

WANT FUNERALS PUT THROUGH.

Instructions That Sometimes Surprise a City Undertaker.

"Life and death both are strenuous in New York," said an undertaker of that city. We get orders sometimes that shock us.

Not long ago we had a call from a family who asked us to make a hurry up job for the reason that they had arranged to sail for Europe two days later and they didn't want to postpone the voyage.

What would you think of a woman who asked to have her husband buried as quickly as possible on the ground that a few days before his death they had agreed to a separation and that she would like to put away the deceased before the newspapers heard of the marital troubles? That is exactly what happened.

"Only yesterday a man came into my office and said that his mother-in-law had just died and that he would like to send her body south as soon as possible because his wife wanted to attend some sort of function three days later.

In the good old days in some parts of the country it used to be the custom for friends of the family in which a death occurred to sit up with the corpse. In a case given to me a few months ago we were asked to send a couple of genteel appearing employees to the house to keep the body. We did it, but I confess to you I seemed to me rather heartless."

SEA FISH IN FRESH WATER.

Experiment Tried in Germany Proves a Marked Success.

An interesting experiment that may have far-reaching results has just been brought to a successful termination in Germany. It has been proved beyond question that deep sea fish can be acclimated and will live and breed in fresh water.

A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including salmon, herring, sole and flounders, and placed in a pool of salt water. The percentage of salt was then gradually lessened by the addition of fresh water until finally no salt remained.

Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as healthy as when they were taken out of the sea.

So encouraging has been the result after a test extending over several months that deep sea fish are now being introduced into rivers and fresh water lakes in various parts of Germany. What changes may take place in the nature and habits of the fish remain as yet to be seen, as does also the question of their market value.

The complete success of this experiment will completely change the fishing industry and will prove an especial boon to communities far removed from the seaboard. An American who has lived for any length of time in the middle West, where he is equally remote from both the Atlantic and Pacific, knows how greatly deep sea fish are missed as a part of one's diet.

Had Laugh on Doctor.

An anecdote of Leo XIII. is recalled in a Turin journal by Count Christini, apropos of the death of Dr. Lapponi, who was the pope's private physician. One day it was imperative for Leo to give a long audience, but he had a bad cold, and to mitigate it the doctor gave him a box of tablets with the request to take one every now and then. After a while Lapponi, who remained in a distant corner of the hall, noticed that the pope did not follow his directions, so to call his attention to them, he began to hem and cough. Presently the pope said to an attendant: "Tell the doctor to come to me." These words caused some anxiety, but when Lapponi hastened to his side, the pope took the medicine from his pocket and handing the box to him, said: "Doctor, I noticed you were hoarse; won't you take some of these tablets?"

Definitions in Bohemia.

"Be careful, here comes a grafter," said one as they saw him enter the cafe and glance around over the crowd as if in search of somebody he knew. "He's not a grafter," said another. "He's a piker."

"What's the difference?" asked the first. "A grafter is a man who borrows money," was the answer, "and never pays it back, but a piker is a rung lower on the ladder. He has given up all hope of getting more money, but he'll wait around till you buy him a drink, or he'll take your box of cigars when you are not looking and carry half of them into his pocket."

Checks to Filtration.

"When I went abroad to Baden Baden last summer," said the little invalid, "my husband gave me an Elk to wear and my father a Masonic one. They said if there were any Masons or Elks on board ship they would have after me."

"Every blessed man on board was either a Mason or an Elk, and not a one of them would flirt with me on account of those pins.

You can bet when I sailed for here I put those blooming pins in the trunk and kept them there."

Motive Not Quite Clear.

"So he gave you a dog?"

"Yes," answered the man who can be sarcastic at times. "He must like you."

"Well, I'm not sure whether he likes me or whether he doesn't like the dog."—Stray Stories.

DOWN TO THE LOWEST NOTCH.

Farmer's Last Prayer Had Surely Settled Amount Owing.

