

MADE A TORCH OF PADDY.

Now the Chances Are He Will Carry His Matches Elsewhere.

Nine-year-old Paddy Monaco says that the next time he plays hat on the back with the gang he isn't going to have his rear pants pocket full of matches, says the New York Sun. They play the game strenuously in a lot on Twenty-seventh street, near Tenth avenue. The game had progressed to the grab the hat and slap stage yesterday, and Paddy stood down with his head pointed eastward and the other end of him directed toward the setting sun. Tommy Glynn in leaping over Paddy gave him a vigorous wallop. In a twinkling the west end of Paddy's snout could be heard for blocks. The other kids beat the flames out as best they could and saved at least the front part of Paddy's breeches. Tommy Glynn and Billy Rooney were more or less badly burned about the hands, and Paddy was more severely burned elsewhere. An ambulance was summoned from Roosevelt hospital and the surgeons sized up the Glynn and Rooney boys and took Paddy to the hospital for more thorough treatment. Later Paddy was sent to his home at 545 West Twenty-seventh street and ate his supper off the mantelpiece.

TO THE SIXTH GENERATION.

People Who Have Lived to See Many of Their Descendants.

It is given to few men, as to M. T. Walschberger of the canton of Vaud, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandchild, but even more remarkable experiences than this are on record, according to the Westminster Gazette. Dr. Plot in his "Natural History of Staffordshire" quotes the case of old Mary Cooper of King's Bromley, who lived to see the sixth generation of her descendants, and was in the position to say, "Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's granddaughter had a daughter," while Horace Walpole lived to see seven descents in one family, the progeny of Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is not long since the dowager duchess of Abercorn died leaving more than 200 direct descendants, at least four of whom were great-grandchildren. About the same time Mrs. Sarah Ann Woolf, of Utah, nursed her twenty-third great-grandchild, one of 303 living descendants; while it is said of a Spaniard who returned from America to his native land a few years ago that he was accompanied by 250 of his descendants, including three great-grandsons.

The Uses of Worry.

Worry of one sort and another is necessary to the complete health of the spirit; worry is as surely related to content on one side as it is to misery on the other. It is as wholesome an exercise for the spirit, and as refreshing as the physical exercise which the man finds so necessary to his well-being. The spirit must have its peculiar gymnastics; the soul cannot afford to become stagnant; its waters, if one may say so, must be stirred occasionally if they would be kept fresh and sweet.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus Magazine.

A Paradox in Age.

At an entertainment provided by the Woman's philharmonic society the most widely advertised attraction was a dancer, who, so it was whispered, "had become too old to teach in the public schools and had taken to dancing for a living." That remarkable announcement drew a crowd of curious persons who were anxious to see what a woman looked like who was too old to teach but young enough to practice the terpsichorean art in public. Also, everybody wanted to know what the topsyturvy age might be, but of course, no one found out.

Dependent Dog a Suicide.

A valuable bulldog belonging to John C. Reed, of Binghamton, N. Y., committed suicide by jumping up against a picket fence until he hooked his collar over one of the pickets. He then swung himself around until the weight of his body on the leather strap shut off his wind and he strangled. The dog had made a previous attempt to hang himself, but was found in time and taken from the fence, although he fought savagely while his owner unhooked his collar from the picket.

"Getting Even."

In savings banks it is customary to require a new depositor to sign an identification blank. In a certain savings bank recently a woman was somewhat unwilling to comply with this request. "What is your husband's name?" asked the clerk. "My husband's name is Peter Jones." "What is your wife's name?" snapped the fast depositor.

A Job in Prospect.

New York was in sight. The ship was entering the harbor. "Ah, free America," exclaimed a forelager on the deck. "Free America, ze land where everybody has an equal chance." "Going to create there?" inquired a friendly American. "Ah, yes, I haf come over to engage in ze oil business."

Making Reparation.

In some unaccountable manner little Frank had spilled a bottle of ink on his grandmother's carpet. "I'm awful sorry," he apologized, "but—thinking of his little savings bank—I'll buy you another bottle, grandma."

