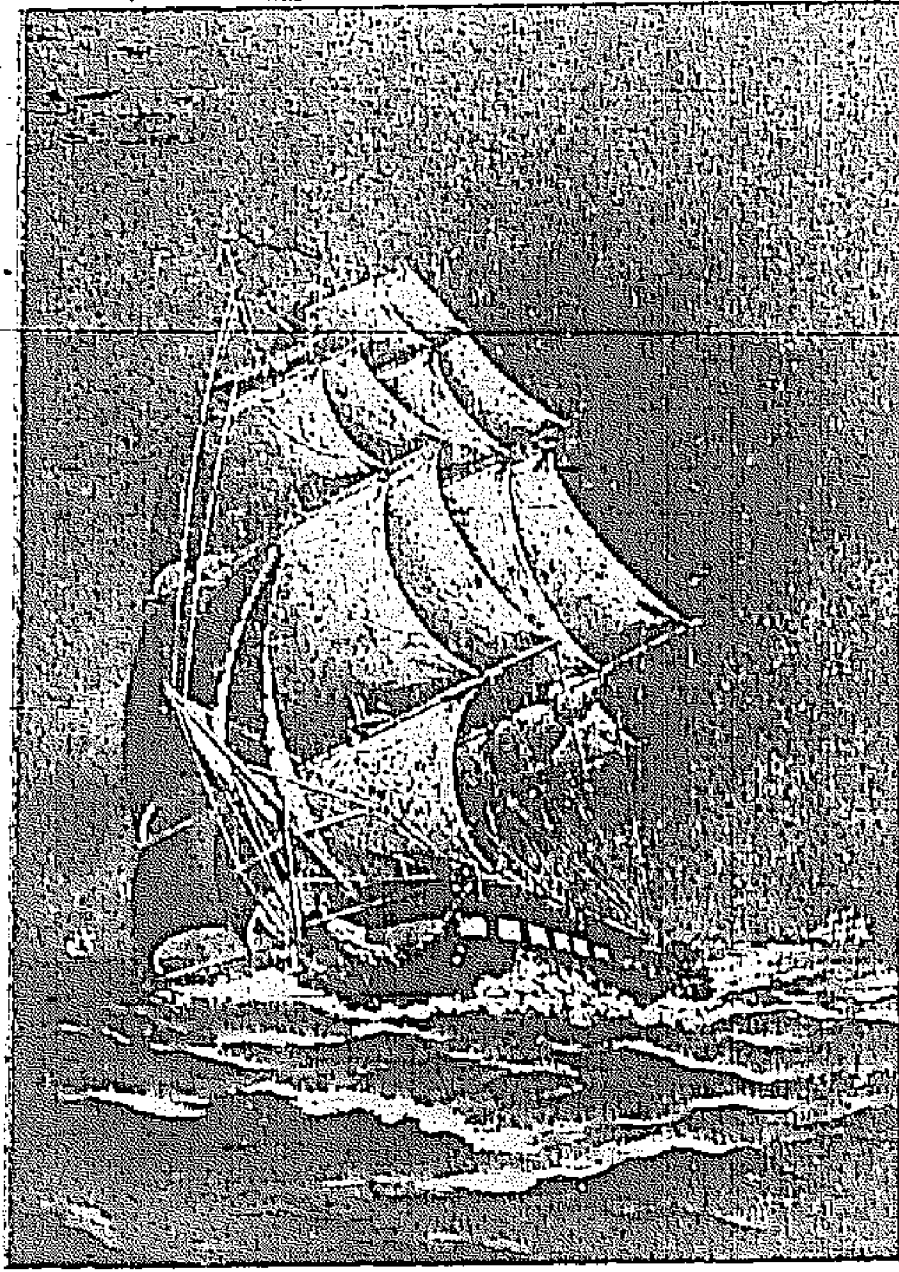


"Old Ironsides."



This historic old vessel, once the pride of the American navy, and around which so many memories cling, is now being rebuilt by order of congress, and when completed will be identical with its former appearance and equipment.

NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.

Irishman Didn't Want Whole Town Torn Up to Find Watch.

Rid Gleason, of the Philadelphia National team, tells a little story on his friends. The kid and his friend, who accompanied a boy named John, were in the building the Irishman discovered that his watch was gone. The sergeant of police promised to "leave no stone unturned" in the effort to recover the time-piece. Next day the kid was walking down street with his friend, Gleason pointed to some men who were engaged in some excavating work. By chance, the sergeant to whom Gleason and the Irishman had reported the loss was watching the men work.

"Great operation, isn't it?" the ball player asked. "Yes, it is, indeed. That's it all for" he said. "Why don't you remember that the police sergeant said he would leave no stone unturned to get back your watch?" "See, there he is now directing the work."

