

THIS CEMENT WALL A NOVELTY.

Action of Nature Has Given It a Distinct Artistic Value.

There is a wall of cement in Los Angeles which shrouds up one side of a building lot that has an artistic value never intended by the builder.

THIS PENAL COLONY A MODEL.

Brazil Seems to Have Solved One of Civilization's Problems.

The penal colony of the state of Pernambuco, Brazil, is on an island 300 miles off the coast. There are 600 convicts at present. They arise at 6 a. m. and work till 2 p. m. for the state cultivating cotton of a superfine quality.

The group of islands to which the penal one belongs is where the equatorial and south equatorial currents divide, and it is surrounded by a triangular sheet of quiet sea, full of all kinds of fish, valuable commercially.

Keep Girls Young.

"It is hard to take a back seat and see the younger generation occupying the front ones," says a millionaire's widow, who is not through being youthful, though she has two growing daughters.

Doing Chores.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes on one's own barn!

Advertising for One Penny.

Jabez Alvord, an old and highly respected resident of Winsted, Conn., is advertising as lost a pocketbook containing a penny, and offers to pay a liberal reward for its return.

Air Purified by Curtains.

Dr. J. Brown, the medical officer of health of Bacup, has drawn attention to the usefulness of muslin curtains in filtering the air of rooms, says the London Globe.

The Proper Term.

Knox—You and Dr. Jones are partners are you not?
Dr. Smith—Oh, no. We often consult together and attend to each other's patients in case of absence, but we are in no sense partners.

Heredity.

Caller—Your little boy looks exactly like you.
Youngster's Mother—Yes; but if he doesn't get his meals just when he wants them he puts up, exactly the

MATTER FOR THE SCIENTISTS.

Theory as to Whether We Live Inside or Outside Earth.

There are a number of believers in the theory that we are living inside the earth instead of outside. These unpleasant people want us to admit that we are surrounded by a shell like a huge nut.

We are also told that the acceptance of this kernel in the nut theory will explain many things—none of which we remember.

It will also upset a great many things with which we are familiar and which, on the whole, we like pretty well.

This leads us to remark that we prefer to believe we are out. At the same time if the inside facts are convincing we are open to conviction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FLATTERY NOT IN HIS LINE.

Where Mr. Spooner Lost Out for Ever with Miss Flutterby.

"That's a portrait of your grandmother, as she looked when she was a young lady, is it? How strongly it resembles you, Miss Flutterby!"

"You say flattery to flatter me, Mr. Spooner. Grandma was quite a beauty and everybody knows that I make no pretensions of that kind."

"I assure you that flattery is far from my thought, Miss Flutterby. The family resemblance is striking. I've often known cases of that kind. There were two sisters I was acquainted with when I was a boy. They looked wonderfully alike, just as that portrait looks like you, and yet one of them was as beautiful as a poet's dream and the other was dreadfully—that is, I mean, she wasn't at all—or rather she was lacking in that—attractive quality, you know, that constitutes—what a lovely frame this portrait has, hasn't it?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Letter Writing.

Writing interesting letters doesn't come natural to me, and there are a good many people with whom I must keep in touch through letters. If at all. So I have got into the way of keeping a notebook and jotting down in it brief notes that will specially interest my different correspondents. I even jot down a little joke sometimes, says Home.

Fair Warning.

"John, dear," said Mrs. Wedderly, "is it true that the average woman has no sense of humor?"

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. W.—"as I have a treat in store for you. Next week I am going to ask you for a new sealskin sack and I want you to laugh and feel jolly, just as you do when you read of such things."

An Overvaunted Virtue.

S. I. Kimball, general superintendent of the life saving service, said of an applicant for a certain post:

"The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that goes some too far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know."

"Mrs. Madden, a gentleman once said to this old lady, 'your neighbor, Herbert Bisbing, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?'"

"Mrs. Madden threw up her hands. 'Steady, is it?' she said. 'Sure, he was any steadier he'd be dead.'"

All That Was Necessary.

