

NOW WARRIORS MET DEATH

Commonplace Ends of Some Famous Soldiers.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, at the end of a brilliant career...

William the Silent survived numerous conflicts and campaigns...

Washington survived the perils of the wilderness, the dangers of Indian warfare...

Napoleon, apparently, proved himself believed by his liege lords to bear a charmed life...

Jord Clive, the English conqueror of India, twice escaped self murder...

Grant, why time and again stood unharmed amid a hail of bullets, finally died of cancer.

A Connecticut soldier, during the civil war, took part in over a hundred battles, without a scratch...

VIOLINS OF HIGH PRICE

Add 45 Per Cent. to Their Cost and Americans Go Without.

The prices in Europe for old violins are very high and are the same in every city...

August Gemunder says in the Violin World that no dealer in this country can pay such fancy prices...

At it now is, almost all Americans who study abroad buy their violins abroad and bring them into the United States without paying one cent of duty.

Lorenzo Dow's Rich Men. Lorenzo Dow on one occasion took the liberty, while preaching...

After Dow got out of limbo he announced that he should preach, at a given time, a sermon about "another rich man."

With great solemnity he opened the Bible and read, "And there was a rich man who died and went to—"

The parliamentary cry of "Aye!" is the only surviving use, apart from sailors' language and some dialects...

Jury Paid the Fine. A Texas correspondent tells how an obstinate jurymen was circumvented by his fellow judges of the facts.

Motals has been prescribing for 15 years in cases of ultra-sensitiveness to light glasses of a yellowish tint, slightly orange, with a brownish tint on reflection.

The Noble Company of Helpers. Great men and great causes have always some helper of whom the outside world knows but little.

As to a Novelist. "Ah," quoth the sweet young thing, "he is such a delightful writer I wonder how he works."

Looking from the quality and quantity of his output," responded the sound thing, "I should imagine that he works with both hands and dictates with his mouth."

THE CHIVALROUS RED MAN.

Pretty Incident That Marked Famous Football Match.

Ne the end of a brilliant match, between our oldest university and the Garibide Indians, one of the Indian boys suddenly got away with the ball and was off down the field with a spring between him and the goal posts but one man.

"And, anyway, who wants to assail that tradition of politics? Why should the babies of future generations miss the adulation given to those of the past, and why should not members of today get the same praise which will cause them to smile and swear by the candidate forever?"

Down east there is a cry, a sort of reform wave, moving against the candidate who kisses babies. They say he is mowing down lives to get to his office.

"Boh," says Friedrich. "In the first place, most of the baby-kissing candidates I have seen place their love taps not on the baby's lips, but on the forehead or cheeks. And there is not the slightest danger of transferring disease in such cases. And even should the kiss be on the lips, the danger is not great."

"And in considering the question, you must consider the entire game of kissing. What young man would let the fear of disease stop him? Kissing will exist as long as does the world."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEW NAME FOR INDIAN CORN.

Englishman's Description of Succulent Vegetable.

A lady reader of the Washington Post tells a pretty little story of an Englishman's new name for corn.

An Englishman and his wife sat near me in a cafe on the avenue the day before yesterday. I knew they were English as soon as I saw his coat and her hair. Even if I had not seen these two unmistakably English things, I should have guessed their nationality from a name they gave to an American dish. The man was ordering luncheon.

"I don't see it on the bill of fare," he said to the waiter, "but bring me some fute corn if you have it."

"Fute corn," repeated the waiter, in surprise.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "fute corn."

The waiter still hesitated.

"Why," went on the Englishman, "don't you have it? The sort of corn, you know, that one eats like playing the flute."

And as a delicate euphemism for corn on the cob, I think "fute corn" can hardly be surpassed.

Judge Peters Knew Him. One day while the Hon. John A. Peters, late chief justice of the supreme court of Maine, was presiding at Bangor, he was asked by counsel to suspend court a few moments, in order to pass upon the eligibility of two candidates who had applied for naturalization papers.

