

GREEN SUN OF EGYPT.

Curious Phenomenon to Be Seen Only in That Land.

Perhaps it is the sun, and not the moon, that is made of green cheese.

As the sun there descends nearer and nearer the horizon, and its immensely enlarged and flaming, it suddenly becomes, for an instant, a brilliantly green color and immediately a series of green rays suffuses the sky in many directions, well high to the zenith.

This was alluded to in Egyptian writings. Day was the emblem of life, and night that of death, and the nocturnal sun, being identified with Osiris, thus rendered Osiris king of the dead.

There are innumerable instances in the Egyptian relics of representations relative to death-being colored green.

Protection for French Wives.

In France no woman may work more than ten hours a day, but a woman of Marseilles, the mother of seven children and the assistant of her husband in his vineyard, complained to the magistrate that her husband compelled her to work from 18 to 20 hours a day.

The Chameleon Goshawk.

I know no bird which passes through so many changes of plumage and color of eyes as the goshawk. A young one which I have mounted is about the size of a small hen and is covered with white down; his eyes are pale blue.

Satisfied.

Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor. Not according to his talents and opportunities, but to the use made of them; not to the harvest that is reaped, but to the seed sown; not according to his gifts, but according to the worldly applause he may have won, but according to his labor.

A New Zealand City.

Here is what is done in Christ church, New Zealand, a city of 65,000. It has one large park of 650 acres and a number of other smaller ones of from two to ten acres.

Italy Ahead of England.

"What strikes me as peculiar," said the globe trotter, "is the fact that in nearly all the small Italian towns you see so many sewing machines, up-to-date American ones, too. You see them in every little hotel in Naples, on the road to Pompeii and elsewhere; but in London they are using either the little foolish machines you turn with one hand and try to guide with the other, or stitching by hand."

SAFE LAMP FOR MINERS.

Inventor Proposes to Make Use of "Liquid Electricity."

Tests have been conducted recently with a lamp that may prove a great advance on the miners' lamps now in use in the coal fields of the United States.

At a distance of ten feet it is possible to read a newspaper by it, and two lamps in one room make it as bright as day. By two sockets the lamps are charged from a 110-volt dynamo located in a separate room in the mine.

CITY BUILT ON RUBIES.

Mogok, Burmah, Has Been Scene of Awful Crimes of Cupidity.

Looking at the quaint, picturesque town of Mogok, Burmah, cradled in wooded hills dotted with temples and bungalows, who would dream that its life has been a life of dread mysteries and awful crimes?

"In Mogok they see everything in a ruby light, men, women and children. Every visitor must want to buy, they think. However hungry or thirsty the traveler may be on arrival, the first thing he hears spoken of is rubies. All Mogok seems to be fishing with bamboo holsters. And they are fishing—for rubies, in the precious 'byon,' that rivals in richness the famous 'blue ground' of Kimberley."

An exceedingly interesting story of the continual search for rubies which is going on at Mogok follows.

Too Swift for Him.

The old broker handed the messenger boy a yellow slip and then pointed to the bronze statue of Mercury which stood on the desk.

"My boy," said the old broker solemnly, "do you see that statue? Well, that is Mercury, the swiftest messenger boy on record. Now, I want you to take this message and go as fast as Mercury."

Jimmy shifted his chawing gum and toyed with the ends of his dog-eared novel.

"Ye'll have to excuse me, mister," he responded, "but I can't do anything of de kind. In de first place, I've got more clothes on den dat tobacco, and, in de second place, if I was caught running like dat I'd get turned out of de union."

And then Jimmy winked at the janitor and started off at the same old gait.

Natural Aversion to Stripes.

Sir Arthur Conan-Doyl has seldom been tempted to exercise his detective talent outside of the covers of his books: "If I undertook to unravel the entanglements of other people I believe I would fail," he modestly declared the other day. Once, however, he solved what might have been a puzzle to some people. "I was in a tailor's shop while a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped material, and I got the idea that he was a former convict. To satisfy myself I visited a number of prisons, and, sure enough, I found the man's picture in the rogue's gallery. Doubtless he had had enough of striped wearing apparel!"