"BLEST BE THE TIE."

How the Familiar Old Hymn Came to Be Written.

Not one in a thousand of those who sing that good old hymn "Blest be the tie that binds" knows the history of its homely origin. According to the Church Eclectic, it was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, who in the latter part of the eighteenth century was the pastor of a poor little church in Lockshire, England. His family and responsibilities were large, his salary was less than four dollars a week. In 1772 he felt himself obliged to accept a call to a London church. His farewell sermon had been preached, six wagons loaded with furniture and books stood by the door. His congregation, men, women and children were in an agony of tears. Mr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on a packing case and cried with the others. Looking up, Mrs. Fawcett said: "Oh, John, I don't bear this! I know not where to go." "Nor I either," said he; "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything back in its old place." His letter of acceptance to the London church was recalled and he wrote this hymn to commemorate the episode.

WENT HOME FOR WARRIOR.

Dog Evidently Had Reasoned Out the Situation.

C. B. Shockley, who lives across the river, was recently plowing in some new ground near the edge of the river hills, says an Oklahoma correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. He was accompanied by a half-grown shepherd dog. The dog in hunting went over a small hill and soon came kicking back with a coyote close to his heels. Seeing the man the coyote ran back and the dog plucked courage to follow. Out of sight of his master he weakened and came back over the hill with the coyote after him. This was repeated several times, to the amusement of Mr. Shockley, who offered neither counsel nor assistance, meaning to see how the dog would figure it out. He had not long to wait. The dog sat down and seemed to think over the situation, and then started for the house on a keen run. He was back in a very short time, accompanied by a big dog whose reputation as a coyote fighter was established. The young dog led the old one over the hill and soon the coyote had disappeared.

Tough Cat.

An instance of the remarkable vitality possessed by the cat has just been demonstrated at Herbling, Eng. A very fine cross-bred Persian mysteriously disappeared from its home, and 16 days later was found in an open field secured in a rabbit trap. Notwithstanding the animal's long and painful confinement and exposure to the heavy rains, it was still alive. It was, however, reduced to a mere skeleton and was unable to walk, but under proper treatment it is recovering. That the cat had been in the trap all the time is beyond question, as otherwise it would have returned home to a kitten which it was suckling at the date of its disappearance.

Wooden Flywheel.

After an accident to the flywheel in a large European electric station the superintendent designed and had constructed a flywheel of wood which has a diameter of 65 feet and a rim width of ten feet. The thickness of the rim is about 12 inches and it is made up of 44 thicknesses of beech planks with staggered joints. The boards were glued together and then bolted. The inside consists of a double wheel, the 24 spokes of which are fastened to two hubs. Spokes and hubs are operated at 76 revolutions a minute, which corresponds to a peripheral speed at the rim of 138 feet a second.

Child's Remarkable Suicide.

A remarkable case of suicide by the 14-year-old daughter of a farm laborer named Becham was revealed at an inquest at Weston-super-Mare, England, recently. It was stated that the girl was of an obstinate and determined character and guilty of persistent falsehoods. She was entrusted with a dress to take to the village dressmaker for remaking for herself, but returned with the statement that it was too good to cut up. Unknown to her parents she sold the dress to a villager for four shillings, and on this being discovered she walked to a level crossing, put her head across the rails, and was decapitated by a passing train.

Quiet Speaking.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of quiet speaking. Quiet, gentle dignity can accomplish a great deal and when faced by those who possess this calm, self-reliant manner of speaking we can not fail to realize its tremendous importance. It is a delight and a pleasure to hear a voice perfectly cultured and sympathetic—a voice that rings with kindness. It is an advantage, a valuable asset in both the social and business world.

Enterprise.

Dick Whittington, on the advice of the bells, had just turned again in the direction of the mayor's office. "Seems to act on rather slight impulses," said critical people. But Whittington's personal newspaper came out that evening in large headlines: "Whittington Turns Again—Eminent Authorities Advise Him to Continue Fight for Mayoralty—Consternation Felt in City Hall—Whittington States He Will Be at Mayor's Desk in Three Weeks."—Puck.

