the heads were preserved by a process of smoking them and were kept for the same reasons that Caucasians keep pictures of their ancestors. The heads are not gruesome or revolting, even to the most sensitive and highly imaginative person.

The faces are smooth and do not suggest human flesh any more than the face of a wax doll. The eyes are closed and the hair is well preserved. The entire face is covered with fanciful though symmetrical figures, tattooed during life. The Maori are the only tribe of the entire Polynesian race who preserved their heads. The people of Borneo also preserve heads, but do not tattoo their faces as did the Maori.

According to Dr. Gordon, the preserved heads are very rare, there being only two or three known to be in existence besides the Robley collection at Columbia university, which contains nearly a score.—North American.

NO LAW TO PROTECT FLAG

General Wood Says Stars and Stripes Should Always Be Suspended From Line or Staff.

Washington.—Recent charges and denials of abuse and misuse of the American flag have developed the fact that there is no national statute making such acts punishable. Several states are said to have severe laws on the subject and the war department officials are hopeful that agitation will lead legislatures of other states to adopt similar laws.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, contends that the national ensign should never be used as a table covering or be tacked up as drapery, but that it should always be suspended from a line or staff or hung against the wall. It is a common practice on shipboard to spread the flag over the chaplain's table or desk during services. This practice is condemned in some quarters as a misuse of the flag.

An attempt probably will be made to obtain national legislation on this subject, but it is said that so many private interests would be adversely affected that the success of the attempt is doubtful.

HORSE THIEF POOR TRADER

Broncho Buster Keeps on Swapping Animals Till He gets an Untradable Nag.

Altoona, Pa.—Charged with stealing a valuable pony from John D. Bloomhardt of this city over a year ago, Charles Foust, a broncho buster, was arrested at South Park, where he was working in the coal mines.

Foust was employed to break ponies by Bloomhardt, and one day drove off with the best one in the lot. He told the police that he traded it off for a horse, getting something to boot each time.

HE NEVER EVEN TOOK AIM

But the Tyro at Hunting Brought Down Two Birds, and Shot No More.

"Only once in my life did I ever do any shooting," said a traveling man, talking to a group in the cafe of one of the big New York hotels, "and that once I made a real hit. It was in a western town to which my trip had carried me, and the natives had arranged a prairie chicken hunt for the following day. Of course I was invited. I protested that I was out of practice, but they insisted that I go along, and some one furnished a gun for my use.

"As the only stranger in the party, they let me go ahead, following the dogs closely. I didn't even know what a prairie chicken looked like; whether they would run along the ground or fly. Suddenly I heard a tremendous whirr, the sound, as I came to know, of the birds taking wing. So excited was I that, without raising the gun to my shoulder, I pulled the trigger. 'Bang!' went the gun, and two of the birds fluttered slowly to the ground.

"He never even took aim," shouted one of the hunters, and my reputation was made. Thereafter I rested on my laurels, not attempting another shot throughout the day, or ever since."

MADE EQUALS BY LEARNING

With the Same Education, Men Will Lose Their Superiority Over Women.

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw said recently in Philadelphia of an opponent of co-education:

"Perhaps he objects because he is aware that equal education does away with man's superiority. The average man, of course, won't be superior to the average woman when they are both equally well educated. His assertions won't be accepted then unquestioningly.

"Indeed his assertions already are beginning to be questioned here and there. Thus there was a young chap at the seashore last month who on being refused by a beautiful girl said: 'You have broken my heart.'

"But the girl, a medical student, laid her white hand lightly on his breast a moment, and then shook her head and said:

"No, there isn't the least evidence of organic lesion. I notice a slight palpitation, due, no doubt, to the excessive use of cheap cigarettes, but otherwise the organ is quite perfect."

Horse Pedometers.

The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found.

The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls and crests are found on the domestic horse. A notable instance is the graceful feathering that extends along the hollow of the flank, dividing the trunk of the animal from the hind-quarters. There are also crests and whorls on the horse's chest and other parts of its body.

A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course, merely superficial.

Mixed Patriotism.

Up in the Nineteenth assembly district they are telling this story of a fallen political idol. In the rounds of his social activities he attended an afternoon entertainment given by the Outdoor Playground association.

Among the vocal selections rendered by the children was "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." At the conclusion of that hymn the political idol was called upon for a few remarks. He addressed the audience with emotion.

"Children," he said, "it does my heart good to hear you. Scarcely ever have I heard 'The Star-Spangled Banner' so beautifully sung."—New York Times.