The chief justice graciously consented, and the two men presented themselves at the bar, with their witnesses. One of these witnesses was a great personal friend of the judge, and his honor called this friend first, when the following colloquy occurred:

"How long have you known Dr. Innes and son?"

"About seven years, your honor."

Then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, the judge remarked: "Hub, I have known them both longer than that, myself." And his friend appreciated the joke.

Genesis of "Aye." The parliamentary cry of "Aye!" is the only surviving use, apart from sailors' language and some dialects, of this old equivalent of "Yes."

Patetic Records. "It has become a common thing," said the talking machine man, "for elderly people to come here, have records made, and take these records off with them to the safe deposit vaults, to be given to their children after death."

"It is pathetic to hear a man of middle age saying into a phonograph the speech that he wants his children to remember him by. Sometimes he has the speech all written out, and reads it off. Sometimes he has a few notes, a few headings, on a card, and elaborates his speech from these. The speeches, as a rule, are little moral lectures, advice on how to live. They are always beautiful, they are so simple and sincere."

Shorthand for Germans. "Did you know," said a college language expert, "that there are more Germans studying shorthand writing than there are of any other nationalities?"

"How do you account for it?" said several of his auditors.

"The reason is not hard to find," responded the linguist. "Just look at a page of German script. There you have the longest of shorthand writing. It takes time, too much time. I once used it exclusively, but that was before I was as busy as I am now. The Germans are simply driven to some system of shorthand."

Par Cent. Mark. Many speculations have been made as to the origin of the mark 00 per cent, but none seem to be so feasible as the following: If it be granted that the figures "00" designate centum or hundred, which they certainly do, as the figures 1, 2 and 3 placed before them only signify the number of hundreds, as 1 hundred, 2 hundreds, and so on; and if it be remembered that one of the meanings of per is "through," then the diagonal line drawn through or between the two ciphers will give us the exact meaning of the symbol on a line drawn through or "per" (contum).

HAS NO FEAR OF GERMS.

Chicago Health Officer Discourses on Baby-Kissing Question.

"And let him kiss," said Health Officer Friedrich, discussing the hygienic side of the baby-kissing question. "The transfer of germs is a possibility, of course, but so is my death if I take a ride on the street car."

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COST OF "COLLEGE SPIRIT."

Many Things Loyal Alumnus Must Do for His Alma Mater.

The cost of being a loyal college graduate is increasing every day. In addition to paying for "directories," "booklets," "catalogues," "student publications" and various forms of "iana," there are class dinners to be subscribed for, class dormitories to be built, class professorships to be endowed, prizes, scholarships, fellowships and literary foundations to be established. There is also a moral as well as a financial drain upon the resources of the alumnus. He has to remain faithful even though his college boys him. He must be ready to approve the policy and even the speeches of his college president. He must "root" at games and races, however languid his interest in them; must defend the ineffective stroke of the crew, errors on the diamond and on the gridiron, and at last must send his sons to be educated where he was educated himself, even if in his judgment some other college would be better. Unless he does all these things with enthusiasm he is thought to be a church-fellow without "college spirit."

California Gallantry.

"They told me the story of a well known gentleman of San Francisco, who, charging through all the smoke and flames and litter on the first day of terror, came upon a fashionable lady of his acquaintance trudging along the middle of the street in her bedroom slippers with a window curtain thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his automobile to offer her his assistance, explaining at the same time that the auto was all he had saved out of the wreck and even that had been commandeered by the soldiery.

"I, too, have lost all," she sighed.

"All but your beauty," said he, with a courtly bow.

"And you all but your gallantry," she retorted, smiling.—Sunset Magazine.

Milady's Slippers at \$40.

Patterns of special importations of wholly hand embroidered evening slippers for women are now on view at a prominent New York boot-making establishment, ranging in price from \$12 to \$40 per pair retail. These fancy effects are made to custom measure only, and in order to preserve the exclusiveness of design a guarantee is forthcoming that no semi-copy or duplicate of model selected exists.