John R., a traveling salesman of Dorchester, Mass., tells this story:

"I was driving across the country in New Hampshire last summer on business, and a jolt of the farmer's wagon threw me out on my head and bruised me so badly that I was laid up at a farm house for two weeks. The farmer was a good-hearted but close-fisted man, and as soon as I was able to sit up he began to worry as to what he ought to charge me. I caught scraps of the conversation, and made out that he wanted to do the right thing, but did not wish to let me off too cheaply. The day before I was to go he had another talk with his wife, and she advised him to make it an object of prayer. He went out to the barn and came in in half an hour later to say: 'Wall, Hanner, I've bin prayin' over that feller's case, and as nigh as I kin find out I orter charge 'bout \$10 a week for his board and care.'

"If you did, I should be 'shamed to ever look him in the face ag'in," she said. 'You'd best go 'n pray ag'in.'

"He held out for a time, but finally went to the barn again. When he came back he said:

"I guess \$10 was a little steep, Hanner, and I guess 'bout \$8 a week'll be all right."

"Sam'll, you in real earnest when you prayed?"

"I was, Hanner."

"Then 'th's sunthin' wrong some'ts. It hain't wuth no such price as that for 'er aint eat much till this week, and 'twain't much to take care o' him. The nayers would call me robbers. Go back to the barn once more, and kneel in a new place."

"But I don't see how 'er goin' to get it below \$8," he protested.

"Wall, go 'n try."

He went away and was gone longer this time and when he came back there was a smile on his face.

"Made out better didn't ye, Sam'll?" she asked.

"Seven dollars a week, and I'll drive him to town to-morrer."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

Flute Player at That Time Was Beyond Reasoning With.

The tenant faced the landlord with a determined look.

"That man you let into the vacant suite last week," he said, "plays the flute."

"Does he play much?"

"No, he only plays a little. He plays a great deal of the time, but he only plays a little."

"You mean that he's a poor player?"

"I mean that he's a player with poor taste. Any flutist that gets up at two o'clock in the morning and tootles out scales and things isn't much on taste to my way of thinking."

"I'll have to have a talk with him," said the landlord.

"It's no use," sighed the tenant. "He won't listen to you."

"We'll soon find out about that," said the landlord as he reached for his hat.

"It's no use, I tell you," repeated the tenant. "Him and me had a fight last night 'n I broke his flute and he moved out this morning. That's what I came to tell you."

Forgot This Charge.

The valiant sir knight had been boasting of his victorious deeds before the fair company.

"I heard of one engagement, forsooth, which you have failed to mention, forsooth," remarked Sir Gregory.

"When I killed the 80 knights with—" inquired the valiant.

"No, this was a certain charge in which you were the leader," replied Sir Greg.

"But I have led so many, I cannot remember," said the valiant.

"But," returned Sir Greg, "this is still remembered. It was for a suit of clothes you had from Snip, the tailor, some two years since, and the charge still appeareth on the book."

Cure for Yellow Fever.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine claims to have solved the cure of yellow fever, says the London Express. The expedition dispatched by the school to Brazil forwarded a cablegram recently stating that it had successfully applied the antidote discovered by Sir R. Boyce and used successfully on monkeys. Sir R. Boyce, who traced the spread of the disease to mosquitos, has received a request from President Roosevelt to lay his theory before the United States government.

Quite a Different Thing.

"Like most men," he said, "I have my shortcomings. I suppose, but—" "O, it isn't your shortcomings father objects to," interrupted the girl. "It's your long stayings."—Stray Stories.

THE ACT OF A DIPLOMAT.

Wise Ranchman Averted a War in the "Hole in the Wall."

Near the Hole-in-the-Wall country in Wyoming there is a peppery old cattleman whose range is as dear to him as his life, and from whose point of view a sheepman is a pariah.

His nearest neighbor is a strenuous and belligerent widow who keeps sheep. In consequence the line between their two ranches is as clearly defined as was the dead line at Libby prison.

