ANNOYING FRUITS OF FAME

Bachelor Ma d Who Wrote Successful Novel Is Bombarded With Advertisements of Cigars and Liquors.

The bachelor maid whose first novel had made something of a hit held up

a handful of circulars. "All these came in the first mail this morning," she said in a tone of exasperation. "Here's one offering me a choice brand of cigars; another is a card of well-known whiskies. This one advises me to drink stout-I weigh a hundred and sixty pounds now- and here is one urging me to sustain my fainting strength on a fancy grade of cod liver oil. These are only a few of the hundreds I receive. I never received such mail until about a year ago. I suppose I deserve it. I know how it came about. After my book appeared and had some press notice I was approached by the representatives of a social directory and urged to allow the publishers to insert my name and address, together with a brief but cogent history of my brilliant career. Of course I was flattered immediately and yielded at once to the intoxication of this first draught of fame. I gave him all the information he asked-except my age, of course—and signed a contract to buy a copy of the directory when it should appear. I can't see that I ever got a penny's worth of good out of it, but I have been buried under whisky advertisements and others of like sort. My name is a distinctively feminine one, but I suppose advertisers think all writers are Bohemian. I wish I never had heard of that social direc-

SAUSAGE MAKING IS ANCIENT

Industry Dates Back to the Tenth Century and Was Formerly Considered a Queen's Recreation.

Hail to the sausage! exclaims the Mobile Register. The luscious fruit of a combination of pork, spices and meat chopper is now celebrating its one thousandth birthday. And in Austria and Germany happy folks are singing: We're happy and contented when wine

and music flow. For sausage was invented a thousand

VPRTE REO! It was in the tenth century that the tasty pork sausage was given to a deserving humanity, and it was not unkil 600 years later that Germany began introducing spices into the saupage, which immediately gave the product of that country a world-wide reputation that time can never erase.

A few years ago a sausage exhibition was held in Switzerland and over 1,700 varieties of sausages were on view-more than half coming from Germany.

Making sausages was in the good old days of long ago a queen's recreation. A wife's ability to make good sausages counted for more than wealth and beauty combined.

To appreciate sausages one must Thave been born and reared "back on the farm" where dad was getting the winter's meat ready on "butchering" day-such a day of days to the "bare-!footed boy" on the farm!

No, you can't get those sausages at withe corner butcher shop. There is only one place where you can get them, and that is "back on the farm."

Memery.

As backward flies my memory from manhood's proud estate to when I swung my lover form upon my lady's gate, there rises in my throat a lump that will not get away—a lover's recollection of a little girl named May! As sweet a little maiden as was

ever put on earth, whose freckled face was wrinkled in an ecstasy of mirth; who when she wept was wonderfulentrancing when she sighed! How many thousand times I'd sworn that she should be my bride!

But there's that lump! Ah, me, that flump that will not go away! I've had a photo from the girl I used to know as May. Her name is Mrs. Snigglefrits-she's fat and frowsy, too! She still retains her freckles and her tilted mose is blue!

She writes that seven children is the reckoning to date, and they keep their mother worrying from early morn till late. And, by the way, the lump I've got-it took its form and shape with the gasp of glad thanks giving for my harrowing escape!

Mostly Hall.

A New Yorker bought one of thos fine old colonial places down in Vir. ginia, principally on account of the glowing description of the real estate sagent and on information from friends. When he went down to see his manision he was much impressed by the great pillars, the spacious perch, and particularly the great hall running from the front to the back of the

He inspected the place and came back to New York. "What shall you name it?" he was

maked. "I think," be replied, "I shall call it "Mostly . Hall."—Saturday Evening

Exceedingly Conscientions Mr. Mokeby (the prospective groom) Now, we'd like to git de knot tied 'in yoush own house, pahson, if you

Than no objections. Parson Black-Suttainly I habu't. Mistah Mokeby; what makes you think might hab?

Mr. Mokeby-I done beerd so often dat marriage am a lottery, I thought p'raps you might hab scruples about secretatin' dat kind ob gamblin' we Yourh premises.

