Charles VII Astonished the People of . Rouen in 1449 by His Head Gear.

It is related of Charles VII that on his triumphant entry into Rouen in 1449 he greatly astonished the whole city by appearing in a hat lined with red silk and surmounted by a plume of feathers. It was the first time the citizens had ever seen a hat From this entry of Charles into Rouen the beginning of the custom of wearing hats in Europe is dated. It was all very well for the rich citizen to follow the example of royalty, but when the clergy began to sigh for similar splendor it was regarded as a falling away from grace. Priests or religious persons, says the London Chronicle, were at last forbidden to appear abroad in anything except "chaperons, made of black cloth with decent coronets" A still more striking development took place in the sixteenth century. By the statute of 13 Elizabeth every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged on Sunday and holidays to "wear a woolen cap-made in England-and finished by some of the fraternity cappers," under the penalty of three shillings fourpeace for every day's neglect. They understood how to support native industries in those

THE BUSINESS MAN'S NERVES.

Diagnosis of Specialist Reveals Him as Suffering from Mental Activity and Alcohol.

A diagnosis of the American business man made by an eminent nerve specialist reveals him as suffering . from "a neurosis partaking of the character of neurasthenia, psychasthenia and hysteria," the provoking causes of which are "continuous mental activity and excessive use of alcobol." This being the state of the business man's nerves, the lay observer is left to wonder at the deceptives appearance of health and heartiness with which he disguises his grave maladies from the eyes of all but the neurologist. It is amazing with what -sest and energy these nervous wrecks plunge into outdoor recreation, what arduous games of golf they play, with what enthusiasm they motor. One might suppose that their general health was better than that of any previous generation of American business men. But appearances are proverbially deceitful. Behind their outward show of physical activity the inward cancer of decay is at work consuming their vitality. What seem to be well nurtured figures are the results of alcoholic inflation. It is a serious state of things, but at least a word of admiration may be expressed for the skill with which they disguise their symptoms.

One of Earth's Joys. The white-haired caller in deep mourning rose to take her leave. Carl. I. Jr., nine years old, retired behind his mother. He felt his position to be insecure at any moment—he knew it from past experience—at any moment the white-haired caller might kiss him. But what was she saying to his mother? And his mother had tears in ber eyes.

"I am not complaining," she was saying; "I have had my share of happiness. I can truly say I have tasted every joy this world can offer"

"Was it possible," thought Carl, Br. He gasped and came out from hiding behind his mother's skirts. "Have you," he began-and panted in the extreme of his interest—"have you sure enough ever played hook-

Finds Cure for Legrosy. Leprosy is a singularly undemonstrative disease. Out of hundreds only a few have a startling, not to say horrible, appearance. It is very mild-By contagious, and nurses and attendants have spent 10, 20, 50 years in leper colonies without catching it.

In South America and Mexico many physicians believe the bedbug the chief spreader of the disease. Dr. Duquy, secretary of health of Cuball has frequently captured the yellows fever mosquite with the bacillus of Seprosy in its tiny stemach. Dr. Duquy also first used a wine from the common red mangrove root, relieving, and curing many lepers. He adopted the remedy from the Cuban negroes, who had used it for years. Several medical sharks have tried to shark his fame and remedy.

Looking for the Leve-Birds. "We tried to keep the railroad car-"flage to ourselves," said the girl who can appreciate a joke against herself. even when on her honoymoon. "At Birmingham the guard opened the door, and, in spite of Walter's acowis, lifted a small girl into our compartment, making rather embarrassing apologies. She was a little girl of about seven, and she sat on the edge of the seat and stared about her. 'What is the matter?' said Waiter 'I "don't see the birds," said the small girl plaintively. Birds—what birds? asked Walter. When I came from the other train your guard said to my guard: 'Oh, shove her along with the love-birds."-London Chronicle.

A Domestic Strategist. "When you are late to dinner how do you apologise to your family?" "I don't try," answered Mr Bliggine, "I plunge into a technical depeription of the ball game that gets my son so interested and my wife and daughter so mystified that I have the conversation all my own way "

INTERESTED ALL ON BOARD.

Presidential Order Evidently Had Significance for Carload of Washington-Bound Passengers.

A gray-haired western man, known und beloved the world over, was sitting in the lounging room of one of the down town hotels talking to prominent New Yorker He had just come up from Washington and was relating some of his experiences

"On my trip in from the west to the capital I had for a companion a distinguished gentleman whose fame is international, who has a lively sense of humor.