Upon one occasion, however, the widow's sheep strayed upon the cattleman's range, and the old rancher's rage was great. He denounced her as a "trollp."

This epithet as applied to herself came to the ears of the widow, and, vowing vengeance, she hurried home to search for the word in her dictionary. But her dictionary knew naught of "trollpols," so she sent away for a larger edition and had it freighted in.

The new dictionary when it came was as silent upon the subject of "trollpols" as the old one, so the widow saddled her horse and rode some 20 miles to consult a ranchman whose educational advantages had been somewhat superior to those of her neighbors.

He listened attentively while she explained the circumstances.

"And now?" she demanded, "what did he mean? What is a trollp?"

"Trollp, madam," replied he gravely, "is a very difficult word to define. Its meaning is subtle and elusive. It's hard to put into words, but it's a rare compliment. Old Man B— has paid you. In olden days trollp was a synonymous term for 'Queen of Sheba,' but as near as we can come at its meaning nowadays the definition would be 'The Sheep Queen of Poison Creek.'"

"Is that so?" exclaimed the mollified widow. "I've wronged that man. I'll stop and ask him over for supper on my way back."—Lippincott's.

Knew Who Used It.

Charles H. Hoyt, New England's great playwright, once visited a small town in Pennsylvania, where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the father of his country, used to stop at when he passed through.

In it they have a room he is said to have occupied at times.

Hoyt came through there once with one of his attractions. He arrived at the hotel after all the members of the company had been assigned rooms.

One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a very poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was.

When he came down stairs later, the gentleman who had got the good room said: "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here."

"Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

Blunders in Memorials.

Some remarkable mistakes in memorials have totally escaped notice until it was too late to rectify them.

The spurs on the boots of Cromwell's statue at Westminster abbey, London, are the most interesting feature of the monument, although they generally get no attention at all from sight-seers. They are worn upside down.

In a painted window on the staircase which leads from the floor of Westminster palace to the committee rooms an inscription on a sword wielded by the "Black Prince" has the words "Prince of Whales." Again, in the fresco depicting the embarkation of the pilgrim fathers in the corridor leading from the outer lobby at St. Stephen's to the house of lords the Mayflower is shown to be hoisting the union jack—a flag which did not come into existence until over 250 years after the days of the historic Mayflower.

Strung.

"Do you see that man walking slowly, his eyes scanning the ground, or glancing at every woman as she steps out or into her carriage?" queried a Fifth avenue habitue of the transient Bostonian. "Sure," was the Bostonese reply. "What about him?"

"Nothing," only he's hunting for vanished jewels careless people drop in the gutter, or on the sidewalk. Plenty of business for him. Half New York loses its valuables that way every day. That chap knows it, too. No doubt he'll light on a 'fad' before the night's over."

"A sort of diamond scavenger," said the Bostonian, "that is, if you aren't stringing me."—Boston Herald.

Neither Time Nor Money to Waste.

An under-sized son of Erin got into a wordy argument with a cullid gentleman of herculean stature on the rear platform of a street car. Blows followed. Meanwhile, the car arrived at the negro's street, and as he got off he yelled, "Gitt off dat kyar, you mick, en show what's yo' made uv on de gutter, or on bin. Half New York loses its valuables that way every day. That chap knows it, too. No doubt he'll light on a 'fad' before the night's over."

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Hard to Remember.

"She's pretty, but she doesn't look as if she had sense enough to know her own name."

"She doesn't, half the time. You see she's just been married to a Polish nobleman."

USE OF BLOTTING PAPER.

Method of Cleaning Machinery in German Shops.

The use of blotting paper for cleaning machinery is a comparatively new idea—an idea that has been tried successfully in German workshops.

Tow, woolen refuse sponge cloths and jute waste are the materials usually employed for the cleaning of machines and parts of engines that are soiled by dirt and lubricating substances.