HANDED DOWN FROM EVE

Dread of Snakes is Almost Universal and Must Date Back to the Cradle of the Race.

Not for five and probably not for 10,000 years has any ancestor of ours lived in a country or zone which was inhabited by a single dangerous, venemous serpent or a snake of any kind big enough to kill a jack-rabbit, yet the dread of serpents is as vivid as ft was in the days of the Garden of Eden, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in an article on the dread of cats, snakes and mice in Success Magazine. Their baleful, unwinking eyes, their strangling coils, the ghastly sinuousness of their movements, the noiselessness of their approach, the agony and deadliness of their sting, throb and echo like a Wagnerian leit-motif through all literature and legend; are bitten and branded into our deepest consciousness as if by fire. An imitation of their hiss has become the expression of our deepest contempt and loathing. A hiss is understood in every language Ander heaven, and every three-year-old, to express derision and dislike, thrusts out his little pink tongue and with it imitates the flickering movements of the serpent's tongue.

The aversion to snakes has no appreciable present utility, for the risk of any modern American or European being killed by snake-bits, even in the most rattlesnake-infested and prohibition-ridden community, is about one-thirty-fifth that of death by lightning stroke. It must date back to at least the cradle of the race in the tropics, but even here its distribution. is a singular one. Of all animals above the size of a squirrel, one two display it in any vivid or paralysing form. It is an echo of the days when our common ancestor, "tailed, covered with hair and probably arboreal in its habits," swung and rollicked in the tree tops.

PRIDE OF THE CAVALRY BANDS

Horse That Bears the Kettle Drums Must Be Handsome, Dignified and Especially Well Trained.

In certain armies of the world there are grades of honor among the horses, as well as among the men. The proudest and most dignified of all the horses of the army is the animal that fills the position of drum horse in the regimental band. In some armies cavalry bands are mounted, and the most honerable position in all the band is that of the bearer of the kettle drums. The horse is selected for his distinguished appearance. He is often piebald, although sometimes pure white, but whatever his color his appearance must be consistent with the conspicuous position he has to fil.

Something more than mere beauty of form is required of the drum horse. He must be trained until he becomes a dignified and graceful bearer of the trappings that pertain to his high calling. His education is severe and prolonged, bringing him up to that point where his pride and intelligence make him equal to the duties required of

His nerves are severely tried by the booming of the large drums he carries, but in time he becomes as indifferent to their noise as war horses do to the singing bullets. In the parade his rider has his hands full in the use of the sticks. He controls the horse by means of reins fastened to the stirrup sup near the foot.—Harper's Weekly.

Texan Automobile Railread.

Texas used to claim the distinction of having the first automobile railroad. Five cars used to make regular trips on a three-hour schedule over the 45 miles between Lubbock and Hale counties. The line had a private right of way fenced off as for a railway, and its roadbed was worked by section hands to this extent—it was kept scooped free of sand. The drivers (this in the sense in which the English use the word) were cowboys in blue overalls and large felt hats. They were required to make the 45 miles in three hours because the line carried United States mail and was under contract to keep a schedule. Often the cars would clip an hour off that for good measure. The round trip fare for 90 miles was

Chelce of Three. "You'll have to do one of three things," declared the very portly cosductor.

The ticketless passenger looked up insolently, and said: "Well?" "Show yer ticket, pay yer fare, or git off!" answered the very portly cos-

ductor The insolent passenger leaned out

of the window. "And you, too, friend," he said seriously, "will have to do one of three things."

"Well?" queried the portly conducter confidently. "Walk more," retorted the passen-

ger, "eat less, or bust!" And by the time the fat conductor had recovered the train had left the station.

Ingenious Explanation.

Critic-Why do you say in that story of yours that "Henderson's heart peat a tattoo as Mabel entered the room," Scribley? Do you wish your readers to believe that your hero carried a drum where he should have had

Scribbley-Not at all, my dear fallow. I used that expression advisedly. I meant my readers to infer that as Mabel entered the room Henderson's heart sounded a call to arms .-- Han pers Weekly.