Rare art and skill of high degree are reflected in these classic productions, which serve as renaissance of the vogue obtaining, under the authority of royalty, several centuries gone by.

Politeness Pays. "Politeness," said Senator Gallinger, in the hope of stilling a rather acrimonious argument in Concord, "always pays."

His flushed listeners looked up at him in inquiry and he smiled and repeated.

"Politeness always pays. Two little girls I know were set before a plate containing two bunches of grapes—one a very large and tempting and perfect bunch, the other small and hard and green. The two little girls looked at the two bunches for a space in silence. Then the polite child said: "Is oo gweedy?"

"No," the other answered; "I see not a bit gweedy."

"Then," said the first, "oo choose."

Ring Tails Profession in Brazil. "One of the conveniences of Brazil is the ease with which you can tell the particular line of business a professional man is in," remarked A. V. Need bit, who recently returned from a long stay in Brazil.

"At graduation each professional graduate is given a ring with a certain kind of stone for his particular profession. For instance, an engineer will have a turquoise, a doctor an amethyst, and so on. If you know the ring that belongs to each profession you don't have to ask a man his profession, but just glance at the ring he wears."

Chicken's Long Fast. A New Orleans man has proved that a chicken can live 23 days without food or water. He makes affidavit that when his family moved recently a chicken securely nailed in a box was in the cellar of the new house, having been forgotten by the former tenants. Twenty-three days later the cook was moved to explore the cellar and discovered the chicken, emaciated, but still much alive.

THOUGHT IT TIME TO STOP.

Wonders of the Telephone Too Much for Sitting Bull.

C. J. H. Woodbury, the engineering expert of the telephone company, told the boot and shoe men the other night the true version of the Sitting Bull and telephone story, says the Boston Herald. Sitting Bull had been captured by the United States troops and was held in close confinement. So also was another obstreperous Indian, held in confinement at a post about 100 miles away. The officer in charge of Sitting Bull had been chasing the Indians for two months, and was wondering what he would do with the captive. In an inspired moment he decided to arrange an interview between the two Indians over the telephone. After the necessary ringing up Sitting Bull was asked if he cared to talk into the machine. He talked into it for several minutes and did a heap of listening also.

He put down the instrument finally, and for hours was even more gloomy than usual, at last beginning to talk to himself, something very rare for the Indian. Asked if he was dissatisfied with his accommodations or if there was anything they could do for him he broke forth at last:

"No, I'm finished. It's all right when the white man's plaything talks the white man's language, but when it learns to talk the red man's tongue it's time to stop."

It is believed in the west, where the incident is fairly well known, that this talk over the telephone between the two Indians had a considerable influence in shortening the Indian wars.

BULLFROGS AND THE FASHION.

If the Frog a-Wooing Goes. Let Him Look Out for His Skin.

The bullfrog has hopped into fashion. Bullfrog skin in its natural color, and also dyed, is not only employed for belts, pocketbooks, card cases and chateau bags, but is used for vests, cuffs and collars, and many a clever girl will wear this autumn a bullfrog skin hat.

It may not sound attractive, says the Woman's Home Companion, but a little urban of bullfrogs has in a greenish brown shade, with upstanding loops of dark green velvet ribbon for its trimming, makes a very smart hat.

A bullfrog skin hat is being made up for a New York girl, who plans when she wears it to carry an umbrella of greenish brown skin, with a very realistic looking bullfrog forming the top of the handle. In looking for distinctive details to add to one's toilet the bullfrog umbrella must not be overlooked.

A Turkish Millionaire. Mosammed Bey, son of the richest man in all Turkey, who will be heir to more millions than any other person in the Ottoman empire, save the heir of the sultan, is in Boston on business and before he leaves the business men will have something like a cool half million of his money, while he will have tons of Boston's most improved shoe and cotton machinery.

There is nothing about the sleek appearing man of 35 years, with his rofand figure, to indicate that he is to be at some time in the future the richest man in his native land. He is just as democratic as any of this country's wealthy men, and one wouldn't have to make a very big stretch of imagination to pick him out as an American.