A man who bored all his friends with his incessant talking prided himself on being able to hypnotize people. One day while asserting this and perceiving signs of incredulity on his friends' faces he turned to one of them and said:

"In order to prove it to you I will make you go to sleep if you like."

"Certainly," replied the friend; "you save only to speak."

Anant Wisdom.

It hath been said that wise men say nothing is dangerous times, and Swift, the greatest of English satirists, with prevision, remarked that wisdom is a hen, whose cooing we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg, but then, lastly, it is a nut which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm."

Their Point of View.

"Don't you think," asked one sheep in the flock of another, "that it is absurd for humans to be cutting off our wool in the way they do?"

"I should say so," answered the sheep. "I call it sheer nonsense."

HE BLAMED THE GOVERNMENT.

Unobliging Man Saw No Reason for Putting Himself Out.

"Say," remarked the post office clerk who was off duty, as he watched a friend affix two stamps to the corner of an envelope, "why don't you put those stamps on horizontally instead of vertically? Don't you know you would save a lot of work for us stampers if you put your stamps beside each other instead of under each other? We always have to make two strokes when cancelling vertically pasted stamps by hand, and they don't work well through the stamping machines either."

"Is that so?" queried his friend, as he took another envelope and proceeded to affix two stamps to it in a vertical position.

"Then, by the great horn spoon, why doesn't the government sell its stamps in horizontal lines? Look at these. Here I bought 20 cents' worth of two-cent stamps and they come to me in vertical lines. If I buy five twos I get them attached one to the bottom of the other. Do you think I'm going to the trouble of tearing each stamp off just to please a government clerk by pasting them side by side? Guess again."

ANCIENT AND MODERN FICTION.

Really Little Difference in the Methods of Writers.

The historian Freeman once said: "I never let a man die at the end of a chapter." The modern serial, or continued story, exemplifies a like theory of pausing at the very brink of an absorbing event. We consider a year-long serial one of considerable length; yet in France, in 1610, the first two parts of the Astree, one of the most celebrated Gallic novels, were published four or five years before the third part, and several more in advance of the fourth and fifth parts.

About the same time flourished Mlle. de Scudery, memorable as the author of the first romance of any note written by a woman. She composed and published by installments novels of a length unknown to the readers of today. Every story was originally issued in batches of small octavos, sometimes running to a score or so. She has been described as "the most pitiless writer of fiction that the world has ever known."

The same Seventeenth Century, says Harper's Weekly, illustrates, again, the willingness of French writers to abide their time. The poet Malherbe wished to console a friend on the death of his wife. By the time the poem was finished, the gentleman had been consoled, remarried, and was himself dead!

Ornamental Toy Fish.

William H. Heimbach of Allentown, Pa., an expert breeder of fancy fishes, has recently sold a lot of Japanese fringedtails and some Chinese fantails for \$10 each. Several of the fringedtails, with bodies less than three inches long, have tails four inches long.

The parent stock was imported from the orient, but Mr. Heimbach has succeeded in raising about 500 of the fish in an elaborate hatchery he built adjoining his home. The tad, in addition to being expensive, requires infinite patience and care. The fish must be kept and bred in still water, which is supplied with oxygen by means of odd plants procured chiefly from China. The breeding of these top fish, of which single specimens are worth from \$5 to \$10, is said to be the acme of piscatorial culture. A well stocked five gallon aquarium is worth about \$150.

Their Favorite Mottos.

Many well-known men have favorite mottos which they endeavor to live up to, and, curiously enough, some of them are particularly applicable to their professions. "Speech is silver, silence is golden" is the maxim which Sir George Lewis, the famous lawyer, always bears in mind. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is Mr. Labouchere's very appropriate motto; while Sir John Fisher adopts the significant words: "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the enemy." John Burns is very fond of the saying: "The world is my country and to do good is my religion," while the British premier gives the text of St. Paul as his motto: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."

A True Friend.

A true friend will tell one his faults, is a saying we often hear, but a true friend, if he is wise in the knowledge of human nature, will tell his virtues. The fact is that in this busy world of care, with its keen struggle and sharp competition, we are pretty apt to be told our faults by those who are not friends, and to be brought face to face with our mistakes and failures so often that we sometimes lose hope and courage. Whoever has a word of honest praise for another should feel that he holds something which is that other's due, and hasten to pay it. The word of hearty commendation will be "something to live up to" through many a trying hour.—The Parish Visitor.

Famous Beauty a Woodcarver.

Lady Colebrooke, famous alike for her beauty, accomplishments and skill as a political hostess, possesses a wonderfully complete carpenter and wood carving shop at Abington, Leamershire. Here she has not only turned out some clever pieces of work but has also taught some of the village girls on her husband's estate how to fashion wood with hammer and chisel. Lady Colebrooke is a clever sculptor, too.

FAILED TO IMPRESS "SQUIRE."

Country Justice Had His Opinion of Supreme Court Decision.

Speaking of the perversity of country "Squires," State Senator John S. Fisher, chairman of the Pennsylvania capitol investigation commission, told this story recently:

"We have one old codger out in Indiana county who fears neither lawyer nor court. Not long ago Dick Wilson had a case before the 'Squire,' and knowing his man, he went to the office fortified with a dozen or more supreme court decisions.

"Wilson argued his case, cited several opinions, and finally remarked: 'Squire, I have here some decisions by the supreme court of Pennsylvania, which I shall read.'

"Wilson finished one decision when the justice interrupted, saying:

"Mr. Wilson, I reckon you've read enough. Those supreme court decisions are all right so far they go, but if the supreme court has not already reversed itself I have no doubt that it will do so in the near future. Judgment is, therefore, given against your client."

WOULD ESCAPE THE MENDING.

One of the Two Reasons Why Mrs. Billtops Would Like to Be Rich.

"Hardly a day of my life, Sundays included, that I don't have to mend something," said the gentle Mrs. Billtops, not complainingly, but still it must be confessed a little wearily, as she caught up a little rip in something before doing it up in the bundle for the laundry.

And Mrs. Billtops wouldn't want to be very rich, she has never wanted to be that, but she would like to be rich enough so that she wouldn't have to worry over anything, and so that she wouldn't have to be always mending, mending. Why, it takes half her time now keeping things in repair, and she would like to be able to throw things away when they get worn, not wear out her fingers and waste her time mending them, but simply buy new.

Mr. Billtops thinks that even if they had wealth she would still continue to mend things just the same, for there are, he observes, at least two ways in which she seems to be somewhat strongly set; she hates to throw away anything and she likes to keep everything in order. But while she is willing to concede the force of this argument yet Mrs. Billtops thinks, as she discovers something else that has to be mended before she sends it to the wash, that if they were rich she could get over the habit of mending.

Microscopic Sensations.

The joys and sorrows of life to a baneful bacterium are said to be as real as the pains and pleasures of an elephant, for example. Why do the bacteria choose certain conditions and reject others? This selection of the favorable condition and rejection of the unfavorable is perhaps the fundamental point, although other elements of their existence point to the fact that they have sensations. It often is maintained that this selection is personal or conscious choice. Prof. Jennings is convinced that if the amoeba were a large animal, so as to come within the every day experience of human beings, its behavior at once would call forth the attribution to it of states of pleasure and pain, of hunger, desire, and the like. If words have meaning it is correct, he argues, to say that the bacteria enjoy life. They struggle for existence. The struggle implies all the victories and all the defeats attendant upon the struggle for existence among the highest organisms. The bacteria of an organic disease should be as capable of sensations as a monkey.

Protecting Stage Children.

The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York for the convenience of theatrical managers, makes out the requests when children are to be put upon the stage, and this request is sent to the mayor. He then gives the order that enables the child to take part in the performances. It goes without saying that the society does not make out the order unless convinced that the child will not come to harm, morally or physically. It is worthy of note that the New York society in 1887 insisted that the child Josef Hoffman be withdrawn from the stage because of his health. This was done, and that is, no doubt, why he is now the master that he is.

Living with People.

Life's best school is living with people. It is there we learn our best lessons. Some one says: It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and friction than to live in undisturbed quiet alone. It is not ideally the easy way. It means oftentimes hurts, wrongs, injustices, many a wounding, many a heartache, many a pang. It requires self-forgetfulness, self-restraint, the giving up of one's rights many times, the overlooking of unkindnesses and thoughtlessnesses the quiet enduring of things that it would seem no one should be required to endure from another. But it is best.—Forward.

The Usual Bluff.

"Pa, there's a reporter at the front door who wants to put your picture in the paper."
"Tell him I would not stand for any such nonsense, but be sure to give him that picture on the parlor mantle. It's the best one I ever had."—Detroit Free Press.

MANY MEN WORK THIS SCHEME.

And Their Guileless Fellow-Men Marvel at Their Knowledge.

We are astonished at the familiarity of our friends with the different makes of automobiles. As we walk down the boulevard he notes each machine that whirrs by us and without the slightest hesitation gives the name of its make.

"Here comes a Steerocar," he says, "the next is a Potthard-Plump, that one turning the corner is a Paddal-whack, the one coming now is a Poken-motiva," and so on. In no single instance does he fail to name the machine.

While we know him for a man of keen observation and quickness of intellect, we are astonished at his catholic knowledge of automobiles.

We beg him to tell us how he gained so much information.

He demurs for a time, but upon becoming impatient he laughs at us and confesses:
"Old man, I don't know one from the other. You were so blamed anxious to know what kind they were that I just named them offhand for you as they happened along. And you would have been just as well satisfied, if you hadn't forced me to give my scheme away."—Success Magazine.

FORGOT HER HOUSEHOLD CARES.

Atchison Woman Succumbed to the Charms of Romance.

An Atchison woman had company coming to dinner, and the house to clean, so at nine that morning she began the cleaning by putting new paper on the pantry shelves.

When the company came at one o'clock there was no sign of the hostess or dinner, so they began to search the house to find her. At last their search was rewarded. She was sitting on a pantry shelf, reading a continued story in a newspaper, and when the guests looked offended because of the lack of preparations made for the meal, she showed them the following paragraph, which began the story, and which had tempted her to drop her work and read more:

"O, Frances, Frances!" Cynthia's low rich voice shook with emotion. Briney Gates turned his head in her direction and met her eyes. Curious gold-green eyes they were, shadowed by long, black lashes—languorous and enticing. For one moment he gazed as if under a sudden spell. Later the girl dropped her fan and she stooped to pick it up for her. As he handed it back his fingers touched hers and the contact thrilled him strangely.
Now do you blame her? Didn't that promise to be more interesting than wiping off sugar bowls, soup ladles and porridge pots?—Atchison Globe.

Japanese Woman Philanthropist.

Miss Ei Imura, a young Japanese woman, has come to this country on her own initiative to study methods for teaching the deaf, the dumb and the blind. She has been for several years a teacher in the state school for the deaf and dumb in Tokyo. Her mother was the first Christian in her district and her daughter was brought up in the same faith.

She states that the deaf and dumb children in Japan are born chiefly in the homes of the rich families, where cousins intermarry in order to keep the money in the family. Blind children, on the other hand, are found mostly among the very poor. These defective children are looked upon as disgracing their families and are as a rule much neglected in their homes. Miss Imura's object is to start an industrial school for the deaf, dumb and blind in Japan. In the hours not devoted to visiting the institutions of America she is engaged with an assistant in preparing conversation books in Japanese, Korean, Chinese and English.

Wanted All the Warts.

"You would be surprised if you knew how careful outdoor advertisers are to have their signs just so," said the billboard painter. "They have all sorts of notions as to just how they want their advertisements to look, and the slightest deviation causes trouble. Not long ago a gang of us painted a big billboard in the center of which was a large pickle. We thought we had done rather a neat job of it, but the firm for whom we did it refused to approve, saying there were not the required number of bumps or warts on the pickle."

"The upshot was that we had to paint out that pickle and put on a new one, with the spots for the bumps marked so there could be no mistake. I never see a pickle sign now that I do not want to stop and count the bumps on it."

The Reason Why.