The better varieties of cotton waste are very good for scouring purposes, but the cheaper grades are charged with dust, and in using them a sponge cloth, specially manufactured for the purpose, has to be resorted to.

In employing blotting paper for scouring purposes the use of cotton waste is decreased, and the sponge cloths are entirely dispensed with. On an average a German workman receives under the former system 250 grams of cotton waste, one new sponge cloth, and one or two renovated ones each week. Now he is supplied with 150 grams of cotton waste, and about eight or ten sheets of blotting paper, at a cost of two and a half cents, or one-third the cost of the cotton waste.

The paper is not only cheaper, but it does not soil the machinery with fibers and dust, as do the woolen refuse and the sponge cloths. It is also less combustible than other cleaning materials, and, if it should be caught in motion are being cleaned, it tears easily, and the workmen run no risk of having their hands drawn into the machinery.

Rather Old Calf.

Some years ago the writer attended a revival meeting held in Eagle Hall, Concord, under the direction of Elder John Hook, of blessed memory. He had as an assistant Elder Martin Van Buren Lutz, a converted gambler and drunkard.

Elder Lutz was of an extremely nervous disposition and much in earnest in his appeals to sinners to quit sinning, as he had been a chief of sinners and knew how it was himself. At times he would get so excited that he would jump up and down, like a mad boy, on the platform.

He was preaching a sermon in one of these revival meetings on "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." When he came to the account of the killing of the fatted calf, he endeavored to heighten the interest of his hearers by the following touch:

"Not a calf, my brethren, but THE calf, the old, familiar calf that had been for years and years in the family." The prodigal son must have had some tough val set before him.—Boston Herald.

Her Mudguards.

She was a schoolgirl of the age that is wrongly called awkward, and should be called natural. She had joined a hockey club, and was arrayed for the first time in the school hockey costume. An admiring luncheon party stood around and inspected her before starting for the fray. There were brothers, uncles, friends, and they said the right thing about the serge blouse and the colored skirt and the Tam o' Shanter. But this was not enough for the heroine of the moment. Emboldened by success, she made a duck at the bottom hem of her skirt, which though short was not short enough for her purpose. "You have not seen the best thing of all," she said, proudly, "look at my mudguards."

As to Dreams.

"We all dream dreams," said Mr. Billtops, "and I suppose if we could look into our neighbor's heart, be that neighbor man or woman, we might find there cherished aspirations and fancies fantastically at variance with the said neighbor's conventional demeanor and orderly life."

"A man I know, energetic, capable, effective, successful and in all his life notably systematic, tells me that if he could do as he would like to do he would be a tramp. No less a person than Mrs. Billtops, paragon of domesticity and devotion, confides to me that she always wanted to be an actress. Let us be grateful that actually she chose to play her charming part on the Billtop household stage."

Death List Enormous.

During the 12 months ending June 30, 1905, 14 persons were killed and 40 injured from British steam plant accidents; in the United States 393 persons were killed and 585 injured. The number of steam boilers in the United States does not exceed by more than 50 per cent. those in Great Britain, so that, in comparison, the actual percentage is ten times as great in the United States as in England.

Out of the Vision.

"In the olden times it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible."

"Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable! Men in this country are doing it every day."

"You don't say so! How do they manage it?"

"By marrying famous women!"—Smith's Weekly.

A Real Prima Donna.

"You appear to be unusually happy to-day," said Clitman.

"I am," replied Subbubs. "I've just succeeded in getting our leading lady to sign for another season."

"I didn't know you were in the theatrical business."

"I'm not. I refer to our cook."

LIMIT TO SENSE OF ANIMALS.

John Burroughs Scouts Theory That They Commit Suicide.

"I do not believe that animals ever commit suicide. I do not believe that they have any notions of death, or take any note of time, or ever put up any bluff game, or ever deliberate together, or form plans or forecast the seasons."