"We had berths opposite to each other, and as we approached the capital early in the morning I concluded to have a little fun. I dressed before the others were up and bought a morn ing paper. After rustling it noisily for a moment, I called to my companion:

Here's the report of an order that the president has just issued. It's the greatest thing ever. 'What's that?' came from the op-

posite berth. Why, he's ordered all the office

seekers rounded up at the railroad station and sent home." "I'll never forget the general con-

sternation that followed. From almost

every berth on that car a head shot out from between the curtains, and with one accord nearly every man shouted: "'What's that?"—The Sunday Mag-

INGENUITY OF THE PAUPER

Made Socks and Mittens from Workhouse Blankets and Bought Tobacco with Proceeds.

How a pauper obtained wool to knit socks and mittens, which he sold to enable him to buy tobacco. was described to the West Ham magistrates recently. The pauper was Thomas Ledgett, 49 years old, an inmate of the Stratford branch of the Poplar Union, and he was charged with damaging a number of blankets, the property of the guardians.

The master of the workhouse found that the wool binding the edges of blankets was being removed, and that in five days no fewer than 346 blankets were so damaged. A search failed to discover who was taking the wool, but when Ledgett was removed to the farm colony at Laindon it came to the knowledge of the master that he had been seen knitting with pink wool. Friday the master went to Laindon, and on searching the prisoner's bed he found a bag filled with balls of pink wool, evidently stripped from the blankets, and three socks knitted with pink weel. Ledgett, who denied that he had stripped 345 blankets, was sentenced to two months' hard labor.-London Chronicle.

Hot Water on a Fire. "Queer things happen at fires," said Lewis K. Jordan of Cleveland. "The other day the lace curtains caught on fire in an east side home and there was some panic while the fire lasted, you bet. Everybody called for the imported cook out in the kitchen to hustle in with a dish pan or two of water. But she didn't arrive on the scene until somebody had pulled down the curtains and trampled out the

"Why didn't you hurry?" they asked her reproachfully

fiames.

Hurry, she repeated. Wasn't hurryin' as fast as I could. I had bot water in the dish pan when you hollered at me and I had to throw out that and get some cold water. You didn't want me to come in and throw hot water on the fire and make # worse, did you?"

Moltke's Bell Made Out of Gun. "God grant that the guns of battle may be melted into bells of worship! That was what was said the other day by Dr. Alexander, primate of ali-Ireland, and that was also what was done years ago by the man of whom, perhaps, it was least to have been expected, to-wit, Field Marshal Von Moltke. After the war of 1870 the old kaiser presented Moltke with several guns that had been captured from the French, and one of these the marshal had melted down and converted into a new bell for the village church of Kresau, near his Silesian seat. The Sabbath sound of this converted beil, pealing across the peaceful summer meadows, said Moitke once to a violinest friend on a visit to him, was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

The Whisker in Diegrace. To the modern youth of this country the whisker, whether worn by old or young, is designed solely for ridicule and scorn. On the eastern seacoast we have reached the heyday of the barber in that probably nine men out of ten are smooth shaven. Yet the facial butchers are not grateful. Even when sharpening their rasors for the mutilation of their next victim they grumble loudly: "We lose money on shaves; give us the old days of neatly trimmed whiskers and floating mustaches, when ointments and hair tonics were as carefully considered as vintage wine and the adorament of the face was of more importance than the adorament of the body."

An Untruthful Liar. "I wish you'd always tell me the truth about everything," said the newly wedded one with a sigh. "I'd much rather you would. Even if it hurt my feelings I'd rather you'd tell me the truth at once." "Why, dear?" asked the new hus-

"Because," said the bride with another sigh. "you lie so untruthfully."

, FATAL HUNT FOR TREASURE

Natives Enter Old Tomb in Egypt Seeking Wealth and Perish by Suffocation.

A certain native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable, and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her, also In turn, three other members of the family went down into the darkness; and that was the end of them. A native official was then called, and, lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulcher and that its mouth should be sealed up. According to the natives, there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would-be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and flad strangled him.--A. E. P. Weigail, in Putnam's.

THIEF LONGS TO BE HONEST.

Always Aches to Get Back into Respectable Society from Which He is Barred.

The thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruffianism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracise him. He may move about with a sullen swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eye, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled. If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theater. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's

gratitude. "After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, 'I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook-watches, scarf pins, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rugbelonging to somebody else."