BOTH PSYCHICAL AND CRITICAL.

Mrs. Hackett's Good Reasons for Wearing Her Best Hat.

After reading the weather report and consulting the barometer, Mrs. Hackett breathed a long sigh of relief and took her hat out of its bandbox. "Going to wear that down to breakfast?" inquired Mr. Hackett. "No, dear," said his wife as she tilted the hat back and forth on her head before the mirror. "I only want to be sure I get my hair done up so the hat will go on right. It's the morning for our psychical research class, you know." "I don't quite get the connection," remarked Mr. Hackett. "There, that's just right," and Mrs. Hackett laid the hat carefully back in its box after a final glance in the mirror. "What did you say, dear?" The connection? Why, don't you remember I told you I was going to read that letter from Aunt Luise telling about her wonderful dream—the one where she thought she had wings and flew, and the very next day she heard of Cousin Grace's automobile accident? Well, of course, when you have to stand and read before a whole company, you want your best hat on, even if they are psychical."—Youth's Companion.

ALWAYS OVER THE HEART.

Policemen as a Rule Wear Their Badges as Shields.

Many persons are puzzled to know why policemen wear their badges so low on their coats, instead of on the flap made for that purpose. As a matter of fact, the badge or star, as he calls it, of many a policeman is right next to his heart. Some blue coats can thank their "stars" for being alive. This little metal shield has deflected the bullet of burglar or highwayman, and at times, too, has stopped the knife thrust of would-be assassins. During the last 20 or 30 years there are many cases on record showing that the little badge has been a life saver. Even bullets fired at close range, as a rule, cannot penetrate the shield. That's why a bluecoat always feels safer in keeping the star at a vital spot. When off duty some policemen wear their stars on their vests, but always directly over the heart. They are so accustomed to the little protector that they feel uneasy without it.

Village of Pelicans.

On the lower course of Casamance river in West Africa exists what a French writer has described as a "village of pelicans." The birds have been so mercilessly hunted that they avoid the presence of man, but in the neighborhood of their "village" they show comparatively little fear. There are even native African huts under the enormous baobab trees in which the birds have established their community. The nests are placed at the ends of branches, five or six in each tree. Dry branches, rudely interlaced, form an insecure looking platform covered with a thick layer of down, and there the young birds, laughingly big and awkward in such a situation, may be seen maintaining an unstable equilibrium, yet never losing their balance.—Youth's Companion.

How a Flea Jumps.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often falls, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up and when it makes one of those gigantic jumps! and when it lands upside down, or in some other way, its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales, and of no use; but small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.

A Sacred Office-Cat.

A correspondent, writing from Egypt, says at Assuit a little while ago a German lady was much pleased at having secured for a considerable sum the mummy of a sacred cat. She was delighted with her bargain, and the Arab dealer was quite satisfied with the sum he received. But with the curiosity inherited from our first poor mother, she began to examine her mummy. She looked at it closely and even picked a hole in it. Then, encouraged by what she saw she proceeded to rip it open. Her mummy was stuffed with an English newspaper.

Thought Picture a Ghost.

Once Dr. Grenfell visited Ramah and exhibited to the astonished Eskimos some stereopticon views—photographs that had been taken there in the previous year. It so happened that one of the pictures was that of an old woman who had died since the photograph was made, and when it appeared upon the screen terror struck the hearts of the simple-minded people. They believed it was her spirit returned to earth, and for a long time afterward imagined that they saw it floating about at night, visiting the woman's old haunts.—Outing.

Lost Hope in Georgia.

Billie must have lost hope. The following advertisement appeals in the Banner: "For Sale—Six acres in Mist and two Moonshine Distilleries that ain't never been levied on by the government."—Atlanta Constitution.

PUSHED THE BEAR ASIDE.

Surveyor Tells of Experience He Does Not Care to Repeat.