"They may practice deception, as when a bird feigns lameness or paralysis to decoy you away from her nest, but this, of course, is instinctive and not conscious deception."

"There is at times something that suggests cooperation among them, so when wolves hunt in relays, as they are said to do, or when they hunt in couples, one engaging the quarry in front while the other assaults it from the rear; or when quail roost upon the ground in a ring, their tails in the center, their heads outward; or, as when cattle or horses form a circle when attacked in the open by wild beasts, the cattle with their heads outward and the horses with their heels."

"Of course, all of this is instinctive and not the result of deliberation, writes John Burroughs in *Outing*. The horse always turns his tail to the storm as well, and cows and steers, if I remember rightly, turn their heads."

CURED HIM OF CALF LOVE.

Actress Ruse That Got Rid of Undesired Admirer.

Miss Maud Bracombe the famous actress, relates an amusing story concerning the unappreciated attentions of a youth who once fell in love with her. The young man's parents were much concerned about the matter, and implored the actress not to marry him.

"I'll give him a sound thrashing," said the father.

"Don't do that," said Miss Bracombe. "There is a better way of curing him. After the performance this evening I'll put on an old dress and hat, and make myself up to look quite ugly. You bring your boy around to the stage door and point me out to him as I come out."

"This was done, and so cleverly was the ruse carried out that Miss Bracombe heard the youth exclaim to his father as she passed them:

"My golly! I thought she was pretty!"

The Good Little Cent.

Dr. Munhall recently closed a successful religious campaign in Emporia, says the Kansas City Journal. A great many pennies had been put in the offering, and his attention was called to this. One night he held up a silver dollar and a copper penny and gave a conversation held by the two coins. "You poor little red cent, you, you don't amount to anything, I'd hate to be you," said the big dollar.

"I know I'm not very big," replied the cent, "but the children like me, and I can buy a good many things." "Huh! you can't buy anything at all," said the dollar. "Just look at me, big and bright and shiny. I can buy a whole lot more than you can." "Maybe so," said the little red cent, meekly, "but I go to church a heap oftener than you do anyway."

Colors for Emotions.

Leon Gozian, the poet, has given the impression of colors which he gets from emotions. Thus he says: Pity makes him feel pale blue; resignation pearl gray; joy a pretty apple green; satiety a pale chocolate; pleasure a beautiful velvety pink; sleep suggests tobacco smoke; reflection is orange; pain a sooty black, and boredom is chocolate.

Having to pay a bill makes him feel lead-colored, while to receive money calls up visions of flaming red. Real day is burnt Sienna. To go for the first time to meet the object of his admiration gives him a weak tea color feeling, but the twentieth meeting like the color of very strong tea. No color is suggested by happiness, for he says he has never known it.

Nature's Complexion Bath.

"Do you know what makes the complexions of the English women so beautiful?" asked the woman who has been there. "They deliberately walk about in the rain. They don't carry umbrellas. They wear raincoats, cover their hair with the hoods of them, and go ahead. I have seen them walk with their faces upturned to catch the misty rain that is always more or less in the English atmosphere. It is pretty tough on the little corkcreek curls they make around their faces with the curling iron; but it's just about the best thing in the world for the complexion."

Bismarck's Love of Authority.

At nine p. m. we took tea with the king. I was seated opposite him, when a footman came and whispered in my ear that Bismarck desired to see me. Great embarrassment! Puckler having told me I might leave the table, I did so. The king inquired what was the matter, and permitted me to go. Bismarck had nothing of particular importance to tell me, and I suspect that he only wanted to show that he had the right to send for his employees even when they were with the king.—From the Hatzfeldt Letters.

Nothing Doing.

It was an imposing building, but the man with the square valise did not hesitate.

"Madam," he said to the matron who appeared. "I should like to show you a copy of our book, 'The Quiet Life,' which is making such a—"

"Sir," she interrupted, "this is an institution for the deaf and dumb."