Muammer Bey, unlike most of his fellow countrymen, is highly educated and instead of wasting his father's vast wealth by riotous living, he has mastered the many great industries that his father controls, and is adding to the fortune. Those who have come in contact with him say that he is as keen as the proverbial Yankee man.

Self-Imposed Martyr. Marvin is a pupil in the Seventy-seventh street school. He is a new pupil. He is also a lazy one, so far as books are concerned, and he finds it an exceedingly irksome duty to get over to the school house every morning at nine o'clock in order that he may imbibe a modicum of knowledge. Indeed, sometimes he finds the task so difficult that in spite of good intentions he does not make the rifle. Last Monday was one of these unfortunate days. When he finally went skulking into the school room half an hour behind time the teacher stopped short the recitation she was conducting and turned her attention to the tardy arrival.

"Marvin," she said severely, "why were you so late this morning?"

"Oh," said he, brazenly, "I've been busy rounding up the other kids so they wouldn't be late to school."

Girls Have Same Chance as Boys. In Holland girls have exactly the same privileges as boys when it comes to a question of higher education. There are no special courses, universities or preparatory schools for girls in the land where Queen Wilhelmina rules.

All institutions for higher education are open to men and women equally, and on the same terms, students of either sex are treated in the same way and have to pass the same examinations.

After having left the primary school girls and boys who wish to enter the university go to a public grammar school, into which they are admitted at the age of 12 or 14, on passing an entrance examination.

Avoiding Vengeance. After Miss Screamer had sung "by request" a gentleman was observed to leave the room with considerable ceremony. "Call that rudeness," declared one guest. "Don't you?"

"Can't say," answered the guest addressed. "It may be prudence. He looks to me like the man who did the requesting."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hasty Reassurance. "I was so glad to meet your mother," said Mr. Newcomer. "By the way I didn't think she was—er—so very stout."

"Oh," interrupted Miss Yerner, "I'm sure I'll never grow to be like her. I take after pa, you know."

A TIME TO SAVE.

Always Well to Make Preparation for Rainy Day.

Boasting bank clearings, heavy realty transactions, bank deposits and healthy business conditions tell a tale of prosperity. This prosperity knows no classes, for it embraces all. The laborer is well paid. The business man finds his affairs on the right side of the ledger. There is a lesson in it.

In time of peace prepare for war. In the days of prosperity prepare for adversity. The people of this country are living in the sunshine of financial ease and industrial activity, but the proverbial rainy day is somewhere ahead. This is a time to prepare for it.

The man who has not yet learned to accumulate something, and to add daily to the sum total of his accumulation, is providing future discomfort for himself. The time to accumulate is when money is easily made. The habit of saving, once formed, is a habit that will grow with years. Every man who has an earning capacity can save something if he will. To do so means to live inside instead of beyond one's income. Living within his income does not argue that a man is stingy. He is simply thrifty, saving and provident, instead of being reckless, wasteful and imprudent. The latter is a sin, and the former a virtue.

TRULY A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Feats of Macaulay That Seem Almost Beyond Belief.

The many stories told of Macaulay's almost portentous memory have been related too often to bear repetition, says a writer. Not a few of them are on seemingly certain authority. William H. Prescott, who met Macaulay about 1850, has told us some interesting things of his memory. I shall mention but one. This was related to Prescott by Henry Hallam, who said that Lord Jeffrey had once told him "that having tripped up Macaulay in a quotation from 'Paradise Lost' two days after Macaulay came to him and said, 'You will not catch me again in the Paradise.'"

When this happened, Prescott opened the volume and took him up in a great many passages at random. In all of which he went on correctly repeating the original. Was it not a miraculous tour d'esprit? Macaulay does not hesitate to say now that he thinks he could restore the first six or seven books of the 'Paradise' in case they were lost."

