

MADE QUITE A DIFFERENCE

Stout Man Emphatically Declared He was Not a Pillow, but Upon Some Occasions—

After he had roughly shaken off the head of the third belated passenger on the after-midnight train who had sought repose on his shoulder, the stout man proclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody in the car that the next time anybody went to sleep with his head pillowed on his shoulder he would give that head a good punching, that's what he would do.

The stout man's wife said: "Sh-shah, James. Don't get so violent." "Violent!" said the stout man. "I've a right to be violent. I'm no pillow, I'm no feather bed. If anybody thinks I am, just let him come on and I'll show him."

At the next station two women came in and found seats near the stout man. Presently the younger and prettier of the two began to nod. Lower and lower drooped her head, and soon it found a substantial resting place. The stout man sat still, so very still did he sit that his wife wondered what had happened to him. She leaned over and looked past his bulky frame to find out. Her face flushed.

"Why, James," she said, indignantly, "don't you remember what you said a little while ago about punching heads? There's a head on your shoulder now."

"Is there?" said the stout man meekly. "I hadn't noticed it." It was apparent then that if there was any head punching to be done somebody besides the stout man would have to do it.

"James!" said his wife significantly. He wriggled uneasily until the head was getting dislodged, then the stout man and his wife changed places.

SMALL DOUBT SHE HEARD IT

Under the Circumstances Policeman Might Be Pardon for Doing a Little Muzzling.

"Really, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful, and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding! Now, a good way of testing is to take an egg in your hand, swing it around a few times, and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant, murmuring sound you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions, and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner. At least, there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the crucial moment Jane appeared upon the scene, with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane?" anxiously inquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it round, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff my policeman in the eye as he was watchin' me through the window. Ah, please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"

Good Stroke of Business.

"By having a record kept at the cashier's desk of pay checks which patrons fail to turn in I sometimes make up my losses," said the proprietor of a large New York restaurant. "Today a man got a check for 65 cents. To the cashier he presented one for 25 cents. The latter glanced at his missing check card, discovered that it was one of the listed ones. Detaining the man, he notified me. After being confronted with the waiter the best wanted to pay both checks. I ordered a policeman summoned. The man's pleading led me to show him the list of missing checks, which amounted to something like \$80, saying that I didn't know but that as was the cause of them all. He offered to pay the lot if the matter would be dropped, and this proposition I accepted."

Blessed Oliver Plunkett.

"Blessed Oliver Plunkett," whose beatification has been approved by the Vatican council, is the famous primate of Ireland who was executed at Tyburn, July 1, 1681, on a charge of high treason. There is an excellent contemporary portrait of him in the National Portrait gallery, Trafalgar square. In 1879 he was arrested on the charge of conspiracy to bring 20,000 Frenchmen into Ireland, and of having levied money from his clergy for the purpose of maintaining 70,000 men for an armed rebellion. The principal witnesses against him were some disreputable priests and friars whom he had suspended for bad conduct. His head is still preserved in a convent at Drogheda.

The Barn Gallon.

The barn gallon was the name given an old form of milk measure in England. Its use is now illegal, though it is still retained in the London trade, though, so far as the term is used in documents, to overcome the illegality it is expressed as "per lot of 17 pints." The barn gallon represents 17 pints of milk, or two gallons and one pint, and is a relic of the olden days when the dairyman thought it necessary to have an extra pint given in with two gallons from the farmers in order to counterbalance the small amount lost in measuring the milk out in small quantities to his customers.

BELONG TO SOUTHERN CITY

Institutions Indigenous to New Orleans Call Forth Criticism From Stranger.

Sheridan Plouffe of Hutchinson recently returned from a trip to Panama, taken to see how Uncle Sam is building the big ditch. He stopped at New Orleans to have a look at the Mardi Gras.

"They have two institutions in New Orleans that seem to be to the manner born," said Plouffe, the other day. "They think they have a monopoly on these. One is the French opera and the other is the Mardi Gras. They say that the opera is the leading feature of their social life. For over 90 years they have had this kind of music and I rather think now it is honored more for its age than for anything else. Some of our party went to the opera. Some stayed at home. Those who went congratulated those who stayed. When the opera had its highest run it was about all there was to New Orleans society. Not to be a subscriber, or at least not to be a regular attendant, was tantamount to being ignored by society, and to being looked upon as a person lacking in taste. It was a swell affair and on each Tuesday and Saturday night—full dress, head waiter clothes and white gloves for the men, and for the women all that New Orleans society would stand for. The display of undress was positively startling to a stranger. All of which reminds me of Jerry Simpson. He attended a swell social function in Washington, and his wife, who had not attended, asked Jerry when he got home how the women were dressed. The quick-witted Jerry replied: 'Well, my dear, I cannot tell you. I did not look under the table.'"