To walk right up to a monster bear and try to shove it out of the way and then escape without so much as a scratch is an experience of a lifetime. Harry I. Engelbright found it so a few days ago in Diamond canyon, above Washington, says a Nevada City correspondent of the Sacramento Bee. The young man, son of Congressman Engelbright, has just returned from the upper country, where he has been doing some surveying, and relates his thrilling experience. It was coming on dusk, at the close of the day's work. In the brush-lined trail he saw protruding what he thought were the hind quarters of some stray bovine. He walked up and gave the brute a shove. It came to its haunches with a snort that made his hair rise and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. The big brute looked around and then shuffled off into the woods. It was either asleep or else so busy eating ants from an old log that it failed to hear the young surveyor, whose footsteps were deadened by the thick carpet of pine needles. Later it was learned that the same bear, a monster cinnamon, had killed a dog earlier in the day. The dog ventured too close and with one blow of its paw the big beast sent it hurtling yards away, dead as a doornail.

ALL RELIGIONS IN LONDON.

Faithist Community Latest Addition to Its Queer Sects.

The Faithist community which has established a modest footing in Baltham, and whose comprehensive gospel ranges from the creation of man to the "glory and labors of the gods and goddesses of the Ethebian heavens," is the latest addition to the long list of London's religious sects, which are now almost as many as the days of the year. In London the Chinaman burns his incense stick in more than one joss-house in the east end, the Mahometan has his mosque, the Malayan his temple, near St. George's street east; the Parsees worship the sun in Bloomsbury, the Mormons have a mission in Islington, and in many parts of the metropolis the Buddhists and Ancestor Worshipers perform their strange rites. Of Christian sects in London there are at least 300, including the Cokelers, the disciples of William Sirgood, the Walworth shoe-maker; the Peculiar People, who prefer prayer to physicians; the Sandemanians, the followers of Joanna Southcott, the prophetic serving maid; the Shakers and the Seventh Day Baptists.

Ghost Plant of Oregon.

While picking berries at East Twentieth and Skidmore streets Sunday Miss Charlotte Lindsay came upon a ghost plant, says the Portland Oregonian. This plant is of rare occurrence in western Oregon, and this is the first time that it is known to have been found in or near Portland. The ghost plant was known and much praised by the Indians of Oregon in times past, and is sometimes known as the Indian-pipe plant. It is said the Indians believed that it had great remedial qualities and made from it a lotion which they considered curative for the eye. It is a tall, waxlike plant about eight inches high and its bloom resembles a waxen cup.

Snap for Amateurs.

Amateur photographers who wish to turn their art to a commercial account by selling snapshots to their human victims have discovered a new field of endeavor. They haunt riding academies and the equestrian paths in the parks and photograph the riders. They on horseback have a weakness for being photographed. Many a rider who could not be persuaded to pose for a photograph in conventional attitude or garb is quite willing to be taken astride a fine horse and any photographer who can snap him successfully is sure of a market for his pictures.

One Way Round It.

A minister says that one Saturday he was strolling along the shaded bank of a pretty stream when, unobserved, he approached a group of small boys, who were comfortably clad in jacket and trousers only. One freckled face little fellow stepped to the edge of the bank, turned his back to his companions and said: "Say, one of you fellows push me in, will yer?" "What for?" his chums demanded in chorus. "Aw, me mudder made me promise I wouldn't go in swimmin'; go on an' push!" the conscientious youth replied.

Diplomatic Salesman.

An elderly woman entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her. "Haven't you something new?" she asked. The man then brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the center is in the middle." "Dear me, yes, I will take half a dozen of them," said the woman.

"No Good on Earth."

Insurance Agent—Possibly, madam, you might like to insure your husband's life. Mrs. Grogan—Insure my husband's life, is it? Faith, a big fool I'd be to insure his life. He's no good on earth at all, at all! His life ain't worth a sixpence to me!—Illustrated Bits.

WOMEN IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.

In Many Ways They Had Easier Lives Than Their Descendants.