Breaking in a New Pen.

There are many ways of breaking in a new pen, such as moistening in the mouth, wiping on a blotter, dipping in the ink and rubbing on the edge of the ink well. Still another way is to hold a lighted match under the pen for just an instant and then plunge the pen immediately into the ink. This will effectually remove all the oil or grease on the surface, and, unless the pen is overheated, will not draw the temper.

Locusts in Africa.

Locusts are proving hardly less destructive in German Southwest Africa than the three years' rising of natives. A settler not long ago attempted to defend his little plot of land by digging all around it a ditch one yard broad and of equal depth, at the bottom of which he lighted a fire. But the insects swarmed into the ditch till the flames had been extinguished by their accumulated corpses.

RELIC OF SCOTTISH QUEEN.

Englishman Owns Handbag Once Property of Unfortunate Mary.

In the possession of Dr. A. F. German of Brighton, England, is a beautiful embroidered little handbag. It is an interesting relic of a bygone time, and figured in a famous scene when the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was led to execution. The relic of the costume she wore. It contained a rare and costly handkerchief. As she passed to the block, Mary took the dainty handkerchief out and handed the bag to her favorite attendant, Lady Jane Douglas. She cherished it ever after as a memento of her lamented queen. The little bag is made more interesting and valuable by the fact that Queen Mary herself embroidered and made it. The needlework is very beautiful and rare, being peculiar to the time of the beautiful young queen. Until recently, the bag has been in the possession of the Douglas family in Scotland, being kept at Castle Dumfries among the family heirlooms. A late Lady Douglas presented it to a favorite brother-in-law, Sir William Watkins Wynn, and this gentleman, realizing the appreciation of Dr. A. F. German for this interesting relic of the unfortunate Queen Mary, gave it to him, and it is still in his possession. The bag is prized very highly by Dr. German, and he keeps it in a glass case, with the original historical note attached to it.

DO BEST WORK AT NIGHT.

Quiet Hours the Proper Time for Intellectual Labor.

Prof. Victor Hillebrand of the Paris Academy of Medicine declares that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn. "The true secret of long continued, valuable brain work," he says, "is to cut the night in two. The scholar, the inventor, the financier, the literary creator should be asleep every night at ten o'clock, to wake again at, say two, in the morning. Three hours' work, from two to five, in the absolute tranquility of the silent hours, should mean the revealing of new powers, new possibilities, a wealth of ideas undreamed of under the prevailing system. From eight to eight or 8:30 sleep again. Take up again the day's work; the brain will still be saturated with the mental fruits of the night vigil; there will be no effort in putting into practice or carrying further what was planned or begun those few hours before. The habit may be hard to acquire, but mechanical means of waking at first will induce the predisposition."

By Proxy.

He was a man with a large rosy nose and he stood at the head of a large line of impatient men, and said children who were waiting for a chance to pay their fares and get past the turnstile of the elevated railway at Madison and Wabash, says the Chicago Tribune.

He was searching leisurely in his pockets for the necessary nickel, and it wasn't in any of them. Finally he produced a five-dollar bill, which he slowly and methodically unfolded and passed over to the monopolist inside the ticket office. "Dom his bastely light!" fervently exclaimed a man with a strong Tipperary accent, half way down the line. "O, you mustn't talk that way!" said a sweet feminine voice directly behind him, "but thank you very much!"

Tobacco Smoke Poisonous.

It is often said that tobacco smoke is a powerful germicide. The composition of tobacco smoke is complex, the principal constituents being oils of a tarry nature. Nicotine itself is a strong germicide, but the quantity of this poison in tobacco smoke is minute. The oil matter which accumulates in a tobacco pipe is highly poisonous, but does not contain any appreciable quantity of nicotine, the chief constituent of residue being a very poisonous oil known as pyridine. Tobacco smoke contains a decided quantity of carbon monoxide, which is a preservative and which must possess germicidal properties. Recently it has been observed that one of the principal constituents of tobacco smoke is the powerful antiseptic formaldehyde.