The kid's friend from the old and was amazed, and, walking up to the sergeant said: "I think you're very much pleased, but if you're going to tear up the whole town, let the watch go to the devil. It's not worth the trouble."

FRIEND HELD THE PHONE.

Washington Official Got Even for Broken Engagement.

He is a prominent official in the post office department, and his friend, with whom he had missed an engagement, and who had sworn to get even, is prominent in the Navy department. About one o'clock the navy department man called up his friend over the telephone.

"Hello, Brown," he said, "please hold the phone a minute."

Brown held the phone, getting more lively all the while. At least three times a minute he was obliged to tell the other that he was "waiting." Time rolled on, and he still clung to the receiver, though his arm was well nigh breaking.

Brown was just on the point of hanging up the receiver, when his friend at the navy department dashed into the room.

"Ah, you're still holding the phone, I see," he said. "I'm glad of it; for I wanted to catch you here this time, that's all."

And the two officials went across the street to get a lunch.—Washington Herald.

Metals of Early Age.

Excavations at the ancient city of Gezer, mentioned in early Jewish history, carried on by members of the Palestine exploration fund for the past three years, have developed numerous "finds." Eight cities have been discovered, situated upon each other, on the site of the old defense to the westward to Jerusalem. The culture, history, religion and customs of the inhabitants from as far back as 500 B. C. have been revealed by architecture, tools, weapons and ornaments. Dr. E. W. Maclachlan, a member of the excavating party, writes as follows: "The earliest inhabitants lived in caves and made all their weapons and instruments of flint. In the middle period bronze is the only metal known, while at a time roughly synchronous with the coming of Israel, iron appears and gradually replaces bronze."

When Friends Are Needed.

The late Thomas Goldwell, inventor of the lawn mower, was noted in Newburg for his charity. A citizen of Newburg once stole some money. He was bitterly attacked in consequence. But Mr. Goldwell stood by him and to a certain man-day was making him his good friend. "You, I see, are a fair-weather friend, George. Well, you are not singular there. Most friends are like you. There was a man who said to a convict: 'Always do right and your friends will stand by you.'"

Spousing.

"After trying in vain to get any credit," began Dr. Lusia Jones, "I married a demijohn and hurried to Eddie Grady's place and had the bartender fill it with the real thing. But when he asked to have it charged, he found himself face to face with a demijohn. 'All right, pour it out,' said Jones. 'The incident repeated itself at other saloons, and by midnight Jones was very drunk.' Was it the psychological effect of seeing the whiskey poured in and out?" Dr. Lusia was asked. "No, it was the fact that he kept a sponge hidden in the demijohn but easy to fish out with a bit of wire when properly saturated."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A One-Sided Affair.

"If you consent to my engagement," said the young man, impressively, "you must not falter by your ardor. You must be prepared to make all kinds of sacrifices, and—hush! love me the more passionately the colder I get to you, and when I finally wake up my mind to desert you, you must forgive everything and love me still. Are you prepared to do all this?"

She bowed her head wearily, and without emotion of any sort. For he was the store manager who also played the villain, who was engaging the wronged and deserted heroine of the piece.

Mrs. Langtry Drops the "Lily."

Mrs. Langtry, who is now playing in a vaudeville sketch, will not allow her manager to advertise her as "Lily" Langtry. Only intimates are now permitted to call her by that name.

LIGHT HOME WORK GOOD.

A Physician Says Girls Should Be Given Household Duties.

That domestic should help their mothers with the housework, and in general take care of the household duties, is the opinion of a prominent physician, who believes that a certain number of home duties are a balance to the lives of these pupils and help to keep them in a normal mental and physical condition.

Girls, whether or not their parents can afford to keep servants, should be taught when young to do household work, and there is no better time for them to learn than between the ages of 5 and 14, when they are in school," he says. "The home duties should not be arduous ones, such as fire, but such as dusting, sweeping, and so on. In their own rooms, they should be taught to arrange their clothing in order, on closet hooks or hangers, and to fold their dresses. Mothers should be careful that the girls do not push or pull heavy pieces of furniture that might strain the muscles in their backs or arms, and should not permit them to sweep carpets or do any of the rest of the household duties for a number of hours must be devoted to their school studies each day, and every parent should see to it that the girls in the family have regular exercises in the open air."

DREW LINE ON TROUSERS.

Plous Mahometans Would Not Let Sons Wear European Garments.

Many of the chiefs in the protectorate of Gambia wish to have their sons educated in the new Mahometan school of that region, but there was a bar to their full enjoyment of the education they were likely to receive. The plous Mahometan fathers were afraid that the wearing of modern trousers was part of the school curriculum, and therefore they visited the school with peculiar suspicion. The governor of Gambia reports that the parents have been assured that their children will not be converted into "trouser men," and the prospects of the school are now very bright.