The women of the sixteenth century and earlier times had easier lives than those of our generation. To be sure, there are a hundred labor-saving devices to-day which were unknown to them. But in at least two important respects they had the advantage over their descendants. They waged no conflict against dirt such as we carry on from morning till night. The Elizabethan had no prejudice against garbage in his front yard, vermin in his bedroom, decaying rushes on the floor of his banquet hall, or soiled lace in his sleeves. The strength of arm and spirit which now goes to keeping clean was left to the medieval lady for other tasks. Moreover, although her clothing was gorgeous—rich with embroidery and lace, and heavy with jewels—it was not subject to rapid changes of fashion. The cut of a sleeve or the hang of a skirt was settled for five years rather than five months. Life was then free from the modern terror of "looking like a last year's rag bag."—Youth's Companion.

NOT LIKE ANY SHE HAD SEEN.

Why Chicken Seemed Peculiar to Small City Girl.

Little Isabel had been so unfortunate as to have lived most of her six years in boarding houses. Now, the boarding house chicken, as every one knows who has had any experience with that curious fowl, seems largely composed of wings and legs. It generally fell to Isabel's lot to draw a leg. Consequently it was with great surprise that on her first visit to the country she contemplated a real live chicken on its native beach. She had been told that it was a chicken, but she had her doubts until reassured by her mother. Even then she was not quite satisfied. Mystified, as though grappling with some problem beyond her power to reason out, she exclaimed: "But, see, mamma, it only has two legs!"

Mother's Cruelty to Child.

A strange story of cruelty comes from Boone Ridge, near Pottsville, Pa., where Mrs. Burfield is charged with having suspended her six-year-old child in mid-air, permitting her to hang for three hours. The child did something that displeased the mother, and, seizing the little one, it is alleged, she tied her hands behind her and then fastened a strap about the child's waist. The little offender was dragged to the barn, where a rope was attached to the belt, thrown over a beam and the child pulled up in the air. This was shortly after supper, and it is said she permitted the child to swing around and around in that painful position until her husband came home at ten o'clock and cut down the child.

Hundreds of Good Irish Here.

"Pat" was a little "beliquored," and was boasting one day in a saloon about his ancestors and his native country, and was remarking that he was Irish and that he was proud of the fact when a man entered, and, hearing the remark, said: "You are all right, old man. I like the Irish, and up where I live there are hundreds more there." This pleased "Pat" to such an extent that he spent considerable money on his newly found friend, and after his departure "Pat" inquired of the barkeeper where he lived, remarking that he was a "dum fine man, anyway." "That man," replied the barkeeper, "lives up near the Catholic cemetery."—Judge's Library.

Football in 1583.

The gentle game of football is described thus in a work entitled "Anatome of Abuses," published in 1583: "For I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation, a bloody and murdering practice than a sport or pastime, for dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversaries, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this means sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses rush out with blood; sometimes their eyes start out."

Awful Blunder.

"Yes," remarked Amber Pete, as he took another chow, "he left town rather suddenly." "What was the cause of the sudden departure?" asked the agent for the ore crusher. "Well, you see, he received an announcement from Bad Bill that the latter had married old Pete Bink's fighting widder. An hour later he sent a message in reply." "And was that the way he left town?" "You bet. He scribbled off 'Accept my congratulation in the hour of glory,' but the chap in the telegraph office was half asleep and he deciphered it to be, 'Accept my condolence in the hour of grief.' Don't you think it was time to make tracks, stranger?"

The Genius of Love.

Durable love is a sublime drama played by two actors equal in talents, a drama where the sentiments are catastrophes, where desires are events and where the lightest thought causes a change of scene. But how will you find in the flock of bipeds which is called a nation, a man and a woman possessing in the same degree the genius of love, when talented people are already so rare in other sciences?—Honore de Balzac.

JUST THE SAME AS CURRENCY.

Third Son Felt He Had Nothing to Reproach Himself with.