🚜 An Englishman in Philadelphia. "I was in Philadelphia the other day," said an Englishman resident in New York, "and having a little leisure to dispose of and also some curiosity to be satisfied I took passage on one of those rubberneck vehicles and listened to the professor in charge. He told us a great lot of things about the town that were quite interesting and unknown in New York, but the most remarkable information he gave us was about the large statue of the late hall tower. He said the nose of the figure was 13 inches long and if it were an inch shorter the nose would be a foot. Most of the sightseers laughed, but why? It seems to me that if Mr. Penn had a foot growing out of his face it would not only be quite unbecoming but would really be a misfortune."

A Little Newspaper. Which is the smallest newspaper in the British empire? At one time the distinction belonged to the Echo of the Mountains, published in a little village high up in the Australian Alps. This microscopical weekly was about the size of a sheet of notepaper. Probably the midget of present day British journalism is the St. Helena Guardian. which is not much larger than a sheet of foolscap. The latest issue to hand is gravely concerned with the indolence of the youths. It seems they spend most of their time in idleness or card-playing. This state of things, the Guardian declares, "is certainly not a bright outlook for St. Helena." But the lonely little island may take heart of grace from the fact that it is by no means the only place where young people loaf and play cards.

Janet's Generosity. "How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."--Central Methodist Advocate.

The Amateur Laundrees, "If I were you," he said, as they started out to dinner, "I'd get me another washwoman. That dress of yours is very badly trouved. What's the matter?" for suddenly he saw a tear in the eye of the impecualous

"I troud it myself," said she. Preise. "Your glasses," she said, 'have

peerance." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with

made a great difference in your ap-

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. I

Interesting Facts About Chin and the Mighty Rampart He Built To Inclose Empire.

To superstitious notions Chin added the last of luxury, his life being π blaze of oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in the Imperial History as havinng certain gorgeous annexes attached at intervals, the whole extending over a distance of 100 miles. In consequence of his life of luxury. perhaps, he became more and more a prey to superstition, and it may be that because of this he completed the Great Wall At any rate, history records that he was informed by prophecy that in time he would be over whelmed and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work on the Great Wall, and if necessary to fight in his behalf. Chin's design evidently was to inclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe with the beel calks at the ocean shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wall, doubtless considering that seaside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated.

The wall is not for modern use: it is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But fossils are useful and truthful. It is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras in space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south.—William Edgar Gell, in Harper's.

TOLD IT ALL IN FEW WORDS.

Picturesque and Virile Language of the Far West Is Well Illustrated.

Are western people more picturesque in the use of language than those of other states?

Are westerners able to say more in a few words than the people of any other part of the world? These questions, started at a club, brought out a number of arguments,

pro and con. Some contended that the language of the westerner, though undoubtedly virile, did not convey all the different shades of meaning that a man with a full knowledge of English could do. "That is nonsense," broke in a man, who has spent most of his life on the

in a few words than any other man I know, and I have traveled about a bit in my life. "Give you an example? Most willingly. I was in the state of Nevada and was asking information about the

coast; " a western man can say more

different counties. My informant was an old mining man. "'Well,' said I, 'how about Liscola

county? ter nor richer. It is 180 miles from north to south and 90 miles from east to west, and not a bath tub in it.'

"That was as much as I wanted to know. He told me plainly there was no water to be had there. Could anything be more picturesque or briefer than that?"-San Francisco Call.

Oysters on Trees. "Balts" he said. And the oyster opener, turning to the salts, worked quickly with his red wet hands, while the red wet tongue of the man wagged with no less

speed. "I see salt oysters growin' on trees," he said. "Where? Down New Zealand ways. Oysters grow on trees down there as thick as cherries.

"You see, in the black mad of them salt creeks there's parrels of mangrove trees. These trees at high water is nearly submerged, and the oyster spawn fastens on 'em. Then, when the water goes down, you see miles of mangrove branches behind with their burden of oysters like a peach orchard bent with its load of fruit.

"You reach up and pluck your oysters in New Zealand the same as we pluck apples here."

Degs Have Cancer. Among animals reptiles are practieally the only species in which cancers have not been found, but it is the domesticated animals or those living in closest association with man that suffer most. Thus horses, cows, pigs, parrots, canary birds, cats, mice. rats-all these have cancer, and it is the closest animal associate of man, the dog, that is the most commonly afflicted. If all the lap dogs of Fifth avenue and our other fashionable quarters were examined a considerable proportion would be found to be afflicted with one or more malignant tumors.—McClure's Magazine.