It would be interesting to learn how this suspicion of the modern nether covering arose, and whether the dry goods merchants denied the natives their ordinary material. But it may be suggested to the fact that the British government forbade Highlanders to wear kilts for some years after the battle of Culloden. However, the government were in a tight corner when their continental wars were over, and they were forced to raise several regiments of Highlanders who refused the kilt, and the trouser wearing edict died a natural death.

For Writer's Aching Hands.

Does your hand ache when writing? If so, do not neglect the sign, but get it as a sign to the need for immediate treatment. The aching merely a mechanical program from cold air, or extra work, you may treat it by a little rest, dipping the hand in hot water, and rubbing with a very hot cloth. But if the aching becomes frequent, it demands quite as much attention as a disease threatening life would demand. For one's ability to gain a livelihood is at stake. Rest is good, but it is rest from writing only. What the hand needs equally with such rest is passive exercise. While the owner remains still, some one should bend and extend the fingers, rub the joints, and so on. Often it is of service to cover the hand in the completion of the movement with warm oil, wax, or in foil, and so on. It is near the fire. This tends to make the joints and the muscles supple.

Dentistry by Proxy.

"There are plenty of men," said a Washington dentist, "who work what we call the proxy dodge. They'll visit a dentist and tell him that a friend of theirs has such and such the matter with his teeth and ask all sorts of questions as to what can be done to such teeth in a dental way. Of course, no dentist can tell anything about the requirements of such a case without attention until he looks at them, but the proxy players are an insistent lot, their main aim being to find out how much pain there is going to be involved in the work on their own teeth, supposing they muster up the nerve to have that work started."

Horse Sense and Mechanics.

The examination in the principles of mechanics was taken by Abel Dunning, with a due regard to what he had learned by main strength, as he proudly stated; but he was asked in answering the questions what he was pleased to call his "horse sense." "A pin will not stand on its point," he said in answer to one question, "for three reasons."

All Around the Clock.

"Grandpa says his stay in the mountains did him no good. His room was right off the piazza, and people made love under his window until all hours."

Following All Over Again.

"Did I hear you say, old chum, that marriage has made a new man of you?"

Taking a Cruel Revenge.

"Very well, sir," cried Dr. Kwak, after his quarrel with the undertaker. "I'll make you sorry for this."

WOOD RAT TYPIFIES MAN.

In His Eagerness to Increase Size of His "Pile."

American men have the wood rat instinct, says the New York Herald. The wood rat is a native of southern California, and is restricted to any one section of a state or nation, but it is well known over the world.

The wood rat is small, no bigger than a common rat, but its ambition and acquisitiveness are insatiable. It has one insane desire, says the Herald, to increase the size of his pile of sticks. The neighboring field is placed under tribute. First all the nearby sticks are gathered into the pile. Then, as these are exhausted, he goes further and further away from home and every twig is eagerly added upon to increase the size of his pile of sticks. The wood rat is a native of California, and is well known over the world. The wood rat is a native of California, and is well known over the world. The wood rat is a native of California, and is well known over the world.

THOUGHT SOAP WAS EDIBLE.

Thieving "Whisky Jacks" Disappointed in a Meal.

These birds are about the size and color of the catbird, but have longer tails. I never saw wild birds so greedy as these, says a writer in Forest and Stream. No sooner was our camp pitched than these birds began to congregate in the hot spots and plan mischief. The moment anything was exposed that they thought was edible they would grab it and be off in a twinkling. They would eat or try to eat anything from meat, sugar or pan-cakes to a bit of soap. We used rat traps, and for the purpose it was originally intended it was a great success, but as an article of diet I should not consider the favor quite up to other dainties. Nevertheless, we kept making our soap. One would then ask the others:

"Have you really reformed and gone to using soap?"

"Not guilty," would be the answer.

Then, after a speech, we would find the soap some distance down the slope, all pecked and clawed by the "whisky jacks." Presumably they did it to take the taste of my codfish out of their mouths.

Little, but of Great Use.

"Who, I wonder, invented that little tin which now forms a part of the pasteboard stopper of milk and cream bottles?" said a housekeeper the other day. "The top shows no patent stamp, so far as I've been able to discover, yet it is of more practical value than ninety-nine of the larger household necessaries upon which thousands of dollars are annually expended."

"How many forks, hairpins, hairpins, needles and screw drivers are ruined in a month before this tin was discovered?" How much marital patience was shattered by the trick of the little slabs of pasteboard developed of submerging themselves in the bottles? Then some one betrays himself or herself of cutting out a stopper with a tin to it. You pull the tin and the stopper lifts out as good as pie. The inventor, whoever he may be, is a public benefactor."

Ideas of Big Battles.