Fine Horses of Mixed Blood.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century Jerez de la Forontera has been the most noted horse-breeding center of Andalusia, for many hundreds of years famous for its fine horses. Jerez de la Forontera was one of the first and last Moorish strongholds in Spain, and the best horses there were all bred from famous Arab stallions, so that what is known as an Andalusian, or Spanish, horse has always a good deal of Arab blood; it has, however, been crossed with so many other breeds, especially Flemish, that today the Spanish horse is not registered in the books of record of pure-blood animals.

Expensive Bravery.

The manager of a shooting gallery patronized by women was glad to get another pupil, but he could not exactly sympathize with her husband's motive for urging her to acquire crack marksmanship.

"One night when she was staying alone up in the country a burglar got into the house," the husband said, "and she had to fire six shots at him before she touched him, and then she only grazed the tail of his coat. It's wicked extravagance to waste cartridges like that, and she's got to shoot."

WEDDING GLOVE FOR BRIDE

Third Finger Is Left Unstitched So That the Ring Can Be Slipped On.

A happy era has dawned for the bride at the fateful moment when the ring is about to be placed on her finger.

Instead of the usual struggle to remove her left hand glove she will now be able to uncover the third finger without effort and without losing her composure.

This delightful result is to be obtained by an ingenious "wedding glove" device. The inside seam on the third finger of the left glove is unstitched, so that all that the bride need do is to slip her finger through the slit to receive the ring. The finger can just as easily be slipped back into the glove after the ceremony.

The device will be greatly appreciated not only by the bride, but also by the nervous bridegroom.

The story of the origin of the wedding glove has come to light. Some time ago a girl who had lost her right arm in the hunting field asked for a single wedding glove.

She remarked on the awkwardness of having to remove her glove with the help of her teeth, and it was then seen that matters would be greatly facilitated for the bride if she only had to uncover the ring finger.

The experiment was so successful that it aroused the interest of other prospective brides, who saw in it a boon which would save them from the usual difficulties of removing a whole glove in the moment when the ring is about to be put on.—Exchange.

HIS SPEECH WAS GREAT HIT

Pumperton Thought It Was His Wit, But His Wife Discovered the Reason.

It was late before Pumperton got home, but his wife was still sitting up for him. "Well, John," she greeted him, "how was the dinner?" And how was your speech received?"

Pumperton took off his coat, smiling genially. "Oh, splendidly, my dear, splendidly. I got there a bit late, when the others were already at the table, but I just slipped in quietly and didn't make any stir."

"Well, how about the speech?" she reminded him. "Did it make as much of a hit as you expected?"

"Oh, yes—more. None of the preceding speeches had been particularly clever, and they had hardly raised a smile. But I had no more than stood up and begun when they began to laugh. I went on, my dear, and I assure you, they simply shook. I never have seen any company so thoroughly entertained. I even expanded a little—gave them a couple of new stories that came into my mind. And when I sat down they cheered and clapped and laughed for minutes. I shall never forget how they laughed."

"Yes, I can well imagine so," his wife said sarcastically. "But the next time you are to make an after-dinner speech wouldn't it be well to put your vest on before leaving home?"

Her Idea of It.

Algie Graham Livingston is going to write a spelling book, some day, if they let her, according to a writer in the Cleveland Leader.

"How do you spell 'Yainin'?" she asked the other afternoon, as the big drops came down and spelt her outdoor play. In parenthesis he said that she isn't big enough to pronounce the letter "r." Hence "Yainin'."

Her mother gave the desired information, but Algie, whose proper name is Elsie, shook her head. Her big brother endeavored to assist her, but Algie roughly declined advice.

"Well," said her brother Bob, "how do you spell it?"

"H, e, double L," came the answer, like a flash.

Fathers of Great Men.

The father of Samuel Pepys was a tallor. The father of James Mill was a cobbler. The father of Jules Verne was a day laborer. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. Epictetus was the son of a day laborer. Socrates was the son of a day laborer. Giotto, the artist, was a peasant's son. The father of Plus V. was a shepherd. The father of Schumann was a bookseller. The father of Plus IV. was a peasant. The father of Cowley was a grocer. The father of Charles Lamb was a servant. Milton was the son of a copyist. Pope's father was a merchant. Neander's father was a carter. Homer was a farmer's son.

First to Practice Palmistry.

Gypsies introduced the practice of palmistry into England. This appears from a statute of 1531 called an "Acte concerning Ekyptians," which recites that "afore this tyme divers and many outlandyshe people, callinge themselves Ekyptians, using no crafts nor falets of marchauntise, have comen into this Realme and gone from Shire to Shire and Place to Place, and used grevously and crafty meanes to deceyve the people that they by palmeastre could tell menne and womens fortunes, and have by crafts and subtilties deceyved the people of their money."

Decided Change.

Mrs. Brown—Do you think marriage changes a man? Mrs. Jones—Vastly. Look at my husband. He used to offer me a penny for my thoughts; now he often offers me \$10 to shut up.