At the Literary Club.

"How did everything come off at the literary last night?" "Well, the barbecued beef was tiptop, in the Brunswick stew couldn't be beat, while the cornlicker had enough beads on it to make a pearl necklace look sick." "But was there no literary discussion?" "I am sure see, no—I believe the president did hit the vice president 'side the head with a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Loaded.

The old man looked reflectively at the brass tip of his wooden leg. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—" "Hold on, captain," said a listener. "You don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon." But the captain shook his head. "No," he insisted, "I was so full of bullets that they decided I belonged to the ammunition wagon."

Putting It Mildly.

"You recent that critic's opinions?" "Not at all," answered Mr. Storming Barnes. "What I resent, is his egotistic presumption in considering his opinions to sufficient importance to warrant their public expression."

NO JOBS FOR PLAIN GIRLS.

St. Petersburg Postoffice Service Attractive, But Not Efficient.

The Slovo of St. Petersburg recently asked its readers: "Have you ever noticed that the lady assistants in the general post office at St. Petersburg are almost exclusively plain girls?" "Most people might say that this is not the case," answered Miss Petrova, who writes to the newspaper to tell how two friends of hers recently applied for clerkships in the general post office. After a time, the application papers were returned with a formal note to the effect that at present there were no vacancies. The returned documents, however, revealed marginal notes which had been imperfectly obliterated with rubber. One read: "She looks to be over 30, is small, plain and fat." On the other paper in microscopic characters were the words: "Old maid, tall, bony." The Slovo asks what might have been the marginal notes of the unsuccessful candidates and who is responsible for them; it adds that the selection of youth and beauty for this branch of the public service has by no means improved the unsatisfactory condition of the general post office.

KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.

City Youth Could Believe Much but There Was a Limit.

The younger son of a well-known politician of Chicago has spent pretty much all of his life in the big city by the lake, and, consequently, knows little of country ways and things. Not long ago he visited a man he had met in Chicago, and who maintains a big farm near Cairo, whither he had insisted the youngster come for a lengthy stay. One day the Chicago youth was wandering about the farm, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain firm, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. "What are you searching for, Jimmy?" asked the owner of the place, with a quizzical smile. "Where are the doors and windows?" asked Jimmy, that's a haystack. "Look here, old man," exclaimed Jimmy; "I may be only a green person from the city, but you can't bluff me that way. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that!"—Harper's Weekly.

Real Forbidden Fruit.

In some countries there grows a kind of fruit belonging to the shaddock family and which is commonly called "forbidden fruit." It is similar to grape fruit, but is larger and the side is somewhat pointed, and the delicias are so fond. The name "forbidden fruit" was given on account of three dark brown stains, like finger marks, which invariably show on this variety of the shaddock. The stains are close together on one side and are believed to be the marks of Eve's fingers left as a brand on the apple whose eating caused so much trouble in the world. Forbidden fruit is much liked by people who are abstemious. It fresh, but so far it has not been shipped abroad as extensively as its cousin, the grape fruit and shaddock.

Great Land Owner.

The Duke of Northumberland is the largest land owner in England. His estates stretch almost from sea to sea, and he can ride 100 miles and not once leave his own domain. In appearance he is tall and thin, with reddish hair and flowing whiskers. He is old-fashioned in manner, and shows many of the attributes of a grand seigneur. And he has all the pride of the Persians and keeps up to the full their Olympian traditions. He was once known to say: "You will have to go a long way back in our record to find a Percy who was either idle or a spendthrift." In religion he is an Irvingite, like his father, and he has converted the duchess to his own belief.

Fritz on the Dachshund.