A Cuban's idea of war differs very materially from that of the natives of other nations," said an American. "Contrast it with the idea of a Japanese. Those little orientals never think they have had a battle unless there has been a loss running up into hundreds or thousands."

In the first days of the recent outbreak, one of the government officers sent this report from Pinar del Rio to Havana: "We met a portion of Guerra's forces to-day, and a hard fought battle took place and the rebels retreated. I succeeded in capturing two mares and a saddle."

"Another report reads: 'The government forces retreated after losing heavily. Three were killed and several wounded.'"

Parisian's Use for Water.

Water has little interest for Parisians. They fear to drink it, and unless there is special occasion that calls for cleanliness, the people do not wash.

The chauffeur, the coal bearer, the rag picker, the mason, will spend a few coins on a bath, and spend them regularly; but the small clerk, the workman, the art student, the shopman, the bourgeois, do not bathe.—The Bystander.

Webster's Ready Pupil.

While entertaining visitors in a school room, the late Granville B. Webster, head master of the Elton school at Boston, asked a small pupil of what the earth consists, and was promptly answered: "Land and water." Mr. Webster varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked: "What, then, do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response: "Mud."

Followed by Cool Change.

"You said the laughing maiden, with a gleam of scorn in her dark eyes, 'don't fear! I shall reproach you with your perfidy. I waive all claim to your miserable, feeble, utterly unadmirable affections.'"

Whew!

"Whew!" muttered the crestfallen young man, as he was left alone with his thoughts. "But that was a hot valve."

SKILL MORE THAN STRENGTH.

Letter Is of Little Avail in Properly Ruling Horse.

Strength has nothing to do with hands or rather it is a distinct disadvantage, their employment. The way to rule a horse is by means of the reins, and the strong man distorts the delicate effects which make for every thing of the best in horsemanship. A little second foot will control perfectly a rattle-brained race horse that no man could hold by main strength, a slight woman will guide four horses as few men can. It is the combination of the attributes named that enables them to do it.

Appropriate hitting has much to do with success, but the matter is apt to proceed to the extreme of severity in his desire to get that delicate of touch and promptness of response which he thinks should follow every stroke. The reverse of this should always be the rule, and the horse should be constantly tried with light or hitting effects until the least possible restraint is employed. Hand and mouth vary from day to day according to various circumstances of irritability and sensibility, and no one arrangement is likely to be for the best interests of both horse and rider. A rattle-brained horse is at all times a dangerous horse, and it is up to the driver in order to find what will control about this rattle-brained horse can pull, no matter in his nature. Outline.

Two Necessary Books.

A Boston man being unexpectedly summoned to New York on business which threatened to detain him for several weeks hurried home to inform his wife to accompany him. They were to start in an hour and the last case was limited to one trunk. At the last minute, just as the trunk lid was descending, a sudden wall was heard.

"Oh, wait a minute, Charlie, I haven't put in a single book!" The idea of going to New York of all places without a book!

"Well, hurry up!" called her husband impatiently. "There isn't room for more than two, anyway. Do you hear, Fanny? Not more than two!"

"All right, then take those!" and she handed over a Bible and a volume of Browning. "I must have those, anyhow!"

Luckily.

During the Spanish war, while the battleships were on blockade at San Blas, it was customary to load the six pound guns every evening to prevent accidental explosions from boat attacks. While the tricolor was being hoisted, one of the guns on the Massachusetts was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarter deck of the Texas, which was lying next in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet above their heads. Almost before it struck the water a flash was started on the Texas from the commanding officer, Capt. Jack Phillips, the commanding officer of the Massachusetts. The signal was, "Good line, but a trifle high."—Harper's Weekly.

No Cure for Insomnia.

A sufferer from insomnia may work hard at physical and mental labor, yet the night cometh when no man can work. The insomnia, utterly fatigued, falls into a slumber—not a sound, refreshing, dreamless slumber but a coma, lethargy, a torpor, born of fatigue. In a few hours the demon says "Awake!" and the insomniac starts—instantly into waking with bright, staring, wakeful, sleepless eyes. Is there no cure? None. Insomnia comes with age. You cannot cure your years. You used to sleep yesterday when you were young. "Not tonight," nor manzanora, nor all the drowsy strips of the world can mend thee to that sweet sleep which yesterday thou hadst.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Directions in Death Valley.

There is one way to become famous in Death Valley, that is, to die near a trail so that one's remains may be found. For instance, meeting a man one day, I inquired about the route, water, etc.

He said: "The road is plain for ten miles; when you'll find a well about 100 yards to the right; the water is salt; but your mules will drink it. Six miles further you'll come to 'Tim Ryan, Aug. 9th, '05, and two and a half miles southeast of him you'll find plenty of good water."—National Geographic Magazine.

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