THE PITY OF UNDERSTANDING

Ragged Tramp Was the Only One who Truly Sympathized With His Fellow of the idle Class.

In the park a man was asleep on one of the settees. His face was upturned to the sun. His hat, which he had evidently placed over his eyes to protect them from the glare, had fallen off and rolled away in the dust. Now and then a passer looked at him, some curiously, some with amusement, some with scorn, some with indifference. "Let him sleep," they seemed to say. "Pretty soon a policeman will come along and wake him up by pounding the lazy fellow on the soles of his shoes and sending him off to sleep somewhere else." In a workaday world there is little sympathy for the

Some seats distant sat another man of the same stamp. His own ragged feet were stuck out in front of him, and he contemplated them steadily, as if he wondered a little at the wreck of his own life to which they had conducted him. His hands were deep in his pockets, and his battered hat inclined well over his nose to protect his eyes from the sunshine. Presently he grew weary of sitting, and rose unsteadily, as if wondering where to sit next. Then he advanced along the path toward the sleeper.

The hat lying in the dust caught his attention. He stopped and looked at it, and touched it absent-mindedly with one foot. Then he looked at the sleeper.

He seemed neither amused, nor scornful, nor curious. He picked up the battered hat carefully and dusted it with the sleeve of his coat. Then he approached the sleeper, placed the hat over his face and shambled off along the path, and he did it all with infinite precaution, so as not to awaken the Reeper.-Youth's Companion.

ELECTRICITY AS ILLUMINANT

Commercial Value Was Not Developed In This Country Until After the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

The first experimental philosopher to discover that electric light could be produced by a dry battery was Sir Humphry Davy, who in 1810 exhibited a light three inches long, between carbon points, before the Royal Society of London. But no commercial value was attached to the use of electricity as an illuminant until more than half a generation later. The Centennial exhibition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, really marks the era of our present form of electric light, though electric lights had been in use abroad prior to that time. The exhibition of models and practical demonstrations of electric lights at Philadelphia in 1876 attracted the attention of scientists and capitalists in this country, and the first incandescent lamps and the first arc system were put to practical use in a small way in 1876. The Brush are light gained favor in the beginning as the most adaptable for street lighting, and Cleveland, O., the home of Charles Francis Brush, the inventor was the initial American city to adopt the arc system for street light-

Since 1878, both the Brush arc system and the Edison incandescent system have developed.—Morley's Maga-

The Open Mind in Travel. To leave oneself behind is perhaps the first and best initiation for travel, says Harper's Bassar. As one steps on the train or goes up the gangplank, one says farewell to that wearing and aggravating personality who has lived so close to us for months, demanding, exacting, questioning, exhausting us with anxieties and brooding troubles. It requires no entire essay of Mantaigne's to prove to us how "that the spirit often hindereth itself." Fresh fields and pastures new, a head and the hour to throw aside the old and put the best foot foremost brings a new heart as readily as conversion. Care is shifted from the shoulders; the back is turned upon teasing, reiterated obligations, and adventures and strangeness, so exhibarating after a long siege of the accustomed round. are ahead. Montaigne says that some one reported to Socrates that a certain man was in no wise improved by his travels, and he replied: "I can well believe it since he took himself along."

Toistoi's Sootmaking. Many who have never read a line of Tolstoi know that the count, with his peculiar notions of work, made his own boots. Aylmer Maude, in his Tolstoi's biography, quotes an incident in that connection. "As to the boots Telstoi made, I asked a man to whom he had given a pair and who had worn them, whether they were well made. 'Couldn't be worse,' was his reply. I suspect," adds Mr. Maude, and the average reader will nod assent, "that Toistoi's boot-making was of more value as a spiritual sedative than it was as a contribution to the solution of the economic problem."

The Sketch Diagnosed. When the curtain went up at a small's pace on the vaudeville playlet, a weeping-willow lady gowned in soft, clinging stuff was discovered seated alone before the red-lantern-

lighted fireplace in the dimly-lighted

drawing-room, of a late November

evening. "That settles it," whispered Galey to his wife, as he reached for his hat: "I'm going out to see a man for half as hour-you can do the weeping for both of us!"-Illustrated Sunday Mag-

IN THE HOME OF PELICANS

Studying the Huge, Ungainly Birds at Close Range and Observing Their Method of Feeding Their Young.