RECORDS MADE BY GUNNERS

Men of the Coast Artillery Prove They Know How to Use Their Weapons.

A remarkable record was made by Company 115 of the Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Rosecrans, Cal., recently. Four shots were fired from a battery of two ten-inch guns at a target 30 feet high by 60 feet long, which was moving at the rate of eight miles an hour, at a distance of about five miles away. All four shots were fired in a period of 1 minute and 20 seconds, and passed through a rectangle 3 feet high by 43 feet wide, three of them striking the target and the fourth passing four yards to the left of it. The remarkable accuracy of this firing can be appreciated when it is realized that a circle with a radius of eleven yards at the target would include all the shots.

On the same date Company 53 of the Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Rodman, Mass., fired four shots from an eight-inch battery at a 30 by 60-foot material target which was moving at the rate of five miles an hour at a distance of about four miles from the battery firing. All four shots were hits, and the first shot cut the raft of the material target in two. A circle with a radius of fifteen yards at the target would include all the shots. The interval between the shots was 36 seconds.—Harper's Weekly.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

"While collecting rents in a poor quarter of the city I discovered a novel use for an old churchyard," said the renting agent. "Several of my three-room flats in a building overlooking the yard are occupied by laundresses. Last week I happened to get into the kitchen of one flat and I saw that every laundress had a pulley clothesline stretched across the yard from her kitchen window to a corner in the rear of the church and no one except the neighbors had a chance to be shocked at the contiguity of laundry and religion. The laundress whom I questioned said there had been some pretty hot debates in the church over the propriety of combining cleanliness and godliness in that practical fashion, but the pastor had contended so stoutly that the 25 square feet of space could be put to no better use than to enable hard working women who had no place else to dry clothes out doors to earn a living that the trustees had finally given in."

Gogson's Invention.

Friend—Gogson, how is your aeroplane getting along?

Inventor—It is complete, with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take up that next.

"What is it?"

"A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will travel along under my aeroplane to prevent fatal accidents. It will make no difference if the aeroplane is from danger. By the introduction of that net I have revolutionized the entire business."

"But how is the net itself to be kept from falling to the ground when anything happens to your aeroplane?"

"That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."—Life.

New Idea for Raising Money.

In France the government is about to venture upon an experiment for raising money by letting or selling the rights of advertising on match boxes, the sale of matches being a state monopoly. A proposal to this effect has been passed by the chamber of deputies. The proposer estimated that the advertising rights ought to bring in between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

ALL SMOKING ON SENATOR

Friends of Statesman Conspire to Make Him the Victim of His Prejudices.

Senator Elmer J. Burkett has suddenly discovered that his cigar bill is growing to enormous proportions, and he is in search of an explanation.

If the senator does not know why he is buying more cigars today than he did a month ago some of his friends do and they are enjoying not only the situation but also the cigars. Recently a friend of the senator dropped into his office for a social talk. He had been there but a few moments when he pulled out a box of cigarettes. The senator eyed the cigarettes suspiciously.

"Have a cigar, please," he said.

"Oh, I prefer a cigarette," his friend answered.

"This is a very excellent cigar," remarked the senator, "and I really wish you would try it."

The cigar was accepted. The next time the friend went to Burkett's office he was again compelled to abandon his cigarette in favor of one of the senatorial cigars. Suddenly it dawned on him that the statesman from the plains of Nebraska dislikes cigarettes intensely and almost to the point of disliking those who use them. He told the story around the capitol, and now Senator Burkett is being confronted almost hourly by some friend who begins the conversation by offering him a cigarette.

"I don't smoke them," the senator always says. "Please smoke a cigar with me."

Formerly the senator found it possible to keep a box of cigars in his office and load up his pockets before going to the capitol each day. Now the outgo is so large that he has a box in both places. But he has not learned yet why he is getting rid of more cigars than formerly.—Washington Times.

WHERE FIRST AMERICAN DIED

House at Lexington Is to Be Preserved Through the Efforts of a Patriot's Citizen.

We do not know Mr. Le Roy Brown of Lexington, Mass. We think we should like to.

Mr. Brown owns the Jonathan Harrington house on the Lexington green. And it was on the doorstep of this house that the first American patriot laid down his life in the war of the revolution. Young Harrington heard the call to arms on that April day in 1775 and rushed to his place in the embattled line of the Minute Men.