There can be no doubt of the truth of this and many of the other stories told of Macaulay's memory. He was a man of splendid talents. His knowledge of English history was unsurpassed by his contemporaries.

Bella's Shoes "Broken In." One clerk who had earned the reputation of being the best saleswoman in the shoe department was asked the secret of her success.

"I sell all the shoes that have been returned," she explained. "The other girls are afraid to show them, but I find them the best sellers. Our house is liberal in its treatment of dissatisfied customers, and we get back a good many pairs of shoes that have been worn around the house until they are partly broken in. These shoes are much more comfortable than a brand new pair. The soles may be a trifle soiled, but the customer who puts ease above every other consideration does not mind that, consequently I sell them while the other girls only fit shoes on."—N. Y. Globe.

Blind Men Who Smoke. "I read a long article the other day," said the mild-mannered man, "upon the subject of smoking which stated that blind men never smoke. It gave the reason why. It was because they couldn't see the smoke."

"That is not true. I know a blind man who is an inveterate smoker and has been smoking since he was a boy. He lights his pipe or cigar without the slightest difficulty and enjoys them, revels in them in fact. He has been blind since his birth."

Looking Forward. "Have you any watches with waterproof cases?" asked the young man.

"No," replied the powder. "What is your object in wanting a waterproof watch?"

"Oh, I may have occasion to soak it occasionally," answered the young man.

The Earth Rocked It. De Style I suppose Snoover grumbled when the earthquake visited his town.

Gumbasta—Oh, no, he said he didn't have to get up that night and rock the baby.

SURELY WAS THE BEST MAN.

Not Much Doubt as to the Bridegroom's Superiority.

"Who was the best man?" inquired the able editor of the Polkville (Ark.) Weekly Clarion.

"Well, I reckon, all things considered, the groom was," replied Mr. Lab Jackett, from out at Possum Trot, who had percolated into the sanctum with the news of a wedding which had been solemnized in his balliwick upon the previous evening.

"The groom?" replied the scribe, in some surprise.

"Eryah!—er, tennyrate, that's the way he 'peared to me. He got the bride's father so drunk before the ceremony that the old gentleman had to stay hid in the hay-mow all night and was seeing green dogs and such like, when I came by this morning. The groom also showed the bride's two brothers out in the window for objecting to their sister's flinging herself away on a gamp, and talked her mother to a gimping standstill when she started in to remonstrate with the soter—and she's never been what you'd call an unable lady, that-a-way, herself. Yep!—looking the gent up on one side and down the other, I shobely reckon the groom was the best man present upon that interesting occasion."—Puck.

SETTLED BY THE WAITER.

All Doubt About the Pineapple Ever Sat at Rest.

William C. Whitney, Jr., who has spent a year in Indian Territory learning practical mining at Quapaw, described at a dinner party in New York a Quapaw restaurant.

"At this restaurant one evening," he said at his description's end, "two miners near me got into a botanical argument about the pineapple, one claiming that it was a fruit and the other that it was a vegetable."

"In the midst of their argument the waiter entered in his shirt-sleeves and looked about to see what was the cause of the loud talking."

"The miners decided to let the waiter settle their argument, and accordingly one of them said:

"What is a pineapple?" Is it a fruit or a vegetable?"

The waiter, flicking the ashes from his cigar, smiled at the two men with pity.

"It's neither, gent," he said. "It's an extra."

Eat Crickets if Too Fat. We poke fun at the Chinese ideals of medicine, but events in Sacramento prove that the Monks know more than we give them credit for, says the San Francisco News Letter. For centuries the Chinese have used cricket new, powdered crickets, essence of cricket and plain raw crickets for the reduction of obesity, as they use frog soup for stomach troubles.

Well, in Sacramento it has been noticed that the cats have grown wonderfully thin and had no appetites, refusing to be tempted by cream and other dainties. It has been discovered that they have been feasting on crickets. The insects have satisfied their appetites, but have reduced them to skeletons. The next thing to be put on the market will be a new patent medicine under the name of "Cricket Lec."

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