The first time I ever saw a motley crowd of half-grown pelicans I thought nature had surely done her best to make something ugly and ridiculous. It was a warm day, and the birds stood around with their mouths open, panting like a lot of dogs after a chase, their pouches shaking at every breath. When I went near the youngsters went tottering off on their big webbed feet with wings dragging on this side and that as if they were poorly handled crutches. The youngsters huddled together by hundreds in a small place. Those on the outside pushed and climbed to get near the center, till it looked worse than any football scrimmage I ever saw.

In this wide area of low islands and water it was necessary, since we wanted to study the pelicans at close range, to adopt some method of hiding. We took a large wagon umbrella covered with a piece of green canvas, that hung down around the sides. This we planted among the tules at the edge of a large colony, and covered the top well with reeds. The whole thing soon passed as part of the environment, while from the inside the camera man could point his camera out through a narrow slit in the canvas, take pictures and make observations at will.

One might wonder how such a huge billed bird as a pelican could feed a helpless chick just out of the egg. It was done with apparent ease. The old bird regurgitated a fishy soup into the front end of the pouch, and the baby pelican pitched right in and helped himself out of this family dish. As the young bird grew older, and larger, at each meal he kept reaching farther into the big pouch of his parent until finally, when he was half grown, it was a most remarkable sight. The mother opened her mouth, and the whole head and neck of her nestling disappeared down her capacious maw while he hunted for his dinner in the internal regions .- Collier's Monthly .-

ECONOMY IN HIGH PRICES

Well Dressed Man Explains How He Buys Expensive Clothes and Wears Them Many Years.

Two well dressed men, at least they were so far as one not thoroughly expert in what good clothes are could judge, were talking about the cost of "I paid \$80 for this suit," said the

elder man, "and-" "Gee whis!" interrupted the younger, "that's too much for me to pay for

one suit of clothes. Why, I gave only \$15 for this suit I have on "Very nice looking suit, too," admitted the other.

"It was marked down from \$20," the younger confessed, as though desirous of apologizing for wearing a \$15 handme-down. "As far as I can see," he went on with some degree of self-gratulation, "yours doesn't look to be \$65

"How long have you worn yours?" inquired the older. This is the second year. Two years

is as long as I wear a suit." "And this is the eleventh year I've had mine. Of course, I haven't worn it every day, and I have had the TAIlor keep in good condition, as you see, though this is the last year of its life, so your \$15 suit at \$7.50 a year is about as extravagant as my \$80 suit at \$7.30 a year, isn't it? Besides, I've been wearing an \$80 suit from the best tailor in town while you are wearing the \$15 hand-me-down picked up wherever you happened to see the reduction sale. I practise economy in all things, and for that reason I wear the best clothes I can buy and look like a millionaire if I'm not one."

When She "Primps." She walks in beauty like the night, as some romantic singer said; her eyes give forth a starry light, her lips are of a cherry red; across the floor she seems to float; she seems to me beyond compare a being perfect—till I note the way she has done up her hair. She must have toiled through half a day to build that carge, unwieldy mass; she must have used a bale of hay, and strips of tin, and wige of brass; her sisters must have helped to braid, her mother wrought and tinkered there, and butler, cook and chambermaid all helped to wrestle with her hair. And after all the grinding toil, and all the braiding and the fuse, the one effect is just to spot her beauty and make other people cuss. She walks in beauty like the night where nights are most serenely fair; but, Julius Caesar! she's a sight, when she's got on her Sunday hair!

How to String Seads. In stringing any precious beads, and pearls especially, never use a

needle. Simply was the end of the silk and pass it through the hole. The knotting is also an important point. It must be large enough to hold the bead, but not large enough to show. Pearl stringers use an intricate knot of their own, and that is why it is, on the whole, better to have very expensive jewels strung by a professional. When there is a collarette or something of the sort to be made, this is absolutely necessary.