Little Fritz was told to write an essay on his favorite dog and he wrote the following on the dachshund: "Der dachshund was a German dog. Der dachshund has a bologna sausage mit legs. Yone fader had a dachshund dot vos hat a top of the ground dot block mit hat a hole in his head to keep him from being over-heated. Der dachshund was an obedient dog, but ven you call him to come quick he is always long. He can't help it, der dachshund yes der only wonder of der dog's family whose breath comes in long bants. All der rest names is short bants. Hurray for der dachshund!"

They Moved Down to Boston.

Miss G. Wells and other grown-ups have had their merry gibes at Boston, but here is a little miss whose unconscious irony puts their best efforts to shame. "Why," asked Dorothy the other night on going to bed, "why can't we see fairies?" "Because they do not live in the fields and woods here any more," replied her mother. "Where do they live in heaven?" "Perhaps so," Miss G. Wells said. "I know, I know," said Dorothy after a moment of silent thought. "The angels got tired of their old mansions in the skies, so they let the fairies have them and moved to Boston."—Judge.

Not a Botanist.

"When we were out automobiling on the boulevard yesterday I stopped to look at the rhododendrons." "What part of the car is that?"

FREAK STATUARY TO ORDER.

Sculptor Tells of Queer Orders Given Him by His Patrons.

A sculptor was talking about the statuaries. "I turn out a lot of them," he said. "Not that I like to—I have to. So many of our millionaires have an earthy taste. I made last fall a portrait bust of a western millionaire and his wife. The wife wore spectacles and nothing would do but I must put spectacles on her bust. I argued, but in vain. That bust stands in the millionaire's spacious library to-day and spectacles rest on its nose. I did last month a bust in colors, a bust of a young girl. The marble hair I gilded, the marble eyes I painted blue, and the marble lips and cheeks I floored with red. A hideous thing, yet the family was immensely pleased. The freakiest of my freak statuary stands in a Boston garden. It is the statue of the owner's grandfather, an old Presbyterian divine. The aged man stands in the center of a bed of jonquills, and out of the top of his pluck hat a jet of water spouts, falling into a marble basin that he holds in his hands, a basin wherein swim half a dozen goldfish. The idea of treating one's grandfather like that!"

HAD PREPARED FOR ORDEAL.

Christening Rehearsal Struck Clergyman's New Idea.

"These college girls," said a clergyman, as he gazed at the wild and superb ranks of beautiful graduates, "are a boon to the race. They introduce new ideas. I christened the other day the first baby of a married college girl. Now, babies usually cry while they are being christened, but this one was as quiet as a lamb. Throughout the ceremony it smiled up beautifully into my face. 'Well, madam,' said I to the young wife at the christening's end, 'I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened more than 2,000 babies, but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours.' The young mother smiled demurely. 'No wonder he behaved well,' she said. 'His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practicing christening on him for the last ten days.' The idea of rehearsing a baby for a christening! Who but a college girl would think of such a thing?"

Irreverent Yankee.

Adam Engel, a few days before he closed his historic chop house in Herald square, lunched with a Denver correspondent. "The loss of this chop house will be a great loss to New York," said the correspondent. "It will be like," he went on eloquently, "the obliteration of some historic light." "I hope," said the model Engel, "that it won't be so bad as that. Speaking of lights, by the way, I hope that my chop house's departure won't inflict any such loss as a certain Yankee, by an uncontrollable impulse, once inflicted on a Buddhist temple in Japan. They say, you know, that a priest, showing this Yankee over an ancient shrine, led the man reverently to a small statue of Buddha. The Yankee puffed out his cheeks and blew. 'Well,' he said, 'I guess she's out now, anyway!'"

Provocation Enough.

A deaf old gentleman dined with a family where grace was always said. When the guests were seated the host bowed his head and began to repeat the accustomed verse in a subdued, reverent tone. "Eh? What's that?" demanded the deaf old gentleman, who sat beside him. The host smiled patiently and began again. In a louder, more deprecatory voice. "Speak a little louder. I don't catch what you say," the old gentleman persisted. A low ripple of laughter went round the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice and repeated the verse. The deaf gentleman did his best to hear, but failed. He placed one hand upon his host's arm. "What did you say?" he demanded irascibly. The host cast him an angry glance. "Dear sir, I'm saying grace," he snapped.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Beauty Doctors" Copy Old Rome.

Juvenal, the Roman satirist, writes indignantly of the absurd waste of time given to the care of the complexion, of the lotions and jellies and powders for the preservation of the skin. "But anything overlaid with so many of-changed cosmetics, and a poultice with flour, both baked and hotted, shall we call it a face or a sore?" This thing, swollen and ridiculous, the unfortunate husband has to contemplate—only for her lovers does she wash her skin clean. The modern beauty doctors, writes Mrs. H. W. Nevins in the fortnightly Review, have plagiarized their methods from ancient Rome—and would be willing to admit that some of the most valuable secrets, including the "Roman mask," which eradicated wrinkles, are lost to them.

Easily Adjusted.

Chairman Knapp of the Interstate commerce commission, told in New York the other day a French railway story. "A traffic manager," he said, "came to the president of the firm and exclaimed disconsolately. 'We are having no end of trouble with the public, sir, about those old dark blue cars. Everybody says they bump so frightfully in comparison with the new light blue ones, which, of course, run very smooth.'" "Humph," said the president; "we must attend to this matter at once. Have all the old cars palated light blue immediately."

ONE OF WOMEN'S CHARMS.

Genae of Reserve Said to Add Much to Attractiveness.

A woman, especially, to be attractive, must preserve a sense of reserve. She must, so to speak, keep up a certain amount of mystery about herself. There is a folklore tale of a woman who, finding her married life unimpaired, went to a white witch for a charm against the trouble. She received a flask filled with a colorless liquid, which she was directed to take and hold in her mouth whenever she was disposed to quarrel with her husband. She obeyed directions, and, delighted with the effect of the charm, went back to the witch for a fresh supply when that was exhausted. "The liquid was merely water," said the wise woman. "The virtue of the remedy consists simply in holding your tongue in keeping back angry answers." To adopt the rule, says Woman's Life, once given to a quacking girl by a friend who knew the world, "Never speak of yourself, and never say anything which is uncalled for," would at first seem likely to make Trappists of all the world; yet it is to be questioned whether, after all, the advice was not wise. There always are people who like to talk, whose favor is to be won by interested listening, and good listeners are rare.

CHANCE FOR A HOME-RUN.

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originally in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the class-room. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it." "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls." "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a bully chance for a home-run!"

Joined the Dead at Their Meal.

In the medical press is a story of a man who believed that he was dead and who for that reason refused to take any nourishment. "How can the dead eat and drink?" he asked, when food was pressed upon him. It was obvious that unless something were done to bring him to his senses the delusion must soon become actuality; he would die of starvation. The strangest ruse was tried. Half a dozen attendants, draped in ghostly white, crept silently in single file into the room adjoining his, and, with the door open, sat down where he could see them to a hearty meal. "Here, who are these people?" inquired the patient. "Dead men," answered the doctor. "What?" said the other. "Do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see for yourself," was the answer. "Well," said the corpse, "if that is so, I'll join them, for I'm starving." The spell was broken, and he set down and ate like an ordinary man.

Eating Stew through Straws.

Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one's fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemons—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw! Sucking the stew through it had softened and favored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, writes Frederick Mosen in the Craftsman, and from that time was a devoted adherent to piki bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends, the Hopi.

What More Could Be Asked?

"On the way down here from up home I saw your advertisement in the paper," said "Ozzy" Hitchcock, as he entered the office of the New Notion company in his Sunday suit, his boots creaking at every step. "I'm here in the city to get work." "I hardly think you're just the man we need now," and the clerk in charge surveyed his caller with an unflattering gaze. "You spoke of wanting a young man with a good address," said "Ozzy," in his loud, clear, district-school voice. "I guess Laneville, N. H., is as good as any you could find, and father has the only store in the place."—Youths' Companion.

Quality of Trustworthiness.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon anyone, that whatever they undertake to do, will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be, if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W. R. Nicoll.