The Gruelest Solitudes. An ill-fated Arab has committed suicide in New York because he found the great metropolis less hospitable than his native Sahara. "You meet with human kindness in the desert," he said. "Here there is none." It is the same old story of solitude in a city-the cruelest of all earth's loneliness where each man in a crowded street is so busily occupied with his own affairs that he has no time nor thought for the gentle stranger or passing brother less fortunate than he.

He Passed. A political aspirant was taking the examination to qualify as sixth and-Mor of the treasury. He was asked to state the distance of the moon from the earth. His written answer was: "Not near enough to affect . the

functions of a sixth auditor of the treasury."

Refler : estabaseign v SLES.;

And he passed, too.

THEY MISS THE SEAL THING.

American Heiresses Who Wed Foreignars Likened to the Homer Twins by Frank Work.

Frank Work, the New York millionaire, was talking to a reporter about international marriages

"I can't understand," he said, "why a beautiful American heiress will marry one of these fortune hunting. empty headed foreigners when she might have her pick of a hundred strong, clean, industrious American men

"The girl who makes an internation al marriage," said Mr. Work, frown ing, "misses the real thing as widely as the Homor twins missed it.

"The Homer twins, aged about four, got their morning barb, and then were dressed in clean white suits and told to go out and play "At the end of an hour or so their

mother went to look for them. She found them in the back garden. It had rained the night before, and a certain favorite hollow under an elm tree was one soft mess of ankle-deep mud. In this mud, on their stomachs. lay the twins, kicking out their legs and banishing their arms with vigor "'What on earth are you doing?" the mother cried.

"We're learning to swim, mother, the twins answered "-St Louis Re

THE MAGICAL FOUR LETTERS.

Use Them on Envelope, Says New Arrival, and Correspondence Will Never Go Astray.

The new housemaid asked her mistress to mail a letter for her when she went out. "It's for my father in the old country," said the girl as she ex

tended the letter. "What a long address," her mistress exclaimed, glancing at the superscrip-

tion as she spoke. There was the name of the girl's father on one line, the village on another, the post office on a third, then the county, then a line for Ireland. followed by via some other place, an other line informing the post office that it was North of Ireland, and, nally, on the last line at the bottom of the sheet, the letters S. T. A. G. The woman, puzzled for a moment, then she inquired. "What do those letters

S. T. A. G. stand for, Ellon?" "O, that's Saint Anthony guide," the girl explained. "If you put that on a letter it'll never go astray. I've sent home six letters since I came to this country and never a one of them was lost. I put S. T A. G. on them all. and that's the reason. You try it and your letters'll always get to where you send them."

Charlotte Bronte's Hardehipa. "Does poetry pay!" we asked, and answer may be, it is to be boped that every poet of to-day will find a more generous public than did Charlotte Bronte 60 years ago. Here is her experionce: "My relatives, Ellis and Acton Bell, and myself," she writes, "beedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of poems. The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us; our book is found to be a drug; so man needs it nor heeds. In the space of a year the publisher has disposed of but two copies; and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of these two himself only knows Before transferring the edition to the trunkmakers, we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we cannot sell."-London Chron-

The Wonders of Science. It was left for the exhibiter of a phonograph in the streets of Utrecht, according to an American traveler, to put the finishing touch to the wonderful invention.

There was the sound of a military band in full blast, and then suddenly the tune stopped and "Halt!" rang hoarsely out upon the air.

"Who's that interrupting the coucert?" flippantly inquired the American, edging close to the operator.

"That," said the man. surveying him blandly, "was the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte, giving the order at the Battle of Waterloo."-Youth's Companion.

Proof Positive.

A western newspaper man visited Washington recently and told the following story on former Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York. who was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed mext day.

Cummings called his star reporter,

"Tom," he said, "go out to-morrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at the city desk. "They were," he reported.—Success

When It Paid to Be Stout. Avoirdupois sometimes is of account in a government official. A day er two ago an immigration inspector boarded a vessel, not expecting to make a find. He was a heavy man, and accidentally stepped on a weak place in the deck. He broke through, falling 20 feet into the hold. He lighted on top of a dospa Chinemen, who were being smuggled into the country, and also found several mail sacks filled with costly silks and fine

cigars. Now, if that inspector had

been a lightweight he would have

missed the find.—Washington Post.