Varied Interests. "What we want," said the citizen, "s an era of economy."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum: "but there is always bound to be more or less altercation about who shall do the economising."

DESCRIBES THE ANIMAL MIND

Magazine Writer Says Animais and Birds Do Not Have Powers of Thought

When an animal acts in obedience to its purely physical needs and according to its anatomical structure, as when ducks take to the water, or hens scratch, or hogs root, or woodpeckers drill, etc., we do not credit it with powers of thought, says John Burroughs in a recent number of the Atlantic. These and similar things animals do instinctively. When the wood mice got into my cabin the other day and opened two small jars of butter that had loose tin tops, I did not credit them with anything like human intelligence, because to use their paws deftly-digging, climbing, manipulating is natural to mice. I have seen a chipmunk come into a house from his den in the woods and open a pasteboard box with great deftness and help himself to the nuts inside, which, of course, he smelled. We do not credit a bird with rational intelligence when it builds its nest, no matter how skilfully it may weave or sew, or how artfully it may hide from its enemies. It is doing precisely as its forebears have done for countless generations. Hence, it acts from inherited impulse.

But the monkey they told me about at the zoological park in Washington that has been seen to select a stiff straw from the bottom of its cage, and use it to dislodge an insect from a crack, showed a gleam of free intelligence. It was an act of judgment on the part of the monkey, akin to human judgment. In like manner the chimpanzee Mr. Hornaday tells about, that used the trapeze bar in the cage as a lever with which to pry off the horizontal bars on the side of the cage, and otherwise to demolish things. showed a kind of intelligence that is above instinct, and quite beyond the capacity, say, of a dog.

TRICK BIRDS OF HONG KONG

Java Sparrows Taught to Perform Clever "Stunts" for the Benefit of Travelers.

The famous Chinese conjuring birds are Java sparrows. At street corners in Hong Kong sedate old Chinese may be seen putting the birds through their tricks for the benefit of strangers.

Each bird cage has a sliding door, and just outside this is a pack of littie card cases, each containing a picture, and a small pot holding half a dozen grains of rice.

When the stranger, pursuant to the suggestion of the owner hands over the necessary coin, this is placed with the pack of cards at the cage door. Then the owner will undo the fastening of the door. The bird evelng the coin, then the cards, then the coin again, as if he thought his performance too cheaply valued, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hope out, draws a card from the pack and passes it to his master. He receives in reward one grain of

The man takes the little picture from the case received from the bird and hands it to the stranger to inspect. He then returns it to the case, accompanied by the tiniest flat slip of bamboo, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack. The bird descends, selects a case and the stranger opens it, to find it the identi-

cal one containing the bamboo. How can this be accounted for? The only possible way of explaining is that the bamboo slip is slightly scented.

Such in Fame! Aldermon Gress and Coleman, Socialists, tell a good one on themselves and their party.

They were out one day posting bills en barns and fences in the district south of the city. Their work attracted comment from all who happened to

Two old farmers came along the road and paused to giance at the

"Hey, Bill, look here," shouted one to the other. "Hanged if they haven't started another political party."

"The story reminds me of a friend of mine who was traveling through the mountains of Tennessee," said Alderman Weiley, when he story was told "It was at the time that President Garfield died. While my friend was passing a cabin an old woman came to the door.

" Heard the news? he asked her. " "No," she returned.

"The president has been shot and be is dead."

"The woman turned and rushed toward the barn, calling loudly to her husband: 'Bill! Oh, Bill! Washington is dead."-Milwaukee Free Press.

Reward Woman Inventor. The first woman to receive recognition by the Aeronautical society is Mrs. Frank Raishe of New York, who has received one of the gold aviation medals. She has made successful flights in a plane partly of her own in-

Pernicious Astlyky. Madge—I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift.

vention, the first woman to accomplish

such work

Marjorie—I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.-Puck.

The Werst to Come. "Do you think we have heard the worst of the discords in our party?" "Not yet," replied the musical uses. >Just wait till our glee club gets 10 practising."

THREE MARK TWAIN ITEMS

One is a Characteristic Letter From the Well-Known Humorist to a Friend.