When the British regulars fired their opening volley he fell mortally wounded. With the blood flowing fast from his wounds Harrington was able to crawl across the little square to the threshold of his home, and there he died in the arms of his young wife.

Today Lexington green stands practically as it did when there rang out upon it the shots heard round the world. In the woodwork of the old dwellings you can still see the British bullets. But the Harrington house is falling to pieces with age.

Mr. Le Roy Brown, its present owner, instead of tearing it down and putting a concrete bungalow in its place, is carefully rebuilding it upon the old frame, saving every plank that is not too far gone for service. As a result the old building will be given a new lease of life in its original shape.

Mr. Brown must be a pretty good sort of American.

A Crowing Redbird.

W. I. Herbert of Utopia was in the city a few days ago and told the "Observer" a strange story about a redbird. He said that for some time he had heard something crowing about his yard like a bantam rooster and he thought it must be one belonging to some one of his tenants, as he had no chicken of that kind among his poultry. On Wednesday he determined to find out about it and began to watch for it, telling one of his men to watch also. The man reported to him that it was no chicken crowing, but a cock redbird. He could hardly believe it, but in a short while he caught sight of the bright red rascal sitting on a limb in the yard, and while he was looking at it the bird crowed, and he heard it crow several times afterward. Mr. Herbert does not know it, but the redbird is one of the best mimics among the feathered tribe.—Newberry Observer.

Policewoman for Sacramento.

The members of the Retail Merchants' association are going to ask the city trustees to appoint a woman police officer, according to the announcement made recently, and her duty will be principally to enforce the anti-expectoration ordinance along the main business streets.

The plan is to dress the feminine "cop" in a neat blue uniform, with proper helmet and star, and have her call the attention of expectorators that they are violating the law as well as spreading the disease. The embarrassment thereby inflicted is deemed to be sufficient punishment to avoid a repetition of the offense. She will also be a valuable aid to women strangers coming into Sacramento.—Sacramento Times.

Historical Anydays.

The colonists had just finished building the block house, and were boasting about it to King Philip.

"Ugh. Built by government contract, wasn't it?" queried the great chief.

"Why?" asked the colonists. "Look at the loop-holes."

TOLD OF "JIMMY" WHISTLER

Eccentric Artist Had His Own Way of Doing Things, and His Friends Submitted.

Whistler was extremely frugal and abstemious. He ate and drank most moderately of the plainest fare. He liked dainty dishes and a rare old wine, but had a horror of the "groaning board" at huge set feasts and formal banquets. He could cook quite decently himself, and sometimes made an omelette or scrambled eggs, but these culinary feats I never saw performed. His famous Sunday luncheons were always late in being served, outrageously delayed without apparent cause. It was no uncommon thing for us to wait an hour, or even two, for the eggs, fish, cutlets, and a sweet dish, with which the meal consisted. A bottle of very ordinary white wine was our only drink. The whole thing was, in fact, an "arrangement"—just a color scheme in yellows to match his "blue-and-white" old porcelain and his blue-and-yellow dining-room.

His furniture was limited to the barest necessities, and frequently too few of those. Indeed some wit made what he called his "standing joke" about poor Jimmy's dearth of seats; and once I heard Dick (Corney) Grain say, when shaking hands before a Sunday luncheon: "Ah, Jimmy! Glad to see you playing to such a full house!" glaring around the studio with his large, protruding eyes in search of something to sit on.

"What do you mean?" said Whistler. "Standing room only," replied the actor.—From an article in the Metropolitan Magazine.

DANGER IN POLICE METHODS

Hypnotism and the "Third Degree" Seem Hardly Compatible With Justice.

No competent exponent of hypnotism today believes that a person is inevitably obliged to execute all hypnotic commands given him. And while some still cling to the idea that hypnotic crimes are possible, the consensus of scientific opinion is that no person who would not in his normal state perpetrate the crime suggested would perpetrate it if hypnotized.

It is equally certain, though, that under hypnotic influence people are liable to accuse themselves of crimes they have not committed. This is a real danger which ought to be carefully guarded against in courts of justice. There is reason to believe that many "police confessions" extorted from accused persons by the processes of the so-called "third degree" and afterward found to be untrue are made in a hypnotic state. The persistent questioning of the prisoner by the police, their pitiless insistence that "he is guilty and knows he is guilty," may develop in him that peculiar hysterical condition in which, as has already been said, he may become spontaneously hypnotized by an unexpected noise or the sudden flashing of a light.—Woman's Home Companion.