It is a strange thing that though the great grandmothers of many of us smoked, and pipes at that, and were never considered unwomanly for doing it, in this day and generation there should be so much commotion about the woman who smokes a cigarette. On the other hand, as civilization has advanced and the physical ills induced by tobacco have been explored, the attitude of men in the matter is no doubt that of protection.—Exchange.

This Happened.

"Now that you've inherited money, why don't you pay some of your debts?"
"Great Scott! This is the first chance I've ever had to save up for a rainy day. Do you think I've no ideas of economy?"

FAVORS REVIVAL OF PRUNELLA.

Young Woman Criticizes Material of the Present Day Shoes.

The young woman looked at her feet thoughtfully. "I wish," she said, "that some new material for making shoes could be invented or discovered. I should not like to have it made of wood pulp, because our feet are already too nearly wiped off the earth, but I wish it could be something besides the skins of animals I don't like to think about all that killing. Besides, skins are not satisfactory any more. The old French kid that I wore when I was a child can scarcely be found nowadays. Dealers assure you that they are giving you French kid, but it proves to be something greatly inferior. Calfskin—which is now usually called 'mat kid' or 'gun metal kid,' wears well and looks well, but it is so porous that it makes the feet cold in winter and hot in summer—lets in the atmosphere, whatever its temperature may be, and makes the feet suffer from it. The material that is called viol kid is stiff, loses its shape quickly and cracks and peels in a very short time. I believe some kind of cloth could be invented which might serve. Our grandmothers used prunella. They had smaller and more shapely feet than we have, too."

RUSSIAN'S "PRESENCE OF MIND."

Anecdote Illustrates Callousness of the Czar's Officials.

A grimly humorous anecdote is told by the distinguished patriot, Prince Serge Dmitrievich Crossov, in his book entitled "Memoirs of a Russian Governor," a translation of which has just been introduced over here by the Harpers. Prince Crossov writes:

"One of my nearest collaborators in Bessarabia, von R—, the oldest councillor of the provincial administration, and a very kindly man, liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind. Twenty years before he was called upon to present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off his long, thick beard, so the noise did not kill.

"Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence."
"But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer:
"I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

Advice to Girls.

This bit of advice from an older woman may sound hard-headed, but most girls need it. "Never put anything in a letter that couldn't be published in a newspaper. No newspaper is going to publish your letters, of course, but that is a good rule to follow, nevertheless. A love misadventure has grown cold is about the most foolish thing ever beheld by the eyes of man. One's first young love affairs seldom amount to much, any way, and it's just as well to treat them as a joke. Of course, it's more fun when you are serious, but it's an excellent idea to show as much intelligence as possible. If it is vitally necessary to your happiness to write dearie letters every day, let them be without beginning or signature so that if by chance they fall out of the young man's pocket your sentiments won't be advertised publicly."

Erin's Shamrock Grows in Seattle.

Among the many natural resources of the state of Washington new things are coming to light every day. No less wonderful than amusing is the fact that the botanical growth of the state is enriched with one more specially valuable acquisition, for lo and behold, the shamrock, the real thing, has been discovered within the limits of the city of Seattle.

Poor Pat, your claim and mine of relationship to the plant and monopoly of its nativity to our dearly beloved land, has been lost forever! But in surrendering our title of exclusive right to this brave little patriotic emblem of Ireland there still remains the one consolation that it was discovered growing here by a son of the soil who hails from near the beautiful Lakes of Killarney.—Seattle Times.

Rabbit That Could Swim.

William Zimmerman, a telegraph messenger of Dubois, Pa., recently demonstrated that a rabbit can swim when it must.
Zimmerman caught a rabbit on the island north of the Boulevard and brought it to the Pennsylvania freight depot. Br'er Rabbit made an especially lusty kick and escaped from Bill's enfolding arms, fleeing among the freight cars with Bill and several other youths in chase. Headed off on all sides the little creature dived between the wheels of a moving locomotive and with a flirt of his short tail jumped into Sandy creek, which he swam like a duck, and quickly disappeared toward his home in the rushes.

In the Present.

"And before I accepted him," Miss Passay was saying, "I asked him if he would love me when I was old."
"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Bright, "why, if he proposed to you he had already proven that, hadn't he?"