Three interesting Mark Twain items are in the George Bentham library, which will be sold at Anderson's on November 28. One is a two-page letter, Elmira, July 12 (no year, but presumed to be about 1884), to a friend named Conway, and refers to the publishing house of Webster & Co., which Mark Twain founded in 1884.

The letter reads in part: "We are full, clear up to the chinwe can handle only two books a year and are now under contract for six. We have already declined a book of my own-no room for it, and we could do better, anyway. My book was ready nearly a year ago and is likely to remain ready a long time before I get it into print by our concern."

The failure of Webster & Co., it will be recalled, involved Mark Twain in heavy losses, which he made up later by the success of his own books and lectures. It is thought that perhaps the unpublished book he refers to in his letter was "Hucklebery Finn," which was issued in 1884.

Another Mark Twain lot consists of five characteristic telegrams from him to James Redpath, 1869-74. In one of them he says: "Notify all hands that from this date I shall talk nothing but selections from my forthcoming book, 'Roughing It.' Tried it last night. Suits me tip top." In another telegram he says about going to Amherst to lecture. "If I had another engagement I would rob before I would fill it."

There is also an amusing threepage letter, in pencil, signed "Mark," and written in 1869 to James Redpath. In it he says:

"I don't want to lecture in Brooklyn any more. This is the very society I thought that infernal woman was representing. But I've got enough. I never will lecture outside of New England again, and I never will lecture in Brooklyn at all. Suspend judgment till you see me. She made that ad read as if I was talking on my own hook, and for no society."

SAW THE FUTURE CLEARLY

Husband of Nagging Wife Knew Exactly Just What Prospects Life Had for Him.

Mrs. Locke was one of those amiable women who, although she loved her family dearly, had developed the habit of nagging her husband and children. Mr. Locke once had occasion to cross the Atlantic, and on his return booked his passage in a steamer that met with an accident and was very much delayed. "What did Mr. locks say when he found himsel safe after those hours of danger?" asked a friend of the family of another friend who had accompanied Mr. Locke on his journey, "He never says the ordinary thing." "No," said the other, with a smile, "he didn't that time. I said to him, James, we ought to make something more of our lives from having them spared to us in this way, for I felt pretty solemn, I can tell you. I've no doubt James did, too, but what he said was, 'Wilham a good share of the rest of my life will be spent in explaining to Theodora how I happened to choose that steamer when there were dozens of others that reached home without any accident! Tit-Bits.

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Whale as Escort.

The story of the porpoise or whale -for opinions differ as to the exact species—which is in the habit of regularly meeting vessels in Cook's Strait (between the north and south islands of New Zealand) off Pelorus Sound and escorting the vessel on her way, is sometimes regarded by the skeptical armchair traveler as a fable of the De Rougemont type. A recent traveler, however, has sent to the Fishing Gazette a photograph of this remarkable fish, accompanied with full details. The correspondent took a trip from Wellington to Nelson on purpose to get a sight of Pelorus Jack, and he was not disappointed. As the vessel approached Pelorus Sound, Jack came out and rubbed himself against the side of the vessel like a cat, escorted the vessel for some four or five minutes, and then disappeared. A special act of parliament was passed by the New Zealand legislature for the protection of this historic fish, by which heavy penalties are inflicted on any one molesting

"Curious Old Custom. The Swies understand the art of public dinners. In the eyes of some persons there is, however, one drawback—the after-dinner speeches are interminably long. In bygone days the people of Berne seem to have awakened to a sense of the infliction of long after-dinner speeches, and they hit upon a plan, which is observed to this day, for the purpose of cutting orators short when they become too, long. A man wearing a bear's skin stands near the speaker, and if the latter becomes prosy and wandering and drawn out in his remerks, then the bear advances very gravely and just lays its claws upon the orator's mouth. This method has never failed so far.,

Something of That Nature. Miss Gushleigh-Didn't it seem to give you strange thoughts of the othes . world when you were up in the clouds, tar removed from this mundame

Aeronaut-You but it did, ma'am: 1 mearly froze to death!

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS