

THE WILEY BARBER.

He Didn't Say Much But He Worked His Customer for the Limit Just the Same.

"That man can give me the handle of a haircut and get more money out of a customer than I can, and I always supposed I held the palm among Washington barbers when it came to the financial phase of my profession." This was the remark of an artist of the tonorial school, as he proceeded to entertain and shave one of his "steadies" in a handsomely appointed "shop" in an uptown hotel, and indicating with his lather brush his running mate at the next chair. "I'll make the prediction now that it will cost that man just \$1.50 before he gets out of his chair," he continued, as a customer with every evidence of ready cash and also that of being in a hurry took a seat in the chair of the barber from Chicago, who was the one indicated, says the Washington Star.

"Just watch how he does it." "I have just five minutes in which to get a shave," remarked the Chicago barber's customer as he took his seat, and then the "handling" of the artist began. His first remark was: "Oh, I can fix you up in good shape in that time," and then silence ensued for a space of just three minutes, at the end of which time the hurried customer had been shaved and retouched. Then, glancing at the clock, the barber remarked: "You have just two minutes left, and you could not spend it in a better way than to let me massage your face."

"All right," was the reply, and the customer proceeded to account for his hurry by explaining that he had a dinner engagement for which it was necessary for him to dress.

The manipulations of the muscles of his face by the deft movements of the barber had the desired soothing effect. Five full minutes were spent in this way without a murmur from the customer, who evinced no uneasiness, and who was by his time submissive to the master's will. Raising him up in his chair the barber ran his fingers through the hair of his customer, remarking as he did so: "You really ought to have your hair trimmed, it looks rather stringy around your collar." The order was given, and in a very brief time the desired trimming had been finished. Then brushing it down smooth, the barber remarked: "That effect isn't what it ought to be. Your head has the appearance of just being barbered. You had better let me singe the ends of your hair and take off that glossy appearance."

With one glance at the clock the customer gave the singeing order, and after the burning taper had been applied deftly, a significant sniff came from the barber. Then, hesitatingly, and with an observing inspection, he remarked: "That will never do. Your head smells like a tannery. That burnt smell will have to be taken away. If you will just step over here to the bowl I will give you a shampoo in a jiffy, and you will then be in a pink condition." After the shampoo, which was assented to, there was not a single thing left for the barber to suggest, as the shop contained no maaclearing outfit. The hurried customer had been in the chair of the Chicago barber just 23 minutes, and his bill amounted to \$1.15.

A CASE OF SUSPICION.

If It Was of Being a Fool N Would Be Worse Than to Be a Spy Revenue Agent.

"I told the postmaster of a town at the foot of the Cumberland mountains that I proposed a two weeks' trip among the sights and scenes of the big hills," said a Detroitier who roams all over the country, according to the Free Press, "and asked him if he could give me a writing of some sort that would be a safe conduct in case I met with mognishiers."

"Yes, I could write something, but I'm afraid it would be no good," he replied. "They might read the letter and know I wrote it, but they'd still be suspicious."

"Suspicious of what?" "Suspicious that you was a spy. They'd be so suspicious that they'd probably draw you up to a limb with a rope around your neck and let you hang for a minute."

"Then they'd let me down and believe I was all right, wouldn't they?" "I'm afraid not, I'm afraid they'd still be suspicious of you."

"Suspicious of what?" "Suspicious that you was a revenue man. Then they'd draw you up again, and it might be two minutes before they let you down this time. Two minutes is a pretty long time to be kicking and kicking."

"But they would finally let me down?" "Yes, I reckon so."

"And he convinced that I was no revenue man?" "Yes, they might, but that would not do it. They'd still be suspicious."

"Of what?" "That you was a blasted fool for bein' up there at all and this time they'd pull you up and leave you hangin' fur the best part of a week."

Have Much Faith in Milk. The Chinese have the idea that milk revives the youthful powers and that it has special virtues as winter food for old people. Pictures and characters illustrating this idea, as well as the value of it for baby food, would without doubt increase the sale of American milk in China, as one of the consultants suggests.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Vision of Wealth. "If I could only be as stingy the day after pay day as I am the day before," said the thoughtful man, smiling at the vision as it unfolded gloriously.—Indianapolis News.

LARGEST TRIBE OF AFRICA.

The Fans of the French Congo Are Believed to Number at Least 3,000,000.

The Fans of West Africa living east of the Gaboon and between the Ogowe and Sangha rivers have long been supposed to be the largest of African tribes. They are cannibals who for years opposed every effort of the whites to ascend the Ogowe river. At last they permitted the Frenchman de Brazza to explore the river. They were awestruck by the wonderful display of fireworks he made one evening, and did not dare to refuse the request of the mysterious white man, who appeared to be in league with spirits.

Four French explorers who have been traveling through the inner part of the French Congo to study its commercial resources, have learned some new facts about the Fans living between the Ogowe and the Sangha tributary of the Congo in a large region which, until now, has been almost unknown. In an account which Mr. Auguste Foret has written of the Fans of this new territory, he expresses the opinion that this race numbers at least 3,000,000 souls.

He says it is fortunate that they have no political or military organization. They do not recognize the authority of any great chief, and are frequently at war with one another. He believes that if they were a compact and well-organized nation, like some other large tribes in tropical Africa, they would give the whites a great deal of trouble.

The eastern Fans differ considerably from the western and better-known part of the family. As far east as nine degrees east longitude they wear more or less clothing, further east they are almost wholly naked, some of the men and women, however, wearing a small square cloth which hangs from a belt. De Brazza and other explorers told of women loading their ankles with copper rings that were so heavy as to make locomotion almost impossible. Foret found this custom as far east as he traveled. The richer women wear on their legs enormous copper rings made by their own people, the weight of these ornaments often wounding the ankles and making it very difficult for them to walk.

The western Fans have never been very friendly to the whites though they have a tendency to move into the neighborhood of the French stations in order that they may carry on a barber trade. The explorers who have visited the eastern Fans say they are no more sociable than those of the maritime regions.

They are quarrelsome, suspicious and ready, on the slightest pretext, to point their guns or flourish their cutlasses. All the dealings of the whites with them seem to show, however, that the Fans are bullies and blackguards rather than brave men. When firmly dealt with by a man who shows no fear of them they get off their high horse and become quite subdued and tractable.

The missionaries who founded their first station among the Fans in 1897 assert that in the traditions of these people they have discovered traces of a belief in one all-powerful and eternal God. The Fans say that God creates animals and men and that we return to Him after death.

The monotheistic idea is held by very few of the barbarous tribes of Africa, the Fans being, therefore, a notable exception to the general rule. They also have an idea of the convenience of money, a great deal of iron in small bits being in common use as coins.

ABYSSINIAN ENDURANCE.

Wonderful Examples of Patience and Indifference to Pain from Terrible Wounds.

M. Hugues Le Roux, writing of "New Trails in Abyssinia," in Century, says: "I have had occasion to observe the great power of resignation and patience under suffering common to these primitive men. One night a soldier who had retired with a loaded gun by his side made a sudden movement which sent off the gun. It was a Winchester of big caliber, charged with dum-dum bullets used in hunting large game. The moment the report sounded the whole camp was on the look-out. Presumably it was caused by a raid of thieves or the sudden appearance of a lion. In the semi-darkness I put out my hand and felt the man lying on the ground, bathed in his own blood. The bullet had shot off his left thumb and had fractured his right arm at the biceps. I was obliged to amputate on the spot, this pulp. I had never seen an arm cut off nor a bone saved away. Nevertheless the binding of the arteries and the operation were performed in the dim lantern light as best I know how. Not only did the man not complain, but he seemed perfectly insensible to the pain. He recovered."

"Another time I took care of a gold miner whose negroes had attacked in the swamps. They had cut his brother to pieces, and the man himself they had left for dead, pierced through and through with lance wounds. In this condition the poor wretch dragged himself along without food for two nights and a day over terrible mountain roads. When at last he fell supplicatingly at my feet he was a mere mass of mud, blood and flies; yet he, even he, did not utter a murmur. He wanted life, and he lived."

In Boston. "I have never seen in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in its mouth."

Egypt—What do they say, then? "That it came into the world with gold-rimmed eyeglasses."—Yonkers Statesman.

PITH AND POINT.

We regret that there is no well-established superstition about the bad luck in wearing anything that is not paid for.—Atchison Globe.

He—"How do you do, Mrs. West? I've been intending calling on you for some time; but somehow I've been so busy I haven't been able to." She—"I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. Hard-up. I hope you'll continue to be busy!"—Punch.

Boy (who has lost his way)—"I say, mister, how far is it to Campdown Creek?" Man (surlily)—"Find out. I ain't no city directory!" Boy (with acute emphasis)—"No, you ain't; you're a volume on good manners, you are!"—Pick-Me-Up.

"What a crowd of lady shoppers there is in the shoe department today!" remarked a customer. "A 'marked down' sale, I suppose." "Yes," replied the salesman; "all the ladies' number sizes are marked down to No. 4, and so on."—London Answers.

Helpful Hints—"O-o-o-h-h!" It is the wife who shrieks thus. "What is the matter?" calls the husband. "Baby has swallowed a tack." Nervously the husband seeks his copy of "First Aid to the Injured." Quicker yet is the wife. See! She is feeding the baby a tack-puller.—Baltimore American.

A well-known bishop was once starting on a railway journey from Chester Station, when the stationmaster came up to him and said, referring to his luggage: "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find 16," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a dissenter!"—Glasgow Times.

UPSETTING HIS DIGNITY.

The Deplorable Outcome of a Practical Joke Played on a Heap Big Indian.

"I was connected with the Sioux Indian reservation for three or four years," said a story-teller the other day, relates the Detroit Free Press, "and of course I had every chance to study Lo as he is. Some of the young bucks were ready to laugh at a good thing, but the old chiefs stuck out for dignity in a way to make you look solemn."

"One of the big chiefs was named Buffalo Hunter, and in his day he had lifted plenty of white scalps. If others could forget what he had been, he couldn't. He'd sit around the post trader's store for four hours at a time without even fetching a grunt, and if anybody rubbed elbows with him he tried to freeze his very soul with a glare."

"After a time I made up my mind to give the old fellow's dignity a test. He always arrived at a certain hour, attended by a small retinue, and one day, when I caught sight of him coming over the ridge a mile away, I dropped a silver quarter into the coal stove. It was good and hot and lying on the floor near the door when Buffalo pulled up his pony and dismounted. He got down with the dignity of an emperor, and without a look around him he entered the store. That quarter caught his eagle eye in a jiffy, and he didn't consider it beneath his dignity to stoop and pick it up."

"Well, the way he let go of that red-hot coin again," laughed the joker, "was worth going a mile to see. He jumped clear off the floor at the same time, and the yells he uttered came to me in my sleep sometimes and raise me out of bed. There were half a dozen of us in the plot and ready to guffaw, and when old Buffalo realized the situation he knew that his dignity was lost forever. He glared around for a minute with murder in his eyes, and then he hustled out doors, leaped upon his pony and made a bee-line for a saloon at the edge of the reservation. I don't know how much whisky he soaked up, but two hours later he returned to the store with a first-class jag on. A buck on each side was holding him on his pony, and he was singing and weeping by turns. We all went out to greet him and inquire about his health, and after trying to wink at each individual in turn he pathetically exclaimed:

"Some man make some money hot and take my character away, and now I go on a spree every day in the week."

"He was as good as his word. He was drunk nearly all the time for the next six months; and in his mellowness he would even play at tag and leap-frog with the boys. Then he tumbled off his pony one night and broke his neck, and sometimes, when the rain comes down and the wind moans around the gables, I feel that his guardian angel will hold me responsible for his taking off."

Water with Fixed Air. A magazine published in 1823 gives the following method to improve water for drinking: Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel churn, where it may be agitated to any degree that may be wished for. In the course of its being thus agitated it will absorb atmospheric air, and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, palatable and wholesome, and accessible in its utmost perfection to the poorest individual. Those who wish to drink this wholesome beverage in its utmost perfection should, after having it boiled and filtered, cause it to be churned with a double directed, then bottled, with a couple of dried raisins in each bottle; this will give it a sufficient quantity of fixed air. If then used it becomes truly delicious.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW OFTEN SHOULD WE EAT?

The Body Requires Enough Food of the Right Kind for Reconstruction of the Parts.

Food is necessary to increase or repair the body structure, keep it warm and endow it with sufficient force and sustaining power to undergo whatever amount of bodily toil or mental activity is required of it, without any appreciable lessening of its vigor or waste of its tissue or substance, says the Washington Times.

Man is an active animal, internally at least, if not externally. Never wholly at rest, even when sleeping, there is incessant motion in the wonderful mechanism. Even so simple an act as breathing is accompanied by a change of matter that must be replaced by a new supply of material adapted to the necessity. The degree of waste varies, of course, in the several parts of the body and also depends on the amount of movement and labor each part is subject to. For example, when the brain is most actively employed there will be the most rapid change of substance; while bodily toil, that calls the muscles into action, will require the most speedy renewal of substances to rebuild.

It is evident that the body cannot appropriate more than is needed to construct, renew it and supply heat and force, and enable it to discharge the functions upon which life depends. When the necessary amount is exceeded it cannot be properly assimilated and must cause more or less discomfort and disturbance in the internal economy. Continued offenses of overcrowding will end in permanent injury to some one or more parts of the organism. But we must eat to breathe and move, and while some see the end of their obligation in carrying out the letter of the law, forgetting that breathing and moving are only means to an end in the great plan of life, there are others who err on the other side, and treat the necessities of their bodies with scant consideration. It is paying the soul a poor compliment to house it in a poorly constructed ill-cared-for dwelling. It must of necessity partake more or less of its surroundings, if associations are long continued. A liberal amount of energy must be available for whatever the work may require and therefore it may be a safe conclusion to arrive at that in normal condition for appetite one should eat when they are hungry, and of such food as will supply the needed substances for repair of those parts of the body which have been in activity.

FALSE ECONOMY. All Unnecessary Strain and Pressure on the Nerves is Destructive of Vitality. What would you think of an engineer who would try to economize in lubricating oil at the expense of his machinery or engine? You would consider him very foolish, would you not? Yet many of us do much more foolish things. We do not economize in that which would injure the inanimate machinery. But do in cheerfulness, recreation, healthful amusements—all that would lubricate life's machinery and make it last longer, says Orsen Swett Marden, in Success.

We economize in our friendships by neglecting them; we economize in our social life, pleading with ourselves that we cannot spare the time for visiting and receiving visits until we are obliged to take long enforced rests from the arduous duties of our business or profession, because the machinery of our bodies, so delicately and wonderfully made, has become worn and is in danger of snapping at some vital point. All this strain and pressure might be avoided if we would only take our fun each day as we go along, if we would only lubricate our machinery by taking a few minutes, now and then, to see the humorous side of life, to have a little chat with a friend, or to indulge in some innocent game which would relax the too tight muscles about the mouth in a health-giving laugh.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes. Ingredients: One pint of milk, eight medium-sized cooked sweet potatoes, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to season, and flour to thicken. Make a cream sauce by heating the milk in a double boiler, thickening with flour and adding the butter and seasoning. Cut the sweet potatoes into small dice, put them in the sauce and let the whole cook for ten minutes. If liked, sprinkle chopped parsley over the top when serving. Another way of cooking sweet potatoes is to place them in the pan around a roast, and let them cook with the meat. They should be frequently basted with the drippings.—Boston Budget.

Fruit and Nut Drop Cakes. Separate four eggs and beat the yolks to a thick cream. Add the juice of half a small lemon and beat again. Then add one cup of pounded nut meats and one cup of date meats rubbed smooth with a little thick cream. Beat all together; then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Fold and chop in two tablespoonfuls of browned entire wheat flour. Drop into buttered baking tins by tablespoonfuls and bake from ten to fifteen minutes.—Washington Star.

Acquired Skill. "One of the Unemployed I wish I had money enough so I shouldn't have to work for a living." "Another of Them—So do I. In that case, you know, it would be so easy to get a job."—Boston Transcript.

GAME FIGHT OF A MALLARD.

Desperate Struggle Between the Duck and a Hungry Hawk Ends in Failure.

The strength in the air of a full-grown mallard is considerable. Howard Crutcher, a surgeon of Chicago, tells of a battle royal between earth and sky which he saw in Louisiana, says a recent report.

Swamp lake is a body of water not more than a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, which lies in the eastern part of Bossier parish. There is a dark hawk in that country which the negroes call an eagle. It is not so large as the bald eagle by one-fourth, but it is just as savage and is strong.

Perched upon a cypress 100 feet above the lake was one of these hawks. It was nearly noon and the ducks were hidden in the flags and water growth. The hawk was hungry.

On the lake in a flat-bottomed blunt-ended punt was Crutcher. A negro boy, born tired, stood in the stern and forced the punt slowly with a pole.

A mallard drake, every jeweled feather gleaming in the sun, flushed 30 yards in front, going upward and forward fast. Crutcher underdashed it with the right barrel, further underdashed it with the left, and swore loudly.

The hawk leaped in air, and with no regard to the men in the boat, plunged with the velocity of a comet. It struck the mallard back of the wings and nailed it with its talons. Its hold was far enough back to permit free play of the duck's pinions, and the fight began.

The drake squawked dismally, and still desperately straining upward, the pair rose 50 feet, their wings beating the air violently. Then the mallard bore downward, its weight aiding.

Despite its utmost resistance the hawk was carried with it until the two were not more than a yard above the water. At this time they were 100 yards from the boat.

Then the hawk, by mighty efforts, lifted its prey some ten yards up, and the two began to travel in small circles, neither rising nor falling. The duck uttered a cry now and again; the hawk was silent.

It did not attempt to use its beak. Once it had lowered its head as if to strike, but was buffeted by the mallard's wings and did not repeat the attempt.

The pair so battled for a space of five minutes, with neither gaining an advantage. It was evident that the hold of the talons was only through the skin of the back, and that the duck was not disabled.

Gradually the superior wing-spread and strength of the hawk told. The couple, locked in the embrace of death, began to go upward. Progress was not rapid, but sure.

The hawk was carrying the four pounds' weight of the duck and fighting against its desire to regain the water, but it was competent to the work. When the combatants were 75 yards high Crutcher, who had been alternately cheering them and swearing at the negro for his slowness, was directly under them. He shot, but did no damage.

When an altitude of approximately 100 yards had been reached the mallard's struggles ceased. Its head hung down, and there was only an occasional flutter of its wings. Possibly the hawk had managed to drive its bill home.

The dark slayer flew heavily with its quiescent burden to an oak tree 50 yards from the lake, perched on a limb and began to trip the feathers from the body.

GREEKS AS FINANCIERS.

They Have Conceived and Perfected an Economic System Surpassed by None.

The Greeks have been extolled as poets and artists, but really they excelled as colonizers and as financiers, and they conceived and perfected an economic system, perhaps, relatively more perfect than any other ever devised. Little argument is needed to prove that no overland route from Bactra to Syria, and thence west, can compete with the line by the Caspian, the Euxine, the Bosphorus and the Isthmus of Corinth, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. The obstacles which long retarded its supremacy were never geographical, but military, and consisted in a hostile occupation of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus, of the Caucasus or of the country between Teheran and Trebizond. Even now English wares enter Persia by the ancient road which leads from Trebizond through Tabriz to Teheran. The Greeks grasped the situation from the outset and through centuries sought to solve the problem by a process of colonization at once cheap and effective. First, they cleared away obstructions, then, paying little attention to the back country, they seized the outlets of trade. Troy belonged to the Babylonian system and was the key to the position. That Troy adhered to Nineveh, is beyond doubt, even setting aside the statement of Diodorus, for the legend of the Argonauts proves that the gate to the Black sea was so guarded that only heroes could enter.

Thrift. "Have a cigar," said his friend, handing him one. "Thanks," said Mr. Tye-Friend, cutting it in two, lighting one section, and putting the other in his pocket. "I'll smoke the rest of it after awhile."—Chicago Tribune.

FASHIONABLE FINERY.

Notes of the Modes for Those Who Keep Pace with the Times in Matters of Dress.

Some of the new canvas weaves which are much favored for spring and summer gowns are brightened and embellished by hand-embroidery in artistic designs executed with colored tapestry wools.

A heavy quality of batiste, resembling grass linen, is utilized for some of the prettiest hats seen at the spring openings. Delicate batiste applique on the sheerest chiffon appears on some of the picture-quality Parisian models, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The soft tint of tan recognized as bicolor, combined with baby blue, is a modish combination for spring wear. A touch of coral is occasionally introduced.

Jet ornaments figure prominently among the millinery accessories of the season. The Cleopatra is the descriptive term of a combination of jet cabochon and loops and pendants of large jet beads.

On hats of high and low degree figures the cabochon—straw, jet, feathers and beads being used—with preference given to the first named. The pearl ornament is only seen in combination with velvet trimming on models for early spring.

Irish crochet lace has had its day, so far as the upper circles in the millinery world are concerned, and chantly in black, white or cream is the lace leader. For the long crapes that in seen on some Spanish turbans in fancy braid a heavy net in deep ermine tone is known as Empire lace in recognition of the pattern. Narrow Val edging decorates chiffon hats for children and their elders.

The parol of 1902 is larger and more arched than its predecessors. In the imported examples those of chine silk predominate. These are plain, moire, broche, and satin striped chimes and some of the designs show floral wreaths and stripes in various colorings on a white ground. It is predicted that plain green, red, mauve and blue, gross grain parasols with gilt curved handles will be fashionable. Many of the more elaborate parasols have ruffled linings of chiffon and the handles are topped by a bird's head in amber and jade, crystal and chine balls.

A HEAP OF TROUBLE.

He Thought a Man Was Doing Something Superstitious to Wash Himself Every Morning.

A pioneer preacher once related to a party of friends the following incident in his life, says the Detroit Free Press:

"I was riding from one of my appointments to another, when I discovered that I had lost my way, and was in an unknown country."

"It was very cold; the shades of evening were falling, so I rode to a house I saw in the distance, and, after explaining my predicament, asked if I could be entertained for the night."

"Certainly, certainly," said the man of the house. "Come in, stranger."

"I found the cabin consisted of only one room, which served for kitchen, dining-room, bedroom and parlor. I was given a mattress in one corner and soon fell asleep. Very early next morning I was awakened by my host with the announcement that breakfast was ready. I asked if I could not have an opportunity to wash my face and hands. The request seemed to surprise the man of the house, but with a 'certainly, certainly,' he filled the gourd with water and went to the back door. Pouring water on my hands, I bathed my face, though the morning was so cold that ice formed on my hair and beard. My host looked at me curiously and asked: 'Do you do this every morning, stranger?'"

"Telling him that I did, I took a comb from my pocket and began combing my hair. 'And do you do this every morning, too?' he asked. Upon my intimating that such was my custom, the man looked at me with a curious expression of countenance and said: 'Well, stranger, all I've got to say is that you're a heap of trouble to yourself.'"

"His own appearance gave indication that he did not 'trouble' himself a great deal in either of these directions."

Poaching Eggs.

The art of poaching eggs in the shell is one that needs nicety and some practice, but is not difficult to acquire. To insure complete success, each egg should be poached in this way, separately. Drop a perfectly fresh egg gently into boiling water, and allow it to boil exactly three and a half minutes, timing it to the second. Have ready a bowl of ice-water, into which the egg is instantly dropped on leaving the fire and left for an even two minutes. Take out and gently pick the point, taking off small bits of the shell, being very careful not to break the white; when half the shell is thus removed, reverse the egg and take off the other half, slipping the egg, then, on a slice of buttered toast. Send to the table with a dash of salt and pepper. It should be a small white ball, the yolk showing faintly through the white. This method of poaching eggs is liked by epicures, who claim that the water which gets in the white when it is poached in the usual way gives an insipid flavor impossible to counteract.—N. Y. Post.

Individuality in Success.

The striking point in success is its individuality. Each great achievement is part of the man who accomplished it—his own handwork.—Success.