William Kneepfel, of St. Louis, has invented and hopes to patent a secret plowing method for the cure of baldness. "A genuine cure for baldness," said Mr. Kneepfel the other day, "should make a man very rich. Why, should grow rich on fake cures. It is amazing, it really is, what fakes some of these cures are. Yet there's money in them." Mr. Kneepfel gave a loud, powerful laugh. "In their crookedness they remind me," he said, "of the third son of the old eccentric. Perhaps you have heard the story? Well, an old eccentric died and left his fortune equally to his three sons. But the will contained a strange proviso. Each heir was to place \$100 in the coffin immediately before the interment. A few days after the interment the three young men met and discussed the queer proviso and its execution. 'Well,' said the oldest son, 'my conscience is clear, too. I put my hundred in the coffin in clear, new notes.' 'My conscience is clear, too,' said the second son. 'I put in my hundred in gold.' 'I, too, have nothing to reproach myself with,' said the third son. 'I had no cash at the time, though; so I wrote out a check for \$100 in poor, dear father's name, placed it in the coffin and took in change the \$200 in currency that I found there.'"

THE LOAD OF THE LAZY.

This Man Worked Hard in His Own Particular Way.

One of the neighborhood loafers sat comfortably smoking his foul pipe, according to his daily custom, in the prescription room of a drug store. He was soliloquizing aloud to the clerk. Here is a sample of his sound, contented philosophy: "I'll tell you what! A man is mighty miserable if he ain't got nothin' to do, when he ain't workin' in 'at somethin'. I know it—I've tried both ways an' I find that there ain't nothin' that makes a man more miserable than doin' nothin'. But, you know, there's two kinds of work; one of them is where a feller goes to work at six in the mornin' an' works with his hands till six at night. The other is where a feller sits around an' thinks. I ain't never happy unless I'm workin', but I don't believe in that first kind of work. I believe in thinkin' all day long, an' that's harder than the other kind. I can tell you—you just try it if you don't believe me; a man is mighty miserable when he ain't workin'."

Old Shell Exploded.

A curious scene occurred on the premises of a Paris locksmith recently. For the last 15 years a shell, which dated back to the siege of Paris in 1870 had been used by a rag and bone merchant as a sort of pestle. The merchant attached a handle to the shell. Some time ago the handle broke off, and the locksmith was asked to repair it. Having made a new handle red-hot, he drove it into the orifice of the shell. There was a tremendous explosion. The locksmith and his apprentice were blown several feet away, while pieces of the shell were driving clean through the wood-work and the window of the shop, and were found buried in the brick walls of the courtyard. Every window in the house was smashed and large pieces of the shell were found buried in the ceiling, but by a miracle nobody was hurt.

Magnifying Choir Leader's Voice.

In the old village of Braybrook in Northamptonshire, England, is a monster trumpet, five-six inches in length, and having a bell-shaped end two feet one inch in diameter. The trumpet is made up of ten rings, which in turn are made up of smaller parts. The use of this trumpet—only four of the kind are known to exist at the present day—was to magnify the voice of the leader in the choir and summon the people to the church service. At the present time neither the choir nor the service is in need of this extraordinary "musical instrument," but the vicar of the church takes care of the ancient relic and is fond of showing it to all visitors.

No Two Mouths Alike.

Dr. Paul Prager, an Austrian army surgeon, who has made a special study of methods of identification, recommends that prisoners should be identified by the shape of their palates. Dr. Prager declares that the method would be much more reliable than any at present used, for among the thousands of molds he has taken of the interior of the human mouth he has failed to find two which even slightly resembled each other. Although the teeth alter greatly with time, the markings of the palate remain unchanged throughout life.

Scriptures Reversed.

The hobo who had been sleeping under a tree on the roadside awoke and irritably began scratching himself. "The good book is full of truths," he said, "but things have changed slightly. Nowadays it is the ant that goes to the sluggard." After which it was a case of not yet a little slumber, not yet a little sleep.

Grown Timid.

"So you contend that watered stocks and mergers constitute a public benefit," said one commuter. "I don't exactly," answered the other. "But I don't think it's best to interfere with the great financiers, as the first thing some of them think of when they are snoozed is putting up the price to the consumer."