Chinese Respect for Newspapers.

Two years ago the Peking "Gazette" celebrated its millenary. Originally it appeared at intervals and in a very rudimentary form. To-day it is modern, its annual publication being three editions. Great changes have been made in fifty years, and since the Boxer rebellion the number and boldness of the newspapers have increased. There are seven different styles of writing, viz., the ancient, the literary, the flowery, the common, the "semi-vulgar," the familiar and the epistolary. The papers for the people are printed in the common style and some have adopted the new alphabet sanctioned by the government. Great reverence is shown to the press in China than in other countries. Old papers are never put to base uses; they are collected and burned in the pagodas. The Chinaman believes that profanation of newspapers is followed by blindness.

Hint to Eyeglass Wearers.

"Did you ever notice," queried an optician, "that nearly every person who wears rimless eyeglasses, when polishing the lenses with a handkerchief, holds the glasses by the nose piece, thus putting all the strain of the rubbing upon the screws which attach the glass to the metal. Of course this tends to loosen the glass and wear the thread upon the tiny screw. This in turn causes the lenses to wobble, resulting in great discomfort to the wearer. It's strange how little intelligence intelligent people display in simple matters."

"Why don't you opticians, when you sell a pair of glasses caution the purchaser," he was asked.

"Because," replied the man of trade, "if we did we would rob ourselves of much profitable work in repairing."

And he winked wisely.

Mantus Remembers P. Virgilius Maro.

Virgil, the poet of nature study, is about to receive a well inspired if somewhat tardy tribute to his memory near his native Mantua. At the instance of the Commandatore Giacomo Boni, the distinguished architect excavations in Rome, there will be planted on the margin of the Mincio at the foot of Pietole a lucous or grove sacred to the Italian flora, in illustration of the botanical and sylvan growths mentioned in the Eclogues and the Georgics. Gabriele d'Annunzio is to inaugurate this "Flora Virgiliana" with an ode in which he will attempt to show that in Italy the gift of poetry did not die with Virgil and Virgil's scholar Dante.

EITHER A FIB OR A MIRACLE

Old Shellback Had Not Well Weighed His Words Before Recounting Marvellous Tale.

Rear Admiral Rogers of the navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors:

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks. "One of the dingiest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere. Kats, Nothin' but."

"Bimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock and fumigated. I was on deck an' I saw them rats leavin'."

"I counted 'em. They was fifteen million of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other.

"Ain't that a lot of rats! Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes, I'm sure. They was fifteen million rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, saasy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's seven million and a half pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about 150 tons."—Judge.

FOOD PRICES OF LONG AGO

Parisians on Record as Paying Large Sums for Ordinary Articles of Sustenance.

While the French newspapers echo with complaints about the high food prices, a statistician has figured out that things were not so very cheap in "the good old times" either. Milk prices are pretty stationary now throughout the year. Two hundred years ago the Parisians had to pay three times more for milk in winter than in summer and the average price of a quart of milk was about eight cents.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paris paid 11 cents per quart for milk. In the French country districts the price was six cents. One hundred and thirty-five years ago only the rich could afford to eat butter in winter, the average price being one dollar a pound. Eggs were cheaper than they are now, but likewise much smaller. In the year 1800 the price of turkey in Paris was between eight and ten dollars a head, according to size. Rice was 15 cents a pound. Most of the food is cheaper now in the big cities than in the good old times. In the middle ages only princes dared to aspire to eat oranges, which were one dollar apiece during the height of the season.

Women's Clothing.

Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of the adult woman. It was hampered by fashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the strong nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing. A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienist. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, low-necked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the high-heeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But then women will have it so and so it will remain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Rooster's "Song."

Some animals—and especially some birds—we flatter grossly. Others we insult. But, of the adulated, which is so absurdly praised by his very name as Chanticleer? Mr. Rostand's hero is really the hoarsest of singers. And not only is he ridiculously husky, but he never hits the note, he is sourly out of tune, and drags downward through a sorry scale, without one tone right, through the close of his outcry. And yet we must needs take him as the very champion of pure singing. Tennyson went so far as to compare the voice of Jephtha's heroic daughter, in the forest of his dream, to the cock's. She sings "clearer than the crusted bird that claps his wings at dawn." It is certain that Tennyson had no ear for music (as had few of the great poets, from Pope to Rossetti), but he might have known a rascally voice from a clear one.

Complimentary Reply.