WITH HER MIND ON ECOLIOMY.

Worsan Had Particular and Cogent Reason for Wishing to Sample the Stuffed Dates.

Opposite the woman who supped iced coffee at the counter of a Broadway candy shop, stood a tray of stuffed

dates "They're fine Sample them," urged the proprietor to the gray haired man who stood next. "Only 30 conts a pound, and none finer in the city. Bet-

ter take some." "They seem to be different from the ordinary sort," said the emstomer "I'm not sure that I want any but if I do I'll stop in later" And he hur

ried out Not five minutes afterward a woman rushed in "Your dates look good," said she "May I try one? Rather unusual filling, that."

"It's my own, madam," answered the flattered proprietor, and he proceeded to enlarge on the ingredients used. "Shall I put you up a pound or two?" he inquired at the close of his

disquisition. "Not now, thank you. I may come in later," and the white linen suit whisked out of the door

At the corner the observer found the gray-baired man and the white linen dame She heard "That was a good idea of yours, Henry. They are better than mine, and I think between us we ought to guess just about how to make them. They are just the thing for the church fair next week, and I can save ten cents a pound on 'em, anyway Hurry, that's our car"

PROCLAMATIONS NOT HEEDED.

Opium Dens of Wanshein, China, Still Flourish Despite Orders For Their Closing.

A proclamation issued by the viceroy of the province that all opium dens in Wanshein must close has gone unheeded, as most things appear to do in China when it does not suit the

Wanshein is a city of 120,000 inhab itants and is surrounded by poppy fields, nine-tenths of the community indulging in the drug, while the city itself contains innumerable shops for retailing it.

When the appointed time came for closing up all the shops "did themselves proud." Bright, new lanterns gleamed from the portain, while clean curtains decorated the interior and trade was as brisk as ever. In other words the opium venders were "saving face," a peculiar characteristic of the Chinese, and not even a policeman, if there is such a thing in Wanshein, enforced the order

Opium smoking continues at Wanshein in the same old way and the crop to be reaped this year is a third larger than last. What can a viceroy to when the sec ole, to a man, won't listen, especially when the people known that the proclamation mmy beonly a matter of form.

The Boy's Confidence. Perhaps one of the hardest tasks that falls to the lot of a mother is the one of winning her boy's couffdence. The victory, however, is such as to justify any sacrifice on her part and I fear the escrifices that are necessary to establish a complete under standing between the two must needs sarily at first be borne by her, for wayward and impulsive actions are part of the originality of youth and can be eradicated only by toleration on the part of others. The prevalent idea among many people is that hoys are naturally saucy and bold, but thes is all wrong. Boys are exceedingly diffident till they reach the years of early manhood, and if their manners and morals are in a deplorable condition, then something has been at fault in their moral training. We can't blame the child so we must blame the parents.-The Housekeeper.

Pigeon's Care of Wounded Mate. A farmer standing outside his farmhouse saw a pair of his pigeons fly away. Shortly afterward he beard a shot and the pigeons did not return in the course of the afternoon, as he expected. - In the evening, however. the cock pigeon returned in order to feed the young, and having seen to this he again flew away.

The following forenous the same pigeon returned, helped itself to some corn strews in the farmyard and again disappeared. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon both pigeons returned, and it was then ascertained that the hen bird had one wing badly hurt by shot, but owning to its mate's care and perseverence it ultimately managed to return to its nest.-London Field.

The Sample Sandwich. The woman stopped at the stand of the ice cream man at Comey Island. laid two cents on the counter and took up a sandwich of los cream. She walked off with it, held it to her teeth, bit at it and frowned.

The ice cream man came running after her with another sandwich. "Here, madam," he cried; "that was a sample sandwich you took. It's made out of papier mache."

White Mole Caught. Cocil Nailor of Stockross, Newbury, has captured a pure white mole in a trap. This is one of the rarely recorded instances of true albinium in

Few animals are more subject to variations of color. There are references in the soolegical archives to such hues as light brown, orange, apricel, bull, cream and amber, but were seldom to albino specimens.—London-Daily Mail.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS of afficient in Loydolper differs tous last Black du But. In sublicité alles deux les comment des crantesessiments. Prix de l'absonnent ins l'anni il Mille de Cantilleres, 259-76