Of Miss Margareta Drexel, the beautiful Philadelphia heiress, who is to marry Viscount Maitland, a Philadelphiaian said:

"Miss Drexel at a dinner in London once sat beside a famous sociologist. She said to this sociologist:

"There is very much more poverty and wretchedness in London than in Philadelphia or New York. Look at the tragic figures huddled on the embankment every night. What is the cause of this great misery?"

"I will reply," said the sociologist, "with a line from the poet Wordsworth—"

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

Not That Kind.

Mrs. Youngparent—Now before you go I must show you the pride of the household. Mary, bring in our bouncer.

Mr. Highbrow (diving through window)—Spare yourself the trouble, madam; I'll go quietly.

OLD "L" ENGINES IN CHINA

Helping in Construction Work of Canton-Hankow Railway With Other American Material.

Washington—Consul Albert W. Pontius of Swatow, submits the following from a Hong-Kong newspaper concerning the equipment for the Canton-Hankow railway: With regard to the rolling stock, six American locomotives are already in operation and 16 are in stock. There are six moguls of 120 tons, the cylinders of which are 19 by 25 inches, the coal capacity nine tons and the water 5,000 gallons. There are four Manhattan locomotives being used in construction work; these engines were formerly in service on the elevated railways in New York city. There are also six double-tender tank engines of 57 tons weight engaged in running the freight and passenger trains to railroad.

The mogul engines have just appeared on the road, and they will certainly inspire the Chinese of the interior when they go out to duty. The foreign engineer in charge and his men are proud of the fact that they got these big engines together in 11 days from the unpacking of the first case.

Of coaches and freight cars there are 30 American-type passenger coaches, one American car, 72 American freight cars and 106 China-made freight cars. At the works of Wongsah three first-class compartment coaches are now being built, as well as three second-class coaches, and four third-class coaches. The steel underframes have been sent on from America.

In the future much of the superstructure of cars will be built by the Chinese themselves, and a change is to be made with regard to bridge construction. Whereas the practice has been to import the bridge from England or America already for erection, future bridges will be made from material imported in the rough. The mechanical department at the head station at Wongsah, which is exceedingly well equipped, the latest machines having been imported from Great Britain and America, is capable of turning out all manner of work. At present the machines are in temporary sheds, but permanent shops will shortly be erected.

FISH WITH A HORN APPEARS

Queer Looking Creature Terrifies Three Anglers at Greenwood Lake, in New Jersey.

Montclair, N. J.—The sea serpent of the Atlantic coast resorts will have to take a back seat for a queer amphibious creature that is reported in Greenwood lake by Charles Van Gleason, John Willis and George McCormick, all of this town, who have just returned from a week's stay at the lake.

Van Gleason bears evidence of a conflict of some kind, for his wrist is gashed as with a saw. The wound, he says, was inflicted by the lake monster when it made a desperate effort to get into a boat occupied by him and his companions.

The three men were fishing for bass in the lake when they saw the monster jump out of the water after a fish which McCormick had pulled up. The first sight of the creature led the men to believe that it was a huge eel, but its second appearance was more terrifying. The thing dashed close up to the boat after one of the captured fish. It had a long horn on its snout and measured about seven feet in length. Its general appearance was like a catfish, except for the sharp horn. It was this horn which cut Van Gleason.

The strange visitor managed to crawl over the bow of the boat before the occupants could recover from their amazement. It impaled a bass which was lying in the bottom of the boat, and then made overboard again. As the creature slid back into the water it beat its tail, which seemed to have sponge-like qualities, so fiercely that the air was filled with a fine spray that blinded and drenched the Montclair men.

LONDONERS EAT WALLABY PIE

Flesh of Australian Marsupial in White and Flints Much Favoured.

London—"Jugged wallaby, with red currant jelly," or wallaby pie, is a novel dish with which Londoners are soon likely to be familiar.

Already it is on the menu of more than one restaurant, and before long the housekeeper will be able to purchase from her poultryer a wallaby, just as at present she buys a chicken. The price will be about three shillings each, the whole animal, averaging from six to ten pounds, being sold at five or six pence per pound.

The wallaby is an Australian marsupial, a species of small kangaroo, and is nearly twice as large as an English hare.

The flesh, when cooked, is almost as white as that of a rabbit, and has a pleasantly soft, sweet flavor. To some extent the flavor is reminiscent of ox tail. The wallaby is a most economical food, being almost all meat, and quite devoid of fat.

"For the first time on Tuesday last we had jugged wallaby and red currant jelly on our bill of fare," said the proprietor of a restaurant in Leadenhall market.

"Customers found the dish very palatable, and we have arranged for a further supply on one day